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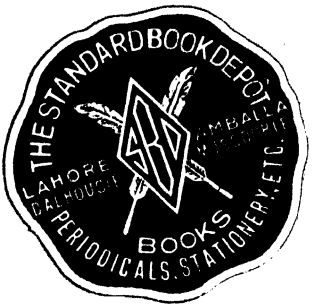

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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A., IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

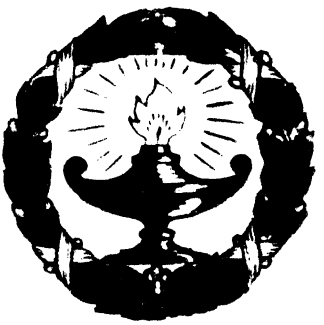
This picture represents a Roman guard on duty at one of the palaces during the destruction of Herculaneum, who, although he might perhaps have made his escape, prefers to remain at his post, faithful unto death.

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THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

LORD LYTTON



Photo: Knowles Collection.

LORD LYTTON
(earlier known as Bulwer-Lytton).

From the painting by H. W. Pickersgill, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

"The Last Days of Pompeii," if only for its great popularity, claims its place in these pages. Lord Lytton—earlier known as Bulwer-Lytton—was a writer of extraordinary versatility, and of many different styles. He wrote historical novels like "Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons," and "The Last Days of Pompeii"; mystery stories ("The Haunted and the Haunters"); terror stories ("Eugene Aram"); stories of dandyism ("Pelham"); domestic novels ("The Caxtons"); and so on—always trimming his sails to the fashion of the hour. If Lytton's novels are not masterpieces, they at least exhibit cleverness of a very high order. Lord Lytton died in 1876.

"The Last Days of Pompeii" is a thrilling historical romance of the struggles of the early Christians, with wonderful pictures of the life, the luxuries, the gaieties, the refinements and corruption of the times; the final chapters contain thrilling descriptions of the destruction of Pompeii by earthquake and fire, and the terrible eruption of Vesuvius which completely buried Pompeii under twenty feet of ashes in A.D. 79. Excavations (still going on to-day) have revealed to modern eyes this amazing buried city, and we can study the Roman town of Pompeii as it was more than eighteen hundred years ago.

Besides its historical interest, we have in "The Last Days of Pompeii" a fine Athenian love story.

The following chapter from Book V. ushers in the last day of Pompeii.

The Dawn.

THE awful night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheatre rolled drearily away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of THE LAST DAY OF POMPEII! The air was uncommonly calm and sultry—a thin and dull mist gathered over the valleys and hollows of the broad Campanian fields. But yet it was remarked in surprise by the early fishermen, that, despite the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere, the waves of the sea were agitated, and seemed, as it were, to run disturbedly back from the shore; while along the blue and stately Sarnus, whose ancient breadth of channel the traveller now vainly seeks to discover, there crept a hoarse and sullen murmur, as it glided by the laughing plains and the gaudy villas of the wealthy citizens. Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the immemorial town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, the solemn columns of many temples, and the statue-crowned portals of the Forum and the Arch of Triumph. Far in the distance, the outline of the circling hills soared above the vapours, and mingled with the changeful hues of the morning sky. The cloud that

had so long rested over the crest of Vesuvius had suddenly vanished, and its rugged and haughty brow looked without a frown over the beautiful scenes below.

Despite the earliness of the hour, the gates of the city were already opened. Horsemen upon horsemen, vehicle after vehicle, poured rapidly in; and the voices of numerous pedestrian groups, clad in holiday attire, rose high in joyous and excited merriment; the streets were crowded with citizens and strangers from the populous neighbourhood of Pompeii; and noisily—fast—confusedly swept the many streams of life towards the fatal show.

Despite the vast size of the amphitheatre, seemingly so disproportioned to the extent of the city, and formed to include nearly the whole population of Pompeii itself, so great, on extraordinary occasions, was the concourse of strangers from all parts of Campania that the space before it was usually crowded for several hours previous to the commencement of the sports, by such persons as were not entitled by their rank to appointed and special seats. And the intense curiosity which the trial and sentence of two criminals so remarkable had occasioned, increased the crowd on this day to an extent wholly unprecedented. . . .

Arbaces, the Egyptian, dwelt in Pompeii; he was a rich citizen, an object of suspicion and fear, a man of insatiable passion, a magician with the heritage of his race. During the night the sleep of the Egyptian had been unusually profound, but as dawn approached it was disturbed by strange and unquiet dreams. A voice talked with him, and interpreted his terrible, disturbing dreams. With a shriek of fear and despairing resistance, Arbaces awoke—his hair on end—his brow bathed in dew—his eyes glazed and staring—his mighty frame quivering as an infant's beneath the agony of that dream. His eyes beheld the ghastly features, the lifeless eye, the livid lips of the hag of Vesuvius!

"Ha!" he cried, placing his hands before his eyes, as to shut out the grisly vision, "do I dream still?—Am I with the dead?"

"Mighty Hermes—no! Thou art with one death-like, but not dead. Recognise thy friend and slave."

There was a long silence. Slowly the shudders that passed over the limbs of the Egyptian chased each other away, faintlier and faintlier dying till he was himself again.

"It was a dream, then," said he. "Well—let me dream no more, or the day cannot compensate for the pangs of night. Woman, how camest thou here, and wherefore?"

"I came to warn thee," answered the sepulchral voice of the staga.

"Warn me! The dream lied not, then? Of what peril?"

"Listen to me. Some evil hangs over this fated city. Fly while it be time. Thou knowest that I hold my home on that mountain beneath which old tradition saith there yet burn the fires of the river of Phlegethon; and in my cavern is a vast abyss, and in that abyss I have of late marked a red and dull stream creep slowly, slowly on; and heard many and mighty sounds hissing and roaring through the gloom. But last night, as I looked thereon, behold the stream was no longer dull, but intensely and fiercely luminous; and while I gazed, the beast that liveth with me, and was cowering by my side, uttered a shrill howl, and fell down and died and the slaver and froth were round his lips. I crept back to my lair: but I distinctly heard, all the night, the rock shake and tremble; and, though the air was heavy and still, there were the hissing of pent winds, and the grinding as of wheels, beneath the ground. So, when I rose this morning at the very birth of dawn, I looked again down the abyss, and I saw vast fragments of stone borne black and floatingly over the lurid stream; and the stream itself was broader, fiercer, redder than the night before. Then I went forth, and ascended to the summit of the rock; and in that summit there appeared a sudden and vast hollow, which I had never perceived before, from which curled a dim, faint smoke; and the vapour was deathly, and I gasped, and sickened, and nearly died. I returned home. I took my gold and my drugs,

and left the habitation of many years; for I remembered the dark Etruscan prophecy which saith, 'When the mountain opens, the city shall fall—when the smoke crowns the Hill of the Parched Fields, there shall be woe and weeping in the hearths of the Children of the Sea.' Dread master, ere I leave these walls for some more distant dwelling, I come to thee. As thou livest, know I in my heart that the earthquake that sixteen years ago shook this city to its solid base, was but the forerunner of more deadly doom. The walls of Pompeii are built above the fields of the Dead, and the rivers of the sleepless Hell. Be warned and fly!" . . .



NYDIA, THE BLIND GIRL OF POMPEII.
From the painting by H. Schmalz.

The day that dawned was to witness a great gladiatorial show in the amphitheatre, which is thus described:—

The Gladiator Fight.

The hubbub ceased suddenly — the operators desisted — the crowd were stilled — the gap was forgotten — for now, with a loud and warlike flourish of trumpets, the gladiators, marshalled in ceremonious procession, entered the arena. They swept round the oval space very slowly and deliberately, in order to give the spectators full leisure to admire their stern serenity of feature—their brawny limbs and various arms, as well as to form such wagers as the excitement of the moment might suggest.

"Oh!" cried the widow Fulvia to the wife of Pansa, as they leaned down from their lofty bench, "do you see that gigantic gladiator? how drolly he is dressed!"

"Yes," said the ædile's wife, with complacent importance, for she knew all the names and qualities of each combatant; "he is a *retiarius* or netter; he is armed only, you see, with a three-pronged spear like a trident and a net; he wears no armour, only the fillet and the tunic. He is a mighty man, and is to fight with Sporus, yon thick-set gladiator, with the round shield and drawn sword, but without body armour; he has not his helmet on now, in order that you may see his face—how fearless it is!—by-and-by he will fight with his vizor down."

"But surely a net and a spear are poor arms against a shield and sword?"

"That shows how innocent you are, my dear Fulvia; the retiarius has generally the best of it."

"But who is yon handsome gladiator, nearly naked—is it not quite improper? By Venus! but his limbs are beautifully shaped!"

"It is Lydon, a young untried man! he has the rashness to fight yon other gladiator similarly dressed, or rather undressed—Tetraides. They fight first in the Greek fashion, with the cestus; afterwards they put on armour, and try sword and shield."

"He is a proper man, this Lydon; and the women, I am sure, are on his side."

"So are not the experienced betters; Clodius offers three to one against him."

"Oh, Jove! how beautiful!" exclaimed the widow, as two gladiators, armed *cap-à-pie*, rode round the arena on light and prancing steeds. . . .

In the spectacles of Pompeii, the reader of Roman history must limit his imagination, nor expect to find those vast and wholesale exhibitions of magnificent slaughter with which a Nero or a Caligula regaled the inhabitants of the Imperial City. The Roman shows, which absorbed the more celebrated gladiators, and the chief proportion of foreign beasts, were indeed the very reason why in the lesser towns of the empire, the sports of the amphitheatre were comparatively humane and rare; and in this, as in other respects, Pompeii was but the miniature, the microcosm of Rome. Still, it was an awful and imposing spectacle, with which modern times have, happily, nothing to compare:—a vast theatre, rising row upon row, and swarming with human beings, from fifteen to eighteen thousand in number, intent upon no fictitious representation—no tragedy of the stage—but the actual victory or defeat, the exultant life or the bloody death, of each and all who entered the arena!

The two horsemen were now at either extremity of the lists (if so they might be called); and, at a given signal from Pansa, the combatants started simultaneously as in full collision, each advancing his round buckler, each poising on high his light yet sturdy javelin; but just when within three paces of his opponent, the steed of Berbix suddenly halted, wheeled round, and, as Nobilior was borne rapidly by, his antagonist spurred upon him. The buckler of Nobilior, quickly and skilfully extended, received a blow which otherwise would have been fatal.

"Well done, Nobilior!" cried the prætor, giving the first vent to the popular excitement.

"Bravely struck, my Berbix!" answered Clodius from his seat.

And the wild murmur, swelled by many a shout, echoed from side to side.

The vizors of both the horsemen were completely closed (like those of the knights in after times), but the head was, nevertheless, the great point of assault; and Nobilior, now wheeling his charger with no less adroitness than his opponent, directed his spear full on the helmet of his foe. Berbix raised his buckler to shield himself, and his quick-eyed antagonist, suddenly lowering his weapon, pierced him through the breast. Berbix reeled and fell.

"Nobilior! Nobilior!" shouted the populace.

"I have lost ten sestertia," said Clodius, between his teeth.

"*Habet!*—he has it," said Pansa deliberately.

The populace, not yet hardened into cruelty, made the signal of mercy; but as the attendants of the arena approached, they found the kindness came too late; the heart of the Gaul had been pierced, and his eyes were set in death. It was his life's blood that flowed so darkly over the sand and sawdust of the arena.

"It is a pity it was so soon over—there was little enough for one's trouble," said the widow Fulvia. . . .

"Well, if it has been a brief battle, it is quickly succeeded. See my handsome Lydon on the arena—ay, and the net-bearer too, and the swordsmen! Oh, charming!"

There were now on the arena six combatants: Niger and his net, matched against Sporus with his shield and his short broadsword; Lydon and Tetraides, naked save by a cincture round the waist, each armed only with a heavy Greek cestus—and two gladiators from Rome, clad in complete steel, and evenly matched with immense bucklers and pointed swords. . . .

No person could, at first glance, have seemed less evenly matched than the two antagonists. Tetraides, though not taller than Lydon, weighed considerably more; the natural size of his muscles was increased, to the eyes of the vulgar, by masses of solid flesh; for, as it was a notion that the contest of the cestus



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GLAUCUS RESCUES IONE FROM ARBACES.

"The Egyptian felt a fierce and strong grasp."

fared easiest with him who was plumpest, Tetraides had encouraged to the utmost his hereditary predisposition to the portly. His shoulders were vast, and his lower limbs thick-set, double-jointed, and slightly curved outward, in that formation which takes so much from beauty to give so largely to strength. But Lydon, except that he was slender even almost to meagreness, was beautifully and delicately proportioned; and the skilful might have perceived that, with much less compass of muscle than his foe, that which he had was more seasoned — iron and compact. In proportion, too, as he wanted flesh, he was likely to possess activity; and a haughty smile on his resolute face, which strongly contrasted the solid heaviness of his enemy's, gave assurance to those who beheld it, and united their hope to their pity: so that, despite the disparity of their seeming strength, the cry of the multitude was nearly as loud for Lydon as for Tetraides.

Whoever is acquainted with the modern prize-ring—whoever has witnessed the heavy and disabling strokes which the human fist, skilfully directed, hath the power to bestow—may easily understand how much that happy facility would be increased by a band carried by thongs of leather round the arm as high as the elbow, and terribly strengthened about the knuckles by a plate of iron, and sometimes a plummet of lead. Yet this, which was meant to increase, perhaps rather diminished, the interest of the fray: for it necessarily shortened its duration. A very few blows, successfully and scientifically *planted*, might suffice to bring the contest to a close; and the battle did not, therefore, often allow full scope for the energy, fortitude, and dogged

perseverance, that we technically style *pluck*, which not unusually wins the day against superior science, and which heightens to so painful a delight the interest in the battle and the sympathy for the brave.

"Guard thyself!" growled Tetraides, moving nearer and nearer to his foe, who rather shifted round him than receded.

Lydon did not answer, save by a scornful glance of his quick, vigilant eye. Tetraides struck—it was as the blow of a smith on a vice; Lydon sank suddenly on one knee—the blow passed over his head. Not so harmless was Lydon's retaliation: he quickly sprang to his feet, and aimed his cestus full on the broad breast of his antagonist. Tetraides reeled—the populace shouted.

"You are unlucky to-day," said Lepidus to Clodius: "you have lost one bet—you will lose another."

"By the gods! my bronzes go to the auctioneer if that is the case. I have no less than a hundred sestertia upon Tetraides. Ha, ha! see how he rallies! That was a home stroke: he has cut open Lydon's shoulder.—A Tetraides!—a Tetraides!"

"But Lydon is not disheartened. By Pollux! how well he keeps his temper. See how dexterously he avoids those hammer-like hands!—dodging now here, now there—circling round and round. Ah, poor Lydon! he has it again."

"Three to one still on Tetraides! What say you, Lepidus?"

"Well, nine sestertia to three—be it so! What! again, Lydon? He stops—he gasps for breath. By the gods, he is down! No—he is again on his legs. Brave Lydon! Tetraides is encouraged—he laughs loud—he rushes on him."

"Fool—success blinds him—he should be cautious. Lydon's eye is like the lynx's," said Clodius, between his teeth.

"Ha, Clodius! saw you that? Your man totters! Another blow—he falls—he falls!"

"Earth revives him, then. He is once more up; but the blood rolls down his face."

"By the thunderer! Lydon wins it. See how he presses on him! That blow on the temple would have crushed an ox! it *has* crushed Tetraides. He falls again—he cannot move—*habet!*—*habet!*" . . .

The contests in the amphitheatre had thus commenced; this was but the prelude to the more fearful battles between Lydon and Eumolpus, the gladiator, and between a lion and Glaucus, the Greek—a Christian, and the lover of the beautiful Ione, to whom he was shortly to be wedded. He had been condemned to the lions on a charge of having murdered one Apæcides. He was to fight the wild beast with no other weapon but the stilus, with which it was alleged he killed the man.

Glaucus and the Lion.

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear—all fear itself—was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features—he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye,—he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valour of his land—of the divinity of its worship—at once a hero and a god!

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect; and, with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark uncouth object in the centre of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion!

"By Venus, how warm it is!" said Fulvia; "yet there is no sun. Would that those stupid sailors could have fastened up that gap in the awning!"

"Oh! it is warm, indeed. I turn sick—I faint!" said the wife of Pansa; even her experienced stoicism giving way at the struggle about to take place.

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified

a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head—snuffed the air through the bars—then lay down—started again — and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils orced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heavy breath, the sand below on the arena. . . .

The editor's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around —hesitated—delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign; the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. . . .

But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal.

At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavoured to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew converted into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment.

The editor called to the keeper.

"How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper, with some fear, but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle—voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned in wonder at the interruption, towards the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair dishevelled—breathless —heated—half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring. "Remove the Athenian," he cried; "haste—he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian —HE is the murderer of Apæcides!" . . .

"What!" cried Calenus, turning round to the people, "shall Isis be thus contemned? Shall the blood of Apæcides yet cry for vengeance? Shall justice be delayed now, that it may be frustrated hereafter? Shall the lion be cheated of his lawful prey? A god! a god!—I feel the god rush to my lips! *To the lion—to the lion with Arbaces!*"

His exhausted frame could support no longer the ferocious malice of the priest; he sank on the ground in strong convulsions—the foam gathered to his mouth—he was as a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered! The people saw and shuddered.

"It is a god that inspires the holy man! *To the lion with the Egyptian!*"

With that cry up sprang—on moved—thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights—they poured down in the direction of Arbaces, the Egyptian. In vain did the ædile command—in vain did the prætor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The people had been already rendered savage by the exhibition of blood—they thirsted for more—their superstition was aided by their ferocity. Aroused—inflamed by the spectacle of their victims, they forgot the authority of their rulers. It was one of those dread popular convulsions common to crowds wholly ignorant, half free and half servile; and which the peculiar constitution of the Roman provinces so frequently exhibited. The power of the

prætor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier—the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd—when right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition—he beheld—and his craft restored his courage!

He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd; "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapour shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness,—the branches, fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence—through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beasts. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheatre itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower!

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each, dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon! . .

Glaucus, removed to a cell, was stunned by his reprieve. He had been saved by the blind girl Nydia, whose love story is one theme of the novel. Stung to jealousy, she had sought, by a love philtre, to turn the love of Glaucus for Ione to herself, but, driven to remorse, she had now preserved the life of Glaucus. The two fled into the perilous and fearful streets, and flew to release Ione, who was in the hands of Arbaces, but already so dense was the reeking atmosphere that they barely found their way. The story goes on to describe incident upon incident. Two wretches, Calenus and Burbo, try to rifle a temple.

In the Temple.

The sudden catastrophe which had, as it were, riven the very bonds of society, and left prisoner and jailer alike free, had soon rid Calenus of the guards to whose care the prætor had consigned him. And when the darkness and the crowd separated the priest from his attendants, he hastened with trembling



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

HERCULANEUM.

A picture of the great eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii under twenty feet of ashes. From the painting by Hector Leroux, in the Luxembourg.

steps towards the temple of his goddess. As he crept along, and ere the darkness was complete, he felt himself suddenly caught by the robe, and a voice muttered in his ear,—

"Hist!—Calenus!—an awful hour!"

"Ay! by my father's head! Who art thou?—thy face is dim, and thy voice is strange!"

"Not know thy Burbo?—fie!"

"Gods!—how the darkness gathers! Ho, ho!—by yon terrific mountain, what sudden blazes of lightning!—How they dart and quiver! Hades is loosed on earth!"

"Tush!—thou believest not these things, Calenus! Now is the time to make our fortune!"

"Ha!"

"Listen! Thy temple is full of gold and precious mummeries!—let us load ourselves with them, and then hasten to the sea and embark! None will ever ask an account of the doings of this day."

"Burbo, thou art right! Hush! and follow me into the temple. Who cares now—who sees now—whether thou art a priest or not? Follow, and we will share."

In the precincts of the temple were many priests gathered around the altars, praying, weeping, grovelling in the dust. Impostors in safety, they were not the less superstitious in danger! Calenus passed them, and entered the chamber yet to be seen in the south side of the court. Burbo followed him—the priest struck a light. Wine and viands strewed the table; the remains of a sacrificial feast.

"A man who has hungered forty-eight hours," muttered Calenus, "has an appetite even in such a time." He seized on the food, and devoured it greedily. Nothing could, perhaps, be more unnaturally horrid than the selfish baseness of these villains; for there is nothing more loathsome than the valour of avarice. Plunder and sacrilege while the pillars of the world tottered to and fro! What an increase to the terrors of nature can be made by the vices of man!

"Wilt thou never have done?" said Burbo impatiently; "thy face purples and thine eyes start already."

"It is not every day one has such a right to be hungry. Oh, Jupiter! what sound is that?—the hissing of fiery water! What! does the cloud give rain as well as flame! Ha!—what! shrieks? And, Burbo, how silent all is now! Look forth!"

Amidst the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals. And full, where the priests of Isis had now cowered round the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed: that cry had been of death—that silence had been of eternity! The ashes—the pitchy stream—sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!

"They are dead," said Burbo, terrified for the first time, and hurrying back into the cell. "I thought not the danger was so near and fatal."

The two wretches stood staring at each other—you might have heard their hearts beat. Calenus, the less bold by nature but the more griping, recovered first.

"We must to our task and away!" he said, in a low whisper, frightened at his own voice. He stepped to the threshold, paused, crossed over the heated floor and his dead brethren to the sacred chapel, and called to Burbo to follow. But the gladiator quaked and drew back.

"So much the better," thought Calenus; "the more will be *my* booty." Hastily he loaded himself with the more portable treasures of the temple; and thinking no more of his comrade, hurried from the sacred place. A sudden flash of lightning from the mount showed to Burbo, who stood motionless at the threshold, the flying and laden form of the priest. He took heart; he stepped forth to join him, when a tremendous shower of ashes fell right before his feet. The gladiator shrank back once more. Darkness closed him in. But the shower continued fast—fast; its heaps rose high and suffocatingly—deathly vapours steamed from them. The wretch gasped



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

AVENUE OF THE TOMBS AT POMPEII.

Showing some remains of the ancient city, as revealed by modern excavations.

for breath—he sought in despair again to fly—the ashes had blocked up the threshold—he shrieked as his feet shrank from the boiling fluid. How could he escape? he could not climb to the open space; nay, were he able, he could not brave its horrors. It were best to remain in the cell, protected, at least, from the fatal air. He sat down and clenched his teeth. By degrees, the atmosphere from without—stifling and venomous—crept into the chamber. He could endure it no longer. His eyes glaring round, rested on a sacrificial axe, which some priest had left in the chamber: he seized it. With the desperate strength of his gigantic arm, he attempted to hew his way through the walls. . . .

The progress of the destruction of Pompeii is described, and the awful experiences of Glaucus and Ione and the blind Nydia, Ione's rival.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city, from arch to arch,—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to

the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapours were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes, —the agents of terror and of death. . . .

Sometimes the huger stones striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on flames; and at various intervals the fires rose suddenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavoured to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the black to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it, and upon its groaning and tossing waves the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild—haggard—ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilisation were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps—in vain: they could not discover her—it was evident she had been swept along some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.* Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly towards the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? all was rayless to them—a maze, without a clue. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

"Alas! alas!" murmured Ione, "I can go no farther; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest!—beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!"

"Hush, my betrothed! my bride! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee! Yet, whither—oh! whither, can we direct ourselves through the gloom? Already it seems that we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago."

"O gods! yon rock—see, it hath

riven the roof before us! It is death to move through the streets!"

"Blessed lightning! See, Ione—see! the portico of the Temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers."

He caught his beloved in his arms, and with difficulty and labour gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers! The beauty and the unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time!

the pillars;—and, close beside it, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them—the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man; yet the instinct of both was quelled. Nay, the lion crept near and nearer to the gladiator as for companionship; and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. . . .

Advancing as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover, Glaucus, continued their uncertain way. The wind swept howling along the street, bearing sharp streams of blinding, burning dust



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

EXCAVATING AT POMPEII.

To-day excavating is still proceeding, revealing fresh wonders of the remarkable buried city.

"Who is there?" said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge. "Yet, what matters?—the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes."

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and, with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of Glaucus: and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes—the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple—and Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed couched beneath

and poisonous vapours. "Courage!" said Glaucus. "I tell you the gods have assured me of deliverance—On!" They fall in with Arbaces, the Egyptian, who would give his soul for Ione. Glaucus hates and loathes the terrible magician.

The Prophecy Fulfilled.

Redly and steadily the torches flashed full on the eyes of Glaucus and Ione, who lay trembling and exhausted on his bosom. Several slaves were bearing, by the light, panniers and coffers, heavily laden; in front of them,—a drawn sword in his hand,—towered the lofty form of Arbaces.

"By my fathers!" cried the Egyptian, "Fate smiles upon me even through these horrors, and, amidst the dreadest aspects of woe and death, bodes me happiness and love. Away, Greek! I claim my ward, Ione!"

"Traitor and murderer!" cried Glaucus, glaring upon his foe, "Nemesis hath guided thee to my revenge!—a just sacrifice to the shades of Hades, that now seem loosed on earth. Approach—touch but the hand of Ione, and thy weapon shall be as a reed—I will tear thee limb from limb!"

Suddenly, as he spoke, the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but, *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, rolling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts—darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

The slaves shrieked aloud, and, cowering, hid their faces. The Egyptian himself stood transfixed to the spot, the glow lighting up his commanding features and jewelled robes. High behind him rose a tall column that supported the bronze statue of Augustus; and the imperial image seemed changed to a shape of fire!

With his left hand circled round the form of Ione—with his right arm raised in menace, and grasping the stilus which was to have been his weapon in the arena, and which he still fortunately bore about him, with his brow knit, his lips apart, the wrath and menace of human passions arrested as by a charm, upon his features, Glaucus fronted the Egyptian!

Arbaces turned his eyes from the mountain—they rested on the form of Glaucus! He paused a moment: "Why," he muttered, "should I hesitate? Did not the stars foretell the only crisis of imminent peril to which I was subjected?—Is not that peril past?"

"The soul," cried he aloud, "can brave the wreck of worlds and the wrath of imaginary gods! By that soul will I conquer to the last! Advance, slaves!—Athenian, resist me, and thy blood be on thine own head! Thus, then, I regain Ione!"

He advanced one step—it was his last on earth! The ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar!—the lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the Imperial Statue—then shivered bronze and column! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed!—The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled!

The sound—the shock, stunned the Athenian for several moments. When he recovered, the light still illumined the scene—the earth still slid and trembled beneath! Ione lay senseless on the ground; but he saw her not yet—his eyes were fixed upon a ghastly face that seemed to emerge, without limbs or trunk, from the huge fragments of the shattered column,—a face of unutterable pain, agony, and despair! The eyes shut and opened rapidly, as if sense were not yet fled; the lips quivered and grinned—then sudden stillness and darkness fell over the features, yet retaining that aspect of horror never to be forgotten!

So perished the wise Magician—the great Arbaces—the Hermes of the Burning Belt—the last of the royalty of Egypt!

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

J. G. LOCKHART



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

J. G. LOCKHART.

John Gibson Lockhart was Scott's son-in-law and biographer; his "Life of Scott," as Mr. Saintsbury says, is confessedly one of the best books in the world; with Boswell's "Life of Johnson," it stands out as pre-eminent. Both biographers were fortunate in having truly noble subjects. Those who think Lockhart's book inordinately long, may procure it in an abbreviated edition (Everyman's Library).

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh on August 15th, 1771, being descended from ancient Border yeoman families. At a very early age he had already acquired an unusual knowledge of folklore and traditions of his native land; he had a passion for Border ballads and Border romances. It was the immediate success of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" that determined Scott to make literature his profession. He had been admitted to the Faculty of Advocates, but he never practised in the Courts. He became Sheriff-Deputy of Selkirkshire, and later he secured the reversion of the Office of Chief Clerk of Sessions at Edinburgh, receiving a salary of £1,600 a year for work that made no great demand on his time.

Scott followed up "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) with "Marmion" (1808) and "The Lady of the Lake" (1810). These poems established his fame, and thereafter he reaped the rewards of literature in a way that had been hitherto unknown. From verse he turned to prose romance, and in very rapid succession he produced "The Waverley Novels"; sometimes a novel was the result of six weeks' work, and it is said he seldom gave more than a few months' work to any single masterpiece. As Mr. Saintsbury says, "He created the historical novel . . . he added to the gallery of imaginary personages more and greater figures than had been added by anyone except Shakespeare."

From Ashestiel, on the River Tweed, Scott moved in 1812 to Abbotsford and became a Tweedside Laird. The land he purchased had all belonged to the great Abbey of Melrose, the Abbey itself being visible from many points in the neighbourhood of the house. The building of Abbotsford, and the elaborating of such a mansion as it became, was the fulfilment of a dear dream of Scott, and it was to Abbotsford that Scott, broken by ill-health, hurried home from Italy to die in July of 1832. To-day it still remains a shrine to which come many pilgrims from all ends of the earth. Scott had made by his pen immense sums of money; in January, 1825, he gave a grand ball at Abbotsford on the occasion of his son's engagement; a few months later he was practically penniless.

Lockhart gives a great deal of space to discussing Scott's connection with the printing and publishing houses of Ballantyne and Constable. He had been

secretly a partner with Ballantynes. He financed them, they advanced money to him, but the whole series of transactions is an involved and complicated business. Scott always lived "in a mist about money"; at any rate, the great trade crash of 1825 *involved him in absolute ruin. Refusing bankruptcy, he set himself to earn enough to pay off the enormous sum of over a hundred thousand pounds for which he had become legally liable. "My own right hand shall do it," he said, and he achieved the task; but the mental distress and the great effort it entailed resulted in irreparable injury to his health; it brought on paralysis and softening of the brain. At the end of* 1831 *he arrived in Italy in search of rest and health. While he was in Rome he heard of Goethe's death in March,* 1832, *and "all his fine dreams of recovery seemed to vanish at once." "Alas for Goethe!" he exclaimed; "but he at least died at home. Let us to Abbotsford." "After the eleventh of May," says Lockhart, "the story can hardly be told too briefly."*

"LET US TO ABBOTSFORD."

THE irritation of impatience, which had for a moment been suspended by the aspect and society of Rome, returned the moment he found himself on the road, and seemed to increase hourly. His companions could with difficulty prevail on him to see even the falls of Terni, or the church of Santa Croce at Florence. On the 17th, a cold and dreary day, they passed the Apennines, and dined on the top of the mountains. The snow and the pines recalled Scotland, and he expressed pleasure at the sight of them. That night they reached Bologna, but he would see none of the interesting objects there;—and next day, hurrying in like manner through Ferrara, he proceeded as far as Monselice. On the 19th he arrived at Venice; and he remained there till the 23rd; but showed no curiosity about anything except the Bridge of Sighs and the adjoining dungeons—down into which he would scramble, though the exertion was exceedingly painful to him. On the other historical features of that place —one so sure in other days to have inexhaustible attractions for him—he would not even look; and it was the same with all that he came within reach of—even with the fondly anticipated chapel at Inspruck—as they proceeded through the Tyrol, and so onwards, by Munich, Ulm, and Heidelberg, to Frankfort. Here (June 5) he entered a bookseller's shop; and the people seeing an English party, brought out among the first things, a lithographed print of Abbotsford. He said—"I know that already, sir," and hastened back to the inn without being recognised. Though in some parts of the journey they had very severe weather, he repeatedly wished to travel all the night as well as all the day; and the symptoms of an approaching fit were so obvious, that he was more than once bled, ere they reached Mayence, by the hand of his affectionate domestic.

At this town they embarked, on the 8th June, in the Rhine steam-boat; and while they descended the famous river through its most picturesque region, he seemed to enjoy, though he said nothing, the perhaps unrivalled scenery it presented to him. His eye was fixed on the successive crags and castles, and ruined monasteries, each of which had been celebrated in some German ballad familiar to his ear, and all of them blended in the immortal panorama of Childe Harold. But so soon as they had passed Cologne, and nothing but flat shores, and here and there a grove of poplars and a village spire were offered to the vision, the weight of misery sunk down again upon him. It was near Nimeguen, on the evening of the 9th, that he sustained another serious attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis. Nicolson's lancet restored, after the lapse of some minutes, the signs of animation; but this was the crowning blow. Next day he insisted on resuming his journey, and on the 11th was lifted into an English steam-boat at Rotterdam.

He reached London about six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday the 13th of June. . . .

Friends came to see him in London and render any assistance in their power, but



Photo: W. F. Mansell.

ABBOTSFORD FROM THE TWEED.

The mansion built by Scott, and where he died in 1832.

Scott was now hopelessly ill and had to remain some weeks before he could be moved. Allan Cunningham, walking home late one night, found some working men standing at the corner of Jermyn Street. One asked, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?"—as if there were but one death-bed in London! At last the sick man was permitted to set out for Scotland.

The Return.

At length his constant yearning to return to Abbotsford induced his physicians to consent to his removal; and the moment this was notified to him, it seemed to infuse new vigour into his frame. It was on a calm, clear afternoon of the 7th July, that every preparation was made for his embarkation on board the steam-boat. He was placed on a chair by his faithful servant Nicolson, half-dressed, and loosely wrapt in a quilted dressing-gown. He requested Lockhart and myself to wheel him towards the light of the open window, and we both remarked the vigorous lustre of his eye. He sat there silently gazing on space for more than half an hour, apparently wholly occupied with his own thoughts, and having no distinct perception of where he was, or how he came there. He suffered himself to be lifted into his carriage, which was surrounded by a crowd, among whom were many gentlemen on horseback, who had loitered about to gaze on the scene.

His children were deeply affected, and Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot, and wept bitterly. Thus surrounded by those nearest to him, he alone was unconscious of the cause or the depth of their grief, and while yet alive seemed to be carried to his grave." . . .

The Captain gave up for Sir Walter's use his own private cabin, which was a

separate erection—a sort of cottage—on the deck; and he seemed unconscious, after laid in bed there, that any new removal had occurred. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, we found careful preparations made for his landing by the manager of the Shipping Company (Mr. Hamilton);—and Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore, and conveyed from thence to Douglas's hotel, in St. Andrew's Square, in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. Mrs. Douglas had in former days been the Duke of Buccleuch's housekeeper at Bowhill, and she and her husband had also made the most suitable provision. At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—"Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said—"Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair—they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

Dr. Watson having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson and his father, resigned the patient to them, and returned to London. None of them could have any hope, but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of: but there might be *Euthanasia*.

And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath chair from Huntly Burn, and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds then in full bloom. The grand-children admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By and by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us—said he was happy to be at home—that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors after all.

He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library:—"I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again, the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better. After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said—"Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said

when I had done—" Well, this is a great comfort—I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On the third day Mr. Laidlaw and I again wheeled him about the small piece of lawn and shrubbery in front of the house for some time ; and the weather seemed extremely feeble ; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said—" This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if



Photo : W. F. Mansell.

THE LIBRARY, ABBOTSFORD.

Some of the rooms remain as they were in Scott's lifetime, and are visited every year by hundreds of pilgrims from all parts of the world.

being delightful, and all the richness of summer around him, he seemed to taste fully the balmy influences of nature. The sun getting very strong, we halted the chair in a shady corner, just within the verge of his verdant arcade around the court-wall ; and breathing the coolness of the spot, he said, " Read me some amusing thing—read me a bit of Crabbe." . . . .

On Monday he remained in bed, and I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly, that we could not refuse ; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old

position, he smiled and thanked us, and said—" Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks ; but composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropt into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me—" Sir Walter has had a little repose." —" No, Willie," said he—" no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. " Friends," said he, " don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day ; and after another week he was unable even for this. . . .

The last pathetic scene has now to be told.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. " Lockhart," said he, " I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."—He paused, and I said—" Shall I send for Sophia and Anne ? "—" No," said he, " don't disturb them. Poor souls ! I know they were up all night—God bless you all."—With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons.—They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

Almost every newspaper that announced this event in Scotland, and many in England, had the signs of mourning usual on the demise of a king. With hardly an exception, the voice was that of universal, unmixed grief and veneration. . . .

His funeral was conducted in an unostentatious manner, but the attendance was very great. Few of his old friends then in Scotland were absent,—and many, both friends and strangers, came from a great distance. His old domestics and foresters made it their petition that no hireling hand might assist in carrying his remains. They themselves bore the coffin to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave. . . .

The court-yard and all the precincts of Abbotsford were crowded with uncovered spectators as the procession was arranged ; and as it advanced through Darnick and Melrose, and the adjacent villages, the whole population appeared at their doors in like manner—almost all in black. The train of carriages extended, I understand, over more than a mile ; the Yeomanry followed in great numbers on horseback ; and it was late in the day ere we reached Dryburgh. Some accident, it was observed, had caused the hearse to halt for several minutes on the summit of the hill at Bemerside—exactly where a prospect of remarkable richness opens, and where Sir Walter had always been accustomed to rein up his horse. The day was dark and lowering, and the wind high.

The wide enclosure at the Abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young ; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the

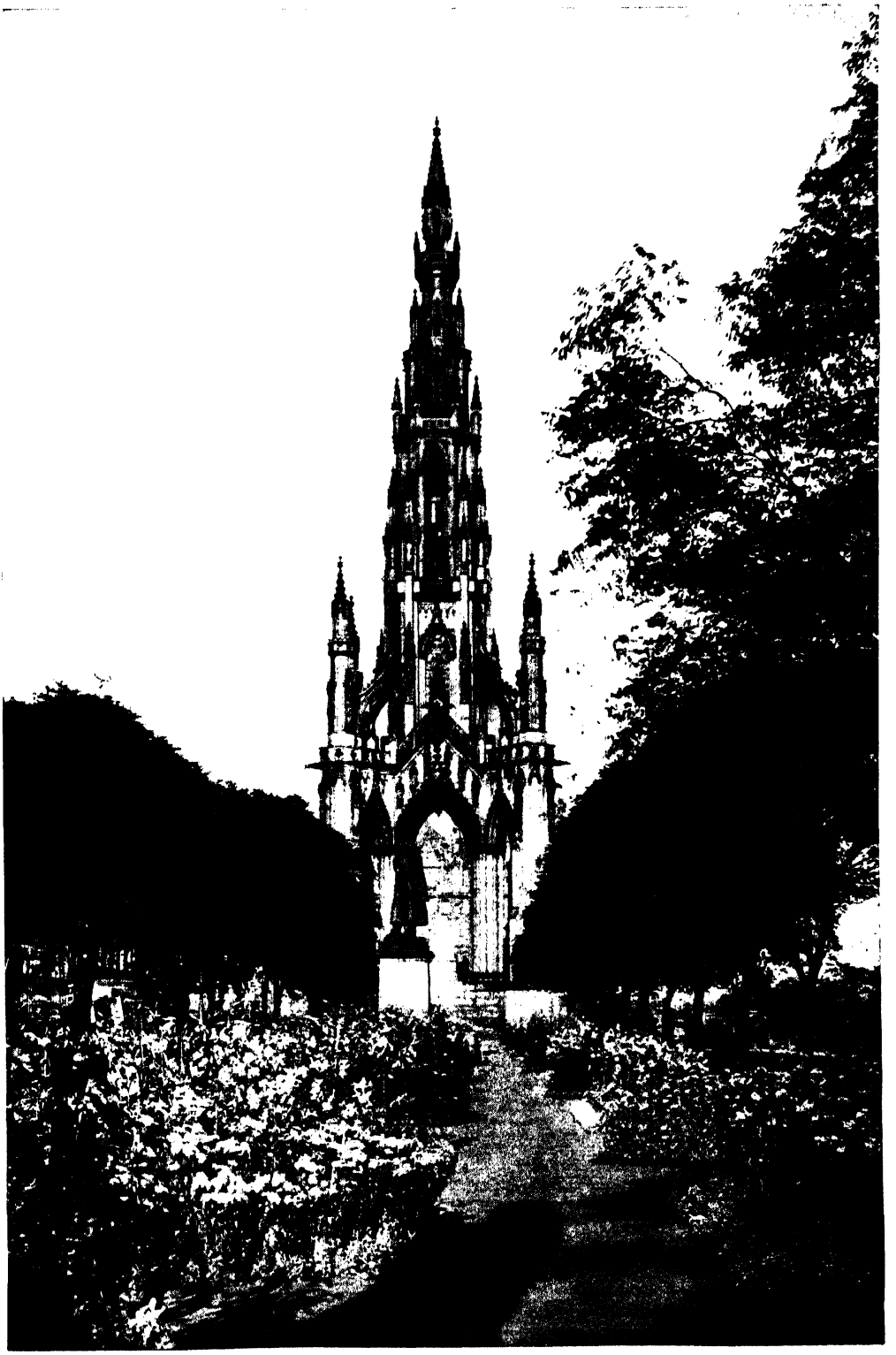


Photo: W. F. Mansell.

SCOTT'S MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. . . .

During the most energetic years of manhood he laboured with one prize in view; and he had just grasped it, as he fancied, securely, when all at once the vision was dissipated: he found himself naked and desolate as Job. How he nerved himself against the storm—how he felt and how he resisted it—how soberly, steadily, and resolvedly he contemplated the possibility of yet, by redoubled exertions, in so far retrieving his fortunes, as that no man should lose by having trusted those for whom he had been pledged—how well he kept his vow, and what price it cost him to do so,—all this the reader, I doubt not, appreciates fully. It seems to me that strength of character was never put to a severer test than when, for labours of love, such as his had hitherto almost always been—the pleasant exertion of genius for the attainment of ends that owed all their dignity and beauty to a poetical fancy—there came to be substituted the iron pertinacity of daily and nightly toil, in the discharge of a duty which there was nothing but the sense of chivalrous honour to make stringent. . . .

But though he boasted of stoicism, his heroism was something far better than the stoic's; for it was not founded on a haughty trampling down of all delicate and tender thoughts and feelings. He lays his heart bare in his Diary; and we there read, in characters that will never die, how the sternest resolution of a philosopher may be at once quickened and adorned by the gentlest impulses of the spirit of love, which alone makes poetry the angel of life. This is the moment in which posterity will desire to fix his portraiture. It is then, truly, that

"He sits, 'mongst men, like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off
More than a mortal seeming."

But the noble exhibition was not a fleeting one; it was not that a robust mind elevated itself by a fierce effort for the crisis of an hour. The martyrdom lasted with his days; and if it shortened them, let us remember his own immortal words:—

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim—
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

For the rest, I presume, it will be allowed that no human character, which we have the opportunity of studying with equal minuteness, had fewer faults mixed up in its texture. The grand virtue of fortitude, the basis of all others, was never displayed in higher perfection than in him; and it was, as perhaps true courage always is, combined with an equally admirable spirit of kindness and humanity. His pride, if we must call it so, undebased by the least tincture of mere vanity, was intertwined with a most exquisite charity, and was not inconsistent with true humility. If ever the principle of kindliness was incarnated in a mere man, it was in him; and real kindliness can never be but modest. In the social relations of life where men are most effectually tried, no spot can be detected in him. He was a patient, dutiful, reverent son; a generous, compassionate, tender husband; an honest, careful, and most affectionate father. Never was a more virtuous or a happier fireside than his. The influence of his mighty genius shadowed it imperceptibly; his calm good sense, and his angelic sweetness of heart and temper, regulated and softened a strict but paternal discipline. His children, as they grew up, understood by degrees the high privilege of their birth; but the profoundest sense of his greatness never disturbed their confidence in his goodness. The buoyant play of his spirits made him sit young among the young; parent and son seemed to live in brotherhood together; and the chivalry of his imagination threw a certain air of courteous gallantry into his relations with his daughters, which gave a very peculiar grace to the fondness of their intercourse. Though there could not be a gentler mother than Lady Scott—on those delicate occasions most interesting to young ladies, they always made their father the first confidant.

To the depth of his fraternal affection I ascribe, mainly, the only example of

departure from the decorum of polished manners which a keen observer of him through life ever witnessed in him, or my own experience and information afford any trace of. Injuries done to himself no man forgave more easily—more willingly repaid by benefits. But it was not so when he first and unexpectedly saw before him the noble person who, as he considered things at the time, had availed himself of his parliamentary privilege to cast a shade of insult upon the character of his next and best-beloved brother.



Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ST. MARY'S AISLE AND TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, DRYBURGH ABBEY.

But perhaps the most touching evidence of the lasting tenderness of his early domestic feelings was exhibited to his executors, when they opened his repositories in search of his testament, the evening after his burial. On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room—the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee—a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her—his father's snuff-box and etui-case—and more things of the like sort, recalling—

"The old familiar faces."

The same feeling was apparent in all the arrangement of his private apartment. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones in his dressing-room. The clumsy antique cabinets that stood there, things of a very different class from the beautiful and costly productions in the public rooms below, had all belonged to the furniture of George's Square. Even his father's rickety washing-stand, with all its cramped appurtenances, though exceedingly unlike what a man of his very scrupulous habits would have selected in these days, kept its ground.

WHITTIER'S POEMS



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The New England Poet.

Whittier, the American poet, had always a moral purpose at the back of his mind in his work. Living in the stormy days of the American Civil War, he did his utmost to rouse the conscience of his countrymen against the existence of slavery. His one effective poem is "Ichabod," which he wrote when the orator Daniel Webster had betrayed the hopes of the Anti-Slavery Party. It begins :—

"So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his grey hairs gone
For evermore.

"Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!"

Whittier's two poems which seem to hold a perennial interest for young reciters are given below, "Maud Muller" and "Barbara Frietchie."

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Massachusetts in 1807; he died in 1892.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

WHITTIER'S HOUSE AT DANVERS, MASS., U.S.A.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[from the meadows rich with corn,
[ar in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

ROBINSON CRUSOE

DANIEL DEFOE



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

DANIEL DEFOE.

Mr. Frederic Harrison says, "'Robinson Crusoe' contains (not for boys, but for men) more religion, more philosophy, more psychology, more political economy, more anthropology, than are found in many elaborate treatises on these special subjects." That may be, but the immense fascination of "Robinson Crusoe" does not lie in these things. Most will agree with what Charles Lamb says of Defoe's stories: "It is impossible to believe, while you are reading them, that a real person is not narrating to you everywhere nothing but what really happened to himself." The studied avoidance of artifice convinces us that every word must be true. Defoe had an equal triumph in "inventing truth" in his "Journal of the Plague Year," which deceived almost every reader into taking it as a record of actual events; the fact being that Defoe was only five years old in the year of the Plague. He wrote history and novels; he was a politician and "the prop of governments. . . . If this were all, it would be much. But Defoe wrote books on Magic and Apparitions and many books on Commerce. He thrashed out ecclesiastical questions and wrote a history of the Devil. He travelled seventeen times over England, and turned his tours into books. He composed a poem on the Complete Art of Painting and treatises on the Complete Gentleman and the Complete Tradesman. He wrote biographies of Rob Roy and Jack Sheppard, and drew up manuals of conduct for parents and of 'religious courtship' for lovers. He wrote a newspaper with his own hand three times a week, and threw off satires in verse in odd moments. He was a diplomatist and a hosier and a spy and a brick-maker and a member of the Butchers' Company. He was feared by Cabinet Ministers and pursued by bailiffs; he stood in the pulpit at Tooting and in the pillory at Temple Bar; he wrote two hundrd and fifty books and lost several fortunes."

"Robinson Crusoe" has neither humour, pathos, nor mystery; it is a sober record of adventures and a convincing, if imaginary, autobiography of a man and his solitary life on a desert island. Defoe said the story of "Robinson Crusoe" was a veiled history of his own life, but too much credence need not be given to this. Crusoe gives us convincing details of his early life, of trading adventures, and of a shipwreck in which all hands are lost except Crusoe himself, who is cast ashore half-dead. Our attention is riveted as we read all the minute details of the tribulations and contrivances of Crusoe; from his first night on the uninhabited island until he left it twenty-eight years later.

The lifeboat had no chance in the wild sea; a mountain-like raging wave came rolling on, and its occupants were all swallowed up in a moment.

§ 1

Cast Ashore.

NOTHING can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could

not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that a wave, having driven me or rather carried me a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half-dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind as well as breath left that, seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath and rise myself upon the water if I could, and so by swimming to preserve my breathing and pilot myself towards the shore if possible; my greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so to my immediate relief I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was but two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me against a piece of rock, and that with such force, as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance: for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body, and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein there was some minutes before scarce any room to hope. . . .

§ 2

Crusoe was able to swim out to the wrecked vessel and bring back such things as might prove useful to him. Then he pitched his tent on a hollow place near to the seaside, into which he carried "all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition and stores."

After I had been there about ten or twelve days it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books and pen and ink, and should even forget the Sabbath days from the working days; but, to prevent this, I cut it with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters, and making it into a great cross, I set it up on the shore where I first landed—namely, I CAME ON SHORE HERE ON THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1659. Upon

the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one, and thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time. . . .

And I must not forget that we had in the ship a dog and two cats, of whose eminent history I may have occasion to say something in its place: for I carried both the cats with me; and as for the dog, he jumped out of the ship of himself, and swam on shore to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo, and was a trusty servant to me many years. I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company that he could make up to me; I only wanted to have him talk to me, but that would not do. As I observed before, I found pen, ink, and paper, and I husbanded them to the utmost; and I shall show that, while my ink lasted, I kept things very exact; but after that was gone I could not, for I could not make any ink by any means that I could devise. . . .



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

CRUSOE ON A HUNTING EXPEDITION WITH HIS DOG.

His diary tells how he managed to get his food, how, being a very sorry workman, he made his table, his tent furniture, a pick-axe, a shovel, and a wheelbarrow; how he furnished a cave to do duty as a warehouse or magazine, a kitchen, a dining-room, and a cellar; how he fenced or walled it all round; how he made his own candles from a lump of beeswax, and tallow from a killed goat; how from a few ears of barley and some straggling stalks of rice he sowed and reaped his harvest in due season; how everything was destroyed, and he had to start all over again; how he made bags to gather the fruit of cocoa, orange, lemon and citron trees; how he learned to mix their juice with water and had cool, refreshing drinks—makes the tale of his first year's solitude. A solitude unbroken by the sound of any human voice. The Anniversary Day "I kept as a solemn fast, setting it apart to religious exercise, prostrating myself on the ground with the most serious humiliation . . . and having fasted for twelve hours, even till the going down of the sun, I then eat a biscuit-cake and bunch of grapes and went to bed." In due time his crops had shot up.

Saving the Crops.

I had lost one whole crop by sowing in the dry season. But now my crop promised very well, when on a sudden I found I was in danger of losing it all again by enemies of several sorts, which it was scarce possible to keep from it: as, first, the goats, and wild creatures which I called hares, who, tasting the sweetness of the blade, lay in it night and day as soon as it came up, and ate it so close that it could get no time to shoot up into stalk. This I saw no remedy for but by making an enclosure about it with a hedge; which I did with a great deal of toil, and the more because it required speed. However, as my arable land was

but small, suited to my crop, I got it totally well fenced in about three weeks' time, and shooting some of the creatures in the daytime, I set my dog to guard it in the night, tying him up to a stake at the gate, where he would stand and bark all night long. So in a little time the enemies forsook the place, and the corn grew very strong and well, and began to ripen apace.

But as the beasts ruined me before while my corn was in the blade, so the birds were as likely to ruin me now when in was in the ear; for going along by the place to see how it throve, I saw my little crop surrounded with fowls of I know not how many sorts, who stood as it were watching till I should be gone. I immediately let fly among them, for I always had my gun with me. I had no sooner shot but there rose up a little cloud of fowls—which I had not seen at all—from among the corn itself.

This touched me sensibly, for I foresaw that in a few days they would devour all my hopes; that I should be starved, and never be able to raise a crop at all: and what to do I could not tell. However, I resolved not to lose my corn, if possible, though I should watch it night and day. In the first place, I went among it to see what damage was already done; and found they had spoiled a good deal of it, but that, as it was yet too green for them, the loss was not so great but that the remainder was like to be a good crop if it could be saved.

I stayed by it to load my gun; and when coming away I could easily see the fowls sitting upon all the trees about me, as if they only waited till I was gone away. And the event proved it to be so; for as I walked off as if I was gone, I was no sooner out of their sight but they dropped down one by one into the corn again. I was so provoked that I could not have patience to stay till more came on, knowing that every grain that they ate now was, as it might be said, a peck loaf to me in the consequence; but coming up to the hedge I fired again and killed three of them. This was what I wished for: so I took them up, and served them as we serve notorious thieves in England—namely, hanged them in chains for a terror to others. It is impossible to imagine almost that this should have such an effect as it had; for the fowls would not only not come at the corn, but, in short, they forsook all that part of the island, and I could never see a bird near the place as long as my scarecrows hung there.

This I was very glad of, you may be sure; and about the latter end of December, which was our second harvest of the year, I reaped my crop. I was sadly put to it for a scythe or a sickle to cut it down: and all I could do was to make one as well as I could out of one of the broad swords or cutlasses which I saved among the arms out of the ship. However, as my first crop was but small, I had no great difficulty to cut it down. In short, I reaped it my way, for I cut nothing off but the ears, and carried it away in a great basket which I had made, and so rubbed it out with my hands; and at the end of all my harvesting I found that out of my half-peck of seed I had near two bushels of rice and above two bushels and a half of barley—that is to say, by my guess, for I had no measure at that time.

§ 3

Crusoe's courage and industry are outstanding traits; he was not likely to "eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar and decline into savagery or madness." We may, if we choose, see in Crusoe's resource and industry on this island an allegory of good citizenship. He makes for himself earthen pots and other vessels, such as potters make, and this meant finding out for himself how to order fire and kilns before he could make his own pottery, and there was the little detail of clothing.

The Handy Man.

My clothes began to decay too mightily. As to linen, I had had none a good while, except some checkered shirts which I found in the chests of the other seamen, and which I carefully preserved, because many times I could bear no other clothes on but a shirt: and it was a very great help to me that I had among all the men's clothes of the ship almost three dozen of shirts. There

were also several thick watch-coats of the seamen's, which were left indeed, but they were too hot to wear. And though it is true that the weather was so violently hot that there was no need of clothes, yet I could not go quite naked : no, though I had been inclined to it, which I was not, nor could not abide the thoughts of it, though I was all alone.

The reason why I could not go quite naked was, I could not bear the heat of the sun so well when quite naked as with some clothes on; nay, the very heat frequently blistered my skin, whereas, with a shirt on, the air itself made some motion, and whistling under that shirt, was twofold cooler than without it. No more could I ever bring myself to go out in the heat of the sun without a cap or a hat, the heat of the sun beating with such violence as it does in that place would give me the headache presently, by darting so directly on my head without a cap or hat on, so that I could not bear it, whereas, if I put on my hat, it would presently go away.



CRUSOE SEES THE FIRST SIGN OF HUMAN LIFE SINCE HIS ARRIVAL ON THE ISLAND.

"I was surprised with the print of a naked foot."

From a drawing by H. L. Bacon.

Upon those views I began to consider about putting the few rags I had, which I called clothes, into some order. I had worn out all the waistcoats I had, and my business was now to try if I could not make jackets out of the great watch-coats which I had by me, and with such other materials as I had ; so I set to work a-tailoring, or rather indeed a-botching, for I made most piteous work of it. However I made shift to make two or three new waistcoats, which I hoped would serve me a great while. As for breeches or drawers, I made but a very sorry shift indeed till afterward.

I have mentioned that I saved the skins of all the creatures that I killed—I mean four-footed ones—and I had hung them up stretched out with sticks in the sun, by which means some of them were so dry and hard that they were fit for little, but others it seems were very useful. The first thing I made of these was a great cap for my head, with the hair on the outside to shoot off the rain ; and this I performed so well, that after this I made me a suit of clothes wholly of these skins—that is to say, a waistcoat, and breeches open at knees, and both loose, for they were rather wanting to keep me cool than to keep me warm. I must not omit to acknowledge that they were wretchedly made ; for if I was a bad carpenter, I was a worse tailor. However, they were such as I made very good shift with. And when I was abroad if it happened to rain, the hair of my waistcoat and cap being outermost I was kept very dry.

After this I spent a great deal of time and pains to make me an umbrella. I was indeed in great want of one, and had

a great mind to make one. I had seen them made in the Brazils, where they are very useful in the great heats which are there; and I felt the heats every jot as great here, and greater too, being nearer the equinox. Besides, as I was obliged to be much abroad, it was a most useful thing to me, as well for the rains as the heats. I took a world of pains at it, and was a great while before I could make anything likely to hold; nay, after I thought I had hit the way, I spoiled two or three before I made one to my mind, but at last I made one that answered indifferently well. . . .

I cannot say that after this, for five years, any extraordinary thing happened to me, but I lived on in the same course, in the same posture and place, just as before. The chief things I was employed in, besides my yearly labour of planting my barley and rice and curing my raisins, of both which I always kept up just enough to have sufficient stock of one year's provisions beforehand; I say, besides this yearly labour and my daily labour of going out with my gun, I had one labour to make me a canoe, which at last I finished; so that, by digging a canal to it of six feet wide and four feet deep, I brought it into the creek, almost half a mile. As for the first, which was so vastly big, as I made it without considering beforehand, as I ought to do, how I should be able to launch it, so [illegible]ver being able to bring it to the water, [illegible]ring the water to it, I was obliged to [illegible]t lie where it was, as a memorandum [illegible] teach me to be wiser next time. . . .

In the eleventh year Crusoe's resource and industry were still unflagging; his ammunition running short, he set about catching wild goats, taming them and rearing a flock for domestic use.

The Family Party.

How mercifully can our great Creator treat his creatures, even in those conditions in which they seem to be overwhelmed in destruction! How can he sweeten the bitterest providences, and give us cause to praise him for dungeons and prisons! What a table was here spread for me in the wilderness, where I saw nothing at first but to perish for hunger!

It would have made a Stoic smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my Majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island. I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command—I could hang, draw, give liberty, and take it away; and no rebels among all my subjects.

Then to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants. Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog—who was now grown very old and crazy—sat always at my right hand; and two cats, one on one side the table and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour.

§ 4

And now we come to a new scene in Crusoe's life. For fifteen years he had not seen the shadow of any human being.

A New Danger.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me; I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore and down the shore; but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot;—how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every

bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in ; how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock which I called a door, I cannot remember ; no, nor could I remember the next morning ; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

Crusoe rescued a young savage from the cannibals, who became his man Friday, and was his companion for the remainder of his stay on the Island.

I slept none that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright the greater my apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil ; and reason joined in with me upon this supposition. For how should any other thing in human shape come into the place ? Where was the vessel that brought them ? What marks were there of any other footsteps ? And how was it possible a man should come there ? But, then, to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose, too, for he could not be sure I should see it ; this was an amusement* the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me; than this of the single print of a foot ; that, as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not ; and in the sand, too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtilty of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil. And I presently concluded, then, that it must be some more dangerous creature—namely, that it must be some of the

* *A-musement* here means taking off the thoughts or changing the theme of meditation.

savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them. . . .

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thought one day that all this might be a mere chimera of my own; and that this foot might be the print of my own foot when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little, too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might not I come that way from the boat as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again, I considered also that I could by no means tell for certain where I had trod and where I had not; and that if at last this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are frighted at them more than anybody.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked, too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk.

Heartening myself therefore with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready every now and then to lay down my basket and run for my life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted, and so indeed I had.

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But when I came to the place, *First*, It appeared evidently to me that when I laid up my boat I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabout. *Secondly*, When I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapours again to the highest degree; so that I shook with cold like one in an ague. And I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware—and what course to take for my security I knew not.

Oh, what ridiculous resolution men take when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief. The first thing I proposed to myself was to throw down my enclosures, and turn all my tame cattle wild into the woods, that the enemy might not find them, and then frequent the island in prospect of the same or the like booty; then to the simple thing of digging up my two corn-fields, that they might not find such a grain there, and still be prompted to frequent the island; then to demolish my bower and tent, that they might not see any vestiges of habitation, and be prompted to look farther, in order to find out the persons inhabiting.

These were the subject of the first night's cogitation, after I was come home again, while the apprehensions which had so overrun my mind were fresh upon me, and my head was full of vapours, as above. Thus fear of danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than danger itself, when apparent to the eyes. . . .



Photo: Rischgitz Collection. *Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*

I was convinced that the seeing the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I imagined. And but that it was a special providence that I was cast upon the side of the island where savages never came, I should easily have known that nothing was more frequent than for the canoes from the main, when they happened to be a little too far out at sea, to shoot over to that side of the island for harbour; likewise, as they often met and fought in their canoes, the victors having taken any prisoners would bring them over to the shore, where, according to their dreadful customs, being all cannibals, they would kill and eat them; of which hereafter.

When I was come down the hill to the shore, I was perfectly confounded and amazed—nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my mind—at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and particularly I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth like a cock-pit, where it is supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feastings upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

I was so astonished with the sight of these things that I entertained no notions of any danger to myself from it for a long while. All my apprehensions were buried in the thoughts of such a pitch of inhuman hellish brutality, and the horror of the degeneracy of human nature; though I had heard of often, yet never had so near a view of before. In short, I turned away my face from the horrid spectacle: my stomach grew sick, and I was just at the point of fainting, when nature discharged the disorder from my stomach; and having vomited with an uncommon violence, I was a little relieved, but could not bear to stay in the place a moment. So I gat me up the hill again with all the speed I could, and walked on towards my own habitation.

§ 5

Now, in his anxiety, Crusoe contrives to find a place to carry on that part of his business which required fire, such as burning pots and pipes and what not. He found a natural cave in the earth, where he had an adventure.

An Adventure.

While I was cutting down some wood here, I perceived that behind a very thick branch of low brushwood or underwood there was a kind of hollow place. I was curious to look into it, and getting with difficulty into the mouth of it, I found it was pretty large; that is to say, sufficient for me to stand upright in it, and perhaps another with me. But I must confess to you I made more haste out than I did in, when looking farther into the place, and which was perfectly dark, I saw two broad shining eyes of some creature, whether devil or man I knew not, which twinkled like two stars, the dim light from the cave's mouth shining directly in and making the reflection.

However, after some pause, I recovered myself, and began to call myself a thousand fools, and tell myself that he that was afraid to see the devil was not fit to live twenty years in an island all alone; and that I durst to believe there was nothing in this cave that was more frightful than myself. Upon this, plucking up my courage, I took up a great firebrand and in I rushed again, with the stick flaming in my hand. I had not gone three steps in but I was almost as much frighted as I was before; for I heard a very loud sigh, like that of a man in some pain; and it was followed by a broken noise, as if of words half expressed, and then a deep sigh again. I stepped back, and was indeed struck with such a surprise that it put me into a cold sweat; and if I had had a hat on my head, I will not answer for it that my hair might not have lifted it off! But still, plucking up my spirits as well as I could, and encouraging myself a little with considering that the power and presence of God was everywhere, and was able to protect me, upon this I stepped forward again, and by the light of the firebrand, holding it up a little over my head, I saw lying on the ground a most monstrous frightful old he-goat,

just making his will, as we say, and gasping for life, and dying indeed of mere old age.

I stirred him a little to see if I could get him out, and he essayed to get up, but was not able to raise himself. And I thought with myself he might even lie there; for if he had frighted me so, he would certainly fright any of the savages, if any of them should be so hardy as to come in there while he had any life in him.

I was now recovered from my surprise, and began to look round me, when I found the cave was but very small; that is to say, it might be about twelve foot over, but in no manner of shape, either round or square, no hands having ever been employed in making it but those of mere Nature. I observed also that there was a place at the farther side of it that went in farther, but was so low that it required me to creep upon my hands and knees to go into it, and whither I went I know not. So, having no candle, I gave it over for some time, but resolved to come again the next day, provided with candles and a tinder-box, which I had made of the lock of one of the muskets, with some wildfire in the pan.

Accordingly, the next day I came provided with six large candles of my own making—for I made very good candles now of goat's tallow—and going into this low place, I was obliged to creep upon all-fours, as I have said, almost ten yards; which, by the way, I thought was a venture bold enough, considering that I knew not how far it might go, nor what was beyond it. When I was got through the strait I found the roof rose higher up—I believe near twenty foot. But never was such a glorious sight seen in the island, I dare say, as it was to look round the sides and roof of this vault or cave. The walls reflected a hundred thousand lights to me from my two candles. What it was in the rock, whether diamonds or any other precious stones, or gold, which I rather supposed it to be, I knew not. . . .

I fancied myself now like one of the ancient giants, which were said to live in caves and holes in the rocks, where none could come at them. For I persuaded myself, while I was here, if five hundred savages were to hunt me, they could never find me out; or if they did, they would not venture to attack me here.

The old goat, who I found expiring, died in the mouth of the cave the next day after I made this discovery; and I found it much easier to dig a great hole there, and throw him in and cover him with earth, than to drag him out. So I interred him there to prevent offence to my nose. . . .

Crusoe's fears of cannibals were justified; from them he rescued the young savage who became his man Friday, and his companion for the rest of his stay on the island.

PAST AND PRESENT

I REMEMBER, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845).

CHATTERTON'S POEMS

The life of the "wonder boy" poet, Thomas Chatterton, was pathetic and tragic. He was born at Bristol in 1752, his father, a roistering fellow, was a sub-chanter in the cathedral and died before the poet was born. He was a lonely, dreamy boy, devouring every book that he laid hands on; he spent much of his time in spelling out old deeds and manuscripts which he found in the muniment-room in the Church of St. Mary's. He wrote clever satires before he was twelve. The boy's persistent study of old manuscripts enabled him to write a queer kind of old English of merit and beauty, and this caused him to launch one of the most famous of literary masquerades. He pretended that his poems were the actual work of Thomas Rowley, and that he had discovered the manuscript in a chest in St. Mary Redcliffe. He sent the poems to Horace Walpole, who was quite taken in, and for eighty years a controversy raged round the Rowley poems, when it was finally settled by Professor Skeat. When he was seventeen Chatterton came to London and engaged in hack journalism, receiving only a shilling for each of his articles and eighteen pence for his poems. Starving and penniless, and too proud to accept charity—even a meal his landlady offered him—or to go home, he poisoned himself in his garret with arsenic. He was buried in a pauper's grave in the grounds attached to the Shoe Lane workhouse. He was barely eighteen years of age. Of his genius there can be no question, about what he might have become it is useless to speculate. We give here Chatterton's satirical poem, "The Prophecy," and the lyric, "Minstrel's Song," from "Ælla."

THE PROPHECY

"When times are at the worst they will certainly mend."

THIS truth of old was sorrow's friend,
"Times at the worst will surely mend."
The difficulty's then, to know
How long oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh. . . .

When vile corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords and commoners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. . . .

When civil-power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail;
When she complains of vile restraint,
And power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When raw projectors shall begin
Oppression's hedge, to keep her in;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good-night.
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state;
And what the people did not give
Is levied by prerogative;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.



DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

From the Painting by Henry Wallis, in the Tate Gallery, London.



Photo: Rischgitz Collection. *Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Bristol*

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

From the painting by Mrs. E. M. Ward, in the Bristol Art Gallery.

He was a lonely, dreamy boy, devouring every book that he laid hands on."

When popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name ;
By treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. . . .

When popish priest a pension draws
From starved exchequer, for the cause ;
Commissioned proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. . . .

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence ;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. . . .

When stewards pass a *boot* account,
And credit for the gross amount ;
Then, to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When scrutineers, for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends ;
Or judge, as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer ;
A prince, to purpled pride unknown !
No favourites disgrace the throne !
Look up, ye Britons ! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

When times shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out,
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the *slaves* of mammon know
Briton's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as *free* as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

MINSTREL'S SONG

From ÆLLA.

OH! sing unto my roundelay;
Oh! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his rode[1] as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabour, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares, as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid
Not one holy saint to save
All the celness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll dente[2] the briars
Round his holy corse to gre,[3]
Elfin fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my hartys blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

[1] Complexion.

[2] Fasten. [3] Grow.

LES MISÉRABLES

VICTOR HUGO

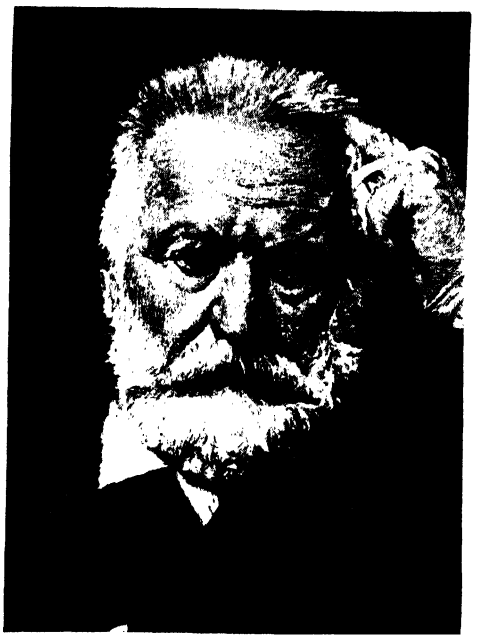


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

VICTOR HUGO.

Just as "Notre Dame" was a romance of mediæval Paris, so the present is a story of the city in comparatively modern times. The characters, as the title indicates, are mostly of the lower classes, the poor, the needy, the unhappy people of the slums. The chief character among them is a convict, Jean Valjean, who, released from prison, is given food and shelter by Bishop Myriel. He is caught by the police in the possession of some of the Bishop's silver. But the good Bishop informs the officers that he has made the prisoner a gift of it, in charity; and so the latter is at once released. This opening episode is a little story perfect in itself, and has been played with great effect upon the stage. But the fact is the whole book is full of drama, as the reader is about to see.

The convict from that moment is an altered man. When we next meet him, some years later, he has invented a new process for the manufacture of jet beads, built a factory in a certain town, made a fortune, and become elected Mayor. But, although he is known only as the good and kindly Monsieur Madeleine, a police-spy, Javert, has his eye upon him. One day Javert calls upon the Mayor, tells him that he has suspected him of being Valjean, the escaped convict, but that he has been in error, for the real Valjean has been arrested and is about to stand his trial. Under this thunderbolt the Mayor reels—but rises; his head is bloody but unbowed. He proceeds to the Court of the Assizes, takes his place, by right as Mayor, beside the Judge, and at the moment when the sentence is about to be pronounced, stands forth before the people and proclaims himself the culprit. It is a scene, tense, thrilling, and dramatic, which, though often imitated, has never been excelled.

Sentenced to the galleys, he escapes once more by diving into the sea, and is given up for dead. Again he takes to roaming in disguise about the country, together with a little girl of eight, Cosette, whom he rescues from the clutches of a tavern-keeper and his wife, who are treating her with bitter cruelty. The picture of this little waif is one of the most beautiful that ever a child-lover painted. Even in "The Art of Being a Grandfather" there is nothing sweeter or more touching.

By accident he is recognised again by Javert, is pursued, and is in the direst danger of arrest, when he escapes with Cosette over a wall into the garden of a convent, where they are discovered by the gardener, an old man named Fauchelevent, who turns out to be a man whom Valjean (as Monsieur Madeleine) had once saved from death when he was pinned beneath a cart. The old man is all gratitude. He hides the couple in his cottage. But how are they to be got out again? How can they be smuggled past the porter? A strange chance solves the puzzle. The Prioress sends for the gardener, gives him an astounding order; and it is with this amazing proposition ringing in his ears that he returns to the two fugitives.

IN THE CONVENT.

THE strides of the lame are like the glances of the one-eyed, they do not speedily reach their aim. Furthermore, Fauchelevent was perplexed. It took him nearly a quarter of an hour to get back to the shanty in the garden. Cosette was awake. Jean Valjean had seated her near the fire. At the moment when Fauchelevent entered, Jean Valjean was showing her the gardener's basket hanging on the wall and saying to her :

" Listen attentively to me, my little Cosette. We must go away from this house, but we shall come back, and we shall be very well off here. The good man here will carry you out on his back inside there. You will wait for me at a lady's. I shall come and find you. Above all, if you do not want the Thénardiess to take you back, obey and say nothing."

Cosette nodded her head with a serious look.

At the sound of Fauchelevent opening the door, Jean Valjean turned.

" Well ? "

" All is arranged, and nothing is," said Fauchelevent. . . . " It is necessary to get you out. That is where the cart is blocked ! For the little girl, it is easy enough."

" You will carry her out ? "

" And she will keep quiet ? "

" I will answer for it."

" But you, Father Madeleine ? "

And, after an anxious silence, Fauchelevent exclaimed :

But why not go out the way you came in ? "

Jean Valjean, as before, merely answered : " Impossible."

Fauchelevent, talking more to himself than to Jean Valjean, grumbled :

" There is another thing that torments me. I said I would put in some earth. But I think that earth inside, instead of a body, will not be like it ; that will not do, it will shake about ; it will move. The men will feel it. You understand, Father Madeleine, the government will find it out."

Jean Valjean stared at him, and thought that he was raving.

Fauchelevent resumed :

" How the d—ickens are you going to get out ? For all this must be done to-morrow. To-morrow I am to bring you in. The prioress expects you."

Then he explained to Jean Valjean that this was a reward for a service that he, Fauchelevent, was rendering to the community. That it was a part of his duties to assist in burials, that he nailed up the coffins, and attended the gravedigger at the cemetery. That the nun who died that morning had requested to be buried in the coffin which she had used as a bed, and interred in the vault under the altar of the chapel. That this was forbidden by the regulations of the police, but that she was one of those departed ones to whom nothing is refused. That the prioress and the vocal mothers intended to carry out the will of the deceased. So much the worse for the government. That he, Fauchelevent, would nail up the coffin in the cell, raise the stone in the chapel, and let down the body into the vault. And that, in return for this, the prioress would admit his brother into the house as gardener and his niece as boarder. That his brother was M. Madeleine, and that his niece was Cosette. That the prioress had told him to bring his brother the next evening, after the fictitious burial at the cemetery. But that he could not bring M. Madeleine from the outside, if M. Madeleine were not outside. That that was the first difficulty. And then that he had another difficulty, the empty coffin.

" What is the empty coffin ? " asked Jean Valjean.

Fauchelevent responded :

" The coffin from the administration."

" What coffin ? and what administration ? "

" A nun dies. The municipality physician comes and says : there is a nun dead. The government sends a coffin. The next day it sends a hearse and some bearers to take the coffin and carry it to the cemetery. The bearers will come and take up the coffin ; there will be nothing in it."

" Put somebody in it."

" A dead body ? I have none."



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Jean Valjean is caught by the police in possession of silver belonging to Bishop Myriel, who has given him shelter for the night, but the Bishop informs the officers that he has made the prisoner a gift of it, in charity.

"No."

"What then?"

"A living body."

"What living body?"

"Me," said Jean Valjean.

Fauchelevent, who had taken a seat, sprang up as if a cracker had burst under his chair.

"You!"

"Why not?"

Jean Valjean had one of those rare smiles which came over him like the aurora in a winter sky.

"You know, Fauchelevent, that you said: Mother Crucifixion is dead, and that I added: and Father Madeleine is buried. It will be so."

"Ah! good, you are laughing, you are not talking seriously."

"Very seriously. I must get out!"

"Undoubtedly."

"And I told you to find a basket and a cover for me also."

"Well!"

"The basket will be of pine, and the cover will be a black cloth."

"In the first place, a white cloth. The nuns are buried in white."

"Well, a white cloth."

"You are not like other men, Father Madeleine."

To see such devices, which are nothing more than the savage and foolhardy inventions of the galleys, appear in the midst of the peaceful things that surrounded him and mingled with what he called the "little jig-jog of the convent," was to Fauchelevent an astonishment comparable to that of a person who should see a seamew fishing in the brook in the Rue St. Denis.

Jean Valjean continued:

"The question is, how to get out without being seen? This is the means. But in the first place tell me, how is it done? where is this coffin?"

"*The empty one?*"

"Yes."

"Down in what is called the dead-room. It is on two trestles and under the pall."

"What is the length of the coffin?"

"Six feet."

"What is the dead-room?"

"It is a room on the ground floor, with a grated window towards the garden, closed on the outside with a shutter, and two doors; one leading to the convent, the other to the church."

"What church?"

"The church on the street, the church for everybody?"

"Have you the keys of those two doors?"

"No. I have the key of the door that opens into the convent; the porter has the key of the door that opens into the church."

"When does the porter open that door?"

"Only to let in the bearers, who come after the coffin; as soon as the coffin goes out, the door is closed again."

"Who nails up the coffin?"

"I do."

"Who puts the cloth on it?"

"I do."

"Are you alone?"

"No other man, except the police physician, can enter the dead-room. That is even written upon the wall."

"Could you, to-night, when all are asleep in the convent, hide me in that

No. But I can hide you in a little ... closet which opens into the dead-..., where I keep my burial tools, ... of which I have the care and the key."

"At what hour will the hearse come after the coffin to-morrow?"

"About three o'clock in the afternoon. The burial takes place at the Vaugirard cemetery, a little before night. It is not very near."

"I shall remain hidden in your tool-closet all night and all the morning. And about eating? I shall be hungry."

"I will bring you something."

"You can come and nail me up in the coffin at two o'clock."

Fauchelevent started back, and began to snap his fingers.

"But it is impossible!"

"Pshaw! to take a hammer and drive some nails into a board?"

What seemed unheard-of to Fauchelevent was, we repeat, simple to Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean had been in worse straits. He who has been a prisoner knows the art of making himself small according to the dimensions of the place for escape. The prisoner is subject to flight as the sick man is to the crisis which cures or kills him. An escape is a cure. What does not one undergo to be cured? To be nailed up and carried out in a chest like a bundle, to live a long time in a box, to find air where there is none, to economise the breath for entire hours, to know how to be stifled without dying—that was one of the gloomy talents of Jean Valjean.

Moreover, a coffin in which there is a living being, that convict's expedient, is also an emperor's expedient. If we can believe the monk Austin Castillejo, this was the means which Charles V., desiring after his abdication to see La Plombes again a last time, employed to bring her into the monastery of St. Juste and to take her out again.

Fauchelevent, recovering a little, exclaimed:

"But how will you manage to breathe?"

"I shall breathe."

"In that box? Only to think of it suffocates me."

"You surely have a gimlet, you can make a few little holes about the mouth here and there, and you can nail it without drawing the upper board tight."

"Good! But if you happen to cough or sneeze?"

"He who is escaping never coughs and never sneezes?"

And Jean Valjean added:

"Father Fauchelevent, I must decide: either to be taken here, or to be willing to go out in the hearse."

Everybody has noticed the taste which cats have for stopping and loitering in a half-open door. Who has not said to a cat: Why don't you come in? There aremen who, with an



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Jean Valjean, now Monsieur Madeleine, Mayor of the town and owner of a flourishing factory, chats with his employés. But a police-spy has his eye on him.

opportunity half-open before them, have a similar tendency to remain undecided between two resolutions, at the risk of being crushed by destiny abruptly closing the opportunity. The over prudent, cats as they are, and because they are cats, sometimes run more danger than the bold. Fauchelevent was of this hesitating nature. However, Jean Valjean's coolness won him over in spite of himself. He grumbled :

" It is true, there is no other way."

Jean Valjean resumed :

" The only thing that I am anxious about, is what will be done at the cemetery."

" That is just what does not embarrass me," exclaimed Fauchelevent. " If you are sure of getting yourself out of the coffin, I am sure of getting you out of the grave. The gravedigger is a drunkard and a friend of mine. He is Father Mestienne. An old son of the old vine. The gravedigger puts the dead in the grave, and I put the gravedigger in my pocket. I will tell you what will take place. We shall arrive a little before dusk, three-quarters of an hour before the cemetery gates are closed. The hearse will go to the grave. I shall follow ; that is my business. I will have a hammer, a chisel, and some pincers in my pocket. The hearse stops, the bearers tie a rope around your coffin and let you down. The priest says the prayers, makes the sign of the cross, sprinkles the holy water, [illegible] off. I remain alone with Father [illegible]ne. He is my friend, I tell you. [illegible] two things : either he will be [illegible], or he will not be drunk. If he is [illegible] drunk, I say to him : come and take a drink before the *Good Quince* is shut. I get him away, I fuddle him ; Father Mestienne is not long in getting fuddled, he is always half way. I lay him under the table, I take his card from him to return to the cemetery with, and I come back without him. You will have only me to deal with. If he is drunk, I say to him : be off. I'll do your work. He goes away, and I will pull you out of the hole."

Jean Valjean extended his hand, upon which Fauchelevent threw himself with a rustic outburst of touching devotion.

" It is settled, Father Fauchelevent. All will go well."

" Provided nothing goes amiss," thought Fauchelevent. " How terrible that would be ! "

Next day, as the sun was declining, the scattered passers on the Boulevard du Maine took off their hats at the passage of an old-fashioned hearse, adorned with death's-heads, cross-bones, and tear-drops. In this hearse there was a coffin covered with a white cloth, upon which was displayed a large black cross like a great dummy with hanging arms. A draped carriage, in which might be seen a priest in a surplice, and a choir-boy in a red calotte, followed. Two bearers in grey uniform with black trimmings walked on the right and left of the hearse. In the rear came an old man dressed like a labourer, who limped. The procession moved towards the Vaugirard cemetery.

Sticking out of the man's pocket were the handle of a hammer, the blade of a cold chisel, and the double handles of a pair of pincers.

The Vaugirard cemetery was an exception among the cemeteries of Paris. It had its peculiar usages, so far that it had its porte-cochère, and its small door which, in the quarter, old people, tenacious of old words, called the cavalier door, and the pedestrian door. The Bernardine-Benedictines of the Petit Picpus had obtained the right, as we have said, to be buried in a corner apart and at night, this ground having formerly belonged to the community. The gravediggers, having thus to work in the cemetery in the evening in summer, and at night in winter, were subject to a peculiar discipline. The gates of the cemeteries of Paris closed at that epoch at sunset, and, this being a measure of municipal order, the Vaugirard cemetery was subject to it like the rest. The cavalier door and the pedestrian door were two contiguous gratings ; near which was a pavilion built by the architect Perronet, in which the door-keeper



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Fantine, a poor woman M. Madeleine has saved from prison, is dying. He has accepted the trust of caring for her child, Cosette, when Javert, inspector of police, enters and informs him that he has denounced him as Jean Valjean, an ex-convict, wanted for a robbery five years ago.

of the cemetery lived. These gratings therefore inexorably turned upon their hinges the instant the sun disappeared behind the dome of the Invalides. If any gravedigger, at that moment, was belated in the cemetery, his only resource for getting out was his gravedigger's card, given him by the administration of funeral ceremonies. A sort of letter-box was arranged in the shutter of the gate-keeper's window. The gravedigger dropped his card into this box, the gate-keeper heard it fall, pulled the string, and the pedestrian door opened. If the gravedigger did not have his card, he gave his name; the gate-keeper, sometimes in bed and asleep, got up, went to identify the gravedigger, and open the door with the key; the gravedigger went out, but paid fifteen francs fine.

This cemetery, with its peculiarities breaking over the rules, disturbed the symmetry of the administration. It was suppressed shortly after 1830. The Mont Parnassse Cemetery, called the Cemetery of the East, has succeeded it, and has inherited this famous drinking house let into the Vaugirard cemetery, which was surmounted by a quince painted on a board, which looked on one side upon the tables of the drinkers, and on the other upon graves, with this inscription: *The Good Quince.*

The Vaugirard cemetery was what might be called a decayed cemetery. It was falling into disuse. Mould was invading it, flowers were leaving it. The well-to-do citizens little cared to be buried at Vaugirard; it sounded poor. Père Lachaise is very fine! to be buried in Père Lachaise is like having mahogany furniture. Elegance is understood by that. The Vaugirard cemetery was a venerable inclosure, laid out like an old French garden. Straight walks, box, evergreens, hollies, old tombs

under old yews, very high grass. Night there was terrible. There were some very dismal outlines there.

The sun had not yet set when the hearse with the white pall and the black cross entered the avenue of the Vaugirard cemetery. The lame man who followed it was no other than Fauchelevent.

The burial of Mother Crucifixion in the vault under the altar, the departure of Cosette, the introduction of Jean Valjean into the dead-room, all had been carried out without obstruction, and nothing had gone wrong.

We will say, by the way, the inhumation of Mother Crucifixion under the convent altar is, to us, a perfectly venial thing. It is one of those faults which resemble a duty. The nuns had accomplished it, not only without discomposure, but with an approving conscience. In the cloister, what is called the "government" is only an interference with authority, an interference which is always questionable. First the rules; as to the code, we will see. Men, make as many laws as you please, but keep them for yourselves. The tribute to Cæsar is never more than the remnant of the tribute to God. A prince is nothing in presence of a principle.

Fauchelevent limped behind the hearse, very well satisfied. His two twin plots, one with the nuns, the other with M. Madeleine, one for the convent, the other against it, had succeeded equally well. Jean Valjean's calmness had that powerful tranquillity which is contagious. Fauchelevent had now no doubt of success. What remained to be done was nothing. Within two hours he had fuddled the gravedigger ten times, good Father Mestienne, a rubicund old fellow. Father Mestienne was play for him. He did what he liked with him. He got him drunk at will and at his fancy. Mestienne saw through Fauchelevent's eyes. Fauchelevent's security was complete.

At the moment the convoy entered the avenue leading to the cemetery, Fauchelevent, happy, looked at the hearse and rubbed his big hands together, saying in an undertone:

"Here's a farce!"

Suddenly the hearse stopped; they were at the gate. It was necessary to exhibit the burial permit. The undertaker whispered with the porter of the cemetery. During this colloquy, which always causes a delay of a minute or two, somebody, an unknown man, came and placed himself behind the hearse at Fauchelevent's side. He was a working-man, who wore a vest with large pockets, and had a pick under his arm.

Fauchelevent looked at this unknown man.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The man answered:

"The gravedigger."

Should a man survive a cannon-shot through his breast, he would present the appearance that Fauchelevent did.

"The gravedigger?"

"Yes."

"You!"

"Me."

"The gravedigger is Father Mestienne."

"He was."

"How! he was?"

"He is dead."

Fauchelevent was ready for anything but this, that a gravedigger could die. It is, however, true; gravediggers themselves die. By dint of digging graves for others, they open their own.

Fauchelevent remained speechless. He had hardly the strength to stammer out:

"But it's not possible!"

"It is so."

"But," repeated he, feebly, "the gravedigger is Father Mestienne."

"After Napoleon, Louis XVIII. After Mestienne, Gribier. Peasant, my name is Gribier."

Fauchelevent grew pale; he stared at Gribier.

He was a long, thin, livid man, perfectly funereal. He had the appearance of a broken-down doctor turned gravedigger.

Fauchelevent burst out laughing.

"Ah! what droll things happen! Father Mestienne is dead. Little Father Mestienne is dead, but hurrah for little Father Lenoir! You know what little Father Lenoir is? It is the mug of

red for a six spot. It is the mug of Surêne, zounds! real Paris Surêne. So he is dead, old Mestienne! I am sorry for it; he was a jolly fellow. But you too, you are a jolly fellow. Isn't that so, comrade? we will go and take a drink together, right away."

The man answered: "I have studied, I have graduated. I never drink."

The hearse had started, and was rolling along the main avenue of the cemetery.

Fauchelevent had slackened his pace. He limped still more from anxiety than from infirmity.

The gravedigger walked before him.

Fauchelevent again scrutinised the unexpected Gribier.

He was one of those men who, though young, have an old appearance, and who, though thin, are very strong.

"Comrade!" cried Fauchelevent.

The man turned.

"I am the gravedigger of the convent."

"My colleague," said the man.

Fauchelevent, illiterate, but very keen, understood that he had to do with a very formidable species, a good talker.

He mumbled out:

"Is it so, Father Mestienne is dead?"

The man answered:

"Perfectly. The good God consulted his list of bills payable. It was Father Mestienne's turn. Father Mestienne is dead."

Fauchelevent repeated mechanically.

"The good God."

"The good God," said the man authoritatively. "What the philosophers call the Eternal Father; the Jacobins, the Supreme Being."

"Are we not going to make each other's acquaintance?" stammered Fauchelevent.

"It is made. You are a peasant, I am a Parisian."



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Jean Valjean, to escape from Javert, his old enemy, climbs over a wall into the convent garden and lifts his little ward, Cosette, after him.

"We are not acquainted as long as we have not drunk together. He who empties his glass empties his heart. Come and drink with me. You can't refuse."

"Bus'ness first."

Fauchelevent said to himself: I am lost.

They were now only a few rods from the path that led to the nuns' corner.

The gravedigger continued:

"Peasant, I have seven youngsters that I must feed. As they must eat, I must not drink."

And he added with the satisfaction of a serious being who is making a sententious phrase:

"Their hunger is the enemy of my thirst."

The hearse turned a huge cypress, left the main path, took a little one, entered upon the grounds, and was lost in a thicket. This indicated the immediate proximity of the grave. Fauchelevent slackened his pace, but could not slacken that of the hearse. Luckily the mellow soil, wet by the winter rains, stuck to the wheels, and made the track heavy.

He approached the gravedigger.

"They have such a good little Argenteuil wine," suggested Fauchelevent.

"Villager," continued the man, "I ought not to be a gravedigger. My father was porter at the Prytanée. He intended me for literature. But he was unfortunate. He met with losses at the Bourse. I was obliged to renounce the condition of an author. However, I am still a public scribe."

"But then you are not the gravedigger?" replied Fauchelevent, catching at a straw, feeble as it was.

"One does not prevent the other. I cumulate."

Fauchelevent did not understand this last word.

"Let us go and drink," said he.

Here an observation is necessary. Fauchelevent, whatever was his anguish, proposed to drink, but did not explain himself on one point; who should pay? Ordinarily Fauchelevent proposed, and Father Mestienne paid. A proposal to drink resulted evidently from the new situation produced by the fact of the gravedigger, and this proposal he had to make; but the old gardener left, all unintentionally, the proverbial quarter of an hour of Rabelais in the shade. As for him, Fauchelevent, however excited he was, he did not care about paying.

The gravedigger went on, with a smile of superiority:

"We must live. I accepted the succession of Father Mestienne. When one has almost finished his classes, he is a philosopher. To the labour of my hand, I have added the labour of my arm. I have my little writer's shop at the Market in the Rue de Sèvres. You know? the market of the Parapluies. All the cooks of the Croix Rouge come to me; I patch up their declarations to their true loves. In the morning I write love letters; in the evening I dig graves. Such is life, countryman."

The hearse advanced; Fauchelevent, full of anxiety, looked about him on all sides. Great drops of sweat were falling from his forehead.

"However," continued the gravedigger, "one cannot serve two mistresses; I must choose between the pen and the pick. The pick hurts my hand."

The hearse stopped.

The choir-boy got out of the mourning carriage, then the priest.

One of the forward wheels of the hearse mounted on a little heap of earth, beyond which was seen an open grave.

"Here is a farce!" repeated Fauchelevent in consternation.

* * *

Who was in the coffin? We know. Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean had arranged it so that he could live in it, and could breathe a very little.

It is a strange thing to what extent an easy conscience gives calmness in other respects. The entire combination pre-arranged by Jean Valjean had been executed, and executed well, since the night before. He counted, as did Fauchelevent, upon Father Mestienne. He had no doubt of the result. Never was a situation more critical, never calmness more complete.

The four boards of the coffin exhaled a kind of terrible peace. It seemed as if something of the repose of the dead had entered into the tranquillity of Jean Valjean.

From within that coffin he had been able to follow, and he had followed, all the phases of the fearful drama which he was playing with Death.

Soon after Fauchelevent had finished nailing down the upper board, Jean Valjean had felt himself carried out, then wheeled along. By the diminished jolting, he had felt that he was passing from the pavement to the hard ground; that is to say, that he was leaving the streets and entering upon the boule-

vards. By a dull sound, he had divined that they were crossing the bridge at Austerlitz. At the first stop he had comprehended that they were entering the cemetery; at the second stop he had said: here is the grave.

He felt that hands hastily seized the coffin, then a harsh scraping upon the boards; he concluded that that was a rope which they were tying around the coffin to let it down into the excavation.

Then he felt a kind of dizziness.

Probably the bearer and the gravedigger had tipped the coffin and let the head down before the feet. He returned fully to himself on feeling that he was horizontal and motionless. He had touched the bottom.

He felt a certain chill.

A voice arose above him, icy and solemn. He heard pass away, some Latin words which he did not understand, pronounced so slowly that he could catch them one after another:

"*Qui dormiunt in terræ pulvere, evigilabunt; alii in vitam æternam, et alii in opprobrium, ut videant semper.*"

A child's voice said:

"*De profundis.*"

The deep voice recommenced:

"*Requiem, æternam dona ei, Domine.*"



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JEAN VALJEAN AND COSETTE IN THE CONVENT GARDEN.

Little Cosette is educated by the nuns.

The child's voice responded:

"*Et lux perpetua luceat ei.*"

He heard upon the board which covered him something like the gentle patter of a few drops of rain. It was probably the holy water.

He thought: "This will soon be finished. A little more patience. The priest is going away. Fauchelevent will take Mestienne away to drink. They will leave me. Then Fauchelevent will come back alone, and I shall get out. That will take a good hour."

The deep voice resumed:

"*Requiescat in pace.*"

And the child's voice said:

"*Amen.*"

Jean Valjean, intently listening, perceived something like receding steps.

"Now there they go," thought he. "I am alone."

All at once he heard a sound above his head which seemed to him like a clap of thunder.

It was a spadeful of earth falling upon the coffin. A second spadeful fell.

One of the holes by which he breathed was stopped up.

A third spadeful of earth fell.

Then a fourth.

There are things stronger than the strongest man. Jean Valjean lost consciousness.

* * *

Let us see what occurred over the coffin in which Jean Valjean lay.

When the hearse had departed and the priest and the choir-boy had got into the carriage, and were gone, Fauchelevent, who had never taken his eyes off the gravedigger, saw him stoop, and grasp his spade, which was standing upright in the heap of earth.

Hereupon, Fauchelevent formed a supreme resolve.

Placing himself between the grave and the gravedigger, and folding his arms, he said :

" I'll pay for it ! "

The gravedigger eyed him with amazement, and replied :

" What, peasant ? "

Fauchelevent repeated :

" I'll pay for it."

" For what ? "

" For the wine."

" What wine ? "

" The Argenteuil."

" Where's the Argenteuil ? "

" At the Good Quince."

" Go to the devil ! " said the gravedigger.

And he threw a spadeful of earth upon the coffin.

The coffin gave back a hollow sound. Fauchelevent felt himself stagger, and nearly fell into the grave. In a voice in which the strangling sound of the death-rattle began to be heard, he cried :

" Come, comrade, before the Good [illegible] closes ! "

[illegible] gravedigger took up another [illegible] of earth. Fauchelevent con-

[illegible] ll pay," and he seized the grave-[illegible]ger by the arm.

" Hark ye, comrade," he said, " I am the gravedigger of the convent, and have come to help you." It's a job we can do at night. Let us take a drink first."

And as he spoke, even while clinging desperately to this urgent effort, he asked himself, with some misgiving : " And even should he drink—will he get tipsy ? "

" Good rustic," said the gravedigger, " if you insist, I consent. We'll have a drink, but after my work, never before it."

And he tossed his spade again. Fauchelevent held him.

" It is Argenteuil at six sous the pint ! "

" Ah, bah ! " said the gravedigger, " you're a bore. Ding-dong, ding-dong, the same thing over and over again ; that's all you can say. Be off, about your business."

And he threw in the second spadeful.

Fauchelevent had reached that point where a man knows no longer what he is saying.

" Oh ! come on, and take a glass, since I'm the one to pay," he again repeated.

" When we've put the child to bed," said the gravedigger.

He tossed in the third spadeful : then, plunging his spade into the earth, he added :

" You see, now, it's going to be cold to-night, and the dead one would cry out after us, if we were to plant her there without good covering."

At this moment, in the act of filling his spade, the gravedigger stooped low, and the pocket of his vest gaped open.

The bewildered eye of Fauchelevent rested mechanically on this pocket, and remained fixed.

The sun was not yet hidden behind the horizon, and there was still light enough to distinguish something white in the gaping pocket.

All the lightning which the eye of a Picardy peasant can contain flashed into the pupils of Fauchelevent. A new idea had struck him.

Without the gravedigger, who was occupied with his spadeful of earth, perceiving him, he slipped his hand from behind into the pocket, and took from him the white object it contained.

The gravedigger flung into the grave the fourth spadeful.

Just as he was turning to take the fifth, Fauchelevent, looking at him with imperturbable calmness, asked :

" By the way, my new friend, have you your card ? "

The gravedigger stopped.

" What card ? "

" The sun is setting."

" Well, let him put on his night-cap."

"The cemetery-gate will be closed."

"Well, what then?"

"Have you your card?"

"Oh! my card!" said the gravedigger, and he felt in his pocket.

Having rummaged one pocket, he tried another. From these, he proceeded to try his watch-fobs, exploring the first, and turning the second inside out.

"No!" said he, "no! I haven't got my card. I must have forgotten it."

"Fifteen francs fine!" said Fauchelevent.

The gravedigger turned green. Green is the paleness of people naturally livid.

"Oh, good-gracious God, what a fool I am!" he exclaimed. "Fifteen francs fine!"

"Three hundred-sou pieces," said Fauchelevent.

The gravedigger dropped his spade.

Fauchelevent's turn had come.

"Come! come, recruit," said Fauchelevent, "never despair; there's nothing to kill oneself about, and feed the worms. Fifteen francs are fifteen francs, and besides, you may not have them to pay. I am an old hand, and you a new one. I know all the tricks and traps and turns and twists of the business. I'll give you a friend's advice. One thing is clear—the sun is setting—and the graveyard will be closed in five minutes."

"That's true," replied the gravedigger.

"Five minutes is not time enough for you to fill the grave—it's as deep as the very devil—and get out of this before the gate is shut."

"You're right."

"In that case, there is fifteen francs fine."

"Fifteen francs!"

"But you have time. . . . Where do you live?"

"Just by the barrière. Fifteen minutes' walk. Number 87 Rue de Vaugirard."

"You have time, if you will hang your toggery about your neck, to get out at once."

"That's true."

"Once outside the gate, you scamper home, get your card, come back, and the gatekeeper will let you in again. Having your card, there's nothing to pay. Then you can bury your dead man. I'll stay here, and watch him while you're gone, to see that he doesn't run away."

"I owe you my life, peasant!"

"Be off, then, quick!" said Fauchelevent.

The gravedigger, overcome with gratitude, shook his hands, and started at a run.

When the gravedigger had disappeared through the bushes, Fauchelevent listened until his footsteps died away, and then, bending over the grave, called out in a low voice:

"Father Madeleine!"

No answer.

Fauchelevent shuddered. He dropped rather than clambered down into the grave, threw himself upon the head of the coffin, and cried out:

"Are you there?"

Silence in the coffin.

Fauchelevent, no longer able to breathe for the shiver that was on him, took his cold chisel and hammer, and wrenched off the top board. The face of Jean Valjean could be seen in the twilight, his eyes closed and his cheeks colourless.

Fauchelevent's hair stood erect with alarm; he rose to his feet, and then tottered with his back against the side of the grave, ready to sink down upon the coffin. He looked upon Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean lay there pallid and motionless.

Fauchelevent murmured in a voice low as a whisper:

"He is dead!"

Then straightening himself, and crossing his arms so violently that his clenched fists sounded against his shoulders, he exclaimed:

"This is the way I have saved him!"

Then the poor old man began to sob, talking aloud to himself the while, for it is a mistake to think that talking to one's self is not natural. Powerful emotions often speak aloud.

"It's Father Mestienne's fault. What did he die for, the fool? What was the use of going off in that way, just when no one expected it? It was he

who killed poor M. Madeleine. Father Madeleine! He is in the coffin. He's settled. There's an end of it. Now, what's the sense of such things? Good God! he's dead! Yes, and his little girl—what am I to do with her? What will the fruit-woman say? That such a man could die in that way. Good Heaven, is it possible! When I think that he put himself under my cart! . . . Father Madeleine! Father Madeleine! Mercy, he's suffocated, I said so—but, he wouldn't believe me. Now, here's a pretty piece of business! He's dead—one of the very best men God ever made; aye, the best, the very best! And his little girl! I'm not going back there again. I'm going to stay here. To have done such a thing as this! It's well worth while to be two old grey-beards, in order to be two old fools. But, to begin with, how did he manage to get into the convent—that's where it started. Such things shouldn't be done. Father Madeleine! Father Madeleine! Father Madeleine! Madeleine! Monsieur Madeleine! Monsieur Mayor! He doesn't hear me. Get yourself out of this now, if you please."

And he tore his hair.

At a distance, through the trees, a harsh grating sound was heard. It was the gate of the cemetery closing.

Fauchelevent again bent over Jean Valjean, but suddenly started back with all the recoil that was possible in a grave. Jean Valjean's eyes were open, and were gazing at him.

To behold death is terrifying, and a sudden restoration is nearly as much so. Fauchelevent became cold and white as a stone, haggard and utterly disconcerted by all these powerful emotions, and not knowing whether he had the dead or the living to deal with, stared at Jean Valjean, who in turn stared at him.

"I was falling asleep," said Jean Valjean.

And he rose to a sitting posture.

Fauchelevent dropped on his knees.

"Oh, blessed Virgin! How you frightened me!"

Then, springing again to his feet, he cried:

"Thank you, Father Madeleine!"

Jean Valjean had merely swooned. The open air had revived him.

Joy is the reflex of terror. Fauchelevent had nearly as much difficulty as Jean Valjean in coming to himself.

"Then you're not dead! Oh, what good sense you have! I called you so loudly that you got over it. When I saw you with your eyes shut, I said, 'Well, there now! he's suffocated!' I should have gone raving mad—mad enough for a strait-jacket. They'd have put me in the Bicêtre. What would you have had me do, if you had been dead? And your little girl! the fruit-woman would have understood nothing about it! A child plumped into her lap, and its grandfather dead! What a story to tell! By all the saints in heaven, what a story! Ah! but you're alive—that's the best of it.

"I am cold," said Jean Valjean.

These words recalled Fauchelevent completely to the real state of affairs, which were urgent. These two men, even when restored, felt, without knowing it, a peculiar agitation and a strange inward trouble, which was but the sinister bewilderment of the place.

"Let us get away from here at once," said Fauchelevent.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a flask with which he was provided.

"But a drop of this first!" said he.

The flask completed what the open air had begun. Jean Valjean took a swallow of brandy, and felt thoroughly restored.

He got out of the coffin, and assisted Fauchelevent to nail down the lid again. Three minutes afterwards, they were out of the grave.

After this, Fauchelevent was calm enough. He took his time. The cemetery was closed. There was no fear of the return of Gribier the gravedigger. That recruit was at home, hunting up his "card," and rather unlikely to find it, as it was in Fauchelevent's pocket. Without his card, he could not get back into the cemetery.

Fauchelevent took the spade and Jean Valjean the pick, and together they buried the empty coffin.

When the grave was filled, Fauchelevent said to Jean Valjean :

" Come, let us go ; I'll keep the spade, you take the pick."

Night was coming on rapidly.

Jean Valjean found it hard to move and walk. In the coffin he had stiffened considerably, somewhat in reality like a corpse. The anchylosis of death had seized him in that narrow wooden box. He had, in some sort, to thaw himself out of the sepulchre.

" You are benumbed," said Fauchelevent ; " and what a pity that I'm bandy-legged, or we'd run a bit."

" No matter ! " replied Jean Valjean, " a few steps will put my legs into walking order."

They went out by the avenues the hearse had followed. When they reached the closed gate and the porter's lodge, Fauchelevent, who had the gravedigger's card in his hand, dropped it into the box, the porter drew the cord, the gate opened, and they went through.

" How well everything goes ! " said Fauchelevent ; " what a good plan that was of yours, Father Madeleine ! "

They passed the Barrière Vaugirard in the easiest way in the world. In the neighbourhood of a graveyard, a pick and a spade are two passports.

The Rue de Vaugirard was deserted.

" Father Madeleine," said Fauchelevent, as he went along, looking up at the houses, " you have better eyes than mine—which is number 87 ? "

" Here it is, now," said Jean Valjean.

" There's no one in the street," resumed Fauchelevent. " Give me the pick, and wait for me a couple of minutes."

Fauchelevent went in at number 87, ascended to the topmost flight, guided by the instinct which always leads the poor to the garret, and knocked, in the dark, at the door of a little attic room. A voice called :

Come in

It was Gribier's voice.

Fauchelevent pushed open the door. The lodging of the gravedigger was, like all these shelters of the needy, an



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FAUCHELEVENT AND THE GRAVEDIGGER.

The amazing adventure of the escape in a coffin is given in the text.

unfurnished but much littered loft. A packing-case of some kind—a coffin, perhaps—supplied the place of a bureau, a straw pallet the place of a bed, a butter-pot the place of water-cooler, and the floor served alike for chairs and table. In one corner, on a ragged old scrap of carpet, was a haggard woman, and a number of children were huddled together. The whole of this wretched interior bore the traces of recent overturn. One would have said that there had been an earthquake served up there "for one." The coverlets were displaced, the ragged garments scattered about, the pitcher broken, the mother had been weeping, and the children probably beaten; all traces of a headlong and violent search. It was plain that the gravedigger had been looking, wildly, for his card, and had made everything in the attic, from his pitcher to his wife, responsible for the loss. He had a desperate appearance.

But Fauchelevent was in too great a hurry for the end of his adventure, to notice this gloomy side of his triumph.

As he came in, he said:

"I've brought your spade and pick."

Gribier looked at him with stupefaction.

"What, is it you, peasant?"

"And, to-morrow morning, you will find your card with the gatekeeper of the cemetery."

And he set down the pick and the spade on the floor.

"What does all this mean?" asked Gribier.

"Why, it means that you let your card drop out of your pocket; that I found it on the ground when you had gone; that I buried the corpse; that I filled in the grave; that I finished your job; that the porter will give you your card, and that you will not have to pay the fifteen francs. That's what it means, recruit!"

"Thanks, villager!" exclaimed Gribier, in amazement. "The next time I will treat."

Valjean becomes a second gardener at the convent, while Cosette is brought up and educated by the nuns. They appear to have attained at last a port of safety. But many and terrible adventures are still before the convict, including his escape from the police into the mighty subterranean sewers of Paris—a very celebrated masterpiece of graphic writing. In due course Cosette grows up, and marries an adoring lover, and Valjean dies at last in his old age, rejoicing in the happiness of his darling little girl—a beautiful conclusion to a great and noble work.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO

W. H. PRESCOTT

W. H. Prescott, the American historian, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1796. His "History of the Conquest of Mexico" was published in 1843 and met with immediate success; its vivid, romantic style makes it one of the most popular histories ever published, no less in this country than in America and on the Continent. Prescott is no philosophic historian; rather is he remarkable as a dramatic, picturesque storyteller. The "Conquest" is really a great historical romance, alive with the most vivid pictures of an ancient civilisation and its destruction. As Prescott says: "The whole story has the air of fable rather than of history! a legend of romance a tale of the genii!"

The history of Mexico is both dramatic and painful. The civilisation of the Aztecs has been exaggerated by Prescott, but it was remarkable enough, as evidenced by the huge pyramid temples and architectural remains they left. They had a kind of picture writing, built palaces with floating gardens, dykes, drains, and causeways.

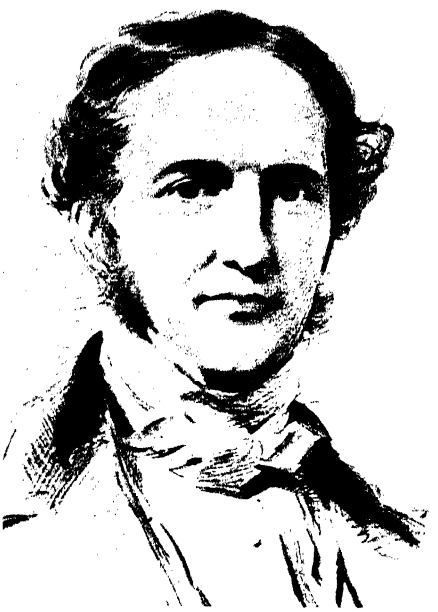


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.
After a drawing by George Richmond, R.A.

They had a judicial system, military institutions, and a sacerdotal order. They had considerable attainments in astronomical science, in agriculture and in mechanical arts. In short, the Aztec character was perfectly original and unique. Prescott devotes the first six chapters to a description of this civilisation. The Aztecs absorbed a pre-historic civilisation, establishing themselves in Mexico in the thirteenth century.

The Spanish Conquest of Mexico and the destruction of the Aztec civilisation is associated with the name of Cortes, who made an alliance with a discontented section of Mexican subjects. Spain in the beginning of the sixteenth century was the most powerful country in Europe, and took a leading part in the progress of discovery. Cortes marched into Mexico in 1519 *and created no little sensation among the inhabitants. The throne at the time was occupied by Montezuma the Second. He resolved to send an embassy to Cortes with such a magnificent present as should impress him with high ideas of his grandeur and resources, while at the same time he would forbid Cortes' approach to the capital. The Spaniards could scarcely conceal their rapture at the exhibition of such treasures, which so far surpassed all the dreams in which they had indulged.*

There were many big battles and many terrible massacres before the final conquest was achieved. Montezuma was seized and put in irons; he swore allegiance to Spain, much to the enragement of the Aztecs, and he was finally killed by his own people for favouring the Spaniards. We give below the terrible story of the final siege and surrender of Mexico. The first assault (1521) *was a defeat for the Spaniards; despite famine and pestilence, which was creeping over the city, the spirit of the Mexicans was unbroken, their hatred of the white man was intense.*

A TERRIBLE STORY.

A DAY was fixed for the assault, which was to be made simultaneously by the two divisions under Alvarado and the commander-in-chief. . . .

On the appointed morning, the two armies, after the usual celebration of mass, advanced along their respective causeways against the city. They were supported, in addition to the brigantines, by a numerous fleet of Indian boats, which were to force a passage up the canals, and by a countless multitude of allies, whose very numbers served in the end to embarrass their operations. After clearing the suburbs, three avenues presented themselves, which all terminated in the square of Tlatelolco. The principal one, being of much greater width than the other two, might rather be called a causeway than a street, since it was flanked by deep canals on either side. Cortés divided his force into three bodies. One of them he placed under Alderete, with orders to occupy the principal street. A second he gave in charge to Andres de Tapia and Jorge de Alvarado; the former a cavalier of courage and capacity, the latter, a younger brother of Don Pedro, and possessed of the intrepid spirit which belonged to that chivalrous family. These were to penetrate by one of the parallel streets, while the general himself, at the head of the third division, was

to occupy the other. A small body of cavalry, with two or three field-pieces, was stationed as a reserve in front of the great street of Tacuba, which was designated as the rallying point for the different divisions.

Cortés gave the most positive instructions to his captains not to advance a step without securing the means of retreat, by carefully filling up the ditches, and the openings in the causeway. The neglect of this precaution by Alvarado, in an assault which he had made on the city but a few days before, had been attended with such serious consequences to his army, that Cortés rode over, himself, to his officers' quarters, for the purpose of publicly reprimanding him for his disobedience of orders. On his arrival at the camp, however, he found that his offending captain had conducted the affair with so much gallantry, that the intended reprimand—though well deserved—subsided into a mild rebuke.



Photo. Rischgitz Collection.

CORTÉS.

The famous Spanish soldier and conqueror of Mexico.

The arrangements being completed, the three divisions marched at once up the several streets. Cortés, dismounting, took the van of his own squadron, at the head of his infantry. The Mexicans fell back as he advanced, making less resistance than usual. The Spaniards pushed on, carrying one barricade after another, and carefully filling up the gaps with rubbish, so as to secure themselves a footing. The canoes supported the attack, by moving along the canals, and grappling with those of the enemy; while numbers of the nimble-footed Tlascalans, scaling the terraces, passed on from one house to another, where they were connected, hurling the defenders into the streets below. The enemy, taken apparently by surprise, seemed incapable of withstanding for a moment the fury of the assault; and the victorious Christians, cheered on by the shouts of triumph which arose from their companions in the adjoining streets, were only the more eager to be first at the destined goal.

Indeed, the facility of his success led the general to suspect that he might be advancing too fast; that it might be a device of the enemy to draw them into the heart of the city, and then surround or attack them in the rear. He had some misgivings, moreover, lest his too ardent officers, in the heat of the chase, should, notwithstanding his commands, have overlooked the necessary precaution of filling up the breaches. He accordingly brought his squadron to a halt, prepared to baffle any insidious movement of his adversary. Meanwhile he received more than one message from Alderete, informing him that he had nearly gained the market. This only increased the general's apprehension, that, in the rapidity of his advance, he might have neglected to secure the ground. He determined to trust no eyes but his own, and, taking a small body of troops, proceeded at once to reconnoitre the route followed by the treasurer.

He had not proceeded far along the great street, or causeway, when his progress was arrested by an opening ten or twelve paces wide, and filled with water,

at least two fathoms deep, by which a communication was formed between the canals on the opposite sides. A feeble attempt had been made to stop the gap with the rubbish of the causeway, but in too careless a manner to be of the least service ; and a few straggling stones and pieces of timber only showed that the work had been abandoned almost as soon as begun. To add to his consternation, the general observed that the sides of the causeway in this neighbourhood had been pared off, and, as was evident, very recently. He saw in all this the artifice of the cunning enemy ; and had little doubt that his hot-headed officer had rushed into a snare deliberately laid for him. Deeply alarmed, he set about repairing the mischief as fast as possible, by ordering his men to fill up the yawning chasm.

But they had scarcely begun their labours, when the hoarse echoes of conflict in the distance were succeeded by a hideous sound of mingled yells and war-whoops, that seemed to rend the very heavens. This was followed by a rushing noise, as of the tread of thronging multitudes, showing that the tide of battle was turned back from its former course, and was rolling on towards the spot where Cortés and his little band of cavaliers were planted.

His conjecture proved too true. Alderete had followed the retreating Aztecs with an eagerness which increased with every step of his advance. He had carried the barricades, which had defended the breach, without much difficulty, and, as he swept on, gave orders that the opening should be stopped. But the blood of the high-spirited cavaliers was warmed by the chase, and no one cared to be detained by the ignoble occupation of filling up the ditches, while he could gather laurels so easily in the fight ; and they all pressed on, exhorting and cheering one another with the assurance of being the first to reach the square of Tlatelolco. In this way they suffered themselves to be decoyed into the heart of the city ; when suddenly the horn of Guatemozin —the sacred symbol, heard only in seasons of extraordinary peril—sent



Photo : Kirchner Collection.

MONTEZUMA II.

Emperor of Mexico at the time of the Spanish Conquest. He was killed by his own people for seeming to favour the Spaniards.

forth a long and piercing note from the summit of a neighbouring *teocalli*. In an instant the flying Aztecs, as if maddened by the blast, wheeled about, and turned on their pursuers. At the same time, countless swarms of warriors from the adjoining streets and lanes poured in upon the flanks of the assailants, filling the air with the fierce, unearthly cries which had reached the ears of Cortés, and drowning, for a moment, the wild dissonance which reigned in the other quarters of the capital.

The army, taken by surprise, and shaken by the fury of the assault, were thrown into the utmost disorder. Friends, foes, white men and Indians, were mingled together in one promiscuous mass ; spears, swords, and war-clubs were brandished together in the air. Blows fell at random. In their eagerness to escape, they trod down one another. Blinded by the missiles, which now rained on them from the *azoteas*, they staggered on, scarcely knowing in

what direction, or fell, struck down by hands which they could not see. On they came like a rushing torrent sweeping along some steep declivity, and rolling in one confused tide towards the open breach, on the further side of which stood Cortés and his companions, horror-struck at the sight of the approaching ruin. The foremost files soon plunged into the gulf, treading one another under the flood, some striving ineffectually to swim, others, with more success, to clamber over the heaps of their suffocated comrades. Many, as they attempted to scale the opposite sides of the slippery dike, fell into the water, or were hurried off by the warriors in the canoes, who added to the horrors of the rout by the fresh storm of darts and javelins which they poured on the fugitives.

Cortés, meanwhile, with his brave followers, kept his station undaunted on the other side of the breach. "I had made up my mind," he says, "to die rather than desert my poor followers in their extremity!" With outstretched hands he endeavoured to rescue as many as he could from the watery grave, and from the more appalling fate of captivity. He as vainly tried to restore something like presence of mind and order among the distracted fugitives. His person was too well known to the Aztecs, and his position now made him a conspicuous mark for their weapons. Darts, stones, and arrows fell around him as thick as [illegible] but glanced harmless from his steel [illegible] and armour of proof. At length [illegible]y of "Malintzin, Malintzin!" arose among the enemy; and six of their number, strong and athletic warriors, rushing on him at once, made a violent effort to drag him on board their boat. In the struggle he received a severe wound in the leg, which, for the time, disabled it. There seemed to be no hope for him; when a faithful follower, Christoval de Olea, perceiving his general's extremity, threw himself on the Aztecs, and with a blow cut off the arm of one savage, and then plunged his sword in the body of another. He was quickly supported by a comrade named Lerma, and by a Tlascalan chief, who, fighting over the prostrate body of Cortés, despatched three more of the assailants, though the heroic Olea paid dearly for his self-devotion, as he fell mortally wounded by the side of his general.

The report soon spread among the soldiers that their commander was taken; and Quiñones, the captain of his guard, with several others pouring in to the rescue, succeeded in disentangling Cortés from the grasp of his enemies who were struggling with him in the water, and raising him in their arms, placed him again on the causeway. One of his pages, meanwhile, had advanced some way through the press, leading a horse for his master to mount. But the youth received a wound in the throat from a javelin, which prevented him from effecting his object. Another of his attendants was more successful. It was Guzman, his chamberlain; but, as he held the bridle, while Cortés was assisted into the saddle, he was snatched away by the Aztecs, and with the swiftness of thought, hurried off by their canoes. The general still lingered, unwilling to leave the spot, whilst his presence could be of the least service. But the faithful Quiñones, taking his horse by the bridle, turned his head from the breach, exclaiming at the same time, that "his master's life was too important to the army to be thrown away there."

Yet it was no easy matter to force a passage through the press. The surface of the causeway, cut up by the feet of men and horses, was knee-keep in mud, and in some parts was so much broken, that the water from the canals flowed over it. The crowded mass, in their efforts to extricate themselves from their perilous position, staggered to and fro like a drunken man. Those on the flanks were often forced by the lateral pressure of their comrades down the slippery sides of the dike, where they were picked up by the canoes of the enemy, whose shouts of triumph proclaimed the savage joy with which they gathered in every new victim for the sacrifice. Two cavaliers, riding by the general's side, lost their footing, and rolled down the declivity into the water. One was taken and his

horse killed; the other was happy enough to escape. The valiant ensign, Corral, had a similar piece of good fortune. He slipped into the canal, and the enemy felt sure of their prize, when he again succeeded in recovering the causeway with the tattered banner of Castile still flying above his head. . . .

* * *

The plight of the Spanish soldiers who fell into the hands of the Mexicans was terrible. It was late afternoon when the sun was still lingering above the western hills that the tranquillity of the hour was suddenly broken by the sound of a great drum in the Temple of the War God. It intimated some solemn act of religion. The Spaniards beheld a long procession winding up the sides of the pyramid.

An Awful Spectacle.

As the long file of priests and warriors reached the flat summit of the *teocalli*, the Spaniards saw the figures of several men stripped to their waists, some of whom, by the whiteness of their skins, they recognised as their own countrymen. They were the victims for sacrifice. Their heads were gaudily decorated with coronals of plumes, and they carried fans in their hands. They were urged along by blows, and compelled to take part in the dances in honour of the Aztec war-god. The unfortunate captives, then stripped of their sad finery, were stretched one after another on the great stone of sacrifice. On its convex surface, their breasts were heaved up conveniently for the diabolical purpose of the priestly executioner, who cut asunder the ribs by a strong blow with his sharp razor of *itztli*, and thrusting his hand into the wound, tore away the heart, which, hot and reeking, was deposited on the golden censer before the idol. The body of the slaughtered victim was then hurled down the steep stairs of the pyramid, which, it may be remembered, were placed at the same angle of the pile, one flight below another; and the mutilated remains were gathered up by the savages beneath, who soon prepared with them the cannibal repast which completed the work of abomination!

We may imagine with what sensations the stupefied Spaniards must have gazed on this horrid spectacle, so near that they could almost recognise the persons of their unfortunate friends, see the struggles and writhing of their bodies, hear—or fancy that they heard—their screams of agony! yet so far removed that they could render them no assistance. Their limbs trembled beneath them as they thought what might one day be their own fate; and the bravest among them, who had hitherto gone to battle, as careless and light-hearted, as to the banquet or the ball-room, were unable, from this time forward, to encounter their ferocious enemy without a sickening feeling, much akin to fear, coming over them.

Such was not the effect produced by this spectacle on the Mexican forces, gathered at the end of the causeway. Like vultures maddened by the smell of distant carrion, they set up a piercing cry, and, as they shouted that, "such should be the fate of all their enemies," swept along in one fierce torrent over the dike. But the Spaniards were not to be taken by surprise; and, before the barbarian horde had come within their lines, they opened such a deadly fire from their battery of heavy guns, supported by the musketry and crossbows, that the assailants were compelled to fall back slowly, but fearfully mangled, to their former position.

The five following days passed away in a state of inaction; the Mexicans abandoned themselves to jubilee; singing, dancing, and feasting on the mangled relics of their wretched victims. The priests cheered the young monarch, Guatemozin, who had succeeded Montezuma, by declaring that their offended deity was appeased by the sacrifices and that within eight days the enemy would be delivered into their hands. This comfortable prediction, thundered in the ears of the besieging Spaniards, was received with defiance, but not so with their confederates, who now felt that their arm was raised against the gods of their country. The prediction of the oracle unnerved them, and under cover of night they stole away from Cortés' army.

The Spaniards beheld with dismay the mighty array thus silently melting away before the breath of superstition. But Cortés treated the prediction with contempt. Thus passed away the eight days prescribed by the oracle; and the sun, which rose upon the ninth, beheld the fair city still beset on every side by the inexorable foe.

Cortés had made minute preparations to end, in a most awful way, the most terrible siege in history.

The Attack.

Every breach in the causeway, every canal in the streets, was to be filled up in so solid a manner, that the work should not be again disturbed. The materials for this were to be furnished by the buildings, every one of which, as the army advanced, whether public or private, hut, temple, or palace, was to be demolished! Not a bulding in their path was to be spared. They were all indiscriminately to be levelled, until, in the Conqueror's own language, "the water should be converted into dry land," and a smooth and open ground be afforded for the manœuvres of the cavalry and artillery.

Cortés came to this terrible determination with great difficulty. He sincerely desired to spare the city, "the most beautiful thing in the world," as he enthusiastically styles it, and which would have formed the most glorious trophy of his conquest. But, in a place where every house was a fortress, and every street was cut up by canals so embarrassing to his movements, experience proved it was vain to think of doing otherwise, and becoming master of it. There was little hope of a peaceful accommodation with the Aztecs, who, so far from being broken by all they had hitherto endured, and the long perspective of future woes, showed a spirit as haughty and implacable as ever.

The general's intentions were learned by the Indian allies with unbounded satisfaction; and they answered his call for aid by thousands of pioneers, armed with their *coas*, or hoes of the country, all testifying the greatest alacrity in helping on the work of destruction. In a short time the breaches in the great causeways were filled up so effectually that they were never again molested. Cortés himself set the example by carrying stones and timber with his own hands. The buildings in the suburbs were then thoroughly levelled, the canals were filled up with the rubbish, and a wide space around the city was thrown open to the manœuvres of the cavalry, who swept over it free and unresisted. . .

With the sword thus suspended over it, the Spanish commander, desirous to make one more effort to save the capital, persuaded three Aztec nobles, taken in one of the late actions, to bear a message from him to Guatemozin; though they undertook it with reluctance, for fear of consequences to themselves. Cortés told the emperor, that all had now been done that brave men could do in defence of their country. There remained no hope, no chance of escape for the Mexicans. Their provisions were exhausted; their communications were cut off; their vassals had deserted them; even their gods had betrayed them. They stood alone, with the nations of Anahuac banded against them. There was no hope, but in immediate surrender. He besought the young monarch to take compassion on his brave subjects, who were daily perishing before his eyes; and on the fair city, whose stately buildings were fast crumbling into ruins. "Return to the allegiance," he concludes, "which you once proffered to the sovereign of Castile. The past shall be forgotten. The persons and property—in short, all the rights of the Aztecs shall be respected. You shall be confirmed in your authority, and Spain will once more take your city under her protection."

The eye of the young monarch kindled, and his dark cheek flushed with sudden anger, as he listened to proposals so humiliating. But, though his bosom glowed with the fiery temper of the Indian, he had the qualities of a "gentle cavalier," says one of his enemies, who knew him well. He did no harm to the envoys; but, after the heat of the moment had passed off, he gave the matter a calm consideration, and called a council of his wise men and warriors



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

THE VICTORY OF CORTES OVER THE AZTECS AT OTUMBA, JULY 7TH, 1520.
From the painting by Manuel Ramirez.

to deliberate upon it. Some were for accepting the proposals, as offering the only chance of preservation. But the priests took a different view of the matter. They knew that the ruin of their own order must follow the triumph of Christianity. "Peace was good," they said, "but not with the white men." They reminded Guatemozin of the fate of his uncle Montezuma, and the requital he had met with for all his hospitality: of the seizure and imprisonment of Cacama, the cacique of Tezcuco; of the massacre of the nobles by Alvarado; of the insatiable avarice of the invaders, which had stripped the country of its treasures; of their profanation of the temples; of the injuries and insults which they had heaped without measure on the people and their religion. "Better," they said, "to trust in the promises of their own gods, who had so long watched over the nation. Better, if need be, give up our lives at once for our country, than drag them out in slavery and suffering among the false strangers."

The eloquence of the priests, artfully touching the various wrongs of his people, roused the hot blood of Guatemozin. "Since it is so," he abruptly exclaimed, "let us think only of supplying the wants of the people. Let no man, henceforth, who values his life, talk of surrender. We can at least die like warriors." . . .

