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THE MAID OF SKER.—PART II.

CHAPTER IX.—SAND-HILLS TURNED TO SAND-HOLES.

WHILE I was talking thus with the boy, and expecting his mother every minute (with hope of a little refreshment when the farmer should have dropped off into his usual Sunday sleep), a very strange thing began more and more to force itself on my attention. I have said that the hall of this desolate house was large and long, and had six doorways—narrow arches of heavy stone, without a door to any of them. Three of these arches were at the west and three at the east end of the room, and on the south were two old windows, each in a separate gable, high up from the floor, and dark with stonework and with lead-work; and in the calmest weather these would draw the air and make a rattle. At the north side of the hall was nothing but dead wall, and fireplace, and cupboards, and the broad oak staircase. Having used the freedom to light a pipe, I sat with my face to the chimney-corner, where some wood-ashes were smouldering, after the dinner was gone with; and sitting thus, I became aware of a presence of some sort over my right shoulder. At first I thought it was nothing more than the smoke from my

own pipe, for I puffed rather hard, in anxiety about that little darling. But seeing surprise, and alarm perhaps, in Watkin's face, who sat opposite, I turned round, and there beheld three distinct and several pillars of a brownish-yellow light standing over against the doorways of the western end.

At first I was a little scared, and the more so because the rest of the hall was darkening with a pulse of color gradually vanishing; and for an instant I really thought that the ghosts of the wrecked child's father and mother, and perhaps her nurse, were come to declare the truth about her, and challenge me for my hesitation. But presently I called to mind how many strange things had befallen me, both at sea and on the coast, in the way of feeling and vision too, designed, however, by the Power that sends them, more to forewarn than frighten us, and, as we get used to them, to amuse or edify.

Therefore I plucked my spirit up and approached this odd appearance, and found that no part of it was visible upon the spot where it seemed to stand. But Watkin, who was much emboldened by

my dauntless courage, called out in Welsh that he could see me walking in and out of them, like so many haystacks. Upon this I took yet further courage, having a witness so close at hand, and nothing seeming to hurt me. So what did I do but go outside, without any notion of running away, but to face the thing to its utmost; and Watkin, keeping along the wall, took good care to come after me.

Here I discovered in half a second that I had been wise as well as strong in meeting the matter valiantly; for what we had seen was but the glancing—or reflection, as they call it now—of what was being done outside. In a word, the thick and stifling heat of the day (which had gathered to a head the glaring and blazing power of the last two months of hot summer) was just beginning to burst abroad in whirlwind, hail and thunder. All the upper heaven was covered with a spread of burning yellow; all the half-way sky was red as blood with fibres under it, and all the sides and margin looked as black as the new-tarred bends of a ship. But what threw me most astray was, that the whole was whirling, tossing upward jerks of darkness, as a juggler flings his balls, yet at one time spinning round, and at the same time scowling down.

“It is a hurricane,” said I, having seen some in the West Indies which began like this. Watkin knew not much of my meaning, but caught hold of my coat, and stood. And in truth it was enough to make not only a slip of a boy, but a veteran sailor, stand and fear.

Not a flash of lightning yet broke the expectation of it, nor had there been a drop of rain. But to my surprise, and showing how little we know of anything, over the high land broke a sand-storm, such as they have in Africa. It had been brewing some time, most likely, in the Kenfig burrows, toward the westward and the windward, although no wind was astir with us. I thought of a dance of water-spouts, such as we had twice encountered in the royal navy; once, I know, was after clearing the mouth of the Strait of Malaccas; where the other was I truly forget, having had so much to go everywhere. But this time the whirling stuff was neither water, nor smoke, nor cloud;

but sand, as plain as could be. It was just like the parson’s hour-glass—only going up, not coming down, and quickly instead of slowly. And of these funnels, spinning around, and coming near and nearer, there may have been perhaps a dozen, or there may have been threescore. They differed very much in size, according to the breadth of whirlwind, and the stuff it fed upon, and the hole in the air it bored; but all alike had a tawny color, and a manner of bulking upward, and a loose uncertain edge, often lashing off in frays; and between them black clouds galloped; and sometimes two fell into one, and bodily broke downward; then a pile (as big as Newton rock) rose in a moment anyhow. Hill or valley made no odds; sand-hill or sand-bottom; the sand was in the place of the air, and the air itself was sand.

