

YOUTH AND LOVE.

So is our fair youth lost,
The long years drag it to the ground,
Or even we unthinking throw it down :
A bitter fight we have, or have not, won ;
But ah ! we feel—we know our youth is done.
Small are our years—that is not youth—
Youth is possession of a heart of truth.

So does a great love fade.
We do not feel it fading, for it goes
So gradually we do not see
The shade of difference 'tween the days
Which make so small a difference, yet
Which added make the difference great.
And then one day, with just one final rush,
The cloak of love has fallen from our lives ;
And as we view it lying at our feet
We look at it with wondering eyes,
Knowing that we had found it sweet ;
Perchance half stoop to pick it up :
Useless—no more the pain, the joy, the doubt ;
For as it fell from us, without a sound,
It turned to stone, just as it touched the ground.

FERRARS.

BLINDNESS.

On September 17, 1858, Fawcett went out shooting with his father upon Harnham Hill. Harnham Hill commands a view of the rich valley where the Avon glides between the great bluffs of the Chalk Downs and beneath the unrivalled spire of Salisbury. It is one of the loveliest views, as Fawcett used to say, in the South of England. He now saw it for the last time. The party was crossing a turnip field, and put up some partridges which flew across a fence into land where Mr. Fawcett had not the right of shooting. In order to prevent this from happening again, Fawcett advanced some thirty yards in front of his party. Shortly afterward another covey rose and flew toward him. His father was suffering from incipient cataract of one eye. He therefore could not see his son distinctly, and had for the moment forgotten their relative change of position. He thus fired at a bird when it was nearly in a line with his son. The bird was hit by the greatest part of the charge, for it was completely shattered. A few pellets, however, diverged and struck Henry Fawcett. Most of these entered his chest ; but, passing through a thick coat, only inflicted a trivial wound. Two of them went higher. He was wearing tinted spectacles to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun. One shot passed through each glass of the spectacles, making in each a clean round hole. Their force was partly spent, and was further diminished by the resistance of the spectacles. They might otherwise have reached the brain and inflicted a fatal injury. As it was, they passed right through the eyes, remaining permanently embedded behind them. Fawcett was instantaneously blinded for life.

The calamity was crushing. The father deserved pity almost as much as the son, for the son had been the very pride of his heart. A year or two before I had been to Longford, where I had been struck by the eager delight with which the father had spoken of the son's university honours, and the superabundant cordiality of the welcome, which he had bestowed upon me as one of his son's friends, clearly showed that nothing could be too good for any one whom Harry honoured by his friendship. The relations between the two men were suggestive rather of affectionate comradeship than of the more ordinary relations where affection is coloured by deference and partial reserve. The father shared the son's honourable ambition, or rather made it his own ; and the son's hopes of success included the liveliest anticipation of the delight which it would cause at home.

When I visited Longford a few weeks after the accident, I found Fawcett calm and even cheerful, though still an invalid. But the father told me that his own heart was broken, and his appearance confirmed his words. He could not foresee that the son's indomitable spirit would extract advantages even from this cruel catastrophe.

Here I propose to bring together some of the facts which illustrate the spirit with which he bore himself in the daily conduct of life. I must ask my readers hereafter to bear in mind what his courageous cheerfulness often tended to make us forget—the fact that everything I have to say of him is said of a blind man. Fawcett had resolved within ten minutes to do as far as possible whatever he had done before. This, from first to last, was the principle upon which he acted through life. He determined for one thing that he would still be as happy as he could, and I will not quote moral philosophers to prove that this resolution was not only wise, but virtuous. Fawcett was no ascetic. He heartily enjoyed all the good things of life, a good glass of wine, a good cigar, or a bit of downright gossip, not less than more intellectual recreations. "One of the first things I remember about him," says his wife, "was his saying how keenly he enjoyed life." "He expressed," she adds, "some impatience with people who avowed or affected weariness of life."

He tried for some time to continue writing with his own hand, and I have seen an autograph letter of his dated in 1860. He found the practice

irksome, however, as is, I believe, the general experience of men who lose their sight, and soon confined himself to dictation. He thought that the habit was useful to him as a speaker, because it accustomed him to produce a regular flow of grammatical sentences. In some little things Fawcett never acquired the dexterity of the blind from birth—he had lost his sight too late.