For several weeks Cortés now steadily followed the plan he had laid down for the reduction of the city. The palace of Guatemozin was set on fire, and other stately edifices were destroyed. The population was starving; men sickened and died every day, in all the excruciating torments of hunger, and the wan and emaciated survivors seemed only to be waiting for their time. Yet the sufferings of the Aztecs, terrible as they were, did not incline them to submission; as the flames ascended from the burning temples, the Aztecs, horror-struck, broke forth into piteous lamentations at the destruction of the deities on whom they relied for protection. The thrilling resistance continued, even though only one-eighth of the city remained in the possession of the Aztecs. "The Conqueror, as he strode among the smoking embers on the summit, calmly surveyed the scene of desolation below. The palaces, the temples, the busy marts of industry and trade, the glittering canals, covered with their rich freights from the surrounding country, the royal pomp of groves and gardens, all the splendours of the imperial city, the capital of the western world, for ever gone—and in their place a barren wilderness! How different the spectacle which the year before had met his eye, as it wandered over the scenes from the heights of the neighbouring 'teocalli,' with Montezuma at his side." The following chapter describes the final murderous assault and the dreadful sufferings of the besieged.

The Final Scene.

There was no occasion to resort to artificial means to precipitate the ruin of the Aztecs. It was accelerated every hour by causes more potent than those arising from mere human agency. There they were—pent up in their close and suffocating quarters, nobles, commoners, and slaves, men, women, and children, some in houses, more frequently in hovels—for this part of the city was not the best—others in the open air in canoes, or in the streets, shivering in the cold rains of night, and scorched by the burning heat of day. An old chronicler mentions the fact of two women of rank remaining three days and nights up to their necks in the water among the reeds, with only a handful of maize for their support. The ordinary means of sustaining life were long since gone. They wandered about in search of anything, however unwholesome or revolting, that might mitigate the fierce gnawings of hunger. Some hunted for insects and worms on the borders of the lake, or gathered the salt weeds and moss from its bottom, while at times they might be seen casting a wistful look at the green hills beyond, which many of them had left to share the fate of their brethren in the capital. . . .

Hundreds of famished wretches died every day from extremity of suffering. Some dragged themselves into the houses,

and drew their last breath alone, and in silence. Others sank down in the public streets. Wherever they died, there they were left. There was no one to bury or to remove them. Familiarity with the spectacle made men indifferent to it. They looked on in dumb despair, waiting for their own turn. There was no complaint, no lamentation, but deep, unutterable woe.

If in other quarters of the town the corpses might be seen scattered over the streets, here they were gathered in heaps. "They lay so thick," says Bernal Diaz, "that one could not tread except among the bodies." "A man could not set his foot down," says Cortés, yet more strongly, "unless on the corpse of an Indian!" They were piled one upon another, the living mingled with the dead. They stretched themselves on the bodies of their friends, and lay down to sleep there. Death was everywhere. The city was a vast charnel-house, in which all was hastening to decay and decomposition. . . .

Men's minds were unsettled by these strange and accumulated horrors. They resorted to all the superstitious rites prescribed by their religion, to stay the pestilence. They called on their priests to invoke the gods in their behalf. But the oracles were dumb, or gave only gloomy responses. Their deities had deserted them, and in their place they saw signs of celestial wrath, telling of still greater woes in reserve. Many, after the siege, declared that, among other prodigies, they beheld a stream of light, of a blood-red colour, coming from the north in the direction of Tepejacac, with a rushing noise, like that of a whirlwind, which swept round the district of Tlatelolco, darting out sparkles and flakes of fire, till it shot far into the centre of the lake! In the disordered state of their nerves, a mysterious fear took possession of their senses. Prodigies were of familiar occurrence, and the most familiar phenomena of nature were converted into prodigies. Stunned by their calamities, reason was bewildered, and they became the sport of the wildest and most superstitious fancies.

In the midst of these awful scenes, the young emperor of the Aztecs remained, according to all accounts, calm and courageous. With his fair capital laid in ruins before his eyes, his nobles and faithful subjects dying around him, his territory rent away, foot by foot, till scarce enough remained for him to stand on, he rejected every invitation to capitulate, and showed the same indomitable spirit as at the commencement of the siege. . . .

As the Spaniards advanced, the Mexicans set up a fierce war-cry, and sent off clouds of arrows with their accustomed spirit, while the women and boys rained down darts and stones from their elevated position on the terraces. But the missiles were sent by hands too feeble to do much damage; and, when the squadrons closed, the loss of strength became still more sensible in the Aztecs. Their blows fell feebly and with doubtful aim; though some, it is true, of stronger constitution, or gathering strength from despair, maintained to the last a desperate fight.

The arquebusiers now poured in a deadly fire. The brigantines replied by successive volleys in the opposite quarter. The besieged, hemmed in, like deer surrounded by the huntsmen, were brought down on every side. The carnage was horrible. The ground was heaped up with slain, until the maddened combatants were obliged to climb over the human mounds to get at one another. The miry soil was saturated with blood, which ran off like water, and dyed the canals themselves with crimson. All was uproar and terrible confusion. The hideous yells of the barbarians; the oaths and execrations of the Spaniards; the cries of the wounded; the shrieks of women and children; the heavy blows of the Conquerors; the death-struggle of their victims; the rapid, reverberating echoes of musketry; the hissing of innumerable missiles; the crash and crackling of blazing buildings, crushing hundreds in their ruins; the blinding volumes of dust and sulphurous smoke shrouding all in their gloomy canopy—made a scene appalling even to the soldiers of Cortés, steeled as they were by many a rough passage of war, and by

long familiarity with blood and violence. "The piteous cries of the women and children, in particular," says the general, "were enough to break one's heart." He commanded that they should be spared, and that all, who asked it, should receive quarter. He particularly urged this on the confederates, and placed men among them to restrain their violence. But he had set an engine in motion too terrible to be controlled. It were as easy to curb the hurricane in its fury, as the passions of an infuriated horde of savages. "Never did I see so pitiless a race," he exclaims, "or any thing wearing the form of man so destitute of humanity." They made no distinction of sex or age, and in this hour of vengeance seemed to be requiting the hoarded wrongs of a century. At length, sated with slaughter, the Spanish commander sounded a retreat. It was full time, if, according to his own statement—we may hope it is an exaggeration—forty thousand souls had perished! Yet their fate was to be envied, in comparison with that of those who had survived.

Through the long night which followed, no movement was perceptible in the Aztec quarter. No light was seen there, no sound was heard, save the low moaning of some wounded or dying wretch, writhing in his agony. All was dark and silent—the darkness of the grave. The last blow seemed to have completely stunned them. They had parted with hope, and sat in sullen despair, like men waiting in silence the stroke of the executioner. Yet, for all this, they showed no disposition to submit. Every new [illegible] had sunk deeper into their souls, [illegible]led them with a deeper hatred of [illegible] enemy. Fortune, friends, kindred, [illegible]ome—all were gone. They were content to throw away life itself, now that they had nothing more to live for. . . .

It was on the memorable 15th of August, 1521, the day of St. Hypolito—from this circumstance selected as the patron saint of Modern Mexico—that Cortés led his warlike array for the last time across the black and blasted environs which lay around the Indian capital. On entering the Aztec precincts, he paused, willing to afford its wretched inmates one more chance of escape, before striking the fatal blow. He obtained an interview with some of the principal chiefs, and expostulated with them on the conduct of their prince. "He surely will not," said the general, "see you all perish, when he can so easily save you." He then urged them to prevail on Guatemozin to hold a conference with him, repeating the assurances of his personal safety.

The messengers went on their mission, and soon returned with the *cihuacoatl* at their head, a magistrate of high authority among the Mexicans. He said, with a melancholy air, in which his own disappointment was visible, that "Guatemozin was ready to die where he was, but would hold no interview with the Spanish commander"; adding in a tone of resignation: "It is for you to work your pleasure." "Go, then," replied the stern Conqueror, "and prepare your countrymen for death. Their hour is come." . . .

When the assailants came into presence of the enemy, they found them huddled together in the utmost confusion, all ages and sexes, in masses so dense that they nearly forced one another over the brink of the causeways into the water below. Some had climbed on the terraces, others feebly supported themselves against the walls of the buildings. Their squalid and tattered garments gave a wildness to their appearance, which still further heightened the ferocity of their expression, as they glared on their enemy with eyes in which hate was mingled with despair. When the Spaniards had approached within bow-shot, the Aztecs let off a flight of impotent missiles, showing to the last the resolute spirit, though they had lost the strength, of their better days. The fatal signal was then given by the discharge of an arquebuse—speedily followed by peals of heavy ordnance, the rattle of fire-arms, and the hellish shouts of the confederates, as they sprang upon their victims. It is unnecessary to stain the page with a repetition of the horrors of the preceding day. Some of the wretched Aztecs threw themselves into the water, and were picked up by the

canoes. Others sunk and were suffocated in the canals. The number of these became so great, that a bridge was made of their dead bodies, over which the assailants could climb to the opposite banks. Others again, especially the women, begged for mercy, which, as the chroniclers assure us, was everywhere granted by the Spaniards, and, contrary to the instructions and entreaties of Cortés, everywhere refused by the confederates.



Photo: Kinchgitz Collection.

THE TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF CORTES INTO TLAZCALA AFTER THE VICTORY OF OTUMBA.

While this work of butchery was going on, numbers were observed pushing off in the barks that lined the shore, and making the best of their way across the lake. They were constantly intercepted by the brigantines, which broke through the flimsy array of boats; sending off their volleys to the right and left, as the crews of the latter hotly assailed them. The battle raged as fiercely on the lake as on the land. Many of the Indian vessels were shattered and overturned. Some few, however, under cover of the smoke, which rolled darkly over the waters, succeeded in clearing themselves of the turmoil, and were fast nearing the opposite shore.

Sandoval had particularly charged his captains to keep an eye on the movements of any vessel in which it was at all probable that Guatemozin might be concealed. At this crisis, three or four of the largest *piraguas* were seen skimming over the water, and making their way rapidly across the lake. A captain named Garci Holguin, who had command of one of the best sailers in the fleet, instantly gave them chase. The wind was favourable, and every moment he gained on the fugitives, who pulled their oars with a vigour that despair alone could have given. But it was in vain; and, after a short race, Holguin, coming alongside of one of the *piraguas*, which, whether from its appearance, or from information he had received he conjectured might bear the Indian emperor, ordered his men to level their crossbows at the boat. But, before they could discharge them, a cry arose from those in it, that their lord was on board. At the same moment, a young warrior, armed with buckler and *maquahuitl*, rose up, as if to beat off the assailants. But, as the Spanish captain ordered his men not to shoot, he dropped his weapons, and exclaimed, "I am Guatemozin; lead me to Malintzin, I



THE CHRISTIAN CROSS ON AN A. ALTAR.

From the statue by Molto y Such.

...s, to the dismay of a Mexican Chief, is depicted supplanting a native image by the Christian Cross.

am his prisoner; but let no harm come to my wife and my followers." . . .

When the captives were seated on the deck of his vessel, Holguin requested the Aztec prince to put an end to the combat by commanding his people in the other canoes to surrender. But, with a dejected air, he replied, "It is not necessary. They will fight no longer, when they see that their prince is taken." He spoke truth. The news of Guatemozin's capture spread rapidly through the fleet, and on shore, where the Mexicans were still engaged in conflict with their enemies. It ceased, however, at once. They made no further resistance; and those on the water quickly followed the brigantines, which conveyed their captive monarch to land. It seemed as if the fight had been maintained thus long, the better to divert the enemy's attention, and cover their master's retreat. . . .

Cortés came forward with a dignified and studied courtesy to receive him. The Aztec monarch probably knew the person of his conqueror, for he first broke silence by saying; "I have done all that I could to defend myself and my people. I am now reduced to this state. You will deal with me, Malintzin, as you list." Then, laying his hand on the hilt of a poniard, stuck in the general's belt, he added, with vehemence, "Better despatch me with this, and rid me of life at once." Cortés was filled with admiration at the proud bearing of the young barbarian, showing in his reverses a spirit worthy of an ancient Roman. "Fear not," he replied, "you shall be treated with all honour. You have defended your capital like a brave warrior. A Spaniard knows how to respect valour even in an enemy." He then inquired of him, where he had left the princess, his wife; and, being informed that she still remained under protection of a Spanish guard on board the brigantine, the general sent to have her escorted to his presence.

She was the youngest daughter of Montezuma; and was hardly yet on the verge of womanhood. On the accession of her cousin, Guatemozin, to the throne, she had been wedded to him as his lawful wife. She is celebrated by her contemporaries for her personal charms;

and the beautiful princess, Tecuichpo, is still commemorated by the Spaniards, since from her, by a subsequent marriage, are descended some of the illustrious families of their own nation. She was kindly received by Cortés, who showed her the respectful attentions suited to her rank. Her birth, no doubt, gave her an additional interest in his eyes, and he may have felt some touch of compunction, as he gazed on the daughter of the unfortunate Montezuma. He invited his royal captives to partake of the refreshments which their exhausted condition rendered so necessary. . . .

During the night, a tremendous tempest, such as the Spaniards had rarely witnessed, and such as is known only within the tropics, burst over the Mexican Valley. The thunder, reverberating from the rocky amphitheatre of hills, bellowed over the waste of waters, and shook the *teocallis* and crazy tenements of Tenochtitlan—the few that yet survived—to their foundations. The lightning seemed to cleave asunder the vault of heaven, as its vivid flashes wrapped the whole scene in a ghastly glare, for a moment, to be again swallowed up in darkness. The war of elements was in unison with the fortunes of the ruined city. It seemed as if the deities of Anahuac, scared from their ancient abodes, were borne along shrieking and howling in the blast, as they abandoned the fallen capital to its fate!

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

EMILY BRONTË

Emily Brontë (1818 1848), the gifted sister of Charlotte Brontë, was certainly a writer of genius. Her one extraordinary novel — a gloomy masterpiece — is "Wuthering Heights." As Mr. Gilbert Chesterton says, "it is a wonderful effect of stark imagination, without humility or humour, or anything that could humanise so inhuman a vision."

Mr. Lockwood, the new tenant of Thrushcross Grange, found he had one solitary neighbour in the beautiful country where he was to make his home, a situation far away from all stir of society. "A perfect misanthropist's Heaven: and Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to divide the desolation between us. A capital fellow! He little imagined how my heart warmed towards him when I beheld his black eyes withdraw so suspiciously under their brows as I rode up, and when his fingers sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still further in his waistcoat as I announced my name."

This Mr. Heathcliff, who dwelt at "Wuthering Heights," was Lockwood's landlord. In what way he was a "capital fellow," his tenant was soon to know. But most of the terrible story of "Wuthering Heights" Lockwood learnt later from the housekeeper, Mrs. Dean.

Mr. Heathcliff's residence was a big, strongly built farmhouse, "Wuthering" being descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. "One may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the edge by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house, and a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun." Heathcliff "is a dark-skinned gipsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman—that is, as much a gentleman as many a country squire; rather slovenly, perhaps, yet not looking amiss with his negligence, because he was an erect, handsome figure; and rather morose."

The outline of the story that Mrs. Dean pieced together for Mr. Lockwood, after he had some experience of the unmannerly wretch, his landlord, and a terrible night in a haunted room at "Wuthering Heights," was as follows.

The previous owner of "Wuthering Heights" was Mr. Hindley Earnshaw. One day he brought home from Liverpool a dirty, ragged, black-haired child; "as



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

EMILY JANE BRONTE.

From the painting by P. Branwell Bronte, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

dark almost as if it came from the devil." The child was an outcast; no one would own it, so Earnshaw brought it home, and there the child remained, to be grinned at, spat at and ill-treated by Earnshaw's son of fourteen. The little outcast bred bad feeling in the house. But the little winsome daughter, mischievous, high-spirited Catherine Earnshaw, made a friend of the

Earnshaw died and his son Hindley had him; Hindley had grown bitter brooding over his parent's affection for boy Heathcliff; now he subjected him every kind of torment, but Cathy and the boy, both wild and venturesome, were greater pals than ever.

At this time, the tenant of the neighbouring farmhouse, the Grange, was Edgar Linton, with his family. In a wild escapade of Cathy and Heathcliff near the Grange, the girl met with an accident, and she spent five weeks at the Grange, with a broken ankle. This led to a friendship with the boy, Master Linton, a puny, petted, peevish youth, in bad health. Affectionate by nature, she pitied him, and, exchanging visits, their intimacy grew; although her affection for the lad Heathcliff remained unaltered. As time passed, the young man Heathcliff became black and cross; he was proud and defiant; shame and pride tortured his rebellious soul, for he knew himself a rude, ill-mannered youth, without a name to call his own, and this insignificant weakling son of a rich father was usurping Cathy, his old playmate, his dear friend. It was gall and wormwood, all the more bitter that Cathy's brother ill-treated and humiliated him more and more. "I shall pay Hindley back. I don't care how long I wait, if I can only do it at last," he said.

And in years the time came. Cathy had married young Linton; she had said, "In my soul and in my heart, I'm convinced I'm wrong. I have no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in Heaven." She loved Heathcliff—"My love resembles the eternal rocks beneath"—and Heathcliff had disappeared, driven to despair.

Meanwhile, a son had been born to Hindley Earnshaw, Cathy's brother, and in time Cathy herself became the mother of a baby girl, christened Catherine.

Then Heathcliff returns—a different man, as far as worldly goods are concerned; he is invited to "Wuthering Heights" by Hindley Earnshaw, now a drunkard and gambler. Heathcliff plays cards with Cathy's debauched brother, who persuades him to stay, and they gamble on and on till Heathcliff has his old tormentor ruined, mortgaging his estate to Heathcliff, and it comes into his possession. Heathcliff, in a sardonic mood, marries Isabella Linton, the half-silly sister, and heiress of Edgar Linton, Cathy's husband. Heathcliff, now a terrible, maddened, revengeful brute, makes no secret that his day of vengeance is come. He still goes to see his old sweetheart, taunts her, and a terrible scene takes place.

Some years later Cathy dies, but her husband, Edgar Linton, is still alive, and their daughter Catherine has grown to a beautiful young woman, with adventurous ways like her mother, and the same capacity for intense attachments. The little girl had never been to "Wuthering Heights," and knew not Mr. Heathcliff; the bitter enmity between the two houses she knew



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Heathcliff tries to induce Catherine Linton to go to Wuthering Heights to see his son, by telling her that he is dying.

youth and Catherine. The cousins had met. She pitied him, and her affectionate nature went out to his loneliness and weakness. Linton had made an appointment to meet her, he wished to see her, then they would part. Catherine's father was dying, and Heathcliff had his reasons for seeking the marriage of his son, Linton, and Catherine; he would be master of the Grange as well as "Wuthering Heights"; his revenge would be complete. The following passage, related by the housekeeper, Mrs. Dean, describes how Heathcliff abducts and deals with Catherine, the daughter of the woman he had worshipped.

WE deferred our excursion till the afternoon; a golden afternoon of August: every breath from the hills so full of life, that it seemed whoever respired it, though dying, might revive. Catherine's face was just like the landscape — shadows and sunshine flitting over it in rapid succession; but the shadows rested longer, and the sunshine was more transient, and her poor little heart reproached itself for even that passing forgetfulness of its cares.

We discerned Linton watching at the same spot he had selected before. My young mistress alighted, and told me that, as she was resolved to stay a very little while, I had better hold the pony and remain on horseback; but I dissented: I wouldn't risk losing sight of the charge committed to me a minute; so we climbed the slope of heath together. Master Heathcliff received us with

of, but no more. She was forbidden to put her foot on the ground of the enemy estate. The awful brute in the soured Heathcliff was watching and waiting. His wife, Isabella, had died, leaving a son, Linton, whom Heathcliff took home to "Wuthering Heights," there to browbeat, to torment, to thwart the nature of his son, and worsen his defective character; he bent his malevolence, over years, in frightening the youth and bending him to his own will. The boy was paralysed with fear of his father. The rest of the story tells how Heathcliff plotted a marriage between this

greater animation on this occasion: not the animation of high spirits though, nor yet of joy; it looked more like fear.

"It is late!" he said, speaking short, and with difficulty. "Is not your father very ill? I thought you wouldn't come." . . .

"My father *is* very ill," she said; "and why am I called from his bedside? Why didn't you send to absolve me from my promise, when you wished I wouldn't keep it? Come! I desire an explanation—playing and trifling are completely banished out of my mind: and I can't dance attendance on your affectations now!"

"My affectations!" he murmured; "what are they? For Heaven's sake, Catherine, don't look so angry! Despise me as much as you please; I am a worthless, cowardly wretch—I can't be scorned enough; but I'm too mean for your anger. Hate my father, and spare me for contempt."

"Nonsense!" cried Catherine, in a passion. "Foolish, silly boy! And there! he trembles, as if I were really going to touch him! You needn't bespeak contempt, Linton; anybody will have it spontaneously at your service. Get off! I shall return home—it is folly dragging you from the hearthstone, and pretending—what do we pretend? Let go my frock. If I pitied you for crying and looking so very frightened, you should spurn such pity. Ellen, tell him how disgraceful this conduct is. Rise, don't degrade yourself into an abject reptile—*don't.*"

With streaming face and an expression of agony, Linton had thrown his nerveless frame along the ground: he seemed convulsed with exquisite terror.

"Oh!" he sobbed, "I cannot bear it! Catherine, Catherine, I'm a traitor, too, and I dare not tell! But leave me, and I shall be killed. *Dear* Catherine, my life is in your hands; and you have said you loved me, and if you did, it wouldn't harm you. You'll not go, then? kind, sweet, good Catherine! And perhaps you *will* consent—and he'll let me die with you!"

My young lady, on witnessing his intense anguish, stooped to raise him. The old feeling of indulgent tenderness overcame her vexation, and she grew thoroughly moved and alarmed.

"Consent to what?" she asked. "To stay? Tell me the meaning of this strange talk, and I will. You contradict your own words, and distract me! Be calm and frank, and confess at once all that weighs on your heart. You wouldn't injure me, Linton, would you? You wouldn't let any enemy hurt me, if you could prevent it? I'll believe you are a coward for yourself, but not a cowardly betrayer of your best friend."

"But my father threatened me," gasped the boy, clasping his attenuated fingers, "and I dread him—I dread him! I *dare* not tell!"

"Oh, well!" said Catherine, with scornful compassion, "keep your secret, *I'm* no coward. Save yourself: I'm not afraid!"

Her magnanimity provoked his tears: he wept wildly, kissing her supporting hands, and yet could not summon courage to speak out. I was cogitating what the mystery might be, and determined Catherine should not suffer, to benefit him or any one else, by my good will; when, hearing a rustle among the ling, I looked up and saw Mr. Heathcliff almost close upon us, descending the Heights. He didn't cast a glance towards my companions, though they were sufficiently near for Linton's sobs to be audible; but hailing me in the almost hearty tone he assumed to none besides, and the sincerity of which I could not avoid doubting, he said—

"It is something to see you so near to my house, Nelly! How are you at the Grange? Let us hear. The rumour goes," he added in a lower tone, "that Edgar Linton is on his death-bed: perhaps they exaggerate his illness?"

"No; my master is dying," I replied: "it is true enough. A sad thing it will be for us all, but a blessing for him!"

"How long will he last, do you think?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"Because," he continued, looking at the two young people, who were fixed under his eye—Linton appeared as if

he could not venture or stir to raise his head, and Catherine could not move, on his account—" because the lad yonder seems determined to beat me ; and I'd thank his uncle to be quick, and go before him. Hallo! has the whelp been playing that game long ? I *did* give him some lessons about snivelling. Is he pretty lively with Miss Linton generally ? "

" Lively ? No—he has shown the greatest distress," I answered. " To see him, I should say, instead of rambling with his sweetheart on the hills, he ought to be in bed, under the hands of a doctor."

" He shall be, in a day or two," muttered Heathcliff. " But first —— Get up, Linton ! Get up ! " he shouted. " Don't grovel on the ground there —up, this moment ! "

Linton had sunk prostrate again in another paroxysm of helpless fear, caused by his father's glance towards him I suppose ; there was nothing else to produce such humiliation. He made several efforts to obey, but his little strength was annihilated for the time, and he fell back again with a moan. Mr. Heathcliff advanced, and lifted him to lean against a ridge of turf.

" Now," said he, with curbed ferocity, " I'm getting angry ; and if you don't command that paltry spirit of yours *Damn* you ! get up directly ! "

" I will, father ! " he panted. " Only, let me alone, or I shall faint. I've done as you wished, I'm sure. Catherine will tell you that I —that I have been cheerful. Ah ! keep by me, Catherine ; give me your hand."

" Take mine," said his father ; " stand on your feet. There now —she'll lend you her arm : that's right, look at *her*. You would imagine I was the devil himself, Miss Linton, to excite such horror. Be so kind as to walk home with him, will you ? He shudders if I touch him."

" Linton, dear ! " whispered Catherine, " I can't go to Wuthering Heights : papa has forbidden me. He'll not harm you : why are you so afraid ? "

" I can never re-enter that house," he answered. " I'm *not* to re-enter it without you ! "

" Stop ! " cried his father. " We'll respect Catherine's filial scruples. Nelly, take him in, and I'll follow your advice concerning the doctor, without delay."

" You'll do well," replied I ; " but I must remain with my mistress. To mind your son is not my business."

" You are very stiff ! " said Heathcliff, " I know that—but you'll force me to pinch the baby and make it scream, before it moves your charity. Come, then, my hero. Are you willing to return, escorted by me ? "

He approached once more, and made as if he would seize the fragile being ; but shrinking back, Linton clung to his cousin, and implored her to accompany him, with a frantic importunity that admitted no denial. However I disapproved, I couldn't hinder her ; indeed, how could she have refused him herself ? What was filling him with dread we had no means of discerning : but there he was, powerless under its gripe, and any addition seemed capable of shocking him into idiocy. We reached the threshold ; Catherine walked in, and I stood waiting till she conducted the invalid to a chair, expecting her out immediately ; when Mr. Heathcliff, pushing me forward, exclaimed—

" My house is not stricken with the plague, Nelly ; and I have a mind to be hospitable to-day ; sit down, and allow me to shut the door."

He shut and locked it also. I started.

" You shall have tea before you go home," he added. " I am by myself. Hareton is gone with some cattle to the Lees, and Zillah and Joseph are off on a journey of pleasure ; and, though I'm used to being alone, I'd rather have some interesting company, if I can get it. Miss Linton, take your seat by *him*. I give you what I have ; the present is hardly worth accepting ; but I have nothing else to offer. It is Linton, I mean. How she does stare ! It's odd what a savage feeling I have to anything that seems afraid of me ! Had I been born where laws are less strict and tastes less dainty, I should treat myself to a slow vivisection of those two, as an evening's amusement."

He drew in his breath, struck the

table, and swore to himself: "By hell! I hate them."

"I'm not afraid of you!" exclaimed Catherine, who could not hear the latter part of his speech.

She stepped close up; her black eyes flashing with passion and resolution. "Give me that key—I will have it!" she said. "I wouldn't eat or drink here, if I were starving."

Heathcliff had the key in his hand that remained on the table. He looked up, seized with a sort of surprise at her boldness, or possibly, reminded by her voice and glance of the person from whom she inherited it.

She snatched at the instrument, and half succeeded in getting it out of his loosened fingers: but her action recalled him to the present; he recovered it speedily.

"Now, Catherine Linton," he said, "stand off, or I shall knock you down: and that will make Mrs. Dean mad."

Regardless of this warning, she captured his closed hand and its contents again. "We *will* go!" she repeated, exerting her utmost efforts to cause the iron muscles to relax; and finding that her nails made no impression, she applied her teeth pretty sharply. Heathcliff glanced at me a glance that kept me from interfering a moment. Catherine was too intent on his fingers to notice his face. He opened them suddenly, and resigned the object of dispute; but, ere she had well secured it, he seized her with the liberated hand, and, pulling her [illegible] knee, administered with the [illegible] shower of terrific slaps on both [illegible] the head, each sufficient to have [illegible] his threat, had she been able to [illegible].

At this diabolical violence I rushed on him furiously. "You villain!" I began to cry, "you villain!" A touch on the chest silenced me: I am stout, and soon put out of breath; and, what with that and the rage, I staggered dizzily back, and felt ready to suffocate, or to burst a blood-vessel. The scene was over in two minutes; Catherine, released, put her two hands to her temples, and looked just as if she were not sure whether her ears were off or on. She trembled like a reed, poor thing, and leaned against the table perfectly bewildered.

"I know how to chastise children, you see," said the scoundrel grimly, as he stooped to repossess himself of the key, which had been dropped to the floor. "Go to Linton now, as I told you; and cry at your ease! I shall be your father, to-morrow—all the father you'll have in a few days—and you shall have plenty of that. You can bear plenty; you're no weakling: you shall have a daily taste, if I catch such a devil of a temper in your eyes again!"

Cathy ran to me instead of Linton, and knelt down and put her burning cheek on my lap, weeping aloud. Her cousin had shrunk into a corner of the settle, as quiet as a mouse, congratulating himself, I dare say, that the correction had lighted on another than him. Mr. Heathcliff, perceiving us all confounded, rose, and expeditiously made the tea himself. The cups and saucers were laid ready. He poured it out, and handed me a cup.

"Wash away your spleen," he said. "And help your own naughty pet and mine. It is not poisoned, though I prepared it. I'm going out to seek your horses."

Our first thought, on his departure, was to force an exit somewhere. We tried the kitchen door, but that was fastened outside; we looked at the windows—they were too narrow for even Cathy's little figure.

"Master Linton," I cried, seeing we were regularly imprisoned, "you know what your diabolical father is after, and you shall tell us, or I'll box your ears, as he has done your cousin's."

"Yes, Linton, you must tell," said Catherine. "It was for your sake I came; and it will be wickedly ungrateful if you refuse."

"Give me some tea, I'm thirsty, and then I'll tell you," he answered. "Mrs. Dean, go away. I don't like you standing over me. Now, Catherine, you are letting your tears fall into my cup. I won't drink that. Give me another."

Catherine pushed another to him, and wiped her face. I felt disgusted at the little wretch's composure, since he was

no longer in terror for himself. The anguish he had exhibited on the moor subsided as soon as ever he entered Wuthering Heights; so I guessed he had been menaced with an awful visitation of wrath if he failed in decoying us there; and, that accomplished, he had no further immediate fears.

"Papa wants us to be married," he continued, after sipping some of the liquid. "And he knows your papa wouldn't let us marry now; and he's afraid of my dying, if we wait; so we are to be married in the morning, and you are to stay here all night; and if you do as he wishes, you shall return home next day, and take me with you."

"Take you with her, pitiful changeling?" I exclaimed. "*You* marry? Why, the man is mad; or he thinks us fools, every one. And do you imagine that beautiful young lady, that healthy, hearty girl, will tie herself to a little perishing monkey like you? Are you cherishing the notion that *anybody*, let alone Miss Catherine Linton, would have you for a husband? You want whipping for bringing us here at all, with your dastardly puling tricks; and—don't look so silly, now!—I've a very good mind to shake you severely, for your contemptible treachery and your imbecile conceit."

I did give him a slight shaking; but it brought on the cough, and he took to his ordinary resource of moaning and weeping, and Catherine rebuked me.



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LINTON, CATHY, AND ELLEN IN THE GROUNDS OF WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

"Stay all night? No," she said, looking slowly round. "Ellen, I'll burn that door down, but I'll get out."

And she would have commenced the execution of her threat directly, but Linton was up in alarm for his dear self again. He clasped her in his two feeble arms, sobbing—

"Won't you have me, and save me? not let me come to the Grange? Oh! darling Catherine! you mustn't go and leave me, after all. You ***must*** obey my father—you ***must!***"

"I must obey my own," she replied,

" and relieve him from this cruel suspense. *The whole night!* What would he think? *he'll be distressed already. I'll either* break or burn a way out of the house. Be quiet! You're in no danger; but if you hinder me—— Linton, I love papa better than you!"

The mortal terror he felt for Mr. Heathcliff's anger restored to the boy his coward's eloquence. Catherine was near distraught—still, she persisted that she must go home, and tried entreaty in her turn, persuading him to subdue his selfish agony. While they were thus occupied, our gaoler re-entered.

"Your beasts have trotted off," he said, "and—— Now Linton! snivelling again? What has she been doing to you? Come, come—have done, and get to bed. In a month or two, my lad, you'll be able to pay her back her present tyrannies with a vigorous hand. You're pining for pure love, are you not? nothing else in the world—and she shall have you! There, to bed! Zillah won't be here tonight; you must undress yourself. Hush! hold your noise! Once in your own room, I'll not come near you: you needn't fear. By chance you've managed tolerably. I'll look to the rest."

He spoke these words, holding the door open for his son to pass; and the latter achieved his exit exactly as a spaniel might, which suspected the person who attended on it of designing a spiteful squeeze. The lock was re-[illegible]. Heathcliff approached the fire, [illegible] my mistress and I stood silent. [illegible]e looked up, and instinctively [illegible] her hand to her cheek; his neighbourhood revived a painful sensation. Anybody else would have been incapable of regarding the childish act with sternness, but he scowled on her, and muttered—

"Oh! you are not afraid of me! Your courage is well disguised; you *seem* damnably afraid!"

"I *am* afraid now," she replied; "because, if I stay, papa will be miserable; and how can I endure making him miserable—when he—when he—Mr. Heathcliff, *let* me go home! I promise to marry Linton—papa would like me to, and I love him—and why should you wish to force me to do what I'll willingly do of myself?"

"*Let him dare to force you!*" I cried. "*There's law in the land, thank God there is! though we be in an out-of-the-way place. I'd inform if he were my own son: and it's felony without benefit of clergy!*"

"Silence!" said the ruffian. "To the devil with your clamour! I don't want *you* to speak. Miss Linton, I shall enjoy myself remarkably in thinking your father will be miserable; I shall not sleep for satisfaction. You could have hit on no surer way of fixing your residence under my roof for the next twenty-four hours, than informing me that such an event would follow. As to your promise to marry Linton, I'll take care you shall keep it, for you shall not quit this place till it is finished."

"Send Ellen, then, to let papa know I'm safe!" exclaimed Catherine, weeping bitterly. "Or marry me now. Poor papa! Ellen, he'll think we're lost. What shall we do?"

"Not he! He'll think you are tired of waiting on him, and run off for a little amusement," answered Heathcliff. "You cannot deny that you entered my house of your own accord, in contempt of his injunctions to the contrary. . . . Linton can play the little tyrant well. He'll undertake to torture any number of cats, if their teeth be drawn and their claws pared. You'll be able to tell his uncle fine tales of his *kindness*, when you get home again, I assure you."

"You're right there!" I said; "explain your son's character. Show his resemblance to yourself; and then, I hope, Miss Cathy will think twice before she takes the cockatrice!"

"I don't much mind speaking of his amiable qualities now," he answered; "because she must either accept him or remain a prisoner, and you along with her, till your master dies. I can detain you both, quite concealed, here. If you doubt, encourage her to retract her word, and you'll have an opportunity of judging!"

"I'll not retract my word," said Catherine. "I'll marry him within this hour, if I may go to Thrushcross Grange



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"IT WAS TOO LATE: HEATHCLIFF HAD CAUGHT HOLD OF HER."

afterwards. Mr. Heathcliff, you're a cruel man, but you're not a fiend; and you won't from *mere* malice, destroy irrevocably all my happiness. Have you never loved *anybody* in all your life, uncle? *never?* Ah! you must look once—I'm so wretched—you can't help being sorry and pitying me."

"Keep your eft's fingers off; and move, or I'll kick you!" cried Heathcliff, brutally repulsing her. "I'd rather be hugged by a snake. How the devil can you dream of fawning on me? I *detest* you!" . . . It was growing dark; we heard a sound of voices at the garden gate. Our host hurried out instantly: *he* had his wits about him: *we* had not. There was a talk of two or three minutes, and he returned alone.

"I thought it had been your cousin Hareton," I observed to Catherine. "I wish he would arrive! Who knows but he might take our part?"

"It was three servants sent to seek you from the Grange," said Heathcliff, overhearing me. "You should have opened the lattice and called out; but I could swear that chit is glad you didn't. She's glad to be obliged to stay, I'm certain."

At learning the chance we had missed, we both gave vent to our grief without control: and he allowed us to wail on till nine o'clock. Then he bid us go upstairs, through the kitchen, to Zillah's chamber; and I whispered my companion to obey: perhaps we might contrive to get through the window [illegible] or into a garret, and out by its [illegible]ht. The window, however, was [illegible]w, like those below, and the [illegible]ret trap was safe from our attempts; [illegible] we were fastened in as before. We neither of us lay down: Catherine took her station by the lattice, and watched anxiously for morning; a deep sigh being the only answer I could obtain to my frequent intreaties that she should try to rest.

At seven o'clock he came, and inquired if Miss Linton had risen. She ran to the door immediately, and answered "Yes."

"Here, then," he said, opening it, and pulling her out. I rose to follow, but he turned the lock again. I demanded my release.

"Be patient," he replied; "I'll send up your breakfast in a while."

I thumped on the panels, and rattled the latch angrily; and Catherine asked why I was still shut up? He answered, I must try to endure it another hour, and they went away. I endured it two or three hours; at length I heard a footstep, not Heathcliff's.

"I've brought you something to eat," said a voice; "oppen t' door!"

Complying eagerly, I beheld Hareton, laden with food enough to last me all day.

"Take it," he added, thrusting the tray into my hand.

"Stay one minute," I began.

"Nay," cried he, and retired, regardless of any prayers I could pour forth to detain him.

And there I remained inclosed the whole day, and the whole of the next night; and another, and another. Five nights and four days I remained, altogether, seeing nobody but Hareton, once every morning; and he was a model of a gaoler—surly, and dumb, and deaf to every attempt at moving his sense of justice or compassion.

On the fifth morning, or rather afternoon, a different step approached lighter and shorter—and, this time, a person entered the room. It was Zillah; donned in her scarlet shawl, with a black silk bonnet on her head, and a willow-basket swung to her arm.

"Eh, dear! Mrs. Dean!" she exclaimed. "Well! there is a talk about you at Gimmerton. I never thought but that you were sunk in the Blackhorse marsh, and missy with you, till master told me you'd been found, and he'd lodged you here! What! and you must have got on an island, sure? And how long were you in the hole? Did master save you, Mrs. Dean? But you're not so thin—you've not been so poorly, have you?"

"Your master is a true scoundrel!" I replied. "But he shall answer for it. He needn't have raised that tale; it shall all be laid bare!" . . .

I snatched my outdoor things, and hastened below, for the way was free. On entering the house, I looked about for some one to give information of Catherine.

The place was filled with sunshine, and the door stood wide open; but nobody seemed at hand. As I hesitated whether to go off at once, or return and seek my mistress, a slight cough drew my attention to the hearth. Linton lay on the settle, sole tenant, sucking a stick of sugar-candy, and pursuing my movements with apathetic eyes. "Where is Miss Catherine?" I demanded sternly, supposing I could frighten him into giving intelligence, by catching him thus, alone. He sucked on like an innocent.

"Is she gone?" I said.

"No," he replied; "she's upstairs: she's not to go; we won't let her."

"You won't let her, little idiot!" I exclaimed. "Direct me to her room immediately, or I'll make you sing out sharply."

"Papa would make you sing out, if you attempted to get there," he answered. "He says I am not to be soft with Catherine: she's my wife, and it's shameful that she should wish to leave me! He says she hates me and wants me to die, that she may have my money; but she shan't have it: and she shan't go home! she never shall! she may cry, and be sick as much as she pleases!"

He resumed his former occupation, closing his lids, as if he meant to drop asleep.

"Master Heathcliff," I resumed, "have you forgotten all Catherine's kindness to you last winter, when you affirmed you loved her, and when she brought you books and sung you songs, and came many a time through wind and snow to see you? She wept to miss one evening, because you would be disappointed; and you felt then that she was a hundred times too good for you; and now you believe the lies your father tells, though you know he detests you both. And you join him against her. That's fine gratitude, is it not?" . . . .

I considered it best to depart without seeing Mr. Heathcliff, and bring a rescue for my young lady from the Grange. On reaching it, the astonishment of my fellow-servants to see me, and their joy also, was intense; and when they heard that their little mistress was safe, two or three were about to hurry up and shout the news at Mr. Edgar's door: but I bespoke the announcement of it myself. How changed I found him, even in those few days! He lay an image of sadness and resignation waiting his death. Very young he looked: although his actual age was thirty-nine, one would have called him ten years younger, at least. He thought of Catherine; for he murmured her name. I touched his hand, and spoke.

"Catherine is coming, dear master," I whispered; "she is alive and well; and will be here, I hope, to-night."

I trembled at the first effects of this intelligence: he half rose up, looked eagerly round the apartment, and then sunk back in a swoon. As soon as he recovered, I related our compulsory visit and detention at the Heights. I said Heathcliff forced me to go in, which was not quite true: I uttered as little as possible against Linton; nor did I describe all his father's brutal conduct —my intentions being to add no bitterness, if I could help it, to his already overflowing cup.

He divined that one of his enemy's purposes was to secure the personal property, as well as the estate, to his son, or rather himself; yet why he did not wait till his decease was a puzzle to my master, because ignorant how nearly he and his nephew would quit the world together. However, he felt that his will had better be altered; instead of leaving Catherine's fortune at her own disposal, he determined to put it in the hands of trustees for her use during life, and for her children, if she had any, after her. By that means, it could not fall to Mr. Heathcliff should Linton die.

Having received his orders, I despatched a man to fetch the attorney, and four more, provided with serviceable weapons, to demand my young lady of her gaoler. Both parties were delayed very late. The single servant returned first. He said Mr. Green, the lawyer, was out when he arrived at the house, and he had to wait two hours for his re-entrance; and then Mr. Green told him that he had a little business in the village that must be done; but he would be at Thrushcross Grange before morning. The four men came back unaccompanied also. They brought word that Catherine

was ill: too ill to quit her room; and Heathcliff would not suffer them to see her. I scolded the stupid fellows well for listening to that tale, which I would not carry to my master; resolving to take a whole bevy up to the Heights, at daylight, and storm it literally, unless the prisoner were quietly surrendered to us. Her father *shall* see her, I vowed, and vowed again, if that devil be killed on his doorstones in trying to prevent it!

Happily, I was spared the journey and the trouble. I had gone downstairs, at three o'clock, to fetch a jug of water, and was passing through the hall with it in my hand, when a sharp knock at the front door made me jump. . . . My own sweet little mistress sprang on my neck, sobbing —

"Ellen! Ellen! is papa alive?"

"Yes," I cried; "yes, my angel, he is. God be thanked, you are safe with us again!"

She wanted to run, breathless as she was, upstairs to Mr. Linton's room; but I compelled her to sit down on a chair, and made her drink, and washed her pale face, chafing it into a faint colour with my apron. Then I said I must go first, and tell of her arrival; imploring her to say she should be happy with young Heathcliff. She stared, but soon comprehending why I counselled her to utter the falsehood, she assured me she would not complain.

I couldn't abide to be present at their meeting. I stood outside the chamber-door a quarter of an hour, and hardly ventured near the bed, then. All was composed, however: Catherine's despair was as silent as her father's joy. She supported him calmly, in appearance; and he fixed on her features his raised eyes, that seemed dilating with ecstasy.

He died blissfully: he died so. Kissing her cheek, he murmured —

"I am going to her; and you, darling child, shall come to us!" and never stirred or spoke again; but continued that rapt, radiant gaze, till his pulse imperceptibly stopped and his soul departed. None could have noticed the exact minute of his death, it was so entirely without a struggle.

Whether Catherine had spent her tears, or whether the grief were too weighty to let them flow, she sat there dry-eyed till the sun rose—she sat till noon, and would still have remained brooding over that death-bed, but I insisted on her coming away and taking some repose. It was well I succeeded in removing her; for at dinner-time appeared the lawyer, having called at Wuthering Heights to get his instructions how to behave. He had sold himself to Mr. Heathcliff, and that was the cause of his delay in obeying my master's summons. Fortunately, no thought of worldly affairs crossed the latter's mind, to disturb him, after his daughter's arrival.

The lawyer took upon himself to order everything and everybody about the place. He gave all the servants, but me, notice to quit. He would have carried his delegated authority to the point of insisting that Edgar Linton should not be buried by his wife, but in the chapel, with his family. There was the will, however, to hinder that, and my loud protestations against any infringement of its directions. The funeral was hurried over; Catherine, Mrs. Linton Heathcliff now, was suffered to stay at the Grange till her father's corpse had quitted it.

She told me that her anguish had at last spurred Linton to incur the risk of liberating her. She heard the men I sent disputing at the door, and she gathered the sense of Heathcliff's answer. It drove her desperate. Linton, who had been conveyed up to the little parlour soon after I left, was terrified into fetching the key before his father re-ascended. He had the cunning to unlock and re-lock the door without shutting it; and when he should have gone to bed, he begged to sleep with Hareton, and his petition was granted for once. Catherine stole out before break of day. She dare not try the doors, lest the dogs should raise an alarm; she visited the empty chambers and examined their windows; and, luckily, lighting on her mother's, she got easily out of its lattice, and on the ground, by means of the fir-tree close by. Her accomplice suffered for his share in the escape, notwithstanding his timid contrivances.



DOLLY VARDEN.

From the Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., South Kensington Museum, London.

Varden, the heroine of Dickens's fine novel, "Barnaby Rudge," will always be remembered as the buxom, bewitching Dolly, who loved Joseph Willett and drove Simon Tappertit to despair.

CHARLES DICKENS

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

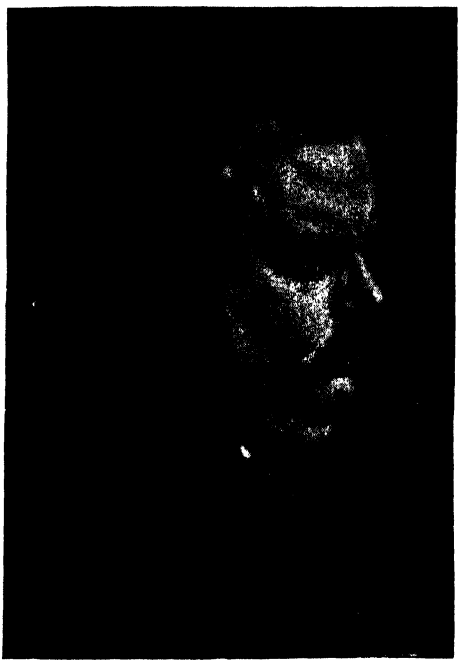


Photo: J. C. Annan.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Gilbert Chesterton, essayist, poet, humorist and novelist, was born in Kensington in 1874. Amongst other books, he is the author of two fantastic romances, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" and "The Flying Inn"; of two volumes of essays, "Heretics" and "All Things Considered." He has also written a "Short History of England," "Orthodoxy," and "The Victorian Age in Literature." He is a controversialist, a master of paradox, and a laughing philosopher. The following short essay on Charles Dickens is taken from "The Outline of Literature."

DICKENS was not a Victorian; he was a giant who stood rather in the relation of the legendary father or founder of a city. His best work had already begun before the accession of the Queen; but, what is much more important, that work was the legacy of an older, in some ways larger and certainly looser, tradition. The comic novel that he continued had come into existence before the nineteenth century had even discovered its problems, let alone the solution of its problems. It belonged to an older and simpler world of pure creation. It was by comparison more like that prehistoric world which did really so far justify the legend of a golden age, that people could make up fairy-tales without knowing it. The gigantic and creative quality of Dickens is in a sense outside the Victorian era, and even outside the nineteenth century. He did indeed become so far controversially concerned about the problems and maladies of the nineteenth century, as to make himself a morality that would have flamed into fury against the priggish prohibitions of the twentieth century. He did indeed adopt a humanitarian view of life, which was humane as well as humanitarian, and human as well as humane. But his creative power was what made him powerful; and his impulse to use it came from the coarse and comic literature of the eighteenth century. But it marks the pressure of Victorian principles on him, that with him it was comic but no longer coarse.

At that moment, as a matter of fact, it was not even very comic. The truth is that Dickens started with stale and vulgar types, and by his own poetic fancy made the stale things startling and the vulgar things artistic. We talk of the imitation of great models; but good literature is sometimes based on bad literature, and great men sometimes model themselves on small ones. It is a great gap in all literary history that the bad literature of the past is forgotten.



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MR. MICAWBER

After the drawing by F. G. Lewin.

Dickens, in *David Copperfield*, describes Micawber as "A stoutish middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and boots, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shining) than there is upon an egg."

If we could only wander in that wilderness of waste-paper, we should probably find a great many *Pickwick Papers* without Pickwick. There was then a vast amount of broad farce of the type of Jack Bragg or Verdant Green; the point is that Dickens could write the same broad farce so that it was also fine comedy. Take any one out of a hundred illustrations from *Pickwick* alone. Dickens was only there to illustrate his own illustrator. But no sooner were the stock characters settled for him than he began to unsettle them. They began to take on shapes more fantastic than those of mere farce; and men were almost astonished to find that something which was professedly comic was also profoundly funny. The element which entered here is indescribable; but a description of it would be a description of Dickens. It can only be suggested, not by description, but by example. Mr. Dowler in *Pickwick* is in his original outline a very conventional comic figure. Numberless novels and plays have presented the swollen figure of the bully, swaggering across the stage only to end in some collapse of cowardice. We are all familiar with the fire-eating major in a three-act farce, who damns and swears with the monotony of a machine-gun. Dowler is quite as noisy; but it is not in his noise that we hear the unique note which is Dickens's. It is a sort of sudden and unexpected moderation, an air of abrupt composure and lucidity, a hush before the storm which raises the whole horrible absurdity high into a sort of seventh heaven of humour. Consider the artistic quality of this paragraph, in which Mr. Dowler first refers to his wife.

"You shall," replied Dowler, "she shall know you. She shall esteem you. I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus. I saw her; I loved her; I proposed; she refused me.—'You love another?'—'Spare my blushes.'—'I know him?'—'You do.'—'Very good, if he remains here I'll skin him!'"

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick involuntarily. "Did you skin the gentleman, sir?" enquired Mr. Winkle with a very pale face.

"I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing. And so it was."

"Certainly," interposed Mr. Winkle.

"I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in His Majesty's Service, I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her. Here's the coach. That's her head."

Nobody will get anywhere near the inspiration of that passage by classifying Dowler with a lot of low-comedy characters. It is entirely by a new breath of genius that the stuffed figure of the stage bully begins to move; begins, still more unexpectedly, to stand still; to pause, ponder, to question himself about the gravity and delicacy of the task of skinning another gentleman, under the compulsion of etiquette and good form. It is that sudden sobriety of Dowler that marks the imaginative inspiration or intoxication of Dickens. Dowler may be an invention as insanely impossible as his scheme for skinning a rival in Bath; but he is not a mechanical invention. He is not a machine-gun like the major who explodes with oaths like shots, at the same recurrent intervals. He is an imaginative creation, and has his own life, if it be the life of griffins and goblins; a life with its own variations, pauses, changes of tone and halts of hesitation or distraction.

But as in Dowler, so in every one of the Dickens types, there is originality in the detail even when there is comparative dullness in the design. There may be any number of shabby swindlers in fiction; but there is only one who said, after unsuccessful attempts to borrow five shillings and half a crown, "Why, then we come to the ridiculously small sum of eighteenpence." There may be any number of burlesques of blighted love in literature and journalism, but there was only one man who said, "I never loved a dear gazelle to charm me with its soft brown eye, but when it came to know me well, and loved me, it was sure to go and marry a market-gardener." There may be any number of small henpecked husbands in conventional comic writing; but only one ever had to listen to his wife's description of a tall admirer in early days, ending with her father's deep-voiced prophecy, "This will end in



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MRS. GAMP.

After the drawing by F. G. Lewin.

Sairey Gamp, in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*, is one of his most outstanding and best-known studies. Through her, Dickens dealt a deathblow to the drunken nurse of the period.

a little man." Commonplace comedy is full of drunkards; but there never was but one drunkard inspired by heaven to ask Mrs. Todgers for her ideal of a wooden leg; it is full of jealous husbands, but there was but one voice that could greet a guest at breakfast by saying "Serpent!" in the deep and hollow tones of Mr. Pott; it is full of foolish and extravagant dandies, but only one of them ever brought a horse with head, legs, and tail, all of the demdest beauty. It is in the management and treatment of these traditional jokes that Dickens shows his originality; it is in the little touches that his genius is really gigantic. We sometimes expect them to be old types, but we always find that they are new ones. It is exactly these fine shades in Dickens which are generally missed by the fastidious, who profess to despise Dickens and to devote themselves to fine shades. He is really more subtle than such critics expect him to be; for he brings such subtleties out of very crude simplicities. Anyone can make fun of tragic characters or tragic conditions; generally speaking, one cannot make fun of anything else. But Dickens did achieve a stranger triumph in the traditional art of his time. He made comic characters comic.

The transition from the traditional to the individual humour is of course more characteristic of his earlier than his later work; for his later work is unmistakably individual. By the time he had finished *Pickwick* it was already impossible that [illegible]ive an artist should ever again [illegible]any design but his own. And, [illegible] the design of his next novel, *Oliver Twist*, was in every possible way [illegible] contrary to the design of *Pickwick*. But it is in that vein of horror which ran parallel in him to the vein of humour; and which is perhaps the next best and brightest of his particular talents. Even here, however, Bumble is something more than the beadle whom anyone could see outside the church-door, and the Artful Dodger is something more than the guttersnipe whom everybody sees in the gutter. The *Old Curiosity Shop* is brightened by the presence of Mr. Swiveller, whose poetical allusions are of an inspired appropriateness and inappropriateness; a very Glorious Apollo. But Mr. Chuckster is almost as good as Mr. Swiveller, though Mr. Chuckster only appears once or twice for two or three minutes in the whole course of the book. And this brings us to that quality of procreative fertility and multiplicity which is already noted in *Pickwick*, and which marks all these earlier books if possible more unmistakably than the later ones. The miracle of Dickens is that all the men who are the machinery of the story are men and not machines. We may not be able to believe in them, but we are forced to imagine them; and above all we are forbidden to forget them. In the same sense in which we know Sam Weller we know the surly groom who appears for a moment offering (for the sum of half a crown) to knock off the head of Sam Weller; in the same way in which we know Mr. Skimpole we know the hard-headed person called Coavinses who calls once to arrest Mr. Skimpole; in the same sense in which Mr. Perker is credible, Mr. Perker's clerk is credible. Perhaps the right word is not credible; but rather incredibly real.

One way of testing this quality in Dickens is to read any good novel, and notice how much of it is necessarily left colourless where Dickens would have put in the colour of character, if we call it only the colour of caricature. We think it quite natural that some young man of fashion like Pendennis should pay off a cab and go about his own affairs; but in Dickens we should very probably have had one brief beautiful glimpse of the cabman and his affairs. We think it reasonable that some aristocrat like Sir Willoughby Patterne should have a valet or a gamekeeper; but in Dickens he would very likely have had a living valet and an everlasting gamekeeper. We might have made the acquaintance, or even the friendship, of the man who blacked the boots of Archdeacon Grantley or the man who cut the hair of Daniel Deronda. I do not suggest that these other great works have not their own equally unique and unapproachable merits; I only say that this merit of Dickens is unique and



Photo W. F. Mansell.

BARNABY RUDGE AND THE RAVEN, "GRIP."

From the painting by F. Barnard, in the South Kensington Museum, London.

Barnaby Rudge, the half-witted lad in the novel of that name, and Grip, the raven that accompanied him in all his adventures. Balancing himself on tip-toe, as it were, and moving his body up and down in a sort of grave dance, the raven would shriek, "I'm a devil! I'm a devil! I'm a devil!"

unapproachable. But there is another way of testing the truth which is yet more convenient in illustrating the contrast. A hostile critic might say that in Dickens each person is not a personality but rather a pose. But it has often happened that a man has devoted his whole personality to maintaining such a pose. And Dickens was at least a versatile actor, who could throw himself easily into a thousand such poses. More than one brilliant individual, in modern times, has made his intellectual fortune by following out one vein of humour because it was individual. But Dickens was a labyrinth of such veins of humour and could follow them all up simultaneously. It might be the fashion in a whole society for a whole season to talk like Mr. Mantalini, and to get the richest effects out of that rococo affectation, rather as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse gets the richest effects out of the limp language of Archie. But Dickens could talk like Mr. Mantalini and talk like Mr. Vincent Crummles as well. It might be a literary game or joke to find appropriate quotations like those of Swiveller and Micawber; but Dickens could play that game and twenty other games at the same time. Nor need the argument be merely hypothetical; in one case at least it is actually historical. Take, for the sake of argument, the case of the character of Skimpole. The humour of that artistic irresponsibility, of that insolent childishness which lives for beauty alone, the fun of that delicate detachment from conduct, the irony of that innocent contempt for the Philistine; all that joke was worked for all it was worth by Wilde and the Decadents of the nineties. They worked the joke wittily and well, but it was the only joke they had. Take it at its very best; take the most airy incongruities of such artistic detachment out of the *Green Carnation* or *The Importance of Being Earnest;* and you will not find anything that strikes the note so exactly as the passage in which Mr. Skimpole receives his baker's bill, with the gentle remonstrance referring to the beauty of the sunshine and the flowers. "Do not, I beseech you, interpose between me and a scene so sublime the absurd figure of an angry baker." If Wilde had ever thought of that, he would have been proud to write it. But Wilde was not content merely to write it, but he went on to live it; and threw away his life upon that one isolated joke. The Decadent remained rigid in that one particular pose of humour, and passed on his way despising Dickens without knowing that he was himself only one of the Dickens characters. He devoted himself to it like a monstrous martyr of evil; he followed it into the shadow of death and hell, so much was he resolved to take his one joke seriously. And meanwhile Dickens, having made that joke among a hundred others, had forgotten it and passed on to new creations; he was already writing in the next few pages about the widely and wildly different humour of Chadband or of Mrs. Bayham Badger. He had already seized, in the oratory of Chadband, the root of something infinitely ridiculous in the very nature of the rhetorical question. Mr. Chadband was already asking questions which he did not want answered, or which he insisted on answering himself. He was already writing, "If the master of this house went out into the highways and the bye-ways and saw an eel, and we were to return and say unto the mistress of this house, 'Sarah, rejoice with me for I have seen an elephant,' would that be the Trewth?" That passage is pure imagination; it is a vision.

These positive merits are the things that matter. That Dickens had a great many demerits as a writer is too obvious to be important. Though in his later works he took on more of the modern ambitions of psychology and artistic construction, he never lost the melodramatic and farcical conventions of his youth. He became a realist only by comparison with himself. *Bleak House* is better constructed than *Oliver Twist,* but not better constructed than *Armadale. David Copperfield* is more quietly realistic than *Nicholas Nickleby,* but not more so than *Framley Parsonage.* And these later novels cover the chief turn of his career; for his complete satisfaction with the old comic novel practically petered out in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* where he himself seems to have grown

dissatisfied with it, and deliberately redeemed it with the brilliant parenthesis of the satire on America. This novel was really the next after *The Old Curiosity Shop;* for I think *Barnaby Rudge* really stands apart with the later *Tale of Two Cities;* exceptional excursions that had rather the character of foreign travel, in search of the picturesque rather than in acceptance of the daily humours of humanity. Then follows *Dombey and Son*, which was a sort of transition, and with *David Copperfield* he begins the more serious and more modern novels: *David Copperfield, Hard Times, Bleak House, Great Expectations, Little Dorrit,* and *Our Mutual Friend,* with the broken epilogue of *Edwin Drood.* But the modern seriousness still has very much of the ancient farce; some of the flights of Mr. Podsnap are as preposterously sublime as those of Mr. Pecksniff, and the epitaph of Mrs. Sapsea is as theatrical as a poster of Mr. Crummles. If this exaggeration is a fault, it was a fault of Dickens; and even of the later Dickens. But there are faults which a more subtle criticism might recognise or admit. He never quite understood that while there is a most excellent thing called exuberant humour, there ought to be no such thing as exuberant pathos. A man may give himself up gloriously to his laughter; but he ought always to be resisting his tears. Pathos can only be brief and stoical; and the one really pathetic thing in Dickens is the talk of old Weller about his dead shrew of a wife; precisely because there the author had wallowed too deep in Wellerian fun to wallow in sentimental sorrow. It is also urged, and not without truth, that Dickens had a trick of taking one element or train of thought in a man and drawing it out to infinity like a conjurer's reels out of a hat, leaving the rest of the man behind. It is enough to answer here that there are few such conjurers, with the hat or with the head. To those who condemn Dickens for mere exaggeration, we may merely make the suggestion that they should go up to the next man they meet, and begin to exaggerate him. They will soon find that, so far from understanding everything, they do not understand anything, even enough to exaggerate it.



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MR. PECKSNIFF,

of old Martin Chuzzlewit, and one of the most remarkable hypocrites in fiction.

After the drawing by F. G. Lewin.

How Much Land Does a Man Require?

COUNT TOLSTOI



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

Tolstoi is one of the greatest names in Russian literature. Among his greatest works are "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "Resurrection," and "The Kreutzer Sonata." He died in 1910.

The following story is one of the parables in which Tolstoi chose to set forth his creed of life. But considered simply as a piece of fiction there are few things more striking, or more vividly related, than the description of the grasping land-shark who, striving to obtain a great estate, wins six feet of earth.

THE elder sister, who had married a shopkeeper in town, was paying a visit to her younger sister, a peasant's wife. While drinking tea, she boasted of the life she led in town; according to her, she lived at her ease, always wore pretty clothes, and even her children were neat and trim; she only ate and drank what she liked, and, when she wanted amusement, she had the choice between a walk and the theatre.

The younger sister, somewhat piqued, retorted by disparaging the lot of a shopkeeper and vaunting that of a peasant.

"You make a great mistake if you imagine I would ever change places with you," she declared. "Our life here may be dull, but, at least, it is not always poisoned by the dread of to-morrow. You are well off one day and perhaps a beggar the next, whereas we, if we are never likely to be rich, can always count on a crust of bread."

"Yes," sneered the other, "like the pigs and the calves. However diligently your husband may work, you will never know what it is to feel at your ease. You were born in squalor—you will live and die in squalor, and it will be the same with your children."

Pokhom, the husband of the younger sister, reclined on the top of the stove and gave an idle ear to the women's chatter.

"All that is true enough," he reflected. "Our one trouble is that we have not all the land we need. Ah! If only I had sufficient land, not even the Devil himself could frighten me."

The women finished their tea, tidied up, and went to bed.

Not a word of what had been said had escaped the ears of the Devil, who was crouching behind the stove. Nothing could please him better than to hear Pokhom declare that, if only he had enough land, he would defy the Devil himself.

"So be it, my fine fellow," he chuckled to himself. "You and I must thresh this out together. I will give you plenty of land, and that is precisely how I will get at you."

Pokhom's wish was soon gratified. First, by dint of much scraping and

pinching, he was able to buy a respectable slice of an adjoining property. Increased responsibilities brought new troubles, but, on the whole, he was fairly satisfied.

Then, one day, he put a peasant up for the night, and his visitor told him about some wonderful land near the Volga; not only did it produce enormous crops almost without being scratched, but it was stupendously cheap. Pokhom was electrified. He forthwith sold his present little holding and set out for the land of promise.



Once more the interpreter spoke. 'They tell me to let you know that, in recognition of your generosity, they are willing to give you as much land as you like.'"

The place proved all that he had been led to expect. But here, too, fresh troubles arose. The chief grievance was the insufficiency of suitable land for corn, and Pokhom was compelled to rent some more. However, his industry and a succession of good harvests enabled him, later, to put by a little money.

He was just on the point of purchasing from a ruined neighbour the very land he needed to round off his property when something intervened. A passing stranger, a merchant, happened to tell him about the wonderful country of the Bashkirs, where, for a thousand roubles—the exact sum Pokhom had at his disposal—he, the merchant, had acquired five thousand acres of magnificent land.

"All you need do," he assured Pokhom, "is to make friends with the elders. I presented them with a few dressing-gowns and carpets and a chest of tea and gave them a drink of wine all round. The land cost me less than sixpence an acre."

He produced the deed of sale of the land, which, he said, was a plain covered with grass and traversed by a river.

"There is so much of this good land," continued the stranger, enthusiastically, "that you could not walk round it in a whole year. It all belongs to the Bashkirs, and they are as silly as a lot of sheep. If you liked, you could almost get the land from them for nothing."

Once more Pokhom's imagination took fire. He decided to keep his money in his pocket. Heaven only knows how much land he might be able to extort from the Bashkirs for the sum he was going to hand to his ruined neighbour, as a first instalment on a few hundred acres.

He ascertained full particulars as to the best way of reaching the Bashkirs country, and immediately got ready for

the journey. The care of his house he entrusted to his wife, and, taking only one companion, he set out for the neighbouring town. There he purchased the articles mentioned by the stranger—several dressing-gowns and carpets, a chest of tea, and some wine. After that, the two men started on their journey in the cart.

They travelled on and on, and at the end of a week, after covering over three hundred miles, they came to a Bashkir camp.

Everything here was precisely as the stranger had described. The Bashkirs occupied a group of felt tents in a plain, on the banks of a small river. They are a race of nomads who never plough nor eat bread. Their whole existence is spent in wandering over the steppes with their horses and cattle. To drink koumiss and tea, eat mutton and play on his pipe, that is all a Bashkir has ever been known to do. Though densely ignorant and unable to speak a word of Russian, they are extremely hospitable.

No sooner had they noticed Pokhom's approach than all the Bashkirs left their tents and surrounded the new-comers. An interpreter was fortunately at hand, and Pokhom was able to make himself understood. He explained that the object of his visit was to obtain some land.

The Bashkirs gave him a most cordial welcome and conducted him to the best tent, where he was made to sit upon a pile of soft cushions spread upon silk carpets. He was offered tea and koumiss. A sheep was killed in his honour, and all the tit-bits were put aside for him.

Pokhom bade his servant fetch the presents from the cart and he gave them to his hosts, distributing tea and wine to each of them.

The Bashkirs seemed highly pleased and they held a long consultation, at the end of which they told the interpreter to translate their decisions to Pokhom.

"I am to tell you," began the interpreter, "that they feel very friendly disposed towards you. It is our custom to treat strangers to the best of our ability and to return presents for presents. You have only to declare what pleases you most here and to take it in return for your gifts."

"What pleases me more than anything else," replied Pokhom, "is your land. There is not sufficient land in my country; moreover, the little land we do possess does not yield us a big enough return. You, on the other hand, have a lot of it, and it is very good land. I have never seen any land to compare with it."

The interpreter duly translated this. Again the Bashkirs deliberated. Pokhom could not understand a word they said, but he gathered that they were very much amused, for they spoke and laughed boisterously.

Finally they grew silent, and once more the interpreter spoke.

"They tell me to let you know that, in recognition of your generosity, they are willing to give you as much land as you like."

"What does he mean by saying I can have as much land as I like?" pondered Pokhom. "I want the transaction to be done properly. Otherwise, after I have been granted this or that land, somebody may come along and take it away from me again.

"I am very much obliged to you for your offer, your most generous offer," he said, aloud, turning to the elder. "You own a great deal of land, I know, but I do not ask you to give me very much. I do, however, want to know exactly what you propose to give me. I want to have the boundaries pegged out and everything put on a proper business footing, for we are all, every one of us, mortal. Were things not arranged as I suggest, your children might want to take away from me what you had given me, in the goodness of your heart."

"Very well," laughed the chief elder. "The transaction shall be carried through in accordance with all rules and precedents."

"I know," continued Pokhom, "that a merchant visited you recently and that you ceded to him a certain amount of land. On that occasion a proper contract was drawn up. Do as much for me."

The chief elder understood perfectly well what Pokhom wanted.

"There need be no difficulty about that. We have an excellent scribe here. We can go all together to the nearest town. A deed shall be drawn up and as many seals affixed to it as may be necessary."

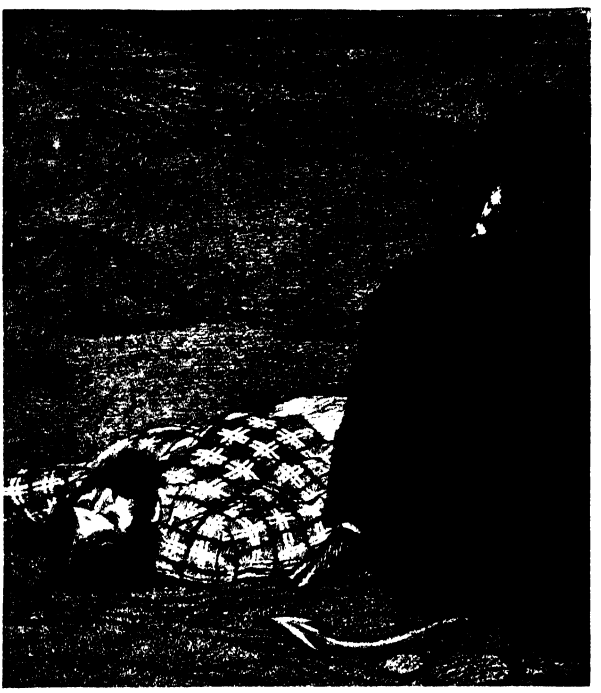
And the price? asked Pokhom. "Let me know now how much I shall have to pay."

"We have only one price: a thousand roubles a day."

To fix the price of land at so much a day took Pokhom by surprise. He was unable to make an immediate answer. At last he asked:

"How many acres does that make?"

"It is quite impossible to say exactly beforehand. All the land you can walk round in a day will become your property. And the price for the day is a thousand roubles."



"The peasant, in turn, disappeared, and in his place sat the Devil himself, with cloven hoofs and horns on the forehead."

In his bewilderment Pokhom could only retort:—

"You can walk round a lot of land in a day."

"No matter how much it is, it will all be yours, on one condition: by the end of the day, you must be back at the place you started from. Otherwise your money will be forfeited."

"Who will stake out the boundary as I pass along?" Pokhom asked.

"You yourself may select the places where you would like boundary stakes to be fixed. Some of our younger men shall accompany you on horseback, and, whenever you tell them to put in a stake, it shall be done. After that, all the stakes will be joined up by a furrow made with a plough. You are free to allot to yourself just as much land as ever you like, provided, as I have already said, that you return to your starting-point before sunset."

This seemed a very satisfactory arrangement to Pokhom. It was settled that he would start at dawn on the following day.

He drank tea and koumiss with his hosts and ate their mutton, after which he was given a feather bed, and everybody retired to rest.

Pokhom lay down on the feather bed, but he could not get the thought of the land out of his head. It kept him wide awake.

"I have not done so badly," was his constant mental refrain. "I mean to carve out a regular little kingdom for myself. At this season a day is almost as long as a year. I can easily cover more than thirty miles. Thirty miles! At last I shall be my own master—I shall no longer be dependent on anyone. I can buy oxen for two ploughs, hire a couple of labourers, cultivate the best part of the land, and let the cattle graze on the rest."

Thus, restless and wakeful, Pokhom passed the entire night. Only shortly before dawn did he fall into a fitful slumber. And then he had a dream!

In his dream he was still in the same tent. Shouts of laughter reached him from outside. Curious to see what was

happening, he jumped up and went out. In front of the tent sat the chief elder, his hands crossed on his stomach. He was shaking with laughter.

"What is amusing you so much?" Pokhom asked, advancing towards him.

Suddenly Pokhom realized that the man before him was not the chief elder of the Bashkirs, but the merchant who had told him of the wonderful land in the steppes. He was on the point of asking him for the latest news, when he discovered that he had made another mistake. This man was not the merchant at all, but the peasant whom he once put up for the night and who had told him about the good land to be had near the Volga. But no sooner did he recognize him than the peasant, in turn, disappeared, and in his place, right in front of Pokhom's eyes, sat the Devil himself, with cloven hoofs and horns on the forehead. Staring very hard at something, he laughed as though his sides were going to split.

"What can he be looking at so fixedly?" wondered Pokhom; "and why is he so amused?"

Drawing still nearer, Pokhom suddenly started, then remained motionless. *What is this?* On the ground, quite close to him, a man was lying. He had nothing on except a shirt and a pair of trousers, and his feet were bare. He was stretched out on his back, face upwards, and his face was as white as chalk.

Pokhom gazed at the figure attentively and recognized himself. With a cry of dismay he awakened.

"What extraordinary things one does dream!" he exclaimed half aloud, and on the point of going to sleep again, when he noticed the first streaks of dawn. "Time the others were up," he muttered; "they ought to be setting out already."

Pokhom got up and went to arouse his servant. He told him to harness the horses and call the Bashkirs.

Hardly any time elapsed before the Bashkirs were assembled, the chief elder among them. They pressed Pokhom to take koumiss and tea, but he was far too impatient to start.

"It is high time we were off," he said. "Let us get away at once."

The little procession started; some of the Bashkirs rode, others drove in carts. Pokhom, of course, was in his own cart with his man. The steppes were soon reached.

Just before the sun peeped above the horizon they halted on the summit of a small hillock. The Bashkirs dismounted. Approaching Pokhom, the chief elder stretched out his arm and, with extended forefinger, pointed to the wide-spreading plains before them.

"All that belongs to us," he said. "Everything your eye can take in. Make your choice."

In Pokhom's eyes there was a sudden gleam. Right away to the distant horizon the land extended, luxuriant with grass, flat as the palm of his hand, dark as a poppy-seed. Herbage of every description, some of it as high as a man, indicated the hollows.

The chief elder took off his fur cap and placed it on the ground, on the very summit of the hill.

"Here," he said, "is the mark. Your servant shall remain beside it. Put your money in the hat. From here you must start and here you must return. All the land included in the circuit you will make becomes your property."

Pokhom took the thousand roubles from his pocket and placed the money in the cap. Then he removed his outer cloak, retaining his caftan, and tightened his waistband. He had provided himself with a little dried grain contained in a small bag, and a gourd full of water was slung over his shoulders. When he had given his boots a final hitch he was quite ready to start.

A minute or two he stood lost in reflection. Which direction ought he to take? The land looked equally good everywhere. Finally he decided to go east, as there was no obvious reason for him to take to the right rather than to the left.

He looked at the emblazoned sky, stretched his limbs, and waited for the sun to rise.

"I must not lose any time," he reflected. "Walking is less trying during the cool hours of the morning. I must take every advantage I can."

Some of the younger Bashkirs were



"Putting forth all his strength, he made a final effort."

astride their horses again, ready to accompany Pokhom.

Simultaneously, as the edge of the sun appeared above the horizon, Pokhom started. He was soon in the very heart of the steppes, the horsemen following him.

He decided to maintain an even pace, neither too quick nor too slow. At the end of the first mile a stake was put in. Then on again. As his legs grew accustomed to the exercise he somewhat increased his pace.

He kept on steadily, walking, walking, walking. After what he estimated to be another mile he ordered another stake to be fixed. He glanced behind him. The hill, lit up by the full glare of the rising sun, stood out clearly. The little group of Bashkirs on the summit was plainly distinguishable.

By the time Pokhom had covered about three miles he decided to remove his caftan. The day promised to be warm; already the heat was trying. He gave his waistband another hitch and walked on for another three miles.

The heat was now growing oppressive. Pokhom raised his eyes to the sun and realized it was time he broke his fast.

"Here I am," he mused, "at the end of the first quarter of my day. There are four such parts in a day. It is not yet time to turn. I think, though, it will be better if I remove my boots."

He sat down, took off his boots, and once more resumed his march.

"Another three miles or so and I will then turn to the left. The land about here is far too good to be left out. The farther I go, in fact, the better the land seems to become."

And so Pokhom kept straight ahead. After a time he felt again the impulse to glance behind him. This time the hill was barely visible. As for the Bashkirs on the top of it, they resembled a group of ants rather than men.

"Ah," sighed Pokhom, "I have got something like a bit of land now! But I must really decide to turn."

Sweat was pouring down his face, and he felt very thirsty. Still walking, he took a long draught out of his gourd.

Then he told the Bashkirs to fix another stake and turned sharply to the left.

On went Pokhom in the new direction. The grass was high and thick, and the heat intense. Pokhom was beginning to feel very tired. He glanced upward at the sun. It was time he had dinner. A short rest would do him good. He stopped, opened his bag, and ate, standing.

"If I were to sit down," he reflected, "I should be tempted to stretch myself out at full length, and I am so weary that I should certainly fall asleep."

And so he remained standing where he was for a few minutes. Then, drawing a deep breath, he was off again.

The food had invigorated him, and, at first, he went ahead with comparative ease. But the heat had become well-nigh unbearable, and his desire to sleep was almost invincible. Pokhom was really tired out. To gain courage he muttered to himself the proverb: "An hour's suffering for a century of joy."

He managed to cover another four miles. Then, as he was on the point of turning once more to the left, he was struck by the wonderfully luxuriant look of the hollow straight ahead.

"It will never do to leave that out of my domain. What a crop of flax I shall have there!"

He continued to advance. He must have that hollow at all costs.

A stake was fixed on the other side of it, and then Pokhom turned.

Once more he looked towards the hill. The little group of Bashkirs could now be discerned only with difficulty. Ten miles, at least, separated Pokhom from them.

"I have made the first two sides rather long," he said; "this side must be shorter."

His pace, in spite of his weariness, was now considerably increased. The sun was nearing the horizon; very soon, now, it would reach the end of its day's journey. Yet Pokhom had covered little more than a mile of the third side. He was still a good ten miles away from his goal.

"There is no help for it," he sighed. "I must make straight for the hill now. My land will be a very queer shape, but that cannot be helped. I shall have quite sufficient."

He set his face towards the goal.

Straight for the hill went Pokhom. His distress was great. His feet, swollen and bruised, were horribly painful, and his limbs gave way under him. Much as he would have enjoyed a rest, the briefest halt was now quite out of the question. "What will become of me if I do not reach the goal before the appointed time? How far have I still to go? If only my feet did not ache so! Is it possible I am going to lose both my money and my toil?"

One more effort, Pokhom! Attempt to achieve the impossible!

And now, Pokhom began to run. His feet were bleeding, but that did not stay him. On, on, he raced! And still the goal lay far ahead. He removed the gourd, threw away cap and boots.

"Alas!" he lamented, "greed has been my undoing. Never, never can I reach the goal before the sun goes down."

The dread of this almost suffocated him. He was unable to take a deep breath. Still he continued to run. His mouth was parched, his shirt and trousers, soaked with sweat, were clinging to him. His chest rose and fell like a blacksmith's bellows, his heart was pounding hard. No longer could he feel his feet. His ankles were giving way. He was done for!

The land and everything else was forgotten. His sole dread now was that he might drop down dead from sheer exhaustion.

And Pokhom was very frightened of death.

As he raced along, Pokhom was saying to himself: "Think what a hopeless fool you will appear if you stop running now!"

He could actually hear the Bashkirs whistling and shouting, and this made him still more determined not to give in.

Putting forth all his strength, he made a final effort. The goal was quite near, but the sun was getting lower and lower.

Each man could be discerned now on the top of the hill. Everybody was making signs to him to hurry. He could even see the cap on the ground containing the money. The chief elder was squatting

beside it, his hands folded over his stomach. And, quite suddenly, Pokhom recollected his dream.

"I shall have all the land I want, that is clear," he mused, "but will Heaven allow me to live on it? It is I alone who have been the cause of my undoing."

And still he continued to run. He raised his eyes to the sun. The great red disc was almost touching the earth. Now it had actually touched it. Another brief moment and the bottom half of it was hidden. Then, just as Pokhom, running all the time, reached the hill, the last glowing crescent slipped out of sight.

With a cry of despair, Pokhom told himself that all was lost. No; there was still a last chance! He suddenly realized that, though the sun might be gone for him at the bottom of the hill, it must still be visible for those on the summit.

Putting forth all that he had left of vitality, he bounded up the slope.

There is the cap! Victory!

He lost his footing and slipped, but, as he fell, his outstretched hands touched the cap.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the chief elder of the Bashkirs. "You have gained a fine estate."

Pokhom's servant rushed forward; he wanted to assist his master to rise, but he noticed a little stream of blood trickling from his mouth.

Pokhom was dead!

The chief elder, squatting on the ground, his hands crossed on his stomach, burst out laughing. Then, rising, he took a spade and threw it towards Pokhom's servant.

"Take this and dig a grave for him."

The Bashkirs mounted their horses and rode away, leaving the servant with his master's body.

And the servant, all by himself, dug a hole six feet deep, the exact length of the body, and in that hole he buried Pokhom.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

Ainsworth (1805–1882) *although not a great writer—his style is artificial and open to criticism—achieved wonderful success with his novels. Some of them contain brilliant passages, with fine, copious descriptions, and many dramatic situations. His two most popular romances are "The Tower of London" and "Old St. Paul's." The following selections are from "The Tower of London." This romance, like other historical romances, takes some liberties with historical facts. Queen Mary, of course, did imprison Elizabeth in the Tower, and the tale of the relations of Edward Courtenay, Mary and Elizabeth has some historical basis; neither of these ladies was blind to Courtenay's attractions, and round this fact Ainsworth has written his romance. The story of Lady Jane Grey and her husband, if savouring somewhat of a stage-portrait, is very effective.*

The following extract refers to a Masque given by Courtenay in honour of Queen Mary. The three Giants of the Tower, Og, Gog, and Magog, as well as the amusing Nit, the Dwarf, were assisting at the revels. Nit, playing the part of Cupid, had fallen head-foremost into the yawning jaws of an enormous goggle-eyed sea-monster, whose mouth seemed purposely opened to receive him, and a scream of delight arose from the spectators. The pasteboard monster was dragged towards the terrace, and the mimic Cupid resumed his fun.

ARRIVED opposite the royal seat, the mimic Cupid sprang out of the monster's jaws, and fluttering his gauzy wings (which were a little the worse for his recent descent) to give himself the appearance of flying, ran nimbly up the side of the terrace, and



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

vaulted upon the balustrade in front of her majesty. He had still possession of his bow and arrows, and poising himself with considerable grace on the point of his left foot, fitted a silver shaft to the string, and aimed it at the queen.

"Your highness is again threatened," observed Sir Henry Bedingfeld, advancing and receiving the arrow, which, winged with but little force, dropped harmlessly from his robe.

"You are ever faithful, Sir Henry," observed Mary, to the knight, whose zeal in this instance occasioned a smile among the attendants; "but we have little to fear from the darts of Cupid."

Xit, meanwhile, had fitted another arrow, and drawing it with greater force, struck Courtenay on the breast. Not content with this, the mischievous urchin let fly a third shaft at the Princess Elizabeth, who had advanced somewhat nearer the queen, and the arrow chancing to stick to some of the ornaments of her stomacher, appeared to have actually pierced her bosom. Elizabeth coloured deeply as she plucked the dart from her side, and threw it angrily to the ground. A cloud gathered on the queen's brow, and Courtenay was visibly disconcerted. . . .

At this juncture, Xit, watching his opportunity, drew an arrow from his quiver, and touched the queen with it near the heart.

"I have hit your majesty at last, as well as my Lord Courtenay," he cried gleefully. "Shall I summon my brother Hymen to your assistance? He is among the crowd below."

A half-suppressed smile among the royal attendants followed this daring remark.

"That knave's audacity encourages me to hope, gracious madam," whispered Courtenay, "that this moment may be the proudest—the happiest of my life."

"No more of this—at least not now, my lord," replied Mary, whose notions of decorum were somewhat scandalised at this public declaration. "Dismiss this imp. He draws too many eyes upon us."

"I have a set of verses to recite to your majesty," interposed Xit, whose quick ears caught the remark, and who was in no hurry to leave the royal presence.

"Not now," rejoined Mary, rising. "Fear nothing, thou merry urchin. We will take care Love meets its desert. We thank you, my lord," she added, turning to Courtenay, "for the pleasant pastime you have afforded us."

As the queen arose, loud and reiterated shouts resounded from the spectators, in which all the mummers joined. Amid these acclamations she returned to the palace. Courtenay again tendered her his hand, and the slight pressure which he hazarded was sensibly returned.

Just as she was about to enter the window, Mary turned round to bow for the last time to the assemblage, when there arose a universal cry, "Long live Queen Mary! Long live the Earl of Devonshire!"

Mary smiled. Her bosom palpitated with pleasure, and she observed to her lover, "You are the people's favourite, my lord. I should not deserve to be their queen if I did not share in their affection."

"May I then hope?" asked the earl, eagerly.

"You may," replied Mary, softly.

The brilliant vision which these words raised before Courtenay's eyes was dis-

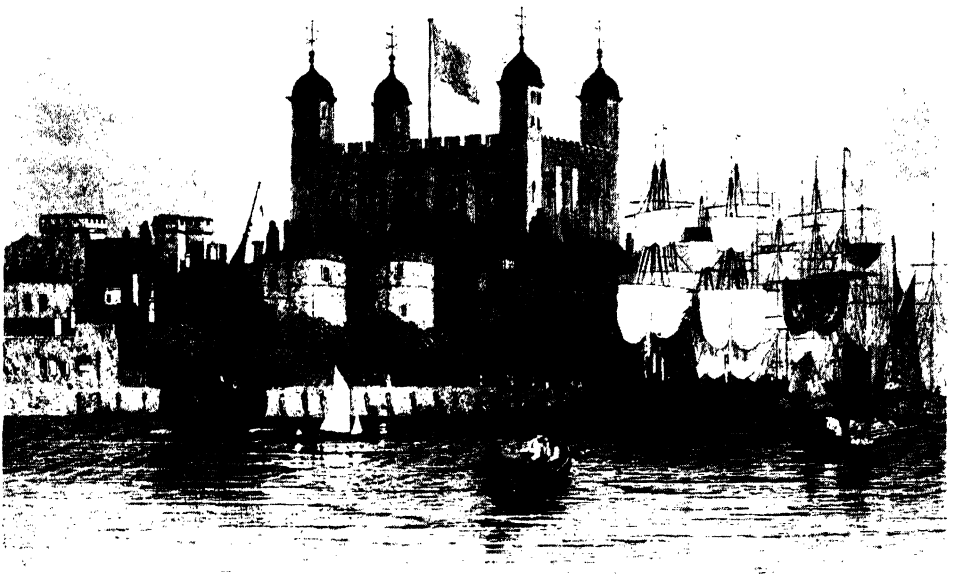


Photo: Ritchgitz Collection.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Tower is the oldest of London's three great historical buildings, the other two being the Abbey and Westminster Hall. For eight hundred years these three venerable piles have been bound up with the history of England. "A complete record of the State prisoners of the Tower would be nearly an outline of the history of England."

persed by a look which he at that moment received from Elizabeth. . . .

While the festivities above described occurred without the palace, within, all was confusion and alarm. The look, which Elizabeth had given Courtenay, sank into his very soul. All his future greatness appeared valueless in his eyes, and his only desire was to break off the alliance with Mary, and reinstate himself in the affections of her sister. For the queen, it is almost needless to say, he felt no real love. But he was passionately enamoured of Elizabeth, whose charms had completely captivated him.

As soon as she could consistently do so, after her return to the palace, the princess retired to her own apartments, and though her departure afforded some relief to the earl, he still continued in a state of great perturbation. Noticing his altered manner, the queen inquired the cause with great solicitude. Courtenay answered her evasively. And putting her own construction upon it, she said in a tone of encouragement, "It was a strange remark made by the little urchin who enacted Cupid. Was he tutored in his speech?"

"Not by me, gracious madam," replied Courtenay, distractedly.

"Then the knave hath a ready wit," returned the queen. "He has put thoughts into my head which I cannot banish thence."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the earl. "I trust his boldness has not offended you."

"Do I look so?" rejoined Mary, smiling. "If I do, my countenance belies my feelings. No, Courtenay, I have been thinking that no woman can govern a great kingdom, like mine, unaided. She must have some one, to whom she can ever apply for guidance and protection; some one to whom she can open her whole heart, to whom she can look for counsel, consolation, love. In whom could she find all this?"

"In no one but a husband, gracious madam," replied Courtenay, who felt

he could no longer affect to misunderstand her.

"You are right, my lord," she replied playfully. "Can you not assist our choice?"

"If I dared," said Courtenay, who felt he was standing upon the verge of a precipice.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mary. "A queen must ever play the wooer. It is part of her prerogative. Our choice is already made, so we need not consult you on the subject."

"May I not ask whom your majesty has so far distinguished?" demanded the earl, trembling.

"You shall learn anon, my lord," replied the queen. "We choose to keep you a short time in suspense, for here comes Simon Renard, and we do not intend to admit him to our confidence."

"That man is ever in my path," muttered the earl, returning the ambassador's stern glance with one equally menacing. "I am half reconciled to this hateful alliance by the thought of the mortification it will inflict upon him."

It would almost seem from Renard's looks, that he could read what was passing in the other's breast; for his brow grew each instant more lowering.

"I must quit your majesty for a moment," observed Courtenay, "to see to the masquers. Besides, my presence might be a restraint to your councillor. He shall not want an opportunity to utter his calumnies behind my back."

Renard smiled bitterly.

"Farewell, my lord," said the queen, giving him her hand to kiss. "When you return, you shall have your answer."

"It is the last time his lips shall touch that hand," muttered Renard, as the earl departed.

On quitting the royal presence, Courtenay wandered in a state of the utmost disquietude to the terrace. He gazed vacantly at the masquers, and tried to divert his thoughts with their sports; but in vain. He could not free himself from the idea of Elizabeth. He had now reached the utmost height of his ambition. He was all but affianced to the queen, and he doubted not that a few hours—perhaps moments—would decide his fate. His bosom was torn with conflicting emotions. On one side stood power, with all its temptations, on the other passion, fierce, irrepressible passion. The struggle was almost intolerable.

After debating with himself for some time, he determined to seek one last interview with Elizabeth, before he finally committed himself to the queen, vainly imagining it would calm his agitation. But, like most men under the influence of desperate emotion, he acted from impulse, rather than reflection. The resolution was no sooner formed, than acted upon. Learning that the princess was in her chamber, he proceeded thither, and found her alone.

Elizabeth was seated in a small room, partially hung with arras, and over the chair she occupied were placed the portraits of her sire, Henry the



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

NORTH, OR INSIDE, VIEW OF TRAITORS' GATE, being the principal entrance of the Tower of London, from the river, and through which State prisoners of rank and dignity were formerly conveyed to the Tower.

Eighth, and two of his wives, Anne Boleyn and Catherine of Arragon. Greatly surprised by the earl's visit, she immediately arose, and in an authoritative tone commanded him to withdraw.

"How is this?" she cried. "Are you not content with what you have already done, but must add insult to perfidy?"

"Hear me, Elizabeth," said Courtenay, advancing towards her, and throwing himself on his knee. "I am come to implore your forgiveness."

"You have my compassion, my lord," rejoined Elizabeth; "but you shall not have my forgiveness. You have deeply deceived me."

"I have deceived myself," replied Courtenay.

"A paltry prevarication, and unworthy of you," observed the princess, scornfully. "But I have endured this long enough. Arise, and leave me."

"I will *not* leave you, Elizabeth," said Courtenay, "till I have explained the real motives of my conduct, and the real state of my feelings, which, when I have done, I am persuaded you will not judge me as harshly as you do now."

"I do not desire to hear them," replied the princess. "But since you are determined to speak, be brief."

"During my captivity in this fortress," began Courtenay, "when I scarcely hoped for release, and when I was an utter stranger, except from description, to the beauties of your sex, I had certain vague and visionary notions of female loveliness, which I have never since found realised except in yourself."

Elizabeth uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Do not interrupt me," proceeded Courtenay. "All I wish to show is, that long before I had seen you, my heart was predisposed to love you. On my release from imprisonment, it was made evident in many ways, that the queen, your sister, regarded me with favourable eyes.

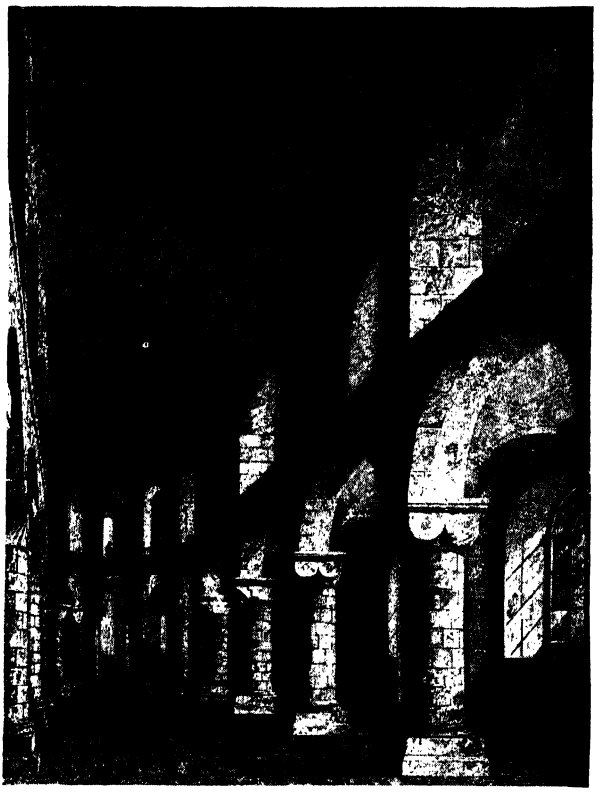


Photo: Kischgatz Collection.

CHAPEL IN THE WHITE TOWER.

Dazzled by the distinction—as who would not be—I fancied I returned her passion. But I knew not then what love was, nor was it till I was bound in this thraldom that I became acquainted with its pangs."

"This you have said before, my lord," rejoined Elizabeth, struggling against her emotion. "And if you had not, it is too late to say it now."

"Your pardon, dearest Elizabeth," rejoined Courtenay, "for such you will ever be to me. I know I do not deserve your forgiveness. But I know, also, that I shall not the less on that account obtain it. Hear the truth from me, and judge me as you think proper. Since I knew that I had gained an interest in your eyes, I never could love your sister. Her throne had no longer temptation for me—her attachment inspired me with disgust. You were, and still *are*, the sole possessor of my heart."

"Still ARE! my lord," exclaimed

Elizabeth, indignantly. "And you are about to wed the queen. Say no more, or my pity for you will be changed into contempt."

"It is my fate," replied the earl. "Oh! if you knew what the struggle has cost me, to sacrifice love at the shrine of ambition, you would indeed pity me."

"My lord," said Elizabeth, proudly, "if you have no respect for me, at least have some for yourself, and cease these unworthy lamentations."

"Tell me you no longer love me—tell me you despise—hate me, anything to reconcile myself to my present lot," cried Courtenay.

"Were I to say I no longer loved you, I should belie my heart," rejoined Elizabeth; "for, unfortunately for my peace of mind, I have formed a passion which I cannot conquer. But were I also to say that your abject conduct does not inspire me with contempt—with scorn for you, I should speak falsely. Hear me, in my turn, my lord. To-morrow, I shall solicit permission from the queen to retire from the court altogether, and I shall not return till my feelings towards yourself are wholly changed."

"Say not so," cried Courtenay. "I will forego all the brilliant expectations held out to me by Mary, I cannot endure to part with you."

"You have gone too far to retreat, my lord," said Elizabeth. "You are affianced to my sister."

"Not so," replied Courtenay, "and I will be. When I came hither, it [illegible] implore your forgiveness, and to [illegible] leave of you for ever. But I find it wholly impossible. Let us fly from this fortress, and find either in a foreign land, or in some obscure corner of the kingdom, a happiness, which a crown could not confer."

As he pronounced these words with all the ardour of genuine passion, he pressed her hand to his lips. Elizabeth did not withdraw it.

"Save me from this great crime," he cried; "save me from wedding one I never loved; save me from an union which my soul abhors."

"Are you sincere?" asked Elizabeth, much moved.

"On my soul I am," replied Courtenay, fervently. "Will you fly with me—this night—this hour—now?"

"I will answer that question," cried a voice, which struck them both as if a thunderbolt had fallen at their feet. "I will answer that question," cried Mary, forcibly throwing aside the arras and gazing at them with eyes that literally seemed to flash fire, "she will *not*.

"Had I not heard this with my own ears," she continued in a terrible tone, addressing her faithless lover, who still remained in a kneeling posture, regarding her with a look of mingled shame and defiance, "had I not heard this with my own ears, and seen it with my own eyes, I could not have believed it! Perfidious villain! you have deceived us both. But you shall feel what it is to incur the resentment of a queen, and that queen the daughter of Henry the Eighth. Come in, sir," she added to some one behind the arras, and Simon Renard immediately stepped forth. "As I owe the discovery of the Earl of Devonshire's perfidy to you, the least I can do is to let you witness his disgrace."

"I will not attempt to defend myself, gracious madam," said Courtenay, rising.

"Defend yourself!" echoed the queen, bitterly. "Not a word of your conversation to the princess has escaped my ears. I was there—behind that curtain—almost as soon as you entered her chamber. I was acquainted with your treachery by this gentleman. I disbelieved him. But I soon found he spoke the truth. A masked staircase enabled me to approach you unobserved. I have heard all—all, traitor, all."

"To play the eavesdropper was worthy of Simon Renard," returned Courtenay, with a look of deadly hatred at the ambassador, "but scarcely, I think, befitting the Queen of England."

"Where the Queen of England has unworthy persons to deal with, she must resort to unworthy means to detect them," returned Mary. "I am deeply indebted to M. Renard for his service, more deeply than I can express. An hour more, and it had been too late. Had I affianced myself to you, I should have considered the engagement binding. As

it is, I can unscrupulously break it. I am greatly beholden to you, sir."

"I am truly rejoiced to be the instrument of preventing your majesty from entering into this degrading alliance," said Renard. "Had it taken place, you would have unceasingly repented it."

"For you, minion," continued the queen, turning to Elizabeth who had looked silently on, "I have more pity than anger. You have been equally his dupe."

"I do not desire your highness's pity," rejoined the princess, haughtily. "Your own case is more deserving of compassion than mine."

"Ah! God's death! derided!" cried the queen, stamping her foot with indignation. "Summon the guard, M. Renard. I will place them both in confinement. Why am I not obeyed?" she continued, seeing the ambassador hesitated.



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QUEEN MARY, ELIZABETH, AND COURTENAY.

"'I will answer that question,' cried Mary, throwing aside the arras."

"Do nothing at this moment, I implore you, gracious madam," said Renard, in a low voice. "Disgrace were better than imprisonment. You punish the earl sufficiently in casting him off."

"Obey me, sir," vociferated Mary, furiously, "or I will fetch the guard myself. An outraged woman may tamely submit to her wrongs; an outraged queen can avenge them. Heaven be thanked! I have the power to do so, as I have the will. Down on your knees, Edward Courtenay, whom I have made Earl of Devonshire, and *would* have made King of England—on your knees, I say. Now, my lord, your sword."

"It is here," replied the earl, presenting it to her, "and I entreat your majesty to sheathe it in my bosom."

"His crime does not amount to high treason," whispered Renard, "nor can your highness do more than disgrace him."

"The guard! the guard, sir!" cried Mary, authoritatively. "Our father, Henry the Eighth, whose lineaments frown upon us from that wall, had not authority for all he did. He was an absolute king, and we are absolute queen. Again, I say, the guard! and bid Sir Henry Bedingfeld attend us."

"Your majesty shall be obeyed," replied Renard, departing.

"Do with me what you please, gracious

madam," said Courtenay, as soon as they were alone. "My life is at your disposal. But, I beseech you, do not visit my faults upon the Princess Elizabeth. If your majesty tracked me hither, you must be well aware that my presence was as displeasing to her as it could be to yourself."

"I will not be sheltered under this plea," replied Elizabeth, whose anger was roused by her sister's imperious conduct. "That the interview was unsought on my part, your highness well knows. But that I lent a willing ear to the Earl of Devonshire's suit is equally true. And if your highness rejects him, I see nothing to prevent my accepting him."

"This to my face!" cried Mary, in extremity of indignation.

"And wherefore not?" returned Elizabeth, maliciously.

"Anger me no further," cried Mary, "or by my father's soul I will not answer for your head!" Her manner was so authoritative, and her looks so terrible, that even Elizabeth was awed.

"Again," interposed Courtenay, humbly, "let me, who am the sole cause of your majesty's most just displeasure, bear the weight of it. The Princess Elizabeth, I repeat, is not to blame."

"I am the best judge in my own cause, my lord," replied the queen. "I will not hear a word more."

A deep silence then ensued, which was broken by the entrance of the lieutenant of the Tower and the guard. Renard brought up in the rear.

"Sir Henry Bedingfeld," said Mary, "I commit the Princess Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire to your custody."

"I can scarcely credit my senses, gracious madam," replied Bedingfeld, gazing at the offenders with much concern, "and would fain persuade myself it is only part of the pastime I have so recently witnessed."

"It is no pastime, Sir Henry," replied the queen, sternly. "I little thought, when I entrusted you with the government of this fortress, how soon, and how importantly, you would have to exercise your office. Let the prisoners be placed in close confinement."

"This is the first time in my life," replied the old knight, "that I have hesitated to obey your majesty. And if I do so now, I beseech you to impute it to the right motive."

"How, sir!" cried the queen fiercely. "Do you desire to make me regret that I have removed Sir John Gage? *He* would not have hesitated."

"For your own sake, gracious madam," said Sir Henry, falling on his knees before her, "I beseech you pause. I have been a faithful servant of your high and renowned father, Henry the Eighth; of your illustrious mother, Catherine of Arragon, who would almost seem—from their pictures on that wall—to be present now. In *their* names, I beseech you, pause. I am well aware your feelings have been greatly outraged. But they may prompt you to do that which your calmer judgment may deplore."

"Remonstrance is in vain," rejoined the queen. "I am inexorable. The Princess Elizabeth may remain a close prisoner in her own apartments. The Earl of Devonshire must be removed elsewhere. You will be answerable for their safe custody."

"I will," replied Bedingfeld, rising; "but I would that I had never lived to see this day!"

With this, he commanded his attendants to remove Courtenay, and when the order was obeyed, he lingered for a moment at the door, in the hope that the queen would relent. But, as she continued immovable, he departed with a sorrowful heart, and conveyed the earl to his own lodgings.

Courtenay gone, Elizabeth's proud heart gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears. As Mary saw this, a feeling of compassion crossed her, which Renard perceiving, touched her sleeve, and drew her away.

"It were better to leave her now," he observed. Yielding to his advice, Mary was about to quit the room, when Elizabeth arose and threw herself at her feet.

"Spare him!" she cried.

"She thinks only of her lover," thought the queen; "those tears are for him. I will *not* pity her."

And she departed without returning an answer.

Having seen two halberdiers placed at



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

CRANMER AT THE TRAITORS' GATE.

From the painting by F. Goodall, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum, London.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was put on his trial for treason, charged with having caused Lady Jane Grey to be proclaimed Queen. He was committed to the Tower in 1553.

the door of the chamber, and two others at the foot of the masked staircase by which she and Renard had approached, Mary proceeded with the ambassador to her own apartments.

On thinking over the recent occurrences, her feelings were so exasperated, that she exclaimed aloud, "Oh! that I could avenge myself on the perjured traitor."

"I will show you how to avenge yourself," replied Renard.

"Do so, then," returned the queen.

"Unite yourself to my master, Philip of Spain," rejoined the ambassador. "Your cousin, the emperor, highly desires the match. It will be an alliance worthy of you, and acceptable to your subjects. The prince is a member of your own religion, and will enable you to restore its worship throughout your kingdom."

"I will think of it," replied Mary, musingly.

"Better *act* upon it," rejoined Renard. "The prince, besides his royal birth, is in all respects more richly endowed by nature than the Earl of Devonshire."

"So I have heard him accounted," replied Mary.

"Your majesty shall judge for yourself," rejoined Renard, producing a miniature. "Here is his portrait. The likeness is by no means flattering."

"He must be very handsome," observed Mary, gazing at the miniature.

"He is," replied Renard; "and his highness is as eager for the alliance as his imperial father. I have ventured to send him your majesty's portrait, and you shall hear in what rapturous terms he speaks of it."

And taking several letters from his doublet, he selected one sealed with the royal arms of Spain, from which he read several highly complimentary remarks on Mary's personal appearance.

"Enough sir," said Mary, checking him. "More unions are formed from pique than from affection, and mine will be one of them. I am resolved to affiance myself to the Prince of Spain, and that forthwith. I will not allow myself time to change my mind."

"Your highness is in the right," observed Renard, eagerly.

"Meet me at midnight in Saint John's Chapel in the White Tower," continued the queen, "where in your presence, and in the presence of Heaven, I will solemnly affiance myself to the prince."

"Your majesty transports me by your determination," replied the ambassador. And full of joy at his unlooked-for success, he took his departure.

At midnight, as appointed, Renard repaired to Saint John's Chapel. He found the queen, attended only by Feckenham, and kneeling before the altar, which blazed with numerous wax lights. She had changed her dress for the ceremony, and was attired in a loose robe of three-piled crimson velvet, trimmed with swansdown. Renard remained at a little distance, and looked on with a smile of Satanic triumph.

After she had received the sacrament, and pronounced the *Veni Creator*, Mary motioned the ambassador towards her, and placing her right hand on a parchment lying on the altar, to which were attached the broad seals of England, addressed him thus: "I have signed and sealed this instrument, by which I contract and affiance myself in marriage to Philip, Prince of Spain, son of his imperial majesty, Charles the Fifth. And I further give you, Simon Renard, representative of the prince, my irrevocable promise in the face of the living God and his saints, that I will wed him and no other."

"May Heaven bless the union!" exclaimed Feckenham.

"There is the contract," pursued Mary, giving the parchment to Renard, who reverentially received it. "On my part, it is a marriage concluded."

"And equally so on the part of the prince, my master," replied Renard. "In his name I beg to express to your highness the deep satisfaction which this union will afford him."

"For the present this contract must be kept secret, even from our privy councillors," said the queen.

"It shall never pass my lips," rejoined Renard.

"And mine are closed by my sacred calling," added the confessor.

"Your majesty, I am sure, has done wisely in this step," observed Renard, "and, I trust, happily."

"I trust so too, sir," replied the queen, "but time will show. These things are in the hands of the Great Disposer of events." . . .

Monday, the 12th of February, 1554, the fatal day destined to terminate Jane's earthly sufferings, at length arrived. Excepting a couple of hours which she allowed to rest, at the urgent entreaty of her companion, she had passed the whole of the night in prayer. Angela kept watch over the lovely sleeper, and the effect produced by the contemplation of her features during this her last slumber was never afterwards effaced. The repose of an infant could not be more calm and holy. A celestial smile irradiated her countenance; her lips moved as if in prayer; and if good angels are ever permitted to visit the dreams of those they love on earth, they hovered that night over the couch of Jane. . . .

The following extract describes the execution of Lady Jane Grey, who had been condemned on a charge of treason.

"Is it four o'clock?" she inquired.

"It has just struck five, madam," replied Angela. "I have disobeyed you for the first and last time. But you seemed so happy, that I could not find in my heart to awaken you."

"I was happy," replied Jane, "for I dreamed that all was over without pain to me—and that my soul was borne to regions of celestial bliss by a troop of angels who had hovered above the scaffold."

"It will be so, madam," replied Angela, fervently. "You will quit this earth immediately for heaven, where you will rejoin your husband in everlasting happiness."

"I trust so," replied Jane, in an altered tone, "but in that blessed place I searched in vain for him. Angela, you let me sleep too long, or not long enough."

"Your pardon, dearest madam," cried the other, fearfully.

"Nay, you have given me no offence," returned Jane, kindly. "What I meant was that I had not time to find my husband."

"Oh, you *will* find him, dearest madam," returned Angela, "doubt it



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

LADY JANE GREY IN THE TOWER.
From the painting by W. F. Yeames, R.A.
After her deposition, Lady Jane Grey was confined in the house of the Lieutenant of the Tower by Queen Mary.

not. Your prayers would wash out his offences, even if his own could not."

"I trust so," replied Jane. "And I will now pray for him, and do you pray too."

Jane then retired to the recess, and in the gloom, for it was yet dark, continued her devotions until the clock struck seven. She then arose, and assisted by Angela attired herself with great care.

"I pay more attention to the decoration of my body now I am about to part with it," she observed, "than I would do, if it was to serve me longer. So joyful is the occasion to me, that were I to consult my own feelings, I would put on my richest apparel to indicate my contentment of heart. I will not, however, so brave my fate, but array myself in these weeds." And she put on a gown of black velvet, without ornament of any kind; tying round her slender throat (so soon, alas! to be severed) a simple white falling collar. Her hair was left purposely unbraided, and was confined by a caul of black velvet. As Angela performed those sad services, she sobbed audibly.

"Nay, cheer thee, child," observed Jane. "When I was clothed in the robes of royalty, and had the crown placed upon my brow, nay, when arrayed on my wedding-day I felt not half so joyful as now." . . .

"Will you not take some refreshment, madam?" asked Angela.

"No," replied Jane. "I have done with the body."

The morning was damp and dark. A thaw came on a little before daybreak, and a drizzling shower of rain fell. This was succeeded by a thick mist, and the whole of the fortress was for a while enveloped in vapour. It brought to Jane's mind the day on which she was taken to trial. But a moral gloom likewise overspread the fortress. Every one within it, save her few enemies (and they were few indeed), lamented Jane's approaching fate. Her youth, her innocence, her piety, touched the sternest breast, and moved the pity even of her persecutors. All felt that morning as if some dire calamity was at hand, and instead of looking forward to the execution as an exciting spectacle (for so such revolting exhibitions were then considered), they wished it over. Many a prayer was breathed for the speedy release of the sufferer, many a sigh heaved, many a groan uttered: and if ever a soul was wafted to heaven by the fervent wishes of those on earth, Jane's was so.

It was late before there were any signs of stir and bustle within the fortress. Even the soldiers gathered together reluctantly, and those who conversed spoke in whispers. Dudley, who it has been stated was imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, had passed the greater part of the night in devotion. But towards morning, he became restless and uneasy, and unable to compose himself, resorted to the customary employment of captives in such cases, and with a nail which he had found, carved his wife's name in two places on the walls of his prison. These inscriptions still remain.

At nine o'clock, the bell of the chapel began to toll, and an escort of halberdiers and arquebusiers drew up before the Beauchamp Tower, while Sir Thomas Brydges and Feckenham entered the chamber of the prisoner, who received them with an unmoved countenance.

"Before you set out upon a journey from which you will never return, my lord," said Feckenham, "I would ask you for the last time, if any change has taken place in your religious sentiments, and whether you are yet alive to the welfare of your soul?"

"Why not promise me pardon if I will recant on the scaffold, and silence me as you silenced the duke my father, by the axe!" replied Dudley, sternly. "No, sir, I will have nothing to do with your false and idolatrous creed. I shall die a firm believer in the gospel, and trust to be saved by it."

"Then perish, body and soul," replied Feckenham, harshly. "Sir Thomas Brydges, I commit him to your hands."

"Am I to be allowed no parting with my wife?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

"You have parted with her for ever, heretic and unbeliever!" rejoined Feckenham.

"That speech will haunt your deathbed, sir," retorted Dudley, sternly. And he turned to the lieutenant, and signified that he was ready.

The first object that met Dudley's



Photo: W. F. Mansell.

THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

From the paintin by Delaroche.

Lady Jane Grey was arraigned at the Guildhall in company with Archbishop Cranmer for treason. She pleaded guilty and was sentenced to death. She was beheaded on Tower Hill on February 12th 1554.

gaze, as he issued from his prison, was the scaffold on the Green. He looked at it for a moment, wistfully.

"It is for Lady Jane," observed the lieutenant.

"I know it," replied Dudley, in a voice of intense emotion. "I thank you for letting me die first."

"You must thank the queen, my lord," returned Brydges. "It was her order."

"Shall you see my wife, sir?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

The lieutenant answered in the affirmative.

"Tell her I will be with her on the scaffold," said Dudley. . . .

Brydges then passed through the door, and Jane followed him. A band of halberdiers were without. At the sight of her, a deep and general sympathy was manifested; not an eye was dry; and tears trickled down cheeks unaccustomed to such moisture. The melancholy train proceeded at a slow pace. Jane fixed her eyes upon the prayer-book, which she read aloud to drown the importunities of the confessor, who walked on her right, while Angela kept near her on the other side. And so they reached the Green.

By this time the fog had cleared off and the rain had ceased; but the atmosphere was humid, and the day lowering and gloomy. Very few spectators were assembled, for it required firm nerves to witness such a tragedy. A flock of carrion-crows and ravens, attracted by their fearful instinct, wheeled around overhead, or settled on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, and by their croaking added to the dismal character of the scene. The bell continued tolling all the time. . . .

A wide open space was kept clear around the scaffold. Jane seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Preceded by the lieutenant, who took his way towards the north of the scaffold, and attended on either side by Feckenham and Angela as before, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her prayer-book.

Arrived within a short distance of the

fatal spot, she was startled by a scream from Angela, and looking up, beheld four soldiers, carrying a litter covered with a cloth, and advancing toward her. She knew it was the body of her husband, and unprepared for so terrible an encounter, uttered a cry of horror. The bearers of the litter passed on, and entered the porch of the chapel.

While this took place, Mauger, who had limped back as fast as he could after his bloody work on Tower Hill, only tarrying a moment to exchange his axe, ascended the steps of the scaffold, and ordered Wolfytt to get down. Sir Thomas Brydges, who was greatly shocked at what had just occurred, and would have prevented it if it had been possible, returned to Jane and offered her his assistance. But she did not require it. The force of the shock had passed away, and she firmly mounted the scaffold.

When she was seen there, a groan of compassion arose from the spectators, and prayers were audibly uttered. She then advanced to the rail, and, in a clear distinct voice spoke as follows:—

"I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means except the mercy of God, and the merits of the blood of his only son Jesus Christ. I confess when I knew the word of God I neglected it, and loved myself and the world, and therefore this punishment is a just return for my sins. But I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers."

Many fervent responses followed, and several of the bystanders imitated Jane's example, as, on the conclusion of her speech, she fell on her knees and recited the *Miserere*.

At its close, Feckenham said in a loud voice, "I ask you, madame, for the last time, will you repent?"

"I pray you, sir, to desist," replied Jane, meekly. "I am now at peace with all the world, and would die so."

She then arose, and giving the prayer-book to Angela, said, "When all is over, deliver this to the lieutenant. These," she added, taking off her gloves and collar, "I give to you."

"And to me," cried Mauger, advancing and prostrating himself before her according to custom, "you give grace."

"And also my head," replied Jane. "I forgive thee heartily, fellow. Thou art my best friend."

"What ails you, madam?" remarked the lieutenant, observing Jane suddenly start and tremble.

"Not much," she replied, "but I saw my husband pale and bleeding."

"Where?" demanded the lieutenant, recalling Dudley's speech.

"There, near the block," replied Jane, "I see the figure still. But it must be mere fantasy."

Whatever his thoughts were, the lieutenant made no reply; and Jane turned to Angela, who now began, with trembling hands to remove her attire, and was trying to take off her velvet robe, when Mauger offered to assist her, but was instantly repulsed.

He then withdrew, and stationing himself by the block, assumed his hideous black mask, and shouldered his axe.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head, while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside, and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands, and cried, "What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment, there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold, and amongst others Sorrocold and Wolfytt. The latter caught hold of the boards to obtain a better view. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being, if she could; and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe. Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on.

By this time Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The axe fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders, fell likewise.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PYECRAFT

H. G. WELLS

[*By permission of the Author.*]

Mr. H. G. Wells has asserted that it is possible to build up a short story on any idea whatever that may happen to float through the mind. That being his own practice, it is no wonder that the subjects of his stories are so varied. But, even in his case, it is easier, of course, to obtain a striking effect if the idea itself is striking. In the following example the idea is more than striking; he has chosen to deal with one that is wild and fantastic to the last degree. But it is precisely such ideas that require the utmost skill in telling, or they miss fire altogether. The story of Pyecraft and the old recipe is a model of its kind.

HE sits not a dozen yards away. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye—and usually I catch his eye he meets me with an expression—

It is mainly an imploring look and yet with suspicion in it.

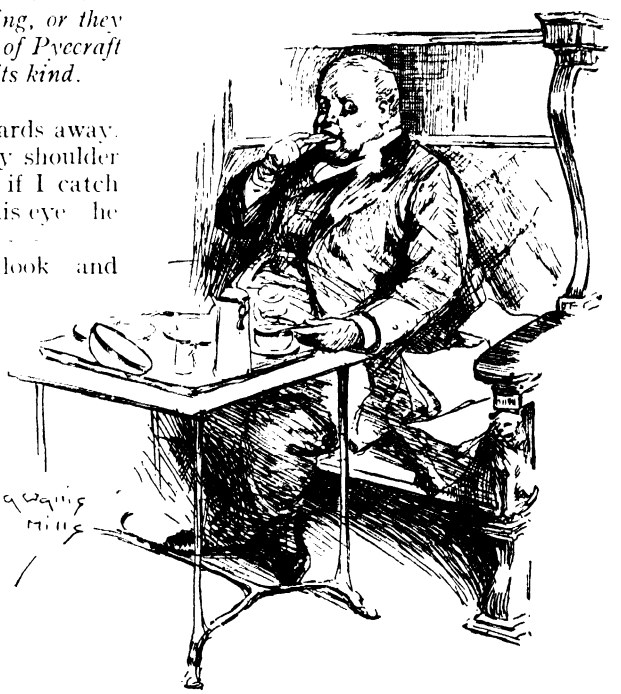
Confound his suspicion! If I wanted to tell on him I should have told long ago. I don't tell and I don't tell, and he ought to feel at his ease. As if anything so gross and fat as he could feel at ease! Who would believe me if I did tell?

Poor old Pyecraft! Great, uneasy jelly of substance! The fattest clubman in London.

He sits at one of the little club tables in the huge bay by the fire, stuffing. What is he stuffing? I glance judiciously and catch him biting at a round of hot buttered tea-cake, with his eyes on me. Confound him!—with his eyes on me!

That settles it, Pyecraft! Since you *will* be abject, since you *will* behave as though I was not a man of honour, here, right under your embedded eyes, I write the thing down—the plain truth about Pyecraft. The man I helped, the man I shielded, and who has requited me by making my club unendurable, absolutely unendurable, with his liquid appeal, with the perpetual "don't tell" of his looks.

And, besides, why does he keep on eternally eating?



"I catch him biting at a round of hot buttered tea-cake."

Well, here goes for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Pyecraft——. I made the acquaintance of Pyecraft in this very smoking-room. I was a young, nervous new member, and he saw it. I was sitting

all alone, wishing I knew more of the members, and suddenly he came, a great rolling front of chins and abdomina, towards me, and grunted and sat down in a chair close by me and wheezed for a space, and scraped for a space with a match and lit a cigar, and then addressed me. I forget what he said—something about the matches not lighting properly, and afterwards as he talked he kept stopping the waiters one by one as they went by, and telling them about the matches in that thin, fluty voice he has. But, anyhow, it was in some such way we began our talking.

He talked about various things and came round to games. And thence to my figure and complexion. "*You* ought to be a good cricketer," he said. I suppose I am slender, slender to what some people would call lean, and I suppose I am rather dark, still—— I am not ashamed of having a Hindu great-grandmother, but, for all that, I don't want casual strangers to see through me at a glance to *her*. So that I was set against Pyecraft from the beginning.

But he only talked about me in order to get to himself.

"I expect," he said, "you take no more exercise than I do, and probably you eat no less." (Like all excessively obese people he fancied he ate nothing.) "Yet"—and he smiled an oblique smile—"we differ."

And then he began to talk about his fatness and his fatness; all he had done for his fatness and all he was going to do for his fatness; what people had advised him to do for his fatness, and what he had heard of people doing for fatness similar to his. "*A priori*," he said, "one would think a question of nutrition could be answered by dietary and a question of assimilation by drugs." It was stifling. It was dumpling talk. It made me feel swelled to hear him.

One stands that sort of thing once in a way at a club, but a time came when I fancied I was standing too much. He took to me altogether too conspicuously. I could never go into the smoking-room but he would come wallowing towards me, and sometimes he came and gormandized round and about me while I had my lunch. He seemed at times almost to be clinging to me. He was a bore, but not so fearful a bore as to be limited to me; and from the first there was something in his manner—almost as though he knew, almost as though he penetrated to the fact that I *might*—that there was a remote, exceptional chance in me that no one else presented.

"I'd give anything to get it down," he would say—"anything," and peer at me over his vast cheeks and pant.

Poor old Pyecraft! He has just gonged, no doubt to order another buttered tea-cake!

He came to the actual thing one day. "Our Pharmacopœia," he said, "our Western Pharmacopœia, is anything but the last word of medical science. In the East, I've been told——"

He stopped and stared at me. It was like being at an aquarium.

I was quite suddenly angry with him. "Look here," I said, "who told you about my great-grandmother's recipes?"

"Well," he fenced.

"Every time we've met for a week," I said—"and we've met pretty often—you've given me a broad hint or so about that little secret of mine."

"Well," he said, "now that the cat's out of the bag, I'll admit, yes, it is so. I had it——"

"From Pattison?"

"Indirectly," he said, which I believe was lying, "yes."

"Pattison," I said, "took that stuff at his own risk."

He pursed his mouth and bowed.

"My great-grandmother's recipes," I said, "are queer things to handle. My father was near making me promise——"

"He didn't?"

"No. But he warned me. He himself used one—once."

"Ah! . . . But do you think——? Suppose—suppose there did happen to be one——"

"The things are curious documents," I said. "Even the smell of 'em. . . . No!"

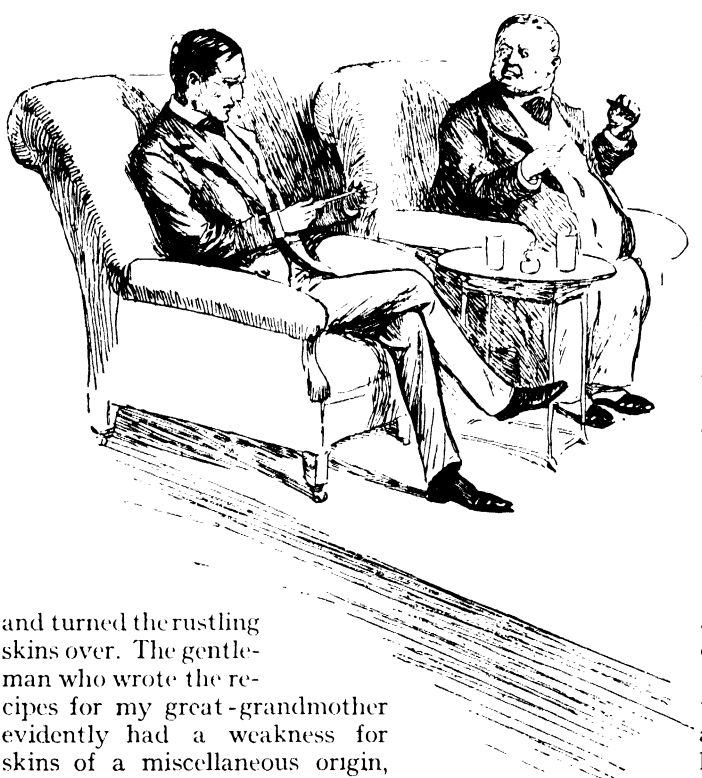
But after going so far Pyecraft was resolved I should go farther. I was always a little afraid if I tried his patience

too much he would fall on me suddenly and smother me. I own I was weak. But I was also annoyed with Pyecraft. I had got to that state of feeling for him that disposed me to say, "Well, *take* the risk!" The little affair of Pattison to which I have alluded was a different matter altogether. What it was doesn't concern us now, but I knew, anyhow, that the particular recipe I used then was safe. The rest I didn't know so much about, and, on the whole, I was inclined to doubt their safety pretty completely.

Yet even if Pyecraft got poisoned—

I must confess the poisoning of Pyecraft struck me as an immense undertaking.

That evening I took that queer, odd-scented sandalwood box out of my safe and turned the rustling skins over. The gentleman who wrote the recipes for my great-grandmother evidently had a weakness for skins of a miscellaneous origin, and his handwriting was cramped to the last degree. Some of the things are quite unreadable to me—though my family, with its Indian Civil Service associations, has kept up a knowledge of Hindustani from generation to generation—and none are absolutely plain sailing. But I found the one that I knew was there soon enough, and sat on the floor by my safe for some time looking at it.



Wa the egg addled? I asked."

"Look here," said I to Pyecraft next day, and snatched the slip away from his eager grasp.

"So far as I can make it out, this is a recipe for Loss of Weight." ("Ah!" said Pyecraft.) "I'm not absolutely sure, but I think it's that. And if you take my advice you'll leave it alone. Because, you know—I blacken my blood in your interest, Pyecraft—my ancestors on that side were, so far as I can gather, a jolly queer lot. See?"

"Let me try it," said Pyecraft.

I leant back in my chair. My imagination made one mighty effort and fell flat within me. "What in Heaven's name, Pyecraft," I asked, "do you think you'll look like when you get thin?"

He was impervious to reason. I made him promise never to say a word to me about his disgusting fatness again whatever happened—never, and then I handed him that little piece of skin.

"It's nasty stuff," I said.

"No matter," he said, and took it.

He goggled at it. "But—but——" he said.

He had just discovered that it wasn't English.

"To the best of my ability," I said, "I will do you a translation."

I did my best. After that we didn't speak for a fortnight. Whenever he approached me I frowned and motioned him away, and he respected our compact, but at the end of the fortnight he was as fat as ever. And then he got a word in.

"I must speak," he said. "It isn't fair. There's something wrong. It's

done me no good. You're not doing your great-grandmother justice."

"Where's the recipe?"

He produced it gingerly from his pocket-book.

I ran my eye over the items. "Was the egg addled?" I asked.

"No. Ought it to have been?"

"That," I said, "goes without saying in all my poor dear great-grandmother's recipes. When condition or quality is not specified you must get the worst. She was drastic or nothing. . . . And there's one or two possible alternatives to some of these other things. You got *fresh* rattlesnake venom?"

