

tures commemorative of Napoleon I.'s great victories are hopelessly injured. One large ceiling has already fallen, and the *petits appartements*, which even now seem full of the presence of Marie Antoinette and her children, have been allowed to get shabby and dirty. Outside the Chateau, the fountains are out of order, and the splendid statues are covered with moss. It is to be hoped that something will be done before the great exhibition next year; for Versailles is one of the places to which foreigners always go, even if spending but a few days in Paris.

The Tour Eiffel is steadily rising; already from St. Cloud it rivals the Arc de Triomphe in size. It will certainly be the most prominent feature in the exhibition; but with that M. Eiffel and his supporters must rest content, for this tower will be both useless and unsightly. It is said that the oscillations at the top will be strongly felt—indeed to the extent of three feet. This alone will deter many from going up, and certainly prevent a repetition of the experiment to those who have experienced the "toppling over" sensation for themselves.

Some seven thousand pictures have been sent in to the Jury of the Salon; only two thousand five hundred can be hung, so there will be five thousand disappointments. This year, for the first time, artists will have the right to withdraw their works, if not satisfied with the position, light, neighbourhood, etc., assigned to them on the walls. Truly indeed "the old order changeth" for such a thing to be possible; but it remains to be seen whether many will avail themselves of this privilege. M. A. B.

LINES.

THERE is a limitation to all thought,
Then why should feeling so unbounded be?
I cannot tell the joy within my soul
When comes the Spring in all its velvet green;
I cannot tell how heavily the gloom
Of Autumn falls upon my fearful heart;
I cannot tell the trembling and the fear
Which oft-returning sorrows bring with them;
I cannot tell the ecstasy of joy
When old-time grief-clouds break and roll away;
And should I live ten thousand thousand years
I could not tell one-half my love for thee.

EVA ROSE YORK.

PERSONALITY AND CHARACTER OF DARWIN.

In stature Darwin was tall, six feet in height; but he stooped a good deal, and in later years it grew upon him. It was possibly to be attributed to the low 'cween decks of the small vessel in which he made, when young, a five years' voyage of discovery as naturalist. His perpetual ill health, during a long after-life, may have arisen from the continual sea-sickness, which he endured, off and on, all the time the voyage lasted, and against which he battled most bravely. In face and features Darwin was not handsome, judged by photographs, one of which, he used to say, was worth a dozen oil portraits. His face was of a Socratesque cast, with a heavy nose and overhanging brow, and the very full eyebrows so often associated with great intellectual energy. The forehead was not prominent, but the upper outline of the skull high, even, and excellent. He wore a full beard, which imparts an improved character to almost all faces. His clothes were dark, and of a loose and easy fit. His usual outdoor dress was a short cloak. Indoors he almost always wore a shawl over his shoulders, and had loose cloth boots, lined with fur, which he could slip on over his indoor shoes. He had some odd habits; he sat on unusually high chairs, and this elevation he would add to by placing footstools upon them, so that his feet would no longer reach the floor, and had to seek other support. He would take, in his daily walk, a number of turns round a certain space in the grounds, regulated by count, which he would verify by means of a heap of flints, one of which he kicked out on the path each time he passed. He made his first rough notes on any scraps of waste paper, being unwilling to use his best paper for that purpose, not from parsimony certainly, for of that there was not a trace, but from a disinclination, which some other people share with him, to take better materials when worse will answer as well; a basket of such waste paper—waste no longer—was always at hand, such as backs of letters or of old proof sheets, etc. A cumbersome book he would cut in halves for easier holding, and from pamphlets or papers he would tear away all but what had special interest for him. There was a mixture of seeming carelessness and indifference as to his appliances for his measurements, dissections, etc., with much method. He kept regular and exact money accounts. In these total abstinence days, let it be recorded that he drank very little wine, but enjoyed it and was revived by it, while he constantly warned his boys against being led into drinking. He had a fondness for sweets, from which he did not observe total abstinence either, though always forbidden. He had the true Englishman's love of privacy and shelter: the garden at Down was overlooked from the very unfrequented country lane, on which the house bordered, when any person, very rarely, passed that way, and one of his first undertakings was to lower the lane two feet and build a flint-wall along it so far as the garden extended. This is the second mention of flints, and we hear of the little flint-built cottage church. Some of the least fertile of the upland parts about Down were so thickly strewn with flint-stones that hardly any soil could be seen; nevertheless wheat might be found growing there, though, to be sure, what with the purple and blue cornflowers, the scarlet poppies and the sparse blades of golden grain, the feast for the eye was greater than that provided for the table of the farmer.