Many people have asked me, over and over again (because such a thing was scarcely known, except at the great storm of sand four hundred years ago, they say)—our people ever so many times, assert their privilege to ask me (now again especially) how many of these pillars there were! I wish to tell the truth exactly, having no interest in the matter—and if I had, no other matter would it be to me; and after going into my memory deeper than I ever could have expected there would be occasion for, all I can say is this—legion was their number; because they were all coming down upon me; and how could I stop to count them?

Watkin lost his mind a little, and asked me (with his head gone under my regulation-coat) if I thought it was the judgment-day.

To this question I “replied distinctly in the negative” (as the man of the paper wrote, when I said “no” about poaching); and then I cheered young Watkin up, and told him that nothing more was wanted than to keep a weather-helm.

Before his wit could answer helm so much as to clear my meaning, the storm was on me, and broke my pipe, and filled my lungs and all my pockets, and spoiled every corner of the hat I had bought for my dear wife’s funeral. I pulled back instantly (almost as quickly as the boy Watkin could), and we heard the sand burst over the house, with a rattle like

shot, and a roar like cannon. And being well inside the walls, we fixed our eyes on one another, in the gloom and murkiness, as much as we could do for coughing, to be sure of something.

"Where is Bardie gone?" I asked, as soon as my lungs gave speech to me: it should have been, "Where is Bunny gone?" But my head was full of the little one.

"Who can tell?" cried the boy, in Welsh, being thoroughly scared of his English. "Oh, Dyo, dear, God the great only knows."

"God will guard her," I said softly, yet without pure faith in it, having seen such cruel things; but the boy's face moved me. Moreover, Bardie seemed almost too full of life for quenching; and having escaped rocks, waves and quicksands, surely she could never be wrecked upon dry land ignobly. Nevertheless, at the mere idea of those helpless little ones out in all this raging havoc, tears came to my eyes, until the sand, of which the very house was full, crusted up and blinded them.

It was time to leave off thinking, if one meant to do any good. The whirlwinds spun and whistled round us, now on this side, and now on that; and the old house creaked and rattled as the weather pulled or pushed at it. The sand was drifted in the court-yard (without any special whirlwind) three feet deep in the north-east corner; and the sky, from all sides, fell upon us, like a mountain undermined.

"Boy, go in to your mother," I said; and I thank God for enabling me, else might she have been childless. "Tell your mother not to be frightened, but to get your father up, and to have the kettle boiling."

"Oh, Dyo—dear Dyo! let me come with you, after that poor little child, and after my five brothers."

"Go in, you helpless fool," I said; and he saw the set of my countenance, and left me, though but half-content.

It needed all my strength to draw the door of the house behind me, although the wind was bent no more on one way than another, but universal uproar. And down-roar too; for it fell on my head quite as much as it jerked my legs, and took me aback, and took me in front, and

spun me round, and laughed at me. Then of a sudden all wind dropped, and yellow sky was over me.

What course to take (if I had the choice) in search of those poor children, was more at first than I could judge, or bring my mind to bear upon. For as sure as we live by the breath of the Lord, the blast of his anger deadens us.

Perhaps it was my instinct only, having been so long afloat, which drove me, straight as affairs permitted, toward the margin of the sea. And perhaps I had some desire to know how the sea itself would look under this strange visiting. Moreover, it may have come across me, without any thinking twice of it, that Bunny had an inborn trick of always running toward the sea, as behoved a sailor's daughter.