"I got a rattlesnake from Jamrach's. It cost—it cost——"

"That's your affair, anyhow. This last item——"

"I know a man who——"

"Yes. H'm. Well, I'll write the alternatives down. So far as I know the language, the spelling of this recipe is particularly atrocious. By-the-bye, dog here probably means pariah dog."

For a month after that I saw Pyecraft constantly at the club and as fat and anxious as ever. He kept our treaty, but at times he broke the spirit of it by shaking his head despondently. Then one day in the cloak-room he said, "Your great-grandmother——"

"Not a word against her," I said; and he held his peace.

I could have fancied he had desisted, and I saw him one day talking to three new members about his fatness as though he were in search of other recipes. And then, quite unexpectedly, his telegram came.

"Mr. Formalyn!" bawled a page-boy under my nose, and I took the telegram and opened it at once.

"*For Heaven's sake come.—Pyecraft.*"

"H'm," said I, and to tell the truth I was so pleased at the rehabilitation of my great-grandmother's reputation this evidently promised that I made a most excellent lunch.

I got Pyecraft's address from the hall porter. Pyecraft inhabited the upper half of a house in Bloomsbury, and I went there so soon as I had done my coffee and Trappistine. I did not wait to finish my cigar.

"Mr. Pyecraft?" said I, at the front door.

They believed he was ill; he hadn't been out for two days.

"He expects me," said I, and they sent me up.

I rang the bell at the lattice-door upon the landing.

"He shouldn't have tried it, anyhow," I said to myself. "A man who eats like a pig ought to look like a pig."

An obviously worthy woman, with an anxious face and a carelessly placed cap, came and surveyed me through the lattice.

I gave my name and she let me in in a dubious fashion.

"Well?" said I, as we stood together inside Pyecraft's piece of the landing.

"'E said as you was to come in if you came," she said, and regarded me, making no motion to show me anywhere. And then, confidentially, "'E's locked in, sir."

"Locked in?"

"Locked himself in yesterday morning and 'asn't let anyone in since, sir. And ever and again *swearing*. Oh my!"

I stared at the door she indicated by her glances. "In there?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"What's up?"

She shook her head sadly. "'E keeps on calling for vittles, sir. '*Eavy* vittles 'e wants. I get 'im what I can. Pork 'e's 'ad, sooit puddin', sossiges, noo bread. Everythink like that. Left outside, if you please, and me go away. 'E's eatin', sir, somethink *awful*."

There came a piping bawl from inside the door: "That Formalyn?"

"That you, Pyecraft?" I shouted, and went and banged the door.

"Tell her to go away."

I did.

Then I could hear a curious pattering upon the door, almost like someone feeling for the handle in the dark, and Pyecraft's familiar grunts.

"It's all right," I said, "she's gone."

But for a long time the door didn't open.

I heard the key turn. Then Pyecraft's voice said, "Come in."

I turned the handle and opened the

door. Naturally I expected to see Pyecraft.

Well, you know, he wasn't there!

I never had such a shock in my life. There was his sitting-room in a state of untidy disorder, plates and dishes among the books and writing things, and several chairs overturned, but Pyecraft——

"It's all right, o'man; shut the door," he said, and then I discovered him.

There he was right up close to the cornice in the corner by the door, as though someone had glued him to the ceiling. His face was anxious and angry. He panted and gesticulated. "Shut the door," he said. "If that woman gets hold of it——"

I shut the door and went and stood away from him and stared.

"If anything gives way and you tumble down," I said, "you'll break your neck, Pyecraft."

"I wish I could," he wheezed.

"A man of your age and weight getting up to kiddish gymnastics——"

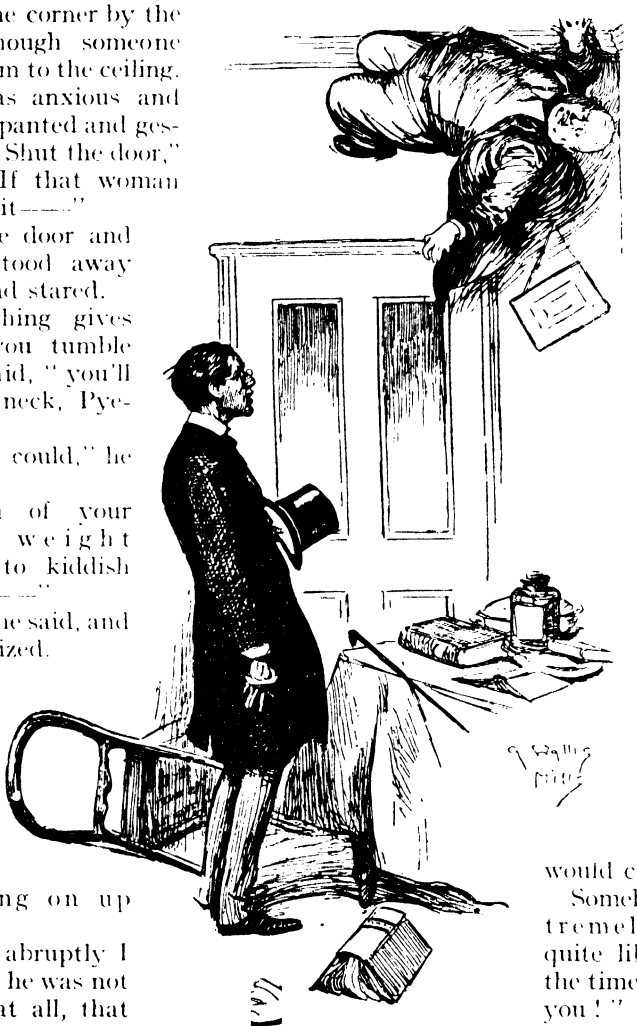
"Don't," he said, and looked agonized.

"I'll tell you," he said, and gesticulated.

"How the deuce," said I, "are you holding on up there?"

And then abruptly I realized that he was not holding on at all, that he was floating up there—just as a gas-filled bladder might have floated in the same position. He began a struggle to thrust himself away from the ceiling and to clamber down the wall to me. "It's that prescription," he panted, as he did so. "Your great-gran——"

He took hold of a framed engraving rather carelessly as he spoke and it gave way, and he flew back to the ceiling again, while the picture smashed on to the sofa. Bump he went against the ceiling, and I knew then why he was all over white on the more salient curves and angles of his person. He tried again more carefully, coming down by way of the mantel.



e was right up ose to the cornice."

It was really a most extraordinary spectacle, that great fat, apoplectic-looking man upside down and trying to get from the ceiling to the floor. "That prescription," he said. "Too successful."

"How?"

"Loss of weight—almost complete."

And then, of course, I understood.

"By Jove, Pyecraft," said I, "what you wanted was a cure for fatness! But you always called it weight. You would call it weight."

Somehow I was extremely delighted. I quite liked Pyecraft for the time. "Let me help you!" I said, and took his hand and pulled him down. He kicked about trying to get foothold somewhere. It was very like holding a flag on a windy day.

"That table," he said, pointing, "is

solid mahogany and very heavy. If you can put me under that——"

I did, and there he wallowed about like a captive balloon, while I stood on his hearthrug and talked to him.

I lit a cigar. "Tell me," I said, "what happened?"

"I took it," he said.

"How did it taste?"

"Oh, *beastly!*"

I should fancy they all did. Whether one regards the ingredients or the probable compound or the possible results, almost all my great-grandmother's remedies appear to me at least to be extraordinarily uninviting. For my own part——

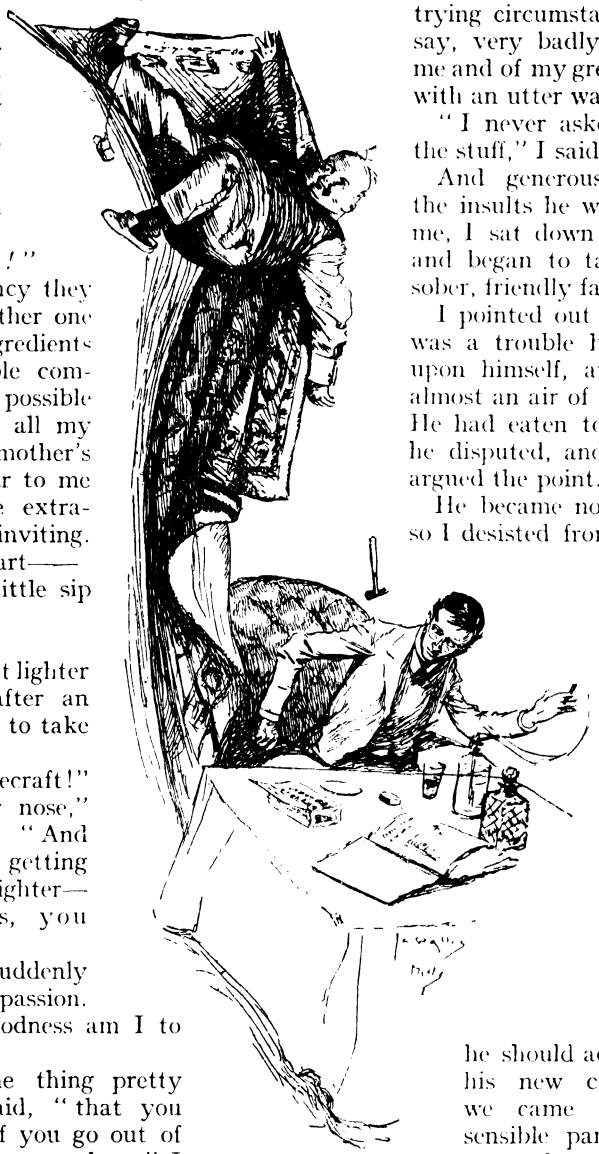
"I took a little sip first."

"Yes?"

"And as I felt lighter and better after an hour, I decided to take the draught."

"My dear Pyecraft!"

"I held my nose," he explained. "And then I kept on getting lighter and lighter—and helpless, you



"He dropped the tack-hammer within an ace of my head."

gave way suddenly to a burst of passion. "What the goodness am I to *do?*" he said.

"There's one thing pretty evident," I said, "that you mustn't do. If you go out of doors you'll go up and up." I waved an arm upward. "They'd have to send Santos-Dumont after you to bring you down again."

"I suppose it will wear off?"

I shook my head. "I don't think you can count on that," I said.

And then there was another burst of passion, and he kicked out at adjacent chairs and banged the floor. He behaved just as I should have expected a great, fat, self-indulgent man to behave under trying circumstances—that is to say, very badly. He spoke of me and of my great-grandmother with an utter want of discretion.

"I never asked you to take the stuff," I said.

And generously disregarding the insults he was putting upon me, I sat down in his armchair and began to talk to him in a sober, friendly fashion.

I pointed out to him that this was a trouble he had brought upon himself, and that it had almost an air of poetical justice. He had eaten too much. This he disputed, and for a time we argued the point.

He became noisy and violent, so I desisted from this aspect of his lesson. "And then," said I, "you committed the sin of euphuism. You called it, not Fat, which is just and inglorious, but Weight. You——"

He interrupted to say that he recognised all that. What was he to *do?*

I suggested he should adapt himself to his new conditions. So we came to the really sensible part of the business. I suggested that it would not be difficult for him to learn to walk about on the ceiling with his hands——

"I can't sleep," he said.

But that was no great difficulty. It was quite possible, I pointed out, to make a shake-up under a wire mattress,

fasten the under things on with tapes, and have a blanket, sheet, and coverlet to button at the side. He would have to confide in his housekeeper, I said, and after some squabbling he agreed to that. (Afterwards it was quite delightful to see the beautifully matter-of-fact way with which the good lady took all these amazing inversions.) He could have a library ladder in his room, and all his meals could be laid on the top of his bookcase. We also hit on an ingenious device by which he could get to the floor whenever he wanted, which was simply to put the British Encyclopædia (tenth edition) on the top of his open shelves. He just pulled out a couple of volumes and held on, and down he came. And we agreed there must be iron staples along the skirting, so that he could cling to these whenever he wanted to get about the room on the lower level.

As we got on with the thing I found myself almost keenly interested. It was I who called in the housekeeper and broke things to her, and it was I chiefly who fixed up the inverted bed. In fact, I spent two whole days at his flat. I am a handy, interfering sort of man with a screw-driver, and I made all sorts of ingenious adaptations for him ran a wire to bring his bells within reach, turned all his electric lights up instead of down, and so on. The whole affair was extremely curious and interesting to me, and it was delightful to think of Pyecraft like some great, fat blow-fly, crawling about on the ceiling and clambering round the lintel of his doors from one room to another, and never, never, never coming to the club any more. . . .

Then you know my fatal ingenuity got the better of me. I was sitting by his fire drinking his whisky, and he was up in his favourite corner by the cornice, tacking a Turkey carpet to the ceiling, when the idea struck me. "By Jove, Pyecraft!" I said, "all this is totally unnecessary."

And before I could calculate the complete consequences of my notion I blurted it out. "Lead underclothing," said I, and the mischief was done.

Pyecraft received the thing almost in tears. "To be right ways up again——" he said.

I gave him the whole secret before I saw where it would take me. "Buy sheet lead," I said, "stamp it into discs. Sew 'em all over your underclothes until you have enough. Have lead-soled boots, carry a bag of solid lead, and the thing is done. Instead of being a prisoner here you may go abroad again, Pyecraft; you may travel——"

A still happier idea came to me. "You need never fear a shipwreck. All you need do is just slip off some or all of your clothes, take the necessary amount of luggage in your hand, and float up in the air——"

In his emotion he dropped the tack-hammer within an ace of my head. "By Jove!" he said, "I shall be able to come back to the club again."

The thing pulled me up short. "By Jove!" I said faintly. "Yes. Of course—you will."

He did. He does. There he sits behind me now, stuffing—as I live!—a third go of buttered tea-cake. And no one in the whole world knows—except his housekeeper and me—that he weighs practically nothing; that he is a mere boring mass of assimilatory matter, mere clouds in clothing, *niente*, *nefas*, the most inconsiderable of men. There he sits watching until I have done this writing. Then, if he can, he will waylay me. He will come billowing up to me. . . .

He will tell me over again all about it, how it feels, how it doesn't feel, how he sometimes hopes it is passing off a little. And always somewhere in that fat, abundant discourse, he will say, "The secret's keeping, eh? If anyone knew of it—I should be so ashamed. . . . Makes a fellow look such a fool, you know. Crawling about on a ceiling and all that. . . ."

And now to elude Pyecraft, occupying as he does, an admirable strategic position between me and the door,

THE POEMS OF SIR WILLIAM WATSON

[*By permission of Sir William Watson.*]



Photo: Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

William Watson's poems have not the wide extent of popularity to which they are entitled, nevertheless his audience is "fit, though few." From his longer poems, such as "Wordsworth's Grave," down to his "Epigrams" of four lines long, there is often such a depth of feeling, expressed in such a style of classic beauty, as roots them in the minds of lovers of true poetry, and keeps them there in everlasting bloom. Here is one of these little gems, which is not only poetry, but the finest criticism:

"Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's ope.
How welcome—after gong and cymbals' din——
The continuity, the long slow slope
And vast curves of the gradual violin!"

The poems which we give below display the special points of William Watson's verse in widely different ways.

"Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance one day may call."

Do not these words, written many years before the War, ring with the sound of a prophecy come true? And the lines "To London"—is there not in these a feeling, an emotion, the love, at once intense and subtle, for the great mother-city, which lies deep within the hearts of thousands, expressed with a charm and a felicity that only a true poet can achieve?

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

SHE stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled:
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.

THE SAINT AND THE SATYR.

(MEDIÆVAL LEGEND)

SAINT ANTHONY the eremite
He wandered in the wold,
And there he saw a hoofèd wight
That blew his hands for cold.

"What dost thou here in misery,
That better far wert dead?"
The eremite Saint Anthony
Unto the Satyr said.

"Lorn in the wold," the thing replied,
"I sit and make my moan,
For all the gods I loved have died,
And I am left alone.

"Silent in Paphos Venus sleeps,
And Jove on Ida mute;
And every living creature weeps,
Pan and his perished flute.

"The faun, his laughing heart is broke;
The nymph, her fountain fails;
And driven from out the hollow oak
The Hamadryad wails.

"A God more beautiful than mine
Hath conquered mine, they say.—
Ah, to that fair young God of thine,
For me I pray thee pray!"

A DEDICATION.

(TO LONDON, MY HOSTESS)

CITY that waitest to be sung,—
For whom no hand
To mighty strains the lyre hath strung
In all this land,
Though mightier theme the mightiest ones
Sang not of old,
The thrice three sisters' godlike sons
With lips of gold,—
Till greater voice thy greatness sing
In loftier times,
Suffer an alien muse to bring
Her votive rhymes.

Yes, alien in thy midst am I,
Not of thy brood;
The nursling of a norland sky
Of rougher mood:
To me, thy tarrying guest, to me,
'Mid thy loud hum,
Strayed visions of the moor or sea
Tormenting come.
Above the thunder of the wheels
That hurry by,
From lapping of lone waves there steals
A far-sent sigh;

And many a dream-reared mountain crest
My feet have trod,
There where thy Minster in the West
Gropes toward God.
Yet, from thy presence if I go,
By woodlands deep
Or ocean fringes, thou, I know,
Wilt haunt my sleep;
Thy restless tides of life will foam,
Still, in my sight;
Thy imperturbable dark dome
Will crown my night.

O sea of living waves that roll
On golden sands,
Or break on tragic reef and shoal
'Mid fatal lands;
O forest wrought of living leaves,
Some filled with Spring,
Where joy's life's festal raiment weaves
And all birds sing,—
Some trampled in the miry ways,
Or whirled along
By fury of tempestuous days,—
Take thou my song!

For thou hast scorned not heretofore
The gifts of rhyme
I dropped, half faltering, at thy door,
City sublime;
And though 'tis true I am but guest
Within thy gate,
Unto thy hands I owe the best
Awards of fate.
Imperial hostess! thanks from me
To thee belong:
O living forest, living sea,
Take thou my song!

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

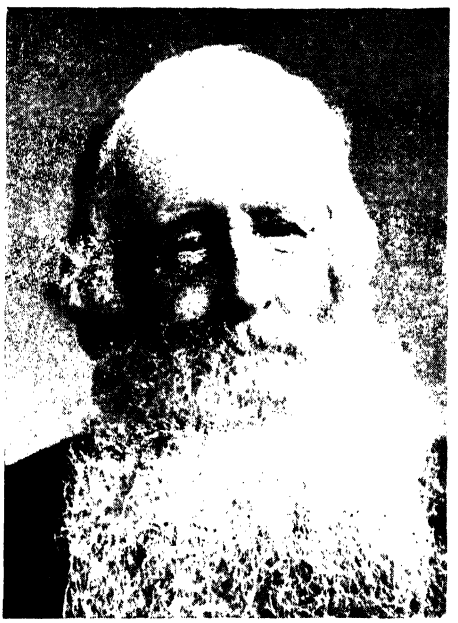


Photo: Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.

Edward Freeman's "Norman Conquest" is the classic work on the subject; he is a very facile, if unimaginative, writer, and his history, if somewhat prolix, is scholarly. Another famous historian of the period was Augustin Thierry, the French-man whose work was translated into English by Hazlitt.

The Golden Age of Saxon England had ended, and disunion had set in, before the death of Edward the Confessor in 1066. *Edward had been brought up in Normandy and was fonder of Normans—more refined and better educated than the English—than he was of his own subjects. Edward had indeed, given some sort of promise to William, the Duke of Normandy, that he would bequeath him the Crown of England. When Edward died, Harold, the son of a great Saxon, Earl Godwin, became King in* 1066. *It was said that Harold had made a promise not to stand in the way of William, Duke of Normandy, who now planned the invasion of England. Thierry thus related what happened when William received news of the death of Edward:—*

When the Duke received this great news, he was in his park, near Rouen, trying some new arrows. All at once he appeared pensive, gave his bow to one of his people, and crossing the Seine, repaired to his palace at Rouen; he stopped in the great hall, and walked to and fro, now seating himself, now rising and changing his seat and position, unable to remain in any one place. None of his people dared to approach him; all remained apart, looking at each other in silence. An officer, admitted to more than ordinary familiarity with William, happening to enter, the others pressed around him to learn from him the cause of the great agitation they remarked in the duke. "I know nothing certain," answered the officer, "but we shall soon learn." Then advancing alone to William: "My lord," he said, "why not communicate your intelligence to us? 'T is reported in the town that the king of England is dead, and that Harold has seized upon the kingdom, thus breaking his faith to you." "They report truly," answered the duke; "my anger is touching the death of Edward, and the injury Harold has done me." "Sir," returned the courtier, "chafe not at a thing that may be amended: for Edward's death there is no remedy, but there is one for the wrong that Harold has done; yours is the right; you have good knights; strike boldly; well begun is half done." . . .

Presently after this, the consecrated banner and the bull authorizing the invasion of England arrived from Rome, which greatly increased the popular ardour; every one brought what he could; mothers sent their sons to enrol their names for the salvation of their souls. William published his ban in the neighbouring countries; he offered good pay and the pillage of England to every able man who would serve him with lance, sword, or cross-bow. A multitude accepted the invitation, coming by every road, far and near, from north and south. . . . All the professional adventurers, all the military vagabonds of Western Europe hastened to Normandy, by long marches; some were knights and chiefs of war, the others simple foot-soldiers and sergeants of arms, as they were then called; some demanded money-

pay; others only their passage and all the booty they might make. Some asked for land in England, a domain, a castle, a town; others simply required some rich Saxon in marriage. Every thought, every desire of human avarice presented itself.

For a month the winds were contrary, detaining the Norman Fleet in port; then there were mishaps, and the murmuring soldiers whispered, "God is offended with such designs." Thierry continues:—

Despite his strength of soul and habitual presence of mind, William was a prey to uneasiness which he could hardly conceal. He was frequently seen to go to the church of Saint Valery, the patron of the place, to remain there a long time in prayer, and each time that he quitted it, to look at the cock which surmounted the bell-tower, and showed the direction of the wind. If it seemed turning towards the south, the duke appeared joyful; but if the wind blew from the north or west, his face and manner became still more depressed. Whether it was an act of sincere faith, or merely to furnish some occupation to his sad and discouraged troops, he took from the church the coffer which contained the relics of the saint, and had it carried in procession with great ceremony through the camp. The whole army joined in prayer. The chiefs made rich offerings; every soldier, to the very lowest, gave his piece of money; and the following night, as if heaven had granted a miracle, the wind changed, and the weather became calm and serene. At daybreak of the 27th September, the sun, hitherto each day enveloped in clouds, appeared in all its splendour.

Four hundred ships, with large sails, and more than a thousand transport vessels, with, it is said, a hundred thousand men, made for England. The troops of William landed at Pevensey, near Hastings, on the 28th September, 1066.

The archers landed first; they wore short coats, and their hair was shaved off; then came the cavalry, wearing coats of mail and helmets of polished steel, of a nearly conical form, armed with long and strong lances, and straight double-edged swords. These were followed by the workmen of the army, pioneers, carpenters, and smiths, who brought on shore, piece by piece, three wooden castles, ready prepared beforehand. The duke was the last to land; at the moment his foot touched the sand, he slipped and fell on his face. A murmur arose, and voices exclaimed: "God preserve us! this is a bad sign." But William, rising, said immediately: "Lords, what is't you say? What, are you amazed? I have taken seizin of this land with my hands, and, by the splendour of God, all that it contains is ours."

The troops landed without resistance, because Harold was engaged at the time in the north, fighting his rebellious brother Tostig. He returned south, but some of the rebellious Earls in the north would not help him, and loitered behind until it was too late. On the ground, which has ever since borne the name of Battle, the lines of the Anglo-Saxons occupied a long chain of hills, strongly fortified. The battle, described as follows by Freeman, began on the 14th October, 1066. The Normans relied on their archers and mounted knights; the English defending themselves behind a stockade, with their great battle-axes.

AND now the fight began. It was one of the sacred hours of the Church it was at the hour of prime, three hours before noon-day, that the first blows were exchanged between the invaders and the defenders of England. The Normans had crossed the English fosse, and were now at the foot of the hill, with the palisades and the axes right before them. The trumpet sounded, and a flight of arrows from the archers in all the three divisions of William's army was the prelude to the onslaught of the heavy-armed foot. But, before the two armies met hand to hand, a juggler or minstrel, known as *Taillefer*, the Cleaver of Iron, rode forth from the Norman ranks as if to defy the whole force of England in his single person. He craved and obtained the Duke's leave to strike the first blow; he rode forth, singing songs of Roland and of Charlemagne—so soon had the name and exploits of the great German become the spoil of the enemy. He threw his sword into the air and caught it again; but he presently showed that he could use warlike weapons for other purposes than for jugglers' tricks of this kind; he pierced one Englishman with his lance, he struck down another with his sword, and then himself fell beneath the blows of their comrades.

A bravado of this kind might serve as an omen, it might stir up the spirits of men on either side; but it could in no other way affect the fate of the battle. William was too wary a general to trust much to such knight-errantry as this. After the first discharge of arrows, the heavier foot followed to the attack, and the real struggle now began. The French infantry had to toil up the hill, and to break down the palisade, while a shower of stones and javelins disordered their approach, and while club, sword, and axe greeted all who came within the reach of hand-strokes. The native Normans had to do this in the face of the fiercest resistance, in the teeth of the heaviest axes, wielded by the hands of men with whom to fight had ever been to vanquish, the kinsmen and Thegns and Housecarls of King Harold. . . .

The Norman infantry had now done its best, but that best had been in vain. The choicest chivalry of Europe now pressed on to the attack. The knights of Normandy, and of all the lands from which men had flocked to William's standard, now pressed on, striving to make what impression they could with the whole strength of themselves and their horses on the impenetrable fortress of timber, shields, and living warriors. But the advantage of ground enjoyed by the English, their greater physical strength and stature, the terrible weapons which they wielded, all joined to baffle every effort of Breton, Picard, Norman, and the mighty Duke himself. Spear and arrow had been tried in vain, every Norman missile had found an English missile to answer it. The lifted lances had been found wanting; the broadsword had clashed in vain against the two-handed axe; the maces of the Duke and of the Bishop had done their best. But few who came within the unerring sweep of an English axe ever lived to strike another blow.

Rank after rank of the best chivalry of France and Normandy pressed on to the unavailing task. All was in vain; the old Teutonic tactics, carried on that day to perfection by the master-skill of Harold, proved too strong for the arts and the valour of Gaul and Roman. Not a man had swerved; not an inch of ground was lost; the shield-wall was still unbroken, and the Dragon of Wessex still soared unconquered over the hill of Senlac.

The Normans Flee.

The English had thus far stood their ground well and wisely. The tactics of Harold had thus far completely answered. Not only had every attack failed, but the great mass of the French army altogether lost heart. The Bretons and the other auxiliaries on the left were the first to give way. Horse and foot alike, they turned and fled. A body of English troops was now rash enough, in direct defiance of the King's orders, to leave its post and pursue. . . .

They had succeeded in beating back their assailants, and the temptation to chase the flying enemy must have been hard indeed to withstand. And it may even be that old quarrels of race added keenness to the strife, and that Englishmen felt a special delight in cutting down *Bret-Wealas* even from beyond sea. At any rate, the whole of William's left wing was thrown into utter confusion. The central division could hardly have seen the cause of that confusion; the press of the fugitives disordered their ranks, and soon the whole of the assailing host was falling back; even the Normans themselves, as their historian is driven unwillingly to confess, were at last carried away by the contagion. For the moment the day seemed lost; men might well deem that the Bastard had no hope of being changed into the Conqueror, the Duke of the Normans into the King of the English. But the strong heart of William failed him not, and by his single prowess and presence of mind he recalled his flying troops.

Like Brihtnoth at Maldon, like Eadmund at Sherstone, he was himself deemed to have fallen or to have fled. He tore his helmet from his head, and with his look and his voice he called back his men to the attack. "Madmen," he cried, "behold me. Why flee ye? Death is behind you, victory is before you. I live, and by God's grace I will conquer." With a spear, snatched, it may be, from some comrade, he met or



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS, 1066.
From an old engraving.
By this victory at Senlac, near Hastings, the Normans achieved the conquest of England.

pursued the fugitives, driving them back by main force to the work. . . . Order was soon again established throughout the whole line of the assailants, and William and Odo, with all their host, pressed on to a second and more terrible attack.

Hand to Hand.

A new act in the awful drama of that day had now begun. The Duke himself, at the head of his own Normans, again pressed towards the Standard. Now came what was perhaps the fiercest exchange of handstrokes in the whole battle. As in the old Roman legend, the main stress of the fight fell on three valiant brethren on either side. William, Odo, and Robert pressed on to the attack, while Harold, Gyrth, and Leofwine stood ready to defend. The Duke himself, his relics round his neck, spurred on right in the teeth of the English King. A few moments more, and the mighty rivals might have met face to face, and the war-club of the Bastard might have clashed against the lifted axe of the Emperor of Britain. That Harold shrank from such an encounter we may not deem for a moment. But a heart, if it might be, even loftier than his own beat high to save him from such a risk. In the same heroic spirit in which he had already offered to lead the host on what seemed a desperate enterprise, the Earl of the East-Angles pressed forward to give, if need be, his own life for his King and brother. Before William could come to handstrokes with Harold, perhaps before he could even reach the barricade, a spear, hurled by the hand of Gyrth, checked his progress. The weapon so far missed its aim that the Duke was himself unhurt. But his noble Spanish horse, the first of three that died under him that day, fell to the ground.

But Duke William could fight on foot as well as on horseback. Indeed on foot he had a certain advantage. He could press closer to the barricade, and could deal a nearer and surer blow. And a near and sure blow he did deal. William rose to his feet; he pressed straight to seek the man who had so nearly slain him. Duke and Earl met face to face, and the English hero fell crushed beneath the stroke of the Duke's mace. The day might seem to be turning against England, when a son of Godwine had fallen; nor did the blow come singly. Gyrth had fallen by a fate worthy of such a spirit, a fate than which none could be more glorious; he had died in the noblest of causes and by the hand of the mightiest of enemies.

Nor did he fall alone; close at his side, and almost at the same moment, Leofwine, fighting sword in hand, was smitten to the earth by an unnamed assailant, perhaps by the mace of the Bishop of Bayeux or by the lance of the Count of Mortain. A dark cloud indeed seemed to have gathered over the destinies of the great West-Saxon house. Of the valiant band of sons who had stood round Godwine on the great day of his return, Harold now stood alone. By a fate of special bitterness, he had seen with his own eyes the fall of those nearest and dearest to him. The fate of England now rested on the single heart and the single arm of her King.

A Fierce Struggle.

But the fortune of the day was still far from being determined. The two Earls had fallen, but the fight at the barricades went on as fiercely as before. The men of the Earldoms of the two fallen chiefs shrank not because of the loss of their captains. The warriors of Kent and Essex fought manfully to avenge their leader. As for the Duke, we left him on foot, an enemy as dangerous on foot as when mounted on his destrier. But Norman and horse could not long be severed. William called to a knight of Maine to give up his charger to his sovereign. Was it cowardice, was it disloyalty to the usurper of the rights of the old Cenomannian house, which made the knight of Maine refuse to dismount at William's bidding? But a blow from the Duke's hand brought the disobedient rider to the ground, and William, again mounted, was soon again dealing wounds and death among the defenders of England.

But the deed and the fate of Gyrth were soon repeated. The spear of another Englishman brought William's second horse to the ground, and

he too, like the East-Anglian Earl, paid the penalty of his exploit by death at the Duke's own hand. Count Eustace had by this time better learned how to win the favour of his great ally. His horse was freely offered to the Duke; a knight of his own following did him the same good service, and Duke and Count pressed fiercely against the English lines.



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

FINDING THE BODY OF HAROLD.

From the painting by W. Hilton, R.A.

r the Battle of Hastings, search was made for Harold's body by priests, but they were unable to recognise it. Ultimately it was l and by Edith Swannesbals. Conqu order, s buried by the seashore h

The struggle was hard; but the advantage still remained with the English. The second attack had indeed to some extent prevailed. Not only had the English suffered a personal loss than which one loss only could have been greater, but the barricade was now in some places broken down. The French on the right had been specially active and successful in this work. And specially distinguished among them was a party under the command of a youthful Norman warrior who was afterwards to fill a great place in both English and Norman history, Robert the son of the old Roger of Beaumont. They had perhaps met with a less vigorous resistance, while the main hopes and fears of every Englishman must have gathered round the great personal struggle which was going on beneath the Standard. Still those who were most successful had as yet triumphed only over timber, and not over men. The shield-wall still stood behind the palisade, and every Frenchman who had pressed within the English enclosure had paid for his daring with his life. The English lines were as unyielding as ever; and though the second attack had not been so utterly unsuccessful as the first, it was still plain that to scale the hill by any direct attack of the Norman horsemen was a hopeless undertaking.

The Fatal Error.

But the generalship of William, his ready eye, his quick thought, his dauntless courage, never failed him.

In the Norman character the fox and the lion were mingled in nearly equal shares; strength and daring had failed, but the prize might perhaps still be gained by craft. William had marked with pleasure that the late flight of his troops had beguiled a portion of the English to forsake their firm array and their strong position. He had marked with equal pleasure that some impression had at last been made on the English defences. If by any means any large part of the English army could be drawn down from the heights, an entrance might be made at the points where the barricade was already weakened. He therefore ventured on a daring stratagem. If his army, or a portion of it, pretended flight, the English would be tempted to pursue; the pretended fugitives would turn upon their pursuers, and meanwhile another division might reach the summit through the gap which would thus be left open. He gave his orders accordingly, and they were faithfully and skilfully obeyed.

A portion of the army, most likely the left wing which had so lately fled in earnest, now again turned in seeming flight. Undismayed by the fate of their comrades who had before broken their lines, the English on the right wing, mainly, as we have seen, the irregular levies, rushed down and pursued them with shouts of delight. But the men of Brittany, Poitou, and Maine had now better learned their lesson. They turned on the pursuing English; the parts of the combatants were at once reversed, and the pursuers now themselves fled in earnest.

Yet, undisciplined and foolhardy as their conduct had been, they must have had some wary leaders among them, for they found the means to take a special revenge for the fraud which had been played off upon them. The importance of the small outlying hill now came into full play. Either its defenders had never left it, or a party of the fugitives contrived to rally and occupy it. At all events it was held and gallantly defended by a body of light-armed English. With a shower of darts and stones they overwhelmed a body of French who attacked them; not a man of the party was left. Another party of English, men without doubt from the levies of the neighbourhood, had the skill to use their knowledge of the country to the best advantage. They made their way to the difficult ground to the west of the hill, to the steep and thickly-wooded banks of the small ravine. Here the light-armed English turned and made a stand; the French horsemen, recklessly following, came tumbling head over heels into the chasm, where they were slaughtered in such numbers that the ground is said to have been made level by their corpses.

The men who had committed the great error of pursuing the seeming fugitives had thus, as far as they themselves were concerned, retrieved their error skilfully and manfully. But the error was none the less fatal to England. The Duke's great object was now gained; the main end of Harold's skilful tactics had been lost by the heedless ardour of the least valuable part of his troops. Through the rash descent of the light-armed on the right, the whole English army lost its vantage-ground. The pursuing English had left the most easily accessible portion of the hill open to the approach of the enemy. . . .

The great advantage of the ground was now lost; the Normans were at last on the hill. Instead of having to cut their way up the slope and through the palisades, they could now charge to the east, right against the defenders of the Standard. Still the battle was far from being over. The site had still some advantages for the English. The hill, narrow and in some places with steep sides, was by no means suited for the movements of cavalry, and, though the English palisade was gone, the English shield-wall was still a formidable hindrance in the way of the assailants. In short the position which the keen eye of Harold had chosen stood him in good stead to the last. Our Norman informants still speak with admiration of the firm stand made by the English. It was still the hardest of tasks to pierce through their bristling lines. It was a strange warfare, where the one side dealt in assaults and movements, while



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

WILLIAM I. RECEIVING THE CROWN O ENGLAND.

From the painting by B. West, R.A.

After the Battle of Hastings, William marched on London. The Londoners submitted to him, and Edgar Atheling, the Archbishop of York, and others invited him to assume the Crown. After taking the coronation oath, he was crowned at Westminster by Aldred on December 25th, 1066.

the other, as if fixed in the ground, withstood them. The array of the English was so close that they moved only when they were dead, they stirred not at all while they were alive. The slightly wounded could not escape, but were crushed to death by the thick ranks of their comrades. . . .

Heroic Deeds.

It is hard to tell the exact point of time at which the Normans gained this great advantage. But it was probably about three in the afternoon, the hour of vespers. If so, the fight had already been raging for six hours, and as yet its result was far from certain. But the last stage of the battle was now drawing near. The English, though no longer entrenched, had still the fortress of shields to trust to, but gradually the line became less firmly kept, and the battle seems almost to have changed into a series of single combats. It is probably at this stage that we should place most of the many personal exploits which are told of various warriors on both sides. The names of the Normans are preserved, while the English, though full justice is done to their valour, remain nameless. Of Harold himself, strange to say, we hear nothing personally beyond the highest general praises of his courage and conduct. His axe was the weightiest; his blows were the most terrible of all. The horse and his rider gave way before him, cloven to the ground by a single stroke. He played the part alike of a general and of a private soldier. This is a praise which must have been common to every commander of those times; still it is given in a marked way both to William and to Harold. But the two rivals never came together in the strife. William, we are told, sought earnestly to meet his enemy face to face, but he never succeeded. He found however adversaries hardly less worthy of him. Like Gyrth earlier in the fight, another Englishman, whose axe had been dealing death around him, now met the Duke in single combat. William spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him with his mace; the Englishman swerved, he avoided the stroke, and lifted his own axe against William. The Duke bent himself; the axe fell, it beat in his helmet and nearly struck him from his horse. But William kept his seat; he aimed another blow at the Englishman, who now took shelter among his comrades. A party of the Normans pressed on, singled him out, and pierced him through and through with their lances. Another Englishman smote at the Duke with his spear, but William was beforehand with him; before the blow could be dealt, a stroke of the war-club had smitten him to the ground.

Personal encounters of this sort were going on all over the hill. One gigantic Englishman, captain, we are told, of a hundred men, did special execution among the enemy. Beneath his blows, as beneath those of the King, horse and rider fell to the ground; the Norman stood aghast before him, till a thrust from the lance of Roger of Montgomery left him stretched on the earth. Two other Englishmen, sworn brothers in arms, fought side by side, and many horses and men had fallen beneath their axes. A French knight met them face to face; for a moment his heart failed him and he thought of flight; but his courage came back; he raised his shield to save his head from the axes; he pierced one Englishman through with his lance; as the Englishman fell, the lance broke in his body; the Frenchman then seized a mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and smote down the comrade of the slain man, crushing headpiece and head with a single blow. One gallant Norman, Robert Fitz-Erneis, a near kinsman of Ralph of Tesson, died in a more daring exploit than all. He galloped, sword in hand, right towards the Standard itself. He sought for the honour of beating down the proud ensign beneath which the King of the English still kept his post. More than one Englishman died beneath his sword, but he was soon surrounded, and he fell beneath the axes of their comrades. On the morrow his body was found stretched in death at the foot of the Standard.

Other tales of the same sort, char-



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

CORONATION OF WILLIAM I. IN LONDON.

From the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

William's coronation ceremony was disturbed by his Norman Guards. They mistook the shouts of the people for an insurrection, and set fire to the buildings round the Abbey.

acteristic at least, whether verbally true or not, abound in the pages of the Norman poet. All bear witness to the enduring valour displayed on both sides, and to the fearful execution which was wrought by the national English weapon. But at last the effects of this sort of warfare began to tell on the English ranks. There could have been no greater trial than thus to bear up, hour after hour, in a struggle which was purely defensive. The strain, and the consequent weariness, must have been incomparably greater on their side than on that of their assailants. It may well have been in sheer relief from physical weariness that we read, now that there was no artificial defence between them and their enemies, of Englishmen rushing forward from their ranks, bounding like a stag, and thus finding opportunity for the personal encounters which I have been describing. Gradually, after so many brave warriors had fallen, resistance grew fainter; but still even now the fate of the battle seemed doubtful. Many of the best and bravest of England had died, but not a man had fled; the Standard still waved as proudly as ever; the King still fought beneath it. While Harold still lived, while the horse and his rider still fell beneath his axe, the heart of England failed not, the hope of England had not wholly passed away. Around the twofold ensigns the war was still fiercely raging, and to that point every eye and every arm in the Norman host was directed.

Harold Killed.

The battle had raged ever since nine in the morning, and evening was now drawing in. New efforts, new devices, were needed to overcome the resistance of the English, diminished as were their numbers, and wearied as they were with the livelong toil of that awful day. The Duke bade his archers shoot up in the air, that their arrows might, as it were, fall straight from heaven. The effect was immediate and fearful. No other device of the wily Duke that day did such frightful execution. Helmets were pierced; eyes were put out; men strove to guard their heads with their shields, and, in so doing, they were of course less able to wield their axes. And now the supreme moment drew near. There was one point of the hill at which the Norman bowmen were bidden specially to aim with their truest skill. As twilight was coming on, a mighty shower of arrows was launched on its deadly errand against the defenders of the Standard. There Harold still fought; his shield bristled with Norman shafts; but he was still unwounded and unwearied. At last another arrow, more charged with destiny than its fellows, went still more truly to its mark. Falling like a bolt from heaven, it pierced the King's right eye; he clutched convulsively at the weapon, he broke off the shaft, his axe dropped from his hand, and he sank in agony at the foot of the Standard.

Meanwhile twenty knights who had bound themselves to lower or to bear off the English ensigns strove to cut their way to the same spot. Most of the twenty paid for their venture with their lives, but the survivors succeeded in their attempt. Four of them reached the Standard at the very moment when Harold fell. Disabled as he was, the King strove to rise; the four rushed upon him and despatched him with various wounds. . . .

The deeds of the four are reckoned up, but we know not how to share them among the actors. One pierced through the shield of the dying King and stabbed him in the breast; another smote him with the sword just below the fastenings of his helmet. But life was still in him; as he still struggled, a third pierced his body through with his lance, and a fourth finished the work by striking off his leg with his sword. Such was the measure which the boasted chivalry of Normandy meted out to a prince who had never dealt harshly or cruelly by either a domestic or a foreign foe. But we must add, in justice to the Conqueror, that he pronounced the last brutal insult to be a base and cowardly act, and he expelled the doer of it from his army.

Fight to a Finish.

The blow had gone truly to its mark. Harold had fallen, as his valiant brothers had fallen before him. And with the King the ensigns of his kingdom had fallen also. In the struggle in which he fell, his own Standard of the Fighting Man was beaten to the ground; the golden Dragon, the ensign of Cuthred and Ælfred, was carried off in triumph. Still all was not over. The sons of Godwine had fallen, and England had fallen with them. As ever in this age, everything turned on the life of one man, and the one man who could have guarded and saved England was taken from her. The men who fought upon the hill of Senlac may have been too deeply busied with the duty of the moment to look forward to the future chances of their country. But they knew at least that with their King's death that day's battle was lost. Yet, even when Harold had fallen, resistance did not at once cease. As long as there was a ray of light in the heaven, as long as an English arm had strength to lift axe or javelin, the personal following of King Harold continued the unequal strife. Worn out by the strain of a long resistance, while the Normans, as assailants, seemed to draw fresh vigour from the conflict, they, the highest nobility, the most valiant soldiery of England, were slaughtered to a man. Quarter was neither given nor asked; not a man of the *comitatus* fled; not a man was taken captive. . . .

As a rule, no man of Harold's following



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WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GRANTING A CHARTER TO THE CITIZENS OF LONDON, IN 1066.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

The Charter, written in the Saxon language and addressed to the inhabitants of London, was read aloud in the churches and the streets. It ran thus: "Learn all what is my will. I fully consent that all of you enjoy your national laws, as in the days of King Edward; every son shall inherit from his father, after his father's death: none of my men shall do you any wrong."

who marched to Senlac found his way back from that fatal hill. The nobility, the warlike flower, of southern and eastern England was utterly cut off. But we cannot blame men of meaner birth and fame for not showing the same desperate valour. Night was now coming on, and, under cover of the darkness, the light-armed took to flight. Some fled on foot, some, like the two traitors at Maldon, on the horses which



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.
From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

William died on the 9th of September, 1087. "His lords rode off at once to defend their lands from plunder, and his servants, after seizing all they could find, left his body uncared for."

had carried the fallen leaders to the battle. The Normans pursued, and, as in an earlier stage of the day, the flying English found means to take their revenge upon their conquerors. On the north side of the hill the descent is steep, almost precipitous, the ground is irregular and marshy. No place could be less suited for horsemen, unaccustomed to the country, to pursue, even by daylight, light-armed foot, to many of whom every step of ground was well known. In the darkness or imperfect light of the evening, their case was still more hopeless than in the like case earlier in the day. In the ardour of pursuit horse and man fell headforemost over the steep, where they were crushed by the fall, smothered in the morass, or slain outright by the swords and clubs of the English. For the fugitives, seeing the plight of their pursuers, once more turned and slaughtered them without mercy. Count Eustace, deeming that a new English force had come to the rescue, turned with fifty knights, and counselled William to sound a retreat. He whispered in the ear of the Duke that, if he pressed on, it would be to certain death. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a blow, dealt in the darkness, struck the Count between the shoulder-blades, and he was borne off with blood flowing from his mouth and nostrils. But William pressed on; his good fortune saved him from the bad luck of his less fortunate soldiers, and he did not come back to the hill till all danger was over. This was the last scene of the

battle, and no scene stamped itself more deeply on the minds of the descendants of the victors. The name of *Malfosse*, borne for some ages by the spot where the flying English turned and took their last revenge, showed how heavy was the loss which the victors there met with in the very hour of their triumph.

I have thus described, as well as I could reconcile various and conflicting narratives, the chief vicissitudes and incidents of this memorable and hard-fought battle. On its historic importance I need not dwell; it is the very subject of my history. England was not yet conquered. The invader, as it was, had hard struggles to go through before he gained full possession of the length and breadth of the land. Had Harold lived, had another like Harold been ready to take his place, we may well doubt whether, even after the overthrow of Senlac, England would have been conquered at all. As it was, though England was not yet conquered, yet, from this moment, her complete conquest was only a matter of time.

MAID MARIAN AND ROBIN HOOD

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

Peacock died in 1866; the bulk of his novels and verse is not much in favour nowadays, but some of the gay lyrics, scattered throughout his works, will always find admirers, as will the romance of "Maid Marian."

Peacock intended "Maid Marian," which is a boisterous narrative of the legend of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, to be rather more than a mere fable. In November, 1818, he told Shelley that it was "a comic romance of the twelfth century, which I shall make the vehicle of much oblique satire on all the oppressions that are done under the sun." He seems soon to have tired of his object (or perhaps he became taken up with his story for its own sake), for the satire, which in the early chapters is bitterly brilliant, becomes rarer and rarer as the story progresses.

Matilda Fitzwater, daughter of Lord Fitzwater, Baron of Arlingford, stood in the abbey-chapel of Rubygill awaiting the coming of her bridegroom, Robert Fitzooth, Earl of Huntingdon. Just when all present had given up hope the belated groom appeared on horseback and in armour. Hardly had the service commenced when a party of armed men entered the chapel. They were led by Sir Ralph de Montfaucon, who had a

warrant for the apprehension of the bridegroom on a charge of deer-stealing and sheriff-baiting. The Earl, with his followers, resisted and made good his escape to the forest of Sherwood. Here he assumed the name of Robin Hood, and lived "killing the King's deer, plundering wealthy travellers of five-sixths of their money; but if they were abbots or bishops despoiling them utterly." The poor he spared, and not infrequently rewarded.

Matilda was confined by her father to his castle of Arlingford. He had no intention of permitting her to marry an outlaw. Her love of the forest and the chase, which he had never before discouraged, was now a matter of serious alarm to him, for he loved his daughter, the bewitching Matilda, and she declared, "if you coop me up here, I shall pine and die like a lonely swan on a pool." In other words, Matilda had no mind to give up her wild lover.



ROBIN HOOD LEADING MATILDA TO THE DANCE.

"Well, father," added Matilda, "I must go to the woods."

"Must you?" said the baron I say you must not."

"But I am going," said Matilda.

"But I will have up the drawbridge," said the baron.

"But I will swim the moat," said Matilda.

"But I will secure the gates," said the baron.

"But I will leap from the battlement," said Matilda.

"But I will lock you in an upper chamber," said the baron.

"But I will shred the tapestry," said Matilda, "and let myself down."

"But I will lock you in a turret," said the baron, "where you shall only see light through a loophole."

"But through that loophole," said Matilda, "will I take my flight, like a young eagle from its aerie; and, father, while I go out freely, I will return willingly; but if once I slip through a loophole——" She paused a moment, and then added, singing:—

The love that follows fain
Will never its faith betray;
But the faith that is held in a chain
Will never be found again,
If a single link give way.

Matilda has her own way. And so one day when young William Gamwell and fair Alice Gamwell and others held a

feast in the forest, they saw a fair lady in green and gold come riding through the trees, accompanied by a portly friar in grey, and several fair damsels and gallant grooms. On near approach they recognised the Lady Matilda. And who but Robin Hood joined the merry May dance on the greensward? He was recognised, and the Sheriff of Nottingham, with a retinue of fifty men, sought to arrest him. The following passage tells the sequel.

MATILDA had carried her point with the baron of ranging at liberty whithersoever she would, under her positive promise to return home; she was a sort of prisoner on parole: she had obtained the indulgence by means of an obsolete habit of always telling the truth and keeping her word, which our enlightened age has discarded with other barbarisms, but which had the effect of giving her father so much confidence in her, that he could not help considering her word a better security than locks and bars.

The baron had been one of the last to hear of the rumours of the new outlaws of Sherwood, as Matilda had taken all possible precaution to keep those rumours from his knowledge, fearing that they might cause the interruption of her greenwood liberty; and it was only during her absence at Gamwell feast that the butler, being thrown off his guard by liquor, forgot her injunctions, and regaled the baron with a long story of a right merry adventure of Robin Hood and the Abbot of Doubleflask.

The baron was one morning, as usual, making his way valorously through a rampart of cold provision, when his ears were suddenly assailed by a tremendous alarm, and sallying forth, and looking from his castle wall, he perceived a large party of armed men on the other side of the moat, who were calling on the warder in the king's name to lower the drawbridge and raise the portcullis, which had both been secured by Matilda's order. The baron walked along the battlement till he came opposite to these unexpected visitors, who, as soon as they saw him, called out, "Lower the drawbridge, in the king's name."

"For what, in the devil's name?" said the baron.

"The Sheriff of Nottingham," said one, "lies in bed grievously bruised, and many of his men are wounded, and several of them slain; and Sir Ralph Montfaucon, knight, is sore wounded in the arm; and we are charged to apprehend William Gamwell the younger, of Gamwell Hall, and Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey, and Matilda Fitzwater of Arlingford Castle as agents and accomplices in the said breach of the king's peace."

"Breach of the king's fiddlestick!" answered the baron. "What do you mean by coming here with your cock and bull stories of my daughter grievously bruising the Sheriff of Nottingham? You are a set of vagabond rascals in disguise; and I hear, by the bye, there is a gang of thieves that has just set up business in Sherwood Forest; a pretty pretence, indeed, to get into my castle with force and arms, and make a famine in my buttery, and a drought in my cellar, and void in my strong box, and a vacuum in my silver scullery."

"Lord Fitzwater," cried one, "take heed how you resist lawful authority; we will prove ourselves——"

"You will prove yourselves arrant knaves, I doubt not," answered the baron; "but, villains, you shall be more grievously bruised by me than ever was the sheriff by my daughter (a pretty tale truly!), if you do not forthwith avoid my territory."

By this time the baron's men had flocked to the battlements, with longbows and cross-bows, slings and stones, and Matilda with her bow and quiver at their head. The assailants, finding the castle so well defended, deemed it expedient to withdraw till they could return in greater force, and rode off to Rubygill Abbey, where they made known their errand to the father abbot, who, having satisfied himself of their legitimacy, and conned over the allegations, said that doubtless Brother Michael had heinously offended; but it was not for the civil law to take cognisance of the misdoings of a holy friar; that he would summon a chapter of monks, and pass on the offender a



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"AY! AY! IF TRU
AND WARD, MAWD."

sentence proportionate to his offence. The ministers of civil justice said that would not do. The abbot said it would do and should; and bade them not provoke the meekness of his catholic charity to lay them under the curse of Rome. This threat had its effect, and the party rode off to Gamwell Hall, where they found the Gamwells and their men just sitting down to dinner, which had saved them the trouble of eating by consuming it in the king's name themselves, having first seized and bound young Gamwell; all which they accomplished by dint of superior numbers, in despite of a most vigorous stand made by the Gamwellites in defence of their young master and their provisions.

The baron, meanwhile, after the ministers of justice had departed, interrogated Matilda concerning the alleged fact of the grievous bruising of the Sheriff of Nottingham. Matilda told him the whole history of Gamwell feast, and of their battle on the bridge, which had its origin in a design of the Sheriff of Nottingham to take one of the foresters into custody.

"Ay! ay!" said the baron, "and I guess who that forester was; but truly this friar is a desperate fellow. I did not think there could have been much valour under a grey frock. And so you wounded the knight in the arm? You are a wild girl, Mawd—a chip of the old block, Mawd. A wild girl, and a wild friar, and three or four foresters, wild lads all, to keep a bridge against a tame knight, and a tame sheriff, and fifty tame varlets; by this light, the like was never heard! But do you know, Mawd, you must not go about so any more, sweet Mawd: you must stay at home, you must ensconce; for there is your tame sheriff on the one hand, that will take you perforce; and there is your wild forester on the other hand, that will take you without any force at all, Mawd: your wild forester, Robin, cousin Robin, Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest, that beats and binds bishops, spreads nets for archbishops, and hunts a fat abbot as if he were a buck: excellent game, no doubt, but you must hunt no more in such company. I see it now: truly I might have guessed before that the bold outlaw Robin, the most courteous Robin, the new thief of Sherwood Forest, was your lover, the earl that has been: I might have guessed it before, and what led you so much to the woods; but you hunt no more in such company. No

more May games and Gamwell feasts. My lands and castle would be the forfeit of a few more such pranks; and I think they are as well in my hands as the king's, quite as well."

"You know, father," said Matilda, "the condition of keeping me at home: I get out if I can, and not on parole."

"Ay, ay!" said the baron, "if you can; very true: watch and ward, Mawd, watch and ward is my word: if you can, is yours. The mark is set, and so start fair."

The baron would have gone on in this way for an hour; but the friar made his appearance with a long oak staff in his hand, singing,—

Drink and sing, and eat and laugh,
And so go forth to battle:
For the top of a skull and the end of a staff
Do make a ghostly rattle.

"Ho! ho! friar!" said the baron—"singing friar, laughing friar, roaring friar, fighting friar, hacking friar, thwacking friar; cracking, cracking, cracking friar; joke-cracking, bottle-cracking, skull-cracking friar!"

"And ho! ho!" said the friar—"bold baron, old baron, sturdy baron, wordy baron, long baron, strong baron, mighty baron, flighty baron, mazed baron, crazed baron, hacked baron, thwacked baron; cracked, cracked, cracked baron; bone-cracked, sconce-cracked, brain-cracked baron!"

"What do you mean," said the baron, "bully friar, by calling me hacked and thwacked?"

"Were you not in the wars?" said the friar, "where he who escapes unhacked does more credit to his heels than to his arms. I pay tribute to your valour in calling you hacked and thwacked."

"I never was thwacked in my life," said the baron; "I stood my ground manfully, and covered my body with my sword. If I had had the luck to meet with a fighting friar indeed, I might have been thwacked, and soundly too; but I hold myself a match for any two laymen; it takes nine fighting laymen to make a fighting friar."

"Whence come you now, holy father?" asked Matilda.

"From Rubygill Abbey," said the friar, "whither I never return:

For I must seek some hermit cell,
Where I alone my beads may tell,
And on the wight who that way fares
Levy a toll for my ghostly pray'rs,
Levy a toll, levy a toll,
Levy a toll for my ghostly pray'rs."

"What is the matter, then, father?" said Matilda.

"This is the matter," said the friar. "My holy brethren have held a chapter on me, and sentenced me to seven years' privation of wine. I therefore deemed it fitting to take my departure, which they would fain have prohibited. I was enforced to clear the way with my staff. I have grievously beaten my dearly beloved brethren. I grieve thereat: but they forced me thereto. I have beaten them much. I mowed them down to the right and to the left, and left them like an ill-reaped field of wheat, ear and straw pointing all ways, scattered in singleness and jumbled in masses: and so bade them farewell, saying, Peace be with you. But I must not tarry, lest danger be in my rear; therefore, farewell, sweet Matilda, and farewell, noble baron; and farewell, sweet Matilda again, the alpha and omega of Father Michael, the first and the last."

"Farewell, father," said the baron, a little softened; "and God send you be never assailed by more than fifty men at a time."

"Amen," said the friar, "to that good wish."

"And we shall meet again, father, I trust," said Matilda.

"When the storm is blown over," said the baron.

"Doubt it not," said the friar, "though flooded Trent were between us, and fifty devils guarded the bridge."

He kissed Matilda's forehead, and walked away without a song.

A page had been brought up in Gamwell Hall, who, while he was little, had been called Little John, and continued to be so called after he had grown to be a foot taller than any other man in the house. He was full seven feet high. His latitude was worthy of his longitude, and his strength was worthy of both; and though an honest man by profession, he had practised archery on

the king's deer for the benefit of his master's household, and for the improvement of his own eye and hand, till his aim had become infallible within the range of two miles. He had fought manfully in defence of his young master, took his captivity exceedingly to heart, and fell into bitter grief and boundless rage when he heard that he had been tried in Nottingham and sentenced to death. Alice Gamwell, at Little John's request, wrote three letters of one tenour; and Little John, having attached them to three blunt arrows, saddled the fleetest steed in old Sir Guy of Gamwell's stables, mounted, and rode first to Arlingford Castle, where he shot one of the three arrows over the battlements; then to Rubygill Abbey, where he shot the second into the abbey garden; then back past Gamwell Hall to the borders of Sherwood Forest, where he shot the third into the wood. Now the first of these arrows lighted in the nape of the neck of Lord Fitzwater, and lodged itself firmly between his skin and his collar; the second rebounded with the hollow vibration of a drumstick from the shaven sconce of the Abbot of Rubygill: and the third pitched perpendicularly into the centre of a venison pasty in which Robin Hood was making incision.



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"'BUT YOU KNOW, FATHER, A SHARP ARROW IN THE SAME PLACE WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU.'"

Matilda ran up to her father in the court of Arlingford Castle, seized the arrow, drew off the letter, and concealed it in her bosom before the baron had time to look round, which he did with many expressions of rage against the impudent villain who had shot a blunt arrow into the nape of his neck.

"But you know, father," said Matilda, "a sharp arrow in the same place would have killed you; therefore the sending a blunt one was very considerate."

"Considerate with a vengeance," said the baron. "Where was the consideration of sending it at all? This is some of your forester's pranks. He has missed you in the forest, since I have kept watch and ward over you, and by way of a love-token and a remembrance to you takes a random shot at me."

The Abbot of Rubygill picked up the missile-missive or messenger arrow, which had rebounded from the shaven crown, with a very unghostly malediction on the sender, which he suddenly checked with a pious and consolatory

reflection on the goodness of Providence in having blessed him with such a thickness of skull, to which he was now indebted for temporal preservation, as he had before been for spiritual promotion. He opened the letter, which was addressed to Father Michael; and found it to contain an intimation that William Gamwell was to be hanged on Monday at Nottingham.

"And I wish," said the abbot, "Father Michael were to be hanged with him: an ungrateful monster, after I had rescued him from the fangs of civil justice, to reward my lenity by not leaving a bone unbruised among the holy brotherhood of Rubygill."

Robin Hood extracted from his venison pasty a similar intimation of the evil destiny of his cousin, whom he determined, if possible, to rescue from the jaws of Cerberus.

The Sheriff of Nottingham, though still sore with his bruises, was so intent on revenge, that he raised himself from his bed to attend the execution of William Gamwell. He rode to the august structure of retributive Themis, as the French call a gallows, in all the pride and pomp of shrievalty, and with a splendid retinue of well-equipped knaves and varlets, as our ancestors called honest serving-men.

Young Gamwell was brought forth with his arms pinioned behind him; his sister Alice and his father, Sir Guy, attending him in disconsolate mood. He had suspected the confessor provided by the Sheriff, and had insisted on the privilege of choosing his own, whom Little John had promised to bring. Little John, however, had not made his appearance when the fatal procession began its march; but when they reached the place of execution, Little John appeared, accompanied by a ghostly friar.

"Sheriff," said young Gamwell, "let me not die with my hands pinioned: give me a sword, and set any odds of your men against me, and let me die the death of a man, like the descendant of a noble house, which has never yet been stained with ignominy."

"No, no," said the sheriff; "I have had enough of setting odds against you. I have sworn you shall be hanged, and hanged you shall be."

"Then God have mercy on me," said young Gamwell; "and now, holy friar, shrive my sinful soul."

The friar approached.

"Let me see this friar," said the sheriff; "if he be the friar of the bridge, I had as lief have the devil in Nottingham; but he shall find me too much for him here."

"The friar of the bridge," said Little John, "as you very well know, sheriff, was Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey, and you may easily see that this is not the man."

"I see it," said the sheriff; "and God be thanked for his absence."

Young Gamwell stood at the foot of the ladder. The friar approached him, opened his book, groaned, turned up the white of his eyes, tossed up his arms in the air, and said "*Dominus vobiscum.*" He then crossed both his hands on his breast under the folds of his holy robes, and stood a few moments as if in inward prayer. A deep silence among the attendant crowd accompanied this action of the friar; interrupted only by the hollow tone of the death-bell, at long and dreary intervals. Suddenly the friar threw off his holy robes, and appeared a forester clothed in green, with a sword in his right hand and a horn in his left. With the sword he cut the bonds of William Gamwell, who instantly snatched a sword from one of the sheriff's men; and with the horn he blew a loud blast, which was answered at once by four bugles from the quarters of the four winds, and from each quarter came five-and-twenty bowmen running all on a row.

"Treason! treason!" cried the sheriff. Old Sir Guy sprang to his son's side, and so did Little John; and the four setting back to back, kept the sheriff and his men at bay till the bowmen came within shot and let fly their arrows among the sheriff's men, who, after a brief resistance, fled in all directions. The forester who had personated the friar, sent an arrow after the flying sheriff, calling with a strong voice, "To the sheriff's left arm, as a keepsake from

Robin Hood." The arrow reached its destiny; the sheriff redoubled his speed, and, with one arrow in his arm, did not stop to breathe till he was out of reach of another.

The foresters did not waste time in Nottingham, but were soon at a distance from its walls. Sir Guy returned with Alice to Gamwell Hall; but thinking he should not be safe there, from the share he had had in his son's rescue, they only remained long enough to supply themselves with clothes and money, and departed, under the escort of Little John, to another seat of the Gamwells in Yorkshire. Young Gamwell, taking it for granted that his offence was past remission, determined on joining Robin Hood, and accompanied him to the forest where it was deemed expedient that he should change his name; and he was rechristened without a priest, and with wine instead of water, by the immortal name of Scarlet. . . .

* * *

Lord Fitzwater was soon to become an outlaw himself. Prince John, who on a previous visit had taken a fancy to Matilda, returned to press his suit. He was resisted by both the girl and her father, who remained constant to Richard Cœur de Lion, who was absent on a Crusade. The Prince laid siege to the castle, but was defeated in a sally of the defenders aided by Robin Hood and his foresters in Sherwood green.

Back in Sherwood Friar Tuck, who, during the affray, had done deadly execution with a long-staff, completed the interrupted marriage of Robin Hood and Matilda, who then took the name of Maid Marian. This is how it came about :—

The baron, with some of his retainers, and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

"Now, Lord Fitzwater," said the chief forester, "recognise your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood."

"Ay, ay," said the baron, "I have recognised you long ago."

"And recognise your young friend Gamwell," said the second, "in the outlaw Scarlet."

"And Little John, the page," said the third, "in Little John the outlaw."

"And Father Michael, of Rubygill Abbey," said the friar, "in Friar Tuck, of Sherwood Forest. Truly I have a chapel here hard by, in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travellers, and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying."

"I am in fine company," said the baron.

"In the very best of company," said the friar; "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This lordly grove is our palace: the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy: the sun and the moon and the stars are its everlasting lamps: the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry: the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army: to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed, but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multitude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are 'tyrants and ursurpers to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place,' we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they withal my blessing? my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and

smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England, that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom, both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom, both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both: because they could not or cannot help it. They differ indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor: and therein is Robin illegitimate: though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest? lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they state, and am not I church? Are not they state monarchical, and am not I church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and by'r Lady, when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax; and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass, we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and [illegible] again, but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we then to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art, and we are true men and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves."

"Well preached, friar," said Robin Hood; "yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen. And now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these sylvan shades where we have so often roused the stag from his ferny covert. The rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wildwood coronal, and hail you queen of the forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?"

Matilda smiled assent.

"Not Matilda," said the friar: "the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have excepted in favour of Little John, because he is great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle, not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptize thee Marian."

"Here is a pretty conspiracy," exclaimed the baron. "Why, you villainous friar, think you to nickname and marry my daughter before my face with impunity?"

"Even so, bold baron," said the friar; "we are strongest here. Say you, might overcomes right? I say no. There is no right but might: and to say that might overcomes right is to say that right overcomes itself—an absurdity most palpable. Your right was the stronger in Arlingford, and ours is the stronger in Sherwood. Your right was right as long as you could maintain it; so is ours. So is King Richard's, with all deference be it spoken; and so is King Saladin's; and their two mights are now committed in bloody fray, and that which overcomes will be right, just as long as it lasts, and as far as it reaches. And, now, if any of you know any just impediment——"

"Fire and fury," said the baron.

"Fire and fury," said the friar, "are modes of that might which constitutes right, and are just impediments to anything against which they can be brought to bear. They are our good allies upon occasion, and would declare for us now if you should put them to the test."

"Father," said Matilda, "you know the terms of our compact. From the moment you restrained my liberty, you renounced your claim to all but compulsory obedience. The friar argues well. Right ends with might. Thick walls, dreary galleries, and tapestried chambers, were indifferent to me while I could leave them at pleasure, but have ever been hateful to me since they held me

by force. May I never again have roof but the blue sky, nor canopy but the green leaves, nor barrier but the forest bounds; with the foresters to my train, Little John to my page, Friar Tuck to my ghostly adviser, and Robin Hood to my liege lord. I am no longer Lady Matilda Fitzwater, of Arlingford Castle, but plain Maid Marian, of Sherwood Forest."

"Long live Maid Marian!" re-echoed the foresters.

"Oh, false girl," said the baron, "do you renounce your name and parentage?"

"Not my parentage," said Marian, "but my name indeed. Do not all maids renounce it at the altar?"

"The altar?" said the baron. "Grant me patience! what do you mean by the altar?"

"Pile green turf," said the friar; "wreathe it with flowers, and crown it with fruit, and we will show the noble baron what we mean by the altar!"



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ARIAN, OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

aid Marian returned to Sherwood Forest and took up their life there.

The foresters did as the friar directed.

"Now, Little John," said the friar, "on with the cloak of the Abbot of Doubleflask. I appoint thee my clerk: thou art here duly elected in full mote."

"I wish you were all in full moat together," said the baron, "and smooth wall on both sides."

"Punnest thou?" said the friar. "A heinous anti-Christian offence. Why anti-Christian? Because anti-Catholic. Why anti-Catholic? Because anti-Roman. Why anti-Roman? Because Carthaginian. Is not pun from Punic? *punica fides:* the very quint-essential quiddity of bad faith: double-visaged, double-tongued. He that will make a pun will —— I say no more. Fie on it. Stand forth, clerk. Who is the bride's father?"

"There is no bride's father," said the baron. "I am the father of Matilda Fitzwater."

"There is none such," said the friar. "This is the fair Maid Marian. Will you make a virtue of necessity, or will you give laws to the flowing tide? Will you give her, or shall Robin take her? Will you be her true natural father, or shall I commute paternity? Stand forth, Scarlet."

"Stand back, sirrah Scarlet," said the baron. "My daughter shall have no

father but me. Needs must when the devil drives."

"No matter who drives," said the friar, "so that, like a well-disposed subject, you yield cheerful obedience to those who can enforce it."

"Mawd, sweet Mawd," said the baron, "will you then forsake your poor old father in his distress, with his castle in ashes, and his enemy in power?"

"Not so, father," said Marian; "I will always be your true daughter: I will always love, and serve, and watch, and defend you: but neither will I forsake my plighted love, and my own liege lord, who was your choice before he was mine, for you made him my associate in infancy; and that he continued to be mine when he ceased to be yours, does not in any way show remissness in my duties or falling off in my affections. And though I here plight my troth at the altar to Robin, in the presence of this holy priest and pious clerk, yet- Father, when Richard returns from Palestine, he will restore you to your barony, and perhaps, for your sake, your daughter's husband to the earldom of Huntingdon: should that never be, should it be the will of fate that we must live and die in the greenwood, I will live and die Maid Marian."

Other adventures safely concluded, Robin Hood and Maid Marian returned to Sherwood forest and took up their life there.

[*We are told that "the researches" of modern investigators have bereaved Robin Hood not merely of his earldom but of his humanity. There can be little doubt, we are instructed, that the name originally belonged to a mythical forest-elf, own cousin, it may be conjectured, to Robin Goodfellow. Friar Tuck is no more historical than Friar Rush; and Maid Marian is not heard of before* 1500.]

THE ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

Thomas Gray was born in 1716; *nothing he ever wrote is comparable with his "Elegy"—a large proportion of his verse is overwrought and artificial. He recited the "Elegy" before the battle of Quebec, and declared that he would rather be the author of the poem than the conqueror of Quebec.*

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THOMAS GRAY.

From the painting by J. G. Eccardt, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

STOKE POGES CHURCH.

The Scene of Gray's Elegy.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ZADIG

By VOLTAIRE



Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

VOLTAIRE.
Musée Carnavalet, Paris.
A clever and characteristic caricature in wax.

Such a story is "Zadig." It relates the adventures of a young man of Babylon, rich, handsome and clever as Solomon, yet always falling into disasters. He begins by receiving a wound in the eye while saving a lady from a band of ruffians. Doctor Hermes, a famous physician, who is sent for from Memphis, declares that if it had been the right eye he could have cured it, but wounds in the left eye are incurable. In a few days the wound heals of itself and the Doctor writes a treatise to prove that it ought not to have done so. And so Voltaire starts with a dig at the doctors, of whom he was as great a reviler as Molière or Bernard Shaw.

He next has a sly cut at the frailty of woman. A young widow of Zadig's acquaintance, who had raised a tomb for her husband on the brink of a river and vowed that she would take up her dwelling by the side of the monument as long as the water flowed past it, was ere long discovered diverting the course of the stream.

Zadig retired to a house in the country, where he gave himself up to philosophy and the study of nature, and where, as the reader is about to discover, he was the first to work out and to put into practice the identical methods which were carried on later by Sherlock Holmes.

Voltaire, whose real name was Francois Arouet, was born in Paris in 1694. Macaulay's description of his famous stay with Frederick the Great is given on page 433 (Vol. II.).

Voltaire's wit and satire are of world-wide fame. "Of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been invented by man," says Macaulay, "the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire." This was the weapon he used against the things that he hated, and the things that he hated most bitterly were injustice, cruelty, and cant. The form which he chose for most of his satires was a new and a striking one, consisting of stories like those of the Arabian Nights, as light and as amusing as the adventures of Sindbad or Aladdin, but sprinkled with pungent and acidulous wit.

ONE day when Zadig was walking near a little wood he saw the Queen's chief attendants and several officers running towards him. He noticed that they were in great

anxiety, for they ran about as if they were quite bewildered, looking for something of great value which they had lost. When they came up to him the chief Eunuch said: "Have you seen the Queen's pet dog?"

Zadig replied, "It is a little female dog."

"You are right," said the Eunuch.

"It is a very small spaniel," added Zadig; "she has recently had puppies, she has a limp of the left forefoot, and she has very long ears."

"You have seen her, then?" exclaimed the Eunuch joyfully.

"No," replied Zadig, "I have never seen her. I did not know that the Queen had such a dog."

Precisely at that time, by an extraordinary coincidence, the most beautiful horse in the King's stable had escaped from the hands of the stable attendants and galloped out on the plains of Babylon. The Grand Vizier and all the other officers ran after it with as much anxiety as the first Eunuch after the spaniel. The Grand Vizier addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had seen the King's horse pass. Zadig replied, "It is a horse which gallops to perfection; it is five feet high, with very small hoofs. It has a tail three and a half feet long; the bit of its bridle is of twenty-three-carat gold; its shoes are of silver."

"What road has it taken? Where is it?" demanded the Vizier.

"I have never seen it," replied Zadig, "and I have never heard it spoken of."

The Grand Vizier and the first Eunuch said no doubt that Zadig had stolen the King's horse and the Queen's dog. They had him conveyed before the Great Desterhan, who condemned him to the knout and to pass the rest of his days in Siberia. The judgment had scarcely been pronounced when the horse and the dog were found. The judges were under the sad necessity of reversing their judgment, but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had never seen what he had seen. He was first obliged to pay this fine; after which he was permitted to plead his cause before the council of the Great Desterhan. He spoke in these terms:—

"This is what happened to me. I was walking towards the little wood, where I lately encountered the venerable Eunuch and the most illustrious Grand Vizier. I had seen on the sand the traces of an animal, and I had easily judged that they were those of a little dog. The light and the long furrows imprinted on the little eminences of the sand between the traces of the feet showed me that it was a female that had lately given birth to pups. Other traces which appeared to have continually raised the surface of the sand by the side of the front feet told me that she had long ears. As I remarked that the sand was always less crushed by one foot than by the three others, I understood that the dog of our august Queen was, if I may dare say so, a little lame.

"With regard to the King's horse, you must know that while I was walking in the roads of this wood I perceived the marks of the hoofs of a horse. They were all at equal distances. 'Here,' said I, 'is a horse which gallops perfectly.' The dust of the trees in a narrow route only seven feet broad was brushed off here and there, to right and left, at three and half feet from the middle of the road. 'This horse,' I added, 'has a tail of three and half feet long, which, by its movement right and left, has scattered the dust.' I had seen under the trees, which formed a canopy five feet high, newly fallen leaves from the branches, and I knew that this horse had touched them, and therefore it was five feet high. As to the bridle, it must be of twenty-three-carat gold, for it had rubbed its bit against a stone, and I had made the assay of it. I judged, finally, by the marks which its shoes had left on the pebbles of another kind, that it was shod with silver of a fineness of twelve deniers."

All the judges marvelled at Zadig's deep and subtle discernment, and a report of it even reached the King and Queen. Nothing but Zadig was talked of in the ante-chambers, the presence-chamber, and the private closet; and, though several of the magi were of the opinion that he ought to be burned as



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The vain Governor of Media was surrounded by flattery. No one dared to contradict him. But Zadig undertook to teach him a lesson. He composed a cantata of fulsome praise, lasting two hours, and sent a party of vocalists to sing it to the Governor each day. He also sent six cooks and four courtiers. After the singing the Governor was served with a dinner lasting three hours; every time he opened his mouth to speak the first courtier said "He will be right"; after he had spoken two or three words the second courtier said "He is right," and the other two courtiers greeted all his humorous remarks with peals of laughter. After dinner the chorus was repeated. The first day the Governor was delighted, but he soon learned his lesson.

a wizard, the King ordered that he should be released from the fine of four hundred ounces of gold to which he had been condemned. The registrar, the bailiffs, and the attorneys came to his house with great solemnity to restore him his four hundred ounces; they kept back only three hundred and ninety-eight of them for legal expenses, and their servants too claimed their fees.

Zadig saw how very dangerous it sometimes is to show oneself too knowing, and resolved on the next occasion of the kind to say nothing about what he had seen.

Such an opportunity soon occurred. A state prisoner made his escape, and passed under the windows of Zadig's house, who, on being questioned, answered nothing; but it was proved that he had looked out of the window. For this offence he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold, and he thanked his judges for their leniency, according to the custom of Babylon.

"Good Heavens!" said Zadig to himself, "what a pity it is when one takes a walk in a wood through which the Queen's dog and the King's horse have passed! and how dangerous it is to stand at a window! and how difficult it is to be happy in this life!"

But better fortune was before him—for a time. Every five years a prize was offered by the King for the most striking act of generosity to be brought before him. Zadig was shown to have spoken well of a Court favourite who was in disgrace. The King, who had never heard of such a thing before, not only awarded him the goblet as a record-breaker, but appointed him his minister in chief. In this post he proved a great success. But, to his misfortune, he conceived a violent passion for the Queen, was suspected by the King, and was compelled to fly to Egypt. On the road he came across a bully who was beating a poor woman to a jelly, attacked him with his sword, was forced in self-defence to run him through, and forthwith was handed over

by the lady to the guardians of the law for having killed her darling husband, who was a perfect angel. Condemned to be sold to slavery to the chieftain of a desert tribe, he soon became the chief's adviser, and was sent as an ambassador to the island of Serendib. The ruler of that island, whom his treasure-keepers had been robbing, inquired of Zadig how to find an honest man. Zadig advised him to appoint the lightest dancer. The startled sovereign thought him crazy, but consented. Zadig gave orders that every candidate should be left for a few moments in the treasury alone. Then the competitors appeared before the King and forthwith were bade to dance. Sixty-three of them, whose robes were stuffed with treasure, could dance no more than Smiley's frog when loaded up with shot. One honest man alone was seen who tripped it like a fairy. He was appointed on the spot.

Zadig, on his return to Babylon, encountered by the way the only truly happy mortal he had known, a drunken brigand. He then passed through the country of King Orgul, whose physicians, having failed to cure him of an ailment, had saved their faces by prescribing, as the only remedy, a cockatrice stewed in rose water. No cockatrice could be discovered; but Zadig informed the royal patient that he possessed a specimen, sewn up inside a ball. This ball he requested the sick man to bandy to and fro with him until he was nearly dropping. In a week the King, whose sole complaint was over-eating, was as well as ever. He had been cured, not by a cockatrice, but by a course of tennis.

Zadig resumed his journey and in due time arrived at Babylon, where a few days later a splendid tournament was held. The champion of the lists turned out to be an unknown knight in silver armour, who kept his face concealed within his vizor. This mysterious warrior was Zadig. The prize-giving was arranged for the next morning; but that night a rival whom he had defeated stole the silver armour from his tent, and, apparelled in the victor's panoply, bore off the palm of valour. As Zadig, raging, paced the shore of the Euphrates, his faith in Providence began to fail him. But a strange adventure was at hand that taught him a new lesson—an adventure which has been celebrated ever since.

THE HERMIT.

Zadig was one day walking on the banks of the Euphrates, when he chanced to meet a venerable hermit, whose snowy beard descended to his girdle, and who carried in his hand a scroll which he was reading with attention. Zadig stopped, and made him a low bow. The hermit returned the saluation with an air so kindly, and so noble, that Zadig felt a curiosity to speak to him. He inquired what scroll was that which he was reading.

"It is the Book of Destiny," replied the hermit; "would you like to read it?"

He handed it to Zadig; but the latter, though he knew a dozen languages, could not understand a word of it. His curiosity increased.

"You appear to be in trouble," said the kindly hermit.

"Alas!" said Zadig, "I have cause to be so."

"If you will allow me," said the hermit, "I will accompany you. Perhaps I may be useful to you. I am sometimes able to console the sorrowful."

Zadig felt a deep respect for the appearance, the white beard, and the mysterious scroll of the old hermit, and perceived that his conversation was that of a superior mind. The old man spoke of destiny, of justice, of morality, of the chief good of life, of human frailty, of virtue and of vice, with so much power and eloquence, that Zadig felt himself attracted by a kind of charm, and besought the hermit not to leave him until they should return to Babylon.

"I ask you the same favour," said the hermit. "Promise me that, whatever I may do, you will keep me company for several days."

Zadig gave the promise; and they set forth together.

That night the travellers arrived at a grand mansion. The hermit begged for food and lodging for himself and his companion. The porter, who might have been mistaken for a prince, ushered them with a contemptuous air of welcome. The chief servant showed them the magnificent apartments; and they were then admitted to the bottom of the table, where the master of the mansion

did not condescend to cast a glance at them. They were, however, served with delicacies in profusion, and after dinner washed their hands in a golden basin set with emeralds and rubies. They were then conducted for the night into a beautiful apartment; and the next morning, before they left the castle, a servant brought them each a piece of gold.

"The master of the house," said Zadig, as they went their way, "appears to be a generous man, although a trifle haughty. He practises a noble hospitality." As he spoke, he perceived that content as he had shown the night before; then, addressing the old valet, who had kept his eye upon them to make sure that they stole nothing, he gave him the two gold pieces which they had received that morning, and thanked him for his kind attention. "Be so good," he added, "as to let me see your master."

The astonished valet showed them in.

"Most mighty signor," said the hermit, "I can only render you my humble thanks for the noble manner in which you have received us. I beseech you to accept this golden basin as a token of my gratitude."



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ZADIG DEFEATING THE RIVAL WHO HAD STOLEN HIS ARMOUR.

a kind of large pouch which the hermit carried appeared singularly distended; within it was the golden basin, set with precious stones, which the old man had purloined. Zadig was amazed; but he said nothing.

At noon the hermit stopped before a little house, in which lived a wealthy miser, and once more asked for hospitality. An old valet in a shabby coat received them very rudely, showed them into the stable, and set before them a few rotten olives, some mouldy bread, and beer which had turned sour. The hermit ate and drank with as much

The miser almost fell backwards with amazement. The hermit, without waiting for him to recover, set off with speed, with his companion.

"Holy Father," said Zadig, "what does all this mean? You seem to me to resemble other men in nothing. You steal a golden basin set with jewels from a Signor who receives you with magnificence, and you give it to a curmudgeon who treats you with indignity."

"My son," replied the hermit, "this mighty lord, who only welcomes travellers through vanity, and to display his riches, will henceforth grow wiser, while

the miser will be taught to practise hospitality. Be amazed at nothing, and follow me."

Zadig knew not whether he was dealing with the most foolish or the wisest of all men. But the hermit spoke with such ascendency that Zadig, who besides was fettered by his promise, had no choice except to follow him.

That night they came to an agreeable house, of simple aspect, and showing signs of neither prodigality nor avarice. The owner was a philosopher, who had left the world, and who studied peacefully the rules of virtue and of wisdom, and who yet was happy and contented. He had built this calm retreat to please himself, and he received the strangers in it with a frankness which displayed no sign of ostentation. He conducted them himself to a comfortable chamber, where he made them rest awhile; then he returned to lead them to a dainty little supper. During their conversation they agreed that the affairs of this world are not always regulated by the opinions of the wisest men. But the hermit still maintained that the ways of Providence are wrapt in mystery, and that men do wrong to pass their judgment on a universe of which they only see the smallest part. Zadig wondered how a person who committed such mad acts could reason so correctly.

At length, after a conversation as agreeable as instructive, the host conducted the two travellers to their apartment, and thanked heaven for sending him two visitors so wise and virtuous. He offered them some money, but so quickly that they could not feel offended. The old man declined, and desired to say farewell, as he intended to depart for Babylon at break of day. They therefore parted on the warmest terms, and Zadig, above all, was filled with kindly feelings towards so amiable a man.

When the hermit and himself were in their chamber, they spent some time in praises of their host. At break of day the old man woke his comrade.

"We must be going," he remarked. "But while everyone is still asleep, I wish to leave this worthy man a pledge of my esteem." With these words, he took a torch and set the house on fire.

Zadig burst forth into cries of horror, and would have stopped the frightful act. But the hermit, by superior strength, drew him away. The house was in a blaze; and the old man, who was now a good way off with his companion, looked back calmly at the burning pile.

"Heaven be praised!" he cried, "our kind host's house is destroyed from top to bottom!"

At these words Zadig knew not whether he should burst out laughing, call the reverend father an old rascal, knock him down, or run away. But he did neither. Still subdued by the superior manner of the hermit, he followed him against his will to their next lodging.

This was the dwelling of a good and charitable widow, who had a nephew of fourteen, her only hope and joy. She did her best to use the travellers well; and the next morning she bade her nephew guide them safely past a certain bridge, which, having recently been broken, had become dangerous to cross over. The youth, eager to oblige them, led the way.

"Come," said the hermit, when they were half across the bridge, "I must show my gratitude towards your aunt"; and as he spoke he seized the young man by the hair and threw him into the river. The youth fell, reappeared for an instant on the surface, and then was swallowed by the torrent.

"Oh, monster!" exclaimed Zadig, "oh, most detestable of men!"

"You promised me more patience," interrupted the old man. "Listen! Beneath the ruins of that house which Providence saw fit to set on fire, the owner will discover an enormous treasure; while this young man, whose existence Providence cut short, would have killed his aunt within a year, and you yourself in two."

"Who told you so, barbarian?" cried Zadig, "and even if you read the issue in your book of Destiny, who gave you power to drown a youth who never injured you?"

While he spoke, he saw that the old

man had a beard no longer, and that his face had become fair and young; his hermit's frock had disappeared; four white wings covered his majestic form, and shone with dazzling lustre.

"Angel of heaven!" cried Zadig, "you are then descended from the skies to teach an erring mortal to submit to the eternal laws?"

"Men," replied the angel Jezael, "judge all things without knowledge; and you, of all men, most deserved to be enlightened. The world imagines that the youth who has just perished fell by chance into the water, and that by a like chance the rich man's house was set on fire. But there is no such thing as chance; all is trial, or punishment, or foresight. Feeble mortal, cease to argue and rebel against what you ought to adore?"

As he spoke these words, the angel took his flight to heaven. And Zadig fell upon his knees.

Voltaire has been often called an atheist by some who should know better; as a fact, the existence of a God was the one thing in the universe in which he most implicitly believed. It is indeed a strange reflection that Voltaire and Milton—surely the least alike of any of the sons of men—should each have aimed—the one in a light parable, the other in a noble poem—

"To justify the ways of God to men."

The story draws to its conclusion. In the end it all comes well. Zadig made known the theft, challenged the recreant knight to single combat, and, clad only in a dressing-gown and nightcap, beat him down and stripped him of the stolen arms. The people, dazzled by this miracle of valour, elected him the King of Babylon. And there we leave him in his glory.

ROBERT ELSMERE

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

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This novel—a novel with a purpose—created a great stir in certain circles when first published in 1888. It owed its success in the first place to the appreciation of Mr. W. E. Gladstone. Mrs. Ward died in 1920. She was the grand-daughter of Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, and the niece of Matthew Arnold. She inherited the "cultivated moral austerity" which finds expression in her novels. In "Robert Elsmere" she is the apologist of "honest doubt"; the novel is a defence of the doubt. Elsmere in the end renounces orthodox faith for ethical theism. But apart from the discussions of religious problems, the novel stamps Mrs. Ward as one of the most literary and gifted women novelists. The book is a fine study of character, and a fine story of live human interest.

Robert Elsmere had a distinguished career at Oxford, where he surrendered himself to the best and most stimulating influences of the place; eagerness, mental and physical, was the note of the whole man. Elsmere was a healthy, impulsive young Englishman; he relished life; he loved the cricket field and the river; indeed, his athletic instincts were always fighting in him with his literary instincts; he had great strength of will, force of character, and almost a tyrannical conscience. In due time he accepted a living at Murewell. He became greatly attracted by Catherine Leyburn. She came of a typical north-country, hard-drinking stock; her late father, a strange character, settled in Westmorland. Catherine had been delicately brought up, was devoted to her rather peevish mother, and to her sister Rose. To Elsmere she was like no other woman he had ever seen. She was not remarkable intellectually, but possessed a rich, meditative soul; she had individuality, strength, austerity, but far from being repellent, she was most lovable, religious, selfless,



Photo: Elliott & Fry, Ltd.
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

devoted to good works. Elsmere compared her to St. Elizabeth; she was a sweet-faced, serious woman of twenty-six when she came into his life. In vain he tried to win her—although she would fain be his wife. She was too preoccupied with her life of usefulness to others and would not leave her mother. In the following passage we have the description of her final surrender to Elsmere. Catherine had gone to visit a demented creature ruined by a worthless lover, and a prey to torturing terrors, for in the gloaming she had seen a ghost or ... on Shanmoss that had spoken ... and now it haunted her on her death-... as she lay exhausted with superstitious excitement.

A MOUNTAIN ash, just outside the window, brushed the panes every now and then; and in the silence every surrounding sound—the rare movements in the next room, the voices of quarrelling children round the door of a neighbouring house, the far-off barking of dogs—made itself distinctly audible.

Suddenly Catherine, sunk in painful reverie, noticed that the mutterings from the bed had ceased for some little time. She turned her chair, and was startled to find those weird eyes fixed with recognition on herself. There was a curious malign intensity, a curious triumph in them.

"It must be—eight o'clock," said the gasping voice—"*eight o'clock*"; and the tone became a whisper, as though the idea thus half involuntarily revealed had been drawn jealously back into the strongholds of consciousness.

"Mary," said Catherine, falling on her knees beside the bed, and taking one of the restless hands forcibly into her own, "can't you put this thought away from you? We are not the playthings of evil spirits—we are the children of God! We are in His hands. No evil thing can harm us against His will." . . .

There was no response in the sick girl's countenance, and again that look of triumph, of sinister exultation. They had tried to cheat her into sleeping, and living, and in spite of them, at the supreme moment, every sense was awake and expectant. To what was the materialised peasant imagination looking forward? To an actual call, an actual following to the free mountain-side, the rush of the wind, the phantom figure floating on before her, bearing her into the heart of the storm? Dread was gone, pain was gone; there was only rapt excitement and fierce anticipation.

"Mary," said Catherine again, mistaking her mood for one of tense defiance and despair. "Mary, if I were to go out now and leave Mrs. Irwin with you, and if I were to go up all the way to the top of Shanmoss and back again, and if I could tell you there was nothing there, nothing!—if I were to stay out till dark has come—it will be here in half an hour—and you could be quite sure when you saw me again, that there was nothing near you but the dear old hills, and the power of God, could you believe me and try and rest and sleep?"

Mary looked at her intently. If Catherine could have seen clearly in the dim light she would have caught something of the cunning of madness slipping into the dying woman's expression. While she waited for the answer there was a noise in the kitchen outside, an opening

of the outer door, and a voice. Catherine's heart stood still. She had to make a superhuman effort to keep her attention fixed on Mary.

"Go!" said the hoarse whisper close beside her, and the girl lifted her wasted hand, and pushed her visitor from her. "Go!" it repeated insistently, with a sort of wild beseeching; then, brokenly, the gasping breath interrupting, "There's naw fear—naw fear—fur the likes o' you!"

Catherine rose.

"I'm not afraid," she said gently, but her hand shook as she pushed her chair back; "God is everywhere, Mary."

She put on her hat and cloak, said something in Mrs. Irwin's ear, and stooped to kiss the brow which to the shuddering sense under her will seemed already cold and moist with the sweats of death. Mary watched her go; Mrs. Irwin, with the air of one bewildered, drew her chair nearer to the settle; and the light of the fire, shooting and dancing through the June twilight, threw such fantastic shadows over the face on the pillow that all expression was lost. What was moving in the crazed mind? Satisfaction, perhaps, at having got rid of one witness, one jailer, one of the various antagonistic forces surrounding her? She had a dim frenzied notion she should have to fight for her liberty when the call came, and she lay tense and rigid, waiting—the images of insanity whirling through her brain, while the light slowly, slowly waned.

Catherine opened the door into the kitchen. The two carriers were standing there, and Robert Elsmere also stood with his back to her talking to them in an undertone.



"Catherine—my angel

He turned at the sound behind him, and his start brought a sudden flush to Catherine's cheek. . . .

"You here?" he cried, coming up to her, and taking her hand—what secret instinct guided him?—close in both of his. "I never dreamt of it—so late. My cousin sent me over—she wished for news."

She smiled involuntarily. It seemed to her she had expected this in some sort all along. But her self-possession was complete.

"The excited state may be over in a short time now," she answered him in a quiet whisper; "but at present it is at its height. It seemed to please her"—and withdrawing her hand she turned to John Backhouse—"when I suggested

that I should walk up to Shanmoss and back. I said I would come back to her in half an hour or so, when the daylight was quite gone, and prove to her there was nothing on the path."

A hand caught her arm. It was Mrs. Irwin, holding the door close with the other hand.

"Miss Leyburn—Miss Catherine! Yur not gawin' oot—not gawin' oop *that* path?" The woman was fond of Catherine, and looked deadly frightened.

"Yes, I am, Mrs. Irwin—but I shall be back very soon. Don't leave her; go back." And Catherine motioned her back with a little peremptory gesture.

"Doan't ye let'ur, sir," said the woman excitedly to Robert. "One's eneuf, aa'm thinking." And she pointed with a meaning gesture to the room behind her.

Robert looked at Catherine, who was moving towards the outer door.

"I'll go with her," he said hastily, his face lighting up. "There is nothing whatever to be afraid of, only don't leave your patient."

Catherine trembled as she heard the words, but she made no sign, and the two men and the woman watched their departure with blank uneasy wonderment. A second later they were on the fell-side climbing a rough stony path, which in places was almost a watercourse, and which wound up the fell towards a tract of level swampy moss or heath, beyond which lay the descent to Shanmoss. Daylight was almost gone; the stormy yellow west was being fast swallowed up in cloud; below them as they climbed lay the dark group of houses, with a light twinkling here and there. All about them were black mountain forms; a desolate tempestuous wind drove a gusty rain into their faces; a little beck roared beside them, and in the distance from the black gulf of the valley the swollen river thundered.

Elsmere looked down on his companion with an indescribable exultation, a passionate sense of possession which could hardly restrain itself. He had come back that morning with a mind clearly made up. Catherine had been blind indeed when she supposed that any plan of his or hers would have been allowed to stand in the way of that last wrestle with her, of which he had planned all the methods, rehearsed all the arguments. . . .

It never occurred to Elsmere—or if it did occur, he pooh-poohed the notion—that he should find Catherine still at her post far from home on this dark stormy evening. But in the glow of joy which her presence had brought him he was still capable of all sorts of delicate perceptions and reasonings. His quick imagination carried him through the scene from which she had just momentarily escaped. He had understood the exaltation of her look and tone. If love spoke at all, ringed with such surroundings, it must be with its most inward and spiritual voice, as those speak who feel "the Eternities" about them.

But the darkness hid her from him so well that he had to feel out the situation for himself. He could not trace it in her face.

"We must go right up to the top of the pass," she said to him as he held a gate open for her which led them into a piece of larch plantation on the mountain-side. "The ghost is supposed to walk along this bit of road above the houses, till it reaches the heath on the top, and then it turns towards Bleacliff Tarn, which lies higher up to the right, under High Fell."

"Do you imagine your report will have any effect?"

"At any rate," she said sighing, "it seemed to me that it might divert her thoughts a little from the actual horror of her own summons. Anything is better than the torture of that one fixed idea as she lies there."

"What is that?" said Robert, startled a little by some ghostly sounds in front of them. The little wood was almost dark, and he could see nothing.

"Only a horse trotting on in front of us," said Catherine; "our voices frightened him, I suppose. We shall be out on the fell again directly."

And as they quitted the trees, a dark bulky form to the left suddenly lifted a shadowy head from the grass, and clattered down the slope.

A cluster of white-stemmed birches

just ahead of them caught whatever light was still left in the atmosphere, their feathery tops bending and swaying against the sky.

"How easily, with mind attuned, one could people this whole path with ghosts!" said Robert. "Look at those stems, and that line of stream coming down to the right, and listen to the wind among the fern."

For they were passing a little gully deep in bracken, up which the blast was tearing its tempestuous way.

Catherine shivered a little, and the sense of physical exhaustion, which had been banished like everything else—doubt, humiliation, bitterness—by the one fact of his presence, came back on her.

"There *is* something rather awful in this dark and storm," she said, and paused.

"Would you have faced it alone?" he asked, his voice thrilling her with a hundred different meanings. "I am glad I prevented it."

"I have no fear of the mountains," she said, trembling. "I know them, and they me."

"But you are tired—your voice is tired—and the walk might have been more of an effort than you thought it. Do you never think of yourself?"

"Oh dear, yes," said Catherine, trying to smile, and could find nothing else to say. They walked on a few moments in silence, splashes of rain breaking in their faces. Robert's inward excitement was growing fast. Suddenly Catherine's pulse stood still. She felt her hand lifted, drawn within his arm, covered close with his warm trembling clasp.

"Catherine, let it stay there. Listen one moment. You gave me a hard lesson yesterday, too hard—I cannot learn it—I am bold—I claim you. Be my wife. Help me through this difficult world. I have loved you from the first moment. Come to me. Be kind to me."

She could hardly see his face, but she could feel the passion in his voice and touch. Her cheek seemed to droop against his arm. He felt her tottering.

"Let me sit down," she said; and after one moment of dizzy silence he guided her to a rock, sinking down himself beside her, longing, but not daring, to shelter her under his broad Inverness cloak against the storm.

"I told you," she said, almost whispering, "that I was bound, tied to others."

"I do not admit your plea," he said passionately; "no, not for a moment. For two days have I been tramping over the mountains thinking it out for yourself and me. Catherine, your mother has no son—she should find one in me. I have no sisters—give me yours. I will cherish them as any brother could. Come and enrich my life; you shall still fill and shelter theirs. I dare not think what my future might be without you to guide, to inspire, to bless—dare not, lest with a word you should plunge me into an outer darkness I cannot face."

He caught her unresisting hand, and raised it to his lips.

"Is there no sacredness," he said brokenly, "in the fate that has brought us together—out of all the world—here in this lonely valley? Come to me, Catherine. You shall never fail the old ties, I promise you; and new hands shall cling to you—new voices shall call you blessed."

Catherine could hardly breathe. Every word had been like balm upon a wound—like a ray of intense light in the gloom about them. Oh, where was this softness bearing her—this emptiness of all will, of all individual power? She hid her eyes with her other hand, struggling to recall that far away moment in Marrisdale. But the mind refused to work. Consciousness seemed to retain nothing but the warm grasp of his hand—the tones of his voice.

He saw her struggle, and pressed on remorselessly.

"Speak to me—say one little kind word. Oh, you cannot send me away miserable and empty!"

She turned to him, and laid her trembling free hand on his arm. He clasped them both with rapture.

"Give me a little time."

"No, no," he said, and it almost seemed to her that he was smiling: "time for you to escape me again, my wild mountain bird; time for you to

think yourself and me into all sorts of moral mists! No, you shall not have it. Here, alone with God and the dark—bless me or undo me. Send me out to the work of life maimed and sorrowful, or send me out your knight, your possession, pledged——"

But his voice failed him. What a note of youth, of imagination, of impulsive eagerness there was through it all! The more slowly-moving inarticulate nature was swept away by it. There was but one object clear to her in the whole world of thought or sense, everything else had sunk out of sight—drowned in a luminous mist.

He rose and stood before her as he delivered his ultimatum, his tall form drawn up to its full height. In the east, across the valley, above the farther buttress of High Fell, there was a clearer strip of sky, visible for a moment among the moving storm clouds, and a dim haloed moon shone out in it. Far away a white-walled cottage glimmered against the fell; the pools at their feet shone in the weird passing light.

She lifted her head, and looked at him, still irresolute. Then she too rose, and helplessly, like some one impelled by a will not her own, she silently held out to him two white trembling hands.

"Catherine—my angel—my wife!"

* * *

The crisis in Elsmere's life came while he was rector at Murewell. The housing conditions of the village were deplorable; the Squire, Robert Wendover, was a great scholar of European fame, an unbeliever in the Christian religion, contemptuous of institutional Christianity. Elsmere himself was something of a scholar, with an eager, inquiring mind, and the old Squire stirred his mind greatly. But Elsmere was never deflected from his duty. A violent quarrel took place over the insanitary cottages on the Squire's property; these matters were left to a drunken, heartless agent, the Squire troubling little about it, but he contemptuously resented the Rector's interference. An outbreak of typhoid fever brought things to a head; then the Squire, driven to acknowledge his carelessness, resumed intimacy with the Rector.

In long walks, talks and debate, Elsmere's well-stored mind was not proof against the assaults of the great mind and scholarship of his cynical antagonist, for Squire Wendover's genius was incontestable; his learning enormous. Further, Elsmere's mind was all too susceptible, for his reading, his association with his friend Langham, and his old tutor, Mr. Grey, of Oxford, all tended in one direction, and the destructive process was only accelerated by the Squire's lecture on literary and historical evidence, the impossibility of miracles, comparative religions, religious phenomena, and so forth; everything, the argument ran, fitted and found its place in a sound historical scheme.

"I will not fight you any more, Mr. Wendover," said Elsmere. "I am perfectly conscious that my own mental experience of the last two years has made it necessary to re-examine these intellectual foundations of faith. But as to the faith itself that is its own witness, it . . . depends upon the living voice of the Eternal in the soul of man." The process was nearing completion. Elsmere's mind was "clouded with a doubt"; he battled with all the demons of despairing doubt; his tortured soul sought refuge in the social work of his parish. Unable, however, to strangle the problems that assailed his keen, alert mind, he was driven onwards to decision. His conscience was too pure, too keen, to trifle or compromise with great realities. If he was to preach, he would preach only what he intellectually believed.

His distress of mind was tenfold intensified when he considered how it affected Catherine, passionately attached to the Church; there was no room in her mind for anything but love and simple faith. There was no doubt as to Elsmere's devotion; he was absorbed, wrapped up in his wife Catherine; the touch of religious genius in her braced him like the breath of an Alpine wind. She sensed that her husband was troubled in mind, but suspected only vaguely the deep roots of his conflict. The situation was distressing when, after a visit to his old friend Mr. Grey at Oxford, Elsmere returned to tell his wife that if he was to feel an honest man he must relinquish his living.



"I will not fight you any more, Mr. Wendover," said Elsmere.

Controlling himself rigidly, his eyes fixed on the shadowy face of his wife, his ear catching her quick uneven breath, he went once more through the dismal history of the last few months, dwelling on his state of thought before the intimacy with Mr. Wendover began, on his first attempts to escape the squire's influence, on his gradual pitiful surrender. Then he told the story of the last memorable walk before the squire's journey, of the moment in the study afterwards, and of the months of feverish reading and wrestling which had followed. Halfway through it a new despair seized him. What was the good of all he was saying? He was speaking a language she did not really understand. What were all these critical and literary considerations to her?

"And the end of it all, Robert?" she said, "the end of it?" Never did he forget the note of that question, the desolation of it, the indefinable change of accent. Catherine went upstairs to her room, then he went down to his study.

He shut the door softly, and went downstairs again. It was between ten and eleven. The lights in the lower passage were just extinguished; every one else in the house had gone to bed. Mechanically he stooped and put away the child's bricks, he pushed the chairs back into their places, and then he paused a while before the open window. But there was not a tremor on the set face. He felt himself capable of no more emotion. The fount of feeling, of pain was for the moment dried up. What he was mainly noticing was the effect of some occasional gusts of night-wind on the moonlit cornfield; the silver ripples they sent through it; the shadows thrown by some great trees in the western corners of the field; the glory of the moon itself in the pale immensity of the sky.

Presently he turned away, leaving one lamp still burning in the room, softly unlocked the hall door, took his hat, and went out. He walked up and down the woodpath or sat on the bench there for some time, thinking indeed, but thinking with a certain stern practical dryness. Whenever he felt the thrill of feeling stealing over him again, he would make a sharp effort at repression. Physically he could not bear much more, and he knew it. A part remained for him to play, which must be played with tact, with prudence, and with firmness. Strength and nerves had been sufficiently weakened already. For his wife's sake, his people's sake, his honourable reputation's sake, he must guard himself from a collapse which might mean far more than physical failure.

So in the most patient methodical way he began to plan out the immediate future. As to waiting, the matter was still in Catherine's hands; but he knew that finely tempered soul; he knew that when she had mastered her poor woman's self, as she had always mastered it from her childhood, she would not bid him wait. He hardly took the possibility into consideration. The proposal had had some reality in his eyes when he went to see Mr. Grey; now it had none, though he could hardly have explained why. . . .

The practical matter which weighed most heavily upon him was the function connected with the opening of the new Institute, which had been fixed for the Saturday the next day but one. How was he—but much more how was Catherine—to get through it? His lips would be sealed as to any possible withdrawal from the living, for he could not by then have seen the bishop. He looked forward to the gathering, the crowds, the local enthusiasm, the signs of his own popularity, with a sickening distaste. The one thing real to him through it all would be Catherine's white face, and their bitter joint consciousness.

And then he said to himself, sharply, that his own feelings counted for nothing. Catherine should be tenderly shielded from all avoidable pain, but for himself there must be no flinching, no self-indulgent weakness. Did he not owe every last hour he had to live to the people amongst whom he had planned to spend the best energies of life, and for whom his own act was about to part him in this lame impotent fashion?

Midnight! The sounds rolled silverly out, effacing the soft murmurs of the night. So the long interminable day was over and a new morning had begun. He rose, listening to the echoes of the bell,

and—as the tide of feeling surged back upon him—passionately commending the new-born day to God.

Then he turned towards the house, put the light out in the drawing-room, and went upstairs, stepping cautiously. He opened the door of Catherine's room. The moonlight was streaming in through the wire blinds. Catherine, who had undressed, was lying now with her face hidden in the pillow, and one white-sleeved arm flung across little Mary's cot. The night was hot, and the child would evidently have thrown off all its coverings had it not been for the mother's hand, which lay lightly on the tiny shoulder, keeping one thin blanket in its place. . . .

And so the night began to wear away. For the first hour or two, every now and then, a stifled sob would make itself just faintly heard. It was a sound to wring the heart, for what it meant was that not even Catherine Elsmere's extraordinary powers of self-suppression could avail to check the outward expression of an inward torture. Each time it came and went, it seemed to Elsmere that a fraction of his youth went with it.

At last exhaustion brought her a restless sleep. As soon as Elsmere caught the light breathing which told him she was not conscious of her grief, or of him, his book slipped on to his knee. . . .

Gradually he lost himself in half-articulate prayers in the solemn girding of the will to this future task of a recreating love. And by the time the morning light had well established itself, sleep had fallen on him. When he became sensible of the longed-for drowsiness, he merely stretched out a tired hand and drew over him a shawl hanging at the foot of the bed. He was too utterly worn out to think of moving.

When he woke the sun was streaming into the room, and behind him sat the tiny Mary on the edge of the bed, the rounded apple cheeks and wild-bird eyes aglow with mischief and delight. She had climbed out of her cot, and, finding no check to her progress, had crept on, till now she sat triumphantly, with one diminutive leg and rosy foot doubled under her, and her father's thick hair at the mercy of her invading fingers, which, however, were as yet touching him half timidly, as though something in his sleep had awed the baby sense.

But Catherine was gone.

He sprang up with a start. Mary was frightened by the abrupt movement, perhaps disappointed by the escape of her prey, and raised a sudden wail.

He carried her to her nurse, even forgetting to kiss the little wet cheek, ascertained that Catherine was not in the house, and then came back, miserable, with the bewilderment of sleep still upon him. A sense of wrong rose high within him. How *could* she have left him thus without a word?

It had been her way, sometimes, during the summer, to go out early to one or other of the sick folk who were under her especial charge. Possibly she had gone to a woman, just confined, on the farther side of the village, who yesterday had been in danger.

But, whatever explanation he could make for himself, he was none the less irrationally wretched. He bathed, dressed, and sat down to his solitary meal in a state of tension and agitation indescribable. All the exultation, the courage of the night, was gone.

Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and no sign of Catherine.

"Your mistress must have been detained somewhere," he said as quietly and carelessly as he could to Susan, the parlour-maid, who had been with them since their marriage. "Leave breakfast things for one."

"Mistress took a cup of milk when she went out, cook says," observed the little maid with a consoling intention, wondering the while at the rector's haggard mien and restless movements.

"Nursing other people, indeed!" she observed severely downstairs, glad as we all are at times to pick holes in excellence which is inconveniently high. "Missis had a deal better stay at home and nurse *him!*"

The day was excessively hot. Not a leaf moved in the garden; over the cornfield the air danced in long vibrations of heat; the woods and hills beyond were

indistinct and colourless. Their dog Dandy lay sleeping in the sun, waking up every now and then to avenge himself on the flies. On the far edge of the cornfield reaping was beginning. Robert stood on the edge of the sunk fence, his blind eyes resting on the line of men, his ear catching the shouts of the farmer directing operations from his grey horse. He could do nothing. . . .

The wildest fears had taken possession of him. Running in his head was a passage from *The Confessions*, describing Monica's horror of her son's heretical opinions. "Shrinking from and detesting the blasphemies of his error, she began to doubt whether it was right in her to allow her son to live in her house and to eat at the same table with her"; and the mother's heart, he remembered, could only be convinced of the lawfulness of its own yearning by a prophetic vision of the youth's conversion. He recalled, with a shiver, how in the life of Madame Guyon, after describing the painful and agonising death of a kind but comparatively irreligious husband, she quietly adds, "As soon as I heard that my husband had just expired, I said to Thee, O my God, Thou hast broken my bonds, and I will offer to Thee a sacrifice of praise!" He thought of John Henry Newman, disowning all the ties of kinship with his younger brother because of divergent views on the question of baptismal regeneration; of the long tragedy of Blanco White's life, caused by slow dropping-off of friend after friend, on the ground of heretical belief. . . .

Eleven o'clock striking from the distant tower. He walked desperately along the wood-path, meaning to go through the copse at the end of it towards the park, and look there. He had just passed into the copse, a thick interwoven mass of young trees, when he heard the sound of the gate which on the farther side of it led on to the road. He hurried on; the trees closed behind him; the grassy path broadened; and there, under an arch of young oak and hazel, stood Catherine, arrested by the sound of his step. He, too, stopped at the sight of her; he could not go on. Husband and wife looked at each other one long quivering moment. Then Catherine sprang forward with a sob and threw herself on his breast.

They clung to each other, she in a passion of tears—tears of such self-abandonment as neither Robert nor any other living soul had ever seen Catherine Elsmere shed before. As for him he was trembling from head to foot, his arms scarcely strong enough to hold her, his young worn face bent down over her.

"Oh, Robert!" she sobbed at last, putting up her hand and touching his hair, "you look so pale, so sad."

"I have you again!" he said simply.

A thrill of remorse ran through her.

"I went away," she murmured, her face still hidden—"I went away, because when I woke up it all seemed to me, suddenly, too ghastly to be believed; I could not stay still and bear it. But, Robert, Robert, I kissed you as I passed! I was so thankful you could sleep a little and forget. I hardly know where I have been most of the time—I think I have been sitting in a corner of the park, where no one ever comes. I began to think of all you said to me last night—to put it together—to try and understand it, and it seemed to me more and more horrible!" . . .

She paused, struggling for breath. The terrible excitement of that bygone moment had seized upon her again and communicated itself to him.

"And then—and then," she said sobbing, "I don't know how it was. One moment I was sitting up looking straight before me, without a tear, thinking of what was the least I must do, even—even—if you and I stayed together—of all the hard compacts and conditions I must make—judging you all the while from a long, long distance, and feeling as though I had buried the old self—sacrificed the old heart—for ever! And the next I was lying on the ground crying for you, Robert, crying for you! Your face had come back to me as you lay there in the early morning light. I thought how I had kissed you—how pale and gray and thin you looked. Oh, how I loathed myself! That I should think it could be God's will that I should leave you, or torture you, my poor husband! I had not

only been wicked towards you—I had offended Christ. I could think of nothing as I lay there—again and again—but '*Little children, love one another; little children, love one another.*' . . .

"Robert," she said presently, urged on by the sacred yearning to heal, to atone, "I will not complain—I will not ask you to wait. I take your word for it that it is best not, that it would do no good. The only hope is in time—and prayer. I must suffer, dear, I must be weak sometimes; but oh, I am so sorry for you! Kiss me, forgive me, Robert; I will be your faithful wife unto our lives' end."

He kissed her, and in that kiss, so sad, so pitiful, so clinging, their new life was born. . . .

But the problem of these lives was not solved; the first chapter of their common life, however, closed. Elsmere fulfilled several engagements; then he paid a visit to Squire Wendover.

One thing more, however, of a private nature, remained for Elsmere to do. Late in the afternoon he walked over to the Hall.

He found the squire in the inner library, among his German books, his pipe in his mouth, his old smoking coat and slippers bearing witness to the rapidity and joy with which he had shut the world out again after the futilities of the morning. His mood was more accessible than Elsmere had yet found it since his return.

"Well, have you done with all those tom-fooleries, Elsmere? Precious eloquent speech you made! When I see you and people like you throwing yourselves at the heads of the people, I always think of Scaliger's remark about the Basques: 'They say they understand one another—*I don't believe a word of it!*' All that the lower class *wants* to understand, at any rate, is the shortest way to the pockets of you and me; all that you and I need understand, according to me, is how to keep 'em off! There you have the sum and substance of *my* philosophy."

"You remind me," said Robert drily, sitting down on one of the library stools, "of some of those sentiments you expressed so forcibly on the first evening of our acquaintance."

The squire received the shaft with equanimity.

"I was not amiable, I remember, on that occasion," he said coolly, his thin, old man's fingers moving the while among the shelves of books, "nor on several subsequent ones. I have been made a fool of, and you were not particularly adroit. But, of course, you won't acknowledge it. Whoever yet got a parson to confess himself!"

"Strangely enough, Mr. Wendover," said Robert, fixing him with a pair of deliberate feverish eyes, "I am here at this moment for that very purpose."

"Go on," said the squire, turning, however, to meet the rector's look, his gold spectacles falling forward over his long-hooked nose, his attitude one of sudden attention. "Go on."

All his grievances against Elsmere returned to him. He stood aggressively waiting.

Robert paused a moment, and then said abruptly—

"Perhaps even you will agree, Mr. Wendover, that I had some reason for sentiment this morning. Unless I read the lessons to-morrow, which is possible, to-day has been my last public appearance as rector of this parish!"

The squire looked at him dumbfounded.

"And your reasons?" he said, with quick imperativeness.

Robert gave them. He admitted, as plainly and bluntly as he had done to Grey, the squire's own part in the matter; but here a note of antagonism, almost of defiance, crept even into his confession of wide and illimitable defeat. He was there, so to speak, to hand over his sword. But to the squire, his surrender had all the pride of victory.

"Why should you give up your living?" asked the squire after several minutes' complete silence.

He too had sat down, and was now bending forward, his sharp small eyes peering at his companion.

"Simply because I prefer to feel myself an honest man. However, I have not

acted without advice. Grey of St. Anselm's—you know him, of course—was a very close personal friend of mine at Oxford. I have been to see him, and we agreed it was the only thing to do."

"Oh, Grey," exclaimed the squire, with a movement of impatience. "Grey, of course, wanted you to set up a church of your own, or to join his! He is like all idealists, he has the usual foolish contempt for the compromise of institutions."

"Not at all," said Robert calmly, "you are mistaken; he has the most sacred respect for institutions. He only thinks it well, and I agree with him, that with regard to a man's public profession and practice he should recognise that two and two make four."

It was clear to him from the squire's tone and manner that Mr. Wendover's instincts on the point were very much what he had expected, the instincts of the philosophical man of the world, who scorns the notion of taking popular beliefs seriously, whether for protest or for sympathy. But he was too weary to argue. The squire, however, rose hastily and began to walk up and down in a gathering storm of irritation. The triumph gained for his own side, the tribute to his life's work, were at the moment absolutely indifferent to him. They were effaced by something else much harder to analyse. Whatever it was, it drove him to throw himself upon Robert's position with a perverse belittering bitterness.

"Why should you break up your life in this wanton way? Who, in God's name, is injured if you keep your living? It is the business of the thinker and the scholar to clear his mind of cobwebs. Granted. You have done it. But it is also the business of the practical man to live! If I had your altruist emotional temperament, I should not hesitate for a moment. I should regard the historical expressions of an eternal tendency in men as wholly indifferent to me. If I understand you aright, you have flung away the sanctions of orthodoxy. There is no other in the way. Treat words as they deserve. *You*"—and the speaker laid an emphasis on the pronoun which for the life of him he could not help making sarcastic—"*you* will always have Gospel enough to preach." . . .

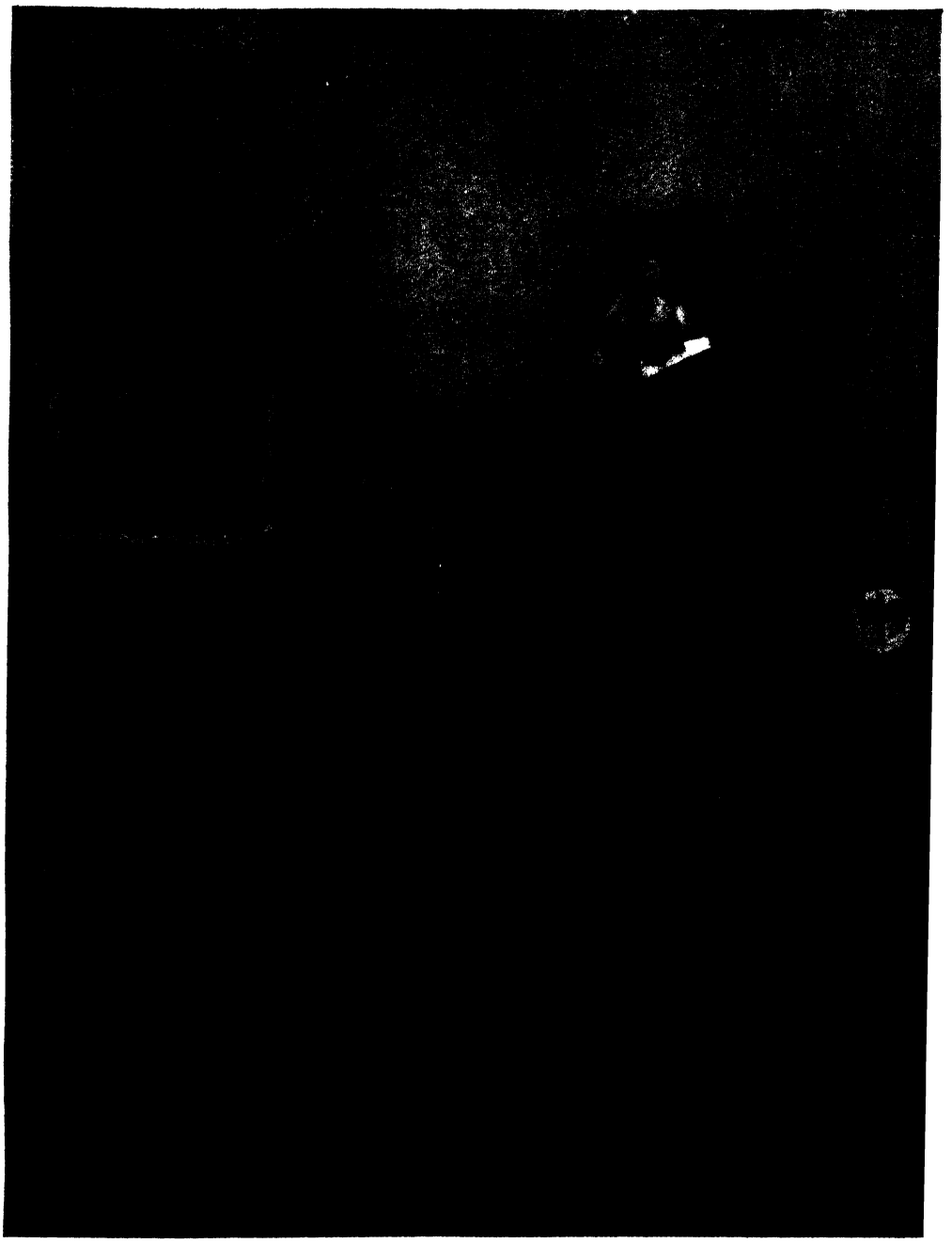
Elsmere got up to take his leave.

"What you are about to do, Elsmere," the squire wound up with saturnine emphasis, "is a piece of *cowardice!* You will live bitterly to regret the haste and the unreason of it."

"There has been no haste," exclaimed Robert in the low tone of passionate emotion; "I have not rooted up the most sacred growths of life as a careless child devastates its garden. There are some things which a man only does because he *must*." . . .

Mr. Wendover stood a minute looking after him; then, with some vehement expletive or other, walked up to his writing-table, drew some folios that were lying on it towards him, with hasty maladroit movements which sent his papers flying over the floor, and plunged doggedly into work. . . .

The Elsmeres removed to London where Robert started a New Brotherhood movement into which he threw his whole heart and soul. He paid one last visit to Squire Wendover, who in a last illness had sent for him. This novel has more than one life-story running through it; the poignant story of Rose and Flaxman in particular; and the old Squire's cupboard contained a skeleton; a strain of madness ran in the family; his father's death was the death of a suicide, his sister, Mrs. D'Arcy, who lived with him, was of deranged mind; the Squire, indeed, had experienced much of life's tragedy. He was a withered, broken man when Elsmere came to see him; he was lonely, too, and had missed Elsmere's company; he had gone through a short, sharp, ugly attack of madness, of which Elsmere knew nothing, following on another attack; while he was present, the Squire passed away.



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THOMAS CARLYLE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. A. McNEILL WHISTLER.

FROUDE'S LIFE OF CARLYLE

J. A. FROUDE

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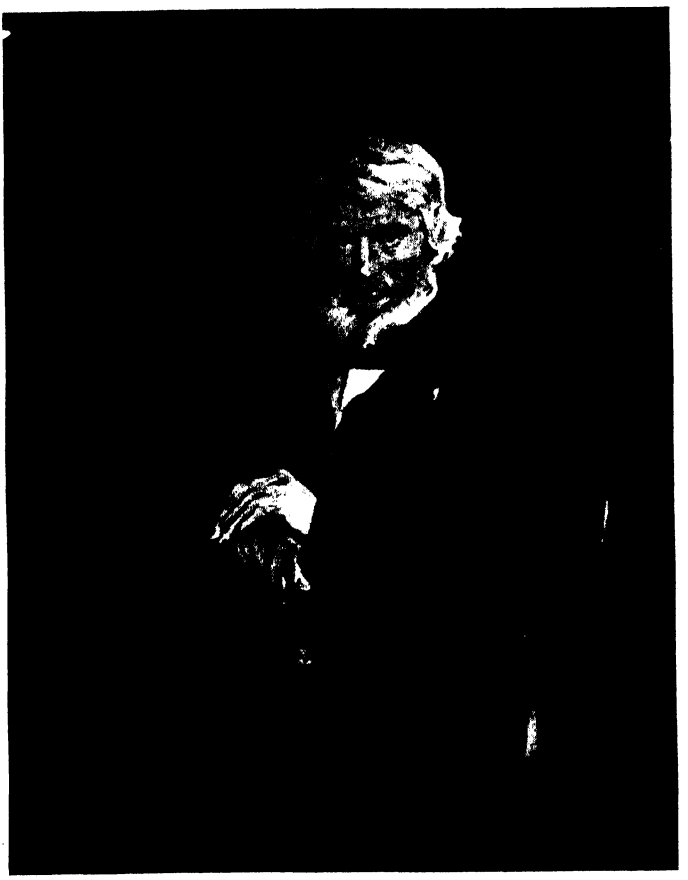


Photo: W. E. Mansell.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From the painting by Sir John Millais, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Carlyle's own verdict of this portrait was modestly uncertain. "The picture," he said, "does not please many, nor in fact myself altogether; but it is surely strikingly like in every feature, and the fundamental condition was that Millais should paint what he was able to see."

On the first appearance of Froude's book it was received with a storm of abuse; it shocked many readers with its revelation of a side of Carlyle which Froude perhaps over-emphasised. Carlyle was not, of course, the grim, selfish, intolerant egotist that Froude's critics averred he had pictured him. Carlyle and his wife were both exceptional people and Froude's picture of their life in Cheyne Row is substantially true. "I never knew of one," says Froude of Carlyle, "whose conduct in life would better bear the fiercest light which can be thrown upon it."

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, on December 4th, 1795; his father was a working mason. After his marriage to Jane Baillie Welsh he lived for a time in Edinburgh; they were very poor, and in 1834 they removed to London and made their home at 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where they spent the rest of their lives.

One occupation and one only, Froude says, absorbed Carlyle's time and thought these first years of his London life—the writing of his history of the French Revolution. His prospects were blank, and the society in which he moved gave him no pleasure. His money would hold out until the book was done at the rate at which it was progressing. The first volume was finished; but a

catastrophe was to overtake Carlyle, which for a moment fairly broke his spirit. Froude relates the story as follows:—

§ 1

JOHN MILL, then his closest and most valuable friend, was ardently interested in the growth of the new book. He borrowed the manuscript as it was thrown off, that he might make notes and suggestions, either for Carlyle's use, or as material for an early review. The completed first volume was in his hands for this purpose, when one evening, the 6th of March, 1835, as Carlyle was sitting with his wife, "after working all day like a nigger" at the Feast of Pikes, a rap was heard at the door, a hurried step came up the stairs, and Mill entered deadly pale, and at first unable to speak. "Why, Mill," said Carlyle, "what ails ye, man? What is it?" Staggering, and supported by Carlyle's arm, Mill gasped out to Mrs. Carlyle to go down and speak to some one who was in a carriage in the street. Both Carlyle and she thought that a thing which they had long feared must have actually happened, and that Mill had come to announce it and to take leave of them. So genuine was the alarm that the truth when it came out was a relief. Carlyle led his friend to a seat "the very picture of desperation." He then learnt in broken sentences that his manuscript, "left out in too careless a manner after it had been read," was, "except four or five bits of leaves, irrecoverably annihilated." That was all, nothing worse; but it was ugly news enough, and the uglier the more the meaning of it was realised. Carlyle wrote always in a highly wrought quasi-automatic condition both of mind and nerves. He read till he was full of his subject. His notes, when they were done with, were thrown aside and destroyed; and of this unfortunate volume, which he had produced as if "possessed" while he was about it, he could remember nothing. Not only were "the fruits of five months of steadfast, occasionally excessive, and always sickly and painful toil" gone irretrievably, but the spirit in which he gad worked seemed to have fled too, not to be recalled; worse than all, his work had been measured carefully against his resources, and the household purse might now be empty before the loss could be made good. The carriage and its occupant drove off—and it would have been better had Mill gone too after he had told his tale, for the forlorn pair wished to be alone together in the face of such a calamity. But Carlyle, whose first thought was of what Mill must be suffering, made light of it, and talked of indifferent things, and Mill stayed and talked too—stayed, I believe, two hours. At length he left them. Mrs. Carlyle told me that the first words her husband uttered as the door closed were: "Well, Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up; we must endeavour to hide from him how very serious this business is to us." . . .