In the better land the surface over the chalk was, according to Darwin, clayey and sticky; not a very attractive description, a country of little natural beauty, but still, with dingles and straggling strips of wood capping the chalky banks and looking down upon the quiet ploughed land of the valleys; scenery moderately pretty, of extreme rurality. Flint-building is lively in appearance, whites, grays and blacks, with very varied surface, and with brick dressings, of necessity; imperishable, it may be said; in some of the middle age buildings hardly to be hacked to pieces.

But we are forgetting that we have Darwin's personal character on hand. For that we have an excellent substitute. We could not do better than transcribe what Mr. Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., says in the *Contemporary Review*: "He shrank from public controversy, although no man was ever more vigorously attacked and more completely misrepresented. Nevertheless, when he died, the affectionate regret that followed him to the grave came not alone from his own personal friends, but from thousands of sympathetic mourners in all parts of the world, who had never seen or known him. Men had ample material for judging of his work, and in the end had given their judgment with general acclaim. Of the man himself, however, they could know but little, yet enough of his character shone forth in his work to indicate its tenderness and goodness. Men instinctively felt him to be in every way one of the great ones of the earth, whose removal from the living world leaves mankind poorer in moral worth as well as in intellect. So widespread has been this conviction that the story of his life has been eagerly longed for. It would contain no eventful incidents, but it would reveal the man as he was, and show the method of his working and the secret of his greatness." And again: "His son has written a touching chapter entitled 'Reminiscences of my Father's Everyday Life,' in which the man as he lived and worked is vividly pictured. From that sketch, and from Darwin's own letters, the reader may conceive how noble was the character of the great naturalist. His industry and patience, in spite of the daily physical suffering that marked the last forty years of his life; his utter unselfishness and tender consideration for others; his lifelong modesty, that led him to see the worst of his own work and the best of that of other men; his scrupulous honour and unbending veracity; his intense desire to be accurate even in the smallest particulars, and the trouble he took to secure such accuracy; his sympathies with the struggles of younger men, and his readiness to help them; his eagerness for the establishment of truth, by whomsoever discovered; his interest up to the very last in the advancement of science; his playful humour; his unfailing courtesy and gratitude for even the smallest acts of kindness—these elements of a lofty moral nature stand out conspicuously in the biography. No one can rise from the perusal of these volumes without the conviction that, by making known to the world at large what Darwin was as a man, as well as a great original investigator, they place him on a still loftier pinnacle of greatness than that to which the voice of his contemporaries had already raised him."

This may appear too studied a panegyric, but it is no more than Darwin's character, as it develops itself in the long series of his own letters, deserves. Allowance need not be made for partiality and filial piety on the part of his son, who has done his work with all due reticence and discretion, merely setting forth the manner of his father's daily domestic life, with such traits of character and habit, and modes of work, as formed a customary part of it. Darwin was, in very fact, an upright, considerate, courteous, and eminently conscientious gentleman. He was of a soft and indulgent nature, so little self-assertive or authoritative that he exercised scarcely any rule in his family or household, not even supervising the garden, except that part of it devoted to his botanical observations, or the stable; he would ask whether he could have a horse for any particular errand of his own. The truth remains, nevertheless, that he was an autocrat without desiring it or knowing it, arising from his ill health and the great importance of his scientific labours; every wish and whim—and he was whimsical—was indulged; the day was parcelled out to suit his habits, which were like clockwork, and never interfered with except by any accession of his own illness. He had no domestic battles to fight, no economies to insist upon; his private fortune and the proceeds of his books made more than ample provision for a liberal, perhaps luxurious household, and the requirements of his experiments. Paradox as it may seem, even his weak health contributed to his scientific success; it drew him away from the ability or inclination to follow other pursuits, or seek society. By degrees all other points of interest faded away. His hours of daily work were very limited, from inability to endure more, but, with the exception already noted, they were unfailing, and he accomplished an immensity of work. He used to say "It's dogged as does it." The portion of the appendix to the "Life" headed "List of Works by C. Darwin," occupies eight pages. Their growing popularity and influence may be inferred from the following sequence: *Origin of Species* (the central point of his work), 1859; fifth thousand, 1860; third edition, seventh thousand, 1861; fourth edition, eighth thousand, 1866; fifth edition, tenth thousand, 1869; sixth edition, twenty-fourth thousand, 1882. The portion of the appendix headed "Honours, Degrees, Societies, etc.," occupies three and a half pages.

It might seem disingenuous in any notice of Darwin to make no allusion to his attitude towards religious belief. It is perhaps sufficiently well known. It must suffice to say here that it was not precisely fixed, purely neutral, and in no degree whatever aggressive. D. FOWLER.

P. S.—In the foregoing some of the same words and phrases have been used that are found in the "Life," but great compression was unavoidable, and to place quotation marks with any precision was difficult; they have, therefore been omitted. With the exception of the transcripts from the *Contemporary*, the whole, or nearly the whole, has been derived from the "Life." D. F.