Anyhow, that way I took so far as it was left to me to know the points of the compass, or the shape and manner of anything. For simple and short as the right road was, no skeleton or shortwitted man could have hit it, or come near it, in that ravenous weather. In the whirl and grim distortion of the air and the very earth, a man was walking (as you might say) in the depth of a perfect calm, with stifling heat upon him, and a piece of shadow to know himself by; and then, the next moment, there he was in a furious state of buffeting, baffled in front, and belabored aback, and bellowed at under the swing of his arms, and the staggering failure of his poor legs.

Nevertheless, in the lull and the slack times, I did my utmost to get on, having more presence of mind than perhaps any landsman could have owned. Poor fellows they are when it comes to blow; and what could they do in a whirlwind?

As I began to think of them, and my luck in being a seaman, my courage improved to that degree that I was able quite heartily to commend myself to the power of God, whom, as a rule, I remember best when the world seems coming to an end. And I think it almost certain that this piety on my part enabled me to get on as I did.

For without any skill at all or bravery of mine, but only the calmness which fell upon me, as it used to do in the heat of battle, when I thought on my Maker, all

at once I saw a way to elude a great deal of the danger. This was as simple as could be, yet never would have come home to a man unable to keep his wits about him.

Blurred and slurred as the whole sky was with twisted stuff and with yellowness, I saw that the whirling pillars of sand not only whirled but also travelled in one spiral only. They all came from the west, where lay the largest spread of sand-hills, and they danced away to the north-east first, and then away to south of east, shaping a round like a ship with her helm up, preserving their spiral from left to right as all waterspouts do on the north of the Line.

So when a column of sand came nigh to suck me up, or to bury me—although it went thirty miles an hour, and I with the utmost scare of my life could not have managed ten perhaps—by porting my helm, without carrying sail, and, so working a traverse, I kept the weather-gage of it, and that made all the difference.

Of course I was stung in the face and neck as bad as a thousand mosquitoes when the skirts of the whirl flapped round at me, but what was that to care about? It gave me pleasure to walk in such peril, and feel myself almost out of it by virtue of coolness and readiness. Nevertheless it gave me far greater pleasure, I can assure you, to feel hard ground beneath my feet, and stagger along the solid pebbles of the beach of Sker, where the sand-storm could not come so much.

Hereupon I do believe that, in spite of all my courage—so stout and strong in the moment of trial—all my power fell away before the sense of safety. What could my old battered life matter to any one in the world, except myself and Bunny? However, I was so truly thankful to kind Providence for preserving it, that I cannot have given less than nine jumps, and said, "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John," three times over, and in both ways.

This brought me back to the world again, as any power of piety always does when I dwell therein, and it drove me thereupon to trust in Providence no longer than the time was needful for me to recover breathing.

When I came to my breath and prudence, such a fright at first oppressed me, that I made a start for running into the foremost of the waves, thinking (if I thought at all) of lying down there, with my head kept up, and defying the sand to quench the sea.

Soon, however, I perceived that this was not advisable. Such a roar arose around me from the blows of hills and rocks, and the fretful eagerness of the sea to be at war again, and the deep sound of the distance—the voice of man could travel less than that of a sandpiper, and the foot of man might long to be the foot of a sandhopper. For the sea was rising fast up the verge of ground-swell, and a deep hoarse echo rolling down the shoaling of the surges. This to me was pleasant music, such as makes a man awake.

The color of the sun and sky was just as I had once beheld near the pearl-grounds of Ceylon, where the bottom of the sea comes up with a very mournful noise, and the fish sing dirges, and no man, however clear of eye, can open the sea and the sky asunder. And by this time being able to look round a little—for the air was not so full of sand, though still very thick and dusty—I knew that we were on the brink of a kind of tornado, as they call it in the tropics,—a storm that very seldom comes into these northern latitudes, being raised by violence of heat, as I have heard a surveyor say, the air going upward rapidly, with a great hole left below it.

Now as I stood on watch, as it were, and, being in such a situation, longed for more tobacco, what came to pass was exactly this—so far as a man can be exact when his wits have long been failing him.