The money part of the injury Mill was able to repair. He knew Carlyle's circumstances. He begged, and at last passionately entreated, Carlyle not to punish him by making him feel that he had occasioned real distress to friends whom he so much honoured; and he enclosed a cheque for £200, the smallest sum which he thought he could offer. Carlyle returned it; but his financial condition requiring that he should lay his pride aside, he intimated that he would accept half, as representing the wages of five months' labour. To this Mill unwillingly consented. He sent a hundred pounds, and, so far as money went, Carlyle was in the same position as when he began to write. He was not aware till he tried it what difficulty he would find in replacing what had been destroyed; and he was able to write to his brother of what had happened, before he did try again, as of a thing which had ceased to distress him.

To John Carlyle.

Chelsea: March 23.

I was busy with Vol. II., toiling along with the heart of a free Roman. Indeed, I know not how it was, I had not felt so clear and independent, sure of myself and of my task, for many long years. . . . There never in my life had come upon me any other *accident* of much moment;



ECCLEFECHAN.

The house where Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795.

but this I could not but feel to be a sore one. The thing was lost, and perhaps worse; for I had not only forgotten all the structure of it, but the spirit it was written with was past. Only the general impression seemed to remain, and the recollection that I was on the whole satisfied with that, and could now hardly hope to equal it. Mill, whom I had to comfort and speak peace to, remained injudiciously enough till almost midnight, and my poor dame and I had to sit talking of indifferent matters, and could not till then get our lament freely uttered. *She* was very good to me, and the thing did not beat us. That night was a hard one; something from time to time tying me tight, as it were, all round the region of the heart, and strange dreams haunting me. However, I was not without good thoughts too, that came like healing life into me; and I got it somewhat reasonably crushed down. . . . I have got back my spirits, and hope to go on tolerably. . . . I was for writing to you next day after it happened, but Jane suggested it would only grieve you till I could say it was in the way towards adjustment. . . .

It was about two years later that the "French Revolution" was finished. "All that he looked for was to have acquitted his conscience by writing it; he would then quit literature and seek other work." The newspaper critics had been scornful over "Sartor Resartus," as they had been over "The Diamond Necklace." "His plan, so far as he could form one, was, that as soon as the book was published his wife should return for a while to her mother. He would take staff in hand, travel on foot about the world like a mediæval monk, look about him, and then decide." The last sentence of the "French Revolution" was written on the 12th of January, 1837, "on a damp evening, just as light was failing. Carlyle gave the MS. to his wife to read, and went out to walk. Before leaving the house he said to her: 'I know not whether this book is worth anything,

nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest; but this I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man. Do what you like with it, you——'"

Froude thus describes the book which was to remain Carlyle's masterpiece:—

The "French Revolution."

I have been thus particular in describing the conditions under which the "History of the French Revolution" was composed, because this book gave Carlyle at a single step his unique position as an English man of letters, and because it is in many respects the most perfect of all his writings. In his other works the sense of form is defective. He throws out brilliant detached pictures, and large masses of thought, each in itself inimitably clear. There is everywhere a unity of purpose, with powerful final effects. But events are not left to tell their own story. He appears continually in his own person, instructing, commenting, informing the reader at every step of his own opinion. His method of composition is so original that it cannot be tried by common rules. The want of art is even useful for the purposes which he has generally in view; but it interferes with the simplicity of a genuine historical narrative. The "French Revolution" is not open to this objection. It stands alone in artistic regularity and completeness. It is a prose poem with a distinct beginning, a middle, an end. It opens with the crash of a corrupt system, and a dream of liberty which was to bring with it a reign of peace and happiness and universal love. It pursues its way through the failure of visionary hopes into regicide and terror, and the regeneration of mankind by the guillotine. It has been called an *epic*. It is rather an Æschylean drama composed of facts literally true, in which the Furies are seen once more walking on this prosaic earth and shaking their serpent hair.

The form is quite peculiar, unlike that of any history ever written before, or probably to be written again. No one can imitate Carlyle who does not sincerely feel as Carlyle felt. But it is complete in itself. The story takes shape as it grows, a definite organic creation, with no dead or needless matter anywhere disfiguring or adhering to it, as if the metal had been smelted in a furnace seven times heated, till every particle of dross had been burnt away. As in all living things, there is a central idea, the animating principle round which the matter gathers and develops into shape. Carlyle was writing what he believed would be his last word to his countrymen. He was not looking forward to fame or fortune, or to making a position for himself in the world. He belonged to no political party, and was engaged in the defence of no theory or interest. For many years he had been studying painfully the mystery of human life, wholly and solely that he might arrive at some kind of truth about it and understand his own duty. He had no belief in the virtue of special "Constitutions." He was neither Tory, nor Whig, nor Radical, nor Socialist, nor any other "ist." He had stripped himself of "Formulas" "as a Nessus shirt," and flung them fiercely away from him, finding "Formulas" in these days to be mostly "lies agreed to be believed." In the record of God's law, as he had been able to read it, he had found no commendation of "symbols of faith," of church organisation, or methods of government. He wrote, as he said to Sterling, "in the character of a man" only; and of a man without earthly objects, without earthly prospects, who had been sternly handled by fate and circumstances, and was left alone with the elements, as Prometheus on the rock of Caucasus. Struggling thus in pain and sorrow, he desired to tell the modern world that, destitute as it and its affairs appeared to be of Divine guidance, God or justice was still in the middle of it, sternly inexorable as ever; that modern nations were as entirely governed by God's law as the Israelites had been in Palestine—laws self-acting and inflicting their own penalties, if man neglected or defied them. And these laws were substantially the same as those on the Tables delivered in thunder on Mount Sinai. You shall reverence your

Almighty Maker. You shall speak truth. You shall do justice to your fellow-man. If you set truth aside for conventional and convenient lies; if you prefer your own pleasure, your own will, your own ambition, to purity and manliness and justice, and submission to your Maker's commands, then are whirlwinds still provided in the constitution of things which will blow you to atoms. Philistines, Assyrians, Babylonians, were the whips which were provided for the Israelites. Germans and Huns swept away the Roman sensualists. Modern society, though out of fear of barbarian conquerors, breeds in his own heart the instruments of its punishment. The hungry and injured millions will rise up and bring to justice their guilty rulers, themselves a little better than those whom they throw down, themselves powerless to rebuild out of the ruins any abiding city; but powerful to destroy, powerful to dash in pieces the corrupt institutions which have been the shelter and the instrument of oppression.

And Carlyle *believed* this — believed it singly and simply as Isaiah believed it, not as a mode of speech to be used in pulpits by eloquent preachers, but as actual literal fact, as a real account of the true living relations between man and his Maker. The established forms, creeds liturgies, articles of faith, were but as the shell round the kernel. The shell in these days of ours had rotted away, and men supposed that, because the shell was gone, the entire conception had been but a dream. It was no dream. The kernel could not rot. It was the vital force by which human existence in this planet was controlled, and would be controlled to the end.

In this conviction he wrote his spectral "History of the French Revolution." Spectral, for the actors in it appear without their earthly clothes: men and women in their natural characters, but as in some vast phantasmagoria, with the supernatural shining through them, working in fancy their own wills or their own imagination; in reality, the mere instruments of a superior power, infernal or divine, whose awful presence is felt while it is unseen. . . .

With a real subject before him he was the greatest of historical painters. He took all pains first to obtain an authentic



Rischgitz Collection.

MRS. CARLYLE AT THE AGE OF 25.

From the Miniature by Kenneth Macleay.

Froude's references to the domestic life of the Carlyles was the subject of much discussion.

account of the facts. Then, with a few sharp lines, he could describe face, figure, character, action, with a complete insight never rivalled except by Tacitus, and with a certain sympathy, a perennial flashing of humour, of which Tacitus has none. He produces a gallery of human portraits each so distinctly drawn, that whenever studied it can never be forgotten. He possessed besides another quality, the rarest of all, and the most precious, an inflexible love of truth. It was first a moral principle with him ; but he had also an intellectual curiosity to know everything exactly as it was. . . . Dig where you will in Carlyle's writings, you never come to water. Politicians have complained that Carlyle shows no insight into constitutional principles, that he writes as if he were contemptuous of them or indifferent to them. Revolutionists have complained of his scorn of Robespierre, and of his tenderness to Marie Antoinette. Catholics find Holy Church spoken of without sufficient respect, and Tories find kings and nobles stripped of their fine clothes and treated as vulgar clay. But Constitutions had no place in Carlyle's Decalogue. He did not find it written there that one form of government is in itself better than another. He held with Pope :—

For forms of Government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administered is best.

His sympathies were with purity, justice, truthfulness, manly courage, on whichever side he found them. His scorn was for personal cowardice, or cant, or hollow places of any kind in the character of men ; and when nations are split into parties, wisdom or folly, virtue or vice, is not the exclusive property of one or the other.

A book written from such a point of view had no " public " prepared for it. When it appeared, partisans on both sides were offended ; and to the reading multitude who wish merely to be amused without the trouble of thinking, it had no attraction till they learned its merits from others. But to the chosen few, to those who had eyes of their own to see with, and manliness enough to recognise when a living man was speaking to them, to those who had real intellect, and could therefore acknowledge intellect and welcome it whether they agreed or not with the writer's opinions, the high quality of the " French Revolution " became apparent instantly, and Carlyle was at once looked up to, by some who themselves were looked up to by the world, as a man of extraordinary gifts ; perhaps as the highest among them all. Dickens carried a copy of it with him wherever he went. Southey read it six times over. Thackeray reviewed it enthusiastically. Even Jeffrey generously admitted that Carlyle had succeeded on lines on which he had himself foretold inevitable failure. The orthodox political philosophers, Macaulay, Hallam, Brougham, though they perceived that Carlyle's views were the condemnation of their own, though they felt instinctively that he was their most dangerous enemy, yet could not any longer despise him. They, with the rest, were obliged to admit that there had arisen a new star, of baleful perhaps and ominous aspect, but a star of the first magnitude in English literature. . . .

§ 3

The effect of the book was that Carlyle took his natural place among the great writers of his day. It was recognised among the few that Carlyle was a new moral force in Europe. The next extract we give deals with Carlyle's position and influence when he was about forty-eight years of age. " Past and Present " had just been published, and Carlyle had sent a copy to Lockhart.

On the whole, perhaps we shall agree with what Lockhart answered, when Carlyle sent his book to him. Lockhart said he could accept none of his friend's inferences, except one, that " we were all wrong, and were all like to be damned " ; but that " it was a book such as no other man could do, or dream of doing ; that it had made him conscious of life and feeling as he had never been before. . . ."

But it is unnecessary for me to review or criticise further a work which has been read so universally, and as to which no two persons are likely entirely



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

CARLYLE'S HOUSE 5, NOW 24, CHEYNE ROW) AT CHELSEA.

Here he lived from 1834 till his death, and the old house remains as a place of pilgrimage for all admirers of the Sage.

to think alike. I shall endeavour rather at this point to describe something of the effect which Carlyle was producing among his contemporaries. "Past and Present" completes the cycle of writings which were in his first style, and by which he most influenced the thought of his time. He was a Bedouin, as he said of himself, a rough child of the desert. His hand had been against every man, and every man's hand against him. He had offended men of all political parties, and every professor of a recognised form of religion. He had offended Tories by his Radicalism, and Radicals by his scorn of their formulas. He had offended High Churchmen by his Protestantism, and Low Churchmen by his evident unorthodoxy. No sect or following could claim him as belonging to them; if they did, some rough utterance would soon undeceive them. Yet all had acknowledged that here was a man of extraordinary intellectual gifts and of inflexible veracity. If his style were anomalous, it was brilliant. No such humorist had been known in England since Swift; and the humour, while as searching as the great Dean's, was infinitely more genial. Those who were most angry with Carlyle could not deny that much that he said was true. In spite of political economy, all had to admit there was such a thing as justice; that it was the duty of men to abstain from lying a great deal more than they did. "A new thinker," in Emerson's phrase, "had been let loose upon the planet"; the representatives of the Religiones Licitæ, the conventional varieties of permitted practice and speculation, found themselves encountered by a novel element which would assimilate with none of them, which disturbed all their digestions, yet which they equally could not ignore.

This on the surface. But there were circumstances in the time which made Carlyle's mode of thought exceptionally interesting, to young men especially whose convictions were unformed and whose line of life was yet undetermined for them. It was an era of new ideas, of swift if silent spiritual revolution. Reform in Parliament was the symbol of a general hope for the introduction of a new and better order of things. The Church had broken away from her old anchorage. The squire parsons, with their sleepy services, were to serve no longer. Among

the middle classes there was the Evangelical revival. The Catholic revival at Oxford had convulsed the University, and had set half the educated men and women in England speculating on the authority of the priesthood, and the essential meaning of Christianity. . . .

In this condition the best and bravest of my own contemporaries determined to have done with insincerity, to find ground under their feet, to let the uncertain remain uncertain, but to learn how much and what we could honestly regard as true, and believe that and live by it. Tennyson became the voice of this feeling in poetry; Carlyle in what was called prose, though prose it was not, but something by itself, with a form and melody of its own. Tennyson's poems, the group of poems which closed with "In Memoriam," became to many of us what the "Christian Year" was to orthodox Churchmen. We read them, and they became part of our minds, the expression in exquisite language of the feelings which were working in ourselves. Carlyle stood beside him as a prophet and teacher; and to the young, the generous, to everyone who took life seriously, who wished to make an honourable use of it, and could not be content with sitting down and making money, his words were like a morning reveille. The middle-aged and experienced who have outgrown their enthusiasm, who have learnt what a real power money is, and how inconvenient the absence of it, may forego a higher creed; may believe without much difficulty that utilitarianism is the only basis of morals; that mind is a product of organised matter; that our wisest course is to make ourselves comfortable in the world, whatever may become of the next. Others of nobler nature who would care little for their comforts, may come at last, after long reflection on this world, to the sad conclusion that nothing can be known about it; that the external powers, whatever they may be, are indifferent to human action or human welfare. . . .

Amidst the controversies, the arguments, the doubts, the crowding uncertainties of forty years ago, Carlyle's voice was to the young generation of Englishmen like the sound of "five hundred trumpets" in their ears, as Elizabeth's ambassador Randolph said of John Knox. They had been taught to believe in a living God. Alas! it had seemed as if the *life* might be in other moods and tenses, but not in the present indicative. They heard of what He had done in the past, of what He would do in the future, of what it was wished that He might do, of what we were to pray to Him that He would do. Carlyle was the first to make us see His actual and active presence *now* in this working world, not in rhetoric and fine sentiments, not in problematic miracles at Lourdes or La Salette, but in clear letters of fire which all might read, written over the entire surface of human experience. To him God's existence was not an arguable probability, a fact dependent for its certainty on Church authority, or on Apostolic succession, or on so-called histories which might possibly prove to be no more than legends; but an awful reality to which the fates of nations, the fate of each individual man, bore perpetual witness. Here and only here lay the sanction and the meaning of the word *duty*. We were to do our work, not because it would prove expedient and we should be rewarded for doing it, but because we were bound to do it by our Master's orders. We were to be just and true, because God abhorred wrong and hated lies, and because an account of our deeds and words was literally demanded and exacted from us. And the lesson came from one who seemed "to speak with authority and not as the Scribes," as if what he said was absolute certainty beyond question or cavil.

Religious teachers, indeed, had said the same thing, but they had so stifled the practical bearing of their creed under their doctrines and traditions, that honest men had found a difficulty in listening to them. In Carlyle's writings dogma and tradition had melted like a mist, and the awful central fact burnt clear once more in the midst of heaven. Nor could anyone doubt Carlyle's power, or Carlyle's sincerity. He was no founder of a sect bent on glorifying his own personality. He was no spiritual janissary maintaining a cause which he was paid to defend. He was simply a

man of high original genius and boundless acquirements, speaking out with his whole heart the convictions at which he had himself arrived in the disinterested search after truth. If we asked who he was, we heard that his character was like his teaching; that he was a peasant's son, brought up in poverty, and was now leading a pure, simple life in a small house in London, seeking no promotion for himself, and content with the wages of an artisan. . . .

§ 4

The following extract deals with Carlyle's talk and habits; Froude is speaking of a time when Carlyle was sixty-nine years of age, and he is speaking of his own personal intercourse with the Sage of Chelsea. The two men took almost daily rides or walks together.

The first of these walks I well remember, from an incident which happened in the course of it. It was after nightfall. At Hyde Park Corner, we found a blind beggar anxious to cross over from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly, but afraid to trust his dog to lead him through the carts and carriages. Carlyle took the beggar's arm, led him gently over, and offered to help him further on his way. He declined gratefully; we gave him some trifle, and followed him to see what he would do. His dog led him straight to a public-house in Park Lane. We both laughed, and I suppose I made some ill-natured remark. "Poor fellow," was all that Carlyle said; "he perhaps needs warmth and shelter."

This was the first instance that I observed of what I found to be a universal habit with him. Though still far from rich, he never met any poor creature, whose distress was evident, without speaking kindly to him and helping him more or less in one way or another. Archbishop Whately said that to relieve street beggars was a public crime. Carlyle thought only of their misery. "Modern life," he said, "doing its charity by institutions," is a sad hardener of our hearts. "We should give for our own sakes. It is very low water with the wretched beings, one can easily see that."

Even the imps of the gutters he would not treat as reprobates. He would drop a lesson in their way, sometimes with a sixpence to recommend it. . . . A small vagabond was at some indecency. Carlyle touched him gently on the back with his stick. "Do you not know that you are a little man," he said, "and not a whelp, that you behave in this way?" There was no sixpence this time. Afterwards a lad of fourteen or so stopped us and begged. Carlyle lectured him for beginning so early at such a trade, told him how, if he worked, he might have a worthy and respectable life before him, and gave him sixpence. The boy shot off down the next alley. "There is a sermon fallen on stony ground," Carlyle said, "but we must do what we can." The crowds of children growing up in London affected him with real pain; these small plants, each with its head just out of the ground, with a whole life ahead, and such a training! I noticed another trait too—Scotch thrift showing itself in a hatred of waste. If he saw a crust of bread on the roadway he would stop to pick it up and put it on a step or a railing. Some poor devil might be glad of it, or at worst a dog or a sparrow. To destroy wholesome food was a sin. He was very tender about animals, especially dogs, who, like horses, if well treated, were types of loyalty and fidelity. I horrified him with a story of my Oxford days. The hounds had met at Woodstock. They had drawn the covers without finding a fox, and, not caring to have a blank day, one of the whips had caught a passing sheep dog, rubbed its feet with aniseed, and set it to run. It made for Oxford in its terror, the hounds in full cry behind. They caught the wretched creature in a field outside the town, and tore it to pieces. I never saw Carlyle more affected. He said it was like a human soul flying for salvation before a legion of fiends. . . .

His conversation when we were alone together was even more surprising to me. I had been accustomed to hear him impatient of contradiction, extravagantly exaggerative, overbearing opposition with bursts of scornful humour. In private I found him impatient of nothing but of being bored; gentle, quiet,



[illegible] by permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., [illegible] edition of "Sartor Resartus," [illegible] by E. J. Sullivan.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

tolerant; *sadly*-humoured, but never *ill*-humoured; ironical, but without the savageness, and when speaking of persons always scrupulously just. He saw through the "clothes" of a man into what he actually was. But the sharpest censure was always qualified. He would say, "If we knew how he came to be what he is, poor fellow, we should not be hard with him."

But he talked more of things than of persons, and on every variety of subject. He had read more miscellaneously than any man I have ever known. His memory was extraordinary, and a universal curiosity had led him to inform himself minutely about matters which I might have supposed that he had never heard of.

Earlier in his life, while he was young and confident, and the effects of his religious training were fresh in him, he could fling off the whispers of the scientific spirit with angry disdain; the existence, the omnipresence, the omnipotence of God, were then the strongest of his convictions. The faith remained unshaken in him to the end; he never himself doubted; yet he was perplexed by the indifference with which the Supreme Power was allowing its existence to be obscured. I once said to him, not long before his death, that I could only believe in a God which *did* something. With a cry of pain, which I shall never forget, he said, "He does nothing." For himself, however, his faith stood firm. He did not believe in historical christianity. He did not believe that the facts alleged in the Apostles' creed had ever really happened. The resurrection of Christ was to him only a symbol of a spiritual truth. As Christ rose from the dead, so were we to rise from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Not that Christ had

actually died and had risen again. He was only *believed* to have died and *believed* to have risen in an age when legend was history, when stories were accepted as true from their beauty or their significance. As long as it was supposed that the earth was the centre of the universe, that the sky moved round it, and that sun and moon and stars had been set there for man's convenience, when it was the creed of all nations that gods came down to the earth, and men were taken into heaven, and that between the two regions there was incessant intercourse, it could be believed easily that the Son of God had lived as a man among men, had descended like Hercules into Hades, and had returned again from it. Such a story then presented no internal difficulty at all. It was not so now. The soul of it was eternally true, but it had been bound up in a mortal body. The body of the belief was now perishing, and the soul of it being discredited by its connection with discovered error, was suspected not to be a soul at all; half mankind, betrayed and deserted, were rushing off into materialism. Nor was materialism the worst. Shivering at so blank a prospect, entangled in the institutions which remained standing when the life had gone out of them, the other half were "reconciling faith with reason," pretending to believe, or believing that they believed, becoming hypocrites, conscious or unconscious, the last the worst of the two, not daring to look the facts in the face, so that the very sense of truth was withered in them. It was to make love to delusion, to take falsehood deliberately into their hearts. For such souls there was no hope at all. Centuries of spiritual anarchy lay before the world before sincere belief could again be generally possible among men of knowledge and insight. With the half-educated and ignorant it was otherwise. To them the existing religion might still represent some real truth. There alone was any open teaching of God's existence, and the divine sanction of morality. Each year, each day, as knowledge spread, the power of the established religion was growing less; but it was not yet entirely gone, and it was the only hold that was left on the most vital of all truths. . . .

§ 5

The last extract is from the final chapter of the book and describes the last scene of all. Carlyle's wife met with a tragic death in 1866. "She had been out driving in Hyde Park and near Victoria Gate had put down her dog for a run. A passing carriage went over its foot, and, more frightened than hurt, it lay on its back crying. Its mistress sprang out, caught the dog in her arms, took it with her into the brougham, and was never more seen alive." The coachman had gone twice round the Park before he made the discovery of Mrs. Carlyle sitting with her hands folded on her lap dead.

The story of the married life of the Carlyles has been much discussed. He was a hard man to live with, a literary genius, a dyspeptic, given to disparagement, to outbursts of impatience, to severe, scornful judgments, and he had the habit of using language of violent exaggeration. But he had a heart sensitive and full of human kindness. In his own day he loomed prophet-like; to-day we have a clearer sight of the man and the writer.

Mrs. Carlyle was gently bred, a clever woman, of a satirical and censorious turn; she had a sharp tongue, and she wielded a brilliant pen. Their early married life in Cheyne Row were years of poverty and misery. Both experienced the "terror of want."

Carlyle died in Cheyne Row on February 5th, 1881; his wife's workbox and other ladies' trifles lay about in their old places. He had forbidden them to be moved, and they stood within reach of his dying hand. He had foreseen that an attempt might be made to give him a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, and so it happened; but he had decided against it. In the great cathedral "the organ played the Dead March in 'Saul'—grand, majestic—as England's voice of farewell to one whose work for England had closed and yet had not closed." At the same moment a humble, lonesome, pathetic burial in the dreary rain was taking place in the rude churchyard at far-off Ecclefechan. Froude, Lecky, and Tyndale, alone of his London friends, travelled by mail train to Scotland.

We arrived at Ecclefechan on a cold dreary February morning; such a morning as he himself describes when he laid his mother in the same grave where he was now to rest. Snow had fallen, and road and field were wrapped in a white winding-sheet. The hearse, with the coffin, stood solitary in the station yard, as some waggon might stand, waiting to be unloaded. They do not study form in Scotland, and the absence of respect had nothing unusual about it. But the look of that black, snow-sprinkled object, standing there so desolate, was painful; and, to lose sight of it in the three hours which we had to wait, we walked up to Mainhill, the small farmhouse, two miles distant, where he had spent his boyhood and his university vacations. I had seen Mainhill before: my companions had not. The house had been enlarged since my previous visit, but the old part of it, the kitchen and the two bedrooms, of which it had consisted when the Carlyles lived there, remained as they had been, with the old alcoves, in which the beds were still standing. To complete the resemblance, another family of the same station in life now occupied it—a shrewd industrious farmer's, whose wife was making cheeses in the dairy. Again there were eight children, the elder sons at school in the village, the little ones running about barefoot as Carlyle had done, the girls with their brooms and dusters, and one little fellow not strong enough for farm work, but believed to have gifts, and designed, by-and-by, for college. It was the old scene over again, the same stage, the same play, with new players. We stayed looking about us till it was time to go, and then waded back through the half-melted snow to the station. A few strangers had arrived from Edinburgh and elsewhere, but not many; for the family, simple in their habits, avoided display, and the day, and even the place, of the funeral, had not been made public. Two or three carriages were waiting, belonging to gentlemen in the neighbourhood. Mr. James Carlyle and his sisters were there, with their children, in carriages also, and there was a carriage for us. The hearse was set in movement, and we followed slowly down the half-mile of road which divides the station from the village. A crowd had gathered at the churchyard, not disorderly, but seemingly with no feeling but curiosity. There were boys and girls bright with ribands and coloured dresses, climbing upon the kirkyard walls. There was no minister—or at least no ceremony which implied the presence of a minister. I could not but contrast, in my own thoughts, that poor and almost ragged scene, with the trampled sleet and dirt, and *un*ordered if not *dis*ordered assemblage, with the sad ranks of mourners who would have attended in thousands had Dean Stanley's offer been accepted. I half-regretted the resolution which made the Abbey impossible. Melancholy, indeed, was the impression left upon me by that final leave-taking of my honoured master. The kirkyard was peopled with ghosts. All round me were headstones, with the names of the good old villagers of whom I had heard so many stories from him: the schoolmaster from whom he had learnt his first Latin, the blacksmith with whom his father had argued on the resurrection of the body, his father, mother, sister, woven into the life which was now over, and which it was to fall to myself to describe. But the graves were soiled with half-thawed sleet, the newspaper correspondents were busy with their pencils, the people were pressing and pushing as the coffin was lowered down. Not in this way, I thought for a moment, ought Scotland to have laid her best and greatest in his solemn sleeping-place. But it was for a moment, only. It was as he had himself desired. They whom he had loved best had been buried so—all so—and with no other forms. The funeral prayers in Scotland are not offered at the grave, but in private houses, before or after. There was nothing really unsuitable in what habit had made natural and fit. It was over, and we left him to rest.

THE FOUR FEATHERS

A. E. W. MASON

[*By permission of the Author*]



A. E. W. MASON.

This is the story of a coward who became a hero. The man is Harry Feversham, who, when War broke out in Egypt, throws up his commission in the Army and is branded by his fellows as a coward. How it comes to pass that he receives the four white feathers is revealed so fully in a tense dramatic scene between himself and Ethne Eustace, the girl to whom he is engaged, that no further summary is needed. What Feversham tells Ethne he also tells the reader. The scene is at a dance at the house of Ethne's father :—

AS the band struck up the opening bars of the fourth waltz, Ethne left her position at the drawing-room door, and, taking Feversham's arm, passed out into the hall.

The hall was empty, and the front door stood open to the cool of the summer night. From the ballroom came the swaying lilt of the music and the beat of the dancers' feet. Ethne drew a deep breath of relief at her reprieve from her duties, and then, dropping her partner's arm, crossed to a side table.

"The post is in," she said. "There are letters, one, two, three for you, and a little box."

She held the box out to him as she spoke, a little white jeweller's cardboard box, and was at once struck by its absence of weight.

"It must be empty," she said.

Yet it was most carefully sealed and tied. Feversham broke the seals and unfastened the string. He looked at the address. The box had been forwarded from his lodgings, and he was not familiar with the handwriting.

"There is some mistake," he said, as he shook the lid open; and then he stopped abruptly. Three white feathers fluttered out of the box, swayed and rocked for a moment in the air, and then, one after another, settled gently down upon the floor. They lay like flakes of snow upon the dark polished boards. But they were not whiter than Harry Feversham's cheeks. He stood and stared at the feathers until he felt a light touch upon his arm. He looked and saw Ethne's gloved hand upon his sleeve.

"What does it mean?" she asked. There was some perplexity in her voice, but nothing more than perplexity. The smile upon her face and the loyal confidence of her eyes showed she had never a doubt that his first word would lift it from her. "What does it mean?"

"That there are things which cannot be hid, I suppose," said Feversham.

For a little while Ethne did not speak. The languorous music floated into the hall, and the trees whispered from the garden through the open door. Then she shook his arm gently, uttered a breathless little laugh, and spoke as though she were pleading with a child.

"I don't think you understand, Harry. Here are three white feathers. They were

sent to you in jest? Oh, of course in jest. But it is a cruel kind of jest——"

"They were sent in deadly earnest."

He spoke now, looking her straight in the eyes. Ethne dropped her hand from his sleeve.

"Who sent them?" she asked.

Feversham had not given a thought to that matter. The message was all in all, the men who had sent it so unimportant. But Ethne reached out her hand and took the box from him. There were three visiting cards lying at the bottom, and she took them out and read them aloud.

"Captain Trench, Mr. Castleton, Mr. Willoughby. Do you know these men?"

"All three are officers of my old regiment."

The girl was dazed. She knelt down upon the floor and gathered the feathers into her hand with a vague thought that merely to touch them would help her to comprehension. They lay upon the palm of her white glove, and she blew gently upon them and they swam up into the air and hung fluttering and rocking. As they floated downwards she caught them again, and so she slowly felt her way to another question.

"Were they justly sent?" she asked.

"Yes," said Harry Feversham.

He had no thought of denial or evasion. He was only aware that the dreadful thing for so many years dreadfully anticipated had at last befallen him. He was known for a coward. The word which had long blazed upon the wall of his thoughts in letters of fire was now written large in the public places. He stood as he had once stood before the portraits of his fathers, mutely accepting condemnation. It was the girl who denied, as she still kneeled upon the floor.

"I do not believe that is true," she said. "You could not look me in the face so steadily were it true. Your eyes would seek the floor, not mine."

"Yet it is true."

"Three little white feathers," she said, slowly; and then, with a sob in her throat: "This afternoon we were under the elms down by the Lennon River—do you remember, Harry?—just you and I. And then come three little white feathers; and the world's at an end."

"Oh, don't!" cried Harry, and his voice broke upon the word. Up till now he had spoken with a steadiness matching the steadiness of his eyes. But these last words of hers, the picture which they evoked in his memories, the pathetic simplicity of her utterance caught him by the heart. But Ethne seemed not to hear the appeal. She was listening with her face turned towards the ballroom. The chatter and laughter of the voices there grew louder and nearer. She understood that the music had ceased. She rose quickly to her feet, clenching the feathers in her hand, and opened a door. It was the door of her sitting-room.

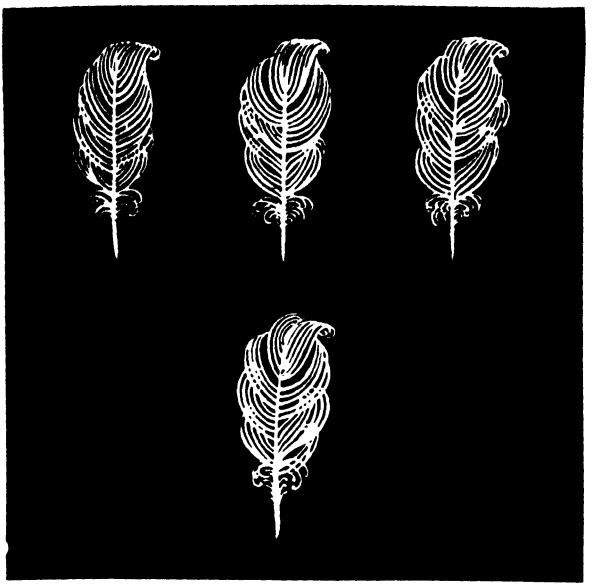
"Come," she said.

Harry followed her into the room, and she closed the door, shutting out the noise.

"Now," she said, "will you tell me, if you please, why the feathers have been sent?"

She stood quietly before him; her face was pale, but Feversham could not gather from her expression any feeling which she might have beyond a desire and a determination to get at the truth. She spoke, too, with the same quietude. He answered, as he had answered before, directly, and to the point, without any attempt at mitigation.

"A telegram came. It was sent by Castleton. It reached me when Trench and Willoughby were dining with me. It told me that my regiment would be ordered on active service in Egypt. Castleton was dining with a man likely to know, and I did not question the accuracy of his message. He told me to tell Trench. I did not. I thought the matter over, with the telegram in front of me. Castleton was leaving that night for Scotland, and he would go straight from Scotland to rejoin the regiment. He would not, therefore, see Trench for some weeks at the earliest, and by that time the telegram would very likely be forgotten, or its date confused. I did not tell Trench. I threw the telegram into the fire, and that night sent in



THE FOUR FEATHERS.

The story of how the four white feathers the badge of cardice was given to Harry Feversham—and how he redeemed his honour is the subject of this great novel.

my papers. But Trench found out somehow. Durrance was at dinner, too—good God, Durrance!" he suddenly broke out. "Most likely he knows like the rest."

It came upon him as something shocking and strangely new that his friend Durrance, who, as he knew very well, had been wont rather to look up to him, in all likelihood counted him a thing of scorn. But he heard Ethne speaking. After all, what did it matter whether Durrance knew, whether every man knew from the South Pole to the North, since she, Ethne, knew?

"And is this all?" she asked.

"Surely it is enough," said he.

"I think not," she answered, and she lowered her voice a little as she went on. "We agreed, didn't we, that no foolish misunderstandings should ever come between us? We were to be frank, and to take frankness each from the other without offence. So be frank with me! Please!" And she pleaded. "I could, I think, claim it as a right. At all events I ask for it as I shall never ask for anything else in all my life."

There was a sort of explanation of his act, Harry Feversham remembered. But it was so futile when compared with the overwhelming consequence. Ethne had unclenched her hands, the three feathers lay before his eyes upon the table. They could not be explained away; he wore "coward" like a blind man's label; besides, he could never make her understand. However, she wished for the explanation, and had a right to it; she had been generous in asking for it, with a generosity not very common amongst women. So Feversham gathered his wits, and explained:—

"All my life I have been afraid that some day I should play the coward, and from the very first I knew that I was destined for the army. I kept my fear to myself. There was no one to whom I could tell it. My mother was dead, and my father——" He stopped for a moment, with a deep intake of the breath. He could see his father, that lonely iron man, sitting at this very moment in his mother's favourite seat upon the terrace, and looking over the moonlit fields towards the Sussex Downs; he could imagine him dreaming of honours and distinctions worthy of the Fevershams to be gained immediately by his son in the Egyptian campaign. Surely that old man's stern heart would break beneath this blow! The magnitude of the bad thing which he had done, the misery which it would spread, were becoming very clear to Harry Feversham. He dropped his head between his hands and groaned aloud.

"My father," he resumed, "would, nay, could never have understood. I know him. When danger came his way it found him ready, but he did not foresee. That was my trouble always. I foresaw. Any peril to be encountered, any risk to be run—I foresaw them. I foresaw something else besides. My father would talk in his matter-of-fact way of the hours of waiting before the actual commencement of a battle, after the troops had been paraded. The mere

anticipation of this suspense and the strain of those hours was a torture to me. I foresaw the possibility of cowardice. Then one evening, when my father had his old friends about him on one of his Crimean nights, two dreadful stories were told—one of an officer, the other of a surgeon, who had both shirked. I was now confronted with the fact of cowardice. I took those stories up to bed with me. They never left my memory; they became a part of me. I saw myself behaving now as one, now as the other, of those two men had behaved, perhaps in the crisis of a battle, bringing ruin upon my country, certainly dishonouring my father and all the dead men whose portraits hung ranged in the hall. I tried to get the best of my fears. I hunted, but with a map of the countryside in my mind. I foresaw every hedge, every pit, every treacherous bank."

"Yet you rode straight," interrupted Ethne. "Mr. Durrance told me so."

"Did I?" said Feversham, vaguely. "Well, perhaps I did, once the hounds were off. Durrance never knew what the moments of waiting before the coverts were drawn meant to me! So when this telegram came, I took the chance it seemed to offer, and resigned."

He ended his explanation. He had spoken warily, having something to conceal. However earnestly she might ask for frankness, he must at all costs, for her sake, hide something from her. But at once she suspected it.

"Were you afraid, too, of disgracing [illegible]? Was I in any way the cause that [illegible] resigned?"

Feversham looked her in the eyes and lied:—

"No."

"If you had not been engaged to me, you would still have sent in your papers?"

"Yes."

Ethne slowly slipped a glove off her hand. Feversham turned away.

"I think that I am rather like your father," she said. "I don't understand." And in the silence which followed upon her words, Feversham heard something whirr and rattle upon the table. He looked and saw that she had slipped her engagement ring off her finger. It lay upon the table, the stones winking at him.

"And all this—all that you have told to me," she exclaimed, suddenly, with her face very stern, "you would have hidden from me. You would have married me and hidden it had not these three feathers come?"

The words had been on her lips from the beginning, but she had not uttered them lest by a miracle he should after all have some unimagined explanation which would re-establish him in her thoughts. She had given him every chance. Now, however, she struck and laid bare the worst of his disloyalty. Feversham flinched and he did not answer, but he allowed his silence to consent. Ethne, however, was just; she was in a way curious, too. She wished to know the very bottom of the matter before she thrust it into the back of her mind.

"But yesterday," she said, "you were going to tell me something. I stopped you to point out the letter-box." And she laughed in a queer, empty way. "Was it about the feathers?"

"Yes," answered Feversham, wearily. What did these persistent questions matter, since the feathers had come, since her ring lay flickering and winking on the table? "Yes, I think what you were saying rather compelled me."

"I remember," said Ethne, interrupting him rather hastily, "about seeing so much of one another—afterwards. We will not speak of such things again." And Feversham swayed upon his feet as though he would fall. "I remember, too, you said one could make mistakes. You were right, I was wrong. One can do more than seem to make them. Will you, if you please, take back your ring?"

Feversham picked up the ring and held it in the palm of his hand, standing very still. He had never cared for her so much, he had never recognised her value so thoroughly, as at this moment when he lost her. She gleamed in the quiet room, wonderful, most wonderful, from the bright flowers in her hair to the white slipper on her foot. It was

incredible to him that he should ever have won her. Yet he had, and disloyally had lost her. Then her voice broke in again upon his reflections.

"These, too, are yours. Will you take them, please?"

She was pointing with her fan to the feathers upon the table. Feversham obediently reached out his hand, and then drew it back in surprise.

"There are four!" he said.

Ethne did not reply, and looking at her fan Feversham understood. It was a fan of ivory and white feathers. She had broken off one of those feathers and added it on her own account to the three.

The thing which she had done was cruel, no doubt. But she wished to make an end—a complete, irrevocable end; though her voice was steady and her face, despite its pallor, calm, she was really tortured with humiliation and pain. All the details of Harry Feversham's courtship, the interchange of looks, the letters she had written and received, the words which had been spoken, tingled and smarted unbearably in her recollections. Their lips had touched—she recalled it with horror. She desired never to see Harry Feversham after this night. Therefore she added her fourth feather to the three.

Harry Feversham took the feathers as she bade him, without a word of remonstrance, and indeed with a sort of dignity which even at that moment surprised her. All the time, too, he had kept his eyes steadily upon hers, he had answered her questions simply, there had been nothing abject in his manner; so that Ethne already began to regret this last thing which she had done. However, it *was* done. Feversham had taken the four feathers.

He held them in his fingers as though he was about to tear them across. But he checked the action. He looked suddenly towards her, and kept his eyes upon her face for some little while. Then very carefully he put the feathers into his breast pocket. Ethne at this time did not consider why. She only thought that here was the irrevocable end.



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ETHNE EUSTACE.

She gave the fourth white feather to Harry.

In such manner did the four white feathers reach the coward—the coward whom a noble love was destined to transform into a knight-at-arms. The remainder of the book relates the four great feats of valour which impelled the senders of the feathers to receive them back and to acclaim the recreant as a hero. The record of these exploits, these adventures, is a piece of splendid story-telling which must be read in full to be enjoyed. But here is how the first of these redeeming deeds is described to Ethne Eustace by Captain Willoughby, one of the senders of the feathers, who comes to pour the tale into her ears:—

"I will not interrupt you," said Ethne, as Willoughby took his seat beside her, and he had barely spoken a score of words before she broke that promise.

"I am Deputy-Governor of Suakin," he began. "My chief was on leave in May. You are fortunate enough not to know Suakin, Miss Eustace, particularly in May. No white woman can live in

that town. It has a sodden intolerable heat peculiar to itself. The air is heavy with brine, you can't sleep at night for its oppression. Well, I was sitting in the verandah on the first floor of the palace about ten o'clock at night, looking out over the harbour and the distillation works, and wondering whether it was worth while to go to bed at all, when a servant told me that a man, who refused to give his name, wished particularly to see me. The man was Feversham. There was only a lamp burning in the verandah, and the night was dark, so that I did not recognise him until he was close to me."

And at once Ethne interrupted.

"How did he look?"

Willoughby wrinkled his forehead and opened his eyes wide.

"Really I do not know," he said, doubtfully. "Much like other men, I suppose, who have been a year or two in the Soudan, a trifle overtrained and that sort of thing."

"Never mind," said Ethne, with a sigh of disappointment. For five years she had heard no word of Harry Feversham. She fairly hungered for news of him, for the sound of his habitual phrases, for the description of his familiar gestures. She had the woman's anxiety for his bodily health, she wished to know whether he had changed in face or figure, and, if so, how and in what measure. But she glanced at the obtuse, unobservant countenance of Captain Willoughby, and she understood that however much she craved for these particulars, she must go without.

"I beg your pardon!" she said. "Will you go on?"

"I asked him what he wanted," Willoughby resumed, "and why he had not sent in his name. 'You would not have seen me if I had,' he replied, and he drew a packet of letters out of his pocket. Now, those letters, Miss Eustace, had been written a long while ago by General Gordon in Khartum. They had been carried down the Nile as far as Berber. But the day after they reached Berber, that town surrendered to the Mahdists. Abou Fatma, the messenger who carried them, hid them in the wall of the house of an Arab called Yusef, who sold rock-salt in the market-place. Abou was then thrown into prison on suspicion, and escaped to Suakin. The letters remained hidden in that wall until Feversham recovered them. I looked over them and saw that they were of no value, and I asked Feversham bluntly why he, who had not dared to accompany his regiment on active service, had risked death and torture to get them back."

Standing upon that verandah, with the quiet pool of water in front of him, Feversham had told his story quietly and without exaggeration. He had related how he had fallen in with Abou Fatma at Suakin, how he had planned the recovery of the letters, how the two men had travelled together as far as Obak, and, since Abou Fatma dared not go further, how he himself, driving his grey donkey, had gone on alone to Berber. He had not even concealed that access of panic which had loosened his joints when first he saw the low brown walls of the town and the towering date-palms behind on the bank of the Nile; which had sent him running and leaping across the empty desert in the sunlight, a marrowless thing of fear. He made, however, one omission. He said nothing of the hours which he had spent crouching upon the hot sand, with his coat drawn over his head, while he drew a woman's face towards him across the continents and seas and nerved himself to endure by the look of sorrow which it wore.

"He went down into Berber at the setting of the sun," said Captain Willoughby, and it was all that he had to say. It was enough, however, for Ethne Eustace. She drew a deep breath of relief, her face softened, there came a light into her grey eyes, and a smile upon her lips.

"He went down into Berber," she repeated, softly. . . .

"He found the house fronting a narrow alley, and the sixth of the row. The front wall was destroyed, but the two side walls and the back wall still stood. Three feet from the floor and two feet from the right-hand corner the letters were hidden in that inner wall. Fevers-



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WILLOUGHBY, THE DONOR OF ONE OF THE WHITE FEATHERS, TAKES IT BACK.

ham dug into the mud bricks with his knife; he made a hole wherein he could slip his hand. The wall was thick, he dug deep, stopping now and again to feel for the packet. At last his fingers clasped and drew it out; as he hid it in a fold of his jibbeh, the light of a lantern shone upon him from behind."

Ethne started as though she had been trapped herself. Those acres of roofless fives-courts, with here and there a tower showing up against the sky, the lonely alleys, the dead silence here beneath the stars, the cries and the beating of drums and the glare of lights from the new town, Harry Feversham alone with the letters, with, in a word, some portion of his honour redeemed, and finally, the lantern light flashing upon him in that solitary place—the scene itself and the progress of the incidents were so visible to Ethne at that moment, that even with the feather in her open palm she could hardly bring herself to believe that Harry Feversham had escaped.

"Well, well?" she asked.

"He was standing with his face to the wall; the light came from the alley behind him. He did not turn, but out of the corner of his eye he could see a fold of a white robe hanging motionless. He carefully secured the package, with a care indeed and a composure which astonished him even at that moment. The shock had strung him to a concentration and lucidity of thought unknown to him till then. His fingers were trembling, he remarked, as he tied the knots, but it was with excitement, and an excitement which did not flurry. His mind worked rapidly but quite coolly, quite deliberately. He came to a perfectly definite conclusion as to what he must do. Every faculty which he possessed was extraordinarily clear and at the same time extraordinarily still. He had his knife in his hand, he faced about suddenly and ran. There were two men waiting. Feversham ran at the man who held the lantern. He was aware of the point of a spear, he ducked and beat it aside with his left arm, he leaped forward and struck with his right. The Arab fell at his feet, the lantern was extinguished. Feversham sprang across the white robed body and ran eastwards towards the open desert. But in no panic; he had never been so collected. He was followed by the second soldier. He had foreseen that he would be followed. If he was to escape it was indeed necessary that he should be. He turned a corner, crouched behind a wall, and as the Arab came running by he leaped out upon his shoulders. And again as he leaped he struck."

Captain Willoughby stopped at this point of his story, and turned towards Ethne. He had something to say which perplexed and at the same time impressed him, and he spoke with a desire for an explanation.

"The strangest feature of those few fierce short minutes," he said, "was that Feversham felt no fear. I don't understand that, do you? From the first moment when the lantern shone upon him from behind, to the last when he

turned his feet eastwards, and ran through the ruined alleys and broken walls towards the desert and the wells of Obak, he felt no fear."

This was the most mysterious part of Harry Feversham's story to Captain Willoughby. Here was a man who so shrank from the possibilities of battle, that he must actually send in his papers rather than confront them; yet when he stood in dire and immediate peril he felt no fear. Captain Willoughby might well turn to Ethne for an explanation.

There had been no mystery in it to Harry Feversham, but a great bitterness of spirit. He had sat on the verandah at Suakin, whittling away at the edge of Captain Willoughby's table with the very knife which he had used in Berber to dig out the letters, and which had proved so handy a weapon when the lantern shone out behind him—the one glimmering point of light in that vast acreage of ruin. Harry Feversham had kept it carefully uncleansed of blood; he had treasured it all through his flight across the two hundred and forty odd miles of desert into Suakin; it was, next to the white feathers, the thing which he held most precious of his possessions, and not merely because it would serve as a corroboration of his story to Captain Willoughby, but because the weapon enabled him to believe and realise it himself. A brown clotted rust dulled the whole length of the blade, and often during the first two days and nights of his flight, when he travelled alone, hiding and running and hiding again, with the dread of pursuit always at his heels, he had taken the knife from his breast, and stared at it with incredulous eyes, and clutched it close to him like a thing of comfort. He had lost his way amongst the sandhills of Obak, on the evening of the second day, and had wandered vainly, with his small store of dates and water exhausted, until he had stumbled and lay prone, parched and famished and enfeebled, with the bitter knowledge that Abou Fatma and the wells were somewhere within a mile of the spot on which he lay. But even at that moment of exhaustion the knife had been a talisman and a help. He grasped the rough wooden handle, all too small for a Western hand, and he ran his fingers over the rough rust upon the blade, and the weapon spoke to him and bade him take heart, since once he had been put to the test and had not failed. But long before he saw the white houses of Suakin that feeling of elation vanished, and the knife became an emblem of the vain tortures of his boyhood, and the miserable folly which culminated in his resignation of his commission. He understood now the words which Lieutenant Sutch had spoken in the grill-room of the Criterion Restaurant, when citing Hamlet as his example: "The thing which he saw, which he thought over, which he imagined in the act and in the consequence—that he shrank from. Yet when the moment of action comes sharp and immediate, does he fail?" And remembering the words, Harry Feversham sat one May night four years afterwards in Captain Willoughby's verandah, whittling away at the table with his knife, and saying over and over again in a bitter, savage voice: "It was an illusion, but an illusion which has caused a great deal of suffering to a woman I would have shielded from suffering. But I am well paid for it, for it has wrecked my life besides."

Captain Willoughby could not understand, any more than General Feversham could have understood, or than Ethne had. But Willoughby could at all events remember and repeat, and Ethne had grown by five years of unhappiness since the night when Harry Feversham, in the little room off the hall at Lennon House, had told her of his upbringing, of the loss of his mother, of the impassable gulf between his father and himself, and of the fear of disgrace which had haunted his nights and disfigured the world for him by day.

"Yes, it was an illusion," she cried. "I understand. I might have understood a long while since, but I would not. When those feathers came, he told me why they were sent, quite simply, with his eyes on mine. . . ."

Not for the first time did remorse for that fourth feather which she had

added to the three seize upon her. She sat now crushed by it into silence. . . .

"I was sad and sorry enough when I had done it," she resumed. "Indeed, indeed, I think I have always been sorry since. I think that I have never at any minute during these five years quite forgotten that fourth white feather and the quiet air of dignity with which he took it. But to-day I am glad." And her voice, though low, rang rich with the fulness of her pride. "Oh, very glad! For this was his thought, his deed. They are both all his, as I would have them be. I had no share, and of that I am very proud. He needed no woman's faith, no woman's encouragement."

"Yet he sent this back to you," said Willoughby, pointing in some perplexity to the feather which Ethne held.

"Yes," she said, "yes. He knew that I should be glad to know." And suddenly she held it close to her breast. Thus she sat for a while with her eyes shining.

And her eyes shone brighter still the day her knight-at-arms, now crowned with glory, comes home at last to find her and to claim her as his queen



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HARRY FEVERSHAM IN HIS DISGUISE AMONG THE BERBERS.

On an August morning of the same year, Harry Feversham rode across the Lennon Bridge into Ramelton. The fierce suns of the Soudan had tanned his face, the years of his probation had left their marks; he rode up the narrow streets of the town unrecognised. At the top of the hill he turned into the broad highway which, descending valleys and climbing hills, runs in one straight line to Letterkenny. He rode rather quickly in a company of ghosts.

The intervening years had gradually been dropping from his thoughts all through his journey across Egypt and the Continent. They were no more than visionary now. Nor was he occupied with any dream of the things which might have been but for his great fault. The things which had been, here, in this small town of Ireland, were too definite. Here he had been most happy, here he had known the uttermost of his misery; here his presence had brought pleasure, here too he had done his worst

harm. Once he stopped when he was opposite to the church, set high above the road upon his right hand, and wondered whether Ethne was still at Ramelton—whether old Dermod was alive, and what kind of welcome he would receive. But he waked in a moment to the knowledge that he was sitting upon his horse in the empty road and in the quiet of an August morning. There were larks singing in the pale blue above his head ; a landrail sent up its harsh cry from the meadow on the left ; the crow of a cock rose clear from the valley. He looked about him, and rode briskly on down the incline in front of him and up the ascent beyond. He rode again with his company of ghosts—phantoms of people with whom upon this road he had walked and ridden and laughed, ghosts of old thoughts and recollected words. He came to a thick grove of trees, a broken fence, a gateway with no gate.

Inattentive of these evidences of desertion, he turned in at the gate and rode along a weedy and neglected drive. At the end of it he came to an open space before a ruined house. The aspect of the tumbling walls and unroofed rooms roused him at last completely from his absorption. He dismounted, and, tying his horse to the branch of a tree, ran quickly into the house and called aloud. No voice answered him. He ran from deserted room to deserted room. He descended into the garden, but no one came to meet him ; and he understood now from the uncut grass upon the lawn, the tangled disorder of the flower-beds, that no one would come. He mounted his horse again and rode back at a sharp trot. In Ramelton he stopped at the inn, gave his horse to the ostler, and ordered lunch for himself. He said to the landlady who waited upon him : " So Lennon House has been burned down ? When was that ? "

" Five years ago," the landlady returned, " just five years ago this summer." And she proceeded, without further invitation, to give a voluminous account of the conflagration and the cause of it, the ruin of the Eustace family, the inebriety of Bastable, and the death of Dermod Eustace at Glenalla. " But we hope to see the house rebuilt. It's likely to be, we hear, when Miss Eustace is married," she said, in a voice which suggested that she was full of interesting information upon the subject of Miss Eustace's marriage. Her guest, however, did not respond to the invitation.

" And where does Miss Eustace live now ? "

" At Glenalla," she replied. " Half way on the road to Rathmullen there's a track leads up to your left. It's a poor mountain village is Glenalla, and no place for Miss Eustace at all, at all. Perhaps you will be wanting to see her ? "

" Yes. I shall be glad if you will order my horse to be brought round to the door," said the man. And he rose from the table to put an end to the interview.

The landlady, however, was not so easily dismissed. She stood at the door and remarked :—

" Well, that's curious—that's most curious ! For only a fortnight ago a gentleman, burnt just as black as yourself, stayed a night here on the same errand. He asked for Miss Eustace's address, and drove up to Glenalla. Perhaps you have business with her ? "

" Yes, I have business with Miss Eustace," the stranger returned. " Will you be good enough to give orders about my horse ? "

While he was waiting for his horse he looked through the leaves of the hotel book, and saw under date towards the end of July the name of Colonel Trench.

" You will come back, sir, to-night ? " said the landlady, as he mounted.

" No," he answered, " I do not think I shall come again to Ramelton." And he rode down the hill and once more that day crossed the Lennon Bridge. Four miles on he came to the track opposite a little bay of the lough, and, turning into it, he rode past a few white cottages up to the purple hollows of the hills.

It was about five o'clock when he came to the long, straggling village. It seemed very quiet and deserted,

and built without any plan. A few cottages stood together, then came a gap of fields, beyond that a small plantation of larches, and a house which stood by itself. Beyond the house was another gap, through which he could see straight down to the water of the lough, shining in the afternoon sun, and the white gulls poising and swooping above it. And after passing that gap he came to a small grey church, standing bare to the winds upon its tiny plateau. A pathway of white shell-dust led from the door of the church to the little wooden gate. As he came level with the gate, a collie dog barked at him from behind it.



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HARRY MASQUERADES AS A LUNATIC MUSICIAN WHO HAD WANDERED OUT OF WADI HALFA WITH A ZITHER.

The rider looked at the dog, which was very grey about the muzzle. He noticed its marking, and stopped his horse altogether. He glanced towards the church, and saw that the door stood open. At once he dismounted; he fastened his horse to the fence, and entered the churchyard. The collie thrust its muzzle into the back of his knee, sniffed once or twice doubtfully, and suddenly broke into an exuberant welcome. The collie dog had a better memory than the landlady of the inn, and barked, wagged his tail, crouched and sprang at the stranger's shoulders, whirled round and round in front of him, burst into sharp, excited screams of pleasure, ran up to the church door and barked furiously there, then ran back and jumped again upon his friend. The man caught the dog as it stood up with its forepaws upon his chest, patted it and laughed. Suddenly he ceased laughing, and stood stock still with his eyes towards the open door of the church.

In the doorway Ethne Eustace was standing. He put the dog down and slowly walked up the path towards her. She waited on the threshold without moving, without speaking. She waited, watching him, until he came close to her. Then she said simply :—

"Harry!"

She was silent after that, nor did he speak. All the ghosts and phantoms of old thoughts in whose company he had travelled the whole of that day vanished away from his mind at her simple utterance of his name. Six years had passed since his feet crushed the gravel on the dawn of a June morning beneath her window. And they looked at one another, remarking the changes which those six years had brought. And the changes, unnoticed and almost imperceptible to those who had lived daily in their company, sprang very distinct to the eyes of these two. Feversham was thin, his face was wasted. The strain of life in the House of Stone had left its signs about his sunken eyes and in the look of age beyond his years. But these were not the only changes, as Ethne noticed; they were not, indeed, the most important ones. Her heart, although she stood so still and silent, went out to him in grief for the great troubles which he had endured; but she saw, too, that he came back without a thought of anger towards her for that fourth feather snapped from her fan. But she was clear-eyed even at this moment. She saw much more. She understood that the man who stood quietly before her now was not the same

man whom she had last seen in the hall of Ramelton. There had been a timidity in his manner in those days, a peculiar diffidence, a continual expectation of other men's contempt, which had gone from him. He was now quietly self-possessed; not arrogant; on the other hand, not diffident. He had put himself to a long, hard test, and he knew that he had not failed. All that she saw, and her face lightened as she said: –

"It is not all harm which has come of these years. They were not wasted."

But Feversham thought of her lonely years in this village of Glenalla—and thought with a man's thought, unaware that nowhere else would she have chosen to live. He looked into her face, and saw the marks of the years upon it. It was not that she had aged so much. Her big grey eyes shone as clearly as before, the colour was still as bright upon her cheeks. But there was more of character. She had suffered, she had eaten of the tree of knowledge.

"I am sorry," he said. "I did you a great wrong six years ago, and I need not."

She held out her hand to him.

"Will you give it me, please?"

And for a moment he did not understand.

"That fourth feather," she said.

He drew his letter-case from his coat, and shook two feathers out into the palm of his hand. The larger one, the ostrich feather, he held out to her. But she said:—

"Both."

There was no reason why he should keep Castleton's feather any longer. He handed them both to her, since she asked for them, and she clasped them, and with a smile treasured them against her breast.

"I have the feathers now," she said.

"Yes," answered Feversham. "All four. What will you do with them?"

Ethne's smile became a laugh.

"Do with them!" she cried, in scorn. "I shall do nothing with them. I shall keep them. I am very proud to have them to keep."

IF ALL GOOD PEOPLE WERE CLEVER

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.

But somehow 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good!

So, friends, let it be our endeavour
To make each by each understood,
For few can be good like the clever,
Or clever, so well as the good!

Elizabeth Wordsworth.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

BRET HARTE

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BRET HARTE.

By virtue of a single poem, "The Heathen Chinee," Bret Harte (1839-1902) achieved fame. He was editing an obscure paper in San Francisco and threw these verses aside as too crude and trifling, but one day, having nothing else ready, he printed them. This burlesque in rhyme was at once quoted and recited everywhere. The second poem, "The Reveille," less characteristic of Bret Harte's work, reveals the spirit of the American Civil War.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

WHICH I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply.

But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,— that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE RÉVEILLE

HARK ! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum ;
Lo ! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, " Come,
Freemen, come !
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

Let me of my heart take counsel :
War is not of life the sum ;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come ?
But the drum
Echoed, " Come !
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

" But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom ?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become ? "
But the drum
Answered, " Come !
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

" What if, 'mid cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb ? "
But the drum
Answered, " Come !
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,—Come ! "

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, " My chosen people, come ! "
Then the drum,
Lo ! was dumb.
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, " Lord, we come !

THE GOLD BUG

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The solving of cryptograms was one of Poe's hobbies. When he was editing "Graham's Magazine," in Philadelphia, in 1840, he was in the habit of inviting his readers to send him the most difficult cryptograms they could invent and of solving them with an ease that looked like magic. Out of this hobby sprang the story of "The Gold Bug." It was the first of its kind—the first in which the plot turned upon the solution of a cryptogram. The idea has been copied a thousand times since, but a better example has not yet been written. When it is considered that this idea, then so fresh and new, was combined with a story of a treasure-hunt, which is always an appealing subject, it is no wonder that the tale proved one of the most popular that ever was written. Legrand, too, with his methods of reasoning, was a character to which the writers of detective stories have been indebted ever since. The extracts which here follow, with some excisions for the sake of space, give the essentials of the narrative.

MANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina. . . .

Not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. . . .

His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens; his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm. In these excursions he was usually acompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabæus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked,

rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of *scarabæi* at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What!—sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold colour—about the size of a large hickory-nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are——"

"Dey aint *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The colour"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer"; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this *is* a strange *scarabæus*, I must confess: new to me: never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head—which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand—"Oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull*—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?"

"The *antennæ!*" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them"; and I handed him the paper without additional



SCENES FROM THE GOLD BUG.

1. The cipher is discovered on the parchment.
2. The Skull and the Gold Bug.
3. Starting on the Treasure Hunt.

remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humour puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinise the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanour; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality. . . .

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel," and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:—

"MY DEAR ——

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offence at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but no, that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it? he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the main land. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

Ever yours,

"WILLIAM LEGRAND."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro. . . .

It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh, yes," he replied, colouring violently, "I got it from him the next

morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it ? "

" In what way ? " I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

" In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

" This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, " to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it ? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus !* "

" What ! de bug, massa ? I'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it ; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

" I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, " I sent for you that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug——"

" My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, " you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and——"

" Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

" But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next——"

" You are mistaken," he interposed ; " I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

" And how is this to be done ? "

" Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the main land, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

" I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied ; " but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills ? "

" It has."

" Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

" I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

" Try it by yourselves ! The man is surely mad!—but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent ? "

" Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

" And will you promise me upon your honour, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God !) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician ? "

" Yes ; I promise ; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanour was dogged in the extreme, and " dat deuced bug " were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own

part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whipcord, twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer, as he went. . . .

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of tableland, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will!—de goole bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—"what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—d—n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string—but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin any how. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"



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"WE ALL FELL TO WORK."

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, tree, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard. . . .

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro very promptly—"mos out to the eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well," cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, taint noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why dare aint no lef eye at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,

"Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too?—cause de skull aint got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dare below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and then farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible. . . .

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labour imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanour of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious

tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mould frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half-buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralising process—perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, rivetted, and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavours served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upwards a glow and a glare from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes....

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it. . . .

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat; but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having re-heated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:—

53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60))
85;1‡(;:‡*8†83(88)5*†;46(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485
);5*†2:*‡(;4956*2(5*—4)8¶8*;4069285);)6†
8)4‡‡;1(‡9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806
*81(‡9;48;(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;:188;‡?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters.

He goes on to explain that "the letter which most frequently occurs is e. *Afterwards the succession runs thus:* a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z." *By observing what character in the cryptogram occurs most frequently it reveals itself as* e; *and so with the other letters in their order. This order, which Poe was the first to place on record, is of practical*

importance in several ways—in telegraphy, in the type-cases of compositors, in the keyboard of typewriting machines.

The solution of the cryptogram in the story is carried out, step by step, before the reader's eyes, until the following sentences are brought to light—

"A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out."

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's heads,' and 'bishop's hotels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavour was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS. in the present instance you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:

"A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes — northeast and by north — main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's head—a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out."

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry in the neighbourhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it, gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used,

and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.



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"I PROCEEDED TO USE THE GLASS."

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head,' admitted also of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left the 'devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished? nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed for some weeks past the abstraction of my demeanour, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull?"

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labour in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labour. But this labour concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

MRS. PAGE AND MRS. FORD.

"Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford
From the painting by the Rev. W. Peters, R.A.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the character of Falstaff that she desired the poet to display him as a lover, and that he wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in a fortnight. If this report is true, he hardly carried out the Queen's instructions; for although the Fat Knight pays his court to Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford, who are married to rich husbands, it is only his design to wheedle money out of them to line his ever-empty purse. He sends a love-letter to each of them; but when they find their letters are identically the same they resolve to make him smart for his misconduct. With this end they devise three tricks to make him look ridiculous; and the main plot of the play sets forth the execution of their plans.

There is, however, a slight underplot, on which, before proceeding further, a few words should be bestowed. Mrs. Page has a young daughter of seventeen, sweet Anne Page, who is attended by three suitors—Master Slender, a silly country gentleman—a fiery Frenchman, Doctor Caius—and a gay and gallant youth named Master Fenton whom, against her parents' wishes, she intends to marry, and with whom, as will be seen, she ultimately runs away.

The piece is less a comedy than a rough-and-tumble farce, a rich extravaganza. Few plays have been evokers of more laughter. For three hundred years the playgoers of succeeding generations have roared at plump Jack crammed into the basket, pitched into the river, drubbed as the Witch of Brentford, decked with the stag's head, singed by the fairy tapers, yet ever

ready at the end to guffaw among the loudest at his own disasters and to bellow for another cup of sack.

And now we turn to the main plot. It begins, in real earnest, with the scene that follows, when the two Wives of Windsor receive Falstaff's letter—

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—*Before Page's House.*

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What, have I scap'd love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

[Reads] "*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,*

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight.—JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry[1] is this!—O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd—i' the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth. Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! . . .

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words, but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? . . . Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, sure, more, and these are of the second edition. . . .

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself

[1] boasting.

like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury. . . . Let's be revenged on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too. He's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.



Photo: Stage Photo Co.

MRS. FORD AND FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. . . . [*They retire.*

* * *

Their first act is to send Mrs. Quickly, the housekeeper of Doctor Caius, to wait upon Sir John Falstaff, and to arrange for him an assignation at the house of Mrs. Ford.

Quickly. Give your worship good morrow.

Falstaff. Good morrow, good wife.

Quickly. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Falstaff. Good maid, then.

Quickly. I'll be sworn,
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Falstaff. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quickly. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Falstaff. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quickly. There is one Mistress Ford, sir—I pray, come a little nearer this ways. —I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius——

Falstaff. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say-

Quickly. Your worship says very true. I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Falstaff. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.

Quickly. Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

Falstaff. Well, Mistress Ford—what of her?

Quickly. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford——

Quickly. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries[1] as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eyewink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Falstaff. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quickly. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Falstaff. Ten and eleven?

Quickly. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of. . . .

Falstaff. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quickly. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as vartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Falstaff. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quickly. Blessing on your heart for't!

Falstaff. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quickly. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Falstaff. Why, I will.

Quickly. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing. . . .

Falstaff. Fare thee well; commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me! . . .

* * *

Full of expectation Falstaff turns up at the hour appointed the next morning. How the plot is laid and how carried out, is depicted in the scene that follows:—

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John!—What, Robert!

[1] quandary.

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket[1]——

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[2] in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket![3] what news with you.

Robin. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent,[4] have you been true to us?

Robin. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;[5] we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,[1] I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Falstaff. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become nothing else—nor that well neither.

Falstaff. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale.[2] I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Falstaff. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Falstaff. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the counter[3]-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Falstaff. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

[1] linen-basket. [2] bleachers. [3] sparrow-hawk. [4] a puppet. [5] pumpkin.

[1] wheedle. [2] hooped petticoat. [3] counter prison.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Robin (*within*). Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Falstaff. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.[1]

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.—

[*Falstaff hides himself.*

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather"; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking;[1] or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Falstaff (*coming forward*). Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Falstaff. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never——

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit Robin.*

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly.—Where's the cowl-staff[2]? look, how you drumble[3]!—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make a sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Servants. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell

[1] tapestry.

[1] washing. [2] pole for carrying baskets. [3] dawdle.



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

SLENDER AND ANNE PAGE.

From the painting by Sir Augustus W. Callcott, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum, London.

ANNE: "Good Mr. Shallow, let him woo for himself."

you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. . . . [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John. . . .

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page (*aside to Mrs. Ford*). Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it. . . .

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page; I suffer for it. . . .

* * *

Ford, full of jealous fury and suspicion, resolves to pay a visit to Falstaff, and, in disguise, under the name of Brook, to nose out something of the truth. Sir John, after his ducking, is restoring himself with a quart of sack in the tap-room of the Garter Inn —

Falstaff. Bardolph, I say——

Bardolph. Here, sir.

Falstaff. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow —a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph with sack.

Bardolph. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Falstaff. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bardolph. Come in, woman!

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quickly. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Falstaff. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bardolph. With eggs, sir?

Falstaff. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quickly. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Falstaff. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quickly. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Falstaff. So did mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quickly. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Falstaff. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quickly. I will tell her.

Falstaff. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quickly. Eight and nine, sir.

Falstaff. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quickly. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Falstaff. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Falstaff. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Falstaff. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto, her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Falstaff. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Falstaff. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Falstaff. By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Falstaff. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane. They took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo,[1] in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that—a man of my kidney—think of that that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a

[1] Spanish sword.

horseshoe; think of that—hissing hot—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Falstaff. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake! Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets? Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot scape me, 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame; if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me—I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

* * *

Then Mrs. Ford, for a second time, grants Sir John an assignation—and again the lady's husband, raging, breaks in upon the scene.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page (*within*). What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[1] again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murther.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[1] tantrums.



Photo: Henry Dixon & Son.

SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE AS FALSTAFF, AND MISS ELLEN TERRY AND MRS. KENDAL AS THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

From the painting by the Hon. John Collier.

FALSTAFF: "Help me away. Let me creep in here."

Re-enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Falstaff. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Falstaff. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Falstaff. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised——

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Falstaff. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John; Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too; howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true, "still swine eat all the draff." [*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*

1st Servant. Come, come, take it up.

2nd Servant. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

1st Servant. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villains! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,[1] a pack, a conspiracy against me; now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shallow. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed. . . .

But this respite avails but for a moment. Mrs. Ford assures her raging husband that there is no one in the house except the Witch of Brentford, an old hag whom Ford detests and on whom he has vowed vengeance if he ever finds her in his dwelling. He discovers her—or rather, Falstaff in her garments—drubs him till his bones ache and sends him packing from the house.

And now the Merry Wives tell their husbands the real truth; and then the four of them combine to play the Knight a final trick. Mrs. Ford invites her ponderous suitor to meet her, at the dead of night, in Windsor forest, disguised with a stag's head as Herne the Hunter, a spectre who is supposed to haunt the forest and the sight of whom would scare away observers, if any chanced to come that way. Again, Falstaff keeps the assignation—

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Falstaff. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Who comes here? my doe?

[1] gang.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Falstaff. My doe with the black scut[1]! Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves," hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes[2]; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Falstaff. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away!
Mrs. Page. }

[*They run off.*

Falstaff. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, as a Satyr; another person, as Hobgoblin; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others as Fairies, with tapers.

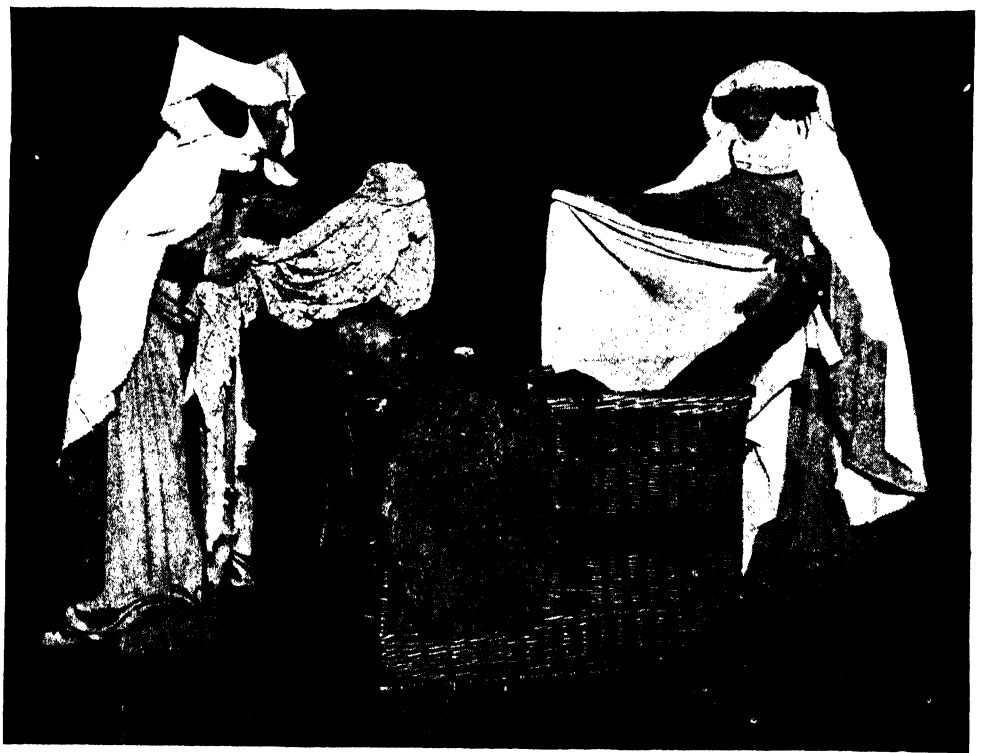


Photo: Stage Photo Co.

MRS. PAGE AND MRS. FORD HIDING FALSTAFF IN THE LINEN BASKET.

Falstaff. Divide me like a bribed[3] buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green and white.
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.[1]

[1] tail. [2] sea holly. [3] stolen.

[1] "oyez," hear.

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap.
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Falstaff. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.
I'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where's Bede?—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Anne. About, about!
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it. . . .
Away! disperse! but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.
Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay! I smell a man of middle-earth.
Falstaff. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!
Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.
Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.
Hobgoblin. A trial, come!
Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Falstaff. Oh, oh, oh!
Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

[*During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now. Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes[1]
Become the forest better than the town?

[1] horns.

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill-luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Falstaff. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Taking advantage of this scene of riot Anne elopes with Fenton, while Slender and the Doctor, her two other suitors, run off with two boys in the dress of girls, each thinking it is Anne herself in the disguise that it has been pre-arranged she shall wear.

And so the Fat Knight comes by his deserts, and Beauty has her way.

AULD ROBIN GRAY

LADY ANNE LINDSAY



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

LADY ANNE BARNARD
(NÉE LINDSAY).

Lady Anne Lindsay (1750–1825) *wrote this ballad at the age of twenty-two. She did not wish to be suspected of writing it. It was published anonymously, and many people assumed it to be an ancient ballad. The secret was revealed for the first time in a letter to Sir Walter Scott in* 1823. *"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarres, was born soon after the close of the year* 1771. *My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an English-Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond. Sophy Johnstone, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it."*

AULD ROBIN GRAY

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld,[1] and the kye's[2] a' at hame,
An a' the world to rest are gane ;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside ;
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my faither brak' his arm, and the cow was stown[3] away ;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie at the sea ;
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My faither couldna work, and my mither couldna spin ;
I toil'd day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win :
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
Said " Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me ? "

My heart it said Na, and I looked for Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship it was a wrack ;
The ship was a wrack : why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why am I spared to cry, " Wae is me " ?

My faither urged me sair, my mither didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break ;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea,
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldn't think it he,
Till he said : " I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Oh ! sair, sair did we greet,[4] and mickle[5] say of a' ;
I gied him a kiss, and bade him gang awa' ;
I wished that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee :
For tho' my heart is broken, I'm young, wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin ;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For oh ! Robin Gray he is kind to me.

[1] *fauld*, fold [2] *kye*, cows [3] *stown*, stolen
[4] *greet*, weep [5] *mickle*, much



Photo: W. F. Mansell. *Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.*

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

From the painting by T. Faed, R.A., in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

"My father urged me sair; though my mother didna' speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me."

[*See other version p.* 214.]

MEMOIRS OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

The man who was a mighty artist and a common brawler of the streets, and as great a story-teller as Dumas.

Cellini's autobiography is a work as strange and startling as the man who wrote it—the man who was at once a mighty artist and a common brawler of the streets, as quick in quarrel as Mercutio, as vain a braggart as Bombastes Furioso, and as great a story-teller as Dumas. Indeed, apart from his artistic genius, he was born of the same kin as the three immortal Musketeers. There is, indeed, no stranger figure in all history than this sculptor-desperado, now, in his studio in Florence, creating things of everlasting beauty, now plunging his dagger into a fellow-ruffler in the byways of the town.

In the year 1538 *he was charged at Rome with filching jewels entrusted to him by the Pope, to be reset in mitres and tiaras—an art in which he had no rival. He was arrested, and imprisoned in the castle of Sant'Angelo. He escaped—and his story of this exploit, which here follows, shows as well as anything that side of him which was the sheer Adventurer. Benvenuto was pardoned by the Pope, who declared "we have kept him in prison at the request of his friends because he was too hot-headed."*

THE DARING ESCAPE.

The castellan (or keeper of the castle) was every year the victim of a certain infirmity which bereft him of his wits. When it was coming on, he would speak, or rather he would chatter without stopping. These humours of his varied every year. One time he thought he was an oil jar; another time a frog, and then he jumped just like one. Again he thought he was dead, and he had to be buried. Thus each year he had a different delusion. Now this time he began to imagine that he was a bat; and when he went for a walk, he would every now and then give a low scream as bats do, and flutter his hands and his body as if he were going to fly.

When his doctors and his old servants saw the malady upon him, they indulged him in every possible way; and since it seemed to them he took great pleasure in hearing me talk, they were always fetching me to keep him company. And the poor man sometimes kept me four or five hours talking to him the whole time. He had me sit opposite him at table, and he never stopped talking and making me talk. In spite of all this conversation I ate well; but he, poor man, neither ate nor slept. Now all this tired me out, so that I was at the end of my forces. And sometimes when I looked at him, his eyes were terrible to see, one turning one way and one the other. One day he asked me if I had ever had a fancy to fly. I answered that I had always been most eager to do, and had done, such things as come hardest to men; and as for flying, the God of Nature had given me a body more than usually agile and fit for running and leaping; and so by the aid of what little wits I possessed, I could manage some kind of mechanical contrivance; and certainly I did not want

courage for the attempt. Then he began to ask me what methods I should use; to which I answered, that if we observed the flying creatures, the one whose natural powers could best be imitated by art was the bat.

When the poor man heard that name of bat, the mimicry of which was the form his mania took that year, he cried with a loud voice, saying, "He speaks the truth, he speaks the truth! That's the thing—the very thing!" Then turning to me, he said, "Benvenuto, if you had the chance, would you have the courage to fly?" Thereupon I said that, if he would give me my liberty, I had pluck enough to fly as far as Prati, and would make myself a pair of wings out of waxed linen for the purpose. Then he answered, "And I, too, should not be behindhand; but the Pope has commanded me to look after you as the apple of his eye; and I know you are a clever enough devil to make your escape. Therefore I am going to lock you up with a hundred keys, so that you don't make off." I entreated him, reminding him how I had had opportunities of escape, but that, for the sake of the word I had given him, I had never broken faith.

Then I begged him, for the love of God, not to add a greater misery to what I was now suffering. But even while I was speaking, he gave strict orders for me to be bound and taken to my prison, and there securely locked up. Seeing there was no help for it, I said to him, in the presence of his household, "Make fast your locks and watch me well, for I shall get out of here one way or another." Then they led me off, and shut me up with the greatest care.

From that moment I set to thinking about the best means of escape. As soon as they had shut the door on me, I went about examining the prison where I lay. When I believed I had certainly found a way of getting out, I began to devise a means of climbing down from the high castle keep. Then I took those new sheets of mine, which, as I have already said, I had torn into strips and well sewn together, and calculated what length would serve me to climb down by. When I had made up my mind about this, and prepared everything, I laid my hands on a pair of pincers, which I had stolen from a Savoyard warder of the castle.

This man looked after the barrels and the cisterns; and he also worked at carpentering for his pleasure. Now he had several pincers, and amongst them some huge solid ones. Just my affair, I thought; and I stole them, and hid them in the mattress. Then the time came for me to use the tool, and I began to try the nails of the hinges. As the door was a double one, the riveting of the nails could not be seen, so that when I tried to draw one out, it gave me the greatest trouble; but in the end I succeeded. When I had drawn out the first nail, I bethought me how I should contrive that this should not be seen. I managed it by mixing some little rusty iron filings with a little wax, getting just the very colour of those long nails I had taken out. With this I began carefully imitating the nails in the supports of the hinges; and by degrees made a waxen counterfeit for every one I drew out. I left the hinges still attached at top and bottom with some of the old nails, which, however, I only put back after they had been cut, and then only lightly, so that they just held the hinge-plates and no more.

This business gave me a deal of trouble; for the castellan dreamt each night that I had escaped, and every now and then he sent to have my prison examined. . . .

One feast night, when the castellan was feeling very ill, and his humours were at their height, he kept on saying that he was a bat; and if they heard that Benvenuto had flown away, they were to let him go, for he would overtake me, since at night-time he could certainly fly better than I. "Benvenuto," said he, "is only a sham bat, but I'm a real one. And since he's been given into my keeping, leave the business to me, for I'll come up with him."

He had been in this condition for several nights, and had tired out all his servants. And I heard about it through different channels, but especially from the Savoyard, who was a friend of mine. This feast-day evening I had made up my mind to escape at all hazards. First I prayed most devoutly to God, entreating His Divine Majesty to defend me, and aid me in my perilous enterprise. Then I prepared everything I needed for the business, working all through that night. When day was but two hours off, I removed the hinges with the greatest trouble. But the wooden frame and the bolt also resisted, so that I could not open the door, and had, therefore, to cut the wood.

At last I succeeded; and then carrying the strips of linen, which I had rolled round two pieces of wood like flax on a spindle, I made my way out towards the privies of the keep. From inside I perceived two tiles on the roof, and thus I could climb up at once with the greatest ease. I was wearing at the time a white jerkin, white hosen, and a pair of buskins, into which I thrust my dagger. Taking one end of my linen rope, I tied it in the form of a stirrup round a piece of antique tile which was built into the wall, and which stuck out hardly the length of four fingers. This done, I turned my face to God, and said, "O Lord my God, defend my cause! for Thou knowest it is good; and that I help myself." Then I let myself go gently, and supporting myself by the strength of my

arms, I reached the bottom. The moon was not shining, but the sky was fair and clear.

When my feet were on the ground, I regarded the great descent I had made so bravely, and went off much heartened, for I thought I was free. But it was not so; for on that side the castellan had had two very high walls built enclosing a poultry-run. This place was barred with great bolts on the other side. When I saw my way thus stopped, I was much vexed; but while walking to and fro, thinking what I should best do, I fell up against a large beam which had been covered up with straw. With great difficulty I set it up against the wall. Then by force of arm I climbed up on it to the top. But as the wall was pointed, I was not solidly enough placed there to draw the pole up after me. So I determined to use a piece of the second rope of linen, as the other I had left hanging from the keep. Well binding it fast to the beam, I climbed down by it on the other side. This was very far from easy. I was quite worn out at the end; and, besides, I had galled the palms of my hands, so that they bled. I therefore stayed to rest a while.

When I felt sufficiently recovered, I made my way to the last wall, which looks towards Prati. . . .

There had been more than five hundred paces from the place where I fell, to the gate by which I entered the city. When I got inside Rome, some mastiffs threw themselves on me and bit me viciously. They set on me several times and worried me, till at last I drew my dagger and dealt one of them such a blow that he yelped loudly. Then the other dogs, as their habit is, gathered about him, while I made haste, on hands and knees, towards the church of the Traspontina.

When I reached the mouth of the street which turns towards Sant' Agnolo, I took the road to St. Peter's; for day was breaking above me, and I knew I was in danger. So meeting a water-carrier with his ass laden with full pitchers, I called him to me, and begged him to lift me up and carry me to the terrace by St. Peter's steps; explaining that I was a poor young man who, in getting down from the window of my lady, had fallen and broken my leg. The house I came out of was of great importance, I told him, and I was in danger of being cut in pieces. So I begged him to carry me off quickly, promising him a golden crown for his pains. And at the word I gave him a sight of my purse, which was by no means empty. He took hold of me at once, hoisted me on his back with a good will, and carried me to the open space above the steps of St. Peter's. There he put me down, and I told him to run back to his ass.

At once I took the road again, crawling on all fours towards the house of the Duchess, the wife of Duke Ottavio. She was the natural daughter of the Emperor, and had been the wife of Duke Alessandro of Florence. Now I knew that with this great princess I should find many of my friends, who had come with her from Florence. Besides, I was in her favour, for the castellan had spoken well of me in her presence. Wishing to help me, he had said to the Pope one day, that when the Duchess made her entry into Rome, I had saved them more than a thousand crowns. The heavy rain had threatened great damage to the city; and he had been in despair. But I had put heart into him; for, as he told, I had pointed several heavy pieces of artillery towards that part of the sky where the clouds were thickest, and from whence torrents of water had already begun to pour. When the artillery was discharged, the rain stopped, and at the fourth round the sun came out. Thus, said he, I had been the sole cause of the festa passing off so happily. When the Duchess heard it, she said, "This Benvenuto is one of the artists who were in the good graces of my husband, Duke Alessandro; and I shall always keep them in mind when an opportunity comes to do them a good turn." She had also spoken of me to her present husband, Duke Ottavio. . . .

§ 1

The artistic side, still greater in importance, is then set forth in his description of his casting of his Perseus holding out the severed head of the Medusa, the grand bronze figure which still thrills the blood of the visitor to Florence from its pedestal in the loggia in the Cathedral Square.

Benvenuto looked forward to the time when his Perseus would be finished and all his troubles turned to delight; he was much angered by people saying it could not be a success in bronze, "for the rules of the Art do not permit of it." He set about procuring several loads of pine from the pine woods of Serristoria.

MAKING THE MASTERPIECE.

While I was waiting for these, I covered my Perseus with the clay I had got ready several months before, in order that it might be well seasoned. When I had made its "tunic" of clay—for so is it called in our art—and had most carefully armed and girt it with iron, I began to draw off the wax by a slow fire through the various vent-holes I had made. (The more of these you

have, the better will your moulds fill.) When this was done, I built up round the mould of my Perseus a funnel-shaped furnace of bricks, arranged one above the other, so as to leave numerous openings for the fire to breathe through.

Then very gradually I laid the wood on, and kept up the fire for two days and two nights on end. After I had drawn off all the wax, and the mould had been properly baked, I set to work at once to dig a hole to sink the thing in, attending to all the strictest rules of the great art. This done, I raised the mould with the utmost care by means of windlasses and strong ropes to an upright position; and suspended it a cubit above the level of the furnace, paying attention that it hung exactly over the middle of the pit. Then gently, gently I let it down to the bottom of the furnace, sparing no pains to settle it securely there.

This difficult job over, I set about propping it up with the earth I had dug out of the hole; and as I built up the earth, I made vent-holes, that is, little pipes of terra-cotta such as are used for drains and things of that kind. Then I saw that it was quite firm, and that this way of banking it up and putting conduits in their proper places was likely to be successful. It was evident also that my workmen understood my mode of working, which was very different from that of any of the other masters in my profession. Sure, therefore, that I could trust them, I gave my attention to the furnace, which I had filled up with pigs of copper and pieces of bronze, laid one on top of the other, according to the rules of the craft—that is, not pressing closely one on the other, but arranged so that the flames could make their way freely about them; for in this manner the metal is more quickly affected by the heat and liquefied.



Photo: Alinari.

THE STATUE OF PERSEUS AND MEDUSA, BY CELLINI, IN THE LOGGIA DEI LANZI AT FLORENCE.

By Benvenuto Cellini.

The making of this masterpiece is described in the text.

Then in great excitement I ordered them to light the furnace. They piled on the pine logs; and between the unctuous pine resin and the well-contrived draught of the furnace, the fire burned so splendidly that I had to feed it now on one side and now on the other. The effort was almost

intolerable, yet I forced myself to keep it up.

On top of all this the shop took fire, and we feared lest the roof should fall upon us. Then, too, from the garden the rain and the wind blew in with such chill gusts as to cool the furnace. All this fighting for so many hours with adverse circumstances, forcing myself to a labour such as even my robust health could not stand, ended in a one-day fever of an indescribable severity. There was nothing for it but to fling myself on my bed, and I did so very ill-content.

But first I appealed to my men—there were about ten or more helping me — master-founders, hand-labourers, peasants, and the workmen of my own shop. Among the last was Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello, who had been my pupil for several years. To him I said, after begging the goodwill of all the rest, "My dear Bernardino, see that you attend to everything I have taught you; and make all the haste you can, for the metal will soon be ready. You cannot make a mistake; the good fellows here will hurry up with the channels, and with these two crooks you can surely draw back the plugs. Then I know for certain my mould will fill beautifully. I feel worse than I ever did since I came into the world; and I am sure I shall be dead in a few hours." So, most ill-content, I left them and went to bed.

The Sick Artist.

As soon as I was in bed I ordered my servant girls to take food and drink to all the men in the shop; and then I said to them, "By to-morrow morning I shall be dead." They did their best to put heart into me, saying that my sickness would pass over, and that it only arose from over-fatigue.

Thus for two hours I fought the fever; but it went on rising all the time, so that I never stopped wailing that I was about to die. Now the woman who looked after all my household was Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio; and a cleverer woman was never born, nor a more devoted. Though now she went on scolding me for losing heart, yet all the same she tended me as affectionately as possible. Nevertheless, for all her brave heart, she could not keep her tears from flowing as she saw me overcome by such terrible pain and depression. Yet she hid her weeping from me so far as she could.

While I lay there in this terrible distress, I saw a man come into my room, whose body was twisted like a capital S; and he spoke in the sad and grievous tones of those who proclaim to doomed men that their last hour has tolled. "O Benvenuto!" he said, "your work is spoiled; and no power on earth can save it now."

Hardly had I heard the miserable creature's words, than I set up such a terrible cry as might have been heard in the heaven of fire; and rising from my bed, I took my clothes and began to dress; and I dealt kicks and blows to the servant girls, the boy, and every one who came to help me, wailing the while, "Ah, traitors! jealous monsters! this is a malicious plot. But I swear by God that I shall come at the truth of it; and before I die I shall give such proof to the world of my strong hand as shall make more than one man stand in wonder!"

When I had dressed, I hurried to the shop fuming with rage; and there I saw all the men I had left in the best of spirits standing dazed and at their wits' end. I broke into their stupor with, "Wake up! Listen to me! Since you've been either too great fools or too great knaves to do as I told you, attend to me now. I am here in front of my work. And not a word from any of you; for it's help, not advice, that will serve me now."

On this up spoke Maestro Alessandro Lastricati, "Listen, Benvenuto! You are taking in hand a thing which defies the laws of art, and cannot be done, whatever means you try."

At that I turned on him in such a fury, and with murder in my eye, that he and all the others too cried out, "Come on! Give your orders! We are ready for all you may command, while there is any breath left in our bodies."

But I believe they uttered these soothing words only because they thought I



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

BENVENUTO CELLINI AND THE POPE.

After the drawing by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

Cellini made several gold pieces ornamented with jewels for Pope Clement. The story of how Cellini was imprisoned on a charge of filching jewels entrusted to him, and his daring escape, is related in the text.

was on the point of falling down dead. Then I hurried to the furnace, and found the metal had all coagulated, or, as we say, "caked." I ordered two labourers to go to Capretta the butcher's opposite, for a load of young oak logs, which had been dry for more than a year, and which Madonna Ginevra, Capretta's wife, had already offered me. As soon as I got the first armfuls, I set about filling the ash-pot below the furnace. Now oak of this kind makes a fiercer fire than any other sort of wood, and that is why alder or pine is used in the founding of gun-metal, for which the fire should be slow.

Feverish Anxiety.

Ah, then, you should have seen how the cake of metal began to run, and how it glowed! Meanwhile, too, I forced it to flow along the channels, while I sent the rest of the men on the roof to look after the fire, which had broken out again more fiercely now the furnace was burning with such fury; and towards the garden side I made them pile up planks and rugs and old hangings to prevent the rain from pouring in.

When I had mastered all this confusion and trouble, I shouted now to this man, now to that, bidding them fetch and carry for me; and the solidified metal beginning to melt just then, the whole band were so excited to obedience, that each man did the work of three. Then I had them fetch half a pig of pewter, weighing about sixty pounds, and this I threw right in the middle of the solid metal in the furnace. And what with the wood I had put in beneath, and all the stirring with iron rods and bars, in a little while the mass grew liquid. When I saw I had raised the dead, in despite of all those ignorant sceptics, such vigour came back to me, that the remembrance of my fever and the fear of death passed away from me utterly.

Then suddenly we heard a great noise, and saw a brilliant flash of fire, just as if a thunderbolt had rushed into being in our very midst. Every man of us was dazed by this prodigious and terrifying event, and I still more than the rest. Only when the great rumble and the flashing flame had passed, did we dare look each other in the face. Then I saw that the lid of the furnace had blown open, so that the bronze was running over. In the same instant I had every mouth of the mould open and the plugs closed. But perceiving that the metal did not run as freely as it should, I came to the conclusion that the intense heat had consumed the alloy. So I bade them fetch every pewter dish and porringer and plate I had in the house, nearly two hundred in all; and part of them I threw, one after another, into the channels, and put the rest into the furnace. Then they saw my bronze was really melted and filling up my mould, and gave me the readiest and most cheerful help and obedience.

Now I was here; now I was there, giving orders or putting my own hand to the work, while I cried, "O God, who in Thy limitless strength didst rise from the dead, and glorious didst ascend to Heaven. . . .!" In an instant my mould filled up; and I knelt down and thanked God with all my heart; then turned to a plate of salad lying on a bench there, and with splendid appetite ate and drank, and all my gang of men along with me. After that, as the day was but two hours off, I betook myself to bed, sound of body and in good heart; and, as if I had never known an ache in my life, sank gently to my rest. . . .

For two days I let my work cool, and then uncovered a little bit at a time. First of all I found that, thanks to the vents, the head of Medusa had come out splendidly—had I not told the Duke that it is in the nature of fire to ascend? Then I went on uncovering the rest, and found the other head, that of Perseus, was just as perfect; at which I wondered more; for, as you can see, it is much lower than that of Medusa. I had placed the mouths of the mould above the head and on the shoulders of the Perseus, and now I found that this head had taken all the remaining bronze in my furnace.

Wonderful to relate, there was nothing left in the mouth of the channel, and yet there had been enough for my purpose. This appeared to me so marvellous—indeed, nothing short of a miracle—that the whole operation seemed as if it



BENVENUTO CELLINI IN HIS STUDIO.

From a painting by Robert Fleury.

The amazing man's own story is something unique in autobiography.

had been guided and brought to a happy end by Almighty God. Luck still followed me as I uncovered farther; every thing I found had come out successfully till I came to the right foot on which the figure rests.

There I found the heel perfect, and on further examination evidently the whole foot as well. On the one hand I rejoiced; on the other I was half annoyed, but only because I had said to the Duke that it could not happen so. However, when all was disclosed, I found the toes and a little portion above them were wanting, so that about half the foot would have to be added. Though this would give me a little extra work, I was glad, nevertheless; for I could show the Duke that I understood my own business. A larger part of the foot, indeed, had come out than I looked for; but the reason was that, from various causes, the metal had been subjected to a greater heat than is ordained by the laws of the art; and then, too, I had thrown in extra alloy in the shape of my pewter household vessels, as I have told you—a thing nobody ever thought of doing before.

Now seeing the great success of my work, I set off at once for Pisa to see the Duke. He received me as kindly as possible, and so did the Duchess; and though their major-domo had told them the whole story, their Excellencies thought it still more prodigious and astounding when they heard it from my own lips. When I came to the foot of the Perseus; and related how, just as I had warned his Excellency before, it had not come out, I could see his wonder grow every moment, and he told the Duchess how, indeed, I had foretold this. . . .

A Terrible Tale.

Now listen, gentle reader, to a terrible tale I have to tell. I made all haste possible to finish my statue; but I used to spend every evening in the Wardrobe of the Duke, helping the goldsmiths who were working there for his Excellency, mostly after designs which I had made. And as I saw that the Duke liked to watch me at work and to talk with me, I made up my mind to go there during the day sometimes. So on one of these occasions he came in as usual, and the more willingly that he knew I was there. He began to converse with me very pleasantly on a great many different subjects; and I answered vivaciously,

and so amused him that he was in a better temper than I had ever seen him in before.

Suddenly one of his secretaries entered and spoke a word in his ear, as if on a matter of great importance. Then the Duke got up, and withdrew with the Secretary to another room. Meanwhile the Duchess had sent to inquire what his Excellency was doing; and her page went back to tell her, "The Duke is talking and laughing with Benvenuto, and he is in the best of humours." When she heard this, she came to the Wardrobe; but not finding the Duke, she sat down beside us, and looked on for a while as we worked. Then in the pleasantest manner she turned to me, and showed me a necklace of large pearls—very rare they were, in fact—and asked me what I thought of them. I replied that they were very beautiful. Then her Excellency said, "I want the Duke to buy them for me; therefore, my Benvenuto, say all you possibly can to him in their praise." But at these words, I spoke out my real opinion to the Duchess, saying with the utmost respect, "My lady, I thought this necklace of pearls was yours already; in which case I might have refrained from uttering what was in my mind to say, nay, what I must say, now I know that they do not belong to your Excellency. Therefore, I would have you know that my trained eye sees so many defects in these pearls, that I should never advise your buying them."

To this she replied, "The merchant will take six thousand crowns; if the necklace had none of these slight flaws, it would be worth more than twelve thousand." But I went on to say that, were it perfect in quality and condition, I should never advise any one to go as high as five thousand crowns; for pearls are not jewels, they are but fishes' bones; and in time must lose their value. Whereas diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires never grow old; all these four are real jewels, and worth buying. At this the Duchess was somewhat piqued; but she persisted, "I am determined to have these pearls; and so I beg you to take them to the Duke, and say all you can think of in their praise; and if you have to tell some little lies about them, do so to serve me, and you will have no reason to repent it." Now I have always been the greatest friend of truth and the enemy of lies; but such pressure being put upon me, and unwilling to lose the favour of so great a princess, I took those accursed pearls, and in a very ill humour went with them to the other room to which the Duke had retired.

As soon as he saw me, he called out, "Well, Benvenuto, and what are you about?" So I showed him the pearls, and said, "My lord, I have come to let you see an exquisite necklace of pearls. Most rare they are, and really worthy of your Excellency; and I do not believe that eighty pearls could ever be strung together to better advantage. So buy them, my lord, for they are truly marvellous." But he answered me at once, "I will not buy them; for they are neither so rare nor so beautiful as you say. I have seen them, and I don't like them."

Then I replied, "Forgive me, my lord, these pearls far surpass any which were ever strung together before for a necklace." The Duchess had got up in the meanwhile, and was standing behind a door listening to every word. So when I had gone on to say a thousand things more in their praise than I am writing here, the Duke turned an indulgent face on me, and said, "O Benvenuto, my friend, I know that you understand all about these things; and if the pearls were as fine and rare as you say, I should not be unwilling to buy them, whether to give pleasure to the Duchess, or for the sake of possessing them; for such things I am always in need of, not so much for her use, as for that of my sons and daughters."

But as I had begun to lie, I now went on lying with still greater audacity, though very plausibly, trusting to the Duchess to support me at the proper time. I was to have more than two hundred crowns for doing the business—so the Duchess had signified to me; but I was quite determined not to touch a penny of it, so as to be on the safe side, and that the Duke might never think

I had done it from greed. Once more he spoke in the kindliest tones to me, and said, "I know that you understand all about these things. So now on your faith as an honest man, which I have always thought you to be, tell me the truth."

Then I blushed hotly, and my eyes grew wet with tears, as I said, "My lord, if I tell your most illustrious Excellency the truth, the Duchess will become my deadly enemy. I shall be forced to depart from Florence, and my enemies will immediately pour scorn on my Perseus, which I have held out to the expectations of your Excellency's most noble school. So now I recommend myself to your Excellency."

When the Duke learnt that all I had said I had been forced to say, he comforted me. "If you trust in me, fear nothing." But again I answered, "Alas, my lord, how can this be kept from the Duchess?" Whereat the Duke swore with uplifted hand, "Consider all you have said as buried in a diamond casket." Since he had honoured me by such words, I told him at once the truth about the pearls, so far as I knew it; that worth much more than crowns.

Now the Duchess thought we had made an end of talking, for we were speaking as softly as possible; so she came forward and said, "My lord, be so good as to buy me this necklace of pearls, for I have the greatest craving for it; and your Benvenuto has told me he never saw a finer one."

Then the Duke replied, "I do not wish to buy it." "Why will not my lord please me by buying it?" "Because I don't want to throw money away." But the Duchess insisted, "Oh, why should it be throwing money away, since your Benvenuto, in whom you have, and rightly, so much confidence, told me that if you paid even more than three thousand crowns, it would be a very good bargain?"

The Duke replied, "My lady, my Benvenuto has told me that were I to buy it, I should be throwing money away; for the pearls are not round, neither are they all of a size, and some of them are old; and if you don't believe it, look at this one, and this other; examine them all. No, no, they are not my affair!" At this the Duchess gave me the angriest look, and shaking her head at me in a threatening fashion, she left the room; and I was much inclined to be off and out of Italy without delay.



SALT CELLAR OF FRANCIS I., THE WORK OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

In the Imperial Treasury at Vienna.

The Triumph.

But as my Perseus was nearly finished, I was unwilling to leave without exhibiting it publicly. Yet consider, every man of you, what a cruel position I was now in! The Duke had ordered the doorkeepers—for I heard him—to give me free entrance to his Excellency's apart-

ments whenever I came to seek him; while the Duchess now gave counter-orders to them that when I presented myself at the palace, they were to chase me away. So now as soon as they saw me, they would come outside and hustle me off; but they took care the Duke should not see them; for if he caught sight of me before these rascals, either he called out to me, or made me a sign I was to come to him. . . .

Then he went off, and I gave orders to have the statue uncovered. But some gold was still wanting, likewise varnish here and there, and various other little things, before the whole could be called complete; and I began to murmur wrathfully, and lament and curse the evil day that led me back to Florence. For by this time I saw clearly the tremendous loss I had sustained by quitting France; nor did I see any prospect of benefit which would accrue to me from my lord in Florence; for from the beginning all along till now, whatever I had done for him had profited me less than nothing. So it was with a mind full of discontent that next day I uncovered my statue.

Now, as it pleased God, so soon as the people caught sight of it, there rose a great shout of applause, and this gave my heart some comfort. While I had been putting the finishing touches to the thing, people never stopped pinning up sonnets to the posts of the door, over which hung a curtain. I declare to you that one day, when it was open for several hours, more than twenty sonnets were stuck up, all of them couched in terms of the very highest praise. After I had covered it again, every day a great number of sonnets were pinned up, and Latin and Greek verses, too; for it was vacation time at the University of Pisa, and all the great distinguished doctors and scholars were each other's rivals in the matter. But what pleased me most, and gave me hope, too, of favour from the Duke, was that the artists, sculptors, and painters vied with each other as to who should say the finest thing about it. . . . So eloquently did they speak my praise, in that fine style which is a rare gift of his, that I did, indeed, draw some real consolation from them. Then I covered up the statue again, and set about completing it. . . .

Now, as it pleased my glorious Lord, the immortal God, I brought the thing at last to its end; and one Thursday morning I showed it openly to the whole city. No sooner had I removed the screen, though the sun was barely risen, than a great multitude of people gathered round—it would be impossible to say how many—and all with one voice strove who should laud it highest. The Duke stood at one of the lower windows of the Palace, just above the door; and there, half hidden in the embrasure, he heard every word that was said about the statue.

When he had stayed listening for several hours, he got up in the best of spirits, and turning to Messer Sforza, one of his gentlemen, he said, "Sforza, go and find Benvenuto, and tell him from me that he has satisfied me far more than I expected. Tell him also that I shall satisfy him in a way that will surprise him. And so let him be of good heart." And Messer Sforza came to me on his splendid errand, which gave me great comfort. That day was a very happy one for me, what with this good news from the Duke, and with the people pointing me out to this stranger and that, as some really marvellous and unheard-of wonder.

POEMS

ROBERT HERRICK



Photo: Ruschgitz Collection.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Herrick's fame chiefly rests on his charming lyrics and his exquisitely phrased love poems. He was an easy-going, worldly Devonshire parson, a queer soul, intensely interested in the simple rural life. He was almost the first of the pastoral poets; he was born in 1591 *and died in* 1674.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

About the sweet bag of a bee
Two cupids fell at odds,
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stripped them,
And, taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipped them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kissed, and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO ANTHEA.

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be,
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou can'st find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see,
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry:
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

JOHN RUSKIN

Elsewhere in this work John Ruskin, who wrote many masterpieces of descriptive prose, is represented by a selection from "Modern Painters" (see page 141, Vol. 1). The titles of some of his books might be the titles of fairy stories—"Sesame and Lilies," "The Queen of the Air," "The Crown of Wild Olives." Ruskin wrote one fairy story, "The King of the Golden River," from which the following selection is taken.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a most luxuriant little valley which belonged to three brothers, Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. The elder two brothers, Schwartz and Hans, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes which were always half shut. They lived by farming, but were cruel, selfish and greedy. While they had plenty, they starved their servants; they would give no help to distressed neighbours in time of trouble; they had heaps of gold but would pay no tithes, and their grinding temper earned them the nickname of "The Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, a fair, blue-eyed boy of twelve, was completely the opposite; him the other two bad brothers made a little slave; he had to do all the cooking and the dirty work, only to be often beaten for his pains. In the neighbouring valley there came a summer when everything went wrong, but the Black Brothers would not give of their corn and plenty to help the poor people.

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

IT was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind. There it came again, very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking

little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes; his moustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth; and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. . . .



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY-LOOKING LITTLE GENTLEMAN GLUCK HAD EVER SEEN IN HIS LIFE."

Gluck was so perfectly paralysed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again, like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman petulantly. "I want fire and shelter;

and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head by this time so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold; and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders; and the fire hizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behaviour of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay, what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.



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"'THAT MUTTON LOOKS VERY NICE,' SAID THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck deprecatingly, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling pin was descending on Gluck's head, but at the instant the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his cork-screw moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good-morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

At twelve o'clock at night, a night of howling wind and rushing rain, the Black Brothers were both awakened by a tremendous crash that shook the house from top to bottom. The little old gentleman, like a foam globe, had returned. "Sorry to incommode you," he said, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish. Perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there. You'll find my card on the kitchen table. Remember the last visit." And the foam globe disappeared. The water had gutted the house; corn, money and almost everything had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words—

SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

§ 2

South-West Wind's brothers were also angry, so no rain fell in the valley, and it became a desert, and the Black Brothers, to gain a living, turned goldsmiths and began to melt up their hoard of gold plate; like good knaves, as they were, mixing all with copper. At last they were reduced to taking a large drinking-mug which belonged to little Gluck, and he was very sad, for he prized it greatly. It was a very old mug; the handle was formed of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal. "And these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard

and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes." Although it nearly broke little Gluck's heart, the brothers tossed the mug into the melting-pot and left Gluck to pour out the gold into bars when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him; but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment—"Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in. . . .

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"Will you pour me out?" said the voice passionately; "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out first a pair of pretty little yellow legs, and then some coat-

tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colours gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl. . . . The dwarf turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't do, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might, indeed, be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively—"no, it wouldn't." . . .

"Pray, sir," said Gluck rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man deigning no reply to this polite enquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him—"oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

§ 3

The King of the Golden River had hardly gone when Hans and Schwartz returned, savagely drunk. They beat Gluck unmercifully for the loss of the last piece of plate; then Gluck told them the story, which they disbelieved.

In the morning, however, the steadiness with which Gluck adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbours, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for

breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.



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HANS AND SCHWARTZ BEAT GLUCK UNMERCIFULLY FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR LAST PIECE OF GOLD PLATE.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good-morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was indeed a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapour, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy colour along the angular crags, and pierced

in long level rays through their fringes of spearlike pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this subject, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed. Forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water—not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced: the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous encumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame; and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted. Glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high

hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half-empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again as he did so something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark grey cloud came over the sun, and long, snakelike shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.



"GLUCK SAW A LITTLE CHILD LYING PANTING BY THE ROADSIDE, CRYING PITEOUSLY FOR WATER. HE PUT THE BOTTLE TO HER LIPS AND SHE DRANK IT ALL BUT A FEW DROPS."

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly—"water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of blood-red light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he

drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

§ 4

As Hans never returned, Schwartz, very much pleased, set out for the Golden River; behaving likewise, he met the fate of his brother Hans, and the moaning river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

§ 5

Then little Gluck set out to find the Golden River.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So after a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft-belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such a pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet when he had climbed for another hour his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed except in his first attempt"; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and

Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the king, and his gold too!" said Gluck, and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right," for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven, and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colours of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them, as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colours grew faint, the mist rose into the air—the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains towards the Treasure Valley; and as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. And for him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it

emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley,

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'M we ring awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, J
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean:
O we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal!

LADY NAIRNE (1766–1845).



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RIP VAN WINKLE.

"Rip Van Winkle" is one of the most entertaining of the works of Washington Irving.

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving died in 1859. *This famous story first appeared in* 1818. *In the introduction, the writer says the tale "may seem incredible to many, but, nevertheless, I give it my full belief . . . I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a County Justice and signed with a cross, in the Justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."*

Rip Van Winkle lived in a little village of great antiquity, on the mountains to the west of the great Hudson River, while that country was yet a province of Great Britain. He was a simple, good-natured fellow, a kind neighbour, and an obedient, henpecked husband. His meekness of spirit gained him universal popularity. Rip Van Winkle had a termagant wife, and in all the family squabbles the gossips always laid the blame on Dame Van Winkle. He was the joy of the children of the village; he joined in their sports, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians, so that children were always to be found hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity. Rip had an aversion to work; he would sit on a wet rock, with a long, heavy rod, and fish all day, blissfully content, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble; he would trudge through the woods, carrying a fowling-piece, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. Sometimes he would do odd jobs for the women and run their little errands. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own. His own little farm, consequently, was left to look after itself and dwindled away until there was left a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes. His children, too, were as ragged as if they belonged to nobody. His wife was continually dinning in his ears about his idleness and carelessness and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night, her tongue was incessantly reproaching him, but he continued to whistle life away in perfect content. His dog, Wolf, was as much henpecked as his master, for the two had much in common.

Times grew worse and worse and poor Rip was at last reduced to despair. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but, never mind, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee," and they go for a ramble.

IN a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon,



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Rip Van Winkle's wife was incessantly reproaching him with his idleness, "so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband."

on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene: evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made



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"Not a dog would bark at Rip throughout the neighbourhood."

signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers, which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages,

too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's-tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were withal the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statuelike gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but, in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying beside him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and



RIP VAN WINKLE.

From the drawing by Edmund J. Sullivan.

sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—

sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows,



"AND THERE OLD RIP SAW YOUNG RIP, HIS OWN COUNTERPART."

From the drawing by Edmund J. Sullivan.

but it was empty, forlorn and abandoned. The village inn, too, his favourite haunt, was gone; in its place stood the "George Washington." The tavern politicians crowded round him, eyeing Rip with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece and uncouth dress, with great curiosity. A village orator bustled up to him and enquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. He was equally at a loss to comprehend other questions. He said at last, "I am a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!" on which there was a general shout: "A Tory! A Tory! A spy! A refugee! Away with him!" He named his friends of old. All gone! All forgotten! "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" he plaintively asked.

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three; "oh, to be sure; that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

And there old Rip saw young Rip, his own counterpart. The dazed and bewildered Rip doubted his own identity.

strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before! There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

* * *

Alas for Rip, he did not know it, but he had slept for twenty years! Rip found his way to his own house, expecting to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle,

In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very

suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, "hush, you little fool! the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!"—cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

* * *

Rip's daughter took him home to live with her, and Rip began his old life all over again. He learned that he was no longer a subject of George the Third, but a free citizen of the United States. It became a common wish of all henpecked husbands when life hung heavy on their hands that they might have a quiet draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon. He had great stories to tell them.

KIDNAPPED

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[*By permission of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.*]

Stevenson ranked "Kidnapped" as his best romance:—

"Here is the one sound page in all my writing,
The one I'm proud of and that I delight in."

It is a story that the reader will delight in also. It is true that he will be compelled to compare it with "Rob Roy"; the period is almost the same (1751), *and so is the scene of most of the events, the wild woods and mountains of the Highlands. But while in power of story-telling and in the thrill of wild adventure the two books have much in common, there is one point in which "Kidnapped" is found wanting. It is a romance without a heroine. It is "Rob Roy" without Di Vernon.*

Alan Breck, the hero of it, is, however, Stevenson's best character. We shall see him make his entry—one of the most dramatic in all fiction—in the extract which we are about to set before the reader. But first we must relate, in a few words, how David Balfour, who records the story, a brave but somewhat vain young fellow, leaves home at his father's death, and pays a visit to his uncle, an old miser, who lives alone in a mansion which is falling into ruins. Though a skinflint he is the master of a rich estate, which belongs of right to David—although the latter has no

knowledge of the fact. The old man receives his nephew with some show of kindness, though he gives him nothing for his meals but porridge. But he soon concocts a plan to get the heir out of the way. He bribes a friend of his, the captain of a ship, to inveigle David on a visit to the vessel, where he is knocked down, tied fast—and so "Kidnapped."

It is not until the ship is well at sea that he receives his liberty. The captain and his crew are a gang of scoundrels, and David suffers like a slave. But then comes an event which alters the whole course of his career, and which brings upon the scene the man who is the real hero of the story.

MORE than a week went by, in which the ill-luck that had hitherto pursued the *Covenant* upon this voyage grew yet more strongly marked. Some days she made a little way; others, she was driven actually back. At last we were beaten so far to the south that we tossed and tacked to and fro the whole of the ninth day, within sight of Cape Wrath and the wild, rocky coast on either hand of it. There followed on that a council of the officers, and some decision which I did not rightly understand, seeing only the result: that we had made a fair wind of a foul one and were running south.

The tenth afternoon there was a falling swell and a thick, wet, white fog that hid one end of the brig from the other. All afternoon, when I went on deck, I saw men and officers listening hard over the bulwarks—"for breakers," they said; and though I did not so much as understand the word, I felt danger in the air, and was excited.

Maybe about ten at night, I was serving Mr. Riach and the captain at their supper, when the ship struck something with a great sound, and we heard voices singing out. My two masters leapt to their feet.

"She's struck!" said Mr. Riach.

"No, sir," said the captain. "We've only run a boat down."

And they hurried out.

The captain was in the right of it. We had run down a boat in the fog, and she had parted in the midst and gone to the bottom with all her crew but one. This man (as I heard afterwards) had been sitting in the stern as a passenger, while the rest were on the benches rowing. At the moment of the blow, the stern had been thrown into the air, and the man (having his hands free, and for all he was encumbered with a frieze overcoat that came below his knees) had leapt up and caught hold of the brig's bowsprit. It showed he had luck and much agility and unusual strength, that he should have thus saved himself from such a pass. And yet, when the captain brought him into the round-house, and I set eyes on him for the first time, he looked as cool as I did.

He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the small-pox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his great-coat, he laid a pair of fine silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him at the first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy.

The captain, too, was taking his observations, but rather of the man's clothes than his person. And to be sure, as soon as he had taken off the great-coat, he showed forth mighty fine for the round-house of a merchant brig: having a hat with feathers, a red waistcoat, breeches of black plush, and a blue coat with silver buttons and handsome silver lace; costly clothes, though somewhat spoiled with the fog and being slept in.

"I'm vexed, sir, about the boat," says the captain.

"There are some pretty men gone to the bottom," said the stranger, "that I would rather see on the dry land again than half a score of boats."

"Friends of yours?" said Hoseason.

"You have none such friends in your country," was the reply. "They would have died for me like dogs."



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THE KIDNAPPING OF DAVID BALFOUR.

"I gave a piercing cry—'Help, help! Murder!'"

"Well, sir," said the captain, still watching him, "there are more men in the world than boats to put them in."

"And that's true, too," cried the other, "and ye seem to be a gentleman of great penetration."

"I have been in France, sir," says the captain, so that it was plain he meant more by the words than showed upon the face of them.

"Well, sir," says the other, "and so has many a pretty man, for the matter of that."

"No doubt, sir," says the captain, "and fine coats."

"Oho!" says the stranger, "is that how the wind sets?" And he laid his hand quickly on his pistols.

"Don't be hasty," said the captain. "Don't do a mischief before ye see the need of it. Ye've a French soldier's coat upon your back and a Scotch tongue in your head, to be sure; but so has many an honest fellow in these days, and I dare say none the worse of it."

"So?" said the gentleman with the fine coat: "are ye of the honest party?" (meaning, Was he a Jacobite? for each side in these sort of civil broils takes the name of honesty for its own).

"Why, sir," replied the captain, "I am a true-blue Protestant, and I thank God for it." (It was the first word of any religion I had ever heard from him, and I learnt afterwards he was a great churchgoer while on shore.) "But, for all that," says he, "I can be sorry to see another man with his back to the wall."

"Can ye so, indeed?" asked the Jacobite. "Well, sir, to be quite plain with ye, I am one of those honest gentlemen that were in trouble about the years forty-five and six; and (to be still quite plain with ye) if I got into the hands of any of the red-coated gentry, it's like it would go hard with me. Now, sir, I was for France; and there was a French ship cruising here to pick me up; but she gave us the go-by in the fog—as I wish from the heart that ye had done yoursel'! And the best that I can say is this: If ye can set me ashore where I was going, I have that upon me will reward you highly for your trouble."

"In France?" says the captain. "No, sir; that I can not do. But where ye come from—we might talk of that."

And then, unhappily, he observed me standing in my corner, and packed me off to the galley to get supper for the gentleman. I lost no time, I promise you; and when I came back into the roundhouse, I found the gentleman had taken a money belt from about his waist, and poured out a guinea or two upon the table. The captain was looking at the guineas, and then at the belt, and then at the gentleman's face; and I thought he seemed excited.

"Half of it," he cried, "and I'm your man!"

The other swept back the guineas into the belt, and put it on again under his waistcoat. "I have told ye, sir," said he, "that not one doit of it belongs to me. It belongs to my chieftain," and here he touched his hat—"and while I would be but a silly messenger to grudge some of it that the rest might come safe, I should show myself a hound indeed if I bought my own carcase any too dear. Thirty guineas on the seaside, or sixty if ye set me on the Linnhe loch. Take it, if ye will; if not, ye can do your worst."

"Ay," said Hoseason. "And if I give ye over to the soldiers?"

"Ye would make a fool's bargain," said the other. "My chief, let me tell you, sir, is forfeited, like every honest man in Scotland. His estate is in the hands of the men they call King George; and it is his officers that collect the rents, or try to collect them. But for the honour of Scotland, the poor tenant bodies take a thought upon their chief lying in exile; and this money is a part of that very rent for which King George is looking. Now, sir, ye seem to me to be a man that understands things: bring this money within the reach of Government, and how much of it'll come to you?"

"Little enough, to be sure," said Hoseason; and then, "If they knew," he added dryly. "But I think, if I was to try, that I could hold my tongue about it."

"Ah, but I'll begowk* ye there!"

* Befool.

cried the gentleman. "Play me false, and I'll play you cunning. If a hand's laid upon me, they shall ken what money it is."

"Well," returned the captain, "what must be must. Sixty guineas, and done. Here's my hand upon it."

"And here's mine," said the other.

And thereupon the captain went out (rather hurriedly, I thought), and left me alone in the round-house with the stranger.

At that period (so soon after the forty-five) there were many exiled gentlemen coming back at the peril of their lives, either to see their friends or to collect a little money; and as for the Highland chiefs that had been forfeited, it was a common matter of talk how their tenants would stint themselves to send them money, and their clansmen outface the soldiery to get it in, and run the gauntlet of our great navy to carry it across. All this I had, of course, heard tell of; and now I had a man under my eyes whose life was forfeit on all these counts and upon one more, for he was not only a rebel and a smuggler of rents, but had taken service with King Louis of France. And as if all this were not enough, he had a belt full of golden guineas round his loins. Whatever my opinions, I could not look on such a man without a lively interest.

"And so you're a Jacobite?" said I, as I set meat before him.

"Ay," said he, beginning to eat. "And you, by your long face, should be a Whig?"*

"Betwixt and between," said I, not to annoy him; for indeed I was as good a Whig as Mr. Campbell could make me.



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ALAN PRESENTS DAVID BALFOUR TO CHERRY MACPHERSON, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE GREAT REBELLION, IN HIS HIDING-PLACE.

"And that's naething," said he. "But I'm saying, Mr. Betwixt-and-Between," he added, "this bottle of yours is dry; and it's hard if I'm to pay sixty guineas and be grudged a dram upon the back of it."

"I'll go and ask for the key," said I, and stepped on deck.

The fog was as close as ever, but the swell almost down. They had laid the brig to, not knowing precisely where they were, and the wind (what little there was of it) not serving well for their true course. Some of the hands were still hearkening for breakers; but the captain and the two officers were in the waist with their heads together. It struck me

* Whig or Whigamore was the cant name for those who were loyal to King George.

(I don't know why) that they were after no good ; and the first word I heard, as I drew softly near, more than confirmed me.

It was Mr. Riach, crying out as if upon a sudden thought :

" Couldn't we wile him out of the round-house ? "

" He's better where he is," returned Hoseason ; " he hasn't room to use his sword."

" Well, that's true," said Riach ; " but he's hard to come at."

" Hut ! " said Hoseason. " We can get the man in talk, one upon each side, and pin him by the two arms ; or if that'll not hold, sir, we can make a run by both the doors and get him under hand before he has time to draw."

At this hearing, I was seized with both fear and anger at these treacherous, greedy, bloody men that I sailed with. My first mind was to run away ; my second was bolder.

" Captain," said I, " the gentleman is seeking a dram, and the bottle's out. Will you give me the key ? "

They all started and turned about.

" Why, here's our chance to get the firearms ! " Riach cried ; and then to me : " Hark ye, David," he said, " do ye ken where the pistols are ? "

" Ay, ay," put in Hoseason. " David kens ; David's a good lad. Ye see, David, my man, yon wild Hielandman is a danger to the ship, besides being a rank foe to King George, God bless him ! "

I had never been so be-Davided since I came on board : but I said Yes, as if all I heard were quite natural.

" The trouble is," resumed the captain, " that all our firelocks, great and little, are in the round-house under this man's nose ; likewise the powder. Now, if I, or one of the officers, was to go in and take them, he would fall to thinking. But a lad like you, David, might snap up a horn and a pistol or two without remark. And if ye can do it cleverly, I'll bear it in mind when it'll be good for you to have friends ; and that's when we come to Carolina."

Here Mr. Riach whispered him a little.

" Very right, sir," said the captain ; and then to myself : " And see here, David, yon man has a beltful of gold, and I give you my word that you shall have your fingers in it."

I told him I would do as he wished, though indeed I had scarce breath to speak with ; and upon that he gave me the key of the spirit locker, and I began to go slowly back to the round-house. What was I to do ? They were dogs and thieves ; they had stolen me from my country ; they had killed poor Ransome ; and I was to hold the candle to another murder ? But then, upon the other hand, there was the fear of death very plain before me ; for what could a boy and a man, if they were as brave as lions, against a whole ship's company ?

I was still arguing it back and forth, and getting no great clearness, when I came into the round-house and saw the Jacobite eating his supper under the lamp ; and at that my mind was made up all in a moment. I have no credit by it ; it was by no choice of mine, but as if by compulsion, that I walked right up to the table and put my hand on his shoulder.

" Do ye want to be killed ? " said I.

He sprang to his feet, and looked a question at me as clear as if he had spoken.

" O ! " cried I, " they're all murderers here ; it's a ship full of them ! They've murdered a boy already. Now it's you."

" Ay, ay," said he ; " but they haven't got me yet." And then looking at me curiously, " Will ye stand with me ? "

" That will I ! " said I. " I am no thief, nor yet murderer. I'll stand by you."

" Why, then," said he, " what's your name ? "

" David Balfour," said I ; and then, thinking that a man with so fine a coat must like fine people, I added for the first time, " of Shaws."

It never occurred to him to doubt me, for a Highlander is used to see great gentlefolk in great poverty ; but as he had no estate of his own, my words nettled a very childish vanity he had.

" My name is Stewart," he said, drawing himself up. " Alan Breck, they call me. A king's name is good enough for me, though I bear it plain and have



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ALAN AND DAVID ENLIST THE HELP OF THE HOSTESS AT AN INN TO BORROW A BOAT AND SO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE.

the name of no farm-midden to clap to the hind-end of it."

And having administered this rebuke, as though it were something of a chief importance, he turned to examine our defences.

The round-house was built very strong, to support the breaching of the seas. Of its five apertures, only the skylight and the two doors were large enough for the passage of a man. The doors, besides, could be drawn close: they were of stout oak, and ran in grooves, and were fitted with hooks to keep them either shut or open, as the need arose. The one that was already shut I secured in this fashion; but when I was proceeding to slide to the other, Alan stopped me.

"David," said he—"for I cannae bring to mind the name of your landed estate, and so will make so bold as to call you David—that door, being open, is the best part of my defences."

"It would be yet better shut," says I.

"Not so, David," says he. "Ye see, I have but one face; but so long as that door is open and my face to it, the best part of my enemies will be in front of me, where I would aye wish to find them."