He, however, retained a very accurate recollection of all the places he had known before his accident. When, after his marriage, he went to Alderburgh, where he had been to school as a child, he could direct his wife through all the intricacies of the surrounding lanes. Within the college, of course, he could ramble about alone, and the sound of his stick tapping on the walls for guidance was a familiar sound, sometimes a little disturbing the light sleepers when he would indulge in a meditative stroll at dead of night. When walking in London he could tell by the difference in the echo and by the current of air when he was opposite to the opening of a cross-street. In all these walks he took a special pleasure in listening to his companions' descriptions of the scenery—whether to retain his hold of the vanishing pictures of old days, or to endeavour to construct some image of the now invisible world.

He kept up the practice of skating with great courage, and declared in 1880 that no one had enjoyed more than he a skate of fifty or sixty miles in the previous frost.

Of all his recreations there was none which he enjoyed so heartily as his fishing. Fawcett's great height and strength of arm enabled him to throw a fly with remarkable power and precision. A letter from his first secretary, Edward Brown, tells how he used to go up with Fawcett to the river, where, in the intervals of sport, they would retire to an outhouse, drink tea and read Mill's "Political Economy." Fawcett had resumed the sport very soon after his accident. In 1868 I find him saying that he and a friend had caught twelve pike ; his friend had caught the largest, weighing fifteen pounds, but Fawcett had caught ten of the twelve, one of them an eleven-pounder. He remembered his native streams with minute accuracy.

The late Duke of Roxburgh often gave him fishing on the Tweed, where he used to stay in the house of an old fisherman at Kelso. Fawcett enjoyed the surroundings of the sport as well as the sport itself. He often combined an excursion to the New Forest with his salmon-fishing at Ibbsley. At Ibbsley he often stayed at the house of the fisherman Samuel Tizard and his wife, where he liked to enjoy a friendly supper and a good chat with his hosts. Their place is full of birds, whose singing gave him particular pleasure. Here he caught a large salmon, part of which he contributed to the feast upon the golden wedding of his father and mother.—*Life of Henry Fawcett, by Leslie Stephen.*

THE SCRAP BOOK.

TIGER SHOOTING.

"We had followed the trail [in a little creek] about a mile when we came to a clump of bamboos growing in a sharp bend in the stream. Vera stopped short, grasped me by the arm and pointed through the clump. He had the habit of grasping my arm with one hand, and pointing with the other, whenever he discovered any game, and I could always tell the size and ferocity of the animal by the strength of his grasp. This time he gave my arm such a fierce grip I knew he must have found a tiger. Sure enough, there was Old Stripes in all his glory, and only thirty yards away ! The midday sun shone full upon him, and a more splendid object I never saw in a forest. His long, jet black stripes seemed to stand out in relief, like bands of black velvet, while the black and white markings on his head were most beautiful. In size and height he seemed perfectly immense, and my first thought was, 'Great Caesar ! He is as big as an ox !'

"When we first saw him he was walking from us, going across the bed of the stream. Knowing precisely what I wanted to do, I took a spare cartridge between my teeth, raised my rifle and waited. He reached the other bank, sniffed it around, then turned and paced slowly back. Just as he reached the middle of the stream he scented us, stopped short, raised his head and looked in our direction with a suspicious, angry snarl. Now was my time to fire. Taking a steady, careful aim at his left eye, I blazed away, and without stopping to see the effect of my shot, reloaded my rifle with all haste. I half expected to see the great brute come bounding around that clump of bamboos and upon one of us, but I thought it might not be I he would attack, and before he could kill one of my men I could send a bullet into his brain.

"Vera kept an eye upon him, every movement, and when I was again ready I asked him with my eyebrows, 'Where is he ?' He quickly nodded, 'He's there still.' I looked again, and sure enough he was in the same spot, but turning slowly around and around, with his head held to one side, as if there was something the matter with his left eye ! When he came around and presented his neck fairly I fired again, aiming to hit his neck-bone. At that shot he instantly dropped upon the sand. I quickly shoved in a fresh cartridge, and with rifle at full cock and the tiger carefully covered, we went toward him, slowly and respectfully. We were not sure but that even then he would get up and come at us. But he was done for, and lay there gasping, kicking, and foaming at the mouth, and in three minutes more my first tiger lay dead at our feet. He died without making a sound.