The heaven opened, or rather seemed to be cloven by a sword-sweep, and a solid mass of lightning fell, with a cone like a red-hot anvil. The ring of black rocks received its weight, and leaped like a boiling cauldron, while the stormy waters rose into a hiss and heap of steam. Then the crash of heaven stunned me.

When I came to myself it was raining as if it had never rained before. The rage of sand and air was beaten flat beneath the rain, and the fretful lifting of the sea was hushed off into bubbles.

What to do I could not tell, in spite of all experience, but rubbed the sand from both my eyes, as bad as the beard of an oyster, and could see no clear way anywhere.

Now the sky was spread and traversed with a net of crossing fires, in and out like mesh and needle, only without time to look. Some were yellow, some deep red, and some like banks of violet, and others of a pale sweet blue, like gazing through a window. They might have been very beautiful and agreeable to consider, if they had been further off, and without that wicked crack of thunder through the roar. Worse storms I had seen, of course, in the hot world and up

mountains, and perhaps thought little of them; but then there was this difference, I had always plenty of fellows with me, and it was not Sunday. Also, I then was young, and trained for cannons to be shot at me. Neither had I a boat of my own, but my dear wife was alive.

These considerations moved me to be careful of my life—a duty which increases on us after the turn of the balance; and seeing all things black behind me, and a world of storm around, knowing every hole as I did, without many commendations of myself to God for the sake of Bunny, in I went into a hole under a good solid rock, where I could watch the sea, and care for nothing but an earthquake.

CHAPTER X.—UNDER THE ROCK.

For a while the power of the lightning seemed to quench the wind almost, and one continuous roar of thunder rang around the darkness. Then, with a bellow, the wind sprang forth (like a wild bull out of a mountain), and shattered the rain and drowned the thunder, and was lord of everything. Under its weight the flat sea quivered, and the crests flew into foam, and the scourge upon the waters seemed to beat them all together. The whirlwinds now were past and done with, and a violent gale begun, and in the burst and change of movement there appeared a helpless ship.

She was bearing towards Pool Tavern, as poor Bardie's boat had done, but without the summer glory and the golden wealth of waves. All was smooth and soft and gentle, as the moonlight in a glass, when the little boat came gliding with its baby captain. All was rough and hard and furious as a fight of devils, when that ship came staggering with its load of sin and woe. And yet there had not been so much as twenty-four hours between the two.

Not one of our little coasting vessels, but a full-rigged ship she loomed, of foreign build, although at present carrying no colors. I saw at once what her business was, to bring from the West Indies sugar, rum, and suchlike freight, to Bristol, or to the Dutchmen. This was in her clearance-bill; but behind

that she had either import not so clearly entered. In a word, she carried negroes from the overstocked plantations, not to be quite slaves (at least in the opinion of their masters), but to be distributed, for their own Christian benefit, at a certain sum per head, among the Bristol or Dutch merchants, or wherever it might be. And it serves them right, I always say; for the fuss that we now make about those black men must bring down the anger of the Creator, who made them black, upon us.

As the gale set to its work, and the sea arose in earnest, and the lightning drifted off into the scud of clouds, I saw, as plain as a pikestaff, that the ship must come ashore, and go to pieces very likely, before one could say "Jack Robinson." She had been on the Sker-weather sands already, and lost her rudder and some of her sternpost, as the lift of the water showed; and now there was nothing left on board her of courage or common seamanship. The truth of it was, although of course I could not know it then, that nearly all the ship's company acted as was to be expected from a lot of foreigners; that is to say, if such they were. They took to the boats in a kind of panic when first she struck among the sands in the whirlwind which began the storm. There could have been then no great sea running, only quiet rollers; and being but two miles off the shore, they hoped, no doubt, to land well enough, after leav-

ing the stupid negroes and the helpless passengers to the will of Providence.

However, before they had rowed a mile, with the flood-tide making eastward, one of the boats was struck by lightning, and the other caught in a whirl vorago (as the Spaniards call it), and not a soul ever came to land, and scarcely any bodies. Both these accidents were seen from Porthcawl Point by Sandy Macraw through a telescope; and much as he was mine enemy, I do him the justice to believe it; partly because he could look for no money from any lies in the matter, and still more because I have heard that some people said that they saw him see it.