Then he gave me from the rack a cutlass (of which there were a few besides the fire-arms), choosing it with great care, shaking his head and saying he had never in all his life seen poorer weapons; and next he set me down to the table with a powder-horn, a bag of bullets and all the pistols, which he bade me charge.

"And that will be better work, let me tell you," said he, "for a gentleman of decent birth, than scraping plates and raxing* drams to a wheen tarry sailors."

Thereupon he stood up in the midst with his face to the door, and drawing his great sword, made trial of the room he had to wield it in.

"I must stick to the point," he said, shaking his head; "and that's a pity, too. It doesn't set my genius, which is all for the upper guard. And now," said he, "do you keep on charging the pistols, and give heed to me."

I told him I would listen closely. My chest was tight, my mouth dry, the light dark to my eyes; the thought of the numbers that were soon to leap in upon us kept my heart in a flutter; and the sea, which I heard washing round the brig, and where I thought my dead body

* Reaching.

would be cast ere morning, ran in my mind strangely.

"First of all," said he, "how many are against us?"

I reckoned them up; and such was the hurry of my mind, I had to cast the numbers twice. "Fifteen," said I.

Alan whistled. "Well," said he, "that can't be cured. And now follow me. It is my part to keep this door, where I look for the main battle. In that, ye have no hand. And mind and dinnae fire to this side unless they get me down; for I would rather have ten foes in front of me than one friend like you cracking pistols at my back."

I told him, indeed I was no great shot.

"And that's very bravely said," he cried, in a great admiration of my candour. "There's many a pretty gentleman that wouldnae dare to say it."

"But then, sir," said I, "there is the door behind you, which they may perhaps break in."

"Ay," said he, "and that is a part of your work. No sooner the pistols charged, than ye must climb up into yon bed where ye're handy at the window; and if they lift hand against the door, ye're to shoot. But that's not all. Let's make a bit of a soldier of ye, David. What else have ye to guard?"

"There's the skylight," said I. "But indeed, Mr. Stewart, I would need to have eyes upon both sides to keep the two of them; for when my face is at the one, my back is to the other."

"And that's very true," said Alan. "But have ye no ears to your head?"

"To be sure!" cried I. "I must hear the bursting of the glass!"

"Ye have some rudiments of sense," said Alan, grimly.

But now our time of truce was come to an end. Those on deck had waited for my coming till they grew impatient; and scarce had Alan spoken, when the captain showed face in the open door.

"Stand!" cried Alan, and pointed his sword at him.

The captain stood, indeed; but he neither winced nor drew back a foot.

"A naked sword?" says he. "This is a strange return for hospitality."

"Do ye see me?" said Alan. "I am come of kings; I bear a king's name. My badge is the oak. Do ye see my sword? It has slashed the heads off mair Whigamores than you have toes upon your feet. Call up your vermin to your back, sir, and fall on! The sooner the clash begins, the sooner ye'll taste this steel throughout your vitals."

The captain said nothing to Alan, but he looked over at me with an ugly look. "David," said he. "I'll mind this"; and the sound of his voice went through me with a jar.

Next moment he was gone.

"And now," said Alan, "let your hand keep your head, for the grip is coming."

Alan drew a dirk, which he held in his left hand in case they should run in under his sword. I, on my part, clambered up into the berth with an armful of pistols and something of a heavy heart, and set open the window where I was to watch. It was a small part of the deck that I could overlook, but enough for our purpose. The sea had gone down, and the wind was steady and kept the sails quiet; so that there was a great stillness in the ship, in which I made sure I heard the sound of muttering voices. A little after, and there came a clash of steel upon the deck, by which I knew they were dealing out the cutlasses and one had been let fall; and after that, silence again.

I do not know if I was what you call afraid; but my heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little; and there was a dimness came before my eyes which I continually rubbed away, and which continually returned. As for hope, I had none; but only a darkness of despair and a sort of anger against all the world that made me long to sell my life as dear as I was able. I tried to pray, I remember, but that same hurry of my mind, like a man running, would not suffer me to think upon the words; and my chief wish was to have the thing begin and be done with it.

It came all of a sudden when it did, with a rush of feet and a roar, and then a shout from Alan, and a sound of blows and some one crying out as if hurt. I looked back over my shoulder, and saw

Mr. Shuan in the doorway crossing blades with Alan.

"That's him that killed the boy!" I cried.

"Look to your window!" said Alan; and as I turned back to my place, I saw him pass his sword through the mate's body.

It was none too soon for me to look to my own part; for my head was scarce back at the window, before five men, carrying a spare yard for a battering-ram, ran past me and took post to drive the door in. I had never fired with a pistol in my life, and not often with a gun; far less against a fellow-creature. But it was now or never; and just as they swang the yard, I cried out, "Take that!" and shot into their midst.

I must have hit one of them, for he sang out and gave back a step, and the rest stopped as if a little disconcerted. Before they had time to recover, I sent another ball over their heads; and at my third shot (which went as wide as the second) the whole party threw down the yard and ran for it.

Then I looked round again into the deck-house. The whole place was full of the smoke of my own firing, just as my ears seemed to be burst with the noise of the shots. But there was Alan, standing as before; only now his sword was running blood to the hilt, and he himself so swelled with triumph and fallen into so fine an attitude, that he looked to be invincible. Right before him on the floor was Mr. Shuan, on his hands and knees; the blood was pouring from his mouth, and he was sinking slowly lower, with a terrible white face; and just as I looked, some of those from behind caught hold of him by the heels and dragged him bodily out of the round-house. I believe he died as they were doing it.

"There's one of your Whigs for ye!" cried Alan; and then turning to me, he asked if I had done much execution.

I told him I had winged one, and thought it was the captain.

"And I've settled two," says he. "No, there's not enough blood let; they'll be back again. To your watch, David. This was but a dram before meat."

I settled back to my place, re-charging the three pistols I had fired, and keeping watch with both eye and ear.

Our enemies were disputing not far off upon the deck, and that so loudly that I could hear a word or two above the washing of the seas.

"It was Shuan bauchled* it," I hear one say.

And another answered him with a "Wheesht, man! He's paid the piper."

After that the voices fell again into the same muttering as before. Only now, one person spoke most of the time, as though laying down a plan, and first one and then another answered him briefly, like men taking orders. By this, I made sure they were coming on again, and told Alan.

"It's what we have to pray for," said he. "Unless we can give them a good distaste of us, and done with it, there'll be nae sleep for either you or me. But this time, mind, they'll be in earnest."

By this, my pistols were ready, and there was nothing to do but listen and wait. While the brush lasted, I had not time to think if I was frighted; but now, when all was still again, my mind ran upon nothing else. The thought of the sharp swords and the cold steel was strong in me; and presently, when I began to hear stealthy steps and a brushing of men's clothes against the round-house wall, and knew they were taking their places in the dark, I could have found it in my mind to cry out aloud.

All this was upon Alan's side; and I began to think my share of the fight was at an end, when I heard some one drop softly on the roof above me.

Then there came a single call on the sea-pipe, and that was the signal. A knot of them made one rush of it, cutlass in hand, against the door; and at the same moment, the glass of the skylight was dashed in a thousand pieces, and a man leaped through and landed on the floor. Before he got his feet, I had clapped a pistol to his back, and might have shot him, too; only at the touch of him (and him alive) my whole flesh

* Bungled.

misgave me, and I could no more pull the trigger than I could have flown.

He had dropped his cutlass as he jumped, and when he felt the pistol, whipped straight round and laid hold of me, roaring out an oath ; and at that either my courage came again, or I grew so much afraid as came to the same thing ; for I gave a shriek and shot him in the midst of the body. He gave the most horrible, ugly groan and fell to the floor. The foot of a second fellow, whose legs were dangling through the skylight, struck me at the same time upon the head ; and at that I snatched another pistol and shot this one through the thigh, so that he slipped through and tumbled in a lump on his companion's body. There was no talk of missing, any more than there was time to aim ; I clapped the muzzle to the very place and fired.

I might have stood and stared at them for long, but I heard Alan shout as if for help, and that brought me to my senses.

He had kept the door so long ; but one of the seamen, while he was engaged with others, had run in under his guard and caught him about the body. Alan was dirking him with his left hand, but the fellow clung like a leech. Another had broken in and had his cutlass raised. The door was thronged with their faces. I thought we were lost, and catching up my cutlass, fell upon them in flank.

But I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last ; and Alan, leaping back to get his distance, ran upon the others like a bull, roaring as he went. They broke before him like water, turning, and running, and falling against one another in their haste. The sword in his hands flashed like quicksilver into the huddle of our fleeing enemies ; and at every flash there came the scream of a man hurt. I was still thinking we were lost, when lo ! they were all gone, and Alan was driving them along the deck as a sheep-dog chases sheep.

Yet he was no sooner out than he was back again, being as cautious as he was brave ; and meanwhile the seamen continued running and crying out as if he was still behind them ; and he heard them tumble upon one another into the forecastle, and clap-to the hatch upon the top.

The round-house was like a shambles ; three were dead inside, another lay in his death agony across the threshold ; and there were Alan and I victorious and unhurt.

He came up to me with open arms. " Come to my arms ! " he cried, and embraced and kissed me hard upon both cheeks. " David," said he, " I love you like a brother. And O, man," he cried in a kind of ecstasy, " am I no a bonny fighter ? "

* * *

For the moment Alan Breck is master of the situation. But a great storm comes on ; the ship is wrecked ; and David is cast up, alone, on an island in the Hebrides, where, before rescue comes, he goes in peril of his life. But worse adventures are before him. He becomes a tramp, a vagabond. One day he comes upon a party of four men, one of whom is known as the Red Fox, a Factor or Agent of King George, who, with an army of the English red-coats at his call, is employed to bully and torment the native people. As David stands before him, a sudden shot is heard ; the Red Fox falls dead upon the road-way ; and, as David rushes to the wayside copse to seek the murderer, he hears a shout behind him that he is an accomplice, and he is hunted in his turn. In the middle of the wood he comes, to his intense surprise, on Alan Breck, whom he had supposed to have perished in the wreck, and who, although it was not he who fired the shot, is in deadly peril of his life. And so the two escape together.

Many and long are their adventures—too many to be recorded here—through which the reader passes at their side. But in the end they win to safety. David comes into his kingdom ; Alan is smuggled on a ship to France. And the regret which David suffers at the parting is shared by every reader. For no hero of romance—no, not the three immortal Musketeers themselves—has held a stranger power to win the heart than this vain, breezy, bonny fighter, who here has acted his flamboyant part before the reader's eye.

THE WONDERS OF INSTINCT

J. H. FABRE

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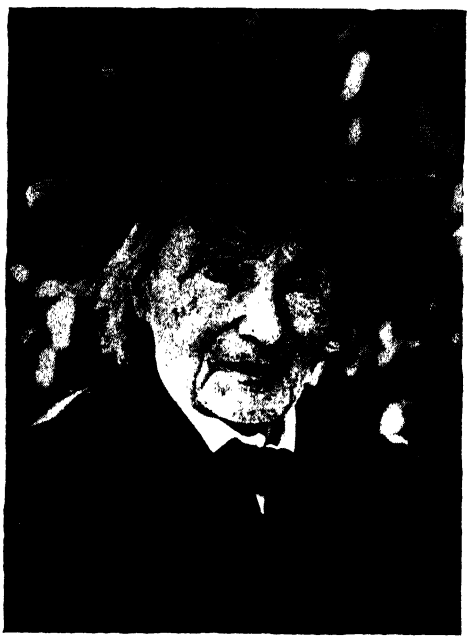


Photo: C. Chusseau Flaviens.

J. H. FABRE.

Fabre, the great French naturalist, has been called "The Insects' Homer." His books are read and enjoyed in every country in the world. He died in 1915 *at the age of ninety-two. While he was but a young man, Darwin called him "that inimitable observer"; and few have had more intimacy with Nature. Fabre once said, "Human knowledge will be erased from the world's archives ere we know the last word concerning the gnat"; and, almost in the words of Socrates, "What I know best of all is that I know nothing."*

There have been few more fascinating writers than J. H. Fabre; he was a great student of animal behaviour, and almost lived with the beetle and the spider, the bee, the wasp and the caterpillar. He was so humble, so patient, so sympathetic, that it seems as if he entered into the very life of all these simple creatures. He had a great gift of writing; the description or story is always in simple language, vivid and picturesque; he is a master of striking analogy, and no one can reveal as he did the every-day life, the arts and crafts, the behaviour and, one might say, the mind of the insect; for he had wonderful insight and vision.

In the following passage taken from Fabre's "Wonders of Instinct," he is writing on spiders.

MICHELET has told us how, as a printer's apprentice in a cellar, he established amicable relations with a Spider. At a certain hour of the day, a ray of sunlight would glint through the window of the gloomy workshop and light up the little compositor's case. Then his eight-legged neighbour would come down from her web and on the edge of the case take her share of the sunshine. The boy did not interfere with her; he welcomed the trusting visitor as a friend and as a pleasant diversion from the long monotony. When we lack the society of our fellow-men, we take refuge in that of animals, without always losing by the change.

I do not, thank God, suffer from the melancholy of a cellar: my solitude is gay with light and verdure; I attend, whenever I please, the fields' high festival, the Thrushes' concert, the Crickets' symphony; and yet my friendly commerce with the Spider is marked by an even greater devotion than the young type-setter's. I admit her to the intimacy of my study, I make room for her among my books, I set her in the sun on my window ledge, I visit her assiduously at her home, in the country. The object of our relations is not to create a means of escape from the petty worries of life, pin-pricks whereof I have my share like other men, a very

large share, indeed ; I propose to submit to the Spider a host of questions whereto, at times, she condescends to reply. . . .

The Spider's Burrow.

The most robust Spider in my district is the Narbonne Lycosa, or Black-bellied Tarantula, clad in black velvet on the lower surface, especially under the belly, with brown chevrons on the abdomen and grey and white rings around the legs. Her favourite home is the dry, pebbly ground, covered with sun-scorched thyme. In my harmas laboratory there are quite twenty of this Spider's burrows. Rarely do I pass by one of these haunts without giving a glance down the pit where gleam, like diamonds, the four great eyes, the four telescopes, of the hermit. The four others, which are much smaller, are not visible at that depth.

Would I have greater riches, I have but to walk a hundred yards from my house, on the neighbouring plateau, once a shady forest, to-day a dreary solitude where the Cricket browses and the Wheat-ear flits from stone to stone. The love of lucre has laid waste the land. Because wine paid handsomely, they pulled up the forest to plant the vine. Then came the Phylloxera, the vine-stocks perished and the once green table-land is now no more than a desolate stretch where a few tufts of hardy grasses sprout among the pebbles. This waste-land is the Lycosa's paradise : in an hour's time, if need were, I should discover a hundred burrows within a limited range.

These dwellings are pits about a foot deep, perpendicular at first and then bent elbow-wise. The average diameter is an inch. On the edge of the hole stands a kerb, formed of straw, bits and scraps of all sorts and even small pebbles, the size of a hazel-nut. The whole is kept in place and cemented with silk. Often, the Spider confines herself to drawing together the dry blades of the nearest grass, which she ties down with the straps from her spinnerets, without removing the blades from the stems ; often, also, she rejects this scaffolding in favour of a masonry constructed of small stones. The nature of the kerb is decided by the nature of the materials within the Lycosa's reach, in the close neighbourhood of the building-yard. There is no selection : everything meets with approval, provided that it be near at hand.

The direction is perpendicular, in so far as obstacles, frequent in a soil of this kind, permit. A bit of gravel can be extracted and hoisted outside ; but a flint is an immovable boulder which the Spider avoids by giving a bend to her gallery. If more such are met with, the residence becomes a winding cave, with stone vaults, with lobbies communicating by means of sharp passages. . . .

As a rule, the end of the burrow widens into a side-chamber, a lounge or resting-place where the Spider meditates at length and is content to lead the life of quiet when her belly is full.

When she reaches maturity and is once settled, the Lycosa becomes eminently domesticated. I have been living in close communion with her for the last three years. I have installed her in large earthen pans on the window-sills of my study and I have her daily under my eyes. Well, it is very rarely that I happen on her outside, a few inches from her hole, back to which she bolts at the least alarm.

We may take it then that, when not in captivity, the Lycosa does not go far afield to gather the wherewithal to build her parapet and that she makes shift with what she finds upon her threshold. In these conditions, the building-stones are soon exhausted and the masonry ceases for lack of materials.

The wish came over me to see what dimensions the circular edifice would assume, if the Spider were given an unlimited supply. With captives to whom I myself act as purveyor the thing is easy enough. Were it only with a view to helping whoso may one day care to continue these relations with the big Spider of the waste-lands, let me describe how my subjects are housed.

A good-sized earthenware pan, some nine inches deep, is filled with a red, clayey earth, rich in pebbles, similar, in short, to that of the places haunted by



Photo: J. J. Ward.

THE SPIDER'S ALMOST INVISIBLE SNARE BECOMES A THING OF BEAUTY IN THE EARLY MORNING WHEN COVERED WITH DEW-DROPS.

Fabre describes minutely the making of the spider's web in his "Wonders of Instinct."

the Lycosa. Properly moistened into a paste, the artificial soil is heaped, layer by layer, around a central reed, of a bore equal to that of the animal's natural burrow. When the receptacle is filled to the top, I withdraw the reed, which leaves a yawning, perpendicular shaft. I thus obtain the abode which shall replace that of the fields.

To find the hermit to inhabit it is merely the matter of a walk in the neighbourhood. When removed from her own dwelling, which is turned topsy-turvy by my trowel, and placed in possession of the den produced by my art, the Lycosa at once disappears into that den. She does not come out again, seeks nothing better elsewhere. A large wire-gauze cover rests on the soil in the pan and prevents escape.

In any case, the watch, in this respect, makes no demand upon my diligence. The prisoner is satisfied with her new abode and manifests no regret for her natural burrow. There is no attempt at flight on her part. Let me not omit to add that each pan must receive not more than one inhabitant. The Lycosa is very intolerant. To her a neighbour is fair game, to be eaten without scruple when one has might on one's side. Time was when, unaware of this fierce intolerance, which is more savage still at breeding time, I saw hideous orgies perpetrated in my overstocked cages. I shall have occasion to describe those tragedies later.

Fabre says the spiders "do not touch up the dwelling which I have moulded for them with a bit of reed; at most, now and again, perhaps with the object of forming a lounge or bedroom at the bottom, they fling out a few loads of rubbish. . . . Two months pass; my Lycosæ have built themselves donjon-keeps, the like of which their race has not yet known. Around the orifice, on a slightly sloping bank, small, flat, smooth stones have been laid to form a broken, flagged pavement. The larger stones, which are Cyclopean blocks compared with the size of the animal that has shifted them, are employed as abundantly as the others. On this rockwork stands the donjon. . . . No one would ever believe the spider capable of constructing such a monument."

The Watch Tower.

What is the purpose of this turret? My pans will tell us that. An enthusiastic votary of the chase, so long as she is not permanently fixed, the Lycosa, once she has set up house, prefers to lie in ambush and wait for the quarry. Every day, when the heat is greatest, I see my captives come up slowly from under ground and lean upon the battlements of their woolly castle-keep. They are then really magnificent in their stately gravity. With their swelling belly contained within the aperture, their head outside, their glassy eyes staring, their legs gathered for a spring, for hours and hours they wait, motionless, bathing voluptuously in the sun.

Should a tit-bit to her liking happen to pass, forthwith the watcher darts from her tall tower, swift as an arrow from the bow. With a dagger-thrust in the neck, she stabs the jugular of the Locust, Dragon-fly or other prey whereof I am the purveyor, and she as quicky scales the donjon and retires with her capture. The performance is a wonderful exhibition of skill and speed.

Very seldom is a quarry missed, provided that it pass at a convenient distance, within the range of the huntress' bound. But, if the prey be at some distance, for instance on the wire of the cage, the Lycosa takes no notice of it. Scorning to go in pursuit, she allows it to roam at will. She never strikes except when sure of her stroke. She achieves this by means of her tower. Hiding behind the wall, she sees the stranger advancing, keeps her eyes on him and suddenly pounces when he comes within reach. These abrupt tactics make the thing a certainty. Though he were winged and swift of flight, the unwary one who approaches the ambush is lost. . . .

The Lycosa, therefore, well aware of these lingering eventualities, waits and is not unduly distressed by a prolonged abstinence. She has an accommodating stomach, which is satisfied to be

gorged to-day and to remain empty afterwards for goodness knows how long. I have sometimes neglected my catering duties for weeks at a time; and my boarders have been none the worse for it. After a more or less protracted fast, they do not pine away, but are smitten with a wolf-like hunger. All these ravenous eaters are alike: they guzzle to excess to-day, in anticipation of to-morrow's dearth. . . .

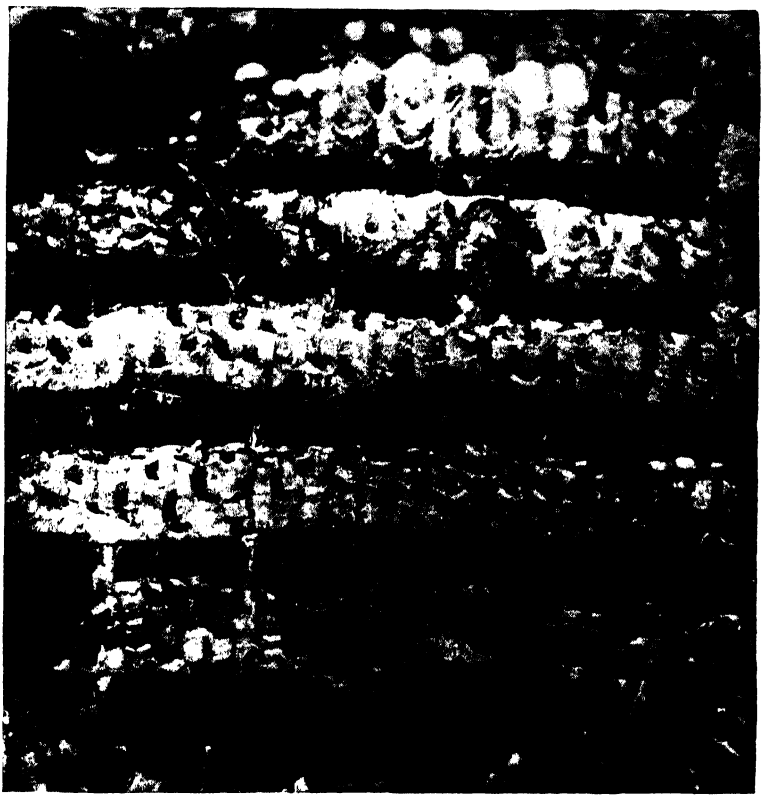


Photo: J. J. Ward.

INTERIOR OF A NEST OF ACTIVE WASPS.

On the bottom comb the dome-shape queen-cells are seen, and on the comb immediately above are two young queens just emerged from the cells, with a male wasp resting on the comb between them. All above are worker wasps, tending the young and making new combs.

* * *

In another of his books Fabre relates his study of the Wasp.

Fabre then describes the Lycosa spider's preparation for the time when she will lay her eggs. A silk network is spun on the ground as a protection from the sand; the Lycosa fashions a round mat, the size of a two-franc piece, and made of superb white silk. The eggs are laid in a bowl-shaped basin which has been prepared; a round mat is woven to cover up the exposed hemispheres. "Worn out with fatigue, the mother embraces her dear pill and remains motionless. I shall see no more to-day. Next morning, I find the spider carrying the bag of eggs slung from her stern. Henceforth, until the hatching, she does not leave go of the precious burden, which, fastened to the spinnerets by a short ligament, drags and bumps along the ground. With this load banging against her heels, she goes about her business; she walks or rests, she seeks her prey, attacks it and devours it. Should some accident cause the wallet to drop off, it is soon replaced. The spinnerets touch it somewhere, anywhere, and that is enough; adhesion is at once restored."

Clever Feats.

When the work is done, some of them emancipate themselves, think they will have a look at the country before retiring for good and all. It is these whom we meet at times, wandering aimlessly and dragging their bag behind them. Sooner or later, however, the vagrants return home; and the month of August is not

over before a straw rustled in any burrow will bring the mother up, with her wallet slung behind her. I am able to procure as many as I want and, with them, to indulge in certain experiments of the highest interest.

It is a sight worth seeing, that of the Lycosa dragging her treasure after her, never leaving it, day or night, sleeping or waking, and defending it with a courage that strikes the beholder with awe. If I try to take the bag from her, she presses it to her breast in despair, hangs on to my pincers, bites them with her poison-fangs. I can hear the daggers grating on the steel. No, she would not allow herself to be robbed of the wallet with impunity, if my fingers were not supplied with an implement.



Photo: J. J. Ward.

HUNTING SPIDER (*DIOMEDES MIRABILIS*) CARRYING SILKEN EGG-COCOON.

The silken coon of a spider is made by the mother as a bag to contain the eggs by and by, the young spiders. It is a portable cradle or nest. Many spiders hide it in some suitable corner; others carry it about below the body.

By dint of pulling and shaking the pill with the forceps, I take it from the Lycosa, who protests furiously. I fling her in exchange a pill taken from another Lycosa. It is at once seized in the fangs, embraced by the legs and hung on to the spinneret. Her own or another's: it is all one to the Spider, who walks away proudly with the alien wallet. This was to be expected, in view of the similarity of the pills exchanged.

A test of another kind, with a second subject, renders the mistake more striking. I substitute, in the place of the lawful bag which I have removed, the work of the Silky Epeira. The colour and softness of the material are the same in both cases; but the shape is quite different. The stolen object is a globe; the object presented in exchange is an elliptical conoid studded with angular projections along the edge of the base. The Spider takes no account of this dissimilarity. She promptly glues the queer bag to her spinnerets and is as pleased as though she were in possession of her real pill. My experimental villainies have no other consequence beyond an ephemeral carting. When hatching-times arrives early in the case of Lycosa, late in that of the Epeira, the gulled Spider abandons the strange bag and pays it no further attention.

Let us penetrate yet deeper into the wallet-bearer's stupidity. After depriving the Lycosa of her eggs, I throw her a ball of cork, roughly polished with a file and of the same size as the stolen pill. She accepts the corky substance, so different from the silk purse, without the least demur. One would have thought that she would recognize her mistake with those eight eyes of hers, which gleam like precious stones. The silly creature pays no attention. Lovingly



Reproduced by permission from "The Wonders of Instinct" by J. H. Fabre.

A SPIDER SUNNING HER EGGS.

The Lycosa, lying head downwards at the edge of her nest, and holding her silken cocoon—the bag containing the eggs—up towards the sun in her hindmost pair of legs. This extraordinary proceeding is believed to assist the hatching.

she embraces the cork ball, fondles it with her palpi, fastens it to her spinnerets and thenceforth drags it after her as though she were dragging her own bag. . . .

Whether she come up from her shaft to lean upon the kerb and bask in the sun, whether she suddenly retire underground in the face of danger, or whether she be roaming the country before settling down, never does she let go her precious bag, that very cumbrous burden in walking, climbing or leaping. If, by some accident, it become detached from the fastening to which it is hung, she flings herself madly on her treasure and lovingly embraces it, ready to bite whoso would take it from her. I myself am sometimes the thief. I then hear the points of the poison-fangs grinding against the steel of my pincers which tug in one direction while the Lycosa tugs in the other. But let us leave the animal alone: with a quick touch of the spinnerets, the pill is restored to its place; and the Spider strides off, still menacing.

Towards the end of summer, all the householders, old or young, whether in captivity on the window-sill or at liberty in the paths of the enclosure, supply me daily with the following improving sight. In the morning, as soon as the sun is hot and beats upon their burrow, the anchorites come up from the bottom with their bag and station themselves at the opening. Long siestas on the threshold in the sun are the order of the day throughout the fine season; but, at the present time, the position adopted is a different one. Formerly, the Lycosa came out into the sun for her own sake. Leaning on the parapet, she had the front half of her body outside the pit and the hinder half inside. The eyes took their fill of light; the belly remained in the dark. When carrying her egg-bag, the spider reverses the posture: the front is in the pit, the rear outside. With her hind-legs she holds the white pill bulging with germs lifted above the entrance; gently she turns and turns it, so as to present every

side to the life-giving rays. And this goes on for half the day, so long as the temperature is high ; and it is repeated daily, with exquisite patience, during three or four weeks. To hatch its eggs, the bird covers them with the quilt of its breast ; it strains them to the furnace of its heart. The Lycosa turns hers in front of the hearth of hearths : she gives them the sun as an incubator.

In the early days of September the young ones, who have been some time hatched, are ready to come out.

The whole family emerges from the bag straightway. Then and there, the youngsters climb to the mother's back. As for the empty bag, now a worthless shred, it is flung out of the burrow ; the Lycosa does not give it a further thought. Huddled together, sometimes in two or three layers, according to their number, the little ones cover the whole back of the mother, who, for seven or eight months to come, will carry her family night and day. Nowhere can we hope to see a more edifying domestic picture than that of the Lycosa clothed in her young.

From time to time I meet a little band of gipsies passing along the high-road on their way to some neighbouring fair. The new-born babe mewls on the mother's breast, in a hammock formed out of a kerchief. The last weaned is carried pick-a-back ; a third toddles clinging to its mother's skirts ; others follow closely, the biggest in the rear, ferreting in the blackberry-laden hedgerows. It is a magnificent spectacle of happy-go-lucky fruitfulness. They go their way, penniless and rejoicing. The sun is hot and the earth is fertile.

But how this picture pales before that of the Lycosa, that incomparable gipsy whose brats are numbered by the hundred ! And one and all of them, from September to April, without a moment's respite, find room upon the patient creature's back, where they are content to lead a tranquil life and to be carted about.

The little ones are very good ; none moves, none seeks a quarrel with his neighbours. Clinging together, they form a continuous drapery, a shaggy ulster under which the mother becomes unrecognisable. Is it an animal, a fluff of wool, a cluster of small seeds fastened to one another ? 'Tis impossible to tell at the first glance.

The equilibrum of this living blanket is not so firm but that falls often occur, especially when the mother climbs from indoors and comes to the threshold to let the little ones take the sun. The least brush against the gallery unseats a part of the family. The mishap is not serious. The Hen, fidgeting about her Chicks, looks for the strays, calls them, gathers them together. The Lycosa knows not these maternal alarms. Impassively, she leaves those who drop off to manage their own difficulty, which they do with wonderful quickness. Commend me to those youngsters for getting up without whining, dusting themselves and resuming their seat in the saddle ! The unhorsed ones promptly find a leg of the mother, the usual climbing-pole ; they swarm up it as fast as they can and recover their places on the bearer's back. The living bark of animals is reconstructed in the twinkling of an eye.

To speak here of mother-love were, I think, extravagant. The Lycosa's affection for her offspring hardly surpasses that of the plant, which is unacquainted with any tender feeling and nevertheless bestows the nicest and most tender care upon its seeds. The animal, in many cases, knows no other sense of motherhood. What cares the Lycosa for her brood ! She accepts another's as readily as her own ; she is satisfied so long as her back is burdened with a swarming crowd, whether it issue from her ovaries or elsewhere. There is no question here of real maternal affection.

Our Author having described the little family and how one mother will adopt an indefinite number of foundlings until "the whole animal is covered with a swarming carpet of young," describes an experiment with two elderly matrons laden with youngsters. "Each has her home as far removed from the other's as the size of the common pan permits. The distance is nine inches or more. It is not

enough. Proximity soon kindles fierce jealousies between those intolerant creatures, who are obliged to live far apart so as to secure adequate hunting-grounds."

A Quarrel.

One morning I catch the two harridans fighting out their quarrel on the floor. The loser is laid flat upon her back ; the victress, belly to belly with her adversary, clutches her with her legs and prevents her from moving a limb. Both have their poison-fangs wide open, ready to bite without yet daring, so mutually formidable are they. After a certain period of waiting, during which the pair merely exchange threats, the stronger of the two, the one on top, closes her lethal engine and grinds the head of the prostrate foe. Then she calmly devours the deceased by small mouthfuls.



Photo : Hugh Main.

BLACK-BELLIED TARANTULA.

The Female Spider is seen in the illustration with her family on her back outside her burrow.

Now what do the youngsters do, while their mother is being eaten ? Easily consoled, heedless of the atrocious scene, they climb on to the conqueror's back and quietly take their places among the lawful family. The ogress raises no objection, accepts them as her own. She makes a meal off the mother and adopts the orphans.

Let us add that, for many months yet, until the final emancipation comes, she will carry them without drawing any distinction between them and her own young. Henceforth the two families, united in so tragic a fashion, will form but one. We see how greatly out of place it would be to speak, in this connection, of mother-love and its fond manifestations.

Does the Lycosa at least feed the younglings who, for seven months, swarm upon her back ? Does she invite them to the banquet when she has secured a prize ? I thought so at first ; and, anxious to assist at the family repast, I devoted special attention to watching the mothers eat. As a rule the prey is consumed out of sight, in the burrow ; but sometimes also a meal is taken on the threshold, in the open air. Besides, it is easy to rear the Lycosa and her family in a wire-gauze cage, with a layer of earth wherein the captive will never dream of sinking a well, such work being out of season. Everything then happens in the open.

Well, while the mother munches, chews, expresses the juices and swallows, the youngsters do not budge from their camping ground on her back. Not one quits its place nor gives a sign of wishing to slip down and join in the meal. Nor does the mother extend an invitation

to them to come and recruit themselves, nor put any broken victuals aside for them. She feeds and the others look on, or rather remain indifferent to what is happening. Their perfect quiet during the Lycosa's feast points to the possession of a stomach that knows no cravings.

Then with what are they sustained, during their seven months' upbringing on the mother's back? One conceives a notion of exudations supplied by the bearer's body, in which case the young would feed on their mother, after the manner of parasitic vermin, and gradually drain her strength.

Fabre discusses how the young spiders subsist at a time when they take absolutely no nourishment. Can they lunch off a ray of sunshine?

A Problem.

Is it a dream, on the anticipation of a remote reality? The problem is one of the most important that science can set us. Let us first hear the evidence of the young Lycosæ regarding its possibilities.

For seven months, without any material nourishment, they expend strength in moving. To wind up the mechanism of their muscles, they recruit themselves direct with heat and light. During the time when she was dragging the bag of eggs behind her, the mother, at the best moments of the day, came and held her pill to the sun. With her two hind-legs she lifted it out of the ground into the full light; slowly she turned it and turned it, so that every side might receive its share of the vivifying rays. Well, this bath of life, which awakened the germs, is now prolonged to keep the tender babes active.

Daily, if the sky be clear, the Lycosa, carrying her young, comes up from the burrow, leans on the kerb and spends long hours basking in the sun. Here, on the mother's back, the youngsters stretch their limbs delightedly, saturate themselves with heat, take in reserves of motor-power, absorb energy.

They are motionless; but, if I only blow upon them, they stampede as nimbly as though a hurricane were passing. Hurriedly, they disperse; hurriedly, they reassemble: a proof that without material nourishment, the little animal machine is always at full pressure, ready to work. When the shade comes, mother and sons go down again, surfeited with solar emanations. The feast of energy at the Sun Tavern is finished for the day.

SILAS MARNER

GEORGE ELIOT

Reference to George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) is made in an earlier part of this work (page 284, Vol. II). In the early years of the nineteenth century the spinning wheels of the linen-weavers hummed busily in stone cottages and in farmhouses. By vocation, Silas Marner was a linen-weaver. His inward life had been a history and a metamorphosis—it became a strange metamorphosis when he fled from his fellow-men, condemned to solitude. In early manhood Silas was a devoted member of a narrow religious sect; he was an unlettered young man of exemplary life and ardent faith. He had long lived in close friendship with William Dane, a member of his church, who was regarded as a shining instance of youthful piety, so dazzled by his own spiritual light as to hold himself wiser than his teachers. Silas thought him faultless; on an occasion when Silas had a cataleptic fit during a prayer meeting, the general feeling was that he was a brother "singled out for special dealings," but Dane observed that, to him, this trance looked "more like a visitation from Satan than a proof of divine favour."

A senior deacon was taken dangerously



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SILAS MARNER, THE LINEN-WEAVER, AT HIS LOOM.

ill and Silas and Dane took turns in the night-watching; the one relieving the other at two in the morning. One night the deacon died while Silas was in charge; Dane had failed to come at the usual hour to relieve Silas. Silas only realised that the deacon was dead some hours after he had ceased to breathe. Silas asked himself had he been asleep, or had something happened to him that the event occurred without his being aware of it? It was four o'clock. How was it that Dane had not come?

In much anxiety he went to seek for help, and soon there were several friends assembled in the house, the minister among them, while Silas went away to his work, wishing he could have met William to know the reason of his non-appearance. But at six o'clock, as he was thinking of going to seek his friend, William came, and with him the minister. They came to summon him to Lantern Yard, to meet the church members there; and to his inquiry concerning the cause of the summons the only reply was, "You will hear." Nothing further was said until Silas was seated in the vestry, in front of the minister, with the eyes of those who to him represented God's people fixed solemnly upon him. Then the minister, taking out a pocket-knife, showed it to Silas, and asked him if he knew where he had left that knife? Silas said he did not know that he had left it anywhere out of his own pocket—but he was trembling at this strange interrogation. He was then exhorted not to hide his sin, but to confess and repent. The knife had been found in the bureau by the departed deacon's bedside—found in the place where the little bag of church money had lain, which the minister himself had seen the day before. Some hand had removed that bag; and whose hand could it be, if not that of the man to whom the knife belonged? For some time Silas was mute with astonishment: then he said, "God will clear me: I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling: you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months." At this William groaned, but the minister said, "The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered

by sudden sickness from going to take his place as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body."

"I must have slept," said Silas. Then, after a pause, he added, "Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else."

The search was made, and it ended—in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him and said, "William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me."

"Brother," said William, "how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?"

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

"I remember now—the knife wasn't in my pocket."

William said, "I know nothing of what you mean." The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation: he only said, "I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me."

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the Church: prosecution was held by them to be forbidden to Christians, even if it had been a case in which there was no scandal to the community. But they were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then—that his trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money: only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the fold of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when every one rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation—

"The last time I remember using my knife, was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that: there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent."

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

William said meekly, "I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas." . . .

Marner went home, and for a whole day sat alone, stunned by despair, without any impulse to go to Sarah (his betrothed) and attempt to win her belief in his innocence. The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief, by getting into his loom and working away as usual; and before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came to him with the message from Sarah, that she held her engagement to him at an end. Silas received the message mutely, and then turned away from the messengers to work at his loom again. In little more than a month from that time Sarah was married to William Dane; and not long afterwards it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

§ 2

Silas Marner had been settled in Raveloe for fifteen years; nothing could be more unlike his native town than this far-off place in the country, where nothing could stir Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain. He dwelt alone, he invited no comer to cross his doorstep; he gossiped with none; he was looked upon as a stranger who came from an unknown region called "North'ard." He led his lonely life, worked incessantly at his loom; he "seemed to weave, like the spider, from pure impulse, without reflection." He became a spinning insect. Once, almost there seemed a possibility of some fellowship with his neighbours.

ONE day, taking a pair of shoes to be mended, he saw the cobbler's wife seated by the fire, suffering from the terrible symptoms of heart-



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THE ACCUSATION.

"I must have slept," said Silas, "or I must have had another visitation like that you have all seen me under."

disease and dropsy, which he had witnessed as the precursors of his mother's death. He felt a rush of pity at the mingled sight and remembrance, and, recalling the relief his mother had found from a simple preparation of foxglove, he promised Sally Oates to bring her something that would ease her, since the doctor did her no good. In this office of charity, Silas felt, for the first time since he had come to Raveloe, a sense of unity between his past and present life, which might have been the beginning of his rescue from the insect-like existence into which his nature had shrunk. But Sally Oates's disease had raised her into a personage of much interest and importance among the neighbours, and the fact of her having found relief from drinking Silas Marner's "stuff" became a matter of general discourse. When Doctor Kimble gave physic, it was natural that it should have an effect; but when a weaver, who came from nobody knew where, worked wonders with a bottle of brown waters, the occult character of the process was evident. Such a sort of thing had not been known since the Wise Woman at Tarley died; and she had charms as well as "stuff": everybody went to her when their children had fits. Silas Marner must be a person of the same sort, for how did he know what would bring back Sally Oates's breath, if he didn't know a fine sight more than that? The Wise Woman had words that she muttered to herself, so that you couldn't hear what they were, and if she tied a bit of red thread round the child's toe the while, it would keep off the water in the head. There were women in Raveloe, at that present time, who had worn one of the Wise Woman's little bags round their necks, and, in consequence, had never had an idiot child, as Ann Coulter had. Silas Marner could very likely do as much, and more; and now it was all clear how he should have come from unknown parts, and be so "comical-looking." But Sally Oates must mind and not tell the doctor, for he would be sure to set his face against Marner: he was always angry about the Wise Woman, and used to threaten those who went to her that they should have none of his help any more.

Silas now found himself and his cottage suddenly beset by mothers who wanted him to charm away the whooping-cough, or bring back the milk, and by men who wanted stuff against the rheumatics or the knots in the hands; and, to secure themselves against a refusal, the applicants brought silver in their palms. Silas might have driven a profitable trade in charms as well as in his small list of drugs; but money on this condition was no temptation to him: he had never known an impulse towards falsity, and he drove one after another away with growing irritation, for the news of him as a wise man had spread even to Tarley, and it was long before people ceased to take long walks for the sake of asking his aid. But the hope in his wisdom was at length changed into dread, for no one believed him when he said he knew no charms and could work no cures, and every man and woman who had an accident or a new attack after applying to him, set the misfortune down to Master Marner's ill-will and irritated glances. Thus it came to pass that his movement of pity towards Sally Oates, which had given him a transient sense of brotherhood, heightened the repulsion between him and his neighbours, and made his isolation more complete.

Gradually the guineas, the crowns, and the half-crowns, grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a-day on as small an outlay as possible. Have not men, shut up in solitary imprisonment, found an interest in marking the moments by straight strokes of a certain length on the wall, until the growth of the sum of straight strokes, arranged in triangles, has become a mastering purpose? Do we not wile away moments of inanity or fatigued waiting by repeating some trivial movement or sound, until the repetition has bred a want, which is incipient habit? That will help us to understand how the love of accumulating money grows an absorbing passion in men whose imaginations, even in the

very beginning of their hoard, showed them no purpose beyond it. Marner wanted the heaps of ten to grow into a square, and then into a larger square; and every added guinea, while it was itself a satisfaction, bred a new desire. In this strange world, made a hopeless riddle to him, he might, if he had had a less intense nature, have sat weaving, weaving—looking towards the end of his pattern, or towards the end of his web, till he forgot the riddle, and everything else but his immediate sensations; but the money had come to mark off his weaving into periods, and the money not only grew, but it remained with him. He began to think it was conscious of him, as his loom was, and he would on no account have exchanged those coins, which had become his familiars, for other coins with unknown faces. He handled them, he counted them, till their form and colour were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship. He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them. Not that the idea of being robbed presented itself often or strongly to his mind: hoarding was common in country districts in those days; there were old labourers in the parish of Raveloe who were known to have their savings by them, probably inside their flock-beds; but their rustic neighbours, though not all of them as honest as their ancestors in the days of King Alfred, had not imaginations bold enough to lay a plan of burglary. How could they have spent the money in their own village without betraying themselves? They would be obliged to "run away"—a course as dark and dubious as a balloon journey.

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. His life had reduced itself to the mere functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end towards which the functions tended. The same sort of process has perhaps been undergone by wiser men, when they have been cut off from faith and love—only, instead of a loom and a heap of guineas, they have had some erudite research, some ingenious project, or some well-knit theory. Strangely Marner's face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life, so that he produced the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube, which has no meaning standing apart. The prominent eyes that used to look trusting and dreamy, now looked as if they had been made to see only one kind of thing that was very small, like tiny grain, for which they hunted everywhere: and he was so withered and yellow, that, though he was not yet forty, the children always called him "Old Master Marner."

§ 3

So Silas, if not actually a greedy miser, acted like one. At night he closed his shutters and made fast his doors. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot, so he made two leather bags that wasted no room in their resting place. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths! He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles.

Then an amazing disaster befell. Silas saw no new people, and heard of no news to keep alive in him the idea of the unexpected; he had all the sense of security that springs from habit. Supper was his favourite meal; he had received a bit of pork as a present, and had just returned home and was gloating over the prospect of the roast meat, which he was about to cook, when he suddenly remembered he had forgotten to buy a piece of very fine twine necessary to a new bit of work in his loom to be started in the morning. It had slipped his memory and he had no time for errands in the morning. There was a

nasty fog, but he took his lantern and set out on what was but a twenty minutes' walk to the village. To roast his supper he had already knotted some string, as usual, round his bit of pork, twisting the string according to rule over his door-key, and made it fast on the hanger. Hardly worth while to undo all this when he would be back so soon. So he set the door on the latch, no sense of insecurity occurring to him; for fifteen years no one had troubled him; why should any thief come on such a night?

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done: he opened it, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. He trod about the floor while putting by his lantern and throwing aside his hat and sack, so as to merge the marks of Dunstan's feet on the sand in the marks of his own nailed boots. Then he moved his pork nearer to the fire, and sat down to the agreeable business of tending the meat and warming himself at the same time.

Any one who had looked at him as the red light shone upon his pale face, strange straining eyes, and meagre form, would perhaps have understood the mixture of contemptuous pity, dread, and suspicion with which he was regarded by his neighbours in Raveloe. Yet few men could be more harmless than poor Marner. In his truthful simple soul, not even the growing greed and worship of gold could beget any vice directly injurious to others. The light of his faith quite put out, and his affections made desolate, he had clung with all the force of his nature to his work and his money; and like all objects to which a man devotes himself, they had fashioned him into correspondence with themselves. His loom, as he wrought in it without ceasing, had in its turn wrought on him, and confirmed more and more the monotonous craving for its monotonous response. His gold, as he hung over it and saw it grow, gathered his power of loving together into a hard isolation like its own.

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark water seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion; it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him—looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had

already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered towards his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

And now that all the false hopes had vanished, and the first shock of certainty was past, the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The thought brought some new strength with it, and he started from his loom to the door. As he opened it the rain beat in upon him, for it was falling more and more heavily. There were no footsteps to be tracked on such a night—footsteps? When had the thief come? During Silas's absence in the daytime the door had been locked, and there had been no marks of any inroad on his return by daylight. And in the evening, too, he said to himself, everything was the same as when he had left it. The sand and bricks looked as if they had not been moved. *Was* it a thief who had taken the bags? or was it a cruel power that no hands could reach, which had delighted in making him a second time desolate? He shrank from this vaguer dread, and fixed his mind with struggling effort on the robber with hands, who could be reached by hands. His thoughts glanced at all the neighbours who had made any remarks, or asked any questions which he might now regard as a ground of suspicion. There was Jem Rodney, a known poacher and otherwise disreputable: he had often met Marner in his journeys across the fields, and had said something jestingly about the weaver's money; nay, he had once irritated Marner, by lingering at the fire when he called to light his pipe, instead of going about his business.

Jem Rodney was the man—there was ease in the thought. Jem could be found and made to restore the money:



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SILAS IN THE INN.

'Looking round at the company with unearthly eyes.'

Marner did not want to punish him, but only to get back his gold which had gone from him, and left his soul like a forlorn traveller on an unknown desert. The robber must be laid hold of. Marner's ideas of legal authority were confused, but he felt that he must go and proclaim his loss; and the great people in the village—the clergyman, the constable, and Squire Cass—would make Jem Rodney, or somebody else, deliver up the stolen money. He rushed out in the rain, under the stimulus of this hope, forgetting to cover his head, not caring to fasten his door; for he felt as if he had nothing left to lose. He ran swiftly till want of breath compelled him to slacken his pace as he was entering the village at the turning close to the Rainbow.

The Rainbow, in Marner's view, was a place of luxurious resort for rich and stout husbands, whose wives had superfluous stores of linen; it was the place where he was likely to find the powers and dignities of Raveloe, and where he could most speedily make his loss public. He lifted the latch, and turned into the bright bar or kitchen on the right hand, where the less lofty customers of the house were in the habit of assembling, the parlour on the left being reserved for the more select society in which Squire Cass frequently enjoyed the double pleasure of conviviality and condescension. But the parlour was dark to-night, the chief personages who ornamented its circle being all at Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance, as Godfrey Cass was. And in consequence of this, the party on the high-screened seats in the kitchen was more numerous than usual; several personages, who would otherwise have been admitted into the parlour and enlarged the opportunity of hectoring and condescension for their betters, being content this evening to vary their enjoyment by taking their spirits-and-water where they could themselves hector and condescend in company that called for beer.

§ 4

The conversation was at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the Rainbow—a highly diverting conversation among the peasants and others ass mbled in the room. As has been said, "the naturalness of this often-quoted scene at the Rainbow, in which bovine vanity and sheer ineptitude so nearly lead to a quarrel, gives to the villagers a fitting niche beside the classic Dogberry. The humour of that scene—as indeed of the whole book—is as different as possible from the self-conscious epigrammatic sparkle of many later imitative scenes among nineteenth-century novels of agricultural life. The dispute, as Silas entered the inn, was concerned with ghosts. The landlord was saying, "Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That's what I should like to know. If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places—let 'em come where there's company and candles."

Yet the next moment there seemed to be some evidence that ghosts had a more condescending disposition than Mr. Macey attributed to them; for the pale thin figure of Silas Marner was suddenly seen standing in the warm light, uttering no word, but looking round at the company with his strange unearthly eyes. The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement, like the antennæ of startled insects, and every man present, not excepting even the sceptical farrier, had an impression that he saw, not Silas Marner in the flesh, but an apparition; for the door by which Silas had entered was hidden by the high-screened seats, and no one had noticed his approach. Mr. Macey, sitting a long way off the ghost, might be supposed to have felt an argumentative triumph, which would tend to neutralise his share of the general alarm. Had he not always said that when Silas Marner was in that strange trance of his, his soul went loose from his body? Here was the demonstration: nevertheless, on the whole, he would have been as well contented without it. For a few moments there was a dead silence, Marner's want of breath and agitation not allowing him to speak. The landlord, under the habitual sense that he was bound to keep his house open to all company, and confident in the

protection of his unbroken neutrality, at last took on himself the task of adjuring the ghost.

"Master Marner," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "what's lacking to you? What's your business here?"

"Robbed!" said Silas, gaspingly. "I've been robbed! I want the constable—and the Justice—and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp."

"Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney," said the landlord, the idea of a ghost subsiding; "he's off his head, I doubt. He's wet through."

Jem Rodney was the outermost man, and sat conveniently near Marner's standing-place; but he declined to give his services.

"Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr. Snell, if you've a mind," said Jem, rather sullenly. "He's been robbed, and murdered too, for what I know," he added, in a muttering tone.

"Jem Rodney!" said Silas, turning and fixing his strange eyes on the suspected man.

"Ay, Master Marner, what do you want wi' me?" said Jem, trembling a little, and seizing his drinking-can as a defensive weapon.

"If it was you stole my money," said Silas, clasping his hands entreatingly, and raising his voice to a cry, "give it me back,—and I won't meddle with you. I won't set the constable on you. Give it me back, and I'll let you—I'll let you have a guinea."

"Me stole your money!" said Jem angrily. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' *my* stealing your money."

"Come, come, Master Marner," said the landlord, now rising resolutely, and seizing Marner by the shoulder, "if you've got any information to lay, speak it out sensible, and show as you're in your right mind, if you expect anybody to listen to you. You're as wet as a drownded rat. Sit down and dry yourself, and speak straight forrard."

"Ah, to be sure, man," said the farrier, who began to feel that he had not been quite on a par with himself and the occasion. "Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was



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SILAS FINDS EFFIE, THE CHILD WHO HAD SO MYSTERIOUSLY ENTERED HIS HOUSE, ASLEEP ON THE HEARTH.

why I didn't speak at the first—thinks I, the man's run mad."

"Ay, ay, make him sit down," said several voices at once, well pleased that the reality of ghosts remained still an open question.

The landlord forced Marner to take off his coat, and then to sit down on a chair aloof from every one else, in the centre of the circle, and in the direct rays of the fire. The weaver, too feeble to have any distinct purpose beyond that of getting help to recover his money, submitted unresistingly. The transient fears of the company were now forgotten in their strong curiosity, and all faces were turned towards Silas, when the landlord, having seated himself again, said—

"Now then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say, as you've been robbed? speak out."

"He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him," cried Jem Rodney, hastily. "What could I ha' done with his money? I could as easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it."

"Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say," said the landlord. "Now then, Master Marner."

Silas now told his story under frequent questioning, as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident.

This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbours, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us: there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

The slight suspicion with which his hearers at first listened to him, gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress: it was impossible for the neighbours to doubt that Marner was telling the truth, not because they were capable of arguing at once from the nature of his statements to the absence of any motive for making them falsely, but because, as Mr. Macey observed, "Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mushed" as poor Silas was. Rather, from the strange fact that the robber had left no traces, and had happened to know the nick of time, utterly incalculable by mortal agents, when Silas would go away from home without locking his door, the more probable conclusion seemed to be, that his disreputable intimacy in that quarter, if it ever existed, had been broken up, and that, in consequence, this ill turn had been done to Marner by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. Why this preternatural felon should be obliged to wait till the door was unlocked, was a question which did not present itself.

"It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master Marner," said the landlord. "You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of a reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so, if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver to wink—but Jem's been a-sitting here drinking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey; "let's have no accusing o' the innicent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up. Let's have no accusing o' the innicent, Master Marner."

Memory was not so utterly torpid in Silas that it could not be awakened by these words. With a movement of compunction, as new and strange to him as everything else within the last hour, he started from his chair and went close up to Jem, looking at him as if he wanted to assure himself of the expression in his face.

"I was wrong," he said—"yes, yes—I ought to have thought. There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head. I don't accuse you—I won't accuse anybody—only," he added,



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MR. CASS, EFFIE'S FATHER, WHO HAD ABANDONED HER MOTHER, COMES TO CLAIM EFFIE, BUT SHE CLINGS TO SILAS.

lifting up his hands to his head, and turning away with bewildered misery, "I try—I try to think where my money can be."

"Ay, ay, they're gone where it's hot enough to melt 'em, I doubt," said Mr. Macey.

"Tchuh!" said the farrier. And then he asked, with a cross-examining air, "How much money might there be in the bags, Master Marner?"

"Two hundred and seventy-two pounds, twelve and sixpence, last night when I counted it," said Silas, seating himself again, with a groan.

"Pooh! why, they'd be none so heavy to carry. Some tramp's been in, that's all; and as for the no footmarks, and the bricks and the sand being all right—why, your eyes are pretty much like a insect's, Master Marner; they're obliged to look so close, you can't see much at a time. It's my opinion as, if I'd been you, or you'd been me—for it comes to the same thing—you wouldn't have thought you'd found everything as you left it. But what I vote is, as two of the sensiblest o' the company should go with you to Master Kench, the constable's—he's ill i' bed, I know that much—and get him to appoint one of us his deppity; for that's the law, and I don't think anybody 'ull take upon him to contradick me there. It isn't much of a walk to Kench's; and then, if it's me as is deppity, I'll go back with you, Master Marner, and examine your primises; and if anybody's got any fault to find with that, I'll thank him to stand up and say it out like a man."

By this pregnant speech the farrier had re-established his self-complacency, and waited with confidence to hear himself named as one of the superlatively sensible men.

"Let us see how the night is, though," said the landlord, who also considered himself personally concerned in this proposition. "Why, it rains heavy still," he said, returning from the door.

"Well, I'm not the man to be afraid o' the rain," said the farrier. "For it'll look bad when Justice Malam hears as respectable men like us had a information laid before 'em and took no steps."

The landlord agreed with this view, and after taking the sense of the company, and duly rehearsing a small ceremony known in high ecclesiastical life as the *nolo episcopari*, he consented to take on himself the chill dignity of going to Kench's. But to the farrier's strong disgust, Mr. Macey now started an objection to his proposing himself as a deputy-constable; for that oracular old gentleman, claiming to know the law, stated, as a fact delivered to him by his father, that no doctor could be a constable.

"And you're a doctor, I reckon, though you're only a cow-doctor—for a fly's a fly, though it may be a hoss-fly," concluded Mr. Macey, wondering a little at his own "'cuteness."

There was a hot debate upon this, the farrier being of course indisposed to renounce the quality of doctor, but contending that a doctor could be a constable if he liked—the law meant, he needn't be one if he didn't like. Mr. Macey though this was nonsense, since the law was not likely to be fonder of doctors than of other folks. Moreover, if it was in the nature of doctors more than of other men not to like being constables, how came Mr. Dowlas to be so eager to act in that capacity?

"*I* don't want to act the constable," said the farrier, driven into a corner by this merciless reasoning; "and there's no man can say it of me, if he'd tell the truth. But if there's to be any jealousy and envying about going to Kench's in the rain, let them go as like it—you won't get me to go, I can tell you."

By the landlord's intervention, however, the dispute was accommodated. Mr. Dowlas consented to go as a second person disinclined to act officially; and so poor Silas, furnished with some old coverings, turned out with his two companions into the rain again, thinking of the long night-hours before him, not as those do who long to rest, but as those who expect to "watch for the morning."

* * *

The foregoing passages are from the earlier chapters of "Silas Marner." The later chapters deal with the doings of Squire Cass and his two reprobate sons, Godfrey and Dunstan, of Nancy Lammeter and Dolly Winthrop, and also of Effie, the motherless child who came so strangely into the life of Silas, to revolutionise, to humanise and to save it, so that he became respected and beloved by all. The secret of the stolen gold is unravelled by a strange discovery; tragic happenings are brought to light, and finally we have the account of Marner's return to Lantern ard, to find it all gone—chapel and all.

"The old place is all swep' away," Silas said to Dolly Winthrop on the night of his return—"the little graveyard and everything. The old home's gone; I've no home but this now. I shall never know whether they got at the truth o' the robbery, nor whether Mr. Paston could ha' given me any light about the drawing o' the lots. It's dark to me, Mrs. Winthrop, that is; I doubt it'll be dark to the last."

POEMS

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



From the Ruskin Collection.

D. G. ROSSETTI, 1855, DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was both poet and painter, one of the great group of Victorian Pre-Raphaelites.

Rossetti was born in London in 1828, and died in 1882. Even as a boy he was a poet and painter; he married Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, and every reader has seen her lovely face look out upon him from her husband's paintings—as Mariana in the Moated Grange, as St. Celia at the Organ, as one of the weeping Queens whose black barge came across the enchanted lake to bear away the dying King; above all, as "Beata Beatrix." Two years after the marriage his wife died. Standing beside her coffin with the manuscript of his first book of poems in his hands, he declared that it was for her they had been written and that they should be buried with her. And they went with her to the grave. Some years later he yielded to the wishes of his friends and permitted the poems to be disinterred. There are some who find it hard to say whether he was greater as a painter or, as he himself considered, as a poet. In many of his poems, as Professor Raleigh says, "Rossetti proves himself unsurpassed in the power of evoking emotions of wonder and pathos and mystery from the subtle music of words."

"The Blessed Damozel" was written when he was only eighteen years of age; it is perhaps the best known of his works, both from the poem and from the painting which he made upon it.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.



Photo: B.P.C.

"THE BLESSED DAMOZEL."

From the painting by D. G. Rossetti.

This picture was an attempt to realise on canvas the spiritual conception of Rossetti's poem.

" He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
  Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
  Not once abashed or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
  My pride, and let me speak.

" Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
  To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
  Bowed with their aureoles :
And angels meeting us shall sing
  To their citherns and citoles.

" There will I ask of Christ the Lord
  Thus much for him and me :
Only to live as once on earth
  With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
  Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
  Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
  The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
  Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
  Was vague in distant spheres :
And then she cast her arms along
  The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
  And wept. (I heard her tears.)

* * *

Another well-known painting by Rossetti is " Lady Lilith " ; the verses are a replica in words of the painting.

LILITH.

(*For a Picture.*)

Of Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told
  (The witch he loved before the gift of Eve,)
  That, ere the snake's, her sweet tongue could deceive,
And her enchanted hair was the first gold.
And still she sits, young while the earth is old,
  And, subtly of herself contemplative,
  Draws men to watch the bright net she can weave,
Till heart and body and life are in its hold.

The rose and poppy are her flowers ; for where
Is he not found, O Lilith, whom shed scent
And soft-shed kisses and soft sleep shall snare ?
  Lo ! as that youth's eyes burned at thine, so went
  Thy spell through him, and left his straight neck bent,
And round his heart one strangling golden hair.

* * *

Among other poems most admired are " My Sister's Sleep," " The Burden of Nineveh," " Love's Nocturn," " Sister Helen," and his collection of Sonnets and Songs called " The House of Life." One of Rossetti's most charming songs is "A New Year's Burden."

A NEW YEAR'S BURDEN.

Along the grass sweet airs are blown
  Our way this day in Spring.
Of all the songs that we have known
  Now which one shall we sing ?
    Not that, my love, ah no !—
    Not this, my love ? why, so !—
Yet both were ours, but hours will come and go.

The grove is all a pale frail mist,
  The new year sucks the sun.
Of all the kisses that we kissed
  Now which shall be the one ?
    Not that, my love, ah no !—
    Not this, my love ?—heigh-ho
For all the sweets that all the winds can blow !

The branches cross above our eyes,
  The skies are in a net :
And what's the thing beneath the skies
  We two would most forget ?
    Not birth, my love, no, no,—
    Not death, my love, no, no,—
The love once ours, but ours long hours ago.

THE SEA-LIMITS.

Consider the sea's listless chime :
  Time's self it is, made audible,—
  The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
  Is the sea's end : our sight may pass
  No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.



Photo: W. F. Mansell.

"THE BELOVED."

From the painting by D. G. Rossetti, in the Tate Gallery, London.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Grey and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

POEMS

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



Photo: W. E. Mansell.

MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, BY D. G. ROSSETTI.
The gifted sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and one of the two most distinguished of Victorian women poets.

With Christina Rossetti, the younger sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poetry was a kind of mother-tongue. Her earliest printed poems appeared when she was eleven years old. "Her genius," says Professor Raleigh, "is almost purely lyrical, and her poems are full of that beautiful redundance and that varied alliteration which are natural to all strong feeling and all spontaneous melody."

"Her life had two motive powers," said her brother—"religion and affection." She spent most of her life in London, where she died in 1894. *Her two ballads, "Goblin Market" and "The Prince's Progress," are long and must be read throughout; they are not well fitted for quotation. The following selections are from her General Poems.*

ECHO.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Some with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting, longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

I WONDER IF THE SAP IS STIRRING YET.

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by one:
Sing, robin, sing;
I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.

I wonder if the Springtide of this year
Will bring another Spring both lost and dear;
If heart and spirit will find out their Spring,
Or if the world alone will bud and sing:
Sing, hope, to me;
Sweetnotes, my hope, soft notes fo memory.



Photo: Fredk. Hollyer.

"MARIANA IN THE SOUTH."
From the painting by D. G. Rossetti.
The sitter was Rossetti's wife.

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate;
So Spring must dawn again with warmth
and bloom.
Or in this world or in the world to come:
Sing, voice of Spring,
Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing.

SONG.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

A BIRTHDAY.

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot:
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset
fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

PITT

LORD ROSEBERY

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



Photo: Annan, Glasgow.

LORD ROSEBERY.

Lord Rosebery's volume in the "Twelve English Statesmen" Series is a masterly study, and holds a high place among the many books and essays that have been devoted to William Pitt—second son of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham. (*For Chatham, see page 12, Volume III.*)

William Pitt, the Younger, was born in 1759; *"a feeble constitution hardly promised life, much less vigour, but, fortified by floods of port wine—the prescription of Lord Chatham's favourite physician, Dr. Addington—it enabled him to live to be forty-seven and sustain for nearly twenty years, almost unaided, the government of the country." He died in* 1806. *The younger Pitt was born a politician; his rare qualities of mind were from his earliest childhood, says Lord Rosebery, directed and trained for Parliamentary work. "He was one of the rare instances, like John Mill and Macaulay, of infant prodigy maturing into brilliant manhood."*

Lord Rosebery says, "So close is the connection of the two lives that it is impossible to sketch the career of Pitt without describing the character of Fox: had it not been for that character and its faults Pitt could certainly not have obtained the Premiership. It may be said once for all that Fox was the greatest of all debaters, the most genial of all associates, the most honourable of all friends. He was, moreover, after Burke, the most lettered man in politics among a generation that affected literature. His public career had been one of expansion. Beginning life as a High Tory, he rebounded briskly into the ranks of Whiggery and ultimately of Radicalism. . . . The mastering passion of Fox's mature life was the love of liberty: it is this which made him take a vigorous, occasionally an intemperate, part against every man or measure in which he could trace the taint or tendency to oppression.

"His fatal defect as a statesman was want of judgment: he was vehement, passionate, carried away by the impulse of the day, without a thought of the morrow, still less of the day after."

Pitt entered Parliament at the age of twenty-one and his first speech has been described as that of a veteran orator; at twenty-three he became Chancellor of the Exchequer (1782); *before he was twenty-five he had become Prime Minister. The announcement of his acceptance was received in the Commons with derisive laughter. Lord Rosebery thus describes the state of affairs at this date.*

PITT was supported on the tidal wave of one of those great convulsions of feeling, which in Great Britain relieve and express pent-up national sentiment, and which in other nations produce revolutions. "The

Public," says a shrewd contemporary observer, " and the Public only, enabled Pitt to defeat the powerful phalanx drawn up against him."

The country was sick of the " old lot " —the politicians who had fought and embraced and intrigued and jobbed among themselves, with the result of landing Great Britain in an abyss of disaster and discomfiture, such as she had never known since the Dutch ships sailed up the Medway. For eight years there had been war against scattered plantations of our own race, war ending in complete discomfiture ; to which had been superadded the perhaps more poignant humiliation of being compelled to yield, not merely to the colonists, but to the French. And as, when the Dutch were insulting and threatening the metropolis, the memories of men recurred to the supremacy of Cromwell but a few years before, so now there was an additional sting to those still alive who remembered the glories of Chatham. Since then, at an expenditure of a hundred and forty millions, through eight agonising years, Englishmen had seen their armies in a constant condition of capitulation or defeat. They had hired Germans by the thousand to shoot down American Englishmen in vain. They had employed Red Indians to tomahawk their brethren without effect. Paul Jones had harried the coasts of Scotland, and people long remembered how the pious folk of Kirkcaldy had watched and prayed while his ships hove to within a mile of their shore. That night, by an interposition which the least devout hailed as a direct result of intercession, a gale arose and drove the flotilla away ; but far in the Firth of Forth the traveller can still perceive, almost lost in a gaunt pier of the great bridge, the little simple fortification, which was erected against the audacious privateer. They had seen the fleet of England retiring before the squadrons of France and Spain, and yielding to them the dominion of the British Channel. Even the splendour of Rodney could not atone for this ; while his instant supersession increased their distrust of the Government. They had seen their ambassadors suing for assistance at European Courts in terms most abject, and repulsed in terms of candid contempt. It was universally admitted that Great Britain had sunk to be a second, if not a third, rate Power. And if they were thus considered abroad, what was there to console our forefathers at home ? They had beheld their capital half burned to the ground by mobs, which the Ministry seemed as unable to control



Photo : Kischgitz Collection.

WILLIAM PITT, THE YOUNGER.

After the painting by Hoppner.

as the people of New England. They had seen Government, in the sheer shame of impotence, obliged to cede to Ireland whatever of independence the Dublin Parliament demanded, from the impossibility of sending a regiment to defend the island. What might have been an act of grace, was only another abasement. There was not a drop wanting to their cup of bitterness. Was it for this they had spent their treasure and their armies? There was something rotten in the State, and the rottenness seemed to begin in their politicians.

The English mind moves slowly, but with exceeding sureness, and it had reached this point at the election of 1784. The people had looked for a cause of these manifold effects, and had found it in their rulers. Any doubts they may have entertained would have been dispelled by the speeches of Burke on economical, and of Pitt on parliamentary, reform. At the beginning of the reign they had fancied that the Scots were at the root of the evil. But, though Bute had long passed away from the political scene, matters had grown worse. And now they found it authoritatively declared how deep the gangrene of jobbery had eaten into the House of Commons; how one member received a large income as turnspit to the King; and how eight were purchased and nominated by an Indian prince. Taxes might grow, and armies might disappear, and the gazettes might reek of disgrace: still, war loans and war contracts swelled the spawn of corruption: still, successive ministers and their friends filled their bottomless pockets, and found a solid set-off to national dishonour in the pickings of national profusion. Under North, political degradation seemed to have reached its climax. There had been hope, indeed, of Fox, who had denounced North in terms of masculine and indignant invective. But now he too had embraced North; the accuser had sat down with the accused, and both were involved without nice discrimination in the common system of turpitude. As to the Whig figure-heads, they were possibly honest but certainly wooden. In their despair, men looked round for a saviour of society, who should cast the money-changers out of the temple of Government, and restore to Britain, not her former glory indeed, but a decent and honourable existence. At this moment, there appeared before them a young university student; rich with lofty eloquence and heir to an immortal name; untainted in character, spotless in life; who showed the very first day that he met Parliament as Minister a supreme disdain for the material prizes of political life. The auspices under which he obtained power were not indeed popular, but less odious than the combination he succeeded. To a jaded and humiliated generation the son of Chatham came as a new hope and a possible revelation. Here was one who would not easily be corrupted; nay, one who might stem the tide flowing so fast against us at home and abroad. In a few months, the elder Pitt had raised England from the ground and placed her at the head of Europe. Might not something be hoped of his son?

The change was thus not merely an epoch in the life of Pitt, but in English politics. It was hailed by the nation as a new departure. Nor did the situation lack the irony inseparable from great events; for there were piquant elements of miscalculation and anomaly. The anomaly lay with Pitt, the miscalculation with the King. Pitt, who had entered Parliament as a foe to prerogative and the friend of reform, was to become Prime Minister by a violent exercise of the one, and to lose sight for ever, with a faint exception, of the other. On the other hand, the risk run by the King had been immense: and it is only fair to say he had made proof of rare and signal courage. For he had played on the throw all that to him made a throne worth having. The general election of May, indeed, condoned his absolute action of December. But, had it fallen differently, he must have become as much the prisoner of party as Louis XVI. on his return from Varennes. And yet, while he stood to lose so much, his winnings, as he computed them, were small. He had reckoned on finding a minister who would execute his wishes,



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"LADY LILITH," BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

This picture, one of a few examples of Rossetti's attraction towards a luxuriant and seductive type of feminine beauty, though dated 1864, was not completed until 1866 or 1867. Unfortunately, in the year 1873 the artist, after one of his illnesses, entirely re-drew the face from a different model, with results which were not entirely satisfactory.

The picture is described in Rossetti's poem "Lilith."

See p. 282.

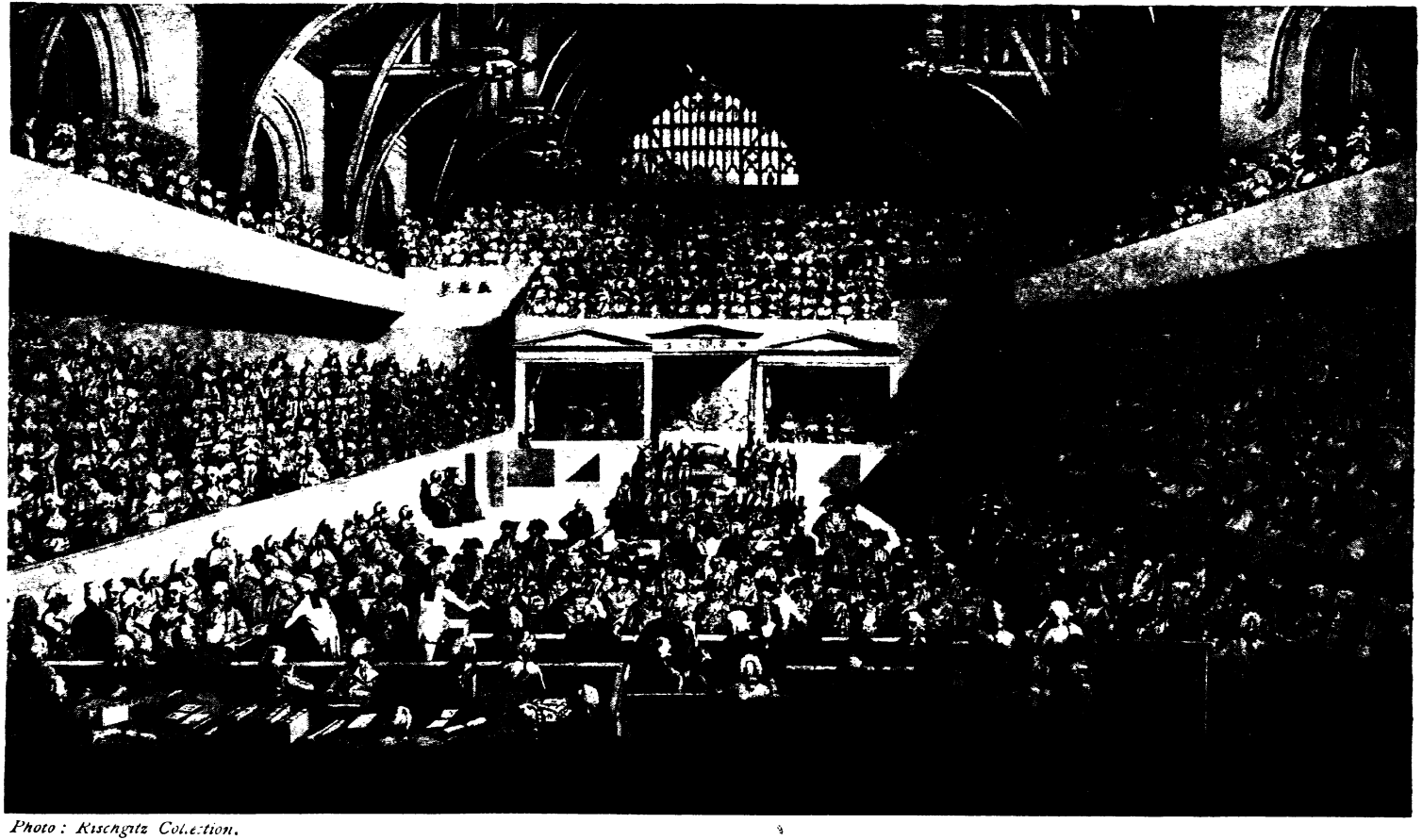


Photo : Rischgitz Collection.

OPENING OF THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS IN WESTMINSTER HALL, 1788.

Hastings had relied upon the support of Pitt, but, after a detailed examination of the charges, Pitt decided that he could not defend Hastings, and voted against him.

and be the pliant agent of a powerful monarch. But there is little doubt that in ridding himself of the tyranny of the Whigs, with the assistance of Pitt, he only exchanged one bondage for another. He had worked to procure for Pitt the majority which was henceforth to make Pitt independent of himself. There is evidence to show that from the first he dreaded, and in the end disliked, his too powerful minister. In their correspondence we find none of the fondness with which George III. addressed Addington or Eldon. The King's tone is rather that of a man in embarrassed circumstances, corresponding with the family solicitor. He was sensible that Pitt had him in his power, and that, should Pitt desert him, he must fall bound into the hands of Fox. Later on, he was suspected of meditating a possible resource in Grenville. But we doubt his seriously contemplating an emancipation from Pitt so long as Pitt, and indeed so long as Fox, should last. For the peculiarity of the position was that, apart from his own great qualities, the strength of Pitt lay in the aversion of both King and people for Fox. Just as in the opinion of the shrewd Auckland the opposition of Fox had kept North in office, so now it largely helped to sustain Pitt. Incapacity could not long have reposed on mistrust; but so able and honest a Minister was served to the end of his life by the generous extravagances of Fox and the undying memory of the Coalition.

§ 2

The first years of Pitt's administration are described, with passing reference to the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which had some support from Pitt. "He declined to associate himself with those who held that the end could justify the means, even for the construction of an empire or in the atmosphere of the East. He gave his decision as calmly as a judge in chambers; while Britain and India abided meekly by the decree of this young gentleman of twenty-eight."

In 1788 *Pitt's position was imperilled by the insanity of George III., whose recovery, however, solved the difficulty of the Regency; two interesting chapters are then devoted to the French Revolution, and two more to Pitt as a War Minister. The plight of Britain in* 1797 *is thus described:—*

Anxious Days.

The year 1797, which opened so brilliantly, was destined to be the darkest and most desperate that any British minister has ever had to face. In April, Austria, England's last ally, laid down her arms and concluded a preliminary treaty of peace at Loeben (April 7, 1797). France was now free to turn her victorious armies and her inexhaustible resources to the destruction of England; and she was determined to do so.

At this moment Great Britain was paralysed. The Navy, that had just given fresh courage to the nation, was now to deal a blow which struck at the heart and stopped the circulation of the Empire. In the middle of April, the crews of the Channel Fleet at Portsmouth rose in rebellion, dismissed their officers, and hoisted the red flag. Their grievances were great, their demands were moderate; and these had to be conceded with a full amnesty. By the end of April the mutiny was over. At the beginning of May, however, it broke out again and spread to Sheerness. Here it assumed a graver aspect, and bore all the marks of being inspired by revolutionary agencies outside. There was, indeed, no sympathy between the two movements. The sailors at Spithead sent word to the sailors at Sheerness that their conduct was a "scandal to the name of British seamen." Nevertheless, the Government was as much disabled by the one as the other. The fleet with which Duncan was blockading the coast of Holland joined the rebels, with the exception of two ships. With these the Admiral kept signalling as if to the rest of his squadron: a mild stratagem, on which, however, the safety of England depended, and which was happily successful. In these days the news would have been flashed to every nook of Europe, and Britain would have lain at the mercy of her enemies. Fortunately neither the French nor the Dutch had any idea of our condition.

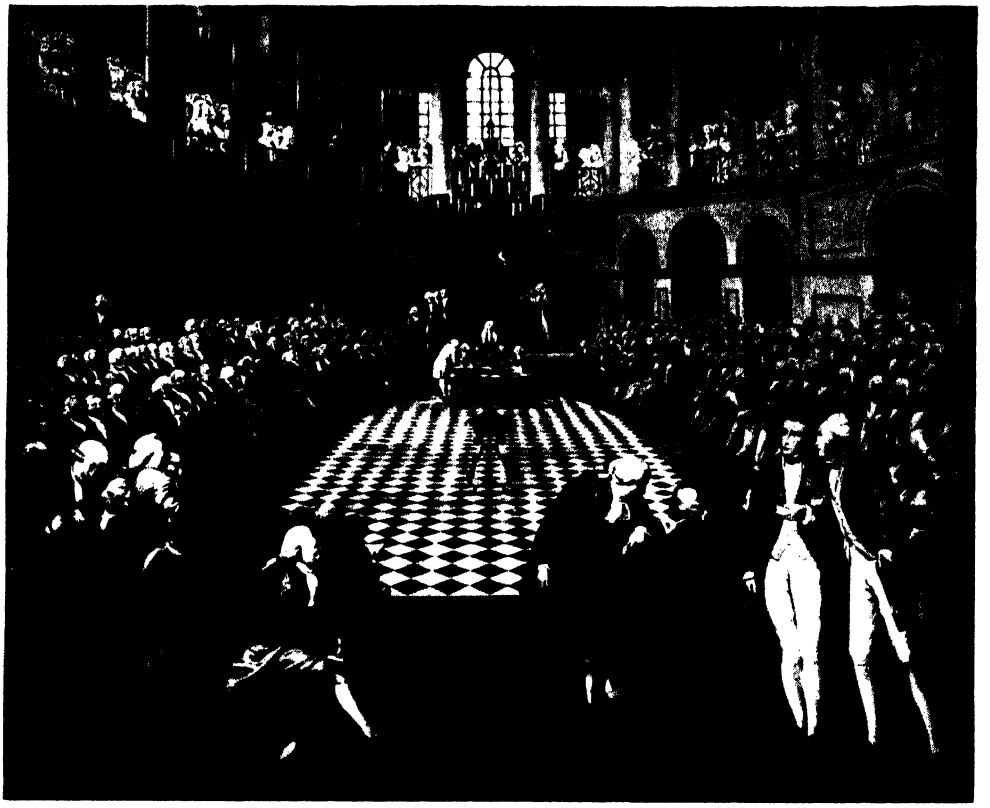


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1790.

After the painting by A. Barraud and J. Hayter.

The Irish question was the greatest of Pitt's domestic difficulties.

The mutiny lasted five weeks and spread all over the world. It smouldered in the victorious fleet of Jervis; who, however, suppressed it with a prompt and masterful hand. The crew of the *Hermione*, cruising near Porto Rico, outraged by the inhumanity of their captain, killed all their officers, and delivered their ship to the Spaniards. At the Cape of Good Hope, the British squadron was in open revolt, but was brought back to discipline by the ready firmness of the Governor and Admiral. The artillerymen of Woolwich were tampered with. There was an attempt to seduce the army. What a position for a country engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a triumphant enemy! Never in the history of England was there a darker hour. The year had begun indeed with one great naval victory, and was destined to close with another. But these isolated successes formed the sole relief to a scene of perpetual gloom. Our generals and armies had been so uniformly unfortunate that we had no longer a foot on the continent of Europe. On land our great foe was everywhere triumphant. We were entirely on the defensive. Two invasions of our islands had been attempted. A third was impending; it might at any moment take place, and could scarcely be opposed.

The war had lasted over four years; and had added a hundred and thirty-five millions to the National Debt, or about as much as the whole cost of the American war, for scarce any corresponding advantage. The Funds had fallen to a lower point than in the worst depression of the American war. In December

1796 it had been necessary to propose a further loan of eighteen millions, and three millions and a half of new taxes. The loan, though issued at a price which produced $5\frac{5}{8}$ per cent., was at $15\frac{1}{2}$ discount in March 1797. There had been an unexampled run on the Bank of England. Cash payments had just been suspended. There was a terrible dearth. Not merely were the ports thrown open to foreign corn, but large bounties were paid on its importation. The last of our allies had just made her peace with France; and we were left to continue the contest alone. Our own efforts to come to terms had been so received as to make all hope of truce indefinitely remote. The worst of all wars was raging in Ireland. Scotland, though not harried into open rebellion, was scarcely less discontented. England was maddened by crimps and press-gangs and unprecedented taxation. Pitt was grossly insulted in the streets; he had to be brought back from St. Paul's under an armed guard. And at this juncture our one efficient arm, to which alone the nation could look for solace and even protection, was paralysed by insubordination: the flag of lawlessness had been hoisted; and the guns of the navy were pointed at British shores. But the spirit of the minister was not shaken, though his health had begun definitely to fail. At the height of the crisis, Lord Spencer came to him for instructions so pressing—(for it was said that the marines had joined the revolt and were about to march on London)—that he awoke Pitt in bed. He received them and left; but in a short time he received a contradiction, and returned. He found the minister already asleep.

This crisis has been dwelt on at perhaps disproportionate length, because it represents not merely the darkest period of the war, but the dauntless spirit which faced it, and which enabled this country, in spite of incapacity and blunders and debt, in face of the hostility of a surpassing genius and of a world in arms, finally to surmount its difficulties. And we are thus able to understand why Pitt, with all his share of miscalculation and disaster, remained long after his death the embodiment and watchword of British determination.

§ 3

In 1805 *Pitt's health had become bad; it was with mingled joy and sorrow that he received the news of Trafalgar. He was present in the City at the annual dinner of the Lord Mayor. "Once more, and for the last time, they received him with acclamations, and drew his chariot in triumph to the Guildhall. There his health was drunk as the saviour of Europe. Pitt replies in the noblest, the tersest, and the last of all his speeches. It can here be given in its entirety: 'I return you many thanks for the honour you have done me. But Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.' That pageant was a sort of State funeral, for he was never seen in public again."*

He died on the 23rd January, 1806, *his last words being, "O, my country! How I leave my country!" His debts, amounting to £40,000, were paid by the nation; they were the result of his life's devotion to the country and also to a culpable personal extravagance inherited from his father.*

His one weakness, it is said, was for port wine. We have seen that he was reared on port from his childhood; and, when he arrived at man's estate, he was accustomed to consume a quantity surprising in those days, and incredible in these. The habits of that time were convivial; but it is not till Pitt's health was broken that the wine which he took seems to have had more effect on him than a like measure of lemonade. Bishop Tomline has left a memorandum stating that never before 1798 did he see Pitt the least affected by wine. Addington, when questioned on this point, declared that Mr. Pitt liked a glass of port very well, and a bottle better. Sometimes, indeed, the Speaker, who himself was decorously convivial, had to stop the supplies and say, "Now, Pitt, you shall not have another drop"; though Pitt's eloquence would usually extract another bottle. Addington, however, averred



Photo : Rischgitz Collection.

AUSTERLITZ, 1805.

From the painting by Alph. Lalauze.

The news of the Battle of Austerlitz, conveyed to Pitt at Bath, gave him a shock from which, in his enfeebled state of health, he never recovered.

that never had he seen Pitt take too much when he had anything to do, except once when he was called from table to answer an unexpected attack in the House of Commons. It was then so clear that he was under the influence of wine as to distress his friends. One of the clerks of the House was, indeed, made ill by it; he had a violent headache. "An excellent arrangement," remarked Pitt; "I have the wine, and he has the headache."

"His life was pure; in an age of eager scandal it was beyond reproach." The usual epithet applied to him is "haughty... From the instant that Pitt entered the House of Commons he advanced up the floor with a quick and firm step, his head erect and thrown back, looking neither to the right nor to the left; not favouring with a nod or a glance any of the individuals seated on either side."

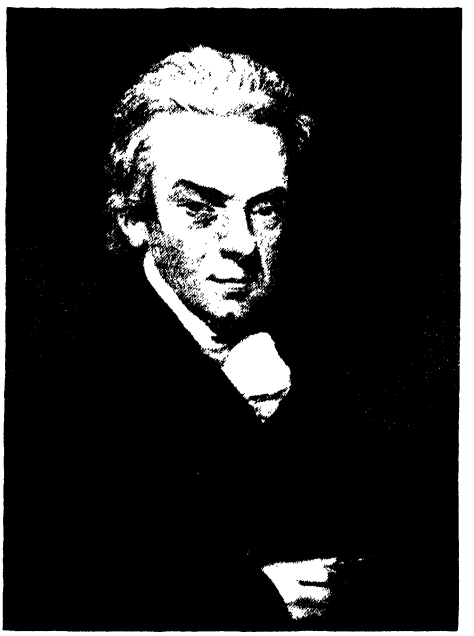


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

Wilberforce was intimate in the struggle for the

It is perhaps unnecessary to say more of the circumstances and surroundings of Pitt. But it is impossible to complete any sketch of his career, or indeed to form an adequate estimate of his character, without setting him, if only for a moment, by the side of Chatham. Not merely are they father and son; not merely are they the most conspicuous English Ministers of the eighteenth century; but their characters illustrate each other. And yet it is impossible for men to be more different. Pitt was endowed with mental powers of the first order; his readiness, his apprehension, his resource were extraordinary; the daily parliamentary demand on his brain and nerve power he met with serene and inexhaustible affluence; his industry, administrative activity, and public spirit were unrivalled; it was perhaps impossible to carry the force of sheer ability further; he was a portent. Chatham in most of these respects was inferior to his son. He was incalculable; sometimes sublime, sometimes impossible, and sometimes insane. But he had genius. It was that fitful and undefinable inspiration that gave to his eloquence a piercing and terrible note which no other English eloquence has touched; that made him the idol of his countrymen, though they could scarcely be said to have seen his face or heard his voice or read his speeches; that made him a watchword among those distant insurgents whose wish for independence he yet ardently opposed; that made each remotest soldier and bluejacket feel when he was in office that there was a man in Downing Street, and a man whose eye penetrated everywhere; that made his name at once an inspiration and a dread; that cowed the tumultuous Commons at his frown. Each Pitt possessed in an eminent degree the qualities which the other most lacked: one was formed by nature for peace, the other for war. Chatham could not have filled Pitt's place in the ten years which followed 1783: but, from the time that war was declared, the guidance of Chatham would have been worth an army. No country could have too many Pitts: the more she has the greater will she be. But no country could afford the costly and splendid luxury of many Chathams.

To sum up: it is not claimed that Pitt was a perfect character or a perfect statesman. Such monsters do not exist. But it may be confidently asserted that few statesmen and few characters could bear so close a scrutiny. He erred, of course; but it is difficult to find any act of his career which cannot be justified by solid and in most cases by convincing reasons. It may be said that his party acted more on him than he on them; but the relations of a successful leader with his party are so subtle that it is difficult to distinguish how much he gives and how much he receives. It is, no doubt, true that the changed conditions of the world compelled him to give up his first task of educating his followers, and to appeal rather to their natural instincts or prejudices. It may be alleged that he clung to office. This is said of every minister who remains long in power. Office is, indeed, an acquired taste, though by habit persons may learn to relish it; just as men learn to love absinthe or opium or cod-liver oil. But the three years which Pitt spent out of place and almost out of Parliament seem to have been the happiest of his life; and his resignation was generally condemned as groundless and wanton. It may, however, be conceded that unconsciously he may have become inured to office, and that as leaving it implies at any rate a momentary defeat, he may have been unwilling to face this. Men who pine for unofficial repose dread the painful process of quitting office—the triumph of enemies and the discomfiture of friends and the wrench of habit—as men weary of life fear the actual process of death. It may also be said that, though he generally saw what was right, he did not always ensue it. What minister has or can? He has to deal not with angels but with men; with passions, prejudices, and interests, often sordid or misguided. He must, therefore, compromise the ideal, and do, not the best, but the nearest practicable to the best. But let us remember what is indisputable. No one suspected his honesty; no one doubted his capacity; no one impeached his aims. He had, as Canning said, qualities rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combination. And these qualities were inspired by a single purpose. "I am no worshipper of Mr. Pitt," said Wilberforce in the House of Commons, long after Pitt's death, "but, if I know anything of that great man, I am sure of this, that every other consideration was absorbed in one great ruling passion—the love of his country." It was this that sustained him through all. For he ruled during the convulsion of a new birth at the greatest epoch in history since the coming of Christ, and was on the whole not unequal to it. There let us leave him; let others quarrel over the details. From the dead eighteenth century his figure still faces us with a majesty of loneliness and courage. There may have been men both abler and greater than he, though it is not easy to cite them; but in all history there is no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, and none more pure.

THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

BESANT AND RICE

[*By permission of the relatives of the late Sir Walter Besant and the late Mr. James Rice.*]



Photo: Elliott & Fry, Ltd.
SIR WALTER BESANT.

The literary partnership between Sir Walter Besant (1836–1901) *and James Rice continued unbroken from* 1872 *until the death of the latter in* 1882. *The most popular of their novels are "Ready-money Mortiboy" and "The Golden Butterfly"; the latter greatly enhanced their reputation when it appeared in* 1876. *It is an entertaining story, rich in humour and vivid characterisation. It has a love story interest, but the best part of the novel is taken up with the doings of Gilead P. Beck, who carried round his neck in a little case the Golden Butterfly given to him by an old Indian woman in Somara City. In letters of gold was engraved the legend :—*

"If this Golden Butterfly fall and break,
Farewell the Luck of Gilead P. Beck."

Gilead is pioneer in California; he is being run down by a grisly bear when Jack Dunquerque appears at the critical moment and saves his life. Snatched from the jaws of death, Gilead P. Beck, who had lost his all and was in rags, was grateful to his rescuer. He said, "If you'll oblige me, sir, by touching that"—he meant his right hand—"we shall be brothers. All that's mine shall be yours. I do not ask you, sir, to reciprocate. All that's mine, sir, when I get anything, shall be yours. At present, sir, there is nothing; but I've Luck behind me. Shake hands, sir. Once a mouse helped a lion, sir. It's in a book. I am the mouse, sir, and you are the lion. Sir, my name is Gilead P. Beck."

So Jack Dunquerque became to Gilead Beck his David, the beloved of his soul, to whom he was eternally indebted. Gilead was a simple fellow, a man of no education, but of considerable shrewdness, a gentleman of the backwoods. The Golden Butterfly kept "whisperin' and eggin' me on, because he was bound to fulfil the old Squaw's prophecy." And in Canada he found riches beyond his dreams. "This great airth holds a hundred things covered up for them who knows how to look and do not mind digging. But, gentlemen, the greatest gift the airth has to bestow she gave to me—abundant, spontaneous, eternal, without bottom, and free."

"'And that is——'

"'It is ILE.' . . .

"He opened another bottle of champagne and took a glass.

"'Ile. Gold you have to dig, to pick, to wash. Gold means rheumatism and a bent back. Ile flows, and you become suddenly rich. You make all the loafers around fill your pails for you. And then your bankers tell you how many millions of dollars you are worth.'"

One of the most amusing of Beck's adventures—he had many—is the great spoof dinner-party at the Langham Hotel in London. Gilead P. Beck, the wealthy

Oil King, was anxious to meet all the literary celebrities of the time, and Jack Dunquerque rashly undertook to arrange they would be guests at Beck's table. Jack could do no such thing in reality, but he was determined to gratify Beck's wishes, so he persuaded a dozen of his friends to simulate those celebrities, and the chapter is a masterpiece of pathetic humour. Beck got all the celebrities' names, and resolves to devote four days to read "every darned book those great men have written."

The books presently came in a great box, and he spread them on the table with a heart that sank at the mere contemplation of their numbers. About three hundred volumes in all. And only four days to get through them. Seventy-five volumes a day, say, at the rate of fifteen hours' daily work; five an hour, one every twelve minutes. He laid his watch upon the table, took the first volume of Robert Browning that was uppermost, sat down in his long chair with his feet up, and began. . . .

When the clock struck six he was sitting among the volumes on the table.

He looked about him wildly, and tried to collect his faculties. Then he arose and solemnly cursed Robert Browning. He cursed him, eating, drinking, and sleeping. And then he took all his volumes, and disposing them carefully in the fire-place, he set light to them.

"I wish," he said, "that I could put the poet there too." I think he would have done it, this mild and gentle-hearted stranger, so strongly was his spirit moved to wrath.

He could not stay any longer in the room. It seemed to be haunted with ghosts of unintelligible sentences; things in familiar garb which floated before his eyes and presented faces of inscrutable mystery. He seized his hat and fled.

He went straight to Jack Dunquerque's club, and found that hero in the reading-room.

"I have a favour to ask you," he began in a hurried and nervous manner. "If you have not yet asked Mr. Robert Browning to the little spread next week, don't."

"Certainly not, if you wish it. Why?"

"Because, sir, I have spent eight hours over his works."

Jack laughed.

"And you think you have gone off your head? I'll tell you a secret. Everybody does at first; and then we all fall into the dodge, and go about pretending to understand him."

"But the meaning, Mr. Dunquerque, the meaning?"

"Hush! he *hasn't got any*. Only no one dares to say so, and it's intellectual to admire him."

"Well, Mr. Dunquerque, I guess I don't want to see that writer at my dinner, anyhow."

"Very well, then. He shall not be asked."

* * *

The great evening arrived; the twin brothers Humphrey and Cornelius Jagenal, artist and poet, had been invited by the man of oil to come to the banquet, the one to sit on his right and the other on his left, to help sustain the conversation. Captain Ladds, an old friend, was also to be present.

GILEAD BECK, dressed for the banquet, was nervous and restless. It seemed as if, for the first time, his wealth was about to bring him something worth having. His face, always grave, was as solemn as if he were fixing it for his own funeral. From time to time he drew a paper from his pocket and read it over. Then he replaced it, and with lips and arms went through the action of speaking. It was his speech of the evening, which he had carefully written and imperfectly committed to memory. Like a famous American lawyer, the attitude he assumed was to stand bent a little forward, the feet together, the left hand hanging loosely at his side, while he brandished the right above his head.

In this attitude he was surprised by the Twins, who came a quarter of an hour before the time. They were dressed with great care, having each the sweetest little eighteenpenny bouquet, bought from the little shop at the right hand of the Market as you go in, where the young lady makes it up before your eyes, sticks the wire into it, and pins it at your

buttonhole with her own fair hands. Each brother in turn winked at her during the operation. A harmless wink, but it suggested no end of possible devilries should these two young gentlemen of fifty find themselves loose upon the town. Those who saw it thought of Mohocks, and praised the Lord for the new police.

They both looked very nice; they entered with a jaunty step, a careless backward toss of the head, parted lips, and bright eyes which faced fearlessly a critical but reverent world. Nothing but the crow's-feet showed that the first glow of youth was over; nothing but a few streaks of grey in Humphrey's beard and in Cornelius's hair showed that they were nearing the Indian summer of life. Mr. Beck, seeing them enter so fresh, so bright, and so beaming, was more than ever puzzled at their age. He was waiting for them in a nervous and rather excitable state of mind, as becomes one who is about to find himself face to face with the greatest men of his time.

"You, gentlemen," he said, "will sit near me, one each side, if you will be so kind, just to lend a helping hand to the talk when it flags. Phew! it will be a rasper, the talk of to-day. I've read all their works, if I can only remember them, and I bought the *History of English Literature* yesterday to get a grip of the hull subject. No use. I haven't got farther than Chaucer. Do you think they can talk about Chaucer? He wrote the *Canterbury Tales*."

"Cornelius," said Humphrey, "you will be able to lead the conversation to the Anglo-Saxon period."

"That period is too early, brother Humphrey," said Cornelius. "We shall trust to you to turn the stream in the direction of the Renaissance."

Humphrey shifted in his seat uneasily. Why this unwillingness in either Twin to assume the lead on a topic which had engaged his attention for twenty years?

Mr. Beck shook his head.

"I most wish now," he said, "that I hadn't asked them. But it's a thunderin' great honour. Mr. Dunquerque did it all for me. That young gentleman met these great writers, I suppose, in the baronial halls of his brother, the Earl of Isleworth. . . .

"None of your small names to-night," said Gilead Beck, with serious and even pious joy. "The Lord Mayor may have them at Guildhall. Mine are the big guns. I did want to get a special report for my own *Gazette*, but Mr. Dunquerque thought it better not to have it. P'r'aps 'twould have seemed kind o' shoddy. I ought to be satisfied with the private honour, and not want the public glory of it. What would they say in Boston if they knew, or even in New York? . . .

"Wal, gentlemen, we shall get on. As there's five minutes to spare, would you like to give an opinion on the wine-list, and oblige me by your advice?"

The Twins perused the latter document with sparkling eyes. It was a noble list. Gilead Beck's plan was simple. He just ordered the best of everything. For Sauterne, he read Chateau Iquem; for Burgundy, he took Chambertin; for Claret, Chateau Lafitte; for Champagne, Heidsieck; for Sherry, Montilla; a Box Boutel wine for Hock; and for Port the '34. Never before, in all its experiences of Americans, Russians, and returned colonials, had the management of the Langham so "thorough" a wine-bill to make out as for this dinner.

"Is that satisfactory, gentlemen?"

"Cornelius, what do you think?"

"Humphrey, I think as you do; and that is, that this princely selection shows Mr. Beck's true appreciation of Literature and Art."

"It is kind of you, gentlemen, to say so. I talked over the dinner with the *chef*, and I have had the menou printed, as you see it, in gilt and colours, which I am given to understand is the correct thing at the Guildhall. Would you like to look at that?"

They showed the greatest desire to look at it. Humphrey read it aloud with emphasis. While he read and while his brother listened, Mr. Beck thought they seemed a good deal older than before. Perhaps that was because their faces were turned to the light, and the reflection through an open window of the

sinking sun showed up the crow's-feet round their eyes.

"Humph! Plovers' eggs. Clear mulligatawny; clear, Cornelius. Turtle-fins. Salmon—I translate the French. Turbot. Lochleven trout——"

"Very good indeed, so far," said Cornelius, with a palpable smack of his lips.

"Lamb-cutlets with peas—a simple but excellent dish; aspic of *foie gras*—ah, two or three things which I cannot translate; a preparation of pigeon; haunch of venison; yes——"

"An excellent dinner, indeed," said Cornelius. "Pray go on, Humphrey."

He began to feel like Sancho in Barataria. So good a dinner seemed really impossible.

"Duckling; cabob curry of chicken-liver with Bombay ducks—really, Mr. Beck, this dinner is worth a dukedom."

"It is indeed," said Cornelius feelingly.

"Canvas-back—ah!—from Baltimore—Cornelius, this is almost too much; apricots in jelly, ice-pudding, grated Parmesan, strawberries, melons, peaches, nectarines (and only May, Cornelius!), pines, West India bananas, custard apples from Jamaica, and dried letchis from China, Cornelius."



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GILEAD P. BECK AND HIS COMPANIONS MEET CAPTAIN LADDS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Humphrey handed the document to his brother with a look of appeal which said volumes. One sentence in the volumes was clearly, "Say something appropriate."

Quoth Cornelius, deeply moved—

"This new Mæcenas ransacks the corners of the earth to find a fitting entertainment for men of genius. Humphrey, you shall paint him."

"Cornelius, you shall sing his praises."

By a simultaneous impulse the Twins turned to their patron and presented each a right hand. Gilead Beck had only one right hand to give. He gave that to Cornelius, and the left to Humphrey.

While this sacrament of friendship was proceeding, was heard a sound as of many men simultaneously stifling much laughter. The door opened, and the other guests arrived in a body. They were preceded by Jack Dunquerque, and on entering the room dropped, as if by word of command, into line, like soldiers on parade. Eight of them were strangers, but Captain Ladds brought up the rear.

They were, as might be expected of such great men, a remarkable assemblage. At the extreme right stood a tall well-set-up old man, with tangled grey locks, long grey eyebrows and an immense grey

beard. His vigorous bearing belied the look of age, and what part of his face could be seen had a remarkably youthful appearance.

Next to him were two other aged men, one of whom was bent and bowed by the weight of years. They also had large eyebrows and long grey beards; and Mr. Beck remarked at once that so far as could be judged from the brightness of their eyes they had wonderfully preserved their mental strength. The others were younger men, one of them being apparently a boy of eighteen or so.

Then followed a ceremony like a *levée*. Gilead Beck stood in the centre of the room, the table having been pushed back into the corner. He was supported, right and left, by the Twins, who formed a kind of Court, and above whom he towered grandly with his height of six-feet-two. He held himself as erect, and looked as solemn, as if he were the President of the United States. The Twins, for their part, looked a little as if they were his sons.

Jack Dunquerque acted as Lord Chamberlain, or Master of the Ceremonies. . . . It was in the Grand Manner —that peculiar to Courts—in which Jack Dunquerque presented the first of the distinguished guests to Mr. Beck.

"Sir," he said, with low and awe-struck voice, "before you stands Thomas Carlyle."

A thrill ran through the American's veins as he grasped the hand which had written so many splendid things, and looked into the eyes which harboured such splendid thought. Then he said in softened tones, because his soul was moved: "This is a proud moment, sir, for Gilead P. Beck. I never thought to have shaken by the hand the author of the *French Revolution* and the *Stones of Venice*."

(It really was unfortunate that his reading had been so miscellaneous during the four days preceding the dinner.)

The venerable Philosopher opened his mouth and spake. His tones were deep and his utterance slow.

"You are proud, Mr. Beck? The only pride should be the pride of work. Beautiful the meanest thing that works; even the rusty and unmusical Meat-jack. All else belongs to the outlook of him whom men call Beelzebub. The brief Day passes with its poor paper crowns in tinsel gilt; Night is at hand with her silences and her veracities. What hast thou done? All the rest is phantasmal. Work only remains. Say, brother, what is thy work?"

"I have struck Ile," replied Gilead proudly, feeling that his Work (with a capital W) had been well and thoroughly done.

The Philosopher stepped aside.

Jack Dunquerque brought up the next.

"Mr. Beck, Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate."

This time it was a man with robust frame and strongly-marked features. He wore a long black beard, streaked with grey and rather ragged, with a ragged mass of black hair, looking as he did at Oxford when they made him an honorary D.C.L., and an undergraduate from the gallery asked him politely, "*Did* they wake and call you early?"

"Mr. Tennyson," said Mr. Beck, "I do assure you, sir, that this is the kindest thing that has been done to me since I came to England. I hope I see you well, sir. I read your *Fifine at the Fair*, sir —no, that was the other man's—I mean sir, your *Songs before Sunrise*; and I congratulate you. We've got some poets on our side of the water, sir. I've written poetry myself for the papers. We've got Longfellow and Lowell, and, take out you and Mr. Swinburne, with them we'll meet your lot."

Mr. Tennyson opened his mouth to speak, but shut it again in silence, and looking at Jack mournfully, as if he had forgotten something, he stepped aside.

Jack presented another.

"Mr. John Ruskin."

A sharp-featured, clever-looking man, with grey locks and shaven face. He seized Mr. Beck by the hand and spoke first, not giving his host time to utter his little set speech.

"I welcome," he said, "one of our fellow-workers from the other side of the Atlantic. I cannot utter to you what I would. We all see too dimly as yet what

are our great world-duties, for we try and outline their enlarging shadows. You in America do not seek peace as Menahem sought it, when he gave the King of Assyria a thousand pieces of silver. You fight for your piece, and you have it. You do not buy what you want; you take it. That is strength; that is harmony. You do not sit at home lisping comfortable prayers; you go out and work. For many a year to come, sir, the sword of your nation shall be whetted to save and to subdue."

He stopped suddenly, and closed his lips with a snap.

Mr. Beck turned rather helplessly to the Twins. He wanted a diversion to this utterly unintelligible harangue. They stared straight before them, and pretended to be absorbed in meditation.

"Mr. Beck, Mr. Swinburne. Deaf people think Mr. Browning is musical, sir; but all people allow Mr. Swinburne to be the most musical of poets."

It was the very young man. He stood before his host and laughed aloud.

"Sir," said Mr. Beck, "I have read some of your verses. I can't say what they were about, but I took to singin' them softly as I read them, and I seemed to be in a green field, lyin' out among the flowers, while the bees were bummin' around, and the larks were liftin' their hymns in the sky."

Mr. Swinburne laughed again and made way for the next comer.

"Mr. Beck, let me introduce Mr. George Augustus Sala."

"This," said the Man of Oil, "is indeed a pleasure. Mr. Sala, when I say that I am an old and personal friend of Colonel Quagg, you will be glad to meet me."

Contrary to reasonable expectation, the face of Mr. Sala showed no sign of joy at the reminiscence. He only looked rather helplessly at Jack Dunquerque, who turned red, and brought up the rest of his men together, as if to get the introductions over quickly.

"Mr. Beck, these gentlemen are Mr. Darwin, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Frederick Leighton. Ladds you know well enough already. Step up, Tommy."

Gilead Beck shook hands with each, and then, drawing himself up to his full height, laid his left hand within his waistcoat, brandished his right above his head with a preliminary flourish, and began his speech.

"Gentlemen all," he said, "I am more than proud to make your acquaintance. Across the foaming waves of the mighty Atlantic there is a land whose institoo-tions—known to Mr. Sala—air not unlike your own, whose literature is your own up to a hundred years ago ["Hear, hear!" from Cornelius], whose language is the same as yours. We say hard things of each other, gentlemen; but, the hard things are said on the low levels, not on the heights where you and your kindred spirits dwell. No, gentlemen,"—here he raised both arms and prepared for a rhetorical burst—"When the American eagle, proudly bearing the stars and stripes——"

"Dinner on the table, sir!" bawled the head-waiter, throwing open the doors with the grandest flourish, and standing in the open doorway.

"Hear, hear!" cried Humphrey a little late, because he meant the cheer for the speech, and it sounded like a joy-bell ringing for the announcement of dinner. Mr. Beck thought it rather rude, but he did not say so, and vented his wrath upon the waiter.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" he cried, "can't you see when a gentleman is on the stump? Who the devil asked you to shove in?"

"Never mind," said Jack irreverently. "Spout the rest after dinner."

A sigh of relief escaped the lips of all, and the party, headed, after some demur, by the host, who was escorted, one on each side, like a great man with his private secretary, by the Twins, passed into the dining-room.

Oddly enough, when their host passed on before them, the guests turned to each other, and the same extraordinary smile which Jack Dunquerque checked on their first appearance passed from one to the other. Why should Alfred Tennyson look in the face of Thomas Carlyle and laugh? What secret relationship is there between John Ruskin, Swinburne, and George Augustus Sala, that they should

snigger and grin on catching each other's eyes? And, if one is to go on asking questions, why did Jack Dunquerque whisper in an agitated tone, "For Heaven's sake, Tom, and you fellows, keep it up"?

There was some little difficulty in seating the guests, because they all showed a bashful reluctance to sitting near their host, and crowded together to the lower end. At last, however, they were settled down. Mr. Carlyle, who, with a modesty worthy of his great name, seized the lowest chair of all—that on the left of Jack Dunquerque, who was to occupy the end of the table—was promptly dragged out and forcibly led to the right of the host. Facing him was Alfred Tennyson. The Twins, one on each side, came next. Mr. Sala faced John Ruskin. The others disposed themselves as they pleased.

A little awkwardness was caused at the outset by the host, who, firm in the belief that Professor Huxley was in the Moody and Sankey line, called upon him to say Grace. The invitation was warmly seconded by all the rest, but the Professor, greatly confused, blushed, and after a few moments of reflection was fain to own that he knew no Grace. It was a strange confession, Gilead Beck thought, for a clergyman. The singer, however—Miss Claribelle, Signors Altotenoro, Bassoprofondo, and Mr. Plantagenet Simkins—performed *Non nobis* with great feeling and power, and dinner began.

It was then that Gilead Beck first conceived, against his will, suspicion of the Twins. So far from being the backbone and stay of the whole party, so far from giving a lead to the conversation, and leading up to the topics loved by the guests, they gave themselves unreservedly and from the very first to "tucking in." They went at the dinner with the go of a Rugby boy—a young gentleman of Eton very soon teaches himself that the stomach is not to be trifled with. So did the rest. Considering the overwhelming amount of genius at the table, and the number of years represented by the guests collectively, it was really wonderful to contemplate the vigour with which all, including the octogenarian, attacked the courses, sparing none. Could it have been believed by an outsider that the author of *Maud* was so passionately critical over the wine? It is sad to be disillusionised, but pleasant, on the other hand, to think that you are no longer an outsider. Individually the party would have disappointed their host, but he did not allow himself to be disappointed. Mr. Beck expected a battery of wit. He heard nothing but laudation of the wine and remarks upon the cookery. No anecdotes, no criticism, no literary talk, no poetical enthusiasm.

"In my country, sir," he began, glancing reproachfully at the Twins, whose noses were over their plates, and feeling his way feebly to a conversation with Carlyle "in my country, sir, I hope we know how to appreciate what we cannot do ourselves."

Mr. Carlyle stared for a moment. Then he replied:—

"Hope you do, Mr. Beck, I'm sure. Didn't know you'd got so good a *chef* at the Langham."

This was disheartening, and for a space no one spoke.

Presently Mr. Carlyle looked round the table as if he was about to make an utterance.

Humphrey Jagenal, who happened at the moment to have nothing before him, raised his hand and said solemnly, "Hush!" Cornelius bent forward in an attitude of respectful attention.

Said the Teacher—

"Clear mulligatawny's about the best thing I know to begin a dinner upon. Some fellows like Palestine soup. That's a mistake."

"The greatest minds," said Cornelius to the Poet Laureate, "condescend to the meanest things."

"'Gad!" said Tennyson, "if you call such a dinner as this mean, I wonder what you'd call respectable."

Cornelius felt snubbed. But he presently rallied and went on again. It was between the courses.

"Pray, Mr. Carlyle," he asked, with the sweetest smile, "what was the favourite soup of Herr Teufelsdröckh?"



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A PLEASANT UNDERPLOT IN THE NOVEL IS THE LOVE STORY OF JACK DUNQUERQUE AND PHIL

"Who?" asked the Philosopher. "Beg your pardon, Herr how much?"

"From your own work, Mr. Carlyle," Jack sang out from his end. It was remarkable to notice how anxiously he followed the conversation.

"Oh, ah! quite so," said Mr. Carlyle. "Well, you see, the fact is, that—Jack Dunquerque knows."

This was disconcerting too, and the more because everybody began to laugh. What did they laugh at?

The dinner went on. Gilead Beck, silent and grave, sat at the head of the table, watching his guests. He ought, he said to himself, to be a proud man that day. But there were one or two crumpled rose-leaves in his bed. One thing was that he could not for the life of him remember each man's works, so as to address him in honeyed tones of adulation. And he also rightly judged that the higher a man's position in the world of letters, the more you must pile up the praise. . . .

And then the Twins were provoking. Only one attempt on the part of Cornelius, at which everybody laughed. And nothing at all from Humphrey.

Carlyle and Tennyson, for their part, sat perfectly silent. Lower down—below the Twins, that is—Sala, Huxley, and the others were conversing freely, but in a low tone. And when Gilead Beck caught a few words it seemed to him as if they talked of horse-racing.

Presently, to his relief, John Ruskin leaned forward and spoke to him.

"I have been studying lately, Mr. Beck, the Art growth of America."

"Is that so, sir? And perhaps you have got something to tell my countrymen?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Beck. You doubtless know my principle, that Art should interpret, not create. You also know that I have preached all my life the doctrine that where Art is followed for Art's own sake, there infalliby ensues a distinction of intellectual and moral principles, while, devoted honestly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, Art is always helpful and beneficial to mankind. So much you know, Mr. Beck, I'm sure."

"Well, sir, if you would not mind saying that over again—slow—I might be able to say I know it."

"I have sometimes gone on to say," pursued Mr. Ruskin, "that a time has

always hitherto come when, having reached a singular perfection, Art begins to contemplate that perfection and to deduce rules from it. Now all this has nothing to do with the relations between Art and mental development in the United States of America."

"I am glad to hear that, sir," said Gilead Beck, a little relieved.

He looked for help to the Twins, but he leaned upon a slender reed, for they were both engaged upon the duckling, and proffered no help at all. They did not even seem to listen. The dinner was far advanced, their cheeks were red and their eyes were sparkling.

"What is it all about?" Mr. Carlyle murmured across the table to Tennyson.

"Don't know," replied the Master. "Didn't think he had it in him."

Could these two great men be jealous of Mr. Ruskin's fame?

"Your remarks, Mr. Ruskin," said the host, "sound very pretty. But I should like to have them before me in black and white, so I could tackle them quietly for an hour. Then I'd tell you what I think. I was reading, last week, all your works."

"All my works in a week!" cried Ruskin. "Sir, my works require loving thought and lingering tender care. You must get up early in the morning with them, you must watch the drapery of the clouds at sunrise when you read them, you must take them into the fields at spring-time and mark, as you meditate on the words of the printed page, the young leaflets breathing low in the sunshine. Then, as the thoughts grow and glow in the pure ether of your mind—hock, if you please—you will rise above the things of the earth, your wings will expand, you will care for nothing of the mean and practical—I will take a little more duckling—your faculties will be woven into a cunning subordination with the wondrous works of Nature, and all will be beautiful alike, from a blade of grass to a South American forest."

"There are very good forests in the Sierra Nevada," said Mr. Beck, who just understood the last words; "we needn't go to South America for forests, I guess."

"That, Mr. Beck, is what you will get from a study of my works. But a week—a week, Mr. Beck!" . . .

Presently the diners began to thaw, and something like general conversation set in.

About the grated Parmesan period, Mr. Beck observed with satisfaction that they were all talking together. The Twins were the loudest. With flushed faces and bright eyes they were laying down the law to their neighbours in Poetry and Art. Cornelius gave Mr. Tennyson some home truths on his later style, which the Poet Laureate received without so much as an attempt to defend himself. Humphrey, from the depth of his Roman experiences, treated Mr. Ruskin to a brief treatise on his imperfections as a critic, and Mr. Leighton to some remarks on his paintings, which those great men heard with a polite stare. Gilead Beck observed also that Jack Dunquerque was trying hard to keep the talk in literary grooves, though with small measure of success. For as the dinner went on the conversation resolved itself into a general discussion on horses, events, Aldershot, Prince's, polo, the drama from its lightest point of view, and such topics as might perhaps be looked for at a regimental mess, but hardly at a dinner of Literature. It was strange that the two greatest men among them all, Carlyle and Tennyson, appeared to be as interested as any in this light talk.

The Twins were out of it altogether. If there was one thing about which they were absolutely ignorant, it was the Turf. Probably they had never seen a race in their lives. They talked fast and a little at random, but chiefly to each other, because no one, Mr. Beck observed, took any notice of what they said. Also, they drank continuously, and their host remarked that to the flushed cheeks and the bright eyes was rapidly being added thickness of speech.

Mr. Beck rose solemnly, at the right moment, and asked his guests to allow him two or three toasts only. The first, he said, was England and America. He, he said briefly, had not yet been found in the old country, and so far she was

behind America. But she did her best; she bought what she could not dig.

By special request of the host Mademoiselle Claribelle sang "Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in his grave."

The next toast, Mr. Beck said, was one due to the peculiar position of himself. He would not waste their time in telling his own story, but he would only say that until the Golden Butterfly brought him to Limerick City and showed him Ile, he was but a poor galoot. Therefore, he asked them to join him in a sentiment. He would give them, "More Ile."

Signor Altotenoro, an Englishman who had adopted an Italian name, sang "The Light of other Days."

Then Mr. Beck rose for the third time and begged the indulgence of his friends. He spoke slowly and with a certain sadness.

"I am not," he said, "going to orate. You did not come here, I guess, to hear me pay out chin music. Not at all. You came to do honour to an American. Gentlemen, I am an obscure American; I am half educated; I am a man lifted out of the ranks. In our country—and I think in yours as well, though some of you have got handles to your names—that is not a thing to apologise for. No, gentlemen. I only mention it because it does me the greater honour to have received you. But I can read and I can think. I see here to-night some of the most honoured names in England, and I can tell you all what I was goin' to say before dinner, only the misbegotten cuss of a waiter took the words out of my mouth: that I feel this kindness greatly, and I shall never forget it. I did think, gentlemen, that you would have been too many for me in the matter of tall talk, but exceptin' Mr. Ruskin, to whom I am grateful for his beautiful language, though it didn't all get in, not one of you has made me feel my own uneducated ignorance. That is kind of you, and I thank you for it. It was true feeling, Mr. Carlyle, which prompted you, sir, to give the conversation such a turn that I might join in without bein' ashamed or makin' myself feel or'nary. Gentlemen, what a man like me has to guard against is shoddy. If I talk Literature, it's shoddy. If I talk Art, it's shoddy. Because I know neither Literature nor Art. If I



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PHILLIS AND LAWRENCE, HER GUARDIAN, ARE SURPRISED BY VICTORIA CASSILIS, THE WOMAN HE HAD MARRIED YEARS BEFORE.

pretend to be what I am not, it's shoddy. Therefore, gentlemen, I thank you for leavin' the tall talk at home, and tellin' me about your races and your amusements. And I'll not ask you, either, to make any speeches; but if you'll allow me, I will drink your healths. Mr. Carlyle, sir, the English-speaking race is proud of you. Mr. Tennyson, our gells, I'm told, love your poems more than any others in this wide world. What an American gell loves is generally worth lovin', because she's no fool. Mr. Ruskin, if you'd come across the water you might learn a wrinkle yet in the matter of plain speech. Mr. Sala, we know you already over thar, and I shall be glad to tell the Reverend Colonel Quagg of your welfare when I see him. Mr. Swinburne, you air young, but you air getting on. Professor Huxley and Mr. Darwin, I shall read your sermons and your novels, and I shall be proud to have seen you at my table. Mr. Cornelius and Mr. Humphrey Jagenal, I would drink your healths too, if you were not sound asleep. . . . Gentlemen all, I drink your health."

"Jack," whispered Mr. Swinburne, "I call this a burning shame. He's a rattling good fellow this, and you must tell him."

"I will some time; not now," said Jack, looking remorseful. "I haven't the heart. I thought he would have found us out long ago. I wonder how he'll take it."

They had coffee and cigars, and presently Gilead Beck began telling about American trotting matches, which was interesting to everybody.

It was nearly twelve when Mr. Beck's guests departed.

Mr. Carlyle, in right of his seniority, solemnly "up and spake."

"Mr. Beck," he said, "you are a trump. Come down to the Derby with me, and we will show you a race worth twenty of your trotting. Good-night, sir. You've treated us like a prince."

He grasped his hand with a grip which had all its youthful vigour, and strode out of the room with the step of early manhood.

"A wonderful old man!" said Mr. Beck. "Who would have thought it?"

The rest shook hands in silence, except Mr. Ruskin.

"I am sorry, Mr. Beck," he said meekly, "that the nonsense I talked at dinner annoyed you. It's always the way if a fellow tries to be clever; he overdoes it, and makes himself an ass. Good-night, sir, and I hope we shall meet on the racecourse next Wednesday."

Mr. Beck was left alone with Jack Dunquerque, the waiter, and the Twins still sleeping.

"What am I to do with these gentlemen, sir asked the waiter.

Mr. Beck looked at them with a little disdain.

"Get John, and yank them both to bed, and leave a brandy-and-soda at their elbows in case they're thirsty in the night. Mr. Dunquerque and Captain Ladds, don't go yet. Let us have a cigar together in the little room."

They sat in silence for a while. Then Jack said, with a good deal of hesitation:

"I've got something to tell you, Beck."

"Then don't tell it to-night," replied the American. "I'm thinking over the evening, and I can't get out of my mind that I might have made a better speech. Seems as if I wasn't nigh grateful enough. Wal, it's done. Mr. Dunquerque, there is one thing which pleases me. Great authors are like the rest of us. They are powerful fond of racing; they shoot, they ride, and they hunt; they know how to tackle a dinner; and all of 'em, from Thomas Carlyle to young Mr. Swinburne, seem to love the gells alike. That's a healthy sign, sir. It shows that their hearts air in the right place. The world's bound to go on well, somehow, so long as its leaders like to talk of a pretty woman's eyes; because it's human. And then for me to hear these great men actually doing it? Why, Captain Ladds, it adds six inches to my stature to feel sure that they like what I like, and that, after all said and done, Alfred Tennyson and Gilead P. Beck are men and brothers."

ALEXANDER POPE:

LINES FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN AND OTHER POEMS



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

ALEXANDER POPE, ATTRIBUTED TO WILLIAM HOARE.
National Portrait Gallery, London.

Next to Shakespeare, Pope [1688–1744] *is the most often quoted of English poets. "Everything that he wishes to say . . . is expressed with unequalled propriety. It is impossible to improve on Pope; to get something better you must change the kind." He had a genius for crystallising the plain man's thoughts into memorable lines.*

His character was as malformed as his puny body, his life-long bitterness can only be excused by his bad health and physical deformity. His chief works include "Rape of the Lock," "The Dunciad," a translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey. To-day the most read of all his poems is the "Essay on Man," which won him a European reputation. Instead of giving an extended quotation the following lines are selected from his "Essay on Man," and from other of his works:—

Leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

* *

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

* *

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

* *

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere and rush into the skies.

* *

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.

* *

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason,—man is not a fly.

* *

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

* *

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

* *

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.

* *

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,—
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

* *

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

* *

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,—
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.

* *

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.

* *

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.

* *

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

* *

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

* *

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

* *

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),—
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

* * *

From "Moral Essays."

'T is education forms the common mind :
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

* *

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake.

* *

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules.

* *

And mistress of herself though china fall.

* *

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

* *

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me ?

* *

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

* * *

From "Essay on Criticism."

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

* *

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

* *

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

* *

Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

* *

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, . . .
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

* *

To err is human, to forgive divine.

* *

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

* *

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

* * *

From "The Rape of The Lock."

What dire offence from amorous causes springs!
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

* *

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

* *

At every word a reputation dies.

* * *

From "Prologue to the Satires."

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

* *

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

* *

Cursed be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.



Photo: Rischgitz Collection. By permission of the Corporation of Wolverhampton.

"THE REJECTED POET. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU AND POPE."

From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., in the Wolverhampton Art Gallery.

Pope made love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and afterwards lampooned her.

From "Epilogue to the Satires."

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

* *

He's armed without that's innocent within.

* *

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

* *

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old.

* *

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

* * *

From "The Dunciad."

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.

And proud his mistress' order to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

* * *

From "Eloisa to Abelard."

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

* *

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

* * *

From "The Universal Prayer."

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

From "The Dying Christian to his Soul."

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

* * *

From "To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady."

Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

From "The Iliad of Homer."

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

* *

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,—
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies:
They fall successive, and successive rise.

* *

Who dares think one thing, and another tell
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

* *

Content to follow when we lead the way.

* *

And for our country 't is a bliss to die.

* *

Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might.

* *

Achilles absent was Achilles still.

From "The Odyssey of Homer."

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,—
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

* *

Whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

FRANKENSTEIN

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY



Photo. Rischgitz Collection.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

From the painting by R. Rothwell, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Few names in literature have been more misquoted than Frankenstein; you will be told with assurance that a Frankenstein is simply a monster, or a monstrous thing in some shape or another. In point of fact, the only person who ever created a Frankenstein was Mary Shelley, the second wife of the poet.

In the summer of 1816, *Shelley, his wife, and Lord Byron were spending a holiday near the Lake of Geneva; it was a wet, ungenial summer and the three amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories. "We will each write a ghost story," said Lord Byron, and his proposition was agreed to. "I busied myself* to think of a story," *Mrs. Shelley says, "a story which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature and awaken thrilling horror—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood and quicken the beatings of the heart."*

The outline of this hair-raising story is soon told; the genesis of it, Mrs. Shelley tells us, was this. The company had been discussing certain supposed (not actual) experiments to manufacture the physical

parts of a creature, to bring them together, and thereafter endue it with a vital principle that would make it a living creature. *Mrs. Shelley pictured the thing in her mind.*

"I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handywork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing, which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench for ever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes.

"I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my fancy for the realities around."

In the story the man who attempts the thing is Frankenstein, a native of Geneva who dabbled in magic, mystery, chemical experiments and so on. He succeeds in discovering the Secret of Life; in a word, he creates a monster and breathes into his nostrils the breath of life. And the monster is let loose upon the world. The following passage describes the accomplishment of the task.

IT was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful!—Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that

I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court, which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although drenched by the rain which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

* * *

Henry Clerval, a friend, visits Frankenstein, and comments on his ill looks.

"You have guessed right; I have lately been so deeply engaged in one occupation that I have not allowed myself sufficient rest, as you see: but I hope, I sincerely hope, that all these employments are now at an end, and that I am at length free."

I trembled excessively; I could not endure to think of, and far less to allude to, the occurrences of the preceding night. I walked with a quick pace, and we soon arrived at my college. I then reflected, and the thought made me shiver, that the creature whom I had left in my apartment might still be there, alive, and walking about. I dreaded to behold this monster; but I feared still more that Henry should see him. Entreating him, therefore, to remain a few minutes at the bottom of the stairs, I darted up towards my own room. My hand was already on the lock of the door before I recollected myself. I then paused; and a cold shivering came over me. I threw the door forcibly open, as children are accustomed to do when they expect a spectre to stand in waiting for them on the other side; but nothing appeared. I stepped fearfully in: the apartment was empty; and my bedroom was also freed from its hideous guest. I could hardly believe that so great a good fortune could have befallen me; but when I became assured that my enemy had indeed fled, I clapped my hands for joy, and ran down to Clerval.

We ascended into my room, and the servant presently brought breakfast; but I was unable to contain myself. It was not joy only that possessed me; I felt my flesh tingle with excess of



"I suddenly beheld the figure of a man advancing towards me with superhuman speed. He bounded over the crevices in the ice among which I had walked with caution."

sensitiveness, and my pulse beat rapidly. I was unable to remain for a single instant in the same place; I jumped over the chairs, clapped my hands, and laughed aloud. Clerval at first attributed my unusual spirits to joy on his arrival; but when he observed me more attentively he saw a wildness in my eyes for which he could not account; and my loud, unrestrained, heartless laughter, frightened and astonished him.

"My dear Victor," cried he, "what, for God's sake, is the matter? Do not laugh in that manner. How ill you are! What is the cause of all this?"

"Do not ask me," cried I, putting my hands before my eyes, for I thought I saw the dreaded spectre glide into the room, "*he* can tell — Oh, save me! save me!" I imagined that the monster seized me; I struggled furiously, and fell down in a fit.

* * *

Frankenstein receives the following letter from his father. He learns that the monster is abroad, but not yet does he know the full horrors that are to follow.

"My Dear Victor,—You have probably waited impatiently for a letter to fix the date of your return to us; and I was at first tempted to write only a few lines, merely mentioning the day on which I should expect you. But that would be a cruel kindness, and I dare not do it. What would be your surprise, my son, when you expected a happy and glad welcome, to behold, on the contrary, tears and wretchedness? And now, Victor, can I relate our misfortune? Absence cannot have rendered you callous to our joys and griefs; and how shall I inflict pain on my long absent son? I wish to prepare you for the woeful news, but I know it is impossible; even now your eye skims over the page, to seek the words which are to convey to you the horrible tidings.

"William is dead!—that sweet child whose smiles delighted and warmed my heart, who was so gentle, yet so gay! Victor, he is murdered!

"I will not attempt to console you; but will simply relate the circumstances of the transaction.

"Last Thursday (May 7th), I, my niece, and your two brothers, went to walk in Plainpalais. The evening was warm and serene, and we prolonged our walk farther than usual. It was already dusk before we thought of returning; and then we discovered that William and Ernest, who had gone on before, were not to be found. We accordingly rested on a seat until they should return. Presently Ernest came, and inquired if we had seen his brother: he said that he had been playing with him, that William had run away to hide himself, and that he vainly sought for him, and afterwards waited for him a long time, but that he did not return.

"This account rather alarmed us, and we continued to search for him until night fell, when Elizabeth conjectured that he might have returned to the house. He was not there. We returned again, with torches; for I could not rest, when I thought that my sweet boy had lost himself, and was exposed to all the damps and dews of night; Elizabeth also suffered extreme anguish. About five in the morning I discovered my lovely boy, whom the night before I had seen blooming and active in health, stretched on the grass livid and motionless: the print of the murderer's finger was on his neck.

"He was conveyed home, and the anguish that was visible in my countenance betrayed the secret to Elizabeth. She was very earnest to see the corpse. At first I attempted to prevent her; but she persisted, and entering the room where it lay, hastily examined the neck of the victim, and clasping her hands exclaimed, 'O God! I have murdered my darling child!'

"She fainted, and was restored with extreme difficulty. When she again lived, it was only to weep and sigh. She told me that that same evening William had teased her to let him wear a very valuable miniature that she possessed of your mother. The picture is gone, and was doubtless the temptation which urged the murderer to the deed. We have no trace of him at present, although our exertions to discover him are unremitted; but they will not restore my beloved William!

"Come, dearest Victor; you alone can console Elizabeth. She weeps continually, and accuses herself unjustly as the cause of his death; her words pierce my heart. We are all unhappy; but will not that be an additional motive for you, my son, to return and be our comforter? Your dear mother! Alas, Victor! I now say, Thank God she did not live to witness the cruel, miserable death of her youngest darling!

"Come, Victor; not brooding thoughts of vengeance against the assassin, but with feelings of peace and gentleness, that will heal, instead of festering, the wounds of our minds. Enter the house of mourning, my friend, but with kindness and affection for those who love you, and not with hatred for your enemies.—Your affectionate and afflicted father,

"ALPHONSE FRANKENSTEIN."

Frankenstein goes home to Geneva, where he arrived during a violent storm.

While I watched the tempest, so beautiful yet terrific, I wandered on with a hasty step. This noble war in the sky elevated my spirits; I clasped my hands, and exclaimed aloud, "William, dear angel! this is thy funeral, this thy dirge!" As I said these words, I perceived in the gloom a figure which stole from behind a clump of trees near me; I stood fixed, gazing intently: I could not be mistaken. A flash of lightning illuminated the object, and discovered its shape plainly to me; its gigantic stature, and the deformity of its aspect, more hideous than belongs to humanity, instantly informed me that it was the wretch, the filthy dæmon, to which I had given life. What did he there? Could he be (I shuddered at the conception) the murderer of my brother? No sooner did that idea cross my imagination, than I became convinced of its truth; my teeth chattered, and I was forced to lean against a tree for support. The figure passed me quickly, and I lost it in the gloom. Nothing in human shape could have destroyed that fair child. *He* was the murderer! I could not doubt it. The mere presence of the idea was an irresistible proof of the fact. I thought of pursuing the devil; but it would have been in vain, for another flash discovered him to me hanging among the rocks of the nearly perpendicular ascent of Mont Salêve, a hill that bounds Plainpalais on the south. He soon reached the summit, and disappeared.

I remained motionless. The thunder ceased; but the rain still continued, and the scene was enveloped in an impenetrable darkness. I revolved in my mind the events which I had until now sought to forget: the whole train of my progress towards the creation; the appearance of the work of my own hands alive at my bedside; its departure. Two years had now nearly elapsed since the night on which he first received life; and was this his first crime? Alas! I had turned loose into the world a depraved wretch, whose delight was in carnage and misery; had he not murdered my brother? . . .

Day dawned; and I directed my steps towards the town. The gates were open, and I hastened to my father's house. My first thought was to discover what I knew of the murderer, and cause instant pursuit to be made. But I paused when I reflected on the story that I had to tell. A being whom I myself had formed, and endued with life, had met me at midnight among the precipices of an inaccessible mountain. I remembered also the nervous fever with which I had been seized just at the time that I dated my creation, and which would give an air of delirium to a tale otherwise so utterly improbable. I well knew that if any other had communicated such a relation to me, I should have looked upon it as the ravings of insanity. Besides, the strange nature of the animal would elude all pursuit, even if I were so far credited as to persuade my relatives to commence it. And then of what use would be pursuit? Who could arrest a creature capable of scaling the overhanging sides of Mont Salêve? These reflections determined me, and I resolved to remain silent.

* * *

A maidservant is accused of murdering the boy and is executed for the crime,

although Frankenstein declared her innocent. Frankenstein climbs the mountains; their awful and majestic nature soothed his distress; thick curling mists wreathed the mountain summit, rain poured from the dark sky.

It was nearly noon when I arrived at the top of the ascent. For some time I sat upon the rock that overlooks the sea of ice. A mist covered both that and the surrounding mountains. Presently a breeze dissipated the cloud, and I descended upon the glacier. The surface is very uneven, rising like the waves of a troubled sea, descending low, and interspersed by rifts that sink deep. The field of ice is almost a league in width, but I spent nearly two hours in crossing it. The opposite mountain is a bare perpendicular rock. From the side where I now stood Montanvert was exactly opposite, at the distance of a league; and above it rose Mont Blanc, in awful majesty. I remained in a recess of the rock, gazing on this wonderful and stupendous scene. The sea, or rather the vast river of ice, wound among its dependent mountains, whose aerial summits hung over its recesses. Their icy and glittering peaks shone in the sunlight over the clouds. My heart, which was before sorrowful, now swelled with something like joy; I exclaimed—"Wandering spirits, if indeed ye wander, and do not rest in your narrow beds, allow me this faint happiness, or take me, as your companion, away from the joys of life."

As I said this, I suddenly beheld the figure of a man, at some distance, advancing towards me with superhuman speed. He bounded over the crevices in the ice, among which I had walked with caution; his stature, also, as he approached, seemed to exceed that of man. I was troubled: a mist came over my eyes, and I felt a faintness seize me; but I was quickly restored by the cold gale of the mountains. I perceived, as the shape came nearer (sight tremendous and abhorred!) that it was the wretch whom I had created. I trembled with rage and horror, resolving to wait his approach, and then close with him in mortal combat. He approached; his countenance bespoke bitter anguish, combined with disdain and malignity, while its unearthly ugliness rendered it almost too horrible for human eyes. But I scarcely observed this; rage and hatred had at first deprived me of utterance, and I recovered only to overwhelm him with words expressive of furious detestation and contempt.

"Devil," I exclaimed, "do you dare approach me? and do not you fear the fierce vengeance of my arm wreaked on your miserable head? Begone, vile insect! or rather, stay, that I may trample you to dust! and, oh! that I could, with the extinction of your miserable existence, restore those victims whom you have so diabolically murdered!"

"I expected this reception," said the dæmon. "All men hate the wretched; how, then, must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things! Yet you, my creator, detest and spurn me, thy creature, to whom thou art bound by ties only dissoluble by the annihilation of one of us. You purpose to kill me. How dare you sport thus with life? Do your duty towards me, and I will do mine towards you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace; but if you refuse, I will glut the maw of death, until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends."

"Abhorred monster! fiend that thou art! the tortures of hell are too mild a vengeance for thy crimes. Wretched devil! you reproach me with your creation; come on, then, that I may extinguish the spark which I so negligently bestowed."

My rage was without bounds; I sprang on him, impelled by all the feelings which can arm one being against the existence of another.

He easily eluded me, and said—

"Be calm! I entreat you to hear me, before you give vent to your hatred on my devoted head. Have I not suffered enough that you seek to increase my misery? Life, although it may only be an accumulation of anguish, is dear

to me, and I will defend it. Remember, thou hast made me more powerful than thyself; my height is superior to thine; my joints more supple. But I will not be tempted to set myself in opposition to thee. I am thy creature, and I will be even mild and docile to my natural lord and king, if thou wilt also perform thy part, the which thou owest me. Oh, Frankenstein, be not equitable to every other, and trample upon me alone, to whom thy justice, and even thy clemency and affection, is most due. Remember, that I am thy creature; I ought to be thy Adam; but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall again be virtuous." . . .



"With a sensation of horror not to be described I saw a figure the most hideous and abhorred. He seemed to jeer at me as with his fiendish finger he pointed towards the corpse of my wife."

Frankenstein implores the creature to leave him, but is met with the retort: "You, my creator, abhor me; what can I hope from your fellow-creatures who owe me nothing? They spurn and hate me. . . . I am miserable, and they shall share my wretchedness." The discussion goes on; the creature invites its creator to a hut upon the mountain, to hear the terms upon which it will quit Frankenstein for ever. There Frankenstein hears the terrible tale of his creature's existence since life had been so wantonly bestowed. These experiences had bred feelings of rage and revenge and bent its mind to injury and death. Its nature had turned to gall and bitterness by reason of a miserable hunted life in the woods; in a maddened, desolate state the creature relates how at last it came to Geneva. The monster continues the tale:—

"It was evening when I arrived, and I retired to a hiding-place among the fields that surround it, to meditate in what manner I should apply to you. I

was oppressed by fatigue and hunger, and far too unhappy to enjoy the gentle breezes of evening, or the prospect of the sun setting behind the stupendous mountains of Jura.

"At this time a slight sleep relieved me from the pain of reflection, which was disturbed by the approach of a beautiful child, who came running into the recess I had chosen, with all the sportiveness of infancy. Suddenly, as I gazed on him, an idea seized me, that this little creature was unprejudiced, and had lived too short a time to have imbibed a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him, and educate him as my companion and friend, I should not be so desolate in this peopled earth.

"Urged by this impulse, I seized on the boy as he passed and drew him towards me. As soon as he beheld my form, he placed his hands before his eyes and uttered a shrill scream: I drew his hand forcibly from his face, and said, 'Child, what is the meaning of this? I do not intend to hurt you; listen to me.'

"He struggled violently. 'Let me go,' he cried; 'monster! ugly wretch! you wish to eat me, and tear me to pieces—You are an ogre—Let me go, or I will tell my papa.'

"'Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me.'

"'Hideous monster! let me go. My papa is a Syndic—he is M. Frankenstein—he will punish you. You dare not keep me.'

"'Frankenstein! you belong then to my enemy—to him towards whom I have sworn eternal revenge; you shall be my first victim.'

"The child still struggled, and loaded me with epithets which carried despair to my heart; I grasped his throat to silence him, and in a moment he lay dead at my feet.

"I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph: clapping my hands, I exclaimed 'I, too, can create desolation; my enemy is not invulnerable; this death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him.' . . .

"While I was overcome by these feelings, I left the spot where I had committed the murder, and seeking a more secluded hiding-place, I entered a barn which had appeared to me to be empty. A woman was sleeping on some straw; she was young: not indeed so beautiful as her whose portrait I held; but of an agreeable aspect, and blooming in the loveliness of youth and health. Here, I thought, is one of those whose joy-imparting smiles are bestowed on all but me. And then I bent over her and whispered, 'Awake, fairest, thy lover is near—he who would give his life but to obtain one look of affection from thine eyes: my beloved, awake!'

"The sleeper stirred; a thrill of terror ran through me. Should she indeed awake, and see me, and curse me, and denounce the murderer? Thus would she assuredly act, if her darkened eyes opened and she beheld me. The thought was madness; it stirred the fiend within me—not I, but she shall suffer: the murder I have committed because I am for ever robbed of all that she could give me, she shall atone. The crime had its source in her: be hers the punishment! Thanks to the lessons of Felix and the sanguinary laws of man, I had learned now to work mischief. I bent over her, and placed the portrait securely in one of the folds of her dress. She moved again, and I fled.

"For some days I haunted the spot where these scenes had taken place; sometimes wishing to see you, sometimes resolved to quit the world and its miseries for ever. At length I wandered towards these mountains, and have ranged through their immense recesses, consumed by a burning passion which you alone can gratify. We may not part until you have promised to comply with my requisition. I am alone, and miserable; man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. My companion must be of the same species, and have the same defects. This being you must create."

* * *

Under most terrible threats and a promise to disappear, Frankenstein con-

sented to create a mate for the monster. Frankenstein, in a state of panic, hurriedly destroys his second creature while the first furiously watches through the window. "I will be with you on your wedding night," it hisses as it disappears. Fresh crimes occur mysteriously, then there is a lull, and Frankenstein weds the love of his childhood's days. Before retiring to rest, he goes out to see that the fiend is not there to fulfil its threat. Then, suddenly, a shriek is heard from the bride's room.

It came from the room into which Elizabeth had retired. As I heard it, the whole truth rushed into my mind, my arms dropped, the motion of every muscle and fibre was suspended; I could feel the blood trickling in my veins and tingling in the extremities of my limbs. This state lasted but for an instant; the scream was repeated, and I rushed into the room.

Great God! why did I not then expire! Why am I here to relate the destruction of the best hope and the purest creature of earth? She was there, lifeless and inanimate, thrown across the bed, her head hanging down, and her pale and distorted features half covered by her hair. Everywhere I turn I see the same figure—her bloodless arms and relaxed form flung by the murderer on its bridal bier. Could I behold this and live? Alas! life is obstinate and clings closest where it is most hated. For a moment only did I lose recollection; I fell senseless on the ground.

When I recovered, I found myself surrounded by the people of the inn; their countenances expressed a breathless terror: but the horror of the others appeared only as a mockery, a shadow of the feelings that oppressed me. I escaped from them to the room where lay the body of Elizabeth, my love, my wife, so lately living, so dear, so worthy. She had been moved from the posture in which I had first beheld her; and now, as she lay, her head upon her arm, and a handkerchief thrown across her face and neck, I might have supposed her asleep. I rushed towards her, and embraced her with ardour; but the deadly languor and coldness of the limbs told me that what I now held in my arms had ceased to be the Elizabeth whom I had loved and cherished. The murderous mark of the fiend's grasp was on her neck, and the breath had ceased to issue from her lips.

While I still hung over her in the agony of despair, I happened to look up. The windows of the room had before been darkened, and I felt a kind of panic on seeing the pale yellow light of the moon illuminate the chamber. The shutters had been thrown back; and, with a sensation of horror not to be described, I saw at the open window a figure the most hideous and abhorred. A grin was on the face of the monster; he seemed to jeer as with his fiendish finger he pointed towards the corpse of my wife. I rushed towards the window and, drawing a pistol from my bosom, fired; but he eluded me, leaped from his station, and, running with the swiftness of lightning, plunged into the lake.

The report of the pistol brought a crowd into the room. I pointed to the spot where he had disappeared, and we followed the track with boats; nets were cast, but in vain. After passing several hours, we returned hopeless, most of my companions believing it to have been a form conjured up by my fancy. After having landed, they proceeded to search the country, parties going in different directions among the woods and vines.

* * *

The search is continued. Frankenstein vows to devote his life to ridding the world of the monster. Rage choked his utterance as he concluded:—

I was answered through the stillness of night by a loud and fiendish laugh. It rung on my ears long and heavily; the mountains re-echoed it, and I felt as if all hell surrounded me with mockery and laughter. Surely in that moment I should have been possessed by frenzy, and have destroyed my miserable existence, but that my vow was heard and that I was reserved for vengeance. The laughter died away; when a well-known and abhorred voice, apparently close to

my ear, addressed me in an audible whisper—"I am satisfied: miserable wretch! you have determined to live, and I am satisfied."

I darted towards the spot from which the sound proceeded; but the devil eluded my grasp. Suddenly the broad disk of the moon arose and shone full upon his ghastly and distorted shape as he fled with more than mortal speed.

I pursued him; and for many months this has been my task. Guided by a slight clue I followed the windings of the Rhone, but vainly. The blue Mediterranean appeared; and, by a strange chance, I saw the fiend enter by night and hide himself in a vessel bound for the Black Sea. I took my passage in the same ship; but he escaped, I know not how.

Amid the snows of Tartary and Russia, although he still evaded me, I have ever followed in his track. Sometimes the peasants, scared by this horrid apparition, informed me of his path; sometimes he himself, who feared that if I lost all trace of him I should despair and die, left some mark to guide me.

The monster takes malicious joy in the chase throughout Europe. At last Frankenstein is found by an explorer drifting on an ice-floe and he dies with his mission unfulfilled. This explorer friend tells what he found:—

Great God! what a scene has just taken place! I am yet dizzy with the remembrance of it. I hardly know whether I shall have the power to detail it; yet the tale which I have recorded would be incomplete without this final and wonderful catastrophe.

I entered the cabin where lay the remains of my ill-fated and admirable friend. Over him hung a form which I cannot find words to describe; gigantic in stature, yet uncouth and distorted in its proportions. As he hung over the coffin his face was concealed by long locks of ragged hair; but one vast hand was extended, in colour and apparent texture like that of a mummy. When he heard the sounds of my approach he ceased to utter exclamations of grief and horror and sprang towards the window. Never did I behold a vision so horrible as his face, of such loathsome yet appalling hideousness. I shut my eyes involuntarily and endeavoured to recollect what were my duties with regard to this destroyer. I called on him to stay.

He paused, looking on me with wonder; and, again turning towards the lifeless form of his creator, he seemed to forget my presence, and every feature and gesture seemed instigated by the wildest rage of some uncontrollable passion.

"That is also my victim!" he exclaimed: "in his murder my crimes are consummated; the miserable series of my being is wound to its close! Oh, Frankenstein! generous and self-devoted being! what does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me? I, who irretrievably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst. Alas! he is cold, he cannot answer me." . . .

"Fear not that I shall be the instrument of future mischief. My work is nearly complete. Neither yours nor any man's death is needed to consummate the series of my being, and accomplish that which may be done; but it requires my own. Do not think that I shall be slow to perform this sacrifice. I shall quit your vessel on the ice-raft which brought me thither, and shall seek the most northern extremity of the globe; I shall collect my funeral pile and consume to ashes this miserable frame, that its remains may afford no light to the curious and unhallowed wretch who would create such another as I have been. I shall die. . . . I shall die, and what I now feel be no longer felt. Soon these burning miseries will be extinct. I shall ascend my funeral pile triumphantly, and exult in the agony of the torturing flames. The light of that conflagration will fade away; my ashes will be swept into the sea by the winds. My spirit will sleep in peace; or if it thinks, it will not surely think thus. Farewell."

He sprang from the cabin-window, as he said this, upon the ice-raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance.



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THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY.

The end of the combat between Ivanhoe and Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

IVANHOE

SIR WALTER SCOTT



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LADY ROWENA ENTERS THE BANQUET-HALL.

The period of "Ivanhoe" is the reign of Richard I. England had been conquered by the Normans a century earlier, but Normans were still reluctant to mix with the Saxons who survived as a people; some of the ancient families still possessing both wealth and power. There was, however, a certain intermixing of the two races, and the story presents many vivid contrasts between the high-minded Saxon nobles and their spirited Norman conquerors.

The characters in the book whose fortunes we follow with greatest interest are Ivanhoe, the disinherited son of Cedric, chief of the Saxon families; the brave Black Knight, who hid his identity; the tyrant Norman, Front-de-Bœuf; and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Commander of the Order of Knights Templars; Lady Rowena, a Saxon lady of rare beauty, and Cedric's ward; and, lastly, Rebecca, the beautiful Jewess, whose misfortunes play a large part in the romance.

Cedric, the Saxon, in the hall of Rotherwood, gives unwilling but dignified hospitality and lodging for the night to Bois-Guilbert, the scornful Knight Templar, returned from Palestine. "Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templar," said Cedric; "we drink to the strong in arms, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine, among the champions of the Cross."

"To whom, besides the sworn champions of the Holy Sepulchre, can the palm be assigned?" said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He is answered by the Lady Rowena: "Were there, then, none in the English army whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple?" Whereupon Sir Palmer, a pilgrim, tells of a friendly tournament held in the Holy Land, where six English Knights overcame all comers; five of them Sir Palmer named; the name of the sixth, most renowned of all, he said, "dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert scornfully, "I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned

my falling — it was the Knight of Ivanhoe; nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms. Yet this will I say, and loudly, that were he in England, and durst repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

The challenge was taken up on behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. "If he answer not," exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, "I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Court in Europe."

"It will not need," said Lady Rowena; "my voice shall be heard, if no other is raised in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe."

The tournament was the grand spectacle of the age, and one was about to be held at Ashby, in the County of Leicester. Here champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John. The challengers at the tournament were all Normans, headed by Bois-Guilbert, and four parties of English Knights had gone down before the challengers; the prize was about to be given to Bois-Guilbert when a new champion entered the lists.

IVANHOE, THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

AS the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, nor no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly

concerned, to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*



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THE TEMPLAR EXTRICATED HIMSELF FROM THE STIRRUPS AND FALLEN STEED, AND DREW HIS SWORD.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it

seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation ; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment ; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprang from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist ; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The Disinherited Knight then sounded a new defiance to the challengers ; he had the best of an encounter over four individual Normans, so the day's honours fell to Ivanhoe, the Disinherited Knight ; he refused, however, to reveal his identity when he deposited the prize at the feet of Rowena. On the following morning the tournament proper was proclaimed, fifty Knights upon each side - one led by the Disinherited Knight and the other by Bois-Guilbert—and provides the great spectacle which makes one of the most thrilling chapters in the romance.

The fighting was gradually thinned out ; then the Disinherited Knight and Bois-Guilbert engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with all the fury of animosity. Two Norman Knights sprang to the aid of Bois-Guilbert, and it was evident that Ivanhoe must be overpowered, but like a thunderbolt a Knight in black armour, who bore no device on his shield, came to the side of Ivanhoe. Having achieved the double feat of dispatching the two Knights who had joined Bois-Guilbert, the Black Knight retired, leaving the principals again to single combat. At length, under the shock of Ivanhoe's charge, Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field. Thus ended the memorable tournament at Ashby. Ivanhoe was conducted to the Throne of Honour where sat Lady Rowena. His helmet was removed, and Rowena gave a faint shriek as she placed the chaplet on his head, for the Knight fell prostrate at her feet ; a lance had pierced his breastplate and he had a grievous wound. Cedric was struck mute on recognising his banished son.

ROWENA AND REBECCA.

Story of the Siege.

The next big scene in the romance is the siege of Torquilstone. Returning from Ashby, Cedric, Rowena, and Athelstane, a Saxon Knight who wooed Rowena, were waylaid by a party of Normans and carried off to Torquilstone, Front-de-Bœuf's castle; there to be held at ransom. With Cedric's party were a rich Jew and his lovely daughter, Rebecca, who were also taken prisoners. De Bracy, a powerful Norman noble, had conceived a passion for Rowena, and Prince John, by Royal prerogative, decreed that De Bracy should wed the Saxon maid. On the other hand, Bois-Guilbert chose to take the fair Jewess Rebecca.

Both ladies were made close prisoners in the Castle; the fierce De Bracy presents himself before Rowena, who repulses the insolent Norman lord with scorn in a violent scene. De Bracy then threatens the life of Ivanhoe, who, unknown to Rowena, is also imprisoned in the Castle and grievously wounded; but she continues to defy De Bracy, when the scene is interrupted by the sound of a horn.

In another part of the Castle a similar but even more violent scene is taking place between the Jewess Rebecca and Brian de Bois-Guilbert. Rebecca exclaiming, "I spit at thee and defy thee!" sprang on the parapet, threw open the window, and threatened to precipitate herself into the abyss below. This scene also is interrupted by the call of the horn.

Rebecca was indebted for many kindnesses to Ivanhoe, and she had nursed him, all unknown to Rowena, after his severe wound at Ashby. She loved him passionately, but without hope, being a Jewess, and knowing his love for Rowena.

The Castle is now besieged by comrades of Cedric, and an effort at rescue is being made. By a ruse, Cedric himself has escaped in the guise of a monk. Meanwhile, Rebecca is in charge of the wounded Ivanhoe, while Rowena is closely confined in a turret chamber. The story of the siege proceeds:

In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of those men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud, hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf.—If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. . . .

The noise within the castle, occasioned

by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. . . .

Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—if I had but a bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seemed lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance.—God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying "St. George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "*En avant De Bracy!—Beau-seant! Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!* according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy



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ROWENA CROWNING IVANHOE.

discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large crossbows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued showers of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath.—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for Our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm.—His sword

is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault.—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles.—The besieged have the better."

"St. George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle.—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By St. John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat.—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others.—Alas!—I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Ivanhoe, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. . . . Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but once having seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this

knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health.—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received? . . . What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe. "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca; "alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable?" . . .

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry!—why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword." . . .

Rebecca looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?—When yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep!—When the nostril shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and bloodshot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him!—And my father!—oh, my father, evil is it with his daughter, when his gray hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!" . . .

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying, or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

During the interval of quiet which followed the first success of the besiegers, while the one party was preparing to pursue their advantage, and the other to strengthen their means of defence, the Templar and De Bracy held brief council in the hall of the castle. . . .

"How fought these villain yeomen on thy side?" said the Templar.

"Like fiends incarnate," said De Bracy. "They swarmed close up to the walls, headed, as I think, by the knave who won the prize at the archery, for I knew his horn and baldric. . . . Had I not been armed in proof, the



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"'WHAT DOST THOU SEE?' DEMANDED THE KNIGHT."
Rebecca describes the progress of the siege to Ivanhoe, disabled.

villain had marked me down seven times with as little remorse as if I had been a buck in season. He told every rivet on my armour with a cloth-yard shaft, that rapped against my ribs with as little compunction as if my bones had been of iron.—But that I wore a shirt of Spanish mail under my plate-coat, I had been fairly sped."

"But you maintained your post?" said the Templar. "We lost the outwork on our part."

"That is a shrewd loss," said De Bracy; "the knaves will find cover there to assault the castle more closely, and may, if not well watched, gain some unguarded corner of a tower, or some forgotten window, and so break in upon us. Our numbers are too few for the defence of every point, and the men complain that they can nowhere show themselves, but they are the mark for as many arrows as a parish-butt on a holyday even. Front-de-Bœuf is dying too, so we shall receive no more aid from his bull's head and brutal strength. How think you, Sir Brian, were we not better make a virtue of necessity, and compound with the rogues by delivering up our prisoners?"

"How?" exclaimed the Templar; "deliver up our prisoners, and stand an object alike of ridicule and execration, as the doughty warriors who dared by a night-attack to possess themselves of the persons of a party of defenceless travellers, yet could not make good a strong castle against a vagabond troop of outlaws, led by swineherds, jesters, and the very refuse of mankind?—Shame on thy counsel, Maurice de Bracy!—The ruins of this castle shall bury both my body and my shame, ere I consent to such base and dishonourable composition."

"Let us to the walls, then," said De Bracy carelessly; "that man never breathed, be he Turk or Templar, who held life at lighter rate than I do. But I trust there is no dishonour in wishing I had here some two scores of my gallant troop of Free Companions?—O my brave lances! if ye knew but how hard your captain were this day bested, how soon should I see my banner at the head of your clump of spears! And how short while would these rabble villains stand to endure your encounter!"

"Wish for whom thou wilt," said the Templar, "but let us make what defence we can with the soldiers who remain."

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

The Rescue.

The desperate and sanguinary fight continued; in the thick of it the Castle was found to be on fire. The unknown Black Knight led the besiegers, ably seconded by Cedric. The barbican was carried and the porter's gate was rushed; the Black Knight forced his way inward despite the desperate resistance of De Bracy and his men. De Bracy fell. "I will not yield," he said, "to an unknown conqueror." The Black Knight whispered something into his ear, at which De Bracy yielded himself a prisoner, and said, "Wilfred of Ivanhoe is wounded and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help."

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Black Knight—"prisoner, and perish!—The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed.—Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy; "it leads to his apartment.—Wilt thou not accept my guidance?" he added in a submissive voice.

"No. To the barbican, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Bracy."

As the fire agumented, symptoms of it became soon apparent in the chamber where Ivanhoe was watched and tended by the Jewess Rebecca. He had been awakened from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle; and his attendant, who had, at his anxious desire, again placed herself at the window to watch and report to him the fate of the attack, was for some time prevented from observing either, by the increase of the smouldering and stifling vapour. At length the volumes of smoke which rolled into the apartment—the cries for water, which were heard even above the din of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this new danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca; "it burns!—What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life," said Ivanhoe, "for no human aid can avail me."

"I will not fly," answered Rebecca; "we will be saved or perish together.—And yet, great God!—my father, my father—what will be his fate?"

At this moment the door of the apartment flew open, and Bois-Guilbert, the Templar, presented himself—a ghastly figure, for his gilded armour was broken and bloody, and the plume was partly shorn away, partly burned from his casque. "I have found thee," said he to Rebecca; "thou shalt prove I will keep my word to share weal and woe with thee.—There is but one path to safety; I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it to thee—up, and instantly follow me!"

"Alone," answered Rebecca, "I will not follow thee. If thou wert born of woman—if thou hast but a touch of human charity in thee—if thy heart be not hard as thy breastplate—save my aged father—save this wounded knight!"

"A knight," answered the Templar, with his characteristic calmness—"a knight, Rebecca, must encounter his fate, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame—and who recks how or where a Jew meets with his?"

"Savage warrior," said Rebecca, "rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!"

"Thou shalt not choose, Rebecca—once didst thou foil me, but never mortal did so twice."

So saying, he seized on the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks, and bore her out of the room in his arms in spite of her cries, and without regarding the menaces and defiance which Ivanhoe thundered against him. "Hound of the Temple—stain to thine Order—set free the damsel! Traitor of Bois-Guilbert, it is Ivanhoe commands thee!—Villain, I will have thy heart's blood!"

"I had not found thee, Ivanhoe," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, "but for thy shouts."

"If thou be'st true knight," said Wilfred, "think not of me—pursue yon ravisher—save the Lady Rowena—look to the noble Cedric!"

"In their turn," answered he of the Fetterlock, "but thine is first."



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'CA BIDS FAREWELL TO ROWENA.

And, seizing upon Ivanhoe, he bore him off with as much ease as the Templar had carried off Rebecca, rushed with him to the postern, and, having there delivered his burden to the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

One turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot-hole. But in other parts, the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments, resisted the progress of the flames, and there the rage of man still triumphed, as the scarce more dreadful element held mastery elsewhere; for the besiegers pursued the defenders of the castle from chamber to chamber, and satiated in their blood the vengeance which had long animated them against the soldiers of the tyrant Front-de-Bœuf. Most of the garrison resisted to the uttermost — few of them asked quarter— none received it. The air was filled with groans and clashing of arms— the floors were slippery with the blood of despairing and expiring wretches. . . .

When the noise of the conflict announced that it was at the hottest, Gurth, the Jester, began to shout, with the utmost power of his lungs, "St. George and the Dragon!—Bonny St. George for merry England!—The castle is won!" And these sounds he rendered yet more fearful, by banging against each other two or three pieces of rusty armour which lay scattered around the hall.

A guard, which had been stationed in the outer, or ante-room, and whose spirits were already in a state of alarm, took fright at the clamour, and, leaving the door open behind them, ran to tell the Templar that foemen had entered the old hall. Meantime, the prisoners found no difficulty in making their escape into the ante-room, and from thence into the court of the castle, which was now the last scene of contest. Here sat the fierce Templar, mounted on horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison both on horse and foot, who had united their strength to that of this renowned leader, in order to secure the last chance of safety and retreat which remained to them. The drawbridge had been lowered by his orders, but the passage was beset; for the archers, who had hitherto only annoyed the castle on that side by their missiles, no sooner saw the flames breaking out, and the bridge lowered, than they thronged to the entrance, as well to prevent the escape of the garrison, as to secure their own share of booty ere the castle should be burned down. On the other hand, a party of the besiegers who had entered by the postern were now issuing out into the courtyard, and attacking with fury the remnant of the defenders, who were thus assaulted on both sides at once.

Animated, however, by despair, and supported by the example of their indomitable leader, the remaining soldiers of the castle fought with the utmost valour; and, being well armed, succeeded more than once in driving back the assailants, though much inferior in numbers. Rebecca, placed on horseback before one of the Templar's Saracen slaves, was in the midst of the little party; and Bois-Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion of the bloody fray, showed every attention to her safety. Repeatedly he was by her side, and, neglecting his own defence, held before her the fence of his triangular steel-plated shield; and anon starting from his position by her, he cried his war-cry, dashed forward, struck to earth the most forward of the assailants, and was on the same instant once more at her bridle-rein.

* * *

Rowena was rescued by Cedric, who fought his way to his ward's apartment just as she had abandoned all hope of safety. Bois-Guilbert escaped, taking with him Rebecca. Later, spurned by her, and to save himself from condemnation by the Grand Master of the Templars for his offence, he concurred in the charge made against her of sorcery in bewitching him; but in remorse he suggested to her to demand a champion to defend her cause, which she did. And so it came about that Ivanhoe, receiving a secret message, hastened away to fight Brian de Bois-Guilbert once more. As Ivanhoe entered the lists

Bois-Guilbert fell unscathed by a lance, a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

The Black Knight revealed himself as Richard Plantagenet, King of England, and he caused Cedric to be reconciled to Ivanhoe, his son, who wedded Lady Rowena. After an affecting scene between this lady and Rebecca, the latter, leaving a pathetic message for Ivanhoe, departed to a foreign shore to "tend the sick, feed the hungry and relieve the distressed."

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

W. B. YEATS



Photo: L. N. A.

W. B. YEATS.

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The following poem by W. B. Yeats, Ireland's greatest poet, is one of the most exquisite in the English language. Yeats was born in Dublin in 1865. He had the distinction of being awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923.

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

MRS. GASKELL



Rischgitz Collection.

THE THREE SISTERS, ANNE, CHARLOTTE EMILY BRONTE.

From the painting by P. Branwell Brontë, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Among the best biographies in the English language, the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell, holds a foremost place. Mrs. Gaskell, herself a delightful writer, enjoyed the friendship of the gifted novelist for many years, and possessed all the qualifications of a good biographer.

The story of Charlotte Brontë's life is in itself not an eventful one, but it is the story of a remarkable person, unhappy, temperamental, greatly gifted; a story of struggle, of self-suppression, of labour and pain, of resolute endurance. "Her consciousness," Mr. Chesterton says, "was in many ways Puritanical and even prim, while her subconscious mind was a sea of passion; or she might be compared to a Baptist chapel built on a volcano."

Charlotte Brontë, born in 1816, was the eldest daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman; from Mrs. Gaskell's description of a visit to Haworth Parsonage we have a picture of the lonesome home of the Brontës.

The Lonesome Home.

I left Keighley in a car for Haworth, four miles off—four tough, steep, scrambling miles, the road winding between the wave-like hills that rose and fell on every side of the horizon, with a long illimitable sinuous look, as if they were a part of the line of the Great Serpent which the Norse legend says girdles the world. The day was lead-coloured; the road had stone factories alongside of it—grey dull-coloured rows of stone cottages belonging to these factories, and then we came to poor, hungry-looking fields; stone fences everywhere, and trees nowhere. Haworth is a long, straggling village: one steep narrow street—so steep that the flag-stones with which it is paved are placed end-ways that the horses' feet may have something to cling to, and not slip down backwards; which if they did, they would soon reach Keighley. But if the horses had cats' feet and claws they would do all the better. Well, we (the man, horse,

car, and I) clambered up this street and reached the church dedicated to St. Autest; then we turned off into a lane on the left, past the curate's lodging at the sexton's, past the school-house, up to the parsonage yard door. I went round the house to the front door, looking to the church; moors everywhere beyond and above. The crowded graveyard surrounds the house and small grass enclosure for drying clothes.

"I don't know that I ever saw a spot more exquisitely clean; the most dainty place for that I ever saw. To be sure the life is like clockwork. No one comes to the house; nothing disturbs the deep repose; hardly a voice is heard; you catch the ticking of the clock in the kitchen, or the buzzing of a fly in the parlour, all over the house. Miss Brontë sits alone in her parlour; breakfasting with her father in his study at nine o'clock. She helps in the housework, for one of their servants, Tabby, is nearly ninety, and the other only a girl. Then I accompanied her in her walks on the sweeping moors: the heather-bloom had been blighted by a thunder-storm a day or two before, and was all of a livid brown colour, instead of the blaze of purple glory it ought to have been. Oh! those high, wild, desolate moors up above the whole world, and the very realms of silence!"

Here there lived Charlotte and her two famous sisters, Emily and Anne. (There were two other sisters, and a brother.) The means of the family were limited; their home was bleak and dreary; none of them enjoyed good health, and they were all "temperamental." Charlotte's school-days were miserable; she was for a time a governess, and hated it. At the age of thirteen, this little girl, in a remote Yorkshire parsonage, interested herself in art, and was studying by herself the great Italian and Flemish masters. She had a keen power of observation, and quite early was writing wild, weird things. "While her description of any real occurrence," Mrs. Gaskell says, "is homely, graphic and forcible, when she gives way to her powers of creation, her fancy and her language alike run riot, sometimes to the very borders of apparent delirium."

CHARLOTTE'S GIRLHOOD.

LIFE in an isolated village, or a lonely country house, presents many little occurrences which sink into the mind of childhood, there to be brooded over. No other event may have happened, or be likely to happen, for days, to push one of these aside, before it has assumed a vague and mysterious importance. Thus, children leading a secluded life are often thoughtful and dreamy: the impressions made upon them by the world without—the unusual sights of earth and sky—the accidental meetings with strange faces and figures (rare occurrences in those out-of-the-way places)—are sometimes magnified by them into things so deeply significant as to be almost supernatural. This peculiarity I perceive very strongly in Charlotte's writings at this time. Indeed, under the circumstances, it is no peculiarity. It has been common to all, from the Chaldean shepherds "the lonely herdsman stretched on the soft grass through half a summer's day" the solitary monk—to all whose impressions from without have had time to grow and vivify in the imagination, till they have been received as actual personifications, or supernatural visions, to doubt which would be blasphemy.

To counterbalance this tendency in Charlotte was the strong common sense natural to her, and daily called into exercise by the requirements of her practical life. Her duties were not merely to learn her lessons, to read a certain quantity, to gain certain ideas; she had, besides, to brush rooms, to run errands up and down stairs, to help in the simpler forms of cooking, to be by turns play-fellow and monitress to her younger sisters and brother, to make and to mend, and to study economy under her careful aunt. Thus we see that, while her imagination received vivid impressions, her excellent understanding had full power to rectify them before her fancies became realities. On a scrap of paper she has written down the following relation:—

"June 22, 1830, 6 o'clock P.M.

"Haworth, near Bradford.

"The following strange occurrence happened on the 22nd of June, 1830:—At the time Papa was very ill, confined to his bed, and so weak that he could not rise without assistance. Tabby and I were alone in the kitchen, about half-past

nine ante-meridian. Suddenly we heard a knock at the door; Tabby rose and opened it. An old man appeared, standing without, who accosted her thus:—

"*Old Man.* 'Does the parson live here?'

"*Tabby.* 'Yes.'

"*Old Man.* 'I wish to see him.'

"*Tabby.* 'He is poorly in bed.'

"*Old Man.* 'I have a message for him.'

"*Tabby.* 'Who from?'

"*Old Man.* 'From the Lord.'

"*Tabby.* '*Who?*'

"*Old Man.* 'The Lord. He desires me to say that the Bridegroom is coming, and that we must prepare to meet him; that the cords are about to be loosed, and the golden bowl broken; the pitcher broken at the fountain.'

"Here he concluded his discourse, and abruptly went his way. As Tabby closed the door, I asked her if she knew him. Her reply was that she had never seen him before, nor anyone like him. Though I am fully persuaded that he was some fanatical enthusiast, well meaning perhaps, but utterly ignorant of true piety; yet I could not forbear weeping at his words, spoken so unexpectedly at that particular period."

In 1831 she was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure—"stunted" was the word she applied to herself—but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight, fragile body, no word in ever so slight a degree suggestive of deformity could properly be applied to her; with soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description, as they appeared to me in her later life. They were large and well shaped; their colour a reddish-brown; but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill set; but unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance over-balanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind—writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves.

I can well imagine that the grave serious composure, which, when I knew her, gave her face the dignity of an old Venetian portrait, was no acquisition of later years, but dated from that early age when she found herself in the position of an elder sister to motherless children. But in a girl only just on her teens, such an expression would be called (to use a country phrase) "old-fashioned"; and in 1831, the period of which I now write, we must think of her as a little, set, antiquated girl, very quiet in manners, and very quaint in dress; for besides the influence exerted by her father's ideas concerning the simplicity of attire befitting the wife and daughters of a country clergyman, her aunt, on whom the duty of dressing her nieces principally devolved, had never been in society since she left Penzance, eight or nine years before, and the Penzance fashions of that day were still dear to her heart. . . .

§ 2

It was in 1846 *that a volume of poems was published under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell—the pen-names of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë. "It stole into life; some weeks passed over,*



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PARSONAGE AT HAWORTH AS IT STOOD DURING THE LIVES OF THE BRONTËS.

without the mighty, murmuring public discovering that three more voices were uttering their speech. And, meanwhile, the course of existence moved drearily along from day to day with the anxious sisters, who must have forgotten their sense of authorship in the vital gnawing at their hearts." Their brother Branwell was becoming, or had become, a wastrel. "He will do nothing except drink, and make us all wretched."

The three sisters, eager for expression, and to escape from their depressing environment, turned their minds to the writing of fiction. Charlotte's novel "Jane Eyre" was published in 1847, *and proved an immediate success. "Wuthering Heights," Emily's novel, was published later in the same year. So also was "Agnes Grey," by the third sister, Anne. All three sisters had agreed to conceal their identity; Charlotte in particular, who had pledged her word to her sisters, tried hard to keep faith, as is evidenced by the following episode:—*

AN ADVENTURE.

In consequence of his mode of doing business, considerable annoyance was occasioned both to Miss Brontë and to them. The circumstances, as detailed in a letter of hers to a friend in New Zealand, were these: One morning, at the beginning of July, a communication was received at the parsonage from Messrs. Smith and Elder, which disturbed its quiet inmates not a little, as, though the matter brought under their notice was merely referred to as one which affected their literary reputation, they conceived it to have a bearing likewise upon their character. *Jane Eyre* had had a great run in America, and a publisher there had consequently bid high for early sheets of the next work by "Currer Bell." These Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. had promised to let him have. He was therefore greatly astonished, and not well pleased, to learn that a similar agreement had been entered into with another American house, and that the new tale was very shortly to appear. It turned out, upon inquiry, that the mistake had originated in Acton and Ellis Bell's publisher having assured this American house that, to the best of his belief, *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *The Tenant of Wildfell*

Hall (which he pronounced superior to either of the other two) were all written by the same author.

Though Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. distinctly stated in their letter that they did not share in such "belief," the sisters were impatient till they had shown its utter groundlessness, and set themselves perfectly straight. With rapid decision they resolved that Charlotte and Anne should start for London that very day, in order to prove their separate identity to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and demand from the credulous publisher his reasons for a "belief" so directly at variance with an assurance which had several times been given to him. Having arrived at this determination, they made their preparations with resolute promptness. There were many household duties to be performed that day; but they were all got through. The two sisters each packed up a change of dress in a small box, which they sent down to Keighley by an opportune cart; and after early tea they set off to walk thither—no doubt in some excitement; for independently of the cause of their going to London, it was Anne's first visit there. A great thunderstorm overtook them on their way that summer evening to the station; but they had no time to seek shelter. They only just caught the train at Keighley, arrived at Leeds, and were whirled up by the night train to London.

About eight o'clock on the Saturday morning they arrived at the Chapter Coffee House, Paternoster Row—a strange place, but they did not well know where else to go. They refreshed themselves by washing, and had some breakfast. Then they sat still for a few minutes to consider what next should be done.

When they had been discussing their project in the quiet of Haworth Parsonage the day before, and planning the mode of setting about the business on which they were going to London, they had resolved to take a cab, if they should find it desirable, from their inn to Cornhill; but amidst the bustle and "queer state of inward excitement" in which they found themselves, as they sat and considered their position on the Saturday morning, they quite forgot even the possibility of hiring a conveyance; and when they set forth they became so dismayed by the crowded streets, and the impeded crossings, that they stood still repeatedly, in complete despair of making progress, and were nearly an hour in walking the half-mile they had to go. Neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Williams knew that they were coming; they were entirely unknown to the publishers of *Jane Eyre*, who were not, in fact, aware whether the "Bells" were men or women, but had always written to them as men.

On reaching Mr. Smith's, Charlotte put his own letter into his hands—the same letter which had excited so much disturbance at Haworth Parsonage only twenty-four hours before. "Where did you get this?" said he, as if he could not believe that the two young ladies dressed in black, of slight figures and diminutive stature, looking pleased yet agitated, could be the embodied Currer and Acton Bell, for whom curiosity had been hunting so eagerly in vain. An explanation ensued, and Mr. Smith at once began to form plans for their amusement and pleasure during their stay in London. He urged them to meet a few literary friends at his house; and this was a strong temptation to Charlotte, as amongst them were one or two of the writers whom she particularly wished to see; but her resolution to remain unknown induced her firmly to put it aside.

The sisters were equally persevering in declining Mr. Smith's invitation to stay at his house. They refused to leave their quarters, saying they were not prepared for a long stay.

When they returned back to their inn, poor Charlotte paid for the excitement of the interview, which had wound up the agitation and hurry of the last twenty-four hours, by a racking headache and harassing sickness. Towards evening, as she rather expected some of the ladies of Mr. Smith's family to call, she prepared herself for the chance by taking a strong dose of sal volatile, which roused her a little, but still, as she says, she was "in grievous bodily case"



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REV. PATRICK BRONTË, THE FATHER OF CHARLOTTE AND HER TWO FAMOUS SISTERS.

when their visitors were announced in full evening costume. The sisters had not understood that it had been settled that they were to go to the Opera, and therefore were not ready. Moreover, they had no fine, elegant dresses either with them or in the world. But Miss Brontë resolved to raise no objections in the acceptance of kindness. So, in spite of headache and weariness, they made haste to dress themselves in their plain high-made country garments.

Charlotte says, in an account which she gives to her friend of this visit to London, describing the entrance of her party into the Opera house :—

"Fine ladies and gentlemen glanced at us, as we stood by the box-door, which was not yet opened, with a slight, graceful superciliousness, quite warranted by the circumstances. Still I felt pleasurably excited in spite of headache, sickness, and conscious clownishness ; and I saw Anne was calm and gentle, which she always is. The performance was Rossini's 'Barber of Seville,' very brilliant, though I fancy there are things I should like better. We got home after one o'clock. We had never been in bed the night before ; had been in constant excitement for twenty-four hours ; you may imagine we were very tired. The next day, Sunday, Mr. Williams came early to take us to church ; and in the afternoon Mr. Smith and his mother fetched us in a carriage, and took us to his house to dine.

"On Monday we went to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, the National Gallery, dined again at Mr. Smith's, and then went home to tea with Mr. Williams at his house.

"On Tuesday morning we left London, laden with books Mr. Smith had given us, and got safely home. A more jaded wretch than I looked it would be difficult to conceive. I was thin when I went, but I was meagre indeed when I returned, my face looking grey and very old, with strange deep lines ploughed in it—my eyes stared unnaturally. I was weak and yet restless. In a while, however, these bad effects of excitement went off, and I regained my normal condition."

Sorrow and trouble again clouded the brightening horizon ; a dark cloud hung over the doomed household. The wayward brother, Branwell Brontë, who had been a great trial to the family, died in 1848 *; his was a wasted life. Emily suffered mental torture, and her disappointment was terrible, for reviewers were harsh with "Wuthering Heights," which shocked many readers. Mrs. Gaskell says :—*

Wuthering Heights has revolted many readers by the power with which wicked and exceptional characters are depicted.

Others, again, have felt the attraction of remarkable genius, even when displayed on grim and terrible criminals. Miss Brontë herself says, with regard to this tale, "Where delineation of human character is concerned the case is different. I am bound to avow that she had scarcely more practical knowledge of the peasantry amongst whom she lived, than a nun has of the country-people that pass her convent gates. My sister's disposition was not naturally gregarious; circumstances favoured and fostered her tendency to seclusion; except to go to church, or to take a walk on the hills, she rarely crossed the threshold of home. Though her feeling for the people round her was benevolent, intercourse with them she never sought, nor, with very few exceptions, ever experienced; and yet she knew them, knew their ways, their language, their family histories; she could hear of them with interest, and talk of them with detail, minute, graphic, and accurate; but *with* them she rarely exchanged a word. Hence it ensued that what her mind had gathered of the real concerning them was too exclusively confined to those tragic and terrible traits, of which, in listening to the secret annals of every rude vicinage, the memory is sometimes compelled to receive the impress. Her imagination, which was a spirit more sombre than sunny—more powerful than sportive—found in such traits material whence it wrought creations like Heathcliff, like Earnshaw, like Catherine. Having formed these beings, she did not know what she had done.

"If the auditor of her work, when read in manuscript, shuddered under the grinding influence of natures so relentless and implacable—of spirits so lost and fallen; if it was complained that the mere hearing of certain vivid and fearful scenes banished sleep by night, and disturbed mental peace by day, Ellis Bell would wonder what was meant, and suspect the complainant of affectation. Had she but lived, her mind would of itself have grown like a strong tree—loftier, straighter, wider-spreading—and its matured fruits would have attained a mellower ripeness and sunnier bloom; but on that mind time and experience alone could work; to the influence of other intellects it was not amenable."

Whether justly or unjustly, the productions of the two younger Miss Brontës were not received with much favour at the time of their publication. "Critics failed to do them justice. The immature, but very real, powers revealed in *Wuthering Heights*, were scarcely recognised; its import and nature were misunderstood; the identity of its author was misrepresented: it was said that this was an earlier and ruder attempt of the same pen which had produced *Jane Eyre*." . . . "Unjust and grievous error! We laughed at it at first, but I deeply lament it now."

§ 4

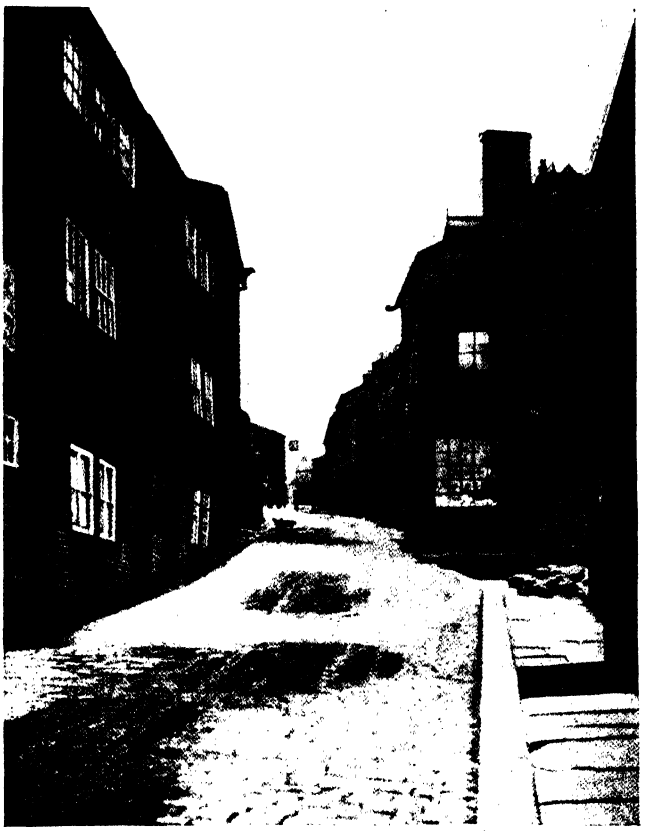
The week after her brother Branwell died, Emily fell ill, a terrible grief to Charlotte, who was never tired of talking about her remarkable sister. The biographer goes on:

I go on now with her own affecting words in the biographical notice of her sisters.

"But a great change approached. Affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on grief. In the very heat and burden of the day the labourers failed over their work. My sister Emily first declined. . . . Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. . . . Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render."

In fact, Emily never went out of doors

after the Sunday succeeding Branwell's death. She made no complaint; she would not endure questioning; she rejected sympathy and help. Many a time did Charlotte and Anne drop their sewing, or cease from their writing, to listen with wrung hearts to the failing step, the laboured breathing, the frequent pauses, with which their sister climbed the short staircase; yet they dared not notice what they observed with pangs of suffering even deeper than hers. They dared not notice it in words, far less by the caressing assistance of a helping arm or hand. They sat still and silent.



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HAWORTH VILLAGE—MAIN STREET.

"*Nov. 23rd*, 1848.

"I told you Emily was ill in my last letter. She has not rallied yet. She is *very* ill. I believe if you were to see her your impression would be that there is no hope. A more hollow, wasted, pallid aspect I have not beheld. The deep tight cough continues; the breathing after the least exertion is a rapid pant; and these symptoms are accompanied by pains in the chest and side. Her pulse, the only time she allowed it to be felt, was found to beat 115 per minute. In this state she resolutely refuses to see a doctor; she will give no explanation of her feelings; she will scarcely allow her feelings to be alluded to. Our position is, and has been for some weeks, exquisitely painful. God only knows how all this is to terminate. More than once I have been forced boldly to regard the terrible event of her loss as possible, and even probable. But nature shrinks from such thoughts. I think Emily seems the nearest thing to my heart in the world."

When a doctor had been sent for, and was in the very house, Emily refused to see him. Her sisters could only describe to him what symptoms they had observed; and the medicines which he sent she would not take, denying that she was ill. . . .

But Emily was growing rapidly worse. I remember Miss Brontë's shiver at recalling the pang she felt when, after having searched in the little hollows and sheltered crevices of the moors for a lingering spray of heather—just one spray, however withered—to take in to Emily, she saw that the flower was not recognised by the dim and indifferent eyes. Yet, to the last, Emily adhered tenaciously to her habits of independence. She would suffer no one to assist her. Any effort to do so roused the old stern spirit. One Tuesday morning, in December, she arose and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but

doing everything for herself, and even endeavouring to take up her employment of sewing: the servants looked on, and knew what the catching, rattling breath and the glazing of the eye too surely foretold; but she kept at her work; and Charlotte and Anne, though full of unspeakable dread, had still the faintest spark of hope. On that morning Charlotte wrote thus—probably in the very presence of her dying sister:

"*Tuesday.*

"I should have written to you before, if I had had one word of hope to say; but I have not. She grows daily weaker. The physician's opinion was expressed too obscurely to be of use. He sent some medicine, which she would not take. Moments so dark as these I have never known. I pray for God's support to us all. Hitherto He has granted it."

The morning drew on to noon. Emily was worse: she could only whisper in gasps. Now, when it was too late, she said to Charlotte, "If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now." About two o'clock she died.

(*Emily had a great dog—half mastiff, half bulldog—so savage, etc. . . . This dog went to her funeral, walking side by side with her father; and then, to the day of its death, it slept at her room door, snuffing under it and whining every morning.*)

§ 5

The day after Emily's burial Anne fell ill just in the same way. She died in less than six months. The one was only twenty-nine and the other twenty-seven. In the introduction to Mrs. Gaskell's volume a very interesting account of a visit she paid to Haworth is printed which shows how deeply Charlotte Brontë was affected by the death of her sisters. "For as long as I can remember, Tabby says, since they were little bairns, Miss Brontë and Miss Emily and Miss Anne used to put away their sewing after prayers and walk all three one after the other round the table in the parlour till near eleven o'clock. Miss Emily walked as long as she could, and when she died Miss Anne and Miss Brontë took it up, and now my heart aches to hear Miss Brontë, walking, walking on alone. And on inquiring I found that after Miss Brontë had seen me to my room she did come down every night, and begin that slow monotonous incessant walk in which I am sure I should fancy I heard the steps of the dead following me. She says she could not sleep without it—that she and her sisters talked over the places and projects of their whole lives at such times."

The tale of "Shirley" had begun soon after publication of "Jane Eyre"; it was issued in 1849.

In *Shirley* she took the idea of most of her characters from life, although the incidents and situations were, of course, fictitious. She thought that if these last were purely imaginary she might draw from the real without detection; but in this she was mistaken; her studies were too closely accurate. This occasionally led her into difficulties. People recognised themselves, or were recognised by others, in her graphic descriptions of their personal appearance and modes of action and turns of thought, though they were placed in new positions and figured away in scenes far different to those in which their actual life had been passed. Miss Brontë was struck by the force or peculiarity of the character of some one whom she knew; she studied it and analysed it with subtle power; and having traced it to its germ, she took that germ as the nucleus of an imaginary character, and worked outwards; thus reversing the process of analysation and unconsciously reproducing the same external development. The "three curates" were real living men, haunting Haworth and the neighbouring district; and so obtuse in perception that, after the first burst of anger at having their ways and habits chronicled was over, they rather enjoyed the joke of calling each other by the names she had given them. "Mrs. Pryor" was well known to many who loved the original dearly. The whole family of the Yorkes were, I have been assured, almost daguerreotypes. Indeed, Miss Brontë told me that, before publication, she had sent those parts of the novel in which these remarkable persons are introduced to one of the sons; and

his reply, after reading it, was simply that "she had not drawn them strong enough." From those many-sided sons, I suspect, she drew all that there was of truth in the characters of the heroes in her first two works. They, indeed, were almost the only young men she knew intimately, besides her brother. There was much friendship, and still more confidence, between the Brontë family and them—although their intercourse was often broken and irregular. There was never any warmer feeling on either side.

The character of Shirley herself is Charlotte's representation of Emily. I mention this because all that I, a stranger, have been able to learn about her has not tended to give either me, or my readers, a pleasant impression of her. But we must remember how little we are acquainted with her, compared to that sister, who, out of her more intimate knowledge, says that she "was genuinely good, and truly great," and who tried to depict her character in Shirley Keeldar as what Emily Brontë would have been had she been placed in health and prosperity.

Miss Brontë took extreme pains with *Shirley*. She felt that the fame she had acquired imposed upon her a double responsibility. She tried to make her novel like a piece of actual life—feeling sure that if she but represented the product of personal experience and observation truly, good would come out of it in the long run. She carefully studied the different reviews and criticisms that had appeared on *Jane Eyre*, in hopes of extracting precepts and advice from which to profit.

Down into the very midst of her writing came the bolts of death. She had nearly finished the second volume of her tale when Branwell died—after him Emily—after her Anne; the pen, laid down when there were three sisters living and loving, was taken up when one alone remained. Well might she call the first chapter that she wrote after this, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death."

I knew in part what the unknown author of *Shirley* must have suffered, when I read those pathetic words which occur at the end of this and the beginning of the succeeding chapter:—

"Till break of day, she wrestled with God in earnest prayer.

"Not always do those who dare such divine conflict prevail. Night after night the sweat of agony may burst dark on the forehead; the supplicant may cry for mercy with that soundless voice the soul utters when its appeal is to the Invisible. 'Spare my beloved,' it may implore. 'Heal my life's life. Rend not from me what long affection entwines with my whole nature. God of Heaven—bend—hear—be clement!' And after this cry and strife the sun may rise and see him worsted. That opening morn, which used to salute him with the whispers of zephyrs, the carol of skylarks, may breathe, as its first accents, from the dear lips which colour and heat have quitted—'Oh! I have had a suffering night. This morning I am worse. I have tried to rise. I cannot. Dreams I am unused to have troubled me.'

"Then the watcher approaches the patient's pillow, and sees a new and strange moulding of the familiar features, feels at once that the insufferable moment draws nigh, knows that it is God's will his idol should be broken, and bends his head, and subdues his soul to the sentence he cannot avert, and scarce can bear. . . .

"No piteous, unconscious moaning sound—which so wastes our strength that, even if we have sworn to be firm, a rush of unconquerable tears sweeps away the oath—preceded her waking. No space of deaf apathy followed. The first words spoken were not those on one becoming estranged from this world, and already permitted to stray at times into realms foreign to the living."

She went on with her work steadily. But it was dreary to write without anyone to listen to the progress of her tale—to find fault or to sympathize—while pacing the length of the parlour in the evenings, as in the days that were no more. Three sisters had done this—then two, the other sister dropping off from the walk—and now one was left desolate, to listen for echoing steps that never

came, and to hear the wind sobbing at the windows, with an almost articulate sound.

§ 6

In 1849 *Charlotte paid a visit to London and had her first meeting with Thackeray; then she returned to her quiet home, and her noiseless daily duties. Literary fame when it came was of no use to her. "It made no difference to her; she was just as solitary, and her life as deficient in interest as before." Her life at Haworth was so unvaried that the postman's call was the event of her day. The winter of this year was hard and cold; her health was not good; she suffered at times from severe depression of spirits. The story goes on:-*

Even in persons of naturally robust health, and with no

> Ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria

to wear, with slow dropping but perpetual pain upon their spirits, the nerves and appetite will give way in solitude. How much more must it have been so with Miss Brontë, delicate and frail in constitution, tried by much anxiety and sorrow in early life, and now left to face her life alone! Owing to Mr. Brontë's great age, and long-formed habits of solitary occupation when in the house, his daughter was left to herself for the greater part of the day. Ever since his serious attacks of illness he had dined alone, a portion of her dinner, regulated by strict attention to the diet most suitable for him, being taken into his room by herself. After dinner she read to him for an hour or so, as his sight was too weak to allow of his reading long to himself. He was out of doors among his parishioners for a good part of each day; often for a longer time than his strength would permit. Yet he always liked to go alone, and consequently her affectionate care could be no check upon the length of his walks to the more distant hamlets which were in his cure. He would come back occasionally utterly fatigued, and be obliged to go to bed, questioning himself sadly as to where all his former strength of body had gone to. His strength of will was the same as ever. That which he resolved to do he did, at whatever cost of weariness; but his daughter was all the more anxious from seeing him so regardless of himself and his health.

The hours of retiring for the night had always been early in the parsonage. Now family prayers were at eight o'clock; directly after which Mr. Brontë and old Tabby went to bed, and Martha was not long in following. But Charlotte could not have slept if she had gone could not have rested on her desolate couch. She stopped up—it was very tempting—late and later, striving to beguile the lonely night with some employment, till her weak eyes failed to read or sew, and could only weep in solitude over the dead that were not. No one on earth can even imagine what those hours were to her. All the grim superstitions of the North had been implanted in her during her childhood by the servants who believed in them. They recurred to her now—with no shrinking from the spirits of the Dead, but with such an intense longing once more to stand face to face with the souls of her sisters as no one but she could have felt. It seemed as if the very strength of her yearning should have compelled them to appear. On windy nights, cries, and sobs, and wailings seemed to go round the house, as of the dearly-beloved striving to force their way to her. Some one conversing with her once objected, in my presence, to that part of *Jane Eyre* in which she hears Rochester's voice crying out to her in a great crisis of her life, he being many, many miles distant at the time. I do not know what incident was in Miss Brontë's recollection when she replied, in a low voice, drawing in her breath, "But it is a true thing; it really happened."

The reader, who has even faintly pictured to himself her life at this time—the solitary days, the waking, watching nights—may imagine to what a sensitive pitch her nerves were strung, and how such a state was sure to affect her health.

§ 7

The last selection that can be given from this intensely interesting life has to do with Charlotte Brontë's last proposal of

marriage. She had rejected three previous proposals.

The difficulty that presented itself most strongly to me, when I first had the honour of being requested to write this biography, was how I could show what a noble, true and tender woman Charlotte Brontë really was, without mingling up with her life too much of the personal history of her nearest and most intimate friends. After much consideration of this point, I came to the resolution of writing truly, if I wrote at all; of withholding nothing, though some things, from their very nature, could not be spoken of so fully as others.

One of the deepest interests of her life centres naturally round her marriage, and the preceding circumstances; but more than all other events (because of more recent date, and concerning another as intimately as herself) it requires delicate handling on my part, lest I intrude too roughly on what is most sacred to memory. Yet I have two reasons, which seem to me good and valid ones, for giving some particulars of the course of events which led to her few months of wedded life—that short spell of exceeding happiness. The first is my desire to call attention to the fact that Mr. Nicholls was one who had seen her almost daily for years—seen her as a daughter, a mistress, and a friend. He was not a man to be attracted by any kind of literary fame. I imagine that this, by itself, would rather repel him when he saw it in the possession of a woman. He was a grave, reserved, conscientious man, with a deep sense of religion, and of his duties as one of its ministers.



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A. B. NICHOLLS, WHOM CHARLOTTE BRONTË MARRIED IN 1854.
From a photograph made about 1867.

In silence he had watched her, and loved her long. The love of such a man—a daily spectator of her manner of life for years—is a great testimony to her character as a woman.

How deep his affection was I scarcely dare to tell, even if I could in words. She did not know—she had hardly begun to suspect—that she was the object of any peculiar regard on his part, when, in this very December, he came one evening to tea. After tea, she returned from the study to her own sitting-room, as was her custom, leaving her father and his curate together. Presently she heard the study-door open, and expected to hear the succeeding clash of the front door. Instead, came a tap; and, "like lightning, it flashed upon me what was coming. He entered. He stood before me. What his words were you can imagine; his manner you can hardly realise, nor can I forget it. He made me, for the first time, feel what it costs a man to declare affection when he doubts response. . . . The spectacle of one ordinarily so statue-like, thus trembling, stirred and overcome, gave me a strange shock. I could only entreat him to leave me then, and promise a reply on the morrow. I asked if he had spoken to Papa. He said he dared not. I think I half-led, half-put him out of the room."

So deep, so fervent, and so enduring was the affection Miss Brontë had inspired in the heart of this good man!

It is an honour to her; and, as such, I have thought it my duty to say thus much, and quote thus fully from her letter about it. And now I pass to my second reason for dwelling on a subject which may possibly be considered by some, at first sight, of too private a nature for publication. When Mr. Nicholls had left her, Charlotte went immediately to her father and told him all. He always disapproved of marriages, and constantly talked against them. But he more than disapproved at this time; he could not bear the idea of this attachment of Mr. Nicholls to his daughter. Fearing the consequences of agitation to one so recently an invalid, she made haste to give her father a promise that, on the morrow, Mr. Nicholls should have a distinct refusal. Thus quietly and modestly did she, on whom such hard judgments had been passed by ignorant reviewers, receive this vehement, passionate declaration of love — thus thoughtfully for her father, and unselfishly for herself, put aside all consideration of how she should reply, excepting as he wished!

The immediate result of Mr. Nicholls' declaration of attachment was, that he sent in his resignation of the curacy of Haworth, and that Miss Brontë held herself simply passive, as far as words and actions went, while she suffered acute pain from the strong expressions which her father used in speaking of Mr. Nicholls, and from the too evident distress and failure of health on the part of the latter.

* * *

All the difficulties were finally overcome and Charlotte married Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate, on the 29th June, 1854, but she enjoyed her wedded happiness for but a few brief months. Her death, at the age of thirty-nine, took place on the 31st March, 1855. A lady who had visited her at Haworth gave the following impression of Charlotte: "Miss Brontë put me so in mind of her own Jane Eyre. She looked smaller than ever, and moved about so quietly and noiselessly, just like a little bird, as Rochester called her, barring that all birds are joyous, and that joy can never have entered that house since it was first built; and yet, perhaps, when that old man married, and took home his bride, and children's voices and feet were heard about the house, even that desolate crowded graveyard and biting blast could not quench cheerfulness and hope. Now there is something touching in the sight of that little creature entombed in such a place, and moving about herself like a spirit, especially when you think that the slight still frame encloses a force of strong fiery life, which nothing has been able to freeze or extinguish."

"THE ORPHAN QUOTATION"

The authorship of this famous text has been sought in vain for many years, but has never been finally established.

I expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

THE FOREST LOVERS

MAURICE HEWLETT

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Photo: Elliot & Fry, Ltd.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

Maurice Hewlett, who died in 1923, was a writer of versatile power and many moods. He will be longest remembered, perhaps, for the charming fancy of "The Forest Lovers."

"My story will take you into times and spaces rude and uncivil; blood will be spilt, virgins suffer distresses; the horn will sound through woodland glades; dogs, wolves, deer and men, Beauty and the Beasts, will tumble each other, seeking life and death." So begins this great romance—a tale of the days when the knight-errant was abroad. And forthwith it relates how one fine morning a young knight, Prosper le Gai, with a holly-sprig among the three red feathers on his helmet, his black mail splendid in the sun-dawn, rode forth with a carol on his lips, into the wild Forest of Morgraunt, a seeker of adventures.

This is the forest of the title and the background of the story; a wild wood, deep, dark and rife with dangers; and yet, in the dawn's dew-sparkle or in the night's star-glamour, a region of earth-magic, an enchanted ground. Adventure lurks in every glade and thicket. First, the young knight comes upon a tall woman of rare beauty dragging a dead man by the heels. Her name is Maulfry, and her castle in the forest is a kind of vampire's den. She tries her wiles on Prosper, but he goes his way, and ere long he chances on the great adventure that is to change his life.

In a glade, he sees a damsel in distress, to whom a wicked monk is seeking to do wrong. Prosper bears her on his saddle to her home, a wretched hovel, where she lives with an old harridan who passes for her mother. There he learns that the girl, Isoult, a waif in rags, yet of an elfin beauty, is to be hanged next morning as a witch. Only one thing can save her. An old priest is in the hut. Prosper makes the girl his wife, and, defying the whole world to touch her, sets her on his steed before him and rides forth into the wood. Blood-hounds, wolves and famine threaten them; but these are not the worst. The monk, Galors, has gone off to his friend the vampire-woman in her tower, thrown off his frock and cowl, put on a suit of armour, followed the two fugitives, and suddenly appears before them, huge, black, a form of terror. Terrific is the fight that follows; Prosper is long in peril of his life; but at last he drives his dagger through the other's gorget, and leaves him senseless on the field.

Prosper brings his wife safely to a convent, where for a time he leaves her. He has not fallen in love with her; the two are only man and wife in name; but the girl is his adoring slave. For some time she is happy with the Sisters; but one day, as she is roaming in the forest, she is met by Maulfry, who lures her to her tower. There she is well treated. But learning that a wounded knight is in the castle, and terror-stricken with the fear that it is Prosper, she peeps by stealth into the sick

man's chamber. It is Galors, the vile monk!

In her terror she takes the dress of Vincent, the boy-page, who is her ally, escapes into the forest and at length discovers Prosper, who is staying at the castle of the Countess Isabella, the greatest lady of the land. Prosper takes her, in secret, as his boy page, with the name of Roy. But Vincent comes to tell her that Maulfry, in the guise of an old gypsy, has tracked her to the castle. Maulfry discovers him, drives a dagger through Vincent's heart, and escapes into the forest. Prosper himself rides forth to find her—and at this point comes our extract, which shows what dire events occurred while he was gone:

NOTWITHSTANDING all that Isoult could urge (which was very little indeed), Prosper started next morning with a dozen men to scour the district for Maulfry. He refused point blank to take the girl with him, and after her rebuke and abasement of the night before, still more after the reconciliation on knees, she dared not plead overmuch. He was a man and a great lord; she could not suppose that she knew all his designs—any of them, if it came to that. He must go his way—which was man's way—and she must stop at High March nursing her heart—which was woman's way—even if High March proved a second Gracedieu and Isabel a more inexorable Maulfry. No act of her own, she resolved, should henceforward lead her to disobey him. Ah! she remembered with a hot flush of pain—ah! her disobedience at Gracedieu had brought all the mischief, Vincent's death all the anguish. Of course it had not; of course Maulfry had tricked her; but she was not the girl to spare herself reproaches. Her loyalty to Prosper took her easily the length of stultification.

So Prosper went; and it may be some consolation to reflect that his going pleased fourteen people at least. First it pleased the men he took with him; for Prosper, that born fighter, was never so humorous as when at long odds with death. Fighting seemed a frolic with him for captain; a frolic, at that, where the only danger was that in being killed outright you would lose a taste of the certain win for your side. For among the High March men there was already a tradition—God knows how these things grow—that Prosper le Gai and the hooded hawk could not be beaten. He was so cheerful, victory so light a thing. Then his cry—*Bide the time*—could anything be more heartening? Rung out in his shrill tones over the open field, during a night attack, say, or called down the darkening alleys of the forest, when the skirmishers were out of each other's sight and every man faced a dim circle of possible hidden foes? Pest! it tied man to man, front to rear. It tied the whole troop to the brain of a young demon, who was never so cool as when the swords were flying, and most wary when seeming mad. Blood was a drink death your toast, at such a banquet. And that accounts for twelve out of fourteen.

The thirteenth was Isabella, Countess of Hauterive, Châtelaine of High March, Lady of Morgraunt, etc. A very few days' inhabitancy where Master Roy was of the party, had assured this lady that the page must be ridded. She wished him no ill: you do not wish ill to the earwig which you brush out of the window. Certainly if a boy had needs be stabbed by an Egyptian (who incontinent disappears and must be hunted) it were simpler Roy had fallen than the other. But she had no thought of amending the mistakes of Providence. Great ladies who are really great, do not go to work to have inconvenient lacqueys stabbed. This at least was not the Countess of Hauterive's way. If Fulk de Bréauté had not been her lover as well as her husband, if he had been (for instance) only her husband, she would have despised Earl Roger fully as much for the affair on Spurnt Heath. No. But she meant Roy to go, and here was her chance.

The fourteenth was Melot, a maid of the kitchen. This young woman, whose love affairs were at least as important in her own eyes as could possibly be those of the Countess her mistress (whom she had hardly ever seen), or of Prosper (whom she conceived as a sexless

abstraction, built for the purposes of eating and wearing steel), or of Roy (who, she assumed, had none)—this young woman, I say, was best pleased of them all. She was perhaps pretty; she had a certain exuberant charm, I suppose—round red cheeks, round black eyes, even teeth, and a figure—and what was probably apt to give it the fullest credit. Roy's indifference, or reticence, or timidity (which ever it was) provoked her. There was either innocence, or backwardness, or *ennui* to overcome: in any case, victory would be a triumph over a kitchenful of adepts, and here was a chance of victory. So far she owned to failure in all the essays she had made. She had tried comradeship, a bite of her apple—declined. She had put her head on his shoulder more than once—endured once, checked effectively by sudden removal of the shoulder and upsetting of the lady a final time. She leaned over him to see what he was reading—he ceased reading. Comradeship was a mockery; let her next try mischief. For happy mischief the passionist must fume: he had looked at her till she felt a fool. She had tried innuendo—he did not understand it; languishing—he gladly left her to languish; coquetry elsewhere—he asked nothing better. She thought she must be more direct; and she was.



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PROSPER RIDES FORTH INTO THE WILD FOREST OF MORGRAUNT TO SEEK FOR ADVENTURES.

Isoult (or Roy, as Melot knew her) was in the pantry alone the second day of Prosper's quest. She stood at gaze out of the window, seeing nothing but dun-colour and drab where the sunlight made all the trees golden-green. Melot came in with a great stir over nothing at all, hemmed, coughed, sighed, heighoed. The block of a fellow stood fast, rooted at his window—gaping. Melot was stung. She came to close quarters.

"Oh, Roy," she sighed, "never was such a laggard lad with me before. Where hast thou been to school?"

Thereupon she puts hands upon the dunce, kisses him close, grows sudden red, stammers, holds off, has the wit to make sure—and bundles out, blazing with her news.

In twenty minutes it was all over the castle; Prosper's flag was higher, and Isoult's in the mire. In thirty it had come to my lady's dresser. Isoult, in the meantime, purely unconscious of anything but a sick heart, had wandered up into the ante-chamber, and was poring over a Book of Hours of the Blessed Virgin, leaning on her elbows at a table.

The dresser, having assimilated the news, was only too happy to impart to the Countess. This she did, and with more detail than the truth would warrant.

Half hints became whole, backstairs whispers shouted in the corridors; and all went to swell the feast of sound in the lady's chamber. It would be idle to say that the Countess was furious, and moreover untrue, for that implies a scarlet face; the Countess grew as grey as a dead fire. She was, in truth, more shocked than angry, shocked at such a flagrant insult to her mere hospitality. But gradually, as the whole truth seemed to shape itself—the figure she made, standing bare as her love had left her before this satyr of a man; the figure of Prosper, tongue in the cheek, leering at her; the figure of Isoult, a loose-limbed wanton sleepy with vice—before this hideous trinity, when she had shuddered and cringed, she rose up trembling, possessed with a really imperial rag And if ever a grievously flouted lady had excuse for rage, it was this lady.

Her rages were never storms, always frosts. These are the more deadly, because they give the enraged more time. So she said very little to her dresser. It came to this. "Ah! And where is the woman now?"

The dresser replied that when she had passed by the woman was in the antechamber.

"Very well," said the Countess, "you may leave her there. Go." She pointed to a door which led another way. The dresser felt baulked of her just reward. But that was to come.

The Countess, still trembling from head to foot, took two or three swift turns across the room. The few gentle lines about her face were more like furrows; the skin was very tight over the lips and cheek-bones. She opened the door softly. Isoult was still in the antechamber, leaning over the Book of Hours, wherein she had found treated of the "Seven Sorrowful Mysteries." Her short hair fell curling over her cheeks; but she was boyish enough, to sight. The Countess went quickly behind her, and before the girl could turn about was satisfied of the amazing truth.

Isoult, blushing to the roots of her hair, stood up. Her troubled eyes tried at first to meet her accuser's stony pair. They failed miserably; almost any plight but this a girl can face. She hung her head, waiting for the storm.

"Why are you here, woman?" came sharp as sleet.

"I came to warn my lord, madam."

"What are you to him?"

Now for it; no, never! "I am his servant, madam."

"His servant? You would say his ——" The Countess spared nothing. Isoult began to rock. She covered her face with her hands and sobbed dry.

"Answer me, if you please," continued the Countess. "What are you to this man?"

Isoult had no voice.

"If you do not answer me I shall treat you for what I know you are. You know the penalty. I give you three minutes."

There was no more then from the Countess for three minutes by the glass. The great lady stood erect, cold and white, seemingly frozen by the frost which burns you. The only sound in the room was the sobbing of the cowed girl, who also stood with hidden face and drooping knees, broken with sobs, but tearless. Ah, what under heaven could she do but as she did? Married to Prosper? How, when he had not declared it; had received her as his servant, and treated her as a servant? How, when she knew that the marriage of such as he to such as she was a disablement far more serious than the relationship thrown at her by the Countess? How, above all, when he had married her for charity, without love and without worship, could she bring scorn upon him who had dragged her out of scorn? Never, never! She must set her teeth hard, bow her head, and endure. The time was up.

"Your answer, woman," said the Countess. There was none—could be none. Only the victim raised a white twitching face to a white stony face, and with desperate eyes searched it for a ray of pity. Again there was none—could be none.

The Countess went quickly up and struck her on the mouth with her open hand. The victim shivered, but stood.

"Go, strumpet!" said the lady. She threw open the door, and thrust Isoult



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THE FIGHT BETWEEN PROSPER AND THE MONK GALORS.

into the crowd of men and maids waiting in the corridor.

Master Jasper Porges, the seneschal, was the man of all the world who loved to have things orderly done. The hall was at his disposition; he arranged his tribunal, the victim in the midst, accuser and witnesses in a body about his stool, spectators to form a handsome ring—to set off, as it were, his jewel.

"Her ladyship gives me a free hand in this affair," he said in a short speech. "You could not have a better man; leave it to me, therefore. There must be a judge. By office, by years, by weariness, by experience of all (or most) ways of evil-doing, I am the judge for you. Good; I sit in the seat of judgment. There must be next a jury of matrons, since this is a free and great country where no man or woman (whichever this prisoner may be) can be so much as suspected of sex without a judgment. And since we have not matrons enough, we will make a shift with the maids. A dozen of you to the benches on the table, I beg. So far, good. We need next an accused person. He, or she, is there. Put the person well forward, if you please. Good. Now we are ready for our advocates; we need an *Advocatus Dei*, or accuser, and an *Advocatus Diaboli*, or common enemy, to be defender. Melot, my chicken, you are advocate for God Almighty, and the office is high enough for you, I hope. *Diaboli Advocatus* we have naturally none, since this is a Christian land. Believe me, we are better without such cattle. I proceed, therefore, by the rules of logic, which are well known to be irresistible, so much so that had there been a devil's advocate present I must have declined to admit him lest our Christian profession be made a mock. Hence it follows that there is no defence. One might almost foretell the event; but that would be prejudice. We proceed then to interpolate the accused, saying—'Person, you (being a man) are strangely

accused of being a woman. The court invites you to declare yourself, adding this plain rider and doom, that if you declare yourself a man, you are condemned in the person of your familiar, the devil, who deceiveth those that say you are a woman ; and that if you prove to be a woman, you are condemned by those who dealt with you as a man. Therefore, declare.' "

Master Porges waited, but waited in vain. He was pained. " What, silence ? " he whispered awfully. " What, contumacy ? Stubborn refusal ? Sinking in sin ? Can I believe my ears ? Very good, prisoner, very good. Melot, my bird of paradise, give your evidence."

This had effect. " I confess," said the accused (speaking for the first time), " I am not a man."

" There now, there now," cried Master Porges in an ecstasy, " the sleeper awakened ! The conscience astir ! Oh, infallible fount of justice. Oh, crown of the generation of Adam too weighty for the generation of Eve ! Observe now, my loving friends, how beautiful the rills of logic flow from this stricken wretch. Let me deduce them for you. As thus. A woman seeketh naturally a man : but this is a woman; therefore she sought naturally a man. My friends, that is just what she did. For she sought Messire Prosper le Gai, a lord, the friend of ladies. Again. A man should cleave unto his wife : but Messire le Gai is a man, therefore Messire should cleave unto his wife. ' La, la ! ' one will say, ' but he hath no wife, owl ! ' and think to lay me flat. Oh, wise fool, I reply, take another syllogism conceived in this manner and double-tongued. It is not good for man to live alone : neither is it good for a lady to live alone, who hath a great estate and the cares of it ; but Messire Prosper is that man, and her ladyship is that lady ; therefore they should marry ; therefore Messire Prosper should cleave unto her ladyship, and what the devil hath this woman to do between a man and his wife now ? Aha, I have you clean in a fork. I have purposely omitted a few steps in my ladder of inference to bring it home. . . . I say, Aye. The penalty of incontinency is well known to you ; I say, Aye. It is just. I bow my head. I say, Take your incontinent incontinently, and deal ! "

Master Porges got off the table, and, ceasing to be a justice, became a creature of his day. Now, his day was a wild one as his dwelling a barbarous, where the remedy for most offences was a drubbing.

Isoult bowed her head, set her teeth hard, and bent to the storm. The storm burst over her, shrilled, whistled, and swept her down. In her unformulate creed Love was, sure enough, a lord of terrible aspect, gluttonous of blood, in whose service nevertheless the bloodletter should take delight. No flagellant scored his back more deeply nor with braver heart than she her smitten side. It would appear that she was a better Christian than she suspected, since she laid down her life for her friend, and found therein her reward. And her reward was this, that Prosper le Gai, the gallant fighter, remained for Melot and her kind a demi-god in steel, while she, his wife, was adjudged to the black ram. To the black ram she was strapped, face to the tail, and so ran the gauntlet of the yelling host in the courtyard, and of the Countess of Hauterive's chill gaze from the parvise. By this time she had become a mere doll, a poor wretch ; and as there is no pleasure in a love of justice which is not quickened by a sense of judgment, the pursuers tired after the first mad bout. Some, indeed, found that they had hurt themselves severely by excess of zeal.

The end of it all was that no more than three great hearts pursued the black ram with its wagging burden into the forest. Of whom one, feeling the fatuity of slaying the slain, or having, it may be, some lurking seed of nominalism fomenting within, beat off the others and unstrapped the victim's arms and legs.

" Though you are a wanton, God knows," he said, " you are flesh and blood, or were so an hour ago. Be off with you now, and learn honest living."

This was irony of fact, though not of intention. It was prompted by that need which we all have of fortifying ourselves. But it probably saved the girl's life. The men withdrew, and she



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ISOULT DISCOVERS THAT THE WOUNDED KNIGHT IS GALORS, THE MONK!

lay there quiet enough, with a bloody foam on her mouth, for two nights and a day.

It is said, I know not how truly, that the ram stayed by her, was found standing there when she was found. It is like enough ; there was a good deal of the animal, beyond the wild beast savour, about Isoult.

* * *

Messire Prosper le Gai with his dozen men had scoured the forest country from March on the east to Wanmeeting on the west, and from March-Gilbert among the hills of the north to Gracedieu in Mid-Morgraunt, without any sign of the Egyptian. But at Wanmeeting there had been news of a golden knight, who, unattended, rode into the market-place at sunset asking the whereabouts of Galors de Born and his force. Having learned that they had taken the Goltres road the knight had posted off at a gallop, hot foot. Now Prosper knew what sort of a force Galors might have there, and guessed (from what intelligence Isoult had added to his own) that the golden knight would make at least two brains in it. To follow, to get his dozen men killed, were nothing ; but could he be certain Galors would be dropped and Maulfry secured for the appointed branding before the last of them fell ? As for his own life, we know that he considered that arranged for. He habitually left it out of the reckoning. On the whole, however, he decided that he could not successfully attack. He must return for reinforcements, taking with him a report which, he relied, would secure them. Waisford had been raided, the fields about it laid waste. There were evidences of burnings and slaughterings on all hands. He put what heart he could into the scared burgesses before he left, and what common-sense. But Galors had gone through like a hot-wind.

So Prosper and his men returned to High March. On the morning in which Isoult stirred to open her loaded eyes, and began to moan a little, he and they went by within some forty yards of her—the troopers first, then himself riding alone behind them. He heard the moaning sound and looked up ; indeed, he saw the black ram standing, alone as he thought, with dropped head. Prosper was full of affairs. "Some ewe but lately yeaned," he thought as he rode on. The glaze swam again over Isoult's eyes, and the moaning grew faint and near its death. The ram fell to licking her cheek. In this pass she was presently found by a charcoal-burner who had delivered his loads, and was now journeying back with his asses into the heart of the forest. He also heard the moaning ; he too saw the ram. Perhaps he knew more of the habits of ewes or had them readier in mind. He may have had no affairs. The beast, at any rate, was a ram for him, and the licked cheek that of a murdered boy who lay with the other cheek on the sward. The blood about his eyes and hair, the blood on the grass, was dry blood ; nevertheless the man turned him over, felt his bones, listened at his heart, and made up his mind that he was not dead. A little wine to his lips brought him to. The charcoal-burner looked into the wounds and washed them, produced black bread, goat's-milk cheese, with a little more wine, finally helped the beaten lad to his feet and to one of his asses. He assumed it was a fight and not a failure to murder : that was safer for him. With the same view he asked no questions. It was a pity to leave the ram he thought. Butcher's meat was scarce. He killed it then and there, having plenty of asses to hand.

The charcoal-burner, when all was made fast, set his team in motion. Man, woman, and asses, they ambled off down the green alley towards the middle holds of Morgraunt.

Prosper and his men, lords of those parts, went on their way home to High March. The men disposed in their lodging, Prosper himself rode under the gateway of the castle, crossed the drawbridge, and entered the court-yard amid the mock salutes of the grinning servants. Full of thought as he was, vexed at his check, curiously desiring to see Isoult again (who had such believing eyes !), he took no heed of all

this, but dismounting, called for his page. At this there was a hush, as when the play is to begin. Then Master Porges the seneschal, solemnly awaiting him, solemnly blinked at him, and cleared his throat for a speech.

"Messire," he said, "Messire, to call for a page is an easy matter, but to answer for a page is a difficult matter." He loved periphrasis, the good Porges.

"What do you mean by that, my dear friend?" said Prosper blandly, defying periphrasis.

"Messire," went on Master Porges, hard put to it, "to answer you were to defile the tongue God hath given me for her ladyship's service. To obey is better than sacrifice. Her present obedience is that I should request your presence in the ante-chamber the instant of your appearing before these halls."

"You will do me the honour, seneschal," said Prosper, growing polite, "to answer my question first."

"I will send for the girl Melot, Messire," answered Master Porges.

"You shall send for whom you please, my friend, but you shall answer my question before you move from that step."

The seneschal did not move from the step. He sent a loiterer to fetch Melot from the kitchen, while Prosper waited, the centre of an entranced crowd.

"Ah, the suffering maid!" cried the seneschal as he saw Melot near at hand.



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"Isoult was strapped to a black ram, and so ran the gauntlet of the yelling host."

"My maid, you must speak to Messire in answer to a question he put but a few minutes since. Messire, my girl, asked for his page."

Melot's heart began to thump. The steel demi-god was before her, she unprepared. The fire was laid, but wanted kindling. Prosper kindled it for his own consuming.

"Pray what has this woman to do here?" he asked.

"Woman indeed!" rounded Melot, breathing again. "Woman! do you

call me names, Messire? Keep them for the baggage you fetched in!"

Prosper saw the whole thing in a flash. He grew still more polite.

"Seneschal," he said, "have the goodness to inform your mistress of my coming. Pray that I may wait upon her immediately. . . . I think," he added after a pause, "I think that you had better go at once."

The seneschal agreed that he had. He went.

Prosper waited in silence, in a crowd equally silent.

The seneschal shortly returned.

"Her ladyship will see Messire at once. I beg Messire to follow me."

He entered the Countess's chamber, and, lifting his head, looked at a white lady on a throne. He had never seen her so before. She was dressed in pure white, with a face near as dead as her clothes. All that was dark about it haunted her masked eyes. She sat with her chin in her hand, looking and waiting for him; when he came, and the seneschal was dismissed with a curt nod, she still sat in the same dead fashion, watchful of her guest, unwinking, pondering. Prosper, for his part, bided the time. He guessed what was coming, but a word from him might have put him in the wrong.

In the end the Countess broke the long silence. He thought he had never heard her voice; it sounded like that of a tired old woman.

"I had thought to find you in my lord, the son of an old friend, like in spirit as in blood to him whom at first I sought to honour in you. I find I have been mistaken, but for your father's sake I will not tell you how much nor by what degrees. Rather I will beg you go at once from my house."

Said Prosper—

"Madam, for my father's sake, if not for mine, you will tell much more than this to his son. Have your words any hint of reference to the Lady Isoult? Speak of her, madam, as you would speak of my mother, for she is my wife."

The Countess shrank back in her throne as if to avoid a whip. She cowered there. Her eyes dilated, though she seemed incapable of seeing anything at all; her mouth opened gradually—Prosper expected her to scream—till it formed a round O, a pale ring circling black. Prosper, having delivered his blow, waited in his turn; though his breath whistled through his nostrils his lips were shut, his head still very high. The blow was a shrewd one for the lady. You might have counted twenty before she began to talk to herself in a whisper. Prosper thought she was mad.

"I should have known—I should have known—I should have known," she whispered, very fast, as people whisper on a death-bed.

"Madam," he broke in, "certainly you should have known had it seemed possible to tell you. Even now I can tell you no more than the bare fact, which is as I have stated it. And so it must be for the moment, until I have completed an adventure begun. But so much as I tell you now I might have told you before. It is shame to me that I did not. Marriage to me is a new thing, love is still a strange thing. Had I thought then as I now do, be sure you would never have seen me here without my wife, whom now, madam, I will pray leave to present to you, the Lady Isoult le Gai."

During this narration the Countess had risen slowly to her feet. She was labouring under some stress which Prosper could not fathom. For a little she stood, working her torture before him. Then she suddenly smote herself on the breast and cried at him—"You have done more misery than you can dream." And again she struck herself, and then, coming down from her throne like a wild thing, she shrieked at him as if possessed—"You fool, you fool! Look at me!"

He could not help himself; look he must. She came creeping up to him. She caught at his two hands and peered into his face with her blind eyes.

"Do you love Isoult, Prosper?"

He could hardly hear her. But he raised his head.

"By God and His Christ, I believe that I do," said he.

The Countess took a dagger from her girdle, unsheathed it, and put it in his hand. She knelt down before him as a woman kneels to a saint in a church. With a sudden frenzy she tore open the front of her gown so that all her bosom was bare, and then as suddenly whipt her hands behind her back.

"Now kill me, Prosper," she whined; "for I love thee, and I have killed thy love Isoult."

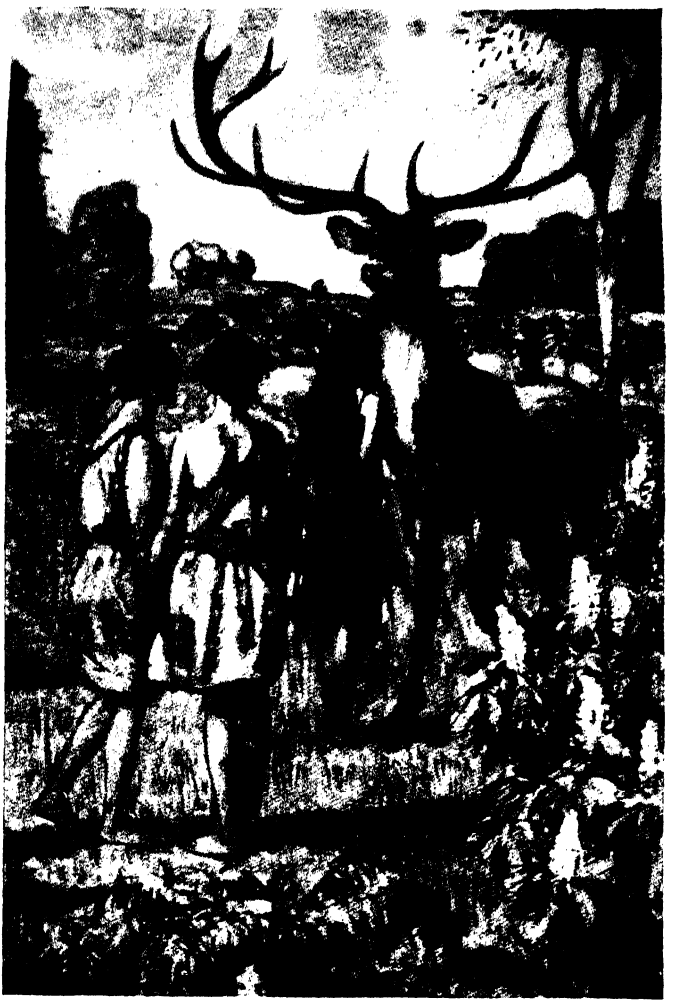
So she bowed her head and waited.

But Prosper gave a terrible cry, and turned and left her kneeling. He ran down the corridor blindly, not knowing how or whither he fared. At the end of it was a door which gave on to the Minstrel Gallery over the great hall. Into this trap he ran and fetched up against the parapet. Below him in the hall were countless faces as it seemed, a sea of white faces, mouthing, jeering, and cursing. He stood glaring blankly at them, fetching his breath. Words flew about—horrible! Out of all he caught here and there a scrap, each tainted with hate and unspeakable disgrace.

"Come down, thou polluter." Again, "Serve him like his wench."—"Trounce him with his woman."—"Send the pair to hell!"

The dawning attention he began to pay sobered his panic, quenched it. What he learned by listening struck him cold. He took pains; he could hear every word now, surely. He was really very attentive. The chartered rascals packed in the hall took this for irresolution, and howled at him to their hearts' content. Once more Prosper held to his motto—bided the time. The time came with the coming of Master Porges—that smug and solemn man—into the assembly. The seneschal looked round him with a benignant air, as who should say, "My children all!" The listening man in the gallery watched all this.

Suddenly his sword flashed out. Prosper vaulted over the gallery, dropped down into the thick of them, and began



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In her search for Prosper, Isoult meets Belvirée and Mellifont, and the King of the Red Deer. With them, she takes shelter in the wood while Galors and his men ride past.

to kill. Kill indeed he did. Right and left, like a man with a scythe, he sliced a way for himself. There were soldiers, pikemen, and guards in the press: there was none there so tall as he, nor with such a reach, above all, there was none whose rage made him cold and his anger merry. However they were, they could scarcely have faced the hard glitter of his blue eyes, the smile of his fixed lips. He could have carved with a dagger, with a bludgeon, a flail, or a whip. As it was, to a long arm was added a long sword, which whistled through the air, but through flesh went quiet. There had been blows at first from behind and at the side of him. The long mowing arms stayed them. It became a butchery of sheep before he was midway of the hall, thence the rest of his passage to the door was between two huddled heaps, with not a flick in either.

He reached his goal, shot the bolt, and turned, leaning against the door. The heaped walls of that human sea had by this flowed over his lane; now they stood eyeing him who faced them and wiped his blade with a piece cut from the arras—eyeing him askance with silly, shocked faces. Behind them a few grunted or sobbed; but for the most part he had done his work only too well.

Having wiped exquisitely his sword and sheathed it, Prosper took a step forward. The heap of men huddled again.

"Let one go to fetch Melot," he said softly.

No one stirred.

"Let one go to fetch Melot."

No motion, no breath.

"Ah," said he as if to himself, and laid hand to pommel.

The heap shuddered and turned on itself. It swarmed. Finally, like a drop from a sponge, Master Porges exuded and stood out, a sweating monument.

"Seneschal," said Prosper, with a bow, "I am for the moment about to ask a favour of you. Have the goodness to oblige me." He unbolted the door and held it open for the man.

Master Porges gasped, looked once to heaven, thought to pray.

"*In manus tuas, Domine!*" he sighed.

"Exactly," said Prosper, and kicked him out. The breathless audience was resumed.

A timid knocking—a mere flutter—at the door ushered in as tip-toe a couple as you might easily see. Master Porges fell to his knees and prayers; Melot was too far gone for that. She simply did everything she was told.

"Melot," said Prosper, "you will tell me the whole tale from the beginning. It was you who first knew the Lady Isoult?"

"Yes, Messire."

"It was you who told the others?"

"Yes, Messire."

"Your mistress then saw the Lady Isoult?"

"Yes, Messire."

"What happened next?"

"My lady struck her, and pushed her into the corridor, Messire."

"Ah! And then?"

"And we were all there, Messire."

"Ah, yes. Waiting?"

"Yes, Messire."

"And then?"

"Then we had a procession, Messire."

"Who ordered it?"

"The seneschal had the ordering, Messire."

"*O Pudor!* O afflicted liar!" prayed Master Porges.

But the tale went on. The afflicted liar forgot nothing except Master Porges' syllogisms. These she took for granted. At the end Prosper said to her—

"Melot, you may go. I do not punish women, and you have only done after your kind. Go to the others."

The pack opened and swallowed her up. Prosper turned to Master Porges, who was gabbling prayers for his enemies.

"Master Seneschal," he said, "since it is you who have driven this herd of hogs to do your work, now I shall drive them to do mine. And in teaching you through them what it is to do villainy to ladies, I teach them through you. They could not have a better guide than their headman; and as for you, I will take care that you are well grounded in what you have to teach."

"Ah, Messire," babbled the shiny

rogue, "have I not done after my kind also?"

"You have indeed, my friend," Prosper replied. "Now I will do after mine."

To be short, he had Master Porges stripped, horsed, and stoutly flogged then and there. This he did by the simple device of calling up his agents by name, having the general's knack of judging men. Master Porges was a pursy man, but there were burlier than he; a couple of lean stablemen made good practice with the stirrup-leathers. At the end the entire herd were his slaves. One fetched his horse, another his shield and spear, three fought for the stirrup. A dozen would have shown him the way to the last scene of the martyrdom (for so, by vivid comparison, the common enthusiasm conceived it); but for this he chose the man who had unstrapped the girl. This worthy had not failed to recommend himself to notice on that score. He received his reward. Prosper addressed him two requests. The first was, "Lead," and the man led him. The second was, "Go," and the man fled back. Prosper was left alone before a form of bruised bracken to make what he could of it.

He was a man of action, not given to reflections, not imaginative, essentially simple in what he thought and did. What he did was to dismount and doff his helmet. Next, with the butt of his spear, he battered out the cognizance on his shield till no *fesse dancettee* rippled there. "I will bear you next when I have won you," said he to the maimed arm. Bare-headed then he knelt before the form in the fern and prayed.

"Lord God of heaven and earth, now at last I know what the love of woman is. Let my wife learn of me the love of an honest man. And to that end, Father of heaven, suffer me to be made a man. *Per Christum Dominum*," etc.

At the end of his prayer he knelt on, and what drove in his brain I know not at all. The unutterable devotion of that meek and humble creature who called him master and lord, who had lain by his side, walked at his heels, sat at his knee, served at his table, put his foot to her neck (she so high in grace, he so shameless in brute strength!), bowed to a yoke, endured scorn, shame, bleeding, stripes, blindness, and the swoon like death—all this was something beyond thought: it was piercingly sweet, but it beat him down as a breath of flame. He fell flat on his face upon the black fern and blood, and so stayed crying like a boy.

When he got up he buckled on his helm, mounted, and rode straight for Goltres.

Many tribulations lie before the lovers—for Prosper was a lover now—but in the end all things come well. From another mighty fight with Galors Prosper rides home with his foe's head swinging at his saddle-bow. Isoult turns out to be the daughter of the Countess Isabella, who had been kidnapped as a child. And so ends in happiness "The Forest Lovers," a romance as thrilling in adventures as "The Count of Monte Cristo," and as full of poetry as "The Idylls of the King."

WHEN THE LAST GREAT SCORER COMES"

And when the last Great Scorer comes,
To write against your name,
He'll ask not if you won or lost,
But how you played the game.

GRANTLAND RICE.

THE QUEEN'S WAKE

JAMES HOGG



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Like Robert Burns, James Hogg sprang from the common people; they were both peasants, by birth, ancestry, and nurture. Hogg was born in a humble cottage in the vale of the River Ettrick in 1770. He is known as "The Ettrick Shepherd." Burns was dead before Hogg ever heard of his name from a half-witted boy who repeated to him the poem "Tam o' Shanter" until Hogg knew it by heart. Then he resolved to be a successor to Burns. "He practised writing on the large slate stones he found on the hill-side, making letters an inch long in his eagerness to acquire the art which to him meant the way to success. He tells us that at five-and-twenty he wept because he could not commit his poems to writing."

"The Queen's Wake" consists of poems supposed to be recited before Mary Queen of Scots one Christmastide. The best is "Bonnie Kilmeny," an exquisite ballad telling how the maid sojourned in the land of perfect purity.

KILMENY

BONNIE Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin[1] sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hind-berrye[2],
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny[3] look o'er the wa';
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird o' Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet[4] or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had pray'd and the dead-bell rung,

Late, late in a gloamin' when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek[5] o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane[6];
When the ingle lowed[7] wi' an eiry leme[8] —

[1] *yorlin*, yellow hammer
[2] *hind-berrye*, wild rasp
[3] *minny*, mother
[4] *greet*, weep
[5] *reek*, smoke
[6] *its lane*, alone
[7] *lowed*, burned
[8] *eiry leme*, eerie gleam

Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean[1];
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup[2] o' the lily sheen?
That bonnie snood[3] o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny look'd up wi' a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant[4] lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;

A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd[5] a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam;
The land of vision, it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

. . . . . .

And O, her beauty was fair to see,

[1] *dean*, glen [2] *joup*, petticoat [3] *snood*, hair-band
[4] *emerant*, emerald [5] *swa'd*, swelled



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"She kenned nae mair nor opened her e'e
Till wak'd by the hymns of a far countrye."

But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar[6] was the lily-flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike[7] the lanely glen
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring:
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.

[6] *seymar*, robe [7] *raike*, range

And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts[1] and faulds the tame,
And goved[2] around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf[3] in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind cam' tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod[4] and lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour[5] them hung,
And the merle and the mavis forhooyed[6] their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene[7];
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O! the words that fell frae her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

[1] *bughts*, pens [2] *goved*, mooned [3] *houf*, haunt
[4] *tod*, fox [5] *attour*, above [6] *forhooyed*, forsook [7] *wene*, nook

THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

THE LEGEND OF TANNHÄUSER

AS TOLD BY H. R. HAWEIS

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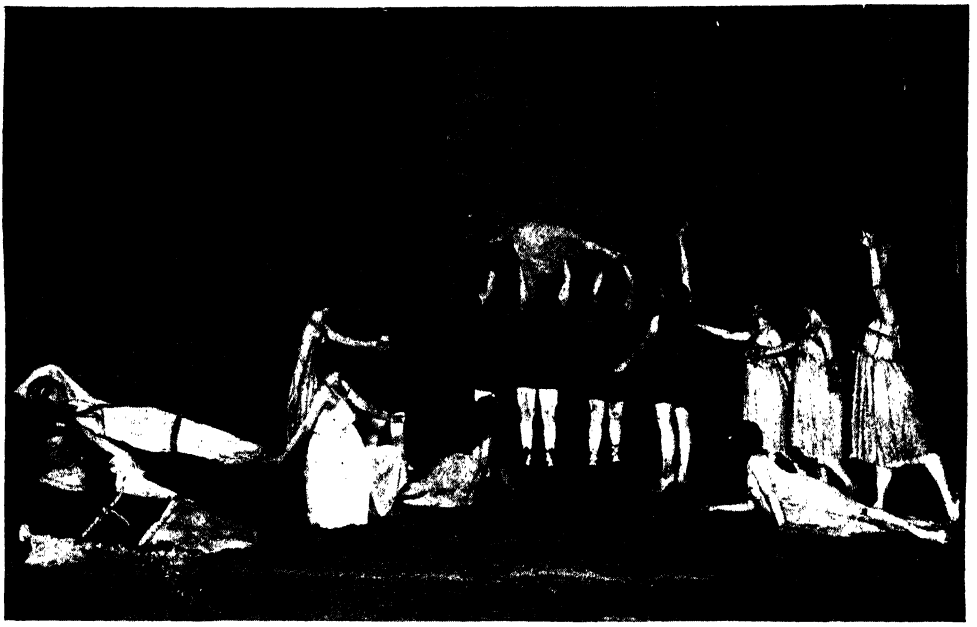
RICHARD WAGNER.

There is no more interesting fact in literature than the persistence and universality of myths, of legends, and of folk-songs. Mythology, as has been said, like a parent's blood has passed into all the veins of Literature. Many legends are common to all the peoples of the world; others are more identified with particular countries, although they are woven into the literature of other countries, inasmuch as they have something in common with universal problems and experience of mankind. Wagner uses the Myth of the Past to illustrate the Life of the Present. Wagner takes the story of Tannhäuser to illustrate, on the one hand, the tremendous empire of the senses, and on the other, the immense supremacy of the soul. And thus, because of the universality of legends in literature, we include in this work the story of Tannhäuser as set forth by Wagner, more through the form of glorious music than as literature. The following version of Tannhäuser, founded on an old German legend, is by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and is taken from his book "My Musical Life." The Tannhäuser Legend has been told in English by Swinburne and William Morris, among other great writers.

Tannhäuser, a Thuringian Knight, is the hero of a beautiful German legend of the Middle Ages. He led a wandering life and in the course of his travels comes to Venusberg. He lives for a year in the cave palace with the Goddess of Love, and her court, in sensual delight. Wearied of the charms of Venus, memories stir within him and he declares his resolve to return to the world he knew before.

ACT I.

A FATIGUE and stillness fall, we scarce know how, over the scene, the music droops, a white cloud rolls across and veils the groups as they sink on the mossy banks or disappear into the rose and emerald caverns. A last faint strain reaches our ears and dies away, we are alone with the sleeping Tannhäuser and his enchantress Holda. Tannhäuser awakes. He has been dreaming, but not of Holda's love, not of the grotto; its delights are worn out for him, he is inwardly sated, the chain begins to gall him. Bells are ringing in his ears, happy bells that tinkle in mountain glens, reminding him of the happy earth, its flowers—not these suffocating exotics—not these intense and slumbrous perfumes—but fresh woodlands, the horn of the hunter, the notes of wild birds. He longs once more for the nightingale, and the morning sunlight that never reaches him here. And then comes one of those delicate perceptions into the deeps of human nature as the knight explains



From the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Co.'s production of "Tannhäuser."

THE SATELLITES OF VENUS AT THEIR REVELS IN THE GROTTO.

to the chiding goddess that a mortal cannot always enjoy thus; *that* belongs to the eternally young and vigorous gods. His own nature of earth is ill matched with pleasure alone; it clogs, it pains him; he pines for earth with all its sorrows, he aspires from the heart of pleasure, from the paradise of the senses, to the life of action and sacrifice, to the heaven of the soul. The dormant energies of the true knight awaken and he must away. The famous song which forms the second feature in the overture now breaks from him as harp in hand he confronts the angry goddess, and, whilst singing her praises, declares that he will go. Again a subtle touch—the genuine tribute to the worth of Venus *as far as she goes;* but the free assertion that, isolated alike from the activities and disciplinary sorrows of earth, she fills but a part of life. The soul reaches out from the garden of the senses to a wider world, it is oppressed by the o'erarching roof of the Venus-berg however crystalline and rosy, it sighs for the blue dome of the illimitable sky.

All this is unintelligible to Holda, the impersonation of the senses, and, like many an angry woman, she alternately chides and coaxes and storms, not perceiving that her power is gone and that her late slave, however respectful, is free, and determined to remain so. The allegory of life is now closely clung to in the skilful dialogue. Having stormed in vain, the forsaken charmer cries bitterly, "Come back, come back! try and believe what I can be to you again."

"I wish no longer for your gifts."

"Oh, if you should long again, do not let your pride keep you from my arms!"

Then summing up the extreme statement of the revulsion of feeling which inspires him, "My longings are not for your pleasures but for battle. Listen, and know once for all, goddess, that I seek the Grave and I aspire to Death!"

"And if Death and the Grave reject you?"

"Death and the Grave are in my heart, and Repentance is my Peace!"

"There is no Rest or Salvation for you. I alone can give you Peace and Heaven."

Then, in a climax, the final note of the situation, nay, the key-note of the whole drama, is struck.

"Goddess of the Senses, in thee is not my Rest, but in Mary!" At the name

of the most blessed Virgin, her successful rival, a loud clap of thunder shakes the grotto, and a dense cloud rolls over the stage, and Tannhäuser finds himself alone, but, as the thick white vapours part, the whole scene has shifted. . . .

The grotto of the Venus-berg has vanished, with its purple shadows and rainbow lights, and dim recesses of mystery and underground magic—the free summer woods in the glory of May sunshine are before us, an old baronial castle crowns one of the near declivities. Tannhäuser finds himself not far from a wayside shrine and crucifix, on a woodland slope reclines a young shepherd, the tinkle of sheep-bells mingles with the artless notes of the rustic pipe. He is skilfully woven into the drama with his new life of the spring and innocence and free sweet nature, and forms a subtle link between the artificially-lighted midnight of the Venus-berg and the bright woods and mountains of a smiling earth. The shepherd sings in his quaint melody of his dream he has had of a longing to follow Dame Holda into the Venus-berg—symbol of an universal experience, it is the rustic's vague idea of the artificial luxury and dissipation of great cities. He awakes (happily for him) to the sweet routine of the summer pastures, the woodland notes, the rustic flute. . . .

The chorus of the pilgrims taking up the first subject now approaches. Solemnly the cowled monks pass in front of the shrine, uttering a prayer to the crucified One, and a greeting to the Virgin mother. To Rome they are bound, to seek free grace and rest in absolution from sin at the hands of Holy Church. The chant is the very embodiment of Tannhäuser's own aspirations, and as the pilgrims disappear, he falls at the foot of the crucifix and takes up the burden of the melodious prayer. Faint strains from the distant pilgrims come wafted on the air, a sound of holy bells is in his ears, his soul is bathed for the first time, after how many years! in the sweet and recreating emotion of penitence which seems to restore him to himself, and he vows never to rest till he too has found in a pilgrimage to Rome that pardon and peace which Rome alone can give.



From the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Co.'s production of "Tannhäuser."

THE MEETING OF TANNHÄUSER AND ELIZABETH.

Suddenly hunting-horns break up his meditations, and a gay troop headed by the Landgrave and his knights come thronging down the mountain slope, and find the pilgrim Tannhäuser absorbed in prayer. The influence which others have upon a man's thoughts about himself is now happily illustrated. Tannhäuser, now recognised as the famous minstrel knight by the Landgrave and his friend Wolfran, at first will not hear of joining them. He is absorbed in his own thoughts of repentance; he is lost

for ever to the world. Gradually the joyous greetings assure him that his old companions know nothing of his sin, his sorrow, or their causes—he is sympathetically won, his sensitive heart catches the light and fire of their good-fellowship. . . . The Landgrave and the merry hunters seem to toss the life and doings in Venus-berg away from Tannhäuser; they know nothing of them. For a moment, as he listens to their free joyous talk, the past seems wiped out. They remind him of his brilliant victory in song before he disappeared from among them—of Princess Elizabeth, who had acknowledged herself won by his knightly qualities, and who is ready to welcome him back. At the sound of her name his whole soul bounds, Venus is effaced, Holy Mary vanishes, Elizabeth seems now the idol ready to absorb and satisfy those senses profaned in the Venus-berg, and that soul so lately given in ascetic fervour to the Invisible and the Divine.

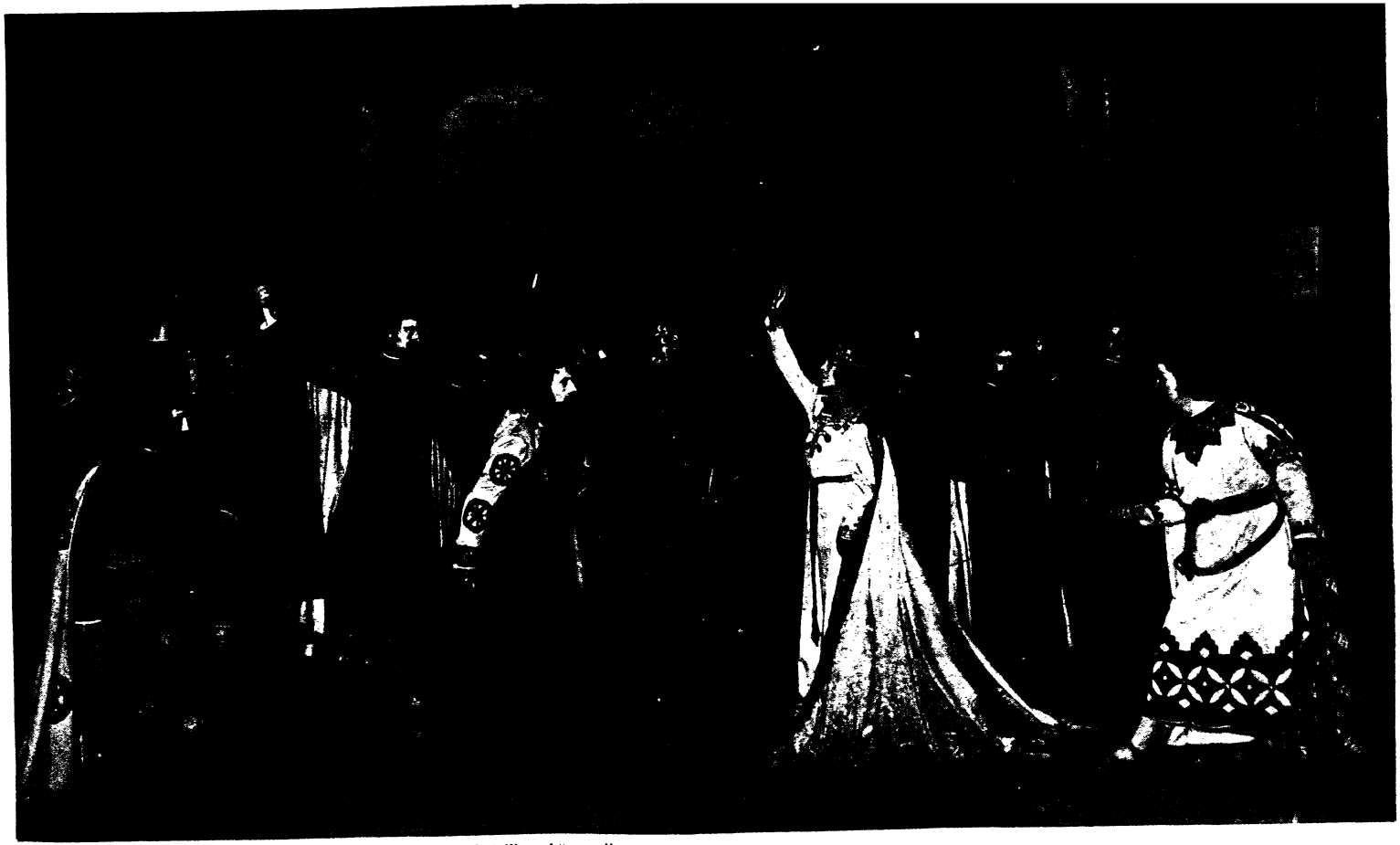
ACT II.

The great hall of the minstrels in the Wartburg is before us: a wide prospect of wild woodland and hill is seen from the spacious open verandah, and the fair Elizabeth enters, attired in flowing white, her countenance radiant with joy. . . . To her presently enter Wolfran and Tannhäuser. The shock is almost too sudden for the maiden Princess, as Tannhäuser throws himself at her feet; she implores him to leave her, but in another moment her scruples are overcome by his passionate entreaties. He seems to yield himself entirely to this new situation, nor is the spell broken when Elizabeth asks where he has been and what he has been doing.

"Far away," he answers, "in a distant land. The veil of oblivion has forever fallen between yesterday and to-day—everything in the past has vanished; only one thing remains painted upon the darkness—the glory of your perfection that I now salute, yet never thought to see again." Elizabeth still, with a touch of maidenly reserve, tries in vain to check her own raptures at his return, but ends in that full expansive utterance—that majestic strain so nobly intense and pure (such a contrast to the feverish sensuality of the Venus-berg music), in which her noble love finds at once its expression and solace. Her reticence gives way. She is not afraid to tell him now all the strange growth of new feelings, vague longings, her sadness at his absence, her want of interest in all but him, her broken slumber, her waking tears, her maddening memories; and yet throughout she remains so simple, so pure, so guileless, that Tannhäuser feels, for the first time, what the true love of the pure woman might be to a man. Satisfying all, yet lifting all into a region of harmony and delight—not enervating but renewing and ennobling all things, and forming, indeed, the soul's missing link between earth and heaven! What wonder if in that moment the magic Venus and the mystic Mary are alike forgotten. . . .

On a throne the Landgrave takes his seat, with Elizabeth, the Queen of the Song Tournay, at his right. The bards with their harps are ranged in front, and seated, Tannhäuser amongst them; and as the rainbow crowd continues to defile slowly into the spacious hall, and seems likely to fill every part of it, a joyous chorus takes up the burden of the march, and pours forth the most exhilarating strains in honour of the Landgrave and the approaching festival of song—not a touch of foreboding, not a trace of sadness to warn us of the impending catastrophe. The music runs chiefly in the metallic major key of five sharps, full of exulting joy and expectant triumph.

Love is the subject proposed to the bards in competition. Wolfran declares that in the presence of Elizabeth's beauty his heart dissolves in prayerful dreams. There is the source of all delight—the balm of all grief. He aspires to worship and die for the lady, but views with horror the notion of rashly troubling her with any wild desires. This little piece of strained humbug, sung by one who probably does not believe a word of it, is greeted by the crowd, who certainly do not practise it, with much applause: "We praise thy noble song!" Tannhäuser now replies; at first keeping



From the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Co.'s production of "Tannhäuser."

THE ENRAGED BARDS DRAW ON TANNHÄUSER AFTER HIS SONG AT THE TOURNAY, BUT ELIZABETH STEPS BETWEEN HIM AND HIS WOULD-BE MURDERERS.



From the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Co.'s production of "Tannhäuser."

ELIZABETH AT PRAYER AT THE VALLEY SHRINE.

within bounds, and giving a natural expression to a legitimate sentiment, he remarks that he, too, has felt the love of woman, but that, so far from not troubling her with desire, he conceives that this is, after all, the root of the matter; that if a man could not understand that, he could not know much about love. For his part, he glories in it, and has no fear or misgiving about it.

It is characteristic of Tannhäuser that, having spoken this half truth, he goes no farther; and Walter cuts in with the other half truth, and utters his platitudes about virtue, meaning by virtue continence. He denounces the notion that woman's love ought to have anything to do with the senses, and thus places his own conception in antagonism with Tannhäuser's. . . .

If the Venus-berg had done nothing else for Tannhäuser, it had at all events taught him one lesson that he could never forget—"THE TREMENDOUS EMPIRE OF THE SENSES." On hearing them alternately ignored and trampled upon, he rushes impetuously on the wings of a strange knowledge into furious opposition, and, casting all caution to the winds, breaks through the formal stupidity of his rivals into an assertion of what is, at least, true and blameless in itself, that man as man is constituted specially to love woman as woman. The fine trait of Elizabeth's mute instinctive assent to this passionate assertion is dramatic and touching—it is the unconscious purity of a simple-minded and pure woman assenting to a natural fact. She is soon taught better by the burst of indignant horror that breaks from the conventional crowd—"Silence his madness!" Poor Tannhäuser, thus bullied by the crowd, condemned by his friend Wolfran, defied to single combat, loses his head, and utters the exaggerated statement of what, if it had been left alone, would after all have been true and fair enough, though not the whole truth about love. Forced into opposition, and wild with admiration and desire for Elizabeth, he flies at a bound into the praise of Venus. The songs of the enchanted mountain are in his ears, and force themselves in wild snatches through the agitated orchestra—his voice climbs boldly up through the famous and free melody, in which he praised Venus at the moment of his departure. Alas! it is also the knell of that noble love for Elizabeth, which might have lifted him, but which he must also shortly abandon for ever; and Tannhäuser, the too bold champion of nature and nature's rights, falls, in the moment of his perfervid but almost healthy protest, a victim to the combined incapacity of the Church

and Chivalry to reconcile without emasculating the secular and religious impulses of our nature.

At the unhappy name of Venus in Tannhäuser's song, all the accursed and sensual horrors of the Venus-berg are

murderers! Tannhäuser has now got thoroughly confused himself. He has been irresistibly impelled to speak an irresistible truth. Yet that truth in that form was evidently sin—deserved punishment—cried for penance and divine



From the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Co.'s production of "Tannhäuser."

WOLFRAN RESTRAINS TANNHÄUSER FROM RETURNING TO VENUS, BY REMINDING HIM OF ELIZABETH.

instantly associated with the minstrel knight. Elizabeth herself perceives that his position is untenable. The dying mythology at once hurls Tannhäuser from the heaven of Christian grace. Swords are drawn, and the saintly Elizabeth can only throw herself between her outcast lover and his would-be

pardon. "THE TREMENDOUS EMPIRE OF THE SENSES," "the strong man armed," begins to confess a mightier power—"THE IMMENSE SUPREMACY OF THE SOUL!" Tannhäuser grovels in the dust before an injured saint, an infuriated mob, an offended God.