But to come back to this poor ship: the wind, though blowing madly enough (as a summer gale is often hotter for a while than a winter one), had not time and sweep as yet to raise any very big rollers. The sea was sometimes beaten flat and then cast up in hillocks; but the mighty march of waters fetched by a tempest from the Atlantic was not come, and would not come in a veering storm like this. For it takes a gale of at least three tides, such as we never have in summer, to deliver the true buffet of the vast Atlantic.

Nevertheless the sea was nasty and exceeding vicious; and the wind more madly wild, perhaps, than when it has full time to blow; in short, the want of depth and power was made up by rage and spite. And for a ship not thoroughly sound and stanch in all her timbers, it had been better, perhaps, to rise and fall upon long billows, with a chance of casting high and dry, than to be twirled round and plucked at, thrown on beam-ends, and taken aback, as this hapless craft was being, in the lash of rocky waters and the drift of gale and scud.

By this time she was close ashore, and not a man (except myself) to help or even pity her. All around her was wind and rocks, and a mad sea rushing under her. The negroes, crouching in the scuppers, or clinging to the masts and rails, or rolling over one another in their want of pluck and skill, seemed to shed their blackness on the snowy spray and curdled foam, like cuttlefish in a lump of froth. Poor things! they are grieved to die as much, perhaps, as any white man; and

my heart was overcome, in spite of all I know of them.

The ship had no canvas left, except some tatters of the foretopsail, and a piece of the main-royals; but she drifted broad-side on, I daresay five or six knots an hour. She drew too much water, unluckily, to come into Pool Tavan at that time of the tide, even if the mouth had been wide enough; but crash she went on a ledge of rocks thoroughly well known to me, every shelf of which was a razor. Half a cable's length below the entrance to Pool Tavan, it had the finest steps and stairs for congers and for lobsters, whenever one could get at it in a low spring-tide; but the worst of beaks and barbs for a vessel to strike upon at half-flow, and with a violent sea, and a wind as wild as Bedlam.

With the pressure of these, she lay so much to leeward before striking (and perhaps her cargo had shifted), that the poor blackies rolled down the deck like pickling walnuts on a tray; and they had not even the chance of dying each in his own direction. I was forced to shut my eyes, till a grey squall came, and caught her up, as if she had been a humming-top, and flung her (as we drown a kitten) into the mashing waters.

Now I hope no man who knows me would ever take me for such a fool as to dream for a moment—after all I have seen of them—that a negro is “our own flesh and blood, and a brother immortal,” as the parsons begin to prate, under some dark infection. They differ from us a great deal more than an ass does from a horse; but for all that I was right down glad—as a man of loving-kindness—that such a pelt of rain came up as saved me from the discomfort—or pain, if you must have the truth—of beholding several score, no doubt, of unfortunate blacks adrowning.

If it had pleased Providence to drown any white man with them, and to let me know it, beyond a doubt I had rushed in, though without so much as a rope to help me; and as it was, I was ready to do my very best to save them if they had only shown some readiness to be hauled ashore by a man of proper colour. But being, as negroes always are, of a most contrary nature, no doubt they preferred to drift

out to sea rather than Christian burial. At any rate, none of them came near me, kindly disposed as I felt myself, and ready to tuck up my Sunday trousers at the very first sight of a woolly head. But several came ashore, next tide—when it could be no comfort at all to them. And such, as I have always found, is the nature of black people.

But for me it was a sad, and, as I thought, severe, visitation to be forced on a Sabbath-day—my only holiday of the week—to meditate over a scene like this. As a truly consistent and truth-seeking Christian (especially when I go round with fish on a Monday among Nonconformists), it was a bitter trial for me to reflect upon those poor negroes, gone without any sense at all, except of good Christians' wickedness, to the judgment we decree for all, except ourselves and families.