Just as the scene is growing a little

too tense and harrowing, without in the valley is heard a chant of young pilgrims. It is the refrain of the great subject of the overture which binds the whole of the opera together with a quite magical unity. Before that sweet, unearthly, familiar strain, a silence falls upon the turbulent citizens in the great hall. Some repair to the wide open verandah to see the pilgrims. But to Tannhäuser's highly-wrought mood that chant is as the voice of heaven—he, too, remembers his sudden vow to become a pilgrim and repair to Rome, where, at the hands of the Holy Father, after due penance, he may perchance find some dawn of hope, and be purged from his grievous sin.

So, as he passes swiftly out of the hall to meet the pilgrims, with a great shout from the assembled throng, "*To Rome!*" the second act closes.

Act III.

It is the wayside crucifix of the first act—no longer a scarcely solemn or pathetic object, lost in the thronging glories of the bright morning woods in spring, but now, in the fall of the year, seen in the autumn twilight, it stands out grim and dark, and all the scene has grown sad and sombre. Wolfran advances towards the shrine in search of Elizabeth, who is, since the departure of Tannhäuser, ever to be found praying there alone, and alone she still would be. She mutely waves Wolfran aside, thanking him for his friendly sympathy, but relapsing into silent and absorbed prayer. On the evening wind comes again the floating chant of the pilgrims, now returning from Rome. The maiden rises and listens in startled excitement and intense expectation. The sweet and majestic chant reaches its climax as the pilgrims defile before the crucifix. Elizabeth watches each hooded figure with increasing despair. *He* is not there. As the last passes she feels that the bitterness of death has come and passed with them, and, falling upon her knees, she prays that her last earthly longings may be forgiven, and that, white and free from stain, she may be soon received into the heavenly kingdom, and that her beloved may also find grace at the last. Once more Wolfran approaches her respectfully, but she needs not his support. Her step does not falter now; the last touch of human frailty has left her; she is sensible to no earthly blandishments, the heavenly bridegroom has claimed her for his own, and gentle death will soon lead her into his presence.

As we listen to the exquisite stream of pure melody which flows once only from the flutes and clarionets as Elizabeth slowly descends into the valley and disappears towards the Wartburg, we are irresistibly reminded of Longfellow's exquisite translation:

O Land! O Land! for all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

This solemn and peaceful scene is followed by one even more composed and restful—more dignified it could scarcely be. The terrible sorrow and sublime resignation of Elizabeth seem to have weaned Wolfran from all his earthly desires and he has ceased almost to regret the love of Elizabeth for himself, whilst committing her to the care of Heaven in his incomparable song to the evening star. In the deepening twilight he prays that, as she so wills it, she may be taken from a world of pain and sorrow into the eternal joy, and there, in the trackless fields of light, which seem to mortals the very homes of the sweet and solemn starlight, she may find the heavenly and fadeless day.

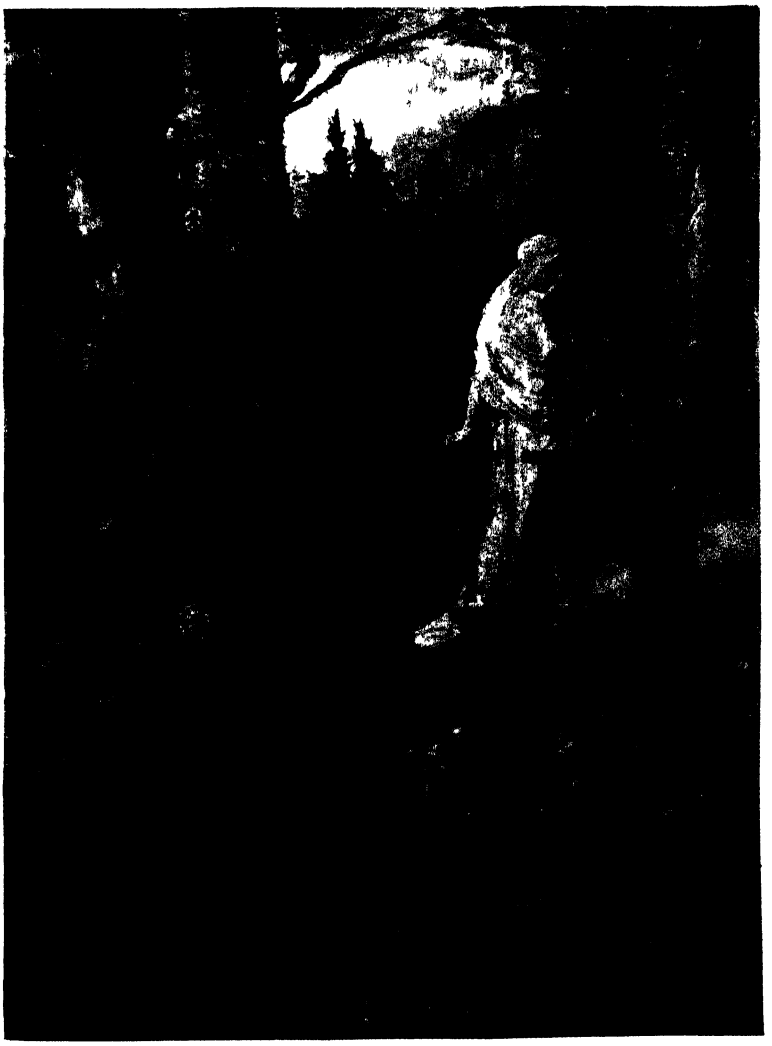
We have all this time been unconsciously, and with consummate dramatic art, prepared for the final climax. Wolfran checks his harp, as a wayworn man of grief approaches; his emaciated form, his wild eyes, his squalor and unsteady gait, tell of immense sufferings and privation, bodily and mental.

Wolfran scarcely recognises Tannhäuser in the strange figure before him.

"Who art thou solitary one?"

"Who am I? I know *thee* well Wolfran, the famed minstrel."

The touch of bitterness reminding his



ELIZABETH PRAYING AT THE WAYSIDE CRUCIFIX WOLFRAM HAS COME IN SEARCH OF HER



From the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Co.'s production of "Tannhäuser."

Tannhäuser falls dead by the side of Elizabeth's bier. A line of young pilgrims pass, bearing a budding staff, a token of his forgiveness.

friend of the artificial song of love which called forth his own passionate and disastrous protest, is retaliated with :

"Darest thou retrace thy steps unpardoned ? "

"Fear not, my famous bard, I seek not thee ; but I do seek a man to show me the way."

"What way ? "

"The way to the Venus-berg."

In another instant Tannhäuser has passed from bitterness to confession ; and as Wolfran inquires concerning his pilgrimage, he unburdens himself freely in a magnificent oration, and we cannot forbear giving here a free translation, with connecting narrative :

"Listen ! Wolfran, listen ! With a heart more fervently penitent than ever was heart of pilgrim, I sought the road to Rome. An angel—ah, woe is me !—had rooted out the pride of sin ; but I longed to expiate that pride in deep abasement. I longed for the grace denied me, in order to ease the bitterness of that angel's tears for me, a sinner ! The rough way selected by the most contrite pilgrim seemed all too easy for me. When he chose the soft grass for his bare feet, I sought the sharp stones and thorny places for mine. When he slaked his thirst in cool rivulets, I only drank in the fiery torrent of the sun. Whilst he prayed to heaven, I shed my life-blood in honour of the Most High. When the travellers rested in the inn, I was stretched without in ice and wind and snow. I went like a blind man through the magic plains of Italy. I did it all because I thought, in dying to the world, by contrition, to soothe the weeping of my dear angel. I arrived at Rome. I approached the holy throne. I bowed in prayer and self-abasement on the threshold of the sanctuary. The morning broke. I heard a chiming of bells and a chorus of celestial voices ; the whole temple seemed filled with praise and fervent joy, for plenary indulgence, grace and pardon were promised to the multitude of penitents. Then I saw him,

God's Vicar upon earth ! We grovelled in the dust at his feet. I saw him give pardon to thousands of sinners like me, and they rose up absolved, and oh, how happy ! And I drew near. My head was bared ; I smote on my breast ; I said, 'God be merciful to me, even to me : God forgive the criminal pleasures—the crime of the senses, the unsubdued desires.' In my agony I implored the Holy Father to loose me from the chain of my sins ; and God knows my soul was pierced through at that moment with many sorrows. And His Vicar whom I besought made answer thus, Wolfran, only thus : 'If thou hast shared these criminal joys—if thy heart has been seared with Hell's own fire—if thou hast been in the Venus-berg, there is an end of it : thou art damned for ever. Even as this dry staff of my crozier will never blossom more, so neither shall salvation ever blossom for thy soul in hell.' At these words I fell senseless to the earth as one dead. When I came to myself I was alone in the vast temple. It was night ; I heard a pilgrim chant of joy and salvation ; those holy strains filled me with horror. I fled from that lying hymn ; it fell chill upon my shuddering soul, and seemed to freeze my heart to ice. Then suddenly, with irresistible violence, I felt myself drawn back to that burning enchantress who had once filled me with such unspeakable ecstasy. I return to thee, sweet Venus—my only consoler. I come, I come to thy nightly entrancing pleasure, to thy glittering court, where all thy beauties smile to greet me, for evermore, throughout eternity ! "

"Unhappy man !" cries Wolfran, who sees that his friend is under a spell and going mad. He tries to stop his growing exaltation as he invokes Venus.

"Thou hearest, my love, my goddess ! All men curse me. Guide thou my steps." The white Venus cloud begins to pass over the stage ; then comes the wild cry of the sirens, now no longer soft and seductive as of yore, but almost harsh and strident, like the voices of women roughened in the bitter life of the barren senses. But Tannhäuser's head is gone.

"Ah ! heavenly perfume—delicious voices ! I am yours ! Come, come, ye nymphs ; I see your joyous forms ! Crown me with pleasures ! I feel the secret fire in all my veins. I know their soft low light—it is the enchanted mist of the Venus-berg—the reign of love ! " At that moment the vision of Venus, stretched on a bed of roses, appears for an instant, and Tannhäuser is with difficulty restrained by the strong arms of Wolfran from rushing towards her. For the last time she calls him. But now songs of the pilgrims are heard in the valley—the Venus-berg was but an enchantment of the senses. Tannhäuser listens and gazes transfixed as a funeral procession draws near. At the sound of prayer Venus and her crew vanish. The Pagan deity is after all ousted by the Christian martyr. Elizabeth has prayed for Tannhäuser with her dying breath. Elizabeth has interceded for him on earth : his good angel in heaven, his victorious saint. Her prayers have been heard. For a moment only the magical form of Venus had flashed out and passed —another form now fills the heart and brain of the ruined knight. Elizabeth, lying dead upon her bier, is borne in. As the fair corpse, strewn with flowers, is set down, the sun breaks out and reveals a glorious summer day. The pilgrim strain rises once more to heaven, and Tannhäuser, whilst the last dimness clouds his eyes, worn with disease and suffering, staggers to the bier and falls prostrate in death by the side of his beloved. A line of young pilgrims bearing a budding staff, in token of his supreme forgiveness, pass singing :

"Blessed is the pure virgin who has joined the glorious company of the angels. Blessed is the sinner for whom she has prayed and won heaven's pardon." And then the united assembly reply, re-echoing the great Pilgrim Chorus, heard first in the overture, and last over the corpses of the faithful lovers :

"The sinner has received the pardon of heaven ;
He enters into the rest of the blessed ones."

THE ENGLISH BIBLE AND THE APOCRYPHA

THE best reason for studying the Bible as literature is that it is *literature. Written originally in Hebrew and Greek, painfully and inaccurately copied, doubtfully translated, transmitted to us through a thousand mists of doctrine and prejudice, it is yet still infused with the poetry, the visions, the metaphor, and the folklore of the East. The language of the Bible shaped the speech of England, and Bunyan learned to use that language better than anyone else. It has profoundly influenced the style of men as different as Milton and Gibbon, of Sir Thomas Browne and Addison, of Coleridge and Defoe, and the style of the Bible is ingrained in the texture of almost every piece from Ruskin's pen.*

The following passages, written by the Editor of this work, are selected from an article on the Bible as Literature which he contributed to "The Outline of Literature."

In our Authorized Version, prose is cut up into "verses" (an arrangement unknown until the Genevan translators adopted it), but all the sweet or magnificent outbursts of poetry are printed as prose. For these reasons Professor Moulton declares roundly in his invaluable work, "The Literary Study of the Bible," that the Bible is the worst printed book in the world. The eye is not allowed to help the mind in recognising its literary structure. It is as though we printed the poems of Shelley and Wordsworth as prose. Thus even the full beauty of the last words of the Sermon on the Mount is veiled by the form given to them. Yet these words are a perfect example of that poetry into which the prose of the English Bible suddenly breaks when the feeling is exalted or the imagination touched :

Everyone therefore which heareth these words of mine,
and doeth them,
shall be likened unto a Wise Man,
which built his house upon the Rock :
And the rain descended,
and the floods came,
and the winds blew,
and beat upon that house ;
and it fell not ;
for it was founded upon the Rock.

And everyone that heareth these words of mine,
and doeth them not,
shall be likened unto a Foolish Man,
which built his house upon the Sand :
And the rain descended,
and the floods came,
and the winds blew,
and smote upon that house ;
and it fell :
and great was the fall thereof !

These stanzas are from the Revised Version of 1881, *in which several expressions are changed for the better. Here we have a beautiful poem in free verse. Note its perfect parallelism.*

Parallelism of thought and expression—a sort of magnified alliteration—is the distinctive mark of all Hebrew poetry, of its proverbial literature, and of much of its narrative. Professor Moulton well described its movement. "Like the swing of a pendulum to and fro, like the tramp of an army marching in step, the versification of the Bible moves with a rhythm of parallel lines"; and he illustrated this neatly to his students by referring them to verses 8–15 *of the* 105*th Psalm. First read the passage, omitting all the alternate or parallel lines, thus :*

He hath remembered his covenant for ever : the covenant which he made with Abraham, and confirmed the same unto Jacob for a statute, saying, "Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan," when they were but a few men in number, and they went about from nation to nation. He suffered no man to do them wrong, saying, "Touch not mine anointed ones."

You are now to read the passage in full, that is preserving all the parallelisms. What was prose is suddenly transmuted into a grand movement of verse :

He hath remembered his covenant for ever,
The word which he commanded to a thousand generations ;
The covenant which he made with Abraham,
And his oath unto Isaac ;
And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a statute,
To Israel for an everlasting covenant :
Saying, "Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan,
The lot of your inheritance" :

When they were but a few men in number ;
Yea, very few, and sojourners in it ;
And they went about from nation to nation,
From one kingdom to another people.
He suffered no man to do them wrong :
Yea, he reproved kings for their sakes ;
Saying, " Touch not mine anointed ones,
And do my prophets no harm."

The entire Book of Job, excepting only the first two chapters and part of the last, is poetry, and ought never to have been printed in any other form. Only then can we appreciate the full majesty of such a passage as this :

Hast thou given the horse strength ?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper ?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength :
He goeth on to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted :
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage :
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha.
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Or this :

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest ?
Or who hath stretched the line upon it ?
Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof ?
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy.
Or who shut up the sea with the doors,
When it broke forth as if it had issued out of the womb ?
When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling band for it,
And brake up for it my decreed place,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further :
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

* * *

This parallelism obtains through all the moods of Hebrew poetry, though with variations which cannot here be displayed. And it is found to be almost miraculously appropriate to literary forms which are far apart. It gives pungency to mere worldly wisdom, as in Proverbs vi, 6 :

Go to the ant, thou sluggard ;
Consider her ways, and be wise :
Which having no guide,
Overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.
How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard ?
And when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep ?
Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands to sleep :
So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth,
And thy want as an armed man.

In passing, note that wonderfully true and deadly simile, "as one that travelleth" —one that has far to come, may be, but yet comes nearer and nearer and at last arrives like footsore doom.

In the Hebrew literature the principle of repetition is so predominant that it simplifies the whole problem of translation. The effect of Homer, of Virgil, or of Dante can never be successfully rendered because the literary architecture of these poets has to be pulled to pieces and cannot be rebuilt to alien music. Says Matthew Arnold : " Isaiah's, on the other hand, is a poetry, as is well known, of parallelism ; it depends not on metre and rhyme, but on a balance of thought, conveyed by a corresponding balance of sentence ; and the effect of this can *be transferred to another language." One may open the book of Isaiah almost at random and discover the truth of this law. Take this passage :*

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be laid low : and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain : And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together : for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry ? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field : The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely all flesh is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

* * *

This passage, like hundreds of others, serves to illustrate another habit of Hebrew



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"BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON THEY SAT DOWN AND WEPT."
From the painting by Herbert Schmalz.

poetry which has everything to do with its permanence. Metaphor is the soul of poetry, and here all the metaphors are simple and natural. The visions called up are such as are native to man's understanding in all ages: the pathless desert, the frowning hills, the grass of the field.

The Hebrew mind was simple and the Hebrew eye was fixed on the common objects of life. The sun, the moon, and the stars, the wind and the rain, the darkness and depth of the sea, the cedars of Lebanon, the bulls of Bashan, the well or the pool, the winepress, the mill, the corn yellow to harvest, the green pastures and still waters, the rose of Sharon, the great rock in a weary land, the potter's wheel, the husbandman's toil, the sparrow and the eagle, the wild goats and calving hinds, the hen gathering her chickens, silver and gold, spear and shield, flesh and bone—such are the objects of life, common to all ages, to which these old poets went for their imagery. In that immortal rhapsody on love at first sight, Solomon's Song, how marvellously are the swoonings and raptures of love expressed through the medium of everyday things:

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army with banners.
Turn away thine eyes from me,
For they have overcome me:
Thy hair is a flock of goats
That appear from Gilead.
Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep
Which go up from the washing . . .
As a piece of pomegranate are thy temples
Within thy locks.

. . . . . .

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
Fair as the moon,
Clear as the sun,
And terrible as an army with banners?
I went down into the garden of nuts
To see the fruits of the valley,
And to see whether the vine flourished,
And the pomegranates budded.
Or ever I was aware, my soul made me
Like the chariots of Ammi-nadib.



"*X*" *Photo.*

THE TRIUMPH OF DAVID.

From the painting by Matteo Rosselli in the Louvre, Paris.



Photo: W. F. Mansell.

"KING DAVID," BY DOMENICO ZAMPIERI.
The Louvre, Paris.

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

The Book of the Wisdom of Solomon, in the Apocrypha, contains splendid passages. Hear the writer's praise of Wisdom:

Wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily,
And sweetly doth she order all things.
I loved her and sought her out,
From my youth I desired to make her my spouse,
And I was a lover of her beauty.
In that she is conversant with God, she magnifieth her nobility:
Yea, the Lord of all things himself loved her.

. . . . . .

If a man desire much experience:
She knoweth things of old, and conjectureth aright what is to come:
She knoweth the subtleties of speeches, and can expound dark sentences:
She forseeth signs and wonders, and the events of seasons and times.

Therefore I purposed to take her to me to live with me,
Knowing that she would be a counsellor of good things,
And a comfort in cares and grief.

Thus is Wisdom praised, but now hear Wisdom praise herself in the wild and lofty music of Hebrew poetry through the pen of Jesus the son of Sirach, the writer of "Ecclesiasticus":

I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus,
And as a cypress tree upon the mountains of Hermon.
I was exalted like a palm tree in Engaddi,
And as a rose-plant in Jericho,
And as a fair olive tree in a pleasant field,
And grew up as a plane tree by the water.
I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon, and aspalathus,
And I yielded a pleasant odour like the best myrrh,
As Galbanum and Onyx, and sweet Storax,
And as the fume of frankincense in the Tabernacle.

. . . . . .

I also came out as a brook from a river,
And as a conduit into a garden.
I said, I will water my best garden,
And will water abundantly my garden bed:
And lo, my brook became a river,
And my river became a sea.
I will yet make doctrine to shine as the morning,
And will send forth her light afar off;
I will yet pour out doctrine as prophecy,
And leave it to all ages for ever.

Such is the exalted poetry, such the exhaustion of language, to be found in the Bible and the Apocrypha.

THE STRONGEST THING IN THE WORLD

A CHAPTER FROM THE APOCRYPHA

The following is another chapter from the Books of the Apocrypha. The story of Judith and Holofernes is given on page 56, Vol. II.

At the age of sixty-three Dr. Samuel Johnson, the best-read man of his time, and one of the best-read men of all time, wrote in his diary, "I have never yet read the Apocrypha."

Not to read the Apocrypha is to forego a great literary and ethical feast. Why, then, is it so little read? In the first place, the very meaning of the word apocryphal has been perverted. Apocryphal does not mean false; it is derived from the Greek word apokruptein, *and it means hidden as to meaning, and, by extension, of unknown authorship. But it does not and cannot mean false. This use of the word has arisen out of a kind of pious jealousy for the exclusive truth of the canonical scriptures. But the Old Testament Apocrypha does not challenge the Old Testament. On the other hand, the "Apocryphal" books of the New Testament stand in a much lower category: they are legend and fable. The Apocryphal books of the Old Testament, fourteen in number, have never been rejected by the Church; they have only been excluded from the canonical scriptures.*

These old books have deeply influenced literature by reason of their wealth of worldly wisdom, common sense, shrewd counsels about marriage and friendship, lending and borrowing and bargaining, and tact, and everyday prudence. Some of our best-known proverbs can be traced to them.

Dr. Johnson's confession of ignorance went a little farther than the fact, for he added: "I have sometimes looked into the Maccabees, and read a chapter containing the question, Which is the strongest? *—I think in Esdras." The story he had read is one of the finest in the Apocrypha. It tells how three young men of the guard of King Darius proposed that they should compete for the utmost favour of the King, to sit next to him, and to be*

called his cousin; and that the winner of this essay competition (for such in fact it was) should be he who most wisely answered the question, WHAT IS THE STRONGEST THING IN THE WORLD? *And this is the story from the Book of Esdras:*



Photo: W. F. Mansell.

THE ANGEL RAPHAEL AND TOBIAS.
[The Apocrypha.]

NOW when Darius reigned, he made a great feast unto all his subjects and unto all his household, and unto all the Princes of Media and Persia, and to all the governors and captains, and lieutenants that were under him, from India unto Ethiopia, of a hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

And when they had eaten and drunken, and being satisfied were gone home, then Darius the King went into his bed chamber, and slept and soon after awakened. Then three young men that were of the guard, that kept the King's body, spake one to another: Let every one of us speak a sentence: he that shall overcome, and whose sentence shall seem wiser than the others, unto him shall the King Darius give great gifts, and great things in token of victory: as to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold, and to sleep upon gold, and a chariot with bridles of gold, and an head-tyre of fine linen, and a chain about his neck: and he shall sit next to Darius, because of his wisdom, and shall be called, Darius his cousin.

And then every one wrote his sentence, sealed it, and laid it under King Darius his pillow, and said, that when the King is risen, some will give him the writings, and of whose side the king, and the three Princes of Persia shall judge, that his sentence is the wisest, to him shall the victory be given as was appointed.

The first wrote: Wine is the strongest. The second wrote: The King is strongest. The third wrote: Women are strongest, but above all things truth beareth away the victory.

Now when the King was risen up, they took their writings, and delivered them unto him, and so he read them. And sending forth, he called all the Princes of Persia and Media, and the governors, and the captains and the lieutenants, and the chief officers, and sat him down in the royal seat of Judgment, and the writings were read before them; and he said, Call the young men, and they shall

declare their own sentences: so they were called, and came in. And he said unto them, Declare unto us your mind, concerning the writings.

Then began the first who had spoken of the strength of wine; and he said thus: O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine! it causeth all men to err that drink it: it maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one; of the bondman and of the free man, of the poor man and of the rich: it turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembreth neither sorrow or debt: and it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembreth neither king nor governor; and it maketh to speak all things by talents: and when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out swords: but when they are from the wine, they remember not what they have done. O ye men, is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do thus?

And when he had so spoken, he held his peace.

Then the second that had spoken of the strength of the King, began to say: O ye men, do not men excel in strength that bear rule over sea and land, and all things in them?

But yet the King is more mighty: for he is lord of all these things, and hath dominion over them, and whatsoever he commandeth them, they do: if he bid them make war the one against the other, they do it: if he send them out against the enemies, they go, and break down mountains, walls and towers. They slay and are slain, and transgress not the Kings commandment: if they get the victory, they bring all to the King, as well the spoil as all things else.

Likewise for those that are no soldiers, and have not to do with wars, but use husbandry; when they have reaped again, that which they had sown, they bring it to the King, and compel one another to pay tribute unto the King. And yet he is but one man; if he command to kill, they kill, if he command to spare, they spare. If he command to smite, they smite; if he command to make desolate, they make desolate; if he command to build, they build: if he command to cut down, they cut down; if he command to plant, they plant. So all his people and his armies obey him; furthermore he lieth down, he eateth and drinketh, and taketh his rest. And these keep (watch) round about him, neither may any one depart, and do his own business, neither disobey they him in anything. O ye men, how should not the King be mightiest, when in such sort he is obeyed? and he held his tongue.

Then the third, who had spoken of women, and of the truth (this was Zorobabel) began to speak. O ye men, it is not the great King, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine that excelleth; who is it then that ruleth them or hath the lordship over them, are they not women? Women have bourne the King and all the people that bear rule by sea and land. Even of them came they: and they nourished them up that planted the vineyards from whence the wine cometh. These also make garments for men: these bring glory unto men, and without women cannot men be.

Yea and if men have gathered together gold and silver, or any other goodly thing, do they not love a woman, which is comely in favour and beauty! And letting all those things go, do they not gape, and even with open mouth fix their eyes fast on her; and have not all men more desire unto her, than unto silver or gold, or any goodly thing whatsoever? A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife. He sticks not to spend his life with his wife, and remembreth neither father, nor mother, nor country. By this also you must know, that women have dominion over you: do ye not labour and toil, and give and bring all to the woman? Yea a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob, and to steal, to sail upon the sea, and upon rivers, and looketh upon a lion, and goeth in the darkness, and when he hath stolen, spoiled and robbed he bringeth it to his love. Wherefore a man loveth his wife better than father and mother.

Yea many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become



Photo : Rischgitz Collection.

THE FAMILY OF DARIUS BEFORE ALEXANDER THE GREAT, WHO IN AN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE PERSIANS DESTROYED MANY OF THE TOWNS BUILT BY DARIUS, AND EVENTUALLY OVERTHREW THE PERSIAN EMPIRE.

From the painting by Paul Veronese, in the National Gallery, London.

servants for their sakes: many also have perished, have erred, and sinned for women. And now do ye not believe me? is not the King great in his power? do not all regions fear to touch him? Yet did I see him and Apame the Kings concubine, the daughter of the admirable Bartacus, sitting at the right hand of the King, and taking the crown from the King's head, and setting it upon her own head; she also stroked the King with her left hand. And yet for all this, the King gaped and gazed upon her with open mouth: if she laughed upon him, he laughed also; but if she took any displeasure at him, the King was fain to flatter, that she might be reconciled to him again.

O ye men, how can it be but women should be so strong, seeing they do thus? Then the king and the princes looked upon one another: so he began to speak of the truth. O ye men, are not women strong? great is the earth, high is the heaven, swift is the Sun in his course, for he compasseth the heavens round about, and fetcheth his course again to his own place in one day. Is he not great that maketh these things? therefore great is the truth, and stronger than all things. All the earth calleth upon the truth, and the heaven blesseth it, all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing.

Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and such are all their wicked works, and there is no truth in them. In their unrighteousness also they shall perish. As for the truth it endureth, and is always strong, it liveth and conquereth for evermore. With her there is no accepting of persons, or rewards, but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things, and all men do well like of her works. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness, and she is the strength, kingdom, power and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth.

And with that he held his peace, and all the people then shouted and said, Great is truth, and mighty above all things. Then said the king unto him, Ask what thou wilt, more than is appointed in the writing, and we will give it thee, because thou art found wisest, and thou shalt sit next me, and shall be called my cousin.

Then said he unto the king, Remember thy vow which thou hast vowed to build Jerusalem in the day when thou camest to the kingdom, and to send away all the vessels that were taken away out of Jerusalem, which Cyrus set apart, when he vowed to destroy Babylon, and to send them again thither. Thou also hast vowed to build up the Temple, which the Edomites burnt when Judea was made desolate by the Chaldees.

And now, O lord the king, this is that which I require, and which I desire of thee, and this is the princely liberality proceeding from thy self: I desire therefore that thou make good the vow, the performance whereof with thine own mouth thou hast vowed to the king of heaven.

Then Darius the king stood up and kissed him, and wrote letters for him unto all the treasurers and lieutenants, and captains and governors that they should safely convey on their way, both him, and all those that go up with him to build Jerusalem. He wrote letters also unto the lieutenants that were in Coelosyria and Phenice, and unto them in Libanus, that they should bring Cedar wood from Libanus unto Jerusalem, and that they should build the city with him.

Moreover he wrote for all the Jews that went out of his realm up into Jewry, concerning their freedom, that no officer, no ruler, no lieutenant, nor treasurer, should forcibly enter into their doors, and that all the country which they hold, should be free without tribute, and that the Edomites should give over the villages of the Jews which then they held, yea that there should be yearly given twenty talents to the building of the Temple, until the time that it were built, and other ten talents yearly, to maintain the burnt offerings upon the Altar every day (as they had a commandment to offer seventeen).

And that all they that went from Babylon to build the city, should have

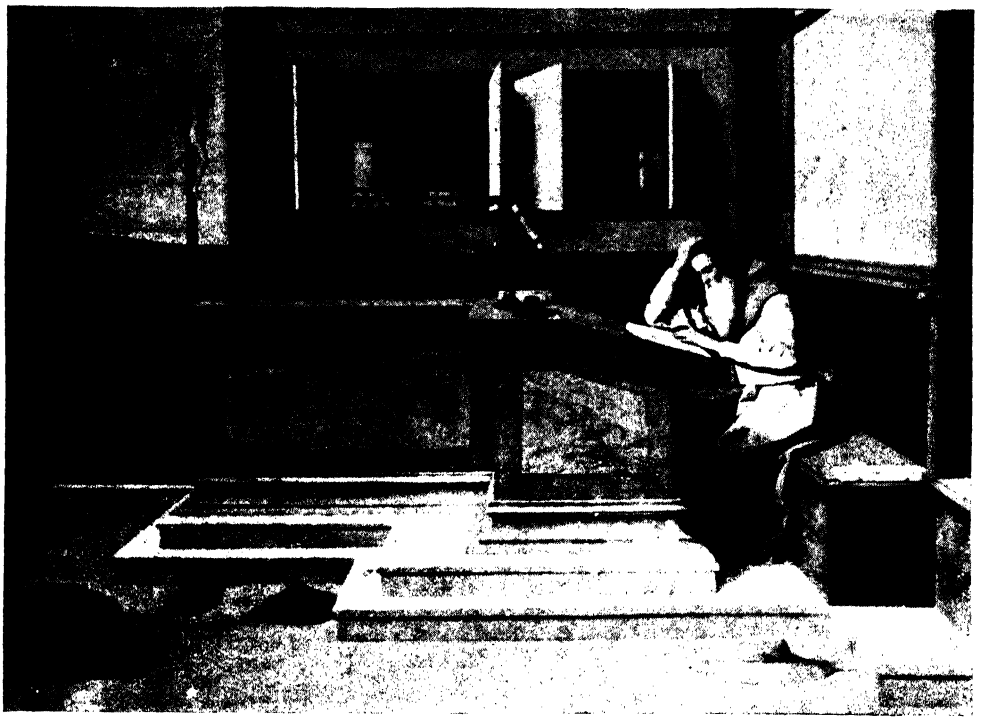


Photo: W. F. Mansell.

ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY.

St. Jerome published a Latin version of the Bible, known as the Vulgate.
From the painting by Vincenzo Catena, in the National Gallery, London.

free liberty as well they as their posterity, and all the priests that went away. He wrote also concerning the charges, and the priests vestments wherein they minister: and likewise for the charges of the Levites, to be given them until the day that the house were finished and Jerusalem builded up. And he commanded to give to all that kept the city, pensions and wages.

He sent away also all the vessels from Babylon that Cyrus had set apart, and all that Cyrus had given in commandment, the same charged he also to be done, and sent unto Jerusalem.

Now when this young man was gone forth, he lifted up his face to heaven toward Jerusalem, and praised the king of heaven and said, From thee cometh victory, from thee cometh wisdom, and thine is the glory, and I am thy servant. Blessed are thou who hast given me wisdom: for to thee I give thanks, O Lord of our fathers. And so he took the letters, and went out, and came unto Babylon, and told it all his brethren. And they praised the God of their fathers: because he had given them freedom and liberty to go up, and to build Jerusalem, and the Temple which is called by his Name, and they feasted with instruments of music, and gladness seven days.

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

WILLIAM KNOX

THIS noble poem was a great favourite with President Lincoln; it was also admired by a Russian Emperor, by whom it was set in gold and hung on his palace wall at St. Petersburg. The poem, which is a paraphrase on the third chapter of Job and the first of Ecclesiastes, was written by William Knox, born in Roxburgh in 1789. *It first appeared in his "Songs of Israel" in* 1824.

O WHY should the spirit
  Of mortal be proud!
Like a fast-flitting meteor,
  A fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning,
  A break of the wave—
He passes from life
  To his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak
  And the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around,
  And together be laid;
And the young and the old,
  And the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust,
  And together shall lie.

The child that a mother
  Attended and loved,
The mother that infant's
  Affection that proved,
The husband that mother
  And infant that blest,
Each—all are away
  To their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek,
  On whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—
  Her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those
  That beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds
  Of the living erased.

The hand of the king
  That the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest
  That the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage,
  And the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost
  In the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot
  Was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed
  With his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered
  In search of his bread,
Have faded away
  Like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed
  The communion of Heaven,
The sinner that dared
  To remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish,
  The guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled
  Their bones in the dust.

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

So the multitude goes—
  Like the flower and the weed
That wither away
  To let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes—
  Even those we behold—
To repeat every tale
  That hath often been told.

For we are the same things
  That our fathers have been,
We see the same sights
  That our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream,
  And we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course
  That our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking
  Our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from
  They, too, would shrink.
To the life we are clinging to
  They, too, would cling—
But it speeds from the earth
  Like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story
  We cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart
  Of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail
  From their slumbers may come ;
They joyed—but the voice
  Of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died !
  And we, things that are now,
Who walk on the turf
  That lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings
  A transient abode,
Meet the changes they met
  On their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence,
  And pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together
  Like sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear,
  And the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other
  Like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye,
  'Tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health
  To the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon
  To the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit
  Of mortal be proud ?

THE BRASS BOTTLE

F. ANSTEY

[*By permission of the Author and John Murray, Esq.*]



Photo: G. C. Beresford.

F. ANSTEY.

This is a story of sheer fantasy. The fisherman in the Arabian Nights who saw the awful Jinnee towering from the jar was no doubt considerably surprised. And yet, as he was used to Jinnees, his surprise can have been nothing to compare with that of Horace Ventimore, a young architect of London, who, buying a brass bottle at an auction of antiques, and wrenching off the cover in his lodgings, beheld a like amazing Figure come pouring forth in rolls of smoke. His terror did not last, however. He soon discovered that he had more to fear from the Jinnee's gratitude, than from his malice. Fakrash, this great enchanter, only lived to please his master, who had released him from his prison. Unfortunately, everything he did to please him ended in disaster. He brought him his first client, a rich city man, who instructed the young architect to design a mansion for him on a lordly scale; but when the Jinnee, stepping in, built him a palace like Aladdin's in a single night, the client thought that he was made a fool of, and raved at Horace in a fury. Then the street outside his rooms in Vincent Square was blocked with camels bearing all the treasures of the East; and when this nuisance was disposed of, worse remained to follow. Horace gave a little dinner, in order to display the bottle to Professor Futvoye, an antiquary, and his wife, together with their daughter Sylvia, the girl with whom he was in love. When the time came, he found his lodgings turned into a palace, his evening clothes converted into oriental robes, the chairs into floor-cushions with no tables, the servants into dusky slaves, the food into such things as mincemeat wrapped in vine-leaves, and a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts and coriander seeds, sprinkled with rose-water and musk; while a dancing-girl gyrates before them, and ends, to Horace's intense confusion, by covering his hand with kisses. All this filled his guests with amazement and consternation. But even this is not the worst. A few days later, in order to prevail upon the Professor to believe the young man's story of the bottle and the Jinnee, which he emphatically rejects, the Spirit complacently announces to Horace that he has converted the Professor "into a one-eyed mule of hideous appearance."

The consternation of the lover may be fancied, as he makes his way to the Professor's house.

IT was with a sinking heart and an unsteady hand that Horace pulled the visitors' bell at the Futvoyes' house that afternoon, for he neither knew in what state he should find that afflicted family, nor how they would regard his intrusion at such a time.

Jessie, the neat and pretty parlour-maid, opened the door with a smile of welcome which Horace found reassuring. No girl, he thought, whose master had



HORACE BEHOLDS AN AMAZING FIGURE ISSUING FROM THE BRASS BOTTLE IN ROLLS OF SMOKE.

suddenly been transformed into a mule could possibly smile like that. The Professor, she told him, was not at home, which again was comforting. For a *savant*, however careless about his personal appearance, would scarcely venture to brave public opinion in the semblance of a quadruped.

"Is the Professor out?" he inquired, to make sure.

"Not exactly out, sir," said the maid, "but particularly engaged, working hard in his study, and not to be disturbed on no account."

This was encouraging, too, since a mule could hardly engage in literary labour of any kind. Evidently the Jinnee must either have over-rated his supernatural powers, or else have been deliberately amusing himself at Horace's expense.

"Then I will see Miss Futvoye," he said.

"Miss Sylvia is with the master, sir," said the girl; "but if you'll come into the drawing-room I'll let Mrs. Futvoye know you are here."

He had not been in the drawing-room long before Mrs. Futvoye appeared, and one glance at her face confirmed Ventimore's worst fears. Outwardly she was calm enough, but it was only too obvious that her calmness was the result of severe self-repression; her eyes, usually so shrewdly and placidly observant, had a haggard and hunted look; her ears seemed on the strain to catch some distant sound.

"I hardly thought we should see you to-day," she began, in a tone of studied reserve; "but perhaps you came to offer some explanation of the extraordinary manner in which you thought fit to entertain us last night? If so——"

"The fact is," said Horace, looking into his hat, "I came because I was rather anxious about the Professor."

"About my husband?" said the poor lady, with a really heroic effort to appear surprised. "He is—as well as could be expected. Why should you suppose otherwise?" she added, with a flash of suspicion.

"I fancied perhaps that—that he mightn't be quite himself to-day," said Horace, with his eyes on the carpet.

"I see," said Mrs. Futvoye, regaining her composure; "you were afraid that all those foreign dishes might not have agreed with him. But—except that he is a little irritable this afternoon—he is much as usual."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Horace, with reviving hope. "Do you think he would see me for a moment?"

"Great heavens, no!" cried Mrs. Futvoye, with an irrepressible start; "I mean," she explained, "that, after what took place last night, Anthony—my husband—very properly feels that an interview would be too painful."

"But when we parted he was perfectly friendly."

"I can only say," replied the courageous woman, "that you would find him considerably altered now."

Horace had no difficulty in believing it.

"At least, I may see Sylvia?" he pleaded.

"No," said Mrs. Futvoye; "I really can't have Sylvia disturbed just now. She is very busy, helping her father. Anthony has to read a paper at one of his societies to-morrow night, and she is writing it out from his dictation."

If any departure from strict truth can ever be excusable, this surely was one; unfortunately, just then Sylvia herself burst into the room.

"Mother," she cried, without seeing Horace in her agitation, "do come to papa, quick! He has just begun kicking again, and I can't manage him alone. . . . Oh, *you* here?" she broke off, as she saw who was in the room. "Why do you come here now, Horace? Please, *please* go away! Papa is rather unwell—nothing serious, only—oh, *do* go away!"

"Darling!" said Horace, going to her and taking both her hands, "I know all—do you understand?—*all!*"

"Mamma!" cried Sylvia, reproachfully, "have you told him—already? When we settled that even Horace wasn't to know till—till papa recovers!"

"My dear," replied her mother, "I have told him nothing; he can't possibly know, unless—but no, that isn't possible. And, after all," she added, with a warn-



The street outside of Horace's rooms is blocked with camels bearing treasures of the East.

ing glance at her daughter, "I don't know why we should make any mystery about a mere attack of gout. But I had better go and see if your father wants anything." And she hurried out of the room.

Sylvia sat down and gazed silently into the fire. "I daresay you don't know how dreadfully people kick when they've got gout," she remarked, presently.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Horace sympathetically; "at least, I can guess."

"Especially when it's in both legs," continued Sylvia.

"Or," said Horace, gently, "in all four."

"Ah, you *do* know!" cried Sylvia. "Then it's all the more horrid of you to come!"

"Dearest," said Horace, "is not this just the time when my place should be near you—and him?"

"Not near papa, Horace!" she put in, anxiously; "it wouldn't be at all safe."

"Do you really think I have any fear for myself?"

"Are you sure you quite know—what he is like now?"

"I understand," said Horace, trying to put it as considerately as possible, "that a casual observer, who didn't know your father, might mistake him, at first sight, for—for some sort of quadruped."

"He's a mule," sobbed Sylvia, breaking down entirely. "I could bear it better if he had been a *nice* mule. . . . B—but he isn't!"

"Whatever he may be," declared Horace, as he knelt by her chair endeavouring to comfort her, "nothing can alter my profound respect for him. And you must let me see him, Sylvia; because I fully believe I shall be able to cheer him up."

"If you imagine you can persuade him to—to laugh it off!" said Sylvia, tearfully.

"I wasn't proposing to try to make him see the humorous side of his situation," Horace mildly explained. "I trust I have more tact than that. But he may be glad to know that, at the worst, it is only a temporary inconvenience. I'll take care that he's all right again before very long."

She started up and looked at him: her eyes widened with dawning dread and mistrust.

"If you can speak like that," she said, "it must have been *you* who—no, I can't believe it—that would be too horrible!"

"I who did *what*, Sylvia? Weren't you there when—when it happened?"

"No," she replied; "I was only told of it afterwards. Mother heard papa talking loudly in his study this morning, as if he was angry with somebody, and at last she grew so uneasy she couldn't

bear it any longer, and went in to see what was the matter with him. Dad was quite alone, and looked as usual, only a little excited—and then, without the slightest warning, just as she entered the room, he—he changed slowly into a mule before her eyes! Anybody but mamma would have lost her head and roused the whole house."

"Thank Heaven she didn't!" said Horace, fervently. "That was what I was most afraid of."

"Then—oh, Horace, it *was* you! It's no use denying it. I feel more certain of it every moment!"

"Now, Sylvia!" he protested, still anxious, if possible, to keep the worst from her, "what could have put such an idea into your head?"

"I don't know," she said, slowly. "Several things last night. No one who was really nice, and like everybody else, would live in queer rooms like those, and dine on cushions, with dreadful black slaves, and—and dancing-girls and things. You pretended you were quite poor."

"So I am, darling. And as for the rooms, and—and the rest, they're all gone, Sylvia. If you went to Vincent Square to-day, you wouldn't find a trace of them!"

"That only shows!" said Sylvia. "But why should you play such a cruel, and—and ungentlemanly trick on poor dad? If you had ever really loved me——!"

"But I do. Sylvia, you can't really believe me capable of such an outrage! Look at me and tell me so."

"No, Horace," said Sylvia, frankly. "I don't believe *you* did it. But I believe you know who *did*. And you had better tell me at once!"

"If you're quite sure you can stand it," he replied, "I'll tell you everything." And, as briefly as possible, he told her how he had unsealed the brass bottle, and all that had come of it.

She bore it, on the whole, better than he had expected; perhaps, being a woman, it was some consolation to her to remind him that she had foretold something of this kind from the very first.

"But, of course, I never really thought it would be so awful as this!" she said. "Horace, how *could* you be so careless as to let a great wicked thing like that escape out of its bottle?"

"I had a notion it was a manuscript," said Horace—"till he came out. But he isn't a great wicked thing, Sylvia. He's an amiable old Jinnee enough. And he'd do anything for me. Nobody could be more grateful and generous than he has been."

"Do you call it generous to change the poor, dear dad into a mule?" inquired Sylvia, with a little curl of her upper lip.

"That was an oversight," said Horace; "he meant no harm by it. In Arabia they do these things—or used to in his day. Not that that's much excuse for him. Still, he's not so young as he was, and besides, being bottled up for all those centuries must have narrowed him rather. You must try and make allowances for him, darling."

"I sha'n't," said Sylvia, "unless he apologizes to poor father, and puts him right at once."

"Why, of course, he'll do that," Horace answered, confidently. "I'll see that he does. I don't mean to stand any more of his nonsense. I'm afraid I've been just a little too slack for fear of hurting his feelings; but this time he's gone too far, and I shall talk to him like a Dutch uncle. He's always ready to do the right thing when he's once shown where he has gone wrong—only he takes such a lot of showing, poor old chap!"

"But when do you think he'll do the right thing?"

"Oh, as soon as I see him again."

"Yes, but when *will* you see him again?"

"That's more than I can say. He's away just now—in China, or Peru, or somewhere."

"Horace! Then he won't be back for months and months!"

"Oh, yes, he will. He can do the whole trip, *aller et retour*, you know, in a few hours. He's an active old beggar for his age. In the meantime, dearest, the chief thing is to keep up your father's spirits. So I think I'd better—— I was just telling Sylvia, Mrs. Futvoye," he said, as that lady re-entered the

room, "that I should like to see the Professor at once."

"It's quite, *quite* impossible!" was the nervous reply. "He's in such a state that he's unable to see anyone. You don't know how fractious gout makes him!"

"Dear Mrs. Futvoye," said Horace, "believe me, I know more than you suppose."

"Yes, mother, dear," put in Sylvia; "he knows everything—*really* everything. And perhaps it might do dad good to see him."

Mrs. Futvoye sank helplessly down on a settee. "Oh, *dear* me!" she said. "I don't know *what* to say. I really don't. If you had seen him plunge at the mere suggestion of a doctor!"

Privately, though naturally he could not say so, Horace thought a vet. might be more appropriate, but eventually he persuaded Mrs. Futvoye to conduct him to her husband's study.

"Anthony, love," she said, as she knocked gently at the door, "I've brought Horace Ventimore to see you for a few moments, if he may." It seemed from the sounds of furious snorting and stamping within that the Professor resented this intrusion on his privacy. "My dear Anthony," said his devoted wife, as she unlocked the door and turned the key on the inside after admitting Horace, "try to be calm. Think of the servants downstairs. Horace is *so* anxious to help."

As for Ventimore, he was speechless—so inexpressibly shocked was he by the alteration in the Professor's appearance. He had never seen a mule in sorrier condition or in so vicious a temper. Most of the lighter furniture had been already reduced to matchwood; the glass doors of the bookcase were starred or shivered; precious Egyptian pottery and glass were strewn in fragments on the carpet, and even the mummy, though it still smiled with the same enigmatic cheerfulness, seemed to have suffered severely from the Professorial hoofs.

Horace instinctively felt that any words of conventional sympathy would jar here; indeed, the Professor's attitude and expression reminded him irresistibly of a certain "Blondin Donkey" he had seen enacted by music-hall artists, at the stage when it becomes sullen and defiant. Only, he had laughed helplessly at the Blondin Donkey, and somehow he felt no inclination to laugh now.

"Believe me, sir," he began, "I would not disturb you like this unless—steady there, for Heaven's sake, Professor, don't kick till you've heard me out!" For the mule, in a clumsy, shambling way which betrayed the novice, was slowly revolving on his own axis so as to bring his hind-quarters into action, while still keeping his only serviceable eye upon his unwelcome visitor.

"Listen to me, sir," said Horace, manœuvring in his turn. "I'm not to blame for this, and if you brain me, as you seem to be endeavouring to do, you'll simply destroy the only living man who can get you out of this."

The mule appeared impressed by this, and backed cumbrously into a corner, from which he regarded Horace with a mistrustful, but attentive, eye. "If, as I imagine, sir," continued Horace, "you are, though temporarily deprived of speech, perfectly capable of following an argument, will you kindly signify it by raising your right ear?" The mule's right ear rose with a sharp twitch.

"Now we can get on," said Horace. "First let me tell you that I repudiate all responsibility for the proceedings of that infernal Jinnee . . . I wouldn't stamp like that—you might go through the floor, you know . . . Now, if you will only exercise a little patience——"

At this the exasperated animal made a sudden run at him with his mouth open, which obliged Horace to shelter himself behind a large leather arm-chair. "You really *must* keep cool, sir," he remonstrated; "your nerves are naturally upset. If I might suggest a little champagne—you could manage it in—in a bucket, and it would help you to pull yourself together. A whisk of your—er—tail would imply consent." The Professor's tail instantly swept some rare Arabian glass lamps and vases from a shelf at his rear, whereupon Mrs. Futvoye went out, and returned presently with a bottle of champagne

and a large china *jardinière*, as the best substitute she could find for a bucket.

When the mule had drained the flower-pot greedily and appeared refreshed Horace proceeded: "I have every hope, sir," he said, "that before many hours you will be smiling—pray don't prance like that, I mean what I say—smiling over what now seems to you, very justly, a most annoying and serious catastrophe. I shall speak seriously to Fakrash (the Jinnee, you know), and I am sure that, as soon as he realizes what a frightful blunder he has made, he will be the first to offer you every reparation in his power. For, old foozle as he is, he's thoroughly good-hearted."

The Professor drooped his ears at this, and shook his head with a doleful incredulity that made him look more like the Pantomime Donkey than ever.

"I think I understand him fairly well by this time, sir," said Horace, "and I'll answer for it that there's no real harm in him. I give you my word of honour that, if you'll only remain quiet and leave everything to me, you shall very soon be released from this absurd position. That's all I came to tell you, and now I won't trouble you any longer. If you *could* bring yourself, as a sign that you bear me no ill-feeling, to give me your—your off-foreleg at parting, I——"

But the Professor turned his back in so pointed and ominous a manner that Horace judged it better to withdraw without insisting further. "I'm afraid," he said to Mrs. Futvoye, after they had rejoined Sylvia in the drawing-room—"I'm afraid your husband is still a little sore with me about this miserable business."

"I don't know what else you can expect," replied the lady, rather tartly; 'he can't help feeling—as we all must and do, after what you said just now—that, but for you, this would never have happened!"

"If you mean it was all through my attending that sale," said Horace, "you might remember that I only went there at the Professor's request. You know that, Sylvia."

"Yes, Horace," said Sylvia; "but papa never asked you to buy a hideous brass bottle with a nasty Genius in it. And anyone with ordinary common sense would have kept it properly corked!"

"What, you against me too, Sylvia!" cried Horace, cut to the quick.

"No, Horace, never against you. I didn't mean to say what I did. Only it *is* such a relief to put the blame on somebody. I know, I *know* you feel it almost as much as we do. But so long as poor, dear papa remains as he is we can never be anything to one another. You must see that, Horace!"

"Yes, I see that," he said; "but, trust me, Sylvia, he shall *not* remain as he is. I swear he shall not. In another day or two, at the outside, you will see him his own self once more. And then—oh, darling, darling, you won't let anything or anybody separate us? Promise me that!"

He would have held her in his arms, but she kept him at a distance. "When papa is himself again," she said, "I shall know better what to say. I can't promise anything now, Horace."

Horace recognized that no appeal would draw a more definite answer from her just then; so he took his leave, with the feeling that, after all, matters must improve before very long, and in the meantime he must bear the suspense with patience.

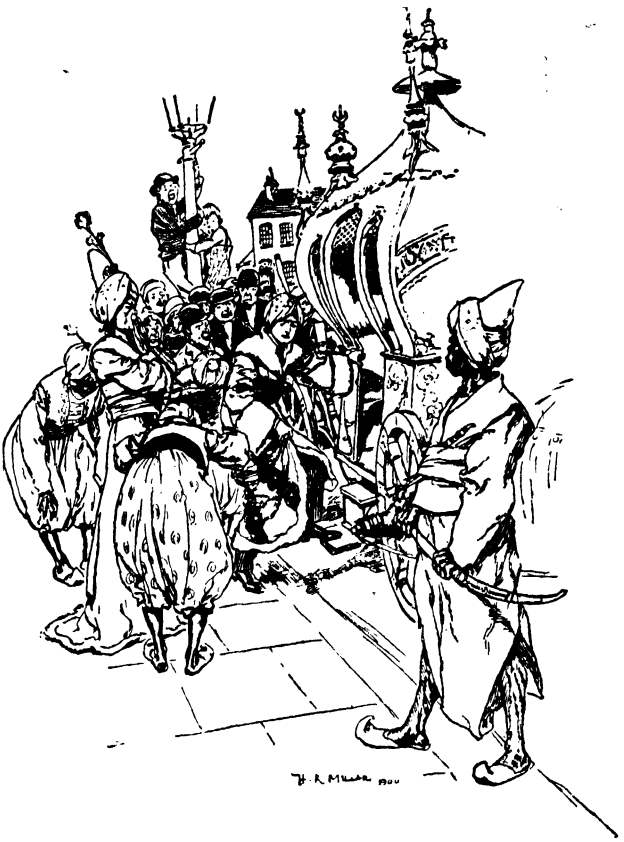
He got through dinner as well as he could in his own rooms, for he did not like to go to his club lest the Jinnee should suddenly return during his absence.

"If he wants me he'd be quite equal to coming on to the club after me," he reflected, "for he has about as much sense of the fitness of things as Mary's lamb. I shouldn't care about seeing him suddenly bursting through the floor of the smoking-room. Nor would the committee."

He sat up late, in the hope that Fakrash would appear; but the Jinnee made no sign, and Horace began to get uneasy. "I wish there was some way of ringing him up," he thought. "If he were only the slave of a ring or a lamp, I'd rub it; but it wouldn't be any use

to rub that bottle—and, besides, he isn't a slave. Probably he has a suspicion that he has not exactly distinguished himself over his latest feat, and thinks it prudent to keep out of my way for the present. But if he fancies he'll make things any better for himself by that he'll find himself mistaken."

It was maddening to think of the unhappy Professor still fretting away hour after hour in the uncongenial form of a mule, waiting impatiently for the relief that never came. If it lingered much longer he might actually starve, unless his family thought of getting in some oats for him, and he could be prevailed upon to touch them. And how much longer could they succeed in concealing the nature of his affliction? How long before all Kensington and the whole civilized world would know that one of the leading Orientalists in Europe was restlessly prancing on four legs around his study in Cottesmore Gardens?



Horace is taken by the Jinnee in Eastern state to the Mansion House, where he is presented with the Freedom of the City.

Racked by speculations such as these, Ventimore lay awake till well into the small hours, when he dropped off into troubled dreams that, wild as they were, could not be more grotesquely fantastic than the realities to which they were the alternative.

Not even his morning tub could brace Ventimore's spirits to their usual cheerfulness. After sending away his breakfast almost untasted he stood at his window, looking drearily out over the crude green turf of Vincent Square at the indigo masses of the Abbey and the Victoria Tower and the huge gasometers to the right which loomed faintly through a dun-coloured haze.

He felt a positive loathing for his office, to which he had gone with such high hopes and enthusiasm of late. There was no work for him to do there any longer, and the sight of his drawing-table and materials would, he knew, be intolerable in their mute mockery.

Nor could he with any decency present himself again at Cottesmore Gardens while the situation still remained unchanged, as it must do until he had seen Fakrash.

When would the Jinnee return, or—horrible suspicion!—did he never intend to return at all?

"Fakrash!" he groaned aloud, "you *can't* really mean to leave me in such a regular deuce of a hole as this?"

"At thy service!" said a well-known voice behind him, and he turned to see the Jinnee standing smiling on the hearthrug—and at this accomplishment of his dearest desire all his indignation surged back, irrationally enough.

"Oh, *there* you are!" he said, irritably. "Where on earth have you been all this time?"

"Nowhere on earth," was the bland reply; "but in the regions of the air, seeking to promote thy welfare."

"If you have been as brilliantly suc-

cessful up there as you have down here," retorted Horace, "I have much to thank you for."

"I am more than repaid," answered the Jinnee, who, like many most estimable persons, was almost impervious to irony, "by such assurances of thy gratitude."

"I'm *not* grateful," said Horace, fuming. "I'm terribly annoyed!"

"Well hath it been written," replied the Jinnee:

Be disregardful of thine affairs, and commit them to the course of Fate,
For often a thing that enrages thee may eventually be to thee pleasing."

"I don't see the remotest chance of that in my case," said Horace.

"Why is thy countenance thus troubled, and what new complaint hast thou against me?"

"What the deuce do you mean by turning a distinguished and perfectly inoffensive scholar into a wall-eyed mule?" Horace broke out. "If that is your idea of a practical joke——!"

"It is one of the easiest affairs possible," said the Jinnee, complacently running his fingers through the thin strands of his beard. "I have accomplished such transformations on several occasions."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, that's all. The question is now—how do you propose to restore him again?"

"Far from undoing be that which is accomplished!" was the sententious answer.

"What?" cried Horace, hardly believing his ears; "you surely don't mean to allow that unhappy Professor to remain like that for ever, do you?"

"None can alter what is predestined."

"Very likely not. But it wasn't decreed that a learned man should be suddenly degraded to a beastly mule for the rest of his life. Destiny wouldn't be such a fool!"

"Despise not mules, for they are useful and valuable animals in the household."

"But, confound it all, have you no imagination? Can't you enter at all into the feelings of a man—a man of wide learning and reputation—suddenly plunged into such a humiliating condition?"

"Upon his own head be it," said Fakrash, coldly. "For he hath brought this fate upon himself."

"Well, how do you suppose that you have helped *me* by this performance? Will it make him any the more disposed to consent to my marrying his daughter? Is that all you know of the world?"

"It is not my intention that thou shouldest take his daughter to wife."

"Whether you approve or not, it's my intention to marry her."

"Assuredly she will not marry thee so long as her father remaineth a mule."

"There I agree with you. But is that your notion of doing me a good turn?"

"I did not consider thy interest in this matter."

"Then will you be good enough to consider it now? I have pledged my word that he shall be restored to his original form. Not only my happiness is at stake, but my honour."

"By failure to perform the impossible none can lose honour. And this is a thing that cannot be undone."

"Cannot be undone?" repeated Horace, feeling a cold clutch at his heart. "Why?"

"Because," said the Jinnee, sullenly, "I have forgotten the way."

"Nonsense!" retorted Horace; "I don't believe it. Why," he urged, descending to flattery, "you're such a clever old Johnny—I beg your pardon, I meant, such a clever old *Jinnee*—you can do anything, if you only give your mind to it. Just look at the way you changed this house back again to what it was. Marvellous!"

"That was the veriest trifle," said Fakrash, though he was obviously pleased by this tribute to his talent; "this would be a different affair altogether."

"But child's play to *you!*" insinuated Horace. "Come, you know very well you can do it if you only choose."

"It may be as thou sayest. But I do not choose."

"Then I think," said Horace, "that, considering the obligation you admit

yourself you are under to me, I have a right to know the reason—the *real* reason—why you refuse."

"Thy claim is not without justice," answered the Jinnee, after a pause, "nor can I decline to gratify thee."

"That's right," cried Horace; "I knew you'd see it in the proper light when it was once put to you. Now, don't lose any more time, but restore that unfortunate man at once, as you have promised."

"Not so," said the Jinnee; "I promised thee a reason for my refusal—and that thou shalt have. Know then, O my son, that this indiscreet one had, by some vile and unhallowed arts, divined the hidden meaning of what was written upon the seal of the bottle wherein I was confined, and was preparing to reveal the same unto all men."

"What would it matter to you if he did?"

"Much—for the writing contained a false and lying record of my actions."

"If it is all lies, it can't do you any harm. Why not treat them with the contempt they deserve?"

"They are not *all* lies," the Jinnee admitted, reluctantly.

"Well, never mind. Whatever you've done, you've expiated it by this time."

"Now that Suleyman is no more it is my desire to seek out my kinsmen of the Green Jinn, and live out my days in amity and honour. How can that be if they hear my name execrated by all mortals?"

"Nobody would think of execrating you about an affair three thousand years old. It's too stale a scandal."

"Thou speakest without understanding. I tell thee that if men knew but the half of my misdoings," said Fakrash, in a tone not altogether free from a kind of sombre complacency, "the noise of them would rise even unto the uppermost regions, and scorn and loathing would be my portion."

"Oh, it's not so bad as all that," said Horace, who had a private impression that the Jinnee's "past" would probably turn out to be chiefly made up of peccadilloes. "But, anyway, I'm sure the Professor will readily agree to keep silence about it; and, as you have, of course, got the seal in your own possession again——"

"Nay, the seal is still in his possession, and it is naught to me where it is deposited," said Fakrash, "since the only mortal who hath deciphered it is now a dumb animal."

"Not at all," said Horace. "There are several friends of his who could decipher that inscription quite as easily as he did."

"Is this the truth?" said the Jinnee, in visible alarm.

"Certainly," said Horace. "Within the last quarter of a century archæology has made great strides. Our learned men can now read Babylonian bricks and Chaldean tablets as easily as if they were advertisements on galvanized iron. You may think you've been extremely clever in turning the Professor into an animal, but you'll probably find you've only made another mistake."

"How so?" inquired Fakrash.

"Well," said Horace, seeing his advantage, and pushing it unscrupulously, "now that, in your infinite wisdom, you have ordained that he should be a mule, he naturally can't possess property. Therefore all his effects will have to be sold, and amongst them will be that seal of yours, which, like many other things in his collection, will probably be bought up by the British Museum, where it will be examined and commented upon by every Orientalist in Europe. I suppose you've thought of all that?"

"O young man of marvellous sagacity!" said the Jinnee; "truly I had omitted to consider these things, and thou hast opened my eyes in time. For I will present myself unto this man-mule and adjure him to reveal where he hath bestowed this seal, so that I may regain it."

"He can't do that, you know, so long as he remains a mule."

"I will endow him with speech for the purpose."

"Let me tell you this," said Horace: "he's in a very nasty temper just now, naturally enough, and you won't get anything out of him until you have

restored him to human form. If you do that, he'll agree to anything." . . .

"Agreed!" said Fakrash. "Conduct me to him, and we will arrange the matter without delay."

Outside they met Mrs. Futvoye on her way from the study. "You here, Horace?" she exclaimed. "And who is this—gentleman?"

"This," said Horace, "is the—er—author of the Professor's misfortunes, and he has come here at my request to undo his work."

"It *would* be so kind of him!" exclaimed the distressed lady, who was by this time far beyond either surprise or resentment. "I'm sure, if he knew all we have gone through——!" and she led the way to her husband's room.

As soon as the door was opened the Professor seemed to recognise his tormentor in spite of his changed raiment, and was so powerfully agitated that he actually reeled on his four legs, and "stood over" in a lamentable fashion.

"O, man of distinguished attainments!" began the Jinnee, "whom I have caused, for reasons that are known unto thee, to assume the shape of a mule, speak, I adjure thee, and tell me where thou hast deposited the inscribed seal which is in thy possession."

The Professor spoke; and the effect of articulate speech proceeding from the mouth of what was to all outward seeming an ordinary mule was strange beyond description. "I'll see you hanged first," he said, sullenly. "You can't do worse to me than you've done already!"

"As thou wilt," said Fakrash; "but unless I regain it, I will not restore thee to what thou wast."

"Well, then," said the mule, savagely, "you'll find it in the top right-hand drawer of my writing-table: the key is in that diorite bowl on the mantelpiece."

The Jinnee unlocked the drawer and took out the metal cap, which he placed in the breast pocket of his incongruous frock-coat. "So far, well," he said; "next thou must deliver up to me the transcription thou hast made, and swear to preserve an inviolable secrecy regarding the meaning thereof."

"Do you know what you're asking, sir?" said the mule, laying back his ears viciously. "Do you think that to oblige you I'm going to suppress one of the most remarkable discoveries of my whole scientific career? Never, sir—never!"

"Since if thou refusest I shall assuredly deprive thee of speech once more and leave thee a mule, as thou art now, of hideous appearance," said the Jinnee, "thou art like to gain little by a discovery which thou wilt be unable to impart. However, the choice rests with thee."

The mule rolled his one eye, and showed all his teeth in a vicious snarl. "You've got the whip-hand of me," he said, "and I may as well give in. There's a transcript inside my blotting-case—it's the only copy I've made."

Fakrash found the paper, which he rubbed into invisibility between his palms, as any ordinary conjurer might do.

"Now raise thy right forefoot," he said, "and swear by all thou holdest sacred never to divulge what thou hast learnt"—which oath the Professor, in the vilest of tempers, took, clumsily enough.

"Good," said the Jinnee, with a grim smile. "Now let one of thy women bring me a cup of fair water."

Sylvia went out, and came back with a cup of water. "It's filtered," she said, anxiously; "I don't know if that will do?"

"It will suffice," said Fakrash. "Let both the women withdraw."

"Surely," remonstrated Mrs. Futvoye, "you don't mean to turn his wife and daughter out of the room at such a moment as this? We shall be perfectly quiet, and we may even be of some help."

"Do as you're told, my dear!" snapped the ungrateful mule; "do as you're told. You'll only be in the way here. Do you suppose he doesn't know his own beastly business?"

They left accordingly; whereupon Fakrash took the cup—an ordinary breakfast-cup, with a Greek key-border pattern in pale blue round the top—

and, drenching the mule with the contents, exclaimed, "Quit this form and return to the form in which thou wast!"

For a dreadful moment or two it seemed as if no effect was to be produced; the animal simply stood and shivered, and Ventimore began to feel an agonising suspicion that the Jinnee really had, as he had first asserted, forgotten how to perform this particular incantation.

All at once the mule reared, and began to beat the air frantically with his fore-hoofs; after which he fell heavily backward into the nearest arm-chair (which was fortunately a solid and capacious piece of furniture) with his fore-legs hanging limply at his sides in a semi-human fashion. There was a brief convulsion, and then, by some gradual process unspeakably impressive to witness, the man seemed to break through the mule, the mule became merged in the man—and Professor Futvoye, restored to his own natural form and habit, sat gasping and trembling in the chair before them.



The Jinnee, enraged by the Professor, turns him into a mule. The poor man is being given a drink by his demented wife.

As soon as the Professor seemed to have regained his faculties Horace opened the door and called in Sylvia and her mother, who were, as was only to be expected, overcome with joy on seeing the head of the family released from his ignoble condition of a singularly ill-favoured quadruped.

"There, there," said the Professor, as he submitted to their embraces and incoherent congratulations, "it's nothing to make a fuss about. I'm quite myself again, as you can see. And," he added, with an unreasonable outburst of ill-temper, "if one of you had only had the common sense to think of such a simple remedy as sprinkling a little cold water over me when I was first taken like that, I should have been spared a great deal of unnecessary inconvenience. But that's always the way with women—lose their heads the moment anything goes wrong! If I had not kept perfectly cool myself——"

"It was very, very stupid of us not to think of it, papa," said Sylvia, tactfully ignoring the fact that there was scarcely an undamaged article in the room; "still, you know, if *we* had thrown the water it mightn't have had the same effect."

"I'm not in a condition to argue now," said her father; "you didn't trouble to try it, and there's no more to be said."

"No more to be said!" exclaimed Fakrash. "O thou monster of ingratitude, hast thou no thanks for him who hath delivered thee from thy predicament?"

"As I am already indebted to you, sir," said the Professor, "for about twenty-four hours of the most poignant and humiliating mental and bodily anguish a human being can endure, inflicted for no valid reason that I can discover except the wanton indulgence of your unholy powers, I can only say that any gratitude of which I am conscious is of a very qualified description. As for you, Ventimore," he added, turning to Horace, "I don't know — I can only guess at— the part you have played in this wretched business; but in any case, you will understand, once for all, that all relations between us must cease."

"Papa," said Sylvia, tremulously, "Horace and I have already agreed that—that we must separate."

"At my bidding," explained Fakrash suavely; "for such an alliance would be totally unworthy of his merits and condition."

This frankness was rather too much for the Professor, whose temper had not been improved by his recent trials.

"Nobody asked for your opinion, sir!" he snapped. "A person who has only recently been released from a term of long and, from all I have been able to ascertain, well-deserved imprisonment, is scarcely entitled to pose as an authority on social rank. Have the decency not to interfere again with my domestic affairs."

"Excellent is the saying," remarked the imperturbable Jinnee, "'Let the rat that is between the paws of the leopard observe rigidly all the rules of politeness and refrain from words of provocation.' For to return thee to the form of a mule once more would be no difficult undertaking."

"I think I failed to make myself clear," the Professor hastened to observe —"failed to make myself clear. I—I merely meant to congratulate you on your fortunate escape from the consequences of what I—I don't doubt was a judicial error. I—I am sure that, in the future, you will employ your—your very remarkable abilities to better purpose, and I would suggest that the greatest service you can do this unfortunate young man here is to abstain from any further attempts to promote his interests."

The Professor is restored into his human form. But all is not yet over. Fakrash has set his heart upon the young man marrying an oriental sylph of surpassing beauty, worthy of his master, a proposition which nearly drives the victim off his head. Yet, as the Jinnee is all-powerful in the matter, he might not have escaped, but for the fact that, most fortunately, the Spirit, who is far from up-to-date in modern science, is so terrified by the locomotives on the Underground, which he regards as devils in the service of the Lord Mayor, that he seeks safety in his prison, when Horace seals him with the seal of Solomon, and, with a sense of infinite relief, casts the Brass Bottle into the waters of the Thames.



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THE SCARLET LETTER.

Hester Prynne branded, as her sentence directed, with a letter A embroidered in flaming scarlet on her bodice.

THE SCARLET LETTER

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



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HESTER PRYNNE IS INVITED BY MISTRESS HIBBINS, THE WITCH, TO ACCOMPANY HER TO THE FOREST.

"The Scarlet Letter" is a powerful story, and Hawthorne's best known book. He has a literary quality, and perfection of language that few other American writers possess. He was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804, *and was made surveyor of the Customs House there in* 1846. *A sketch of official life introductory to "The Scarlet Letter" aroused unprecedented excitement, which could hardly have been more violent had he burned down the Customs House; it described the men and manners of that place in a way that was not relished. In* 1850 *Hawthorne shook off the dust of his native town from his feet for ever.*

In "The Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne describes fairly and without exaggeration the spirit of the Puritans who, while demanding liberty for themselves, could persecute those who disagreed with them. The hero and heroine of the story had sinned against the moral law; the woman pays directly, the man indirectly and secretly. Nothing is told us in the novel of the beginning and course of Arthur Dimmesdale's love for Hester, only of the later tragedy that ran its course.

The first scene is the Market Place at Boston; the door of the gaol being flung open, there appeared Hester Prynne like a black shadow emerging into sunshine. She bore in her arms a baby of some three months old, who blinked at the light of day because its existence heretofore had been in the grey twilight of a dungeon. Hester Prynne bore on her breast the scarlet letter A *—the badge of dishonour—embroidered on her gown. A lane was opened through the crowd of spectators and Hester walked through the market-place until she came to a sort of scaffold and mounted the platform of the pillory, thus to undergo her terrible sentence of public exposure, an ordeal almost intolerable to be borne.*

The scaffold of the pillory was a point of view that revealed to Hester Prynne the entire track along which she had been treading, since her happy infancy. Standing on that miserable eminence, she saw again her native village, in Old England, and her paternal home: a decayed house of gray stone, with a poverty-stricken aspect, but retaining a half-obliterated shield of arms over the portal, in token of antique gentility.

She saw her father's face, with its bold brow, and reverend white beard, that flowed over the old-fashioned Elizabethan ruff; her mother's, too, with the look of heedful and anxious love which it always wore in her remembrance, and which, even since her death, had so often laid the impediment of a gentle remonstrance in her daughter's pathway.

She saw her own face, glowing with girlish beauty, and illuminating all the interior of the dusky mirror in which she had been wont to gaze at it. There she beheld another countenance, of a man well stricken in years, a pale, thin, scholar-like visage, with eyes dim and bleared by the lamp-light that had served them to pore over many ponderous books. Yet those same bleared optics had a strange, penetrating power, when it was their owner's purpose to read the human soul. This figure of the study and the cloister, as Hester Prynne's womanly fancy failed not to recall, was slightly deformed, with the left shoulder a trifle higher than the right. Next rose before her, in memory's picture-gallery, the intricate and narrow thoroughfares, the tall gray houses, the huge cathedrals, and the public edifices, ancient in date and quaint in architecture, of a Continental city; where a new life had awaited her, still in connection with the misshapen scholar: a new life, but feeding itself on time-worn materials, like a tuft of green moss on a crumbling wall.

Lastly, in lieu of these shifting scenes, came back the rude market-place of the Puritan settlement, with all the townspeople assembled, and levelling their stern regards at Hester Prynne—yes, at herself—who stood on the scaffold of the pillory, an infant on her arm, and the letter A, in scarlet, fantastically embroidered with gold thread, upon her bosom!

Could it be true? She clutched the child so fiercely to her breast that it sent forth a cry; she turned her eyes downward at the scarlet letter, and even touched it with her finger, to assure herself that the infant and the shame were real. Yes!—these were her realities—all else had vanished!

The old man with the pale, thin, scholar-like face thus pictured was the girl Hester's husband, the husband she never wanted, never loved. His name was Roger Chillingworth. They had parted before Arthur Dimmesdale came into her life. Roger Chillingworth, a wrinkled student, of physical deformity, learned in medicine and alchemy, now a stranger and wanderer, comes into the market-place and with savage glee recognises the woman in the pillory. In the market-place people gazing on Hester on her platform deride her for the scandal she has brought on her church and its minister, the Rev. Master Dimmesdale. The pastor's office is to deal with this poor sinner's soul and exhort her to confess the truth. "Hester Prynne . . . if thou feelest it to be for thy soul's peace . . . I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer. Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him; for believe me, Hester, though he were to step down from a high place and stand there beside thee, on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so than to hide a guilty heart through life." So said the pastor, and more besides, fervently and earnestly; yet was Hester silent. For the man who spoke was her fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer.

The following passage is from the final chapter. Years have passed during which Hester has ever worn the Scarlet Letter; it had become the symbol of her calling; she was self-ordained a Sister of Mercy; the blameless purity of her life, her devotion to the sick and afflicted had brought its recompense in the love of most.

The Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale had become the most popular, powerful and best beloved of pastors, but for him the years had been intense misery; the secret sting of remorse at times had brought him on the verge of lunacy, if he had not stepped across it. Hester had pleaded with him to fly to other lands, where there would be peace and happiness. But he would not.

Meanwhile, the old, shrivelled, misshapen alchemist, Roger Chillingworth, had ever been in the background, living—his identity unrevealed—in the house of Dimmesdale, prying, plotting, working implacable revenge.

New England held a day of rejoicing on the appointment of a new Governor, a day of festivity. Hester and her little Pearl were in the market-place. In the grand procession, the military bands playing, was Pastor Dimmesdale with the magistrates and citizens. The Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale, the most learned and pious minister of the Word, was to deliver an Election sermon. The sainted minister of the Church! The woman of the Scarlet Letter in the Market Place!

At that instant she beheld Roger

Chillingworth standing in a remote corner and smiling on her, a smile which conveyed a secret and fearful meaning.

The Election Sermon had ended—a great triumph for the preacher.



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MR. DIMMESDALE HAD BECOME THE MOST POPULAR AND BEST BELOVED OF PASTORS.

THE REVELATION OF THE SCARLET LETTER.

THE eloquent voice, on which the souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, at length came to a pause. There was a momentary silence, profound as what should follow the utterance of oracles. Then ensued a murmur and half-hushed tumult, as if the auditors, released from the high spell that had transported them into the region of another's mind, were returning into themselves, with all their awe and wonder still heavy on them. . . .

In the open air their rapture broke into speech. The street and the market-place absolutely babbled, from side to side, with applauses of the minister. His hearers could not rest until they had told one another of what each knew better than he could tell or hear. According to their united testimony, never had man spoken in so wise, so high, and so holy a spirit, as he that spake this day; nor had inspiration ever breathed through mortal lips more evidently than it did through his. Its influence could be seen, as it were, descending upon him, and possessing him, and continually lifting him out of the written discourse that lay before him, and filling him with ideas that must have been as marvellous to himself as to his audience. His subject, it appeared, had been the relation between the Deity and the communities of mankind, with a special reference to the New England which they were here planting in the wilderness. And, as he drew towards the close, a spirit as of prophecy had come upon him, constraining him to his purpose as mightily as the old prophets of Israel were constrained, only with this difference, that, whereas the Jewish seers had denounced judgments and ruin on their country, it was his mission to foretell a high and glorious destiny for the newly gathered people of the Lord. But, throughout it all, and through the whole discourse, there had been a certain deep, sad undertone of

pathos, which could not be interpreted otherwise than as the natural regret of one soon to pass away. Yes ; their minister whom they so loved—and who so loved them all, that he could not depart heavenward without a sigh—had the foreboding of untimely death upon him, and would soon leave them in their tears ! This idea of his transitory stay on earth gave the last emphasis to the effect which the preacher had produced ; it was as if an angel, in his passage to the skies, had shaken his bright wings over the people for an instant—at once a shadow and a splendour—and had shed down a shower of golden truths upon them.

Thus, there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale—as to most men, in their various spheres, though seldom recognised until they see it far behind them—an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could hereafter be. He stood, at this moment, on the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile, Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast !

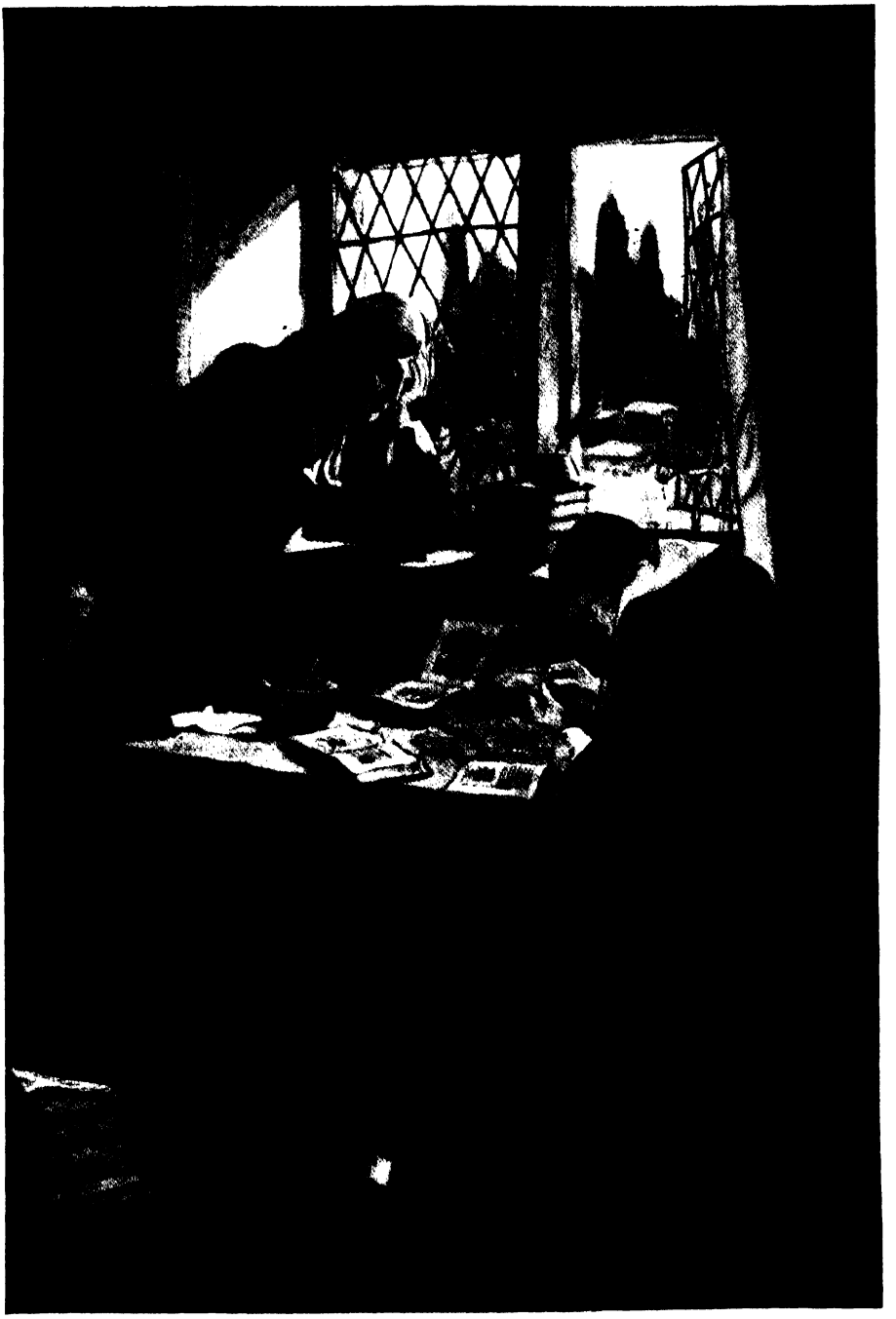
Now was heard again the clangour of the music, and the measured tramp of the military escort issuing from the church-door. The processon was to be marshalled thence to the town hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

Once more, therefore, the train of venerable and majestic fathers was seen moving through a broad pathway of the people, who drew back reverently, on either side, as the Governor and magistrates, the old and wise men, the holy ministers, and all that were eminent and renowned, advanced into the midst of them. When they were fairly in the market-place, their presence was greeted by a shout. This—though doubtless it might acquire additional force and volume from the child-like loyalty which the age awarded to its rulers—was felt to be an irrepressible outburst of enthusiasm kindled in the auditors by that high strain of eloquence which was yet reverberating in their ears. Each felt the impulse in himself, and, in the same breath, caught it from his neighbour. Within the church, it had hardly been kept down ; beneath the sky, it pealed upward to the zenith. . . . Never, from the soil of New England, had gone up such a shout ! Never, on New England soil, had stood the man so honoured by his mortal brethren as the preacher !

How fared it with him, then ? Were there not the brilliant particles of a halo in the air about his head ? So ethereal ised by spirit as he was, and so apotheosised by worshipping admirers, did his footsteps, in the procession, really tread upon the dust of earth ?

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward, all eyes were turned towards the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph ! The energy—or say, rather, the inspiration which had held him up, until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from heaven—was withdrawn, now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow, which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek, was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelesssly among the late decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue : it was hardly a man with life in him, that tottered on his path so nervelessly, yet tottered, and did not fall !

One of his clerical brethen—it was the venerable John Wilson—observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremulously, but decidedly, repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward,



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MR. DIMMESDALE DISCUSSING THE CONFESSION OF SECRETS WITH ROGER CHILLINGWORTH WHILE HE EXAMINES HIS HERBS.

if that movement could be so described, which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant, with its mother's arms in view, outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold, where, long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! And there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister here made a pause; although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward—onward to the festival!—but here he made a pause.

Bellingham, for the last few moments, had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession, and advanced to give assistance; judging, from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect, that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from one spirit to another. The crowd, meanwhile, looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was, in their view, only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven!

He turned towards the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the bird-like motion which was one of her characteristics, flew to him, and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne—slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will—likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd—or, perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil was his look, he rose up out of some nether region—to snatch back his victim from that he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward, and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! what is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! Cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonour! I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late!" answered the minister, encountering his eye, fearfully, but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was! With God's help, I shall escape thee now!"

He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Hester Prynne," cried he, with a piercing earnestness, "in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace, at this last moment, to do what—for my own heavy sin and miserable agony—I withheld myself from doing seven years ago, come hither now, and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester; but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might!—with all his own might, and the fiend's! Come, Hester—come! Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately around the clergyman, were so taken by surprise, and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw—unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other—that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps, while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they

had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at its closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no one place so secret—no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me—save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed, that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl, be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which He hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"



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HESTER AND PEARL IN THE FOREST.

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethen; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life-matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth, to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal Justice.

"People of New England!" cried he with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn, and majestic—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe—"ye, that have loved me!—ye, that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last!—at last!—I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood, here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

It seemed, at this point, as if the

minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness—and, still more, the faintness of heart — that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness; so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were for ever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world!—and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death-hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.



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HESTER MEETS THE MINISTER IN THE FOREST.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!"

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child. . . .

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered

she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest!"

"Hush, Hester—hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke!—the sin here so awfully revealed!—let these alone be in thy thoughts! . . . God—He hath proved His mercy in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red-heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost for ever! Praised be His name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

After many days, when time sufficed for the people to arrange their thoughts in reference to the foregoing scene, there was more than one account of what had been witnessed on the scaffold.

Most of the spectators testified to having seen, on the breast of the unhappy minister, a SCARLET LETTER—the very semblance of that worn by Hester Prynne—imprinted in the flesh. As regarded its origin there were various explanations, all of which must necessarily have been conjectural. Some affirmed that the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, on the very day when Hester Prynne first wore her ignominious badge, had begun a course of penance—which he afterwards, in so many futile methods, followed out—by inflicting a hideous torture on himself. Others contended that the stigma had not been produced until a long time subsequent, when old Roger Chillingworth, being a potent necromancer, had caused it to appear, through the agency of magic and poisonous drugs. Others, again—and those best able to appreciate the minister's peculiar sensibility, and the wonderful operation of his spirit upon the body—whispered their belief, that the awful symbol was the effect of the ever-active tooth of remorse, gnawing from the inmost heart outwardly, and at last manifesting Heaven's dreadful judgment by the visible presence of the letter. The reader may choose among these theories. We have thrown all the light we could acquire upon the portent, and would gladly, now that it has done its office, erase its deep print out of our own brain, where long meditation has fixed it in very undesirable distinctness.

It is singular, nevertheless, that certain persons, who were spectators of the whole scene, and professed never once to have removed their eyes from the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, denied that there was any mark whatever on his breast, more than on a new-born infant's.

THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON

THOMAS MOORE



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BYRON WHEN A BOY.

From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the collection of the late Mr. Herbert C. Roe.

Moore's brilliant "Life of Byron" was published in 1830; as a poet, Thomas Moore is represented elsewhere in this work.

Lord Byron had entrusted some Memoranda, or Memoirs, to Moore, with discretionary powers to make use of them. Shortly after Byron's death Moore placed the manuscript at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister and executor, "and they, from a sense of what they thought due to his memory, consigned it to the flames." Moore did not regret this step; what material he required, apart from his own close intercourse with Byron, he had already, in various journals and memoranda-books of his own.

Moore's first meeting with Byron took place in 1811, following a hostile exchange of letters between the two men. Moore had fought a duel with Jeffrey about which false representations appeared in the papers, but these had been publicly contradicted by Moore. To his annoyance the old falsehood was revived by Byron in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." He addressed some angry letters to Byron, who had not been aware of Moore's denials; after mutual explanations, a meeting between the two poets was arranged, and they remained firm friends thereafter for the remainder of Byron's life.

George Gordon Byron, sixth lord, was born in London in 1788. He came of a race of fighters; he succeeded to the title on the death of the fifth Lord, William, his grand-uncle, a man of wild character who had earned the name of "The Wicked Lord." Byron's father was John Byron, a Captain in the Army, who was as untameable as his "wicked" uncle, and earned the name of "Mad Jack." He squandered his wife's property, fled from his creditors to France, and died in 1791. Mrs. Byron took her child to Aberdeen, where she had to live on a hundred and fifty pounds a year. She was capricious and wild-tempered, and she did nothing to form the character of her precocious child, and much to disorder it.

Even when a child Byron's temper was uncontrollable, or, rather, sullenly passionate. "Being angrily reprimanded by his mother one day for having soiled or torn a new frock, he got into one of his 'silent rages,' seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance."

His mother, with capricious excesses, both of anger and fondness, had little hold on either her son's respect or affection. He deeply resented an accident which, it is said, occurred at the time of his birth; one of his feet was twisted out of its natural position. His feelings towards his mother are often referred to. "He traced the first feelings of pain and humiliation to the coldness with

which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she had wounded him."

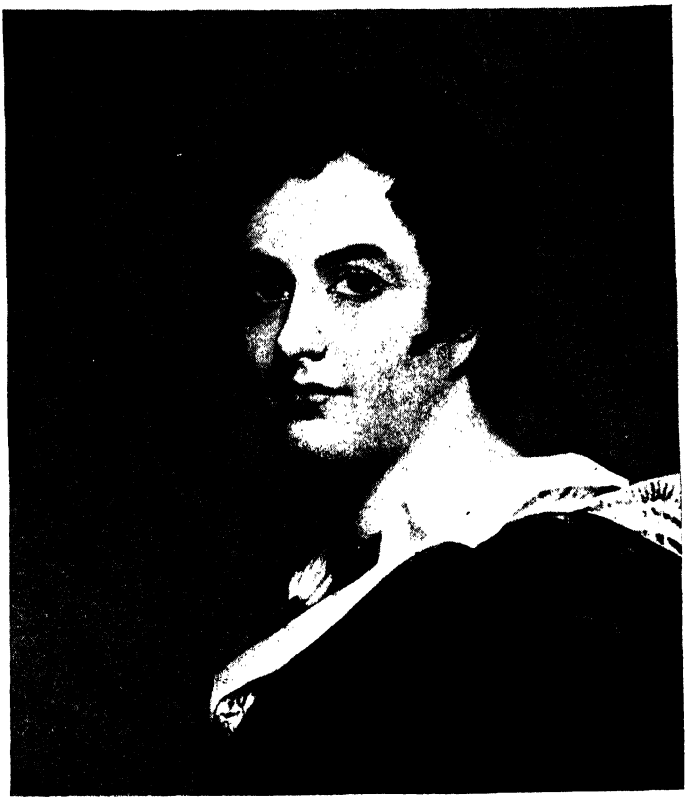


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

BYRON AT THIRTY-FOUR.

HE spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. "Some time or other," he said, "I will tell you *why* I feel thus towards her."—A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked leg and foot, exclaimed —"Look there!—it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might prove as ill formed in mind as I am in body!" His look and manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, can be conceived only by those who have ever seen him in a similar state of excitement.

Lord Byron succeeded to his title at the age of ten and, the estates being heavily mortgaged, the boy became a ward in Chancery; he was sent to school at Dulwich and passed to Harrow in 1801. *He was backward and intractable, but the headmaster said to Lord Carlisle, his guardian, "he has talents, my lord, which will add lustre to his rank." He was pugnacious, generous and extremely proud of his rank.*

It is said, that the day after little Byron's accession to the title, he ran up to his mother and asked her, "whether she perceived any difference in him since he had been made a lord, as he perceived none himself:"—a quick and natural thought; but the child little knew what a total and talismanic change had been wrought in all his future relations with society, by the simple addition of that word before his name. That the event, as a crisis in his life, affected him, even at that time, may be collected from the agitation which he is said to have manifested on the important morning, when his name was first called out in school with the title of "Dominus" prefixed to it. Unable to give utterance to the usual answer "adsum," he stood silent amid the general stare of his schoolfellows, and, at last, burst into tears.

Even before Byron had left Harrow he had fallen madly in love with his young

kinswoman, Mary Chaworth, who, however, scorned him; her remark, "Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" was "like a shot through his heart." That unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting, Moore says, is a truth, however sad, which unluckily did not require this instance to confirm it. The attachment "sunk so deep into his mind as to give colour to all his future life."

In the autumn of 1805, *Byron entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where, despite his slight lameness, he excelled in swimming, rowing and boxing, and became an adept with the pistol. In the summer of* 1806 *he visited his mother at Southwell, to which place she had removed, and the following incident took place; he was seventeen.*

Byron and His Mother.

His visit to Southwell this summer was interrupted, about the beginning of August, by one of those explosions of temper on the part of Mrs. Byron, to which, from his earliest childhood, he had been but too well accustomed, and in producing which his own rebel spirit was not always, it may be supposed, entirely blameless. In all his portraits of himself, so dark is the pencil which he employs, that the following account of his own temper, from one of his journals, must be taken with a due portion of that allowance for exaggeration, which his style of self-portraiture, "overshadowing even the shade," requires.

"In all other respects," (he says, after mentioning his infant passion for Mary Duff,) "I differed not at all from other children, being neither tall nor short, dull nor witty, of my age, but rather lively—except in my sullen moods, and then I was always a Devil. They once (in one of my silent rages) wrenched a knife from me, which I had snatched from table at Mrs. B.'s dinner (I always dined earlier), and applied to my breast; —but this was three or four years after, just before the late Lord B.'s decease.

"My *ostensible* temper has certainly improved in later years; but I shudder, and must, to my latest hour, regret the consequence of it and my passions combined. One event—but no matter—there are others not much better to think of also—and to them I give the preference. . . .

"But I hate dwelling upon incidents. My temper is now under management—rarely *loud*, and *when* loud, never deadly. It is when silent, and I feel my forehead and my cheek *paling*, that I cannot control it; and then . . . but unless there is a woman (and not any or every woman) in the way, I have sunk into tolerable apathy."

Between a temper at all resembling this, and the loud hurricane bursts of Mrs. Byron, the collision, it may be supposed, was not a little formidable; and the age at which the young poet was now arrived, when—as most parents feel—the impatience of youth begins to champ the bit, would but render the occasions for such shocks more frequent. It is told, as a curious proof of their opinion of each other's violence, that, after parting one evening in a tempest of this kind, they were known each to go privately that night to the apothecary's, enquiring anxiously whether the other had been to purchase poison, and cautioning the vender of drugs not to attend to such an application, if made.

It was but rarely, however, that the young lord allowed himself to be provoked into more than a passive share in these scenes. To the boisterousness of his mother he would oppose a civil and, no doubt, provoking silence,—bowing to her but the more profoundly the higher her voice rose in the scale. In general, however, when he perceived that a storm was at hand, in flight lay his only safe resource. To this summary expedient he was driven at the period of which we are speaking; but not till after a scene had taken place between him and Mrs. Byron, in which the violence of her temper had proceeded to lengths, that, however outrageous they may be deemed, were not, it appears, unusual with her. The poet, Young, in describing a temper of this sort, says—

"The cups and saucers, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimate the lady's discontent."

But poker and tongs were, it seems, the missiles which Mrs. Byron preferred, and which she, more than once, sent

resounding after her fugitive son. In the present instance, he was but just in time to avoid a blow aimed at him with the former of these weapons, and to make a hasty escape to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood; where, concerting the best means of baffling pursuit, he decided upon an instant flight to London.

In the above passage Byron refers to his infant passion for Mary Duff, when he was but a child of eight years, which recalls a similar precocious experience of Dante, who was but nine years old when he saw and fell in love with Beatrice. After an interval of seventeen years, all the circumstances of this early love still lived in Byron's memory.

Mary Duff.

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect!—My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Coe.' And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject—to *me*—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux-pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the merest children. I had and have been attached fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plain-stones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way. . . . My misery, my love for that girl were so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder-stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of everybody. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the *recollection* (*not* the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it or me? or remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see *her now;* the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months. . . .

Like many other poets, Byron had distasteful recollections of his collegiate life. The same prematurity of development which brought his passions and genius so early into action, brought out other traits. "At the very time of life when a spirit and temperament like his most required control, those checks, which religious prepossessions best supply, were almost wholly wanting."

After his departure from Southwell, he had not a single friend or relative to whom he could look up with respect; but was thrown alone on the world, with his passions and his pride, to revel in the fatal discovery which he imagined himself to have made of the nothingness of the future, and the all-paramount claims of the present. By singular ill

fortune, too, the individual who, among all his college friends, had taken the strongest hold on his admiration and affection, and whose loss he afterwards lamented with brotherly tenderness, was, to the same extent as himself, if not more strongly, a sceptic.

Thus early, Lord Byron "had begun to bewilder himself in the mazes of scepticism" and was "possessed by the dangerous spirit of ridicule."

Dissipations.

The sort of life which he led at this period between the dissipations of London and of Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, was but little calculated to render him satisfied either with himself or the world. Unrestricted as he was by deference to any will but his own, even the pleasures to which he was naturally most inclined prematurely palled upon him, for want of those best zests of all enjoyment, rarity and restraint. I have already quoted, from one of his note-books, a passage descriptive of his feelings on first going to Cambridge, in which he says that "one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of his life was to feel that he was no longer a boy."—"From that moment (he adds) I began to grow old in my own esteem, and in my esteem age is not estimable. I took my gradations in the vices with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste; for my early passions, though violent in the extreme, were concentrated, and hated division or spreading abroad. I could have left or lost the whole world with, or for, that which I loved; but, though my temperament was naturally burning, I could not share in the common-place libertinism of the place and time without disgust."

Already, at the age of nineteen, he had written many poems, and a volume, "Hours of Idleness," was published in 1808. *Few of these poems show any promise of the dazzling things to come, and few show promise of aught but trouble to a youth who, at this age, could write:*

"Weary of love, devoured with spleen,
I rest, a perfect Timon, at nineteen."

What these poems do show are faithful reflections of his character at that time, "before disappointment had begun to embitter his ardent spirit." The volume was made the subject of a violent attack in the "Edinburgh Review."

His Sensibility.

The effect this criticism produced upon him can only be conceived by those who, besides having an adequate notion of what most poets would feel under such an attack, can understand all that there was in the temper and disposition of Lord Byron to make him feel it with tenfold more acuteness than others. We have seen with what feverish anxiety he awaited the verdicts of all the minor Reviews, and, from his sensibility to the praise of the meanest of these censors, may guess how painfully he must have writhed under the sneers of the highest. A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after reading the article, enquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge?—not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. It would, indeed, be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled;—but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very re-action of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge.

Among the less sentimental effects of this review upon his mind, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner;—that nothing, however, relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that



Photo: Kischgitz Collection.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

The ancestral seat of the Byron family until 1818. The Abbey housed the relics of Byron until the year 1921, when they were sold.

"after the first twenty lines, he felt himself considerably better."

Byron sat down to write the first of his poems that became famous, his free-hitting satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." As Moore says, "The misanthropic mood of mind into which he had fallen at this time, from disappointed affections and thwarted hopes, made the office of satirist but too congenial and welcome to his spirit." Referring to the causes that worked this change in his character, his biographer writes:

"Alone on a Wide Sea."

Of all the qualities, indeed, of his nature, affectionateness seems to have been the most ardent and most deep. A disposition, on his own side, to form strong attachments, and a yearning desire after affection in return, were the feeling and the want that formed the dream and torment of his existence. We have seen with what passionate enthusiasm he threw himself into his boyish friendships. The all-absorbing and unsuccessful love that followed was, if I may so say, the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived on through his life, and filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its light to even those unworthy ties which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit in those stanzas written but a few months before his death:—

"'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!"

It is much, I own, to be questioned, whether, even under the most favourable circumstances, a disposition such as I have here described could have escaped ultimate disappointment, or found anywhere a resting-place for its imaginings and desires. But, in the case of Lord Byron, disappointment met him on the very threshold of life. His mother, to

whom his affections first, naturally with ardour, turned, either repelled them rudely, or capriciously trifled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced the first feelings of pain and humiliation he had ever known to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she had wounded him.

The sympathy of a sister's love, of all the influences on the mind of a youth the most softening, was also, in his early days, denied to him,—his sister Augusta and he having seen but little of each other while young. A vent through the calm channel of domestic affections might have brought down the high current of his feelings to a level nearer that of the world he had to traverse, and thus saved them from the tumultuous rapids and falls to which this early elevation, in their after-course, exposed them. In the dearth of all home-endearments, his heart had no other resource but in those boyish friendships which he formed at school; and when these were interrupted by his removal to Cambridge, he was again thrown back, isolated, on his own restless desires. Then followed his ill-fated attachment to Miss Chaworth, to which, more than to any other cause, he himself attributed the desolating change then wrought in his disposition.

"I doubt sometimes (he says, in his 'Detached Thoughts') whether, after all, a quiet and unagitated life would have suited me; yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest dreams (as most boys' dreams are) were martial; but a little later they were all for *love* and retirement, till the hopeless attachment to M*** C*** began and continued (though sedulously concealed) *very* early in my teens; and so upwards for a time. *This* threw me out again 'alone on a wide sea.' In the year 1804 I recollect meeting my sister at General Harcourt's, in Portland Place. I was then *one thing*, and *as* she had always till then found me. When we met again in 1805 (she told me since) that my temper and disposition were so completely altered, that I was hardly to be recognised. I was not then sensible of the change; but I can believe it, and account for it."

Byron had now taken up his residence at Newstead; Charles Skinner Matthews was one of a party of young college friends assembled there by Byron for a sort of festive farewell before he left for a proposed "grand tour" abroad. Matthews describes Newstead, and proceeds:

Festive Nights.

"Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others, and was, now and then, increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. As for our way of living, the order of the day was generally this:—for breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience,—every thing remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, one would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always,—even when an invalid,—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then, for the amusements of the morning, there was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock, in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking—riding—cricket—sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

"I must not omit the custom of handing round, after dinner, on the removal of the cloth, a human skull filled with burgundy. After revelling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading, or improving conversation,—each, according to his fancy,—and, after sandwiches, &c., retired to rest. A set of monkish dresses, which had been provided, with all the proper apparatus of crosses, beads, tonsures, &c., often gave

a variety to our appearance, and to our pursuits."

* * *

Lord Byron had taken his seat in the House of Lords, but attendance was irksome and mortifying; the inadequacy of his means, and the loneliness of his position in society at this period, and the neglect of his guardian, Lord Carlisle, embittered his soul; he withdrew to the seclusion of his own Abbey, "there to brood over the bitterness of premature experience."



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

LORD BYRON'S STUDY AT NEWSTEAD.

Such was the state of mind and heart —as, from his own testimony and that of others, I have collected it—in which Lord Byron now set out on his indefinite pilgrimage; and never was there a change wrought in disposition and character to which Shakespeare's fancy of "sweet bells jangled out of tune" more truly applied. The unwillingness of Lord Carlisle to countenance him, and his humiliating position in consequence, completed the full measure of that mortification towards which so many other causes had concurred. Baffled, as he had been, in his own ardent pursuit of affection and friendship, his sole revenge and consolation lay in doubting that any such feelings really existed. The various crosses he had met with, in themselves sufficiently irritating and wounding, were rendered still more so by the high, impatient temper with which he encountered them. What others would have bowed to, as misfortunes, his proud spirit rose against, as wrongs; and the vehemence of this re-action produced, at once, a revolution throughout his whole character, in which, as in revolutions of the political world, all that was bad and irregular in his nature burst forth with all that was most energetic and grand. The very virtues and excellencies of his disposition ministered to the violence of this change.

The same ardour that had burned through his friendships and loves now fed the fierce explosions of his indignation and scorn. His natural vivacity and humour but lent a fresher flow to his bitterness, till he, at last, revelled in it as an indulgence; and that hatred of hypocrisy, which had hitherto only shown itself in a too shadowy colouring of his own youthful frailties, now hurried him, from his horror of all false pretensions to virtue, into the still more dangerous boast and ostentation of vice.

He sailed for Lisbon, thence travelled to Seville, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Sardinia, Malta, Albania and to Greece. It was in Athens that his love of the beautiful daughter of his hostess inspired one of his best lyrics, "Maid of Athens." On his return, he published in 1812 *the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," which lifted him into dazzling fame in a single day. The poem set literary London aflame with wonder and admiration. His biographer tells of Byron's table being strewn with letters from statesmen, great ladies and unknown admirers.*

In a letter dated September 15th, 1814, *to Mr. Moore, Byron wrote, "To-morrow I shall know whether a circumstance of importance enough to change many of my plans will occur or not."*

Miss Milbanke.

The "circumstance of importance," to which he alludes in this letter, was his second proposal for Miss Milbanke, of which he was now waiting the result. His own account, in his Memoranda, of the circumstances that led to this step is, in substance, as far as I can trust my recollection, as follows. A person, who had for some time stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was—who was to be the object of his choice; and while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected—remarking to him, that Miss Milbanke had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done;—and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, sitting together. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that, after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person;—I will write to her." He accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter—but, on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter;—it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one."—"Then it *shall* go," said Lord Byron; and in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate.

The ill-fated marriage took place on January 6th, 1815. *In his own memoranda Byron gives an account of the wedding.*

The Wedding.

In that Memoir, he described himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down, he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes,—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was—married.

The same morning, the wedded pair left Seaham for Halnaby, another seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, in the same county. When about to depart, Lord Byron said to the bride, "Miss Milbanke, are you ready?"—a mistake which the lady's

confidential attendant pronounced to be a "bad omen."

A year later Lady Byron resolved to separate from her husband.

The Separation.

It was in a few weeks after this latter communication between us that Lady Byron adopted the resolution of parting from him. She had left London about the middle of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was, in a short time after, to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness—she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road, and, immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more. At the time when he had to stand this unexpected shock, his pecuniary embarrassments, which had been fast gathering around him during the whole of the last year (there having been no less than eight or nine executions in his house within that period), had arrived at their utmost; and at a moment when, to use his own strong expressions, he was "standing alone on his hearth, with his household gods shivered around him," he was also doomed to receive the startling intelligence that the wife who had just parted with him in kindness, had parted with him—for ever. . . .

The mystery of the separation is an unsolved mystery, which the biographer comments on without entirely elucidating the facts of the separation. "It seems needless with the character of both parties before our eyes," he says, "to go in quest of any very remote or mysterious reasons to account for it." "Meanwhile, the unmoved silence of the lady herself, under the repeated demands made for a specification of her charges against him, left to malice and imagination the fullest range for their combined industry." The London world turned against its hero and darling, vindictively and mercilessly. "In every various form of paragraph, pamphlet and caricature, both his character and person were held up to odium." Byron himself tells us, "The press was active and scurrilous . . . my name—which had been a knightly or a noble one since William the Norman—was tainted. I felt that, if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me." He left the shores of England in April, 1816, and began to "bear through Europe the pageant of his bleeding heart."

Takes Leave of England.

As far as the character of the illustrious subject of these pages is concerned, I feel that Time and Justice are doing far more in its favour than could be effected by any such gossiping details During the lifetime of a man of genius, the world is but too much inclined to judge of him rather by what he wants than by what he possesses, and even where conscious, as in the present case, that his defects are among the sources of his greatness, to require of him unreasonably the one without the other. If Pope had not been splenetic and irritable, we should have wanted his Satires; and an impetuous temperament, and passions untamed, were indispensable to the conformation of a poet like Byron. It is by posterity only that full justice is rendered to those who have paid such hard penalties to reach it. The dross that had once hung about the ore drops away, and the infirmities, and even miseries, of genius are forgotten in its greatness. Who now asks whether Dante was right or wrong in his matrimonial differences? or by how many of those whose fancies dwell fondly on his Beatrice is even the name of his Gemma Donati remembered?

Already, short as has been the interval since Lord Byron's death, the charitable influence of time in softening, if not rescinding, the harsh judgments of the world against genius is visible. The utter unreasonableness of trying such a character by ordinary standards, or of expecting to find the materials of order and happiness in a bosom constantly heaving forth from its depths such "lava floods," is—now that his spirit has passed from among us—felt and

acknowledged. In reviewing the circumstances of his marriage, a more even scale of justice is held; and while every tribute of sympathy and commiseration is accorded to her, who, unluckily for her own peace, became involved in such a destiny,—who, with virtues and attainments that would have made the home of a more ordinary man happy, undertook, in evil hour, to "turn and wind a fiery Pegasus," and but failed where it may be doubted whether even the fittest for such a task would have succeeded,—full allowance is, at the same time, made for the great martyr of genius himself, whom so many other causes, beside that restless fire within him, concurred to unsettle in mind and (as he himself feelingly expresses it) "disqualify for comfort";—whose doom it was to be either thus or less great, and whom to have tamed might have been to extinguish. . . .

The circumstances under which Lord Byron now took leave of England were such as, in the case of any ordinary person, could not be considered otherwise than disastrous and humiliating. He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery;—had seen his hearth eight or nine times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank. He had alienated, as far as they had ever been his, the affections of his wife; and now, rejected by her, and condemned by the world, was betaking himself to an exile which had not even the dignity of appearing voluntary, as the excommunicating voice of society seemed to leave him no other resource. Had he been of that class of unfeeling and self-satisfied natures from whose hard surface the reproaches of others fall pointless, he might have found in insensibility a sure refuge against reproach; but, on the contrary, the same sensitiveness that kept him so awake to the applauses of mankind, rendered him, in a still more intense degree, alive to their censure. Even the strange, perverse pleasure which he felt in painting himself unamiably to the world did not prevent him from being both startled and pained when the world took him at his word; and, like a child in a mask before a looking-glass, the dark semblance which he had, half in sport, put on, when reflected back upon him from the mirror of public opinion, shocked even himself.

Thus surrounded by vexations, and thus deeply feeling them, it is not too much to say, that any other spirit but his own would have sunk under the struggle, and lost, perhaps irrecoverably, that level of self-esteem which alone affords a stand against the shocks of fortune. But in him,—furnished as was his mind with reserves of strength, waiting to be called out,—the very intensity of the pressure brought relief by the proportionate re-action which it produced. Had his transgressions and frailties been visited with no more than their due portion of punishment, there can be little doubt that a very different result would have ensued. Not only would such an excitement have been insufficient to waken up the new energies still dormant in him, but that consciousness of his own errors, which was for ever livelily present in his mind, would, under such circumstances, have been left, undisturbed by any unjust provocation, to work its usual softening and, perhaps, humbling influences on his spirit. But,—luckily, as it proved, for the further triumphs of his genius—no such moderation was exercised. The storm of invective raised around him, so utterly out of proportion with his offences, and the base calumnies that were everywhere heaped upon his name, left to his wounded pride no other resource than in the same summoning up of strength, the same instinct of resistance to injustice, which had first forced out the energies of his youthful genius, and was now destined to give a still bolder and loftier range to its powers.

Some of Byron's greatest work was yet to come; the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold" are the record of his journey into this last and long exile. (*See page* 109, *Vol. I, of this work.*) *"Don Juan," into which Byron put the whole of himself* (*See page* 177, *Vol. I*), *followed. "Never did pages more faithfully and, in*



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

LORD BYRON.

After the painting by G. Sanders.

many respects, lamentably reflect every variety of feeling and whim and passion that, like the rack of autumn, swept across the author's mind in writing them." It is said that Byron, "fearful lest he should become fat, starved himself and then ate and drank to excess upon nights of relaxation." The two preceding days, related Thomas Moore, Byron had taken nothing but a few biscuits and had chewed mastic to stop the craving of his stomach. We are told also that he wrote "Don Juan" on gin and water. His biographer prints a portrait of Byron written at this time by an Italian lady of which the following is an extract.

A Pen Portrait.

"It would be to little purpose to dwell upon the mere beauty of a countenance in which the expression of an extraordinary mind was so conspicuous. What serenity was seated on the forehead, adorned with the finest chestnut hair, light, curling, and disposed with such art, that the art was hidden in the imitation of most pleasing nature! What varied expression in his eyes! They were of the azure colour of the heavens, from which they seemed to derive their origin. His teeth, in form, in colour, in transparency, resembled pearls; but his cheeks were too delicately tinged with the hue of the pale rose. His neck, which he was in the habit of keeping uncovered as much as the usages of society permitted, seemed to have been formed in a mould, and was very white. His hands were as beautiful as if they had been the works of art. His figure left nothing to be desired, particularly by those who found rather a grace than a defect in a certain light and gentle undulation of the person when he entered a room, and of which you hardly felt tempted to enquire the cause. Indeed it was scarcely perceptible—the clothes he wore were so long. . . .

"His face appeared tranquil like the ocean on a fine spring morning; but, like it, in an instant became changed into the tempestuous and terrible, if a passion, (a passion did I say?) a thought, a word, occurred to disturb his mind. His eyes then lost all their sweetness, and sparkled so that it became difficult to look on them. So rapid a change would not have been thought possible; but it was impossible to avoid acknowledging that the natural state of his mind was the tempestuous.

"What delighted him greatly one day annoyed him the next; and whenever he appeared constant in the practice of any habits, it arose merely from the indifference, not to say contempt, in which he held them all: whatever they might be, they were not worthy that he should occupy his thoughts with them. His heart was hightly sensitive, and suffered itself to be governed in an extraordinary degree by sympathy; but his imagination carried him away, and spoiled every thing. He believed in presages, and delighted in the recollection that he held this belief in common with Napoleon. It appeared that, in proportion as his intellectual education was cultivated, his moral education was neglected, and that he never suffered himself to know or observe other restraints than those imposed by his inclinations.

Byron's early travels in Greece left a lasting impression on his mind. In the spring of 1823, while he was staying at Genoa, communications were opened between him and an agent acting on behalf of a London Committee interesting itself in the distressed affairs of Greece, engaged in the War of Independence. Byron offered to proceed to that country and to devote his resources to the object in view. It was on January 5th, 1824, that he arrived at Missolonghi. He was made Commander-in-Chief of an expedition. Nothing in his personal life became Byron like his end when he took up arms for Greece.

Greece.

On the morning of the 22nd of January, his birthday,—the last my poor friend was ever fated to see,—he came from his bedroom into the apartment where

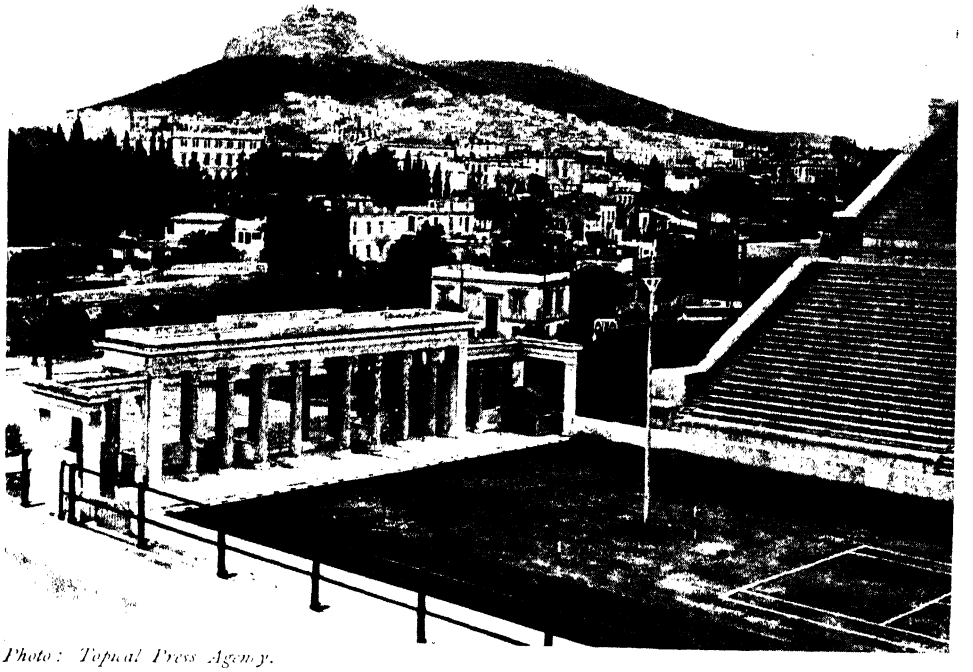


Photo: Topical Press Agency.

ATHENS: VIEW FROM THE STADIUM.

Except that the marble seats and decorations were renewed in the period between 1896-1906, the Stadium is much the same now as in the days of Herod's Atticus. It was the scene of the Panathenaeum games, and the Olympic games are now held here every four years.

Colonel Stanhope and some others were assembled, and said with a smile, "You were complaining the other day that I never write any poetry now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something which, I think, is better than what I usually write." He then produced to them those beautiful stanzas, which, though already known to most readers, are far too affectingly associated with this closing scene of his life to be omitted among its details. Taking into consideration, indeed, every thing connected with these verses,—the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole,—there is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest.

"JANUARY 22ND.

"ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR."

I

"'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

II

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

III

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

IV

"The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

' But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

VI

" The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

VII

" Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !)
Awake, my spirit ! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !

VIII

" Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood !—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

IX

" If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live ?*
The land of honourable death
Is here :—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

X

" Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

" We perceived," says Count Gamba, " from these lines, as well as from his daily conversations, that his ambition and his hope were irrevocably fixed upon the glorious objects of his expedition to Greece, and that he had made up his mind to ' return victorious, or return no more.' Indeed, he often said to me, ' Others may do as they please—they may go—but I stay here, *that is certain.*' The same determination was expressed in his letters to his friends ; and this resolution was not unaccompanied with the very natural presentiment—that he should never leave Greece alive. He one day asked his faithful servant, Tita, whether he thought of returning to Italy ? ' Yes,' said Tita : ' if your Lordship goes, I go.' Lord Byron smiled, and said, ' No, Tita, I shall never go back from Greece—either the Turks, or the Greeks, or the climate, will prevent that.' "

* * *

" The grand practical task of freeing Greece from her tyrants " was his first and main object ; there were many troubles and much dissention, and difficulties with untractable mercenaries, so that not much was accomplished. Byron had sacrificed his time and his money, and now he was to sacrifice his life.

A Warning.

While these vexatious events were occurring, the interruption of his accustomed exercise by the rains but increased the irritability that such delays were calculated to excite ; and the whole together, no doubt, concurred with whatever predisposing tendencies were already in his constitution, to bring on that convulsive fit—the forerunner of his death—which, on the evening of the 15th of February, seized him. He was sitting, at about eight o'clock, with only Mr. Parry and Mr. Hesketh, in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope—talking jestingly upon one of his favourite topics, the differences between himself and this latter gentleman, and saying that " he believed, after all, the author's brigade would be ready before the soldier's printing-press." There was an unusual flush in his face, and from the rapid changes of his countenance it was manifest that he was suffering under some nervous agitation. He then complained of being thirsty, and, calling for some cider, drank of it ; upon which, a still greater change being observable over his features, he rose from his seat, but was unable to walk, and, after staggering forward a step or two, fell into Mr. Parry's arms. In another minute, his teeth were closed, his speech and senses gone, and he was in strong convulsions. So violent, indeed, were his struggles, that it required all the strength both of Mr. Parry and his servant Tita to hold him during the fit. His face, too, was much distorted ; and, as he told Count Gamba afterwards, " so intense were his sufferings during the convulsion, that, had it lasted but a minute longer, he believed he must have died." The fit was, however, as short as it was violent ; in a few minutes his speech and senses returned ; his features, though still pale

and haggard, resumed their natural shape, and no effect remained from the attack but excessive weakness. " As soon as he could speak," says Count Gamba, " he showed himself perfectly free from all alarm ; but he very coolly asked whether his attack was likely to prove fatal. ' Let me know,' he said ; ' do not think I am afraid to die—I am not.' " . . .

On the following morning he was found to be better, but still pale and weak, and complained much of a sensation of weight on his head. The doctors, therefore, thought it right to apply leeches to his temples ; but found it difficult, on their removal, to stop the blood, which continued to flow so copiously, that from exhaustion he fainted. It must have been on this day that the scene thus described by Colonel Stanhope occurred :

" Soon after his dreadful paroxysm, when, faint with over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliotes, covered with dirt and splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness ; and the more the Suliotes raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime." . . .

Byron recovered from this first illness. One day out riding he was overtaken by a heavy shower and returned to the town walls wet through and in a state of violent perspiration. Then he persisted in entering a boat where he sat, long exposed to the rain, before reaching his destination. The next day rheumatic fever set in and a painful illness ensued.



Photo : Rischgitz Collection.

THE PALAZZO MOCENIGO -BYRON'S RESIDENCE IN VENICE.

His Death.

It is painful to dwell on such details—but we are now approaching the close. In addition to most of those sad varieties of wretchedness which surround alike the grandest and humblest deathbeds, there was also in the scene now passing

around the dying Byron such a degree of confusion and uncomfort as renders it doubly dreary to contemplate. There having been no person invested, since his illness, with authority over the household, neither order nor quiet was maintained in his apartment. Most of the comforts necessary in such an illness were wanting; and those around him, either unprepared for the danger, were, like Bruno, when it came, bewildered by it; or, like the kind-hearted Fletcher and Count Gamba, were by their feelings rendered no less helpless.

"In all the attendants," says Parry, "there was the officiousness of zeal; but, owing to their ignorance of each other's language, their zeal only added to the confusion. This circumstance, and the want of common necessaries, made Lord Byron's apartment such a picture of distress and even anguish during the two or three last days of his life, as I never before beheld, and wish never again to witness."

The 18th being Easter day,—a holiday which the Greeks celebrate by firing off muskets and artillery,—it was apprehended that this noise might be injurious to Lord Byron; and, as a means of attracting away the crowd from the neighbourhood, the artillery brigade were marched out by Parry, to exercise their guns at some distance from the town; while, at the same time, the town-guard patrolled the streets, and informing the people of the danger of their benefactor, entreated them to preserve all possible quiet.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Lord Byron rose and went into the adjoining room. He was able to walk across the chamber, leaning on his servant Tita; and, when seated, asked for a book, which the servant brought him. After reading, however, for a few minutes, he found himself faint; and, again taking Tita's arm, tottered into the next room, and returned to bed.

At this time the physicians, becoming still more alarmed, expressed a wish for a consultation; and proposed calling in, without delay, Dr. Freiber, the medical assistant of Mr. Millingen, and Luca Vaya, a Greek, the physician of Mavrocordato. On hearing this, Lord Byron at first refused to see them; but being informed that Mavrocordato advised it, he said,—"Very well, let them come; but let them look at me and say nothing." This they promised, and were admitted; but when one of them, on feeling his pulse, showed a wish to speak—"Recollect," he said, "your promise, and go away."

It was after this consultation of the physicians, that, as it appeared to Count Gamba, Lord Byron was, for the first time, aware of his approaching end. Mr. Millingen, Fletcher, and Tita had been standing round his bed; but the two first, unable to restrain their tears, left the room. Tita also wept; but, as Byron held his hand, could not retire. He, however, turned away his face; while Byron, looking at him steadily, said, half smiling, "Oh questa è una bella scena!" He then seemed to reflect a moment, and exclaimed, "Call Parry." Almost immediately afterwards, a fit of delirium ensued; and he began to talk wildly, as if he were mounting a breach in an assault,—calling out, half in English, half in Italian, "Forwards—forwards courage—follow my example," &c. &c. . . .

At another time he said, "There are things which make the world dear to me [*Io lascio qualche cosa di caro nel mondo*]: for the rest, I am content to die." He spoke also of Greece, saying, "I have given her my time, my means, my health—and now I give her my life!—what could I do more?"

It was about six o'clock on the evening of this day when he said, "Now I shall go to sleep;" and then turning round fell into that slumber from which he never awoke. For the next twenty-four hours he lay incapable of either sense or motion,—with the exception of, now and then, slight symptoms of suffocation, during which his servant raised his head,—and at a quarter past six o'clock on the following day, the 19th, he was seen to open his eyes and immediately shut them again. The physicians felt his pulse—he was no more!

As the Editor of the present work has said elsewhere :—

Thus ended Childe Harold's last pilgrimage. If his wishes had been allowed to rule the manner of Byron's burial, he would not have been brought home, to be buried like a county magnate in the heart of England. On some lonely Aegean isle, or on some Grecian promontory, amid the murmur of the waves, his tomb would have recalled to every pilgrim his majestic verse :

Between two worlds Life hovers like a star,
'Twixt Night and Morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are !
How less what we may be ! The eternal surge
Of Time and Tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages ; while the graves
Of Empires heave but like some passing waves.

But Byron's remains were brought to England—to be refused burial in Westminster Abbey, and to be laid in the family vault at Hucknall Torkard, a mile or two from Newstead Abbey, amid the scenes which had witnessed his pure, boyish passion for Mary Chaworth.

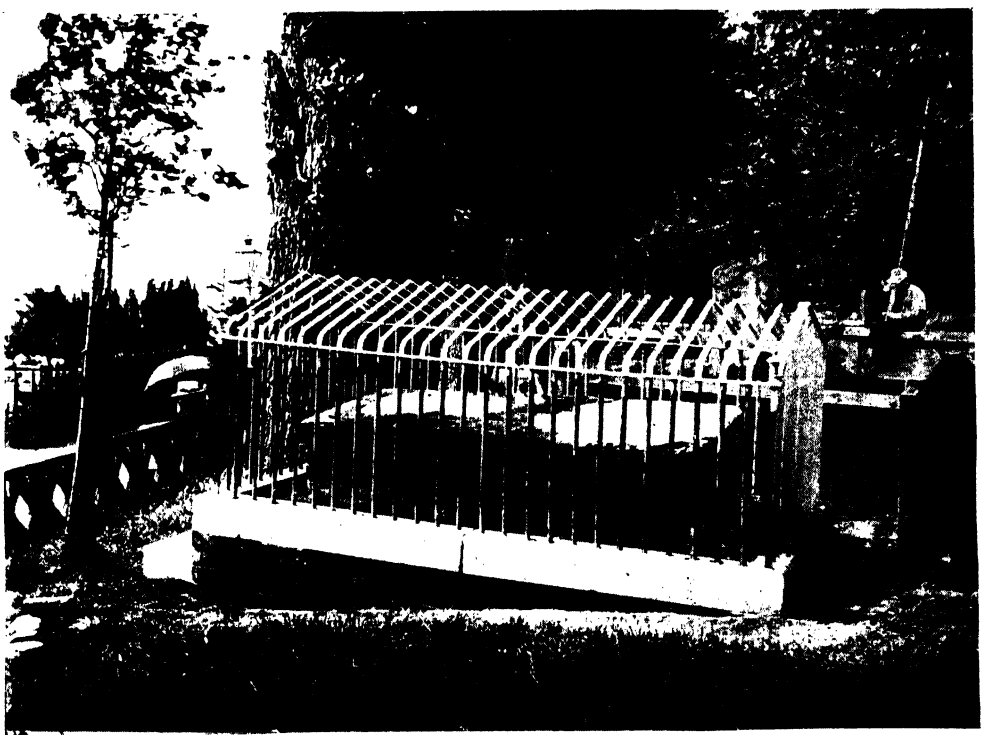


Photo : Rischgitz Collection.