But there was worse than this behind; for after waiting as long as there seemed good chance of anything coming ashore, which might go into my pocket, without risk of my pension, and would truly be mine in all honesty—and after seeing that the wreck would not break up till the tide rose higher, though all on board were swept away—suddenly it came into my head about poor Bardie and Bunny. They were worth all the niggers that ever made coal look the colour of pipeclay; and with a depth of self-reproach which I never deserved to feel, having truly done my utmost—for who could walk in such weather?—forth I set, resolved to face whatever came out of the heavens. Verily nothing could come much worse than what was come already. Rheumatics, I mean, which had struck me there, under the rock, as a snake might. Three hours ago all the world was sweat, and now all the air was shivers. Such is the climate of our parts, and many good people rail at it, who have not been under discipline. But all who have felt that gnawing anguish, or that fiery freezing, burning at once and benumbing (like a dead bone put into the live ones, with a train of powder down it)—all these will have pity for a man who had crouched beneath a rock for at least three hours, with dripping clothes, at the age of two-and-fifty.

For a hero I never set up to be, and

never came across one until my old age in the navy, as hereafter to be related. And though I had served on board of one in my early years, off La Hague and Cape Grisnez, they told me she was only a woman that used to hold a lantern. Hero, however, or no hero, in spite of all discouragement and the aching of my bones, resolved I was to follow out the fate of those two children. There seemed to be faint hope, indeed, concerning the little stranger; but Bunny might be all alive and strong, as was right and natural for a child of her age and substance. But I was sore downcast about it when I looked around and saw the effect of the storm that had been over them. For the alteration of everything was nothing less than amazing.

It is out of my power to tell you how my heart went up to God, and all my spirit and soul was lifted into something purer, when of a sudden, in a scoop of sand, with the rushes overhanging, I came on those two little dears, fast asleep in innocence. A perfect nest of peace they had, as if beneath their Father's eye, and by His own hand made for them. The fury of the earth and sky was all around and over them; the deep revenge of the sea was rolling, not a hundred yards away; and here those two little dots were asleep, with their angels trying to make them dream.

Bunny, being the elder, and much the stronger child, had thrown the skirt of her frock across poor little Bardie's naked shoulders; while Bardie, finding it nice and warm, had nestled her delicate head into the lap of her young nurse, and had tried (as it seemed), before dropping off, to tell her gratitude by pressing Bunny's red hands to her lips. In a word, you might go a long way and scarcely see a prettier or more moving picture, or one more apt to lead a man who seldom thinks of his Maker. As for me, I became so proud of my own granddaughter's goodness, and of the little lady's trust and pure repose therein, that my heart went back at once to my dead boy Harry, and I do believe that I must have wept, if I could have stopped to look at them.

But although I was truly loath to spoil this pretty picture, the poor things must be partly wet, even in that nest of rushes,

which the whirlwinds had not touched. So I awoke them very gently, and shook off the sand, while they rubbed their eyes, and gaped, and knew no more of their danger than if they had been in their own dear beds. Then, with Bardie in my

arms, and Bunny trotting stoutly with her thumb spliced into my trousers, I shaped course for Sker farmhouse, having a strong gale still abaft, but the weather slightly moderating.

CHAPTER XI.—A WRECKER WRECKED.

Near the gate I met Evan Thomas, the master of the house himself, at length astir, but still three parts drunk, and—if I may say so with due compassion for the trouble then before him—in a very awkward state of mind. It happened so that the surliness of his liquor and of his nature mingled at this moment with a certain exultation, a sense of good luck, and a strong desire to talk and be told again of it. And this is the nature of all Welshmen; directly they have any luck, they must begin to brag of it. You will find the same in me perhaps, or, at any rate, think you do, although I try to exclude it, having to deal with Englishmen, who make nothing of the great deeds they have done until they begin to agree with them. And then, my goodness, they do come out! But the object of my writing is to make them understand us, which they never yet have done, being unlike somehow in nature, although we are much of their fathers.