TOMB IN HARROW CHURCHYARD CALLED "BYRON'S TOMB."

A favourite haunt of the poet when he was a boy at Harrow School.

THE DREAM.

LORD BYRON.

The picture which Byron has drawn here of his youthful love, Miss Chaworth, is one of the most interesting of his poems.

I

Our life is two-fold : Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence : Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,



Reproduced from "Byron the Poet" by permission of Walter A. Briscoe, Esq.

MARY CHAWORTH.

From a miniature at Annesley Hall.

They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
Like Sibyls of the future: they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow?—What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him: he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects: he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow.
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;

Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why ?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another ; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd :
Within an antique Oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake ; he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of ; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears,
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet : as he passed,
The Lady of his love re-entered there ;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams : he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around :
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with One
Who did not love her better : in her home,
A thousand leagues from his—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty—but behold !
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be ? she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there,
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be ? she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an Altar—with a gentle bride,
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood ; as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude ; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel's around him ; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,

The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny — came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light :
What business had they there at such a time ?

VII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love ; Oh ! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth ; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things ;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;
What is it but the telescope of truth ?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real !

VIII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him ; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention ; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment ; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains : with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues ; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries ;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

IX

My dream was past ; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

July 1816.

THE CHAIN I GAVE

FROM THE TURKISH

I

The chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound ;
The heart that offer'd both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

II

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,
Thy truths in absence to divine ;
And they have done their duty well,—
Alas ! they could not teach thee thine.

III

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch ;
That lute was sweet—till thou couldst think
In other hands its notes were such.

IV

Let him who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

V

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too ;
The chain is broke, the music mute.
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

CHARLES DICKENS



MARK TAPLEY BEGINS TO BE JOLLY UNDER CREDITABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

In "Martin Chuzzlewit" we meet half a dozen of famous Dickens' characters. Besides the Chuzzlewits, there is Pecksniff, "fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book"; sleek in person, soft and oily in manner, his plain black suit and dangling double-eyeglass—all cried aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff." He called himself an architect, but his professional engagements were confined to the reception of pupils and pocketing their premiums. Without a peer in duplicity and juggling, he worms himself into favour, but always remains the same preposterously sublime, canting hypocrite. We also make the acquaintance of the short-sighted, prematurely bald Tom Pinch; timid and distrustful of himself, he had a wonderful, child-like faith in his rascal of an employer, Pecksniff.

Then there is whimsical-faced Mark Tapley, with a pair of merry blue eyes. Mark was hostler at The Blue Dragon Inn; he believed himself "a man as could come out strong" if he could "only get a chance." He introduces himself to Martin Chuzzlewit, Junior, when that young man was about to quit his country, by a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," said Martin.

"It an't a liberty, sir, though it seems so. Your servant, sir. Hope you're pretty well, sir."

Martin stared at the face that was bowing in the doorway, perfectly remembering the features and expression, but quite forgetting to whom they belonged.

"Tapley, sir," said his visitor. "Him as formerly lived at the Dragon, sir, and was forced to leave in consequence of a want of jollity, sir."

"To be sure! Why, how did you come here?"

"Right through the passage, and up the stairs, sir," said Mark.

"How did you find me out, I mean?" asked Martin.

"Why, sir," said Mark, "I've passed you once or twice in the street, if I'm not mistaken; and when I was a-looking in at

the beef-and-ham shop just now, along with a hungry sweep, as was very much calculated to make a man jolly, sir, I see you a-buying that."

Martin reddened as he pointed to the table, and said somewhat hastily :

"Well, what then ? "

"Why, then, sir," said Mark, "I made bold to foller ; and as I told 'em downstairs that you expected me, I was let up."

"Are you charged with any message that you told them you were expected ? " inquired Martin.

"No, sir, I a'nt," said Mark. "That was what you may call a pious fraud, sir, that was."

Another character is Montague Tigg, alias Tigg Montague, Esquire, who, after being a pawnbroker, organises a swindling concern called the Anglo-Bengalic Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, of which we shall hear more.

The Chuzzlewit family are old Anthony and his brother Martin ; Jonas is the son of Anthony, and Martin, the younger, is his nephew and the hero of the story ; he became a pupil of Pecksniff, and Pecksniff, who found it would be to his advantage, turned him out of the house at the bidding of old Martin, young Martin's grandfather. The passage given below has to do, however, with Jonas, a sly, cunning, ignorant young man with the instincts of a brute. He coveted the property of his father who, he thinks, is a long time in dying, and so he attempts to poison him, and believes he has succeeded, since the old man dies shortly afterwards of a broken heart, as he thought of his son's ingratitude and unnatural wickedness. Before Anthony died he made Mr. Chuffey, his old, heavy-eyed clerk, promise not to reveal the secret of the attempt of Jonas to murder his father. Jonas marries Mercy, the daughter of Pecksniff, who lives to repent it. Meanwhile, Tigg Montague forces Jonas to join him in the swindling insurance business, for Montague had discovered the secret of the attempted murder, and Jonas has to pay large sums to him as hush-money. All this goaded Jonas to desperation, and he plans to murder Tigg Montague in a very cunningly devised way. Old Mr. Chuffey, his father's clerk, is ill and drivelling in his talk, so Jonas and Sairey Gamp, who is to watch him, agree that he is as mad as a March hare. After a disturbing talk with Sairey about the business, Jonas goes to his own room to begin his plans for dealing with Tigg Montague.

HE paced the room again in the same restless and unsteady way ; and then sat down upon the bedstead, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking at the table. When he had looked at it for a long time, he remembered his supper ; and resuming the chair he had first occupied, began to eat with great rapacity : not like a hungry man, but as if he were determined to do it. He drank too, roundly ; sometimes stopping in the middle of a draught to walk, and change his seat and walk again, and dart back to the table and fall to, in a ravenous hurry, as before.

It was now growing dark. As the gloom of evening, deepening into night, came on, another dark shade emerging from within him seemed to overspread his face, and slowly change it. Slowly, slowly ; darker and darker ; more and more haggard ; creeping over him by little and little ; until it was black night within him and without.

The room in which he had shut himself up, was on the ground floor, at the back of the house. It was lighted by a dirty skylight, and had a door in the wall, opening into a narrow covered passage or blind-alley, very little frequented after five or six o'clock in the evening, and not in much use as a thoroughfare at any hour. But it had an outlet in a neighbouring street. . . .

The door into the court had not been open for a long, long time ; but the key had always hung in one place, and there it hung now. He was prepared for its being rusty ; for he had a little bottle of oil in his pocket and the feather of a pen, with which he lubricated the key, and the lock too, carefully. All this while he had been without his coat, and had nothing on his feet but his stockings. He now got softly into bed in the same state, and tossed from side to side to tumble it. In his restless condition that was easily done.

When he arose, he took from his portmanteau, which he had caused to be

carried into that place when he came home, a pair of clumsy shoes, and put them on his feet; also a pair of leather leggings, such as countrymen are used to wear, with straps to fasten them to the waistband. In these he dressed himself at leisure. Lastly, he took out a common frock of coarse dark jean, which he drew over his own underclothing; and a felt hat—he had purposely left his own up-stairs. He then sat himself down by the door, with the key in his hand, waiting.

He had no light; the time was dreary, long, and awful. The ringers were practising in a neighbouring church, and the clashing of the bells was almost maddening. Curse the clamouring bells, they seemed to know that he was listening at the door, and to proclaim it in a crowd of voices to all the town! Would they never be still?

They ceased at last, and then the silence was so new and terrible that it seemed the prelude to some dreadful noise. Footsteps in the court! Two men. He fell back from the door on tiptoe, as if they could have seen him through its wooden panels.

They passed on, talking (he could make out) about a skeleton which had been dug up yesterday, in some work of excavation near at hand, and was supposed to be that of a murdered man. "So murder is not always found out, you see," they said to one another as they turned the corner.

Hush!

He put the key into the lock, and turned it. The door resisted for a while, but soon came stiffly open; mingling with the sense of fever in his mouth, a taste of rust, and dust, and earth, and rotting wood. He looked out; passed out; locked it after him.

All was clear and quiet, as he fled away.

Did no men passing through the dim streets shrink without knowing why, when he came stealing up behind them? As he glided on, had no child in its sleep an indistinct perception of a guilty shadow falling on its bed, that troubled its innocent rest? Did no dog howl, and strive to break its rattling chain, that it might tear him; no burrowing rat, scenting the work he had in hand, essay to gnaw a passage after him, that it might hold a greedy revel at the feast of his providing? When he looked back, across his shoulder, was it to see if his quick footsteps still fell dry upon the dusty pavement, or were already moist and clogged with the red mire that stained the naked feet of Cain!

He shaped his course for the main western road, and soon reached it: riding a part of the way, then alighting and walking on again. He travelled for a considerable distance upon the roof of a stage-coach, which came up while he was afoot; and when it turned out of his road, bribed the driver of a return post-chaise to take him on with him; and then made across the country at a run, and saved a mile or two before he struck again into the road. At last, as his plan was, he came up with a certain lumbering, slow, night-coach, which stopped wherever it could, and was stopping then at a public-house, while the guard and coachman ate and drank within.

He bargained for a seat outside this coach, and took it. And he quitted it no more until it was within a few miles of its destination, but occupied the same place all night.

All night! It is a common fancy that nature seems to sleep by night. It is a false fancy, as who should know better than he?

The fishes slumbered in the cold, bright, glistening streams and rivers, perhaps; and the birds roosted on the branches of the trees; and in their stalls and pastures beasts were quiet; and human creatures slept. But what of that, when the solemn night was watching, when it never winked, when its darkness watched no less than its light! The stately trees, the moon and shining stars, the softly-stirring wind, the over-shadowed lane, the broad, bright country-side, they all kept watch. There was not a blade of growing grass or corn, but watched; and the quieter it was, the more intent and fixed its watch upon him seemed to be.

And yet he slept. Riding on among those sentinels of God, he slept, and did

not change the purpose of his journey. If he forgot it in his troubled dreams, it came up steadily, and woke him. But it never woke him to remorse, or to abandonment of his design. . . .

The sun was welcome to him. There were life and motion, and a world astir, to divide the attention of Day. It was the eye of Night: of wakeful, watchful, silent, and attentive Night, with so much leisure for the observation of his wicked thoughts: that he dreaded most. There is no glare in the night. Even Glory shows to small advantage in the night, upon a crowded battle-field. How then shows Glory's blood-relation, bastard Murder!

Aye! He made no compromise, and held no secret with himself now. Murder. He had come to do it.

"Let me get down here," he said.

"Short of the town, eh!" observed the coachman.

"I may get down where I please, I suppose?"

"You got up to please yourself, and may get down to please yourself. It won't break our hearts to lose you, and it wouldn't have broken 'em if we'd never found you. Be a little quicker. That's all."

The guard had alighted, and was waiting in the road to take his money. In the jealousy and distrust of what he contemplated, he thought this man looked at him with more than common curiosity.

"What are you staring at?" said Jonas.

"Not at a handsome man," returned the guard. "If you want your fortune told, I'll tell you a bit of it. You won't be drowned. That's a consolation for you."

Before he could retort or turn away, the coachman put an end to the dialogue by giving him a cut with his whip, and bid him get out for a surly dog. The guard jumped up to his seat at the same moment, and they drove off, laughing; leaving him to stand in the road and shake his fist at them. He was not displeased though, on second thoughts, to have been taken for an ill-conditioned common country fellow; but rather congratulated himself upon it as a proof that he was well disguised.

Wandering into a copse by the roadside—but not in that place: two or three miles off—he tore out from a fence a thick, hard, knotted stake; and, sitting down beneath a hayrick, spent some time in shaping it, in peeling off the bark, and fashioning its jagged head with his knife.

The day passed on. Noon, afternoon, evening. Sunset.

All that serene and peaceful time two men, riding in a gig, came out of the city by a road not much frequented. It was the day on which Mr. Pecksniff had agreed to dine with Montague. He had kept his appointment, and was now going home. His host was riding with him for a short distance; meaning to return by a pleasant track, which Mr. Pecksniff had engaged to show him, through some fields. Jonas knew their plans. He had hung about the inn-yard while they were at dinner and had heard their orders given.

They were loud and merry in their conversation, and might have been heard at some distance: far above the sound of their carriage wheels or horses' hoofs. They came on noisily, to where a stile and footpath indicated their point of separation. Here they stopped.

"It's too soon. Much too soon," said Mr. Pecksniff. "But this is the place, my dear sir. Keep the path, and go straight through the little wood you'll come to. The path is narrower there, but you can't miss it. When shall I see you again? Soon I hope?"

"I hope so," replied Montague.

"Good night!"

"Good night. And a pleasant ride!"

So long as Mr. Pecksniff was in sight, and turned his head at intervals to salute him, Montague stood in the road smiling, and waving his hand. But when his new partner had disappeared, and this show was no longer necessary, he sat down on the stile with looks so altered, that he might have grown ten years older in the meantime.

He was flushed with wine, but not gay. His scheme had succeeded, but he showed no triumph. The effort of

sustaining his difficult part before his late companion had fatigued him, perhaps, or it may be that the evening whispered to his conscience, or it may be (as it *has* been) that a shadowy veil was dropping round him, closing out all thoughts but the presentiment and vague foreknowledge of impending doom.

If there be fluids, as we know there are, which, conscious of a coming wind, or rain, or frost, will shrink and strive to hide themselves in their glass arteries; may not that subtle liquor of the blood perceive, by properties within itself, that hands are raised to waste and spill it; and in the veins of men run cold and dull as his did, in that hour!

So cold, although the air was warm: so dull, although the sky was bright: that he rose up shivering from his seat, and hastily resumed his walk. He checked himself as hastily: undecided whether to pursue the footpath, which was lonely and retired, or to go back by the road.

He took the footpath. . . .

It brought him to the wood; a close, thick, shadowy wood, through which the path went winding on, dwindling away into a slender sheep-track. He paused before entering; for the stillness of this spot almost daunted him.



MR. JONAS CHUZZLEWIT ENTERTAINS HIS COUSINS.

The last rays of the sun were shining in, aslant, making a path of golden light along the stems and branches in its range, which, even as he looked, began to die away, yielding gently to the twilight that came creeping on. It was so very quiet that the soft and stealthy moss about the trunks of some old trees, seemed to have grown out of the silence, and to be its proper offspring. Those other trees which were subdued by blasts of wind in winter time, had not quite tumbled down, but being caught by others, lay all bare and scathed across their leafy arms, as if unwilling to disturb the general repose by the crash of their fall. Vistas of silence opened everywhere, into the heart and innermost recesses of the wood; beginning with the likeness of an aisle, a cloister, or a ruin open to the sky; then tangling off into a deep green rustling mystery, through which gnarled trunks, and twisted boughs, and ivy-covered stems, and trembling leaves, and bark-stripped bodies of old trees stretched out at length, were faintly seen in beautiful confusion.

As the sunlight died away and evening fell upon the wood, he entered it. Moving here and there a bramble or a drooping bough which stretched across his path, he slowly disappeared. At intervals a narrow opening showed him passing on, or the sharp cracking of some tender branch denoted where he went ; then he was seen or heard no more.

Never more beheld by mortal eye or heard by mortal ear : one man excepted.

That man, parting the leaves and branches on the other side, near where the path emerged again, came leaping out soon afterwards.

What had he left within the wood, that he sprang out of it as if it were a hell !

The body of a murdered man. In one thick solitary spot, it lay among the last year's leaves of oak and beech, just as it had fallen headlong down. Sopping and soaking in among the leaves that formed its pillow ; oozing down into the boggy ground, as if to cover itself from human sight ; forcing its way between and through the curling leaves, as if those senseless things rejected and forswore it, and were coiled up in abhorrence ; went a dark, dark stain that dyed the whole summer night from earth to heaven.

The doer of this deed came leaping from the wood so fiercely, that he cast into the air a shower of fragments of young boughs, torn away in his passage, and fell with violence upon the grass. But he quickly gained his feet again, and keeping underneath a hedge with his body bent, went running on towards the road. The road once reached, he fell into a rapid walk, and set on towards London.

And he was not sorry for what he had done. He was frightened when he thought of it—when did he not think of it !—but he was not sorry. He had had a terror and dread of the wood when he was in it ; but being out of it, and having committed the crime, his fears were now diverted, strangely, to the dark room he had left shut up at home. He had a greater horror, infinitely greater, of that room than of the wood. Now that he was on his return to it, it seemed beyond comparison more dismal and more dreadful than the wood. His hideous secret was shut up in the room, and all its terrors were there ; to his thinking wit as not in the wood at all.

He walked on for ten miles ; and then stopped at an ale-house for a coach, which he knew would pass through, on its way to London, before long ; and which he also knew was not the coach he had travelled down by, for it came from another place. He sat down outside the door here, on a bench, beside a man who was smoking his pipe. Having called for some beer, and drunk, he offered it to this companion, who thanked him, and took a draught. He could not help thinking that, if the man had known all, he might scarcely have relished drinking out of the same cup with him.

" A fine night, master ! " said this person. " And a rare sunset."

" I didn't see it," was his hasty answer.

" Didn't see it ? " returned the man.

" How the devil could I see it, if I was asleep ? "

" Asleep ! Aye, aye." The man appeared surprised by his unexpected irritability, and saying no more, smoked his pipe in silence. They had not sat very long, when there was a knocking within.

" What's that ? " cried Jonas.

" Can't say, I'm sure," replied the man.

He made no further inquiry, for the last question had escaped him, in spite of himself. But he was thinking, at the moment, of the closed-up room ; of the possibility of their knocking at the door on some special occasion ; of their being alarmed at receiving no answer ; of their bursting it open ; of their finding the room empty ; of their fastening the door into the court, and rendering it impossible for him to get into the house without showing himself in the garb he wore ; which would lead to rumour, rumour to detection, detection to death. At that instant, as if by some design and order of circumstances, the knocking had come.

It still continued ; like a warning echo of the dread reality he had conjured up. As he could not sit and hear it, he paid for his beer and walked on again. And having slunk about, in places unknown to him, all day ; and being out

at night, in a lonely road, in an unusual dress, and in that wandering and unsettled frame of mind; he stopped more than once to look about him, hoping he might be in a dream. . . .

Dread and fear were upon him, to an extent he had never counted on, and could not manage in the least degree. He was so horribly afraid of that infernal room at home. This made him, in a gloomy, murderous, mad way, not only fearful *for* himself, but *of* himself; for being, as it were, a part of the room: a something supposed to be there, yet missing from it: he invested himself with its mysterious terrors; and when he pictured in his mind the ugly chamber, false and quiet, false and quiet, through the dark hours of two nights; and the tumbled bed, and he not in it, though believed to be; he became in a manner his own ghost and phantom, and was at once the haunting spirit and the haunted man. . . . .



MARTIN MEETS AN ACQUAINTANCE AT THE HOUSE OF A MUTUAL RELATION.

But here were London streets again. Hush!

It was but five o'clock. He had time enough to reach his own house unobserved, and before there were many people in the streets, if nothing had happened so far, tending to his discovery. He slipped down from the coach without troubling the driver to stop his horses: and hurrying across the road, and in and out of every by-way that lay near his course, at length approached his own dwelling. He used additional caution in his immediate neighbourhood; halting first to look all down the street before him; then gliding swiftly through that one, and stopping to survey the next; and so on.

The passage-way was empty when his murderer's face looked into it. He stole on to the door on tiptoe, as if he dreaded to disturb his own imaginary rest.

He listened. Not a sound. As he turned the key with a trembling hand, and pushed the door softly open with his knee, a monstrous fear beset his mind.

What if the murdered man were there before him!

He cast a fearful glance all round. But there was nothing there.

He went in, locked the door, drew the key through and through the dust and damp in the fire-place to sully it again, and hung it up as of old. He took off his disguise, tied it up in a bundle ready for carrying away and sinking in the river before night, and locked it up in

a cupboard. These precautions taken, he undressed and went to bed.

The raging thirst, the fire that burnt within him as he lay beneath the clothes, the augmented horror of the room when they shut it out from his view; the agony of listening, in which he paid enforced regard to every sound, and thought the most unlikely one the prelude to that knocking which should bring the news; the starts with which he left his couch, and looking in the glass, imagined that his deed was broadly written in his face, and lying down and burying himself once more beneath the blankets, heard his own heart beating Murder, Murder, Murder, in the bed; what words can paint tremendous truths like these!

The morning advanced. There were footsteps in the house. He heard the blinds drawn up, and shutters opened; and now and then a stealthy tread outside his own door. He tried to call out, more than once, but his mouth was dry as if it had been filled with sand. At last he sat up in his bed, and cried:

"Who's there?"

It was his wife.

He asked her what it was o'clock? Nine.

"Did—did no one knock at my door yesterday?" he faltered. "Something disturbed me; but unless you had knocked the door down, you would have got no notice from me.'

"No one," she replied. That was well. He had waited, almost breathless, for her answer. It was a relief to him, if anything could be.

"Mr. Nadgett wanted to see you," she said, "but I told him you were tired, and had requested not to be disturbed. He said it was of little consequence, and went away. As I was opening my window to let in the cool air, I saw him passing through the street this morning, very early; but he hasn't been again."

Passing through the street that morning? Very early! Jonas trembled at the thought of having had a narrow chance of seeing him himself: even him, who had no object but to avoid people, and sneak on unobserved, and keep his own secrets: and who saw nothing.

He called to her to get his breakfast ready, and prepared to go up-stairs: attiring himself in the clothes he had taken off when he came into that room, which had been, ever since, outside the door. In his secret dread of meeting the household for the first time, after what he had done, he lingered at the door on slight pretexts that they might see him without looking in his face; and left it ajar while he dressed; and called out to have the windows opened, and the pavement watered, that they might become accustomed to his voice. Even when he had put off the time, by one means or other, so that he had seen or spoken to them all, he could not muster courage for a long while to go in among them, but stood at his own door listening to the murmur of their distant conversation.

He could not stop there for ever, and so joined them. His last glance at the glass had seen a tell-tale face, but that might have been because of his anxious looking in it. He dared not look at them to see if they observed him, but he thought them very silent.

And whatsoever guard he kept upon himself, he could not help listening, and showing that he listened. Whether he attended to their talk, or tried to think of other things, or talked himself, or held his peace, or resolutely counted the dull tickings of a hoarse clock at his back, he always lapsed, as if a spell were on him, into eager listening. For he knew it must come; and his present punishment, and torture, and distraction, were, to listen for its coming.

Hush! . . .

Jonas was arrested and poisoned himself on his way to prison. Pecksniff ends his days in drunkenness.

Two world-famous characters remain in Sairey Gamp and her bosom friend Betsey Prig, both professional nurses. Sairey was a fat old woman, with a husky voice and a moist eye, but all the world knows Sairey Gamp. Sairey had a fondness for constantly quoting a certain Mrs. Harris, an appreciative patient, and, as Sairey would have, her good friend. But, alas, Mrs. Harris only existed in Mrs. Gamp's

imagination, and it was over this mythical lady that Sairey and Betsey had their great quarrel. Mrs. Gamp had invited Betsey Prig to high tea, with unfortunate results.

"My precious Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, "how late you are!"

The worthy Mrs. Prig replied, with some asperity, "that if perwerse people went off dead, when they was least expected, it warn't no fault of her'n." And further, "that it was quite aggrawation enough to be made late when one was dropping for one's tea, without hearing on it again."

Mrs. Gamp, deriving from this exhibition of repartee some clue to the state of Mrs. Prig's feelings, instantly conducted her up-stairs: deeming that the sight of pickled salmon might work a softening change.

But Betsey Prig expected pickled salmon. It was obvious that she did; for her first words, after glancing at the table, were:

"I know'd she wouldn't have a cowcumber!"

Mrs. Gamp changed colour, and sat down upon the bedstead.

"Lord bless you, Betsey Prig, your words is true. I quite forgot it!"

Mrs. Prig, looking steadfastly at her friend, put her hand in her pocket, and with an air of surly triumph drew forth either the oldest of lettuces or youngest of cabbages, but at any rate, a green vegetable of an expansive nature, and of such magnificent proportions that she was obliged to shut it up like an umbrella before she could pull it out. She also produced a handful of mustard and cress, a trifle of the herb called dandelion, three bunches of radishes, an onion rather larger than an average turnip, three substantial slices of beetroot, and a short prong or antler of celery; the whole of this garden-stuff having been publicly exhibited, but a short time before, as a twopenny salad, and purchased by Mrs. Prig on condition that the vendor could get it all into her pocket. Which had been happily accomplished, in High Holborn, to the breathless interest of a hackney-coach stand. And she laid so little stress on this surprising forethought, that she did not even smile, but returning her pocket into its accustomed sphere, merely recommended that these productions of nature should be sliced up, for immediate consumption, in plenty of vinegar.

"And don't go a-droppin' none of your snuff in it," said Mrs. Prig. "In gruel, barley-water, apple-tea, mutton-broth, and that, it don't signify. It stimilates a patient. But I don't relish it myself."

"Why, Betsey Prig!" cried Mrs. Gamp, "how *can* you talk so?"

"Why, ain't your patients, wotever their diseases is, always a-sneezin' their wery heads off, along of your snuff?" said Mrs. Prig.

"And wot if they are?" said Mrs. Gamp.

"Nothing if they are," said Mrs. Prig. "But don't deny it, Sairah."

"Who deniges of it?" Mrs. Gamp inquired.

Mrs. Prig returned no answer.

"WHO deniges of it, Betsey?" Mrs. Gamp inquired again. Then Mrs. Gamp, by reversing the question, imparted a deeper and more awful character of solemnity to the same. "Betsey, who deniges of it?"

It was the nearest possible approach to a very decided difference of opinion between these ladies; but Mrs. Prig's impatience for the meal being greater at the moment than her impatience of contradiction, she replied, for the present, "Nobody, if you don't, Sairah," and prepared herself for tea. For a quarrel can be taken up at any time, but a limited quantity of salmon cannot.

Her toilet was simple. She had merely to "chuck" her bonnet and shawl upon the bed; give her hair two pulls, one upon the right side and one upon the left, as if she were ringing a couple of bells; and all was done. The tea was already made, Mrs. Gamp was not long over the salad, and they were soon at the height of their repast.

The temper of both parties was improved, for the time being, by the enjoyments of the table. When the meal came to a termination (which it was pretty long in doing), and Mrs.



THE DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Gamp having cleared away, produced the teapot from the top-shelf, simultaneously with a couple of wine-glasses, they were quite amiable.

"Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, filling her own glass, and passing the teapot, "I will now propoge a toast. My frequent pardner, Betsey Prig!"

"Which, altering the name to Sairah Gamp; I drink," said Mrs. Prig, "with love and tenderness."

From this moment symptoms of inflammation began to lurk in the nose of each lady; and perhaps, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, in the temper also.

"Now, Sairah," said Mrs. Prig, "joining business with pleasure, wot is this case in which you wants me?"

Mrs. Gamp betraying in her face some intention of returning an evasive answer, Betsey added:

"*Is* it Mrs. Harris?"

"No, Betsey Prig, it ain't," was Mrs. Gamp's reply.

"Well!" said Mrs. Prig, with a short laugh. "I'm glad of that, at any rate."

"Why should you be glad of that, Betsey?" Mrs. Gamp retorted, warmly. "She is unbeknown to you except by hearsay, why should you be glad? If you have anythink to say contrairy to the character of Mrs. Harris, which well I knows behind her back, afore her face, or anywheres, is not to be impeaged, out with it, Betsey. I have know'd that sweetest and best of women," said Mrs. Gamp, shaking her head, and shedding tears, "ever since afore her First, which Mr. Harris who was dreadful timid went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his owls was organs. And I have know'd her, Betsey Prig, when he has hurt her feelin' 'art by sayin' of his Ninth that it was one too many, if not two, while that dear innocent was cooin' in his face, which thrive it did though bandy, but I have never know'd as you had occagion to be glad, Betsey, on accounts of Mrs. Harris not requiring you. Require she never will, depend upon it, for her constant words in sickness is, and will be, 'Send for Sairey!'"

During this touching address, Mrs. Prig adroitly feigning to be the victim of that absence of mind which has its origin in excessive attention to one topic,

helped herself from the teapot without appearing to observe it. Mrs. Gamp observed it, however, and came to a premature close in consequence.

"Well, it ain't her, it seems," said Mrs. Prig, coldly: "who is it then?"

"You have heerd me mention, Betsey," Mrs. Gamp replied, after glancing in an expressive and marked manner at the teapot, "a person as I took care on at the time as you and me was pardners off and on, in that there fever at the Bull?"

"Old Snuffey," Mrs. Prig observed.



MRS. GAMP PROPOSES A TOAST.

Sarah Gamp looked at her with an eye of fire, for she saw in this mistake of Mrs. Prig, another wilful and malignant stab at that same weakness or custom of hers, an ungenerous allusion to which, on the part of Betsey, had first disturbed their harmony that evening. And she saw it still more clearly, when, politely but firmly correcting that lady by the distinct enunciation of the word "Chuffey," Mrs. Prig received the correction with a diabolical laugh.

The best among us have their failings, and it must be conceded of Mrs. Prig, that if there were a blemish in the goodness of her disposition, it was a habit she had of not bestowing all its sharp and acid properties upon her patients (as a thoroughly amiable woman would have done), but of keeping a considerable remainder for the service of her friends. Highly pickled salmon, and lettuces chopped up in vinegar, may, as viands possessing some acidity of their own, have encouraged and increased this failing in Mrs. Prig; and every application to the teapot certainly did; for it was often remarked of her by her friends, that she was most contradictory when most elevated. It is certain that her countenance became about this time derisive and defiant, and that she sat with her arms folded, and one eye shut up, in a somewhat offensive, because obtrusively intelligent, manner.

Mrs. Gamp observing this, felt it the more necessary that Mrs. Prig should know her place, and be made sensible of her exact station in society, as well as of her obligations to herself. She therefore assumed an air of greater patronage and importance, as she went on to answer Mrs. Prig a little more in detail.

"Mr. Chuffey, Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, "is weak in his mind. Excuge me if I makes remark, that he may neither be so weak as people thinks, nor people may not think he is so weak as they pretends, and what I knows, I knows; and what you don't, you don't; so do not ask me, Betsey. But Mr. Chuffey's friends has made propojals for his bein' took care on, and has said to me, 'Mrs. Gamp, *will* you undertake

it? We couldn't think,' they says, 'of trusting him to nobody but you, for, Sairey, you are gold as has passed the furnage. Will you undertake it, at your own price, day and night, and by your own self?' 'No,' I says, 'I will not. Do not reckon on it. There is,' I says, 'but one creetur in the world as I would undertake on sech terms, and her name is Harris. But,' I says, 'I am acquainted with a friend, whose name is Betsey Prig, that I can recommend, and will assist me. Betsey,' I says, 'is always to be trusted, under me, and will be guided as I could desire.'"



MR. NADGETT, THE ENQUIRY AGENT EMPLOYED BY THE ANGLO-BENGALEE ASSURANCE COMPANY, BREATHES, AS USUAL, AN ATMOSPHERE OF MYSTERY.

Here Mrs. Prig, without any abatement of her offensive manner, again counterfeited abstraction of mind, and stretched out her hand to the teapot. It was more than Mrs. Gamp could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. Prig with her own, and said, with great feeling:

"No, Betsey! Drink fair, wotever you do!"

Mrs. Prig, thus baffled, threw herself back in her chair, and closing the same eye more emphatically, and folding her arms tighter, suffered her head to roll slowly from side to side, while she surveyed her friend with a contemptuous smile.

Mrs. Gamp resumed:

"Mrs. Harris, Betsey——"

"Bother Mrs. Harris!" said Betsey Prig.

Mrs. Gamp looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation; when Mrs. Prig, shutting her eye still closer, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words:

"I don't believe there's no sich a person!"

After the utterance of which expressions, she leaned forward and snapped her fingers once, twice, thrice; each time nearer to the face of Mrs. Gamp, and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt that there was now a gulf between them, which nothing could ever bridge across.

The shock of this blow was so violent and sudden, that Mrs. Gamp sat staring at nothing with uplifted eyes, and her mouth open as if she were gasping for breath, until Betsey Prig had put on her bonnet and her shawl, and was gathering

the latter about her throat. Then Mrs. Gamp rose—morally and physically rose—and denounced her.

"What!" said Mrs. Gamp, "you bage creetur, have I know'd Mrs. Harris five and thirty year, to be told at last that there ain't no sech a person livin'? Have I stood her friend in all her troubles, great and small, for it to come at last to sech a end as this, which her own sweet picter hanging up afore you all the time, to shame your Bragian words? But well you mayn't believe there's no sech a creetur, for she wouldn't demean herself to look at you, and often has she said, when I have made mention of your name, which, to my sinful sorrow, I have done, 'What, Sairey Gamp! debage yourself to *her!*' Go along with you!"

"I'm a-goin', ma'am, ain't I?" said Mrs. Prig, stopping as she said it.

"You had better, ma'am," said Mrs. Gamp.

"Do you know who you're talking to, ma'am?" inquired her visitor.

"Aperiently," said Mrs. Gamp, surveying her with scorn from head to foot, "to Betsey Prig. Aperiently so. *I* know her. No one better. Go along with you!"

"And *you* was a-goin' to take me under you!" cried Mrs. Prig, surveying Mrs. Gamp from head to foot in her turn. "*You* was, was you? Oh, how kind! Why, deuce take your imperence," said Mrs. Prig, with a rapid change from banter to ferocity, "what do you mean?"

"Go along with you!" said Mrs. Gamp. "I blush for you."

"You had better blush a little for yourself, while you *are* about it!" said Mrs. Prig. "You and your Chuffeys! What, the poor old creetur isn't mad enough, isn't he? Aha!"

"He'd very soon be mad enough, if you had anything to do with him," said Mrs. Gamp.

"And that's what I was wanted for, is it?" cried Mrs. Prig, triumphantly. "Yes. But you'll find yourself deceived. I won't go near him. We shall see how you get on without me. I won't have nothing to do with him."

"You never spoke a truer word than that!" said Mrs. Gamp. "Go along with you!"

She was prevented from witnessing the actual retirement of Mrs. Prig from the room, notwithstanding the great desire she had expressed to behold it, by that lady, in her angry withdrawal, coming into contact with the bedstead, and bringing down the previously mentioned pippins; three or four of which came rattling on the head of Mrs. Gamp so smartly, that when she recovered from this wooden shower-bath, Mrs. Prig was gone.

She had the satisfaction, however, of hearing the deep voice of Betsey, proclaiming her injuries and her determination to have nothing to do with Mr. Chuffey, down the stairs, and along the passage, and even out in Kingsgate Street. Likewise of seeing in her own apartment, in the place of Mrs. Prig, Mr. Sweedlepipe and two gentlemen.

"Why, bless my life!" exclaimed the little barber, "what's amiss? The noise you ladies have been making, Mrs. Gamp! Why, these two gentlemen have been standing on the stairs, outside the door, nearly all the time, trying to make you hear, while you were pelting away, hammer and tongs! It'll be the death of the little bullfinch in the shop, that draws his own water. In his fright, he's been a-straining himself all to bits, drawing more water than he could drink in a twelvemonth. He must have thought it was Fire!"

Mrs. Gamp had in the meanwhile sunk into her chair, from whence, turning up her overflowing eyes, and clasping her hands, she delivered the following lamentation:

"Oh, Mr. Sweedlepipes, which Mr. Westlock also, if my eyes do not deceive, and a friend not havin' the pleasure of bein' beknown, wot I have took from Betsey Prig this blessed night, no mortial creetur knows! If she had abuged me, bein' in liquor, which I thought I smelt her wen she come, but could not so believe, not bein' used myself"—Mrs. Gamp, by the way, was pretty far gone, and the fragrance of the teapot was strong in the room—"I could have bore it with a thankful art. But the words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive. No, Betsey!" said Mrs. Gamp, in a violent burst of feeling, "nor worms forget!"

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS



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ST. FRANCIS.

"The Little Flowers of Saint Francis" was compiled by an unknown hand in the fourteenth century from the Latin "Actus B. Francisci et sociorum ejus." The passages given below are from the translation of Mr. T. Okey ("Everyman's Library").

Francis of Assisi, who was the founder of the Franciscan Order, was one of the most extraordinary men of his age. The reader who would understand what St. Francis stands for must realise, in however elementary a fashion, into what sort of a world St. Francis entered. "He has been described as a sort of Morning Star of the Renaissance," as Mr. Chesterton says. ("St. Francis of Assisi," by G. K. Chesterton.) "St. Francis anticipated all that is most liberal and sympathetic in the modern mood; the love of nature; the love of animals; the sense of social compassion; the sense of the spiritual dangers of prosperity and even of property. All those things that nobody understood before Wordsworth were familiar to St. Francis."

He was born at Assisi in 1182; "he was endowed with a romantic and emotional temperament, and association with gay, dissolute and pleasure-loving companions led to a wasted early manhood." His name, it would seem, was not Francis, but John; he acquired the name of "Francesco" (The Little Frenchman) by reason of his passionate love of the French poetry of the Troubadours. He had a sudden conversion when living a life of worldly pleasure, and took a vow of extreme poverty. He resolved to fulfil literally the counsels of the Gospel. It is said he exchanged clothes with a poor beggar and continued to wear the meanest apparel, regardless of all ridicule. "Thenceforth no humiliation was too low for Francis; he begged at the gates of monasteries; he discharged the most menial offices; he served the lepers in the hospital at Gubbio with the most tender assiduity. He worked with his own hands at the building of the church of St. Damian, and at that of Sta Maria degli Angeli, which he afterwards called his 'Portiuncula,' or 'little inheritance'; and as the last act of self-spoliation, and the final acceptance of the gift of poverty, he threw aside his wallet, his staff, and his shoes, and arrayed himself in a single brown tunic of coarse woollen cloth, girt with a hempen cord."

He had soon multitudes of disciples, and so the first Friars of the Franciscan Order came into existence. But the whole story of St. Francis' life cannot be told here.

He was the most joyous of Saints and would have no long, sad faces about him. "He was a poet whose whole life was a

poem. He was not so much a minstrel merely singing his own songs as a dramatist capable of acting the whole of his own play."

The author of "The Little Flowers" tells of the companions of St. Francis, of his ways and penances, of how, by reason of an evil thought he cherished against Friar Bernard, he commanded the said Friar that he should tread thrice on his neck and mouth; how St. Francis kept Lent on an island in the lake of Perugia, where he fasted forty days and forty nights and ate no more than half a loaf. He tells how he began to preach, how he preached to the birds and made the swallows hold their peace.

ST. FRANCIS, humble servant of God, short time after his conversion, having gathered together many companions and received them into the Order, fell into great perplexity and doubt touching what it behoved him to do - whether to be wholly intent on prayer, or sometimes to preach. And greatly he desired to know the will of God touching these things.

But since the holy humility wherewith he was filled suffered him not to lean overmuch on his judgment, nor on his own prayers, he bethought him to seek the divine will through the prayers of others. Wherefore he called Friar Masseo to him and spake to him thus, "Go to Sister Clare and bid her from me that she and some of the most spiritual of her companions pray devoutly unto God, that He may be pleased to reveal to me which is the more excellent way: whether to give myself up to preaching or wholly to prayer; then go to Friar Silvester and bid him do the like."

Now he had been in the world and was that same Friar Silvester that beheld a cross of gold issue from the mouth of St. Francis, the length whereof was high as heaven, and the breadth whereof reached to the uttermost parts of the earth. And this Friar Silvester was a man of such great devotion and holiness that whatsoever he asked of God he obtained, and the same was granted to him; and ofttimes he spake with God, wherefore great was the devotion of St. Francis to him. Friar Masseo went forth and gave his message first to St. Clare, as St. Francis had commanded, and then to Friar Silvester, who no sooner had heard the command than he straightway betook himself to prayer, and when he had received the divine answer, he returned to Friar Masseo and spake these words, "Thus saith the Lord God, 'Go to Friar Francis and say unto him that God hath not called him to this state for himself alone, but that he may bring forth fruit of souls and that many through him may be saved.'"

Friar Masseo, having received this answer, returned to Sister Clare to learn what answer she had obtained of God; and she answered that she and her companions had received the selfsame response from God that Friar Silvester had. And Friar Masseo returned with this answer to St. Francis, who greeted him with greatest charity, washing his feet and setting meat before him. And St. Francis called Friar Masseo, after he had eaten, into the wood, and there knelt down before him, drew back his cowl, and making a cross with his arms, asked of him, "What doth my Lord Jesus Christ command?"

Friar Masseo answers, "Thus to Friar Silvester and thus to Sister Clare and her sisterhood hath Christ answered and revealed His will: that thou go forth to preach throughout the world, for He hath not chosen thee for thyself alone, but also for the salvation of others." Then St. Francis, when he had heard these words and learned thereby the will of Christ, rose up and said with great fervour, "Let us then go forth in God's name." And with him he took Friar Masseo and Friar Agnolo, holy men both, and setting forth with great fervour of spirit and taking heed neither of road nor path, they came to a city called Saburniano.

And St. Francis began to preach, first commanding the swallows to keep silence until his sermon were ended; and the swallows obeying him, he preached with such zeal that all the men and women

of that city desired in their devotion to follow after him and forsake the city. But St. Francis suffered them not, saying, "Be not in haste to depart, for I will ordain what ye shall do for the salvation of your souls." And then he bethought him of the third Order which he established for the universal salvation of all people. And so, leaving them much comforted and well disposed to penitence, he departed thence and came to a place between Cannara and Bevagna. And journeying on in that same fervour of spirit, he lifted up his eyes and beheld some trees by the wayside whereon were an infinite multitude of birds; so that he marvelled and said to his companions, "Tarry here for me by the way and I will go and preach to my little sisters the birds."

And he entered into the field and began to preach to the birds that were on the ground; and anon those that were on the trees flew down to hear him, and all stood still the while St. Francis made an end of his sermon; and even then they departed not until he had given them his blessing. And according as Friar Masseo and Friar James of Massa thereafter related, St. Francis went among them, touching them with the hem of his garment, and not one stirred. And the substance of the sermon St. Francis preached was this, "My little sisters the birds, much are ye beholden to God your Creator, and alway and in every place ye ought to praise Him for that He hath given you a double and a triple vesture; He hath given you freedom to go into every place, and also did preserve the seed of you in the ark of Noe, in order that your kind might not perish from the earth. Again, ye are beholden to Him for the element of air which He hath appointed for you; moreover, ye sow not, neither do ye reap, and God feedeth you and giveth you the rivers and the fountains for your drink; He giveth you the mountains and the valleys for your refuge, and the tall trees wherein to build your nests, and forasmuch as ye can neither spin nor sew God clotheth you, you and your children: wherefore your Creator loveth you much, since He hath dealth so bounteously with you; and therefore beware, little sisters mine, of the sin of ingratitude, but ever strive to praise God."

While St. Francis was uttering these words, all those birds began to open their beaks, and stretch their necks, and spread their wings, and reverently to bow their heads to the ground, showing by their gestures and songs that the holy father's words gave them greatest joy: and St. Francis was glad and rejoiced with them, and marvelled much at so great a multitude of birds and at their manifold loveliness, and at their attention and familiarity; for which things he devoutly praised the Creator in them. Finally his sermon ended, St. Francis made the sign of holy cross over them and gave them leave to depart; and all those birds soared up into the air in one flock with wondrous songs, and then divided themselves into four parts after the form of the cross St. Francis had made over them; and one part flew towards the east; another towards the west; the third towards the south, and the fourth towards the north.

And each flock sped forth singing wondrously, betokening thereby that even as St. Francis, standard-bearer of the cross of Christ, had preached to them and had made the sign of the cross over them, according to which they had divided themselves, singing, among the four quarters of the world, so the preaching of Christ's cross, renewed by St. Francis, was, through him and his friars, to be borne throughout the whole world; the which friars possessing nothing of their own in this world, after the manner of birds, committed their lives wholly to the providence of God. . . .

* * *

HOW HE CONVERTED THE WOLF.

In the days when St. Francis abode in the city of Gubbio, a huge wolf, terrible and fierce, appeared in the neighbourhood, and not only devoured animals but men also; in such wise that all the citizens went in great fear of their lives, because ofttimes the wolf came close to the city. And when they

went abroad, all men armed themselves as were they going forth to battle; and even so none who chanced on the wolf alone could defend himself; and at last it came to such a pass that for fear of this wolf no man durst leave the city walls.

Wherefore St. Francis had great compassion for the men of that city, and purposed to issue forth against that wolf, albeit the citizens, with one accord, counselled him not to go. But he, making the sign of holy cross, and putting all his trust in God, set forth from the city with his companions; but they, fearing to go farther, St. Francis went his way alone towards the place where the wolf was. And lo! the said wolf, in the sight of much folk that had come to behold the miracle, leapt towards St. Francis with gaping jaws; and St. Francis, drawing nigh, made to him the sign of most holy cross and called him, speaking thus, "Come hither, friar wolf; I command thee in the name of Christ that thou do hurt neither to me nor to any man."



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ST. FRANCIS PREACHES TO THE BIRDS.

Marvellous to tell! no sooner had St. Francis made the sign of holy cross than the terrible wolf closed his jaws and stayed his course; no sooner was the command uttered than he came, gentle as a lamb, and laid himself at the feet of St. Francis. Then St. Francis speaks to him thus, "Friar wolf, thou workest much evil in these parts, and hast wrought grievous ill, destroying and slaying God's creatures without His leave; and not only hast thou slain and devoured the beasts of the field, but thou has dared to destroy and slay men made in the image of God; wherefore thou art worthy of the gallows as a most wicked thief and murderer: all folk cry out and murmur against thee, and all this city is at enmity with thee. But, friar wolf, fain would I make peace with them and thee, so that thou injure them no more; and they shall forgive thee all thy past offences, and neither man nor dog shall pursue thee more."

Now when St. Francis had spoken these words, the wolf, moving his body and his tail and his ears, and bowing his head, made signs that he accepted what had been said, and would abide thereby.

Then said St. Francis, "Friar wolf, since it pleaseth thee to make and observe this peace, I promise to obtain for thee, so long as thou livest, a continual sustenance from the men of this city, so that thou shalt no more suffer hunger, for well I ween that thou hast wrought all this evil to satisfy thy hunger. But after I have won this favour for thee, friar wolf, I desire that thou promise me to do hurt neither to man nor beast. Dost thou promise me this?"

And the wolf bowed his head and gave clear token that he promised these things. And St. Francis said, "Friar wolf, I desire that thou pledge thy faith to me to keep this promise, that I may have full trust in thee." And when St. Francis held forth his hand to receive this pledge, the wolf lifted up his right paw and gently laid it in the hand of St. Francis, giving him thereby such token of good faith as he could. Then said St. Francis, "Friar wolf, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come with me; fear naught, and we will go and confirm this peace in the name of God." And the wolf, obedient, set forth by his side even as a pet lamb; wherefore, when the men of the city beheld this, they marvelled greatly.

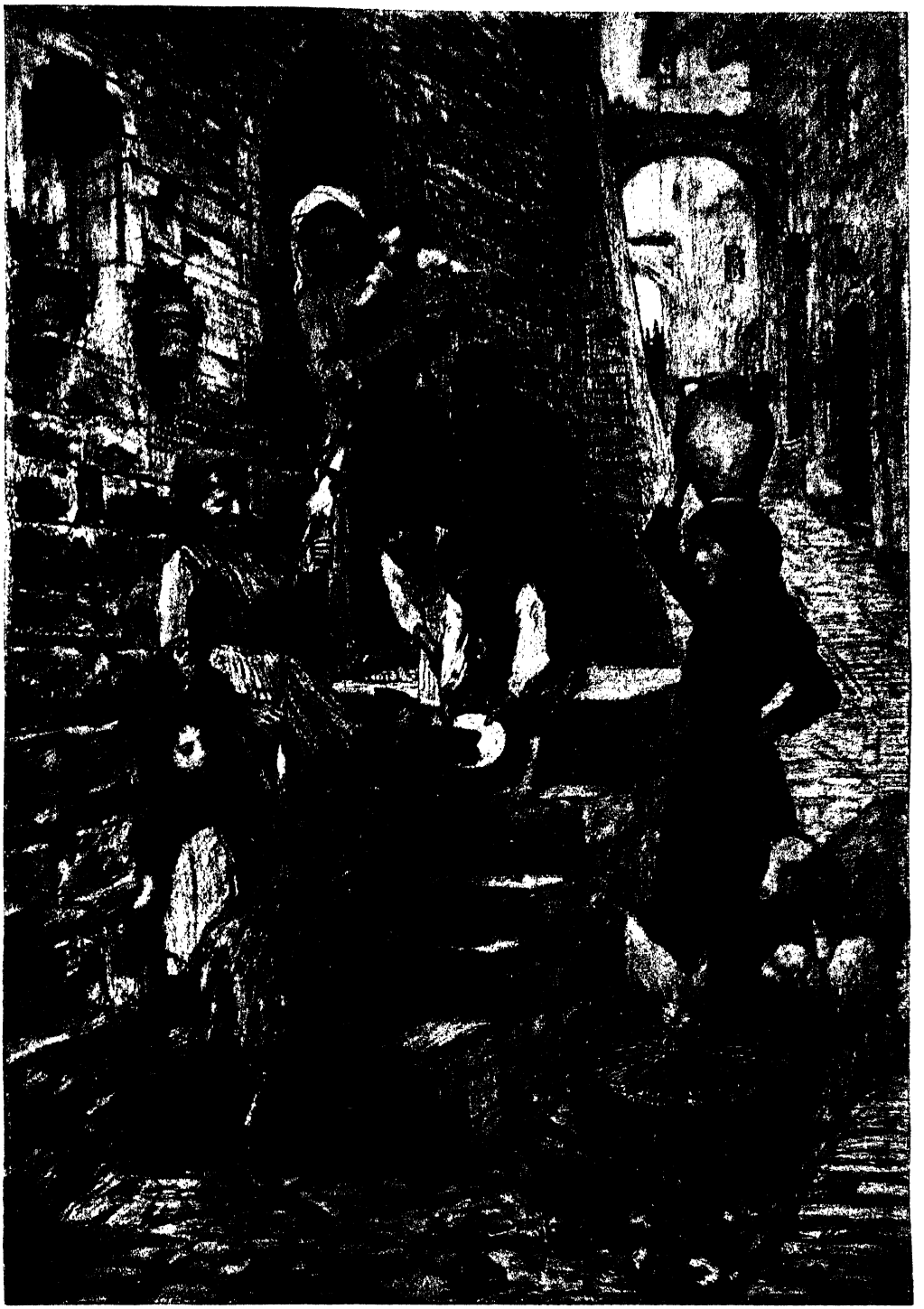
And anon this miracle was noised about the whole city, and all folk, great and small, men and women, old and young, flocked to the market-place to see the wolf with St. Francis. And when all the people were gathered together there, St. Francis stood forth and preached to them, saying, among other things, how that for their sins God had suffered such calamities to befall them, and how much more perilous were the flames of hell which the damned must endure everlastingly than was the ravening of a wolf that could only slay the body; and how much more to be feared were the jaws of hell, since that for fear of the mouth of a small beast such multitudes went in fear and trembling. "Turn ye, then, dearest children, to God, and do fitting penance for your sins, and so shall God free you from the wolf in this world and from eternal fire in the world to come."

And having made an end of his sermon, St. Francis said, "Hark ye, my brethren, friar wolf, here before you, hath promised and pledged his faith to me never to injure you in anything whatsoever, if you will promise to provide him daily sustenance; and here stand I, a bondsman for him, that he will steadfastly observe this pact of peace." Then the people with one voice promised to feed him all his days. And St. Francis, before all the people, said to the wolf, "And thou, friar wolf, dost promise to observe the conditions of this peace before all this people, and that thou wilt injure neither man nor beast nor any living creature?"

And the wolf knelt down and bowed his head, and with gentle movements of tail and body and ears, showed by all possible tokens his will to observe every pact of peace. Says St. Francis, "I desire, friar wolf, that even as thou didst pledge thy faith to me without the city gates to hold fast to thy promise, so here, before all this people, thou shalt renew thy pledge, and promise thou wilt never play me, thy bondsman, false." Then the wolf, lifting up his right paw, placed it in the hand of St. Francis. Whereat, what with this act and the others aforesaid, there was such marvel and rejoicing among all the people—not only at the strangeness of the miracle, but because of the peace made with the wolf—that they all began to cry aloud to heaven, praising and blessing God, who had sent St. Francis to them, by whose merits they had been freed from the cruel wolf.

ST. FRANCIS AND THE ROBBERS.

St. Francis on a time was journeying through the wilderness of Borgo San Sepolcro, and as he passed by a stronghold, called Monte Casale, a noble and delicate youth came to him and said, "Father, fain would I become one of your friars." St. Francis answers, "Son, thou art but a delicate youth and of noble birth, peradventure thou



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A fierce wolf terrified the people in the neighbourhood of Gubbio. St. Francis spoke to the wolf and made the sign of the Cross before it, and it came, gentle as a lamb, and laid itself at the feet of St. Francis.

couldst not endure our poverty and our hardships." And the youth said, "Father, are ye not men as I am? Since ye then endure these things, even so can I by the grace of Jesus Christ." St. Francis, well pleased with this answer, gave him his blessing, and anon received him into the Order, and gave him for name Friar Angel. And this youth waxed so in grace that short time after St. Francis made him warden of the friary called of Monte Casale.

Now in those days three famous robbers who infested that country and wrought much evil therein, came to the said friary and besought the said warden, Friar Angel, to give them food to eat; and the warden answered them in this wise, rebuking them harshly, "Ye robbers and cruel manslayers, are ye not ashamed to steal the fruit of others' labours, but, frontless and insolent, would seek likewise to devour the alms bestowed on God's servants? Ye are not worthy even to walk this earth, for ye reverence neither man nor the God that created you; get ye gone, then, and be seen here no more." Whereat they, perturbed, departed in great fury. And lo, St. Francis appeared outside the friary, his wallet filled with bread, and carrying a small vessel of wine, that he and his companion had begged.

And when the warden related to him how he had driven the robbers away, St. Francis chid him severely, saying he had borne himself cruelly, since sinners were better drawn to God by gentleness than by cruel reproof. "Wherefore our Master, Jesus Christ, whose gospel we have promised to observe, saith, that the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick, and that He had not come to call the just but sinners to repentance; and therefore many times He ate with them. Forasmuch as thou hast done contrary to charity and contrary to Christ's holy gospel, I command thee by holy obedience that thou straightway take this wallet of bread that I have begged and this vessel of wine, and go diligently after them over hill and valley until thou find them, and give them all this bread and wine from me: then kneel thee down before them and confess humbly thy fault of cruelty, and entreat them for my sake to work evil no more, but to fear God and offend Him no more; and say that if they will do this I promise to provide for all their needs, and give them continually enough to eat and to drink. And when thou hast done this, return humbly hither."

While the said warden went to do this bidding, St. Francis betook himself to prayer, and besought God that He would soften the hearts of those robbers and convert them to repentance. The obedient warden overtakes them and gives them the bread and wine, and does and says what St. Francis had commanded him. And it pleased God that those robbers, as they ate of the alms of St. Francis, began to say to one another, "Woe unto us, wretched and hapless! what hard torments await us in hell! For we go about not only robbing our neighbours, beating and wounding them, but do slay them likewise; and so many evil deeds and wicked works notwithstanding, we have neither remorse of conscience nor fear of God; and lo, this holy friar hath come to us, and for a few words wherewith he justly rebuked our wickedness, hath humbly confessed to us his fault; and moreover, hath brought us bread and wine and promise so bounteous from the holy father: verily these are God's holy friars that merit His paradise, and we are children of eternal wrath that deserve the pains of hell, and each day do increase our doom; yea, we know not whether for the sins we have committed to this day we may return to the mercy of God."

These and the like words being spoken by one of them, the others said, "Of a surety thou speakest sooth, but look ye, what must we do?" "Go we," said one, "to St. Francis, and if he give us hope that we may find mercy from God for our sins, let us do whatsoever he command us, and so may we deliver our souls from the torments of hell." Now this counsel was pleasing to the others, and thus all three being in accord, they came in haste to St. Francis and spake to him thus, "Father, we for our many wicked sins believe we cannot

return to the mercy of God; but if thou have some hope that God in His mercy will receive us, lo, we are ready to do thy bidding and to do penance with thee."

Then St. Francis received them with loving-kindness and comforted them with many ensamples, and made them confident of God's mercy, promising he would surely obtain it for them from God. He told them that the mercy of God was infinite, and that, according to the gospel, even if our sins were infinite, His mercy was yet greater than our sins; and that the Apostle St. Paul hath said, "Christ the blessed came into the world to save sinners." Hearing these words and the like teachings, the said three robbers renounced the devil and all his works, and St. Francis received them into the Order, and they began to do great penance.

And two of them lived but a brief space after their conversion and went to paradise; but the third lived on, and, pondering on his sins, gave himself up to do such penance during fifteen unbroken years that, besides the common lenten fasts which he kept with the other friars, he fasted three days of the week on bread and water; he went ever barefoot, with naught on his back but a single tunic, nor ever slept after matins.

In the meantime St. Francis passed from this miserable life; and this friar through many years continued his penance, when lo, one night after matins, so sore a temptation to sleep came upon him, that in no wise could he resist it, nor watch as he was wont to do. At length, unable to overcome his drowsiness, or to pray, he lay on his bed to sleep. No sooner had he laid down his head that he was rapt and led in spirit to the top of a very high mountain over a steep place, and on this side and on that were broken and jagged rocks and monstrous crags that jutted forth from the rocks; wherefore this steep place was frightful to behold. And the angel that was leading this friar pushed him and flung him down that steep place; and as he fell he was dashed from rock to rock and from crag to crag until he fell to the bottom of the abyss, his limbs all broken and shattered to pieces, according as it seemed to him.

And lying thus mangled on the ground, he that led him said, "Rise up, for it behoves thee to go a yet greater journey." The friar answered, "Methinks thou are a most foolish and cruel man; for thou seest I am well-nigh dead of my fall, which has dashed me to pieces, and thou yet biddest me rise up." And the angel drew nigh and, touching him, made all his members whole again and healed his wounds.

And then he showed him a great plain, full of sharp and pointed stones and thorns and briars, and told him he must needs run across all this plain and pass over it with naked feet until he came to the end; there he would behold a fiery furnace where he must enter. And the friar having passed over all the plain with great pain and anguish, the angel said to him, "Enter yon furnace, for this it behoves thee now to do."

He answers, "Alas! how cruel a guide are thou, that seest I am nigh unto death, because of this horrible plain; and now for repose thou biddest me enter this fiery furnace." And as he gazed, he beheld many devils around the furnace with iron forks in their hands, wherewith, seeing him slow to enter, they thrust him into the furnace. Having entered the furnace, he gazed around and beheld one that had been his boon companion, who was all a-burning; and he asked of him, "O hapless comrade, how camest thou here?"

And he answered and said, "Go a little farther and thou shalt find my wife, thy gossip; she will tell thee the cause of our damnation." And as the friar passed on, lo, the said gossip appeared, all aflame and enclosed in a fiery measure of corn; and he asked her saying, "O gossip, hapless and wretched, why art thou in so cruel a torment?"

And she answered, "Because at the time of the great famine that St. Francis had foretold, my husband and I gave false measure of corn and wheat; therefore do I burn in this measure." . . .



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THE WONDROUS CHAPTER HELD BY ST. FRANCIS AT ST.-MARY-OF-THE-ANGELS, NEAR ASSISI.

Then the angel led him to a bridge, which could not be crossed without great peril, for it was very frail and narrow and slippery and without a rail at the sides; and beneath it flowed a terrible river, filled with serpents and dragons and scorpions, that it gave forth a great stench. And the angel said to him, "Pass over this bridge; at any cost thou must pass over." And the friar answers, "And how shall I cross without falling into this perilous river?" Says the angel, "Follow after me, and set thy foot where thou seest me place mine; so shalt thou pass over well." This friar passes behind the angel as he had shown him, until he reached the middle of the bridge, and as he stood thus on the crown of the bridge the angel flew away, and departing from him, went to the top of a most high mountain far away beyond the bridge. And the friar considered well the place whither the angel had flown; but, left without a guide and gazing below him, he beheld those terrible beasts with their heads out of the water and with open jaws ready to devour him if peradventure he should fall. . . .

But after a while, by the great desire he had to pass beyond this bridge, he set himself to fly, and because his wings were not yet fully grown, he fell upon the bridge and his wings dropped from him; whereat he clasped the bridge again, and commended himself as before to God. And his prayer ended, again himseemed to put forth wings; but, as before, he waited not until they had fully grown, and setting himself to fly before the time, he fell again on the bridge, and his wings dropped.

Wherefore, seeing these things, and that he had fallen, through his untimely haste to fly, he began to say within himself, "Of a surety, if I put forth wings a third time, I will wait until they be so great that I may fly without falling again." And pondering these

things, lo, himseemed yet a third time to put forth wings; and waiting a great space, until they were well grown, himseemed with the first and second and third putting forth of wings that he had waited full a hundred and fifty years or more.

At length he lifted him up this third time, and with all his might took wing and flew on high as far as the place whither the angel had flown. And knocking at the door of the palace wherein the angel was, the doorkeeper asked of him, "Who art thou that comest here?"

He answered, "I am a friar minor." Says the doorkeeper, "Tarry a while, for I will bring St. Francis hither, to see if he know thee." As he went his way to St. Francis, this friar began to gaze on the marvellous walls of the palace; and lo, these walls appeared translucent and of such exceeding brightness that he beheld clearly the choirs of the saints and all that was doing within.

And standing thus amazed at this vision, lo, St. Francis cometh, and Friar Bernard, and Friar Giles; and after these, so great a multitude of sainted men and women that had followed the example of his life, that they seemed wellnigh countless; and St. Francis came forth and said to the doorkeeper, "Let him enter, for he is one of my friars." And no sooner had he entered therein than he felt such great consolation and such sweetness that he forgot all the tribulations he had suffered, even as if they had not been. And then St. Francis led him in and showed him many marvellous things, and thus bespake him, "Son, needs must thou return to the world and abide there seven days, wherein thou shalt make thee ready diligently and with great devotion; for after these seven days I will come for thee, and then shalt thou enter with me this abode of the blessed."

Now St. Francis was arrayed in a wondrous garment, adorned with fairest stars, and his five stigmas were like unto five beauteous stars, of such exceeding splendour that the whole palace was illumined with their beams. And Friar Bernard's head was crowned with fairest stars, and Friar Giles was aureoled with wondrous light; and many other friars he knew among them that in the world he had never seen. Then taking leave of St. Francis he returned, albeit with laggard steps, to the world again.

And when he awoke and returned to himself and came to his wits again, the friars were chanting prime; so that he had been in that vision but from matins to prime, albeit it had seemed to him that he had remained therein many years. And having related to the warden all this vision in due order, he began, within seven days, to sicken of a fever; and on the eighth day St. Francis came for him, according to his promise, with a great multitude of glorious saints, and led his soul to life everlasting in the realms of the blessed.

THE WEST WIND

JOHN MASEFIELD



Photo: Foulsham & Banfield, Ltd.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

[*By permission of the Author.*]

John Masefield, born in 1874, is one of the greatest of our contemporary poets. His most significant work is to be found in his narrative poems, such as "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "The Daffodil Fields." Among his finest poems is "Reynard, the Fox."

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

"Will you not come home, brother? You have been long away.
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the spray:
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain,
Will you not come home, brother, home to us again?

The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run;
It's blue sky and white clouds, and warm rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat,
So will you not come home, brother, and rest your tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head,
To the violets and the brown brooks and the thrushes song
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN

JOHN M. SYNGE

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Photo: Chancellor, Dublin.

JOHN M. SYNGE

Synge had something in common with another Irishman of genius, Oliver Goldsmith. Just as Oliver wandered about Europe with a flute, so did Synge with a fiddle, buying his welcome with a tune; and nowhere was the roving poet better known than in the cabins of the Aran peasants where, with his long black cape, white muffler and big boots, celluloid collar and slouched hat with a broad brim, he was often a welcome and familiar guest. From these peasants he took the characters of his plays; and he drew them in the sharpest lines and colours, with no attempt to paint as other than they are these fierce and tender people, or to depict as plaster saints these primal children of the wild. For this he has been called a cynic. He was really only an artist, painting what he saw.

Synge was a great humorist, as well as a great dramatist. His plays are full of sparkles of surprise; and yet continually the reader feels that the word or action which has surprised him has the touch of the inevitable, that it is just the thing which MUST *have happened, and no other. Synge has also the rare merit of giving to the most plain and simple talk of common people, the charm and magic of a style which merely for its own sheer beauty, it is a joy to read.*

"The Shadow of the Glen," which we have chosen as of special interest as his first play, appeared in 1902, *when Synge was thirty-two; he died seven years later; so that the whole of his dramatic work was compressed into that narrow span of time.*

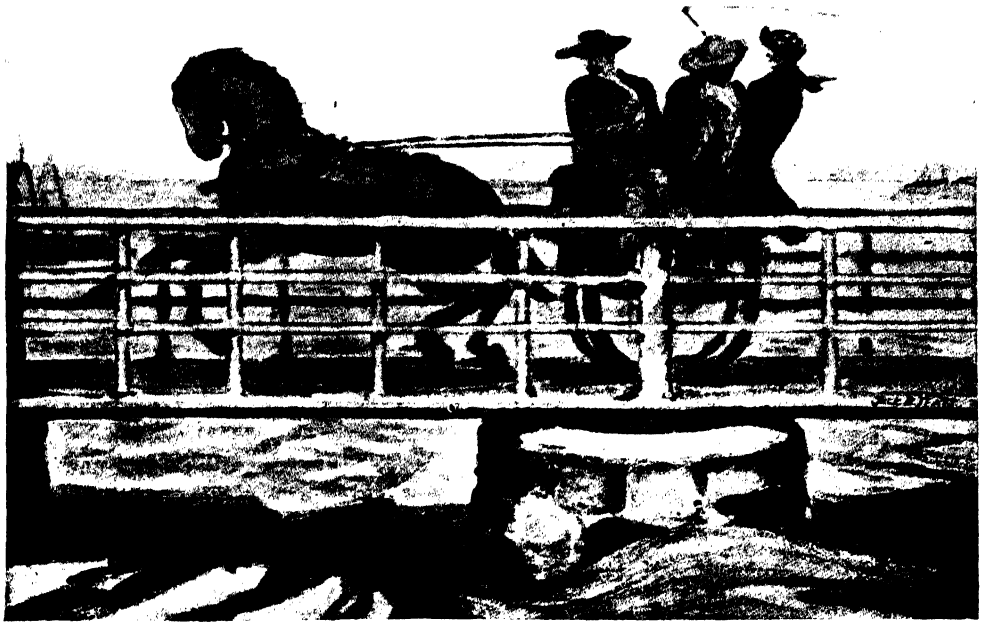
Synge's three longer plays, with which every reader will find it a pleasure to make himself familiar, are "The Playboy of the Western World," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "The Well of the Saints."

THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN.

Cottage kitchen; turf-fire on the right; a bed near it against the wall, with a body lying on it covered with a sheet. A door is at the other end of the room, with a low table near it, and stools, or wooden chairs. There are a couple of glasses on the table, and a bottle of whisky, as if for a wake, with two cups, a teapot, and a home-made cake. There is another small door near the bed. Nora Burke is moving about the room, settling a few things, and lighting candles on the table, looking now and then at the bed with an uneasy look. Some one knocks softly at the door. She takes up a stocking with money from the table and puts it in her pocket. Then she opens the door.

Tramp (*outside*). Good evening to you, lady of the house.

Nora. Good evening kindly, stranger;



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M. SYNGE DRIVING ON A CAR IN CONNEMARA.
From a water-colour by Jack B. Yeats.

it's a wild night, God help you, to be out in the rain falling.

Tramp. It is, surely, and I walking to Brittas from the Aughrim fair.

Nora. Is it walking on your feet, stranger ?

Tramp. On my two feet, lady of the house, and when I saw the light below I thought maybe if you'd a sup of new milk and a quiet, decent corner where a man could sleep . . . (*he looks in past her and sees the dead man*). The Lord have mercy on us all !

Nora. It doesn't matter anyway, stranger ; come in out of the rain.

Tramp (*coming in slowly and going towards the bed*). Is it departed he is ?

Nora. It is, stranger. He's after dying on me, God forgive him, and there I am now with a hundred sheep beyond on the hills, and no turf drawn for the winter.

Tramp (*looking closely at the dead man*). It's a queer look is on him for a man that's dead.

Nora (*half-humorously*). He was always queer, stranger ; and I suppose them that's queer and they living men will be queer bodies after.

Tramp. Isn't it a great wonder you're letting him lie there, and he not tidied, or laid out itself ?

Nora (*coming to the bed*). I was afeared, stranger, for he put a black curse on me this morning if I'd touch his body the time he'd die sudden, or let anyone touch it except his sister only, and it's ten miles away she lives, in the big glen over the hill.

Tramp (*looking at her and nodding slowly*). It's a queer story he wouldn't let his own wife touch him, and he dying quiet in his bed.

Nora. He was an old man, and an odd man, stranger, and it's always up on the hills he was, thinking thoughts in the dark mist . . . (*she pulls back a bit of the sheet*). Lay your hand on him now, and tell me if it's cold he is surely.

Tramp. Is it getting the curse on me you'd be, woman of the house ? I wouldn't lay my hand on him for the Lough Nahanagan and it filled with gold.

Nora (*looking uneasily at the body*). Maybe cold would be no sign of death with the like of him, for he was always cold, every day since I knew him . . . and

every night, stranger . . . (*she covers up his face and comes away from the bed*); but I'm thinking it's dead he is surely, for he's complaining a while back of a pain in his heart, and this morning, the time he was going off to Brittas for three days or four, he was taken with a sharp turn. Then he went into his bed, and he was saying it was destroyed he was, the time the shadow was going up through the glen, and when the sun set on the bog beyond he made a great lep, and let a great cry out of him, and stiffened himself out the like of a dead sheep.

Tramp (*crosses himself*). God rest his soul.

Nora (*pouring him out a glass of whisky*). Maybe that would do you better than the milk of the sweetest cow in County Wicklow.

Tramp. The Almighty God reward you and may it be to your good health. (*He drinks.*)

Nora (*giving him a pipe and tobacco*). I've no pipes saving his own, stranger, but they're sweet pipes to smoke.

Tramp. Thank you kindly, lady of the house.

Nora. Sit down now, stranger, and be taking your rest.

Tramp (*filling a pipe and looking about the room*). I've walked a great way through the world, lady of the house, and seen great wonders, but I never seen a wake till this day with fine spirits, and good tobacco, and the best of pipes, and no one to taste them but a woman only.

Nora. Didn't you hear me say it was only after dying on me he was when the sun went down, and how would I go out into the glen and tell the neighbours, and I a lone woman with no house near me?

Tramp (*drinking*). There's no offence, lady of the house?

Nora. No offence in life, stranger. How would the like of you, passing in the dark night, know the lonesome way I was with no house near me at all?

Tramp (*sitting down*). I knew rightly. (*He lights his pipe, so that there is a sharp light beneath his haggard face.*) And I was thinking, and I coming in through the door, that it's many a lone woman would be afeard of the like of me in the dark night, in a place wouldn't be as lonesome as this place, where there aren't two living souls would see the little light you have shining from the glass.

Nora (*slowly*). I'm thinking many would be afeard, but I never knew what way I'd be afeard of beggar or bishop or any man of you at all . . . (*she looks towards the window and lowers her voice*). It's other things than the like of you, stranger, would make a person afeard.

Tramp (*looking round with a half-shudder*). It is surely, God help us all!

Nora (*looking at him for a moment with curiosity*). You're saying that, stranger, as if you were easy afeard.

Tramp (*speaking mournfully*). Is it myself, lady of the house, that does be walking round in the long nights, and crossing the hills when the fog is on them, the time a little stick would seem as big as your arm, and a rabbit as big as a bay horse, and a stack of turf as big as a towering church in the city of Dublin? If myself was easy afeard, I'm telling you, it's long ago I'd have been locked into the Richmond Asylum, or maybe have run up into the back hills with nothing on me but an old shirt, and been eaten by the crows the like of Patch Darcy — the Lord have mercy on him — in the year that's gone.

Nora (*with interest*). You knew Darcy?

Tramp. Wasn't I the last one heard his living voice in the whole world?

Nora. There were great stories of what was heard at that time, but would anyone believe the things they do be saying in the glen?

Tramp. It was no lie, lady of the house. . . . I was passing below on a dark night the like of this night, and the sheep were lying under the ditch and every one of them coughing and choking like an old man, with the great rain and the fog. Then I heard a thing talking—queer talk, you wouldn't believe it at all, and you out of your dreams—and "Merciful God," says I, "if I begin hearing the like of that voice out of the thick mist, I'm destroyed surely." Then I run and I run till I was below in Rathvanna. I got drunk that night, I got drunk in the morning, and drunk the day after—I was coming from the races beyond—and

the third day they found Darcy. . . . Then I knew it was himself I was after hearing, and I wasn't afeard any more.

Nora (*speaking sorrowfully and slowly*). God spare Darcy; he'd always look in here and he passing up or passing down, and it's very lonesome I was after him a long while (*she looks over at the bed and lowers her voice, speaking very slowly*), and then I got happy again—if it's ever happy we are, stranger—for I got used to being lonesome. (*A short pause; then she stands up.*) Was there anyone on the last bit of the road, stranger, and you coming from Aughrim?

Tramp. There was a young man with a drift of mountain ewes, and he running after them this way and that.

Nora (*with a half-smile*). Far down, stranger?

Tramp. A piece only.

Nora fills the kettle and puts it on the fire.

Nora. Maybe, if you're not easy afeard, you'd stay here a short while alone with himself.

Tramp. I would surely. A man that's dead can do no hurt.

Nora (*speaking with a sort of constraint*). I'm going a little back to the west, stranger, for himself would go there one night and another and whistle at that place, and then the young man you're after seeing—a kind of a farmer has come up from the sea to live in a cottage beyond—would walk round to see if there was a thing we'd have to be done, and I'm wanting him this night, the way he can go down into the glen when the sun goes up and tell the people that himself is dead.



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THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

By Jack B. Yeats.

Tramp (*looking at the body in the sheet*). It's myself will go for him, lady of the house, and let you not be destroying yourself with the great rain.

Nora. You wouldn't find your way, stranger, for there's a small path only, and it running up between two sluigs where an ass and cart would be drowned. (*She puts a shawl over her head.*) Let you be making yourself easy, and saying a prayer for his soul, and it's not long I'll be coming again.

Tramp (*moving uneasily*). Maybe if you'd a piece of grey thread and a sharp needle—there's great safety in a needle,

lady of the house—I'd be putting a little stitch here and there in my old coat, the time I'll be praying for his soul, and it going up naked to the saints of God.

Nora (takes a needle and thread from the front of her dress and gives it to him). There's the needle, stranger, and I'm thinking you won't be lonesome, and you used to the back hills, for isn't a dead man itself more company than to be sitting alone, and hearing the winds crying, and you not knowing on what thing your mind would stay ?

Tramp (slowly). It's true, surely, and the Lord have mercy on us all !

Nora goes out. The tramp begins stitching one of the tags in his coat, saying the "De Profundis" under his breath. In an instant the sheet is drawn slowly down, and Dan Burke looks out. The tramp moves uneasily, then looks up, and springs to his feet with a movement of terror.

Dan (with a hoarse voice). Don't be afeard, stranger ; a man that's dead can do no hurt.

Tramp (trembling). I meant no harm, your honour ; and won't you leave me easy to be saying a little prayer for your soul ? *(A long whistle is heard outside.)*

Dan (sitting up in his bed and speaking fiercely). Ah, the devil mend her. . . . Do you hear that, stranger ? Did ever you hear another woman could whistle the like of that with two fingers in her mouth ? *(He looks at the table hurriedly.)* I'm destroyed with the drouth, and let you bring me a drop quickly before herself will come back.

Tramp (doubtfully). Is it not dead you are ?

Dan. How would I be dead, and I as dry as a baked bone, stranger ?

Tramp (pouring out the whisky). What will herself say if she smells the stuff on you, for I'm thinking it's not for nothing you're letting on to be dead.

Dan. It is not, stranger ; but she won't be coming near me at all, and it's not long now I'll be letting on, for I've a cramp in my back, and my hip's asleep on me, and there's been the devil's own fly itching my nose. It's near dead I was wanting to sneeze, and you blathering about the rain, and Darcy *(bitterly)*—the devil choke him—and the towering church. *(Crying out impatiently.)* Give me that whisky. Would you have herself come back before I taste a drop at all ? *(Tramp gives him the glass.)*

Dan (after drinking). Go over now to that cupboard, and bring me a black stick you'll see in the west corner by the wall.

Tramp (taking a stick from the cupboard). Is it that, your honour ?

Dan. It is, stranger ; it's a long time I'm keeping that stick, for I've a bad wife in the house.

Tramp (with a queer look). Is it herself, master of the house, and she a grand woman to talk ?

Dan. It's herself, surely, it's a bad wife she is—a bad wife for an old man, and I'm getting old, God help me, though I've an arm to me still. *(He takes the stick in his hand.)* Let you wait now a short while, and it's a great sight you'll see in this room in two hours or three. *(He stops to listen.)* Is that somebody above ?

Tramp (listening). There's a voice speaking on the path.

Dan. Put that stick here in the bed and smooth the sheet the way it was lying. *(He covers himself up hastily.)* Be falling to sleep now, and don't let on you know anything, or I'll be having your life. I wouldn't have told you at all but it's destroyed with the drouth I was.

Tramp (covering his head). Have no fear, master of the house. What is it I know of the like of you that I'd be saying a word or putting out my hand to stay you at all ?

He goes back to the fire, sits down on a stool with his back to the bed, and goes on stitching his coat.

Dan (under the sheet, querulously). Stranger !

Tramp (quickly). Whisht ! whisht ! Be quiet, I'm telling you ; they're coming now at the door.

Nora comes in with Michael Dara, a tall, innocent young man, behind her.

Nora. I wasn't long at all, stranger, for I met himself on the path.

Tramp. You were middling long, lady of the house.

Nora. There was no sign from himself ?

Tramp. No sign at all, lady of the house.

Nora (*to Michael*). Go over now and pull down the sheet, and look on himself, Michael Dara, and you'll see it's the truth I'm telling you.

Michael. I will not, Nora; I do be afeard of the dead.

He sits down on a stool next the table, facing the tramp. Nora puts the kettle on a lower hook of the pot-hooks, and piles turf under it.

Nora (*turning to the tramp*). Will you drink a sup of tea with myself and the young man, stranger, or (*speaking more persuasively*) will you go into the little room and stretch yourself a short while on the bed? I'm thinking it's destroyed you are walking the length of that way in the great rain.

Tramp. Is it go away and leave you, and you having a wake, lady of the house? I will not, surely. (*He takes a drink from his glass, which he has beside him.*) And it's none of your tea I'm asking either.

He goes on stitching. Nora makes the tea.

Michael (*after looking at the tramp rather scornfully for a moment*). That's a poor coat you have, God help you, and I'm thinking it's a poor tailor you are with it.

Tramp. If it's a poor tailor I am, I'm thinking it's a poor herd does be running backward and forward after a little handful of ewes, the way I seen yourself running this day, young fellow, and you coming from the fair.

Nora comes back to the table.

Nora (*to Michael, in a low voice*). Let you not mind him at all, Michael Dara; he has a drop taken, and it's soon he'll be falling asleep.

Michael. It's no lie he's telling; I was destroyed, surely. They were that wilful they were running off into one man's bit of oats, and another man's bit of hay, and tumbling into the red bog till it's more like a pack of old goats than sheep they were. . . . Mountain ewes is a queer breed, Nora Burke, and I not used to them at all.

Nora (*settling the tea-things*). There's no one can drive a mountain ewe but the men do be reared in the Glenmalure, I've heard them say, and above by Rathvanna, and the Glen Imaal—men the like of Patch Darcy, God spare his soul, who would walk through five hundred sheep and miss one of them, and he not reckoning them at all.

Michael (*uneasily*). Is it the man went queer in his head the year that's gone?

Nora. It is, surely.

Tramp (*plaintively*). That was a great man, young fellow—a great man, I'm telling you. There was never a lamb from his own ewes he wouldn't know before it was marked, and he'd run from this to the city of Dublin and never catch for his breath.

Nora (*turning round quickly*). He was a great man surely, stranger; and isn't it a grand thing when you hear a living man saying a good word of a dead man, and he mad dying?

Tramp. It's the truth I'm saying, God spare his soul.

He puts the needle under the collar of his coat, and settles himself to sleep in the chimney corner. Nora sits down at the table: Nora and Michael's backs are turned to the bed.

Michael (*looking at her with a queer look*). I heard tell this day, Nora Burke, that it was on the path below Patch Darcy would be passing up and passing down, and I heard them say he'd never pass it night or morning without speaking with yourself.

Nora (*in a low voice*). It was no lie you heard, Michael Dara.

Michael. I'm thinking it's a power of men you're after knowing if it's in a lonesome place you live itself.

Nora (*giving him his tea*). It's in a lonesome place you do have to be talking with some one, and looking for some one, in the evening of the day, and if it's a power of men I'm after knowing they were fine men, for I was a hard child to please, and a hard girl to please (*she looks at him a little sternly*), and it's a hard woman I am to please this day, Michael Dara, and it's no lie I'm telling you.

Michael (*looking over to see that the tramp is asleep, and then pointing to the dead man*). Was it a hard woman to please you were when you took himself for your man?

Nora. What way would I live, and I an old woman, if I didn't marry a man



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MAIRE NIC SHIUBHLAIGH
as "Nora Burke."

with a bit of a farm, and cows on it, and sheep on the back hills?

Michael (*considering*). That's true, Nora, and maybe it's no fool you were, for there's good grazing on it, if it is a lonesome place, and I'm thinking it's a good sum he's left behind.

Nora (*taking the stocking with the money from her pocket, and putting it on the table*). I do be thinking in the long nights it was a big fool I was that time, Michael Dara; for what good is a bit of a farm with cows on it, and sheep on the back hills, when you do be sitting looking out from a door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again and they rolling up the bog, and hear nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain.

Michael (*looking at her uneasily*). What is it ails you this night, Nora Burke? I've heard tell it's the like of that talk you do hear from men, and they after being a great while on the back hills.

Nora (*putting the money on the table*). It's a bad night, and a wild night, Michael Dara, and isn't it a great while I am at the foot of the back hills, sitting up here boiling food for himself, and food for the brood sow, and baking a cake when the night falls? (*She puts up the money listlessly in little piles on the table.*) Isn't it a long while I am sitting here in the winter and the summer, and the fine spring, with the young growing behind me and the old passing, saying to myself one time to look on Mary Brien, who wasn't that height (*holding out her hand*), and I a fine girl growing up, and there she is now with two children, and another coming on her in three months or four. (*She pauses.*)

Michael (*moving over three of the piles*). That's three pounds we have now, Nora Burke.

Nora (*continuing in the same voice*). And saying to myself another time, to look on Peggy Cavanagh, who had the lightest hand at milking a cow that wouldn't be easy, or turning a cake, and there she is now walking round on the roads, or sitting in a dirty old house, with no teeth in her mouth, and no sense, and no more hair than you'd see on a bit of hill and they after burning the furze from it.

Michael. That's five pounds and ten notes, a good sum, surely! . . . It's not that way you'll be talking when you marry a young man, Nora Burke, and they were saying in the fair my lambs were the best lambs, and I got a grand price, for I'm no fool now at making a bargain when my lambs are good.

Nora. What was it you got?

Michael. Twenty pounds for the lot, Nora Burke. . . . We'd do right to wait now till himself will be quiet awhile in the Seven Churches, and then you'll marry me in the chapel of Rathvanna, and I'll bring the sheep up on the bit of a hill you have on the back mountain, and we won't have anything we'd be afeard to let our minds on when the mist is down.

Nora (*pouring him out some whisky*). Why would I marry you, Mike Dara? You'll be getting old and I'll be getting old, and in a little while, I'm telling you, you'll be sitting up in your bed—the way himself was sitting—with a shake in your face, and your teeth falling, and the

white hair sticking out round you like an old bush where sheep do be leaping a gap. (*Dan Burke sits up noiselessly from under the sheet, with his hand to his face. His white hair is sticking out round his head. Nora goes on slowly without hearing him.*) It's a pitiful thing to be getting old, but it's a queer thing surely. It's a queer thing to see an old man sitting up there in his bed with no teeth in him, and a rough word in his mouth, and his chin the way it would take the bark from the edge of an oak board you'd have building a door. . . . God forgive me, Michael Dara, we'll all be getting old, but it's a queer thing surely.

Michael. It's too lonesome you are from living a long time with an old man, Nora, and you're talking again like a herd that would be coming down from the thick mist (*he puts his arm round her*), but it's a fine life you'll have now with a young man—a fine life surely. . . .

Dan sneezes violently. Michael tries to get to the door, but before he can do so Dan jumps out of the bed in queer white clothes, with the stick in his hand, and goes over and puts his back against it.

Michael. Son of God deliver us!

Crosses himself, and goes backward across the room.

Dan (*holding up his hand at him*). Now you'll not marry her the time I'm rotting below in the Seven Churches, and you'll see the thing I'll give you will follow you on the back mountains when the wind is high.

Michael (*to Nora*). Get me out of it, Nora, for the love of God. He always did what you bid him, and I'm thinking he would do it now.

Nora (*looking at the tramp*). Is it dead he is or living?

Dan (*turning towards her*). It's little you care if it's dead or living I am; but there'll be an end now of your fine times, and all the talk you have of young men and old men, and of the mist coming up or going down. (*He opens the door.*) You'll walk out now from that door, Nora Burke; and it's not to-morrow, or the next day, or any day of your life, that you'll put in your foot through it again.

Tramp (*standing up*). It's a hard thing you're saying for an old man, master of the house; and what would the like of her do if you put her out on the roads?

Dan. Let her walk round the like of Peggy Cavanagh below, and be begging money at the cross-roads, or selling songs to the men. (*To Nora.*) Walk out now, Nora Burke, and it's soon you'll be getting old with that life, I'm telling you; it's soon your teeth'll be falling and your head'll be the like of a bush where sheep do be leaping a gap. (*He pauses; Nora looks round at Michael.*)

Michael (*timidly*). There's a fine Union below in Rathdrum.

Dan. The like of her would never go there. . . . It's lonesome roads she'll be going and hiding herself away till the end will come, and they find her stretched like a dead sheep with the frost on her, or the big spiders maybe, and they putting their webs on her, in the butt of a ditch.

Nora (*angrily*). What way will yourself be that day, Daniel Burke? What



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MAIRE NIC SHIUBHLAIGH
as "Nora Burke."

way will you be that day and you lying down a long while in your grave? For it's bad you are living, and it's bad you'll be when you're dead. (*She looks at him a moment fiercely, then half turns away and speaks plaintively again.*) Yet, if it is itself, Daniel Burke, who can help it at all, and let you be getting up into your bed, and not be taking your death with the wind blowing on you, and the rain with it, and you half in your skin.

Dan. It's proud and happy you'd be if I was getting my death the day I was shut of yourself. (*Pointing to the door.*) Let you walk out through that door, I'm telling you, and let you not be passing this way if it's hungry you are, or wanting a bed.

Tramp (*pointing to Michael*). Maybe himself would take her.

Nora. What would he do with me now?

Tramp. Give you the half of a dry bed, and good food in your mouth.

Dan. Is it a fool you think him, stranger, or is it a fool you were born yourself? Let her walk out of that door, and let you go along with her, stranger—if it's raining itself—for it's too much talk you have surely.

Tramp (*going over to Nora*). We'll be going now, lady of the house; the rain is falling, but the air is kind, and maybe it'll be a grand morning, by the grace of God.

Nora. What good is a grand morning when I'm destroyed surely, and I going out to get my death walking the roads?

Tramp. You'll not be getting your death with myself, lady of the house, and I knowing all the ways a man can put food in his mouth. . . . We'll be going now, I'm telling you, and the time you'll be feeling the cold, and the frost, and the great rain, and the sun again, and the south wind blowing in the glens, you'll not be sitting up on a wet ditch, the way you're after sitting in this place, making yourself old with looking on each day, and it passing you by. You'll be saying one time, "It's a grand evening, by the grace of God," and another time, "It's a wild night, God help us; but it'll pass, surely." You'll be saying . . .

Dan (*goes over to them, crying out impatiently*). Go out of that door, I'm telling you, and do your blathering below in the glen.

Nora gathers a few things into her shawl.

Tramp (*at the door*). Come along with me now, lady of the house, and it's not my blather you'll be hearing only, but you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm; and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a tale of getting old like Peggy Cavanagh, and losing the hair off you, and the light of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear.

Nora. I'm thinking it's myself will be wheezing that time with lying down under the heavens when the night is cold; but you've a fine bit of talk, stranger, and it's with yourself I'll go. (*She goes towards the door, then turns to Dan.*) You think it's a grand thing you're after doing with your letting on to be dead, but what is it at all? What way would a woman live in a lonesome place the like of this place, and she not making a talk with the men passing? And what way will yourself live from this day, with none to care for you? What is it you'll have now but a black life, Daniel Burke; and it's not long, I'm telling you, till you'll be lying again under that sheet, and you dead surely.

She goes out with the tramp. Michael is slinking after them, but Dan stops him.

Dan. Sit down now and take a little taste of the stuff, Michael Dara. There's a great drouth on me, and the night is young.

Michael (*coming back to the table*). And it's very dry I am, surely, with the fear of death you put on me, and I after driving mountain ewes since the turn of the day.

Dan (*throwing away his stick*). I was thinking to strike you, Michael Dara; but you're a quiet man, God help you, and I don't mind you at all. (*He pours out two glasses of whisky, and gives one to Michael*). Your good health, Michael Dara.

Michael. God reward you, Daniel Burke, and may you have a long life and a quiet life, and good health with it. (*They drink.*)

THE SOWERS

H. S. MERRIMAN

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The scene of this powerful novel is partly in England and partly in Russia—the Russia of the Czars. The principal character is Paul Howard Alexis; his father was plain Mr. Howard of the British Embassy, who had married the Russian Princess Alexis. Both his parents dead, Paul inherited an estate and became Prince Pavlo Alexis. This terrible title had brooded over him while at Eton and Cambridge, as he preferred to be plain Paul Howard.

Paul's friend, and agent, in Russia was Karl Steinmetz, a broad-minded, cynical and capable German, who aroused in Paul a great pity for the poor, oppressed Russian peasantry. Both, when the story opens, are members of the League of Charity, a Secret Society whose object was to benefit and educate the peasants of the country. This League of Charity, and Princes, like Paul, of an independent turn of mind, were on this account under the ban of the Russian Government and the aristocracy.

The Charity League had been betrayed to the Government by an unknown traitor, and the League papers stolen. Paul's dearest friend, Stepán Lanovitch, was arrested and banished to Siberia. Paul swore to devote his life to the discovery and punishment of the dog who betrayed the League.

Late in October, Paul and his friend Steinmetz, while riding north-west across the plain, came upon a horse grazing by the roadside. In the fading daylight the form of the horse, cut out in black relief against the sky, was weird and ghostlike. The horse had a rider, but not in the saddle. One foot was caught in the stirrup, and as the beast moved on from tuft to tuft it dragged its dead master along the ground. The only clue to the identity of the dead man, evidently an Englishman and a gentleman, was a fine cambric pocket-handkerchief with the initials "S.S.B." worked neatly in white.

Paul was in England the following summer when he met Etta Sydney Bamborough; she was undoubtedly the belle of the evening. This handsome young widow had recently dawned on London Society and Paul was soon at her feet. She was aristocratic to the tips of her dainty white fingers, and fashionably dressed. She was wooed by a French Baron, Claude de Chauxville, an attaché to the French Embassy in London. They had met five years previously in St. Petersburg, he reminded the lady. "Don't speak of Russia," she pleaded, "I hate to hear it mentioned. I was so happy! It is painful to remember." In passionate words Claude declared his love and proposed marriage. But Etta refused the offer, thinking of Paul and his riches; she was also afraid of this man Claude de Chauxville, who left her with the words, "I shall make it my business to find out who my rival is."

Paul was invited to quiet dinners; he had none of the passionate love of Claude; he was quixotic; there was something in Etta Bamborough that aroused within him a feeling of chivalry. She spoke of "dear Russia" and told him of her life there. His desire was to help and protect her, to watch over her and fight her battles for her. This he thought love. They marry. Etta demurs to going to Paul's estate in Russia, but eventually they go. There, the peasants are in surly revolt, and there is danger. Paul, who is their best friend, does all the good he can by stealth. He tells Etta all about the Charity League and his own part in it, and of its former betrayal. Again he hopes to discover the man who banished his friend Stepán to Siberia, and tells her what he will do when he finds out. "Etta was staring into the fire. Her lips were dry. She hardly seemed to be breathing." Then she slowly fainted and rolled on the fur hearthrug.

Claude de Chauxville, now a revengeful scoundrel, has learned Etta's secret. He has followed Paul and his wife to their

home. Paul in a bear hunt was in danger of death; it was Claude's place to save him, but he deliberately forebore, and it was Steinmetz's bullet that saved Paul's life. His only chance to obtain Etta was now to blackmail and threaten; the net was closing round her. "I hold you, madame," he said, "in my hand. You, are my slave, despite your brave title. . . . When I have finished telling you all, you will understand."

"I HAVE information now, went on De Chauxville, "which would have made you my wife had I had it sooner."

"I think not," said the lady insolently. She had dealt with such men before. Hers was the beauty that appealed to De Chauxville and such as he. It is not the beautiful women who see the best side of human nature.

"Even now," went on the Frenchman, "now that I know you—I still love you, You are the only woman I shall ever love."

"Indeed," murmured the lady, quite unmoved.

"Yes; although in a way I despise you—now that I know you."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Etta. "If you have anything to say, please say it. I have no time to probe your mysteries—to discover your parables. You know me well enough, perhaps, to be aware that I am not to be frightened by your cheap charlatanism."

"I know you well enough," retorted De Chauxville hoarsely, "to be aware that it was you who sold the Charity League papers to Vassili in Paris. I know you well enough, Madame, to be aware of your present position in regard to your husband. If I say a word in the right quarter you would never leave Russia alive. I have merely to say to Catrina Lanovitch that it was you who banished her father for your own gain. I have merely to hand your name in to certain of the Charity League party, and even your husband could not save you."

He had gradually approached her, and uttered the last words face to face, his eyes close to hers. She held her head up—erect, defiant still.

"So you see, Madame," he said, "you belong to me."

She smiled.

"Hand and foot," he added. "But I am soft-hearted."

He shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"What will you?" he said, looking out of the window. "I love you."

"Nonsense!"

He turned slowly round.

"What?"

"Nonsense," repeated Etta. "You love power; you are a bully. You love to please your own vanity by thinking that you have me in your power. I am not afraid of you."

De Chauxville leant gracefully against the window. He still held his rifle.

"Reflect a little," he said, with his cold smile. "It would appear that you do not quite realise the situation. Women rarely realise situations in time. Our friend—your husband—has many of the English idiosyncrasies. He has all the narrow-minded notions of honour which obtain in that country. Added to this, I suspect him of possessing a truly Slavonic fire which he keeps under. 'A smoulder-fire——' you know, Madame, our French proverbs. He is not the man to take a rational and broad-minded view of your little transaction with Monsieur Vassili; more especially, perhaps, as it banished his friend Stepán Lanovitch—the owner of this house, by the way. His reception of the news I have to tell him would be unpleasant—for you."

"What do you want?" interrupted Etta. "Money?"

"I am not a needy adventurer."

"And I am not such a fool, Monsieur de Chauxville, as to allow myself to be dragged into a vulgar intrigue, borrowed from a French novel, to satisfy your vanity."

De Chauxville's dull eyes suddenly flashed.

"I will trouble you to believe, Madame," he said, in a low, concentrated voice, "that such a thought never entered my head. A De Chauxville is not a commercial traveller, if you please. No; it may surprise you, but my feeling

for you has more good in it than you would seem capable of inspiring. God only knows how it is that a bad woman can inspire a good love."

Etta looked at him in amazement. She did not always understand De Chauxville. No matter for surprise, perhaps; for he did not always understand himself.

"Then what do you want?" she asked.

"In the meantime, implicit obedience."

"What are you going to use me for?"

"I have ends," replied Claude de Chauxville, who had regained his usual half-mocking composure, "that you will serve. But they will be your ends as well as mine. You will profit by them. I will take very good care that you come to no harm, for you are the ultimate object of all this. At the end of it all I see only—you."



THE HORSE HAD A RIDER, BUT NOT IN THE SADDLE.

* * *

The moujiks were getting dangerous. Paul, disguised as a Moscow doctor, was wont to help the peasants and earned their gratitude. He knew, however, that if they discovered his identity they would tear him to pieces—for a noble spying on them. In the rôle of trusted doctor he said to them, "There is your own Prince; he will help you when there is real distress." He raised his head and looked round. In the dim light of two smoky lamps he saw a ring of wild faces, men with shaggy beards and hair all entangled and unkempt, fierce eyes and glowering glances. "He is not our Prince. His forefathers seized our land. That is all." The night for an insurrection had been fixed. Claude de Chauxville has schemed to get Etta alone. "I am here Princess, to make a little arrangement with you—not the last of all," he added in a different tone. "That will make you my wife."

He had decided on a dangerous game; he was at the back of the moujiks' agitation; he would help them to attack and raid Paul's castle. He had Etta in his power, and terrified.

"What do you want me to do?" repeated Etta.

De Chauxville paused.

"Merely," he answered lightly, "to leave open a door—a side door. I understand that there is a door in the old portion of the castle leading up by a flight of stairs to the smoking room, and thence to the new part of the building."

Etta did not answer. De Chauxville glanced at his watch and walked to the window, where he stood looking out. He was too refined a person to whistle, but his attitude was suggestive of that mode of killing time.

"This door I wish you to unbar yourself before dinner on Thursday evening," he said, turning round and slowly coming towards her.

"And I refuse to do it," said Etta.

"Ah!"

Etta sprang to her feet and faced him—a beautiful woman, a very queen of anger. Her blazing eyes were on a level with his.

"Yes," she cried, with clenched fists, standing her full height till she seemed to look down into his mean, fox-like face. "Yes; I refuse to betray my husband"

"Stop! He is not your husband."

Slowly the anger faded out of her eyes; her clenched fists relaxed. Her fingers were scraping nervously at the silk of her dress, like the fingers of a child seeking support.

"What do you mean?" she whispered. "What do you mean?"

"Sydney Bamborough is your husband," said the Frenchman without taking his dull eyes from her face.

"He is dead," she hissed.

"Prove it!"

He walked past her and leant against the mantelpiece in the pose of easy familiarity which he had maintained during the first portion of their interview.

"Prove it, Madame," he said again.

"He died at Tver," she said; but there was no conviction in her voice. With her title and position to hold she could face the world. Without these what was she?

"A local newspaper reports that the body of a man was discovered on the plains of Tver and duly buried in the pauper cemetery," said De Chauxville indifferently. "Your husband—Sydney Bamborough, I mean—was, for reasons which need not be gone into here, in the neighbourhood of Tver at the time. A police officer, who has since been transferred to Odessa, was of the opinion that the dead man was a foreigner. There are about twelve thousand foreigners in Tver—operatives in the manufactories. Your husband—Sydney Bamborough, *bien entendu*—left Tver to proceed eastward and cross Siberia to China in order to avoid the emissaries of the Charity League, who were looking out for him at the western frontier. He will be due at one of the Treaty Ports in China in about a month. Upon the supposition that the body discovered on the plains of the Tver was that of your husband, you took the opportunity of becoming a princess. It was enterprising. I admire your spirit. But it was dangerous. I, Madame, can suppress Sydney Bamborough when he turns up. I have two arrows in my quiver for him: one is the Charity League, the other the Russian Government, who want him. Your husband—I beg your pardon—the Prince would perhaps take a different view of the case. It is a pretty story. I will tell it to him, unless I have your implicit obedience."

Etta stood dry-lipped before him. She tried to speak, but no words came from her lips.

De Chauxville looked at her with a quiet smile of triumph, and she knew that he loved her. There is no defining love, nor telling when it merges into hatred.

"Thursday evening, before dinner," said De Chauxville.

And he left her standing on the hearth-rug, her lips moving and framing no words. . . .

The good Steinmetz suspects that Etta knows the details of the organised revolt; he himself knows something of Claude's intentions and behaviour. Gently he pleads with Etta to tell him; and to relieve her mind and gain her confidence, he tells her also that he knows all about the Charity League papers. But Etta refuses to give him her confidence.

Paul is in the village, doing what he can in disguise. Steinmetz had been following him for his protection. On the Sunday afternoon Claude de Chauxville came, an unexpected guest, his excuse being that his horse had lamed himself. Before he leaves he tries to make an assignation with Etta.

"I must see you before I leave the house; it is absolutely necessary."

Not long after the return of Steinmetz and the final decision respecting the road to Thors, Etta left the room, and a few minutes later the servant announced that the Baron's horse was at the door.

De Chauxville took his leave at once, with many assurances of lasting gratitude.

"Kindly," he added, "make my adieux to the Princess; I will not trouble her."

Quite by accident he met Etta at the head of the state staircase, and expressed such admiration for the castle that she opened the door of the large drawing-room and took him to see that apartment.

"What I arranged for Thursday is for the day after tomorrow — Tuesday," said De Chauxville as soon as they were alone. "We cannot keep them back any longer. You understand — the side door to be opened at seven o'clock. Ah, who is this?"

They both turned. Steinmetz was standing behind them, but he could not have heard De Chauxville's words. He closed the door carefully, and came forward with his grim smile.

"À nous trois!" he said, and the subsequent conversation was in a language in which these three understood each other best.



ETTA BAMBOROUGH MADE PAUL ASK HER TO BE HIS WIFE.

De Chauxville bit his lip and waited. It was a moment of the tensest suspense.

"À nous trois!" repeated Steinmetz. "De Chauxville, you love an epigram. The man who over-estimates the foolishness of others is himself the biggest fool concerned. A lame horse—the Prince's generosity—making your adieux. *Mon Dieu!* You should know me better than that after all these years. No, you need not look at the door. No one will interrupt us. I have seen to that."

His attitude and manner indicated a complete mastery of the situation, but whether this assumption was justified by fact or was a mere trick it was impossible to say. There was in the man something strong and good and calm—a manner never acquired by one who has anything to conceal. His dignity was perfect. One forgets his stoutness, his heavy breathing, his ungainly size. He was essentially manly, and a presence

to be feared. The strength of his will made itself felt.

He turned to the Princess with the grave courtesy that always marked his attitude towards her.

"Madame," he said, "I fully recognise your cleverness in raising yourself to the position you now occupy. But I would remind you that that position carries with it certain obligations. It is hardly dignified for a Princess to engage herself in a vulgar love intrigue in her own house."

"It is not a vulgar love intrigue," cried Etta, with blazing eyes. "I will not allow you to say that. Where is your boasted friendship? Is this a sample of it?"

Karl Steinmetz bowed gravely, with outspread hands.

"Madame, that friendship is at your service, now as always."

De Chauxville gave a scornful little laugh. He was biting the end of his moustache as he watched Etta's face. For a moment the woman stood—not the first to stand thus—between two fears. Then she turned to Steinmetz. The victory was his—the greatest he had ever torn from the grasp of Claude de Chauxville.

"You know," she said, "that this man has me in his power."

"You alone. But not both of us together," answered Steinmetz.

De Chauxville looked uneasy. He gave a careless little laugh.

"My good Steinmetz, you allow your imagination to run away with you. You interfere in what does not concern you."

"My very dear De Chauxville, I think not. At all events, I am going to continue to interfere."

Etta looked from one to the other. She had at the first impulse gone over to Steinmetz. She was now meditating drawing back. If De Chauxville kept cool all might yet be well—the dread secret of the probability of Sydney Bamborough being alive might still be withheld from Steinmetz. For the moment it would appear that she was about to occupy the ignominious position of the bone of contention. If these two men were going to use her as a mere excuse to settle a lifelong quarrel of many issues, it was probable that there would not be much left of her character by the time that they had finished.

She had to decide quickly. She decided to assume the rôle of peacemaker.

"Monsieur de Chauxville was on the point of going," she said. "Let him go."

"Monsieur de Chauxville is not going until I have finished with him, Madame. This may be the last time we meet. I hope it is."

De Chauxville looked uneasy. His was a ready wit, and fear was the only feeling that paralysed it. Etta looked at him. Was his wit going to desert him now when he most needed it? He had ridden boldly into the lion's den. Such a proceeding requires a certain courage, but a higher form of intrepidity is required to face the lion standing before the exit.

De Chauxville looked at Steinmetz with shifty eyes. He was very like the mask of the lynx in the smoking-room, even to the self-conscious, deprecatory smile on the countenance of the forest sneak.

"Keep your temper," he said; "do not let us quarrel in the presence of a lady."

"No; we will keep the quarrel till afterwards."

Steinmetz turned to Etta.

"Princess," he said, "will you now, in my presence, forbid this man to come to this or any other house of yours? will you forbid him to address himself either by speech or letter to you again?"

"You know I cannot do that," replied Etta.

"Why not?"

Etta made no answer.

"Because," replied De Chauxville for her, "the Princess is too wise to make an enemy of me. In that respect she is wiser than you. She knows that I could send you and your Prince to Siberia."

Steinmetz laughed.

"Nonsense!" he said. "Princess," he went on, "if you think that the fact of De Chauxville numbering among his friends a few obscure police spies gives him the right to persecute you, you are mistaken. Our friend is very clever, but

he can do no harm with the little that he knows of the Charity League."

Etta remained silent. The silence made Steinmetz frown.

"Princess," he said gravely, "you were very indignant just now because I made so bold as to put the most natural construction upon the circumstances in which I found you. It was a pre-arranged meeting between De Chauxville and yourself. If the meeting was not the outcome of an intrigue such as I mentioned, nor the result of this man's hold over you on account of the Charity League, what was it? What was it? I beg of you to answer?"

Etta made no reply. Instead, she raised her eyes and looked at De Chauxville.

"Without going into affairs which do not concern you," said the Frenchman, answering for her, "I think you will recognise that the secret of the Charity League was quite sufficient excuse for me to request a few minutes alone with the Princess."

Of this Steinmetz took no notice. He was standing in front of Etta, between De Chauxville and the door. His broad, deeply-lined face was flushed with the excitement of the moment. His great mournful eyes, yellow and drawn with much reading and the hardships of a rigorous climate, were fixed anxiously on her face.

Etta was not looking at him. Her eyes were turned towards the window, but they did not see with comprehension. She was stony and stubborn.

"Princess," said Steinmetz, "answer me before it is too late. Has De Chauxville any other hold over you?"

Etta nodded, and the little action brought a sudden gleam to the Frenchman's eyes.

"If," said Steinmetz, looking from one to the other, "if you two have been deceiving Paul I will have no mercy—I warn you of that."

Etta turned on him.

"Can you not believe me?" she cried. "I have practised no deception in common with Monsieur de Chauxville."

"The Charity League is quite enough for you, my friend," put in the Frenchman hurriedly.

"You know no more of the Charity League than you did before—than the whole world knew before—except this lady's share in the disposal of the papers," said Steinmetz.

"And this lady's share in the disposal of the papers will not be welcome news to the Prince," answered De Chauxville.

"Welcome or unwelcome, he shall be told of it to-night."

Etta looked round sharply, her lips apart and trembling.

"By whom?" asked De Chauxville.

"By me," replied Steinmetz.

There was a momentary pause. De Chauxville and Etta exchanged a glance. Etta felt that she was lost. This Frenchman was not one to spare either man or woman from any motive of charity or chivalry.

"Even if that is so," he said, "the Princess is not relieved from the embarrassment of her situation."

"No?"

"No, my astute friend. There is a little matter connected with Sydney Bamborough which has come to my knowledge."

Etta moved, but she said nothing. The sound of her breathing was startlingly loud.

"Ah! Sydney Bamborough," said Steinmetz slowly. "What about him?"

"He is not dead; that is all."

Karl Steinmetz passed his broad hand down over his face, covering his mouth for a second.

"But he died. He was found on the steppe, and buried at Tver."

"So the story runs," said De Chauxville, with easy sarcasm. "But who found him on the steppe? Who buried him at Tver?"

"*I* did, my friend."

The next second Steinmetz staggered back a step or two as Etta fell heavily into his arms. But he never took his eyes off De Chauxville.

Steinmetz laid Etta on a sofa. She was already recovering consciousness. He rang the bell twice, and all the while he kept his eye on De Chauxville. A quick touch on Etta's wrist and breast showed that this man knew something of women

and of those short-lived fainting fits that belong to strong emotions.

The maid soon came.

"The Princess requires your attention," said Steinmetz, still watching De Chauxville, who was looking at Etta and neglecting his opportunities.

Steinmetz went up to him and took him by the arm.

"Come with me," he said.

The Frenchman could have taken advantage of the presence of the servant to effect a retreat, but he did not dare to do so. It was essential that he should obtain a few words with Etta. To effect this he was ready even to face an interview with Steinmetz. In his heart he was cursing that liability to inconvenient fainting fits that makes all women uncertain in a moment of need.

He preceded Steinmetz out of the room, forgetting even to resent the large warm grasp on his arm. They went through the long dimly-lit passage to the old part of the castle, where Steinmetz had his rooms.

"And now," said Steinmetz, when they were alone with closed doors—"and now, De Chauxville, let us understand each other."

De Chauxville shrugged his shoulders. He was not thinking of Steinmetz yet. He was still thinking of Etta and how he could get speech with her. With the assurance which had carried him through many a difficulty before this, the Frenchman looked round him, taking in the details of the room. They were in the apartment beyond the large smoking-room—the ante-room, as it were, to the little chamber where Paul kept his medicine chest, his disguise, all the compromising details of his work among the peasants. The broad writing table in the middle of the room stood between the two men.

"Do you imagine yourself in love with the Princess?" asked Steinmetz suddenly with characteristic bluntness.

"If you like," returned the other.

"If I thought it was that," said the German, looking at him thoughtfully, "I would throw you out of the window. If it is anything else, I will only throw you downstairs."

De Chauxville bit his thumbnail anxiously. He frowned across the table into Steinmetz's face. In all their intercourse he had never heard that tone of voice; he had never seen quite that look on the heavy face. Was Steinmetz aroused at last? Steinmetz aroused was an unknown quantity to Claude de Chauxville.

"I have known you now for twenty-five years," went on Karl Steinmetz, "and I cannot say that I know any good of you. But let that pass; it is not, I suppose, my business. The world is as the good God made it. I can do nothing towards bettering it. I have always known you to be a scoundrel—a fact to be deplored—and that is all. But so soon as your villainy affects my own life, then my friend, a more active recognition of it is necessary."

"Indeed!" sneered the Frenchman.

"Your villainy has touched Paul's life, and at that point it touches mine," continued Karl Steinmetz with slow anger. "You followed us to Petersburg—thence you dogged us to the Government of Tver. You twisted that foolish woman, the Countess Lanovitch, round your finger, and obtained from her an invitation to Thors. All this in order to be near one of us. *Ach!* I have been watching you. Is it only after twenty-five years that I at last convince you that I am not such a fool as you are pleased to consider me?"

"You have not convinced me yet," put in De Chauxville, with his easy laugh.

"No, but I shall do so before I have finished with you. . . .

"I am waiting," said the German, "for you to explain your conduct."

"Indeed!" replied De Chauxville. "Then, my friend, you will have to continue waiting. I fail to recognise your right to make inquiry into my movements. I am not responsible to any man for my actions, least of all to you. The man who manages his neighbour's affairs mismanages his own. I would recommend you to mind your own business. Kindly let me pass."

De Chauxville's words were brave enough, but his lips were unsteady. A

weak mouth is apt to betray its possessor at inconvenient moments. He waved Steinmetz aside, but he made no movement towards the door. He kept the table between him and his companion.

Steinmetz was getting calmer. There was an uncanny hush about him.

"Then I am to conclude," he said, "that you came to Russia in order to persecute a helpless woman. Her innocence or her guilt are, for the moment, beside the question. Neither is any business of yours. Both, on the contrary, are my affair. Innocent or guilty, the Princess Howard-Alexis must from this moment be freed from your persecution."

De Chauxville shrugged his shoulders. He tapped on the floor impatiently with the toe of his neat riding-boot.

"*Allons!*" he said. "Let me pass."

"Your story of Sydney Bamborough," went on Steinmetz coldly, "was a good one wherewith to frighten a panic-stricken woman. But you brought it to the wrong person when you brought it to me. Do you suppose that I would have allowed the marriage to take place unless I knew that Bamborough was dead?"

"You may be telling the truth about that incident, or you may not," said De Chauxville. "But my knowledge of the betrayal of the Charity League is sufficient for my purpose."

"Yes," admitted Steinmetz grimly, "you have information there with possibilities of mischief in it. But I shall discount most of it by telling Prince Pavlo to-night all that I know, and I know more than you do. Also, I intend to seal your lips before you leave this room."

De Chauxville stared at him with a dropping lip. He gulped down something in his throat. His hand was stealing round under the fur jacket to a pocket at the back of his trousers.

"Let me out!" he hissed.

There was a gleam of bright metal in the sunlight that poured in through the window. De Chauxville raised his arm sharply, and at the same instant Steinmetz threw a book in his face. A loud report, and the room was full of smoke.

Steinmetz placed one hand on the table and, despite his weight, vaulted it cleanly. This man had taken his degree at Heidelberg, and the Germans are the finest gymnasts in the world. Moreover, muscle, once made, remains till death. It was his only chance, for the Frenchman had dodged the novel, though it had spoilt his aim. Steinmetz vaulted right on to him, and De Chauxville staggered back.

In a moment Steinmetz had him by the collar; his face was grey, his heavy eyes ablaze. If anything will rouse a man, it is being fired at point-blank at a range of four yards with a ·280 revolver.

"*Ach!*" gasped the German; "you would shoot me, would you?"

He wrenched the pistol from De Chauxville's fingers and threw it into the corner of the room. Then he shook the man like a garment.

"First," he cried, "you would kill Paul, and now you try to shoot me. Good God! what are you? You are no man. Do you know what I am going to do with you? I am going to thrash you like a dog!"

He dragged him to the fireplace. Above the mantelpiece a stick-rack was affixed to the wall, and here were sticks and riding-whips. Steinmetz selected a heavy whip. His eyes were shot with blood; his mouth worked beneath his moustache.

"So," he said, "I am going to settle with you at last."

De Chauxville kicked and struggled, but he could not get free. He only succeeded in half-choking himself.

"You are going to swear," said Steinmetz, "never to approach the Princess again—never to divulge what you know of her past life."

The Frenchman was almost blue in the face. His eyes were wild with terror.

And Karl Steinmetz thrashed him.

It did not last long. No word was spoken. The silence was only broken by their shuffling feet, by the startling report of each blow, by De Chauxville's repeated gasps of pain.

The fur jacket was torn in several places. The white shirt appeared here and there. In one place it was stained with red.

At last Steinmetz threw him huddled into one corner of the room. The

chattering face, the wild eyes that looked up at him, were terrible to see.

"When you have promised to keep the secret you may go," said Steinmetz. "You must swear it."

De Chauxville's lips moved, but no sound came from them. Steinmetz poured some water into a tumbler and gave it to him.

"It had to come to this," he said, "sooner or later. Paul would have killed you; that is the only difference. Do you swear by God in heaven above you that you will keep the Princess's secret?"

"I swear it," answered De Chauxville hoarsely.

The same night Steinmetz reveals to Paul the whole story of his wife's treachery. Her first husband, Bamborough, stole the Charity papers, Etta carried them to Paris, and sold them to a third party. It was an organised plan between husband and wife. The terrible revelation broke Paul's spirit, but his friend begged him to give Etta a chance to explain, and he agreed. Etta came down to dinner, smiling and imperturbable. On the threshold of the drawing-room she exchanged a glance with Steinmetz, and that was all.

At last Etta rose to go to bed with a little sharp sigh of great suspense. It was coming.

She went up to her room, bidding Maggie good-night in the passage. In a mechanical way she allowed the deft-handed maid to array her in a dressing-gown—soft, silken, a dainty triumph in its way. Then, almost impatiently, she sent the maid away when her hair was only half released. She would brush it herself. She was tired. No, she wanted nothing more.

She sat down by the fire. She could hardly breathe. It was coming.

She heard Paul come to his dressing-room. She heard his deep quiet voice reply to some question of his valet's. Then the word "Good-night" in the same quiet voice. The valet had gone. There was only the door now between her and—what? Her fingers were at the throat of her dressing-gown. The soft lace seemed to choke her.

Then Paul knocked at the door. It was coming. She opened her lips, but at first could make no sound.

"Come in," she said at length, hoarsely.

She wondered whether he would kill her. She wondered whether she was in love with her husband. She had begun wondering that lately; she was wondering it when he came in. He had changed his dress-coat for a jacket in which he was in the habit of working with Steinmetz in the quiet room after the household had gone to bed.

She looked up. She dropped the brush and ran towards him with a great rustle of her flowing silks.

"Oh, Paul, what is it?" she cried.

She stopped short, not daring to touch him, before his cold set face.

"Have you seen anyone?" she whispered.

"Only De Chauxville," he answered, "this afternoon."

"Indeed, Paul," she protested hastily, "it was nothing. A message from Catrina Lanovitch. It was only the usual visit of an acquaintance. It would have been very strange if he had not called. Do you think I could care for a man like that?"

"I never did think so until now," returned Paul steadily. "Your excuses accuse you. You may care for him. I do not know. I—do -not—care."

She turned slowly and went back to her chair. Mechanically she took up the brush and shook back her beautiful hair.

"You mean you do not care for me," she said. "Oh, Paul, be careful."

Paul stood looking at her. He was not a subtle-minded man at all. He was not one of those who take it upon themselves to say that they understand women——using the word in an offensively general sense—as if women were situated midway between the human and the animal races. He was old-fashioned enough to look upon women as higher and purer than men, while equally capable of thought and self-control. He had, it must be remembered, no great taste for fictional literature. He had not read the voluminious lucubrations of the modern woman-writer He had



"'The Moscow doctor! the Moscow doctor!' passed from lip to lip."

not assisted at the nauseating spectacle of a woman morally turning herself inside out in three volumes and an interview.

"I do not think," said Paul judicially, "that you can have cared very much whether I loved you or not. When you married me you knew that I was the promoter of the Charity League; I almost told you. I told you so much that with your knowledge you must have been aware of the fact that I was heavily interested in the undertaking which you betrayed. You married me without certain proof of your husband's death, such was your haste to call yourself a princess. And now I find, on your own confession, that you have a clandestine understanding with a man who tried to murder me only a week ago. Is it not rather absurd to talk of caring?"

He stood looking down at her—cold and terrible in the white heat of his suppressed Northern anger.

The little clock on the mantelpiece, in a terrible hurry, ticked with all its might. Time was speeding. Every moment was against her. And she could think of nothing to say, simply because those things that she would have said to others would carry no weight with this man.

Etta was leaning forward in the luxurious chair, staring with haggard eyes into the fire. The flames leapt up and gleamed on her pale face, in her deep eyes.

"I suppose," she said, without looking at him, "that you will not believe me when I tell you that I hate the man. I knew nothing of what you refer to as happening last week—his attempt to murder you, I mean. You are a prince, and all-powerful in your own province. Can you not throw him into prison and keep him there? Such things are done in Russia. He is more dangerous than you think. Please do it—please——"

Paul looked at her with hard, unresponsive eyes. Lives depended on his answer.

"I did not come here to discuss Claude de Chauxville," he said, "but you, and our future."

Etta drew herself up as one under the lash, and waited with set teeth.

"I propose," he said, in a final voice which made it no proposition at all, "that you go home to England at once with—your cousin. This country is not safe for you. The house in London will be at your disposal. I shall make a suitable settlement on you, sufficient to live in accordance with your title and position. I must ask you to remember that the name you bear has hitherto been an unsullied one. We have been proud of our princesses—up to now. In case of any trouble reaching you from outside sources connected with this country I should like you to remember that you are under my protection and that of Steinmetz. Either of us will be glad at any time to consider any appeal for assistance that you may think fit to make. You will always be the Princess Howard-Alexis."

Etta gave a sudden laugh.

"Oh yes," she said, and her face was strangely red, "I shall still be the Princess Alexis." . . .

The storm burst at last and the palace was attacked by an infuriated mob.

The big clock over the castle boomed out the hour, and at the same instant there arose a roar like the voice of the surf on a Malabar shore. There was a crashing of glass almost in the room itself. Already Steinmetz was drawing the curtains closer over the windows in order to prevent the light from filtering through the interstices of the closed shutters.

"Only stones," he said to Paul, with his grim smile; "it might have been bullets."

As if in corroboration of his suggestion the sharp ring of more than one firearm rang out above the dull roar of many voices.

Steinmetz crossed the room to where Etta was standing white-lipped by the fire. Her clenched hand was gripping Maggie's wrist. She was half hidden behind her cousin. Maggie was looking at Paul. Etta was obviously conscious of Steinmetz's gaze and approach.

"I asked you before to tell me all you knew," he said. "You refused. Will you do it now?"

Etta met his glance for a moment, shrugged her shoulders, and turned her back on him. Paul was standing in the open doorway, with his back turned towards them—alone. The palace had never looked so vast as it did at that moment—brilliantly lighted, gorgeous, empty.

Through the hail of blows on the stout doors, the rattle of stones at the windows, the Prince could hear yells of execration and the wild laughter that is bred of destruction. He turned and entered the Room. His face was grey and terrible.

"They have no chance," he said, "of effecting an entrance by force, the lower windows are barred. They have no ladders, Steinmetz and I have seen to that. We have been expecting this for some days."

He turned towards Steinmetz as if seeking confirmation. The din was increasing. When the German spoke he had to shout.

"We can beat them back if we like. We can shoot them down from the windows. But" he paused, shrugged his shoulders and laughed "what will you? this Prince will not shoot his father's serfs."

"We must leave you," went on Paul. "We must beware of treachery. Whatever happens, we shall not leave the house. If the worst comes, we make our last stand in this room. Whatever happens, stay here till we come."

He left the room, followed by Steinmetz. There were only three doors in the impregnable stone walls; the great entrance, a side door for use in times of deep snow, and the small concealed entrance by which the Starosta was in the habit of reaching his masters.

For a moment the two men stood at the head of the stairs listening to the wild commotion. They were turning to descend the state stairs when a piercing shriek, immediately drowned by a yell of triumph, broke the silence of the interior of the castle. There was a momentary stillness followed by another shriek.



"What if I refuse?" asked Etta."

"They are in!" said Steinmetz. "The side door."

And the two men looked at each other with wide eyes full of knowledge.

As they ran to the foot of the broad staircase the tramp of scuffling feet, the roar of angry voices, came through the passages from the back of curtained doorways. The servants' quarters seemed to be a pandemonium. The sounds approached.

"Half-way up!" said Paul, and they ran half-way up the broad staircase side by side. There they stood and waited.

In a moment the baize doors were burst open and a scuffling mass of men and women poured into the hall—a very sewer of humanity.

A howl of rage signalised their recognition of the Prince.

"They are mad!" said Steinmetz, as the crowd surged forward towards the stairs with waving arms and the dull gleam of steel; with wild faces turned upward, wild mouths bellowing hatred and murder.

"It is a chance—it may stop them!" said Steinmetz.

His arm was outstretched steadily. A loud report, a little puff of smoke shooting upward to the gilded ceiling, and for one brief moment the crowd stood still, watching one of their ringleaders who was turning and twisting on his side half a dozen steps from the bottom.

The man writhed in silence with his hand to his breast, and the crowd stood aghast. He held up his hand and gazed at it with a queer stupefaction. The blood dripped from his fingers. Then his chin went up as if someone were gripping the back of his neck. He turned over slowly and rolled to the bottom of the stairs.



"Excellency," he gasped, "you must not come here alone any longer. I am afraid of them—I have no control."

Then Paul raised his voice.

"Listen to me," he said.

But he got no farther, for someone shot at him from the background, over the frantic heads of the others and missed him. The bullet lodged in the wall at the head of the stairs in the jamb of the gorgeous doorway. It is there to-day.

There was a yell of hatred and an ugly charge towards the stairs; but the sight of two revolvers held them there—motionless for a few moments. Those in front pushed back, while the shouters in the safe background urged them forward by word and gesture.

Two men holding a hundred in check. But one of the two was a Prince, which makes all the difference, and will continue to make that difference, despite halfpenny journalism, until the end of the world. . . .

Soon, however, the yelling increased, and through the doorway leading to the servants' quarters came a stream of men—bloodstained, ragged, torn. They were waving arms and implements above their heads.

"Down with the aristocrats! kill them—kill them!" they were shrieking.

A little volley of firearms further excited them. But vodka is not a good thing to shoot upon, and Paul stood untouched, waiting, as he had said, until they were tired of shouting.

"Now," yelled Steinmetz to him in English, "we must go. We can make a stand at the head of the stairs, then the doorway, then——"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Then—the end," he added as they moved up the stairs step by step, backwards.

"My very good friend," he went on, "at the door we must begin to shoot them down. It is our only chance. It is, moreover, our duty towards the ladies."

"There is one alternative," answered Paul.

"The Moscow Doctor." . . .

And Paul in his old guise of the Moscow doctor quelled the riot. Searching for Etta, Paul found she had left the room where he told her to stay. "Will you come with me?" he said to Maggie, her friend.

What they found was Etta lying huddled up against the door, dead, trodden underfoot, and there also lay Claude de Chauxville in a pool of mud and blood.

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