Having been almost equally among both these nations, and speaking English better perhaps than my native tongue of the Cwmri—of which anybody can judge who sees the manner in which I do it—it is against my wish to say what Evan Thomas looked like. His dark face, overhung with hair, and slouched with a night of drinking, was beginning to burn up, from paleness and from weariness, into a fury of plunder. Scarcely did I know the man, although I had so many recollections of evil against him. A big, strong, clumsy fellow at all times, far more ready to smite than smile, and wholly void of that pleasant humor, which almost all my neighbors—though never yet could I find out why—creates a pleasing eagerness for my humble society as punctual as my pension-day.

But now his real staggering manner of coming along toward us, and the hunch-

ing of his shoulders, and the swaggering of his head, and, most of all, the great gun he carried, were enough to make good quiet people who had been to church get behind a sand-hill. However, for that it was too late. I was bound to face him. Bardie dropped her eyes under my beard, and Bunny crept closer behind my leg. For my part, although the way was narrow, and the lift of the storm gave out some light, it would have moved no resentment in me if he had seen (as rich men do) unfit to see a poor man.

However, there was no such luck. He carried his loaded gun with its muzzle representing a point of view the very last I could have desired—namely, at my midships; and he carried it so that I longed to have said a little word about carefulness. But I durst not, with his coal-black eyes fixed upon me as they were, and so I pulled up suddenly. For he had given me an imperious nod, as good as ordering me to stop.

“Wreck ashore!” he cried out in Welsh, having scarce a word of English—“wreck ashore! I smell her, Dyo. Don’t tell me no lies, my boy. I smelled her all the afternoon. And high time to have one.”

“There is a wreck ashore,” I answered, looking with some disgust at him, as a man who has been wrecked himself must do at a cruel wrecker; “but the ebb most likely will draw her off and drift her into the quicksands.”

“Great God! speak not like that, my boy. The worst you are of everything. If those two children came ashore, there must have been something better.” And he peered at the children as if to search for any gold upon them.

“Neither child came from that wreck. One is my granddaughter Bunny. Bunny, show yourself to black Evan.” But the child shrank closer behind me. “Evan

black, you know her well. And the other is a little thing I picked up on the coast last night."

"Ha, ha! you pick up children where you put them, I suppose. But take them indoors and be done with them. Cubs to come with a wreck ashore, a noble wreck ashore, I say! But come you down again, fisherman Dyo." He used the word "fisherman" with a peculiar stress, and a glance of suspicion at my pockets. "Come you down again, Dyo dear. I shall want you to help me against those thieves from Kenfig. Bring my other gun from the clock-case, and tell the boys to run down with their bando-sticks. I'll warrant we'll clear the shore between us; and then, good Dyo, honest Dyo, you shall have some—you shall, you dog. Fair play, Dyo; fair share and share, though every stick is mine of right. Ah, Dyo, Dyo, you cunning sheep's head, you love a keg of rum, you dog."

This I knew to be true enough, but only within the bounds of both honesty and sobriety. But so much talking had made his brain, in its present condition, go round again; and while I was thinking how far it might be safe and right to come into his views, his loaded gun began wagging about in a manner so highly dangerous, that for the sake of the two poor children I was obliged to get out of his way, and, looking back from a safer distance, there I beheld him flourishing with his arms on the top of a sand-hill, and waving his hat on the top of his gun, for his sons to come over the warren.

Moxy Thomas was very kind; she never could help being so, and therefore never got any thanks. She stripped the two wet children at once, and put them in bed together to keep each other warm. But first she had them snugly simmering in a milk-pan of hot water with a little milk for the sake of their skins. Bunny was heavy and sleepy therein, and did nothing but yawn and stretch out her arms. Bardie, on the other hand, was ready to boil over with delight and liveliness, flashing about like a little dab-chick.

"Old Davy," she said, as I came to see her at her own invitation, and she sat quite over Bunny, "I'll 'a have a ickle dop?" With the water up to her neck,

she put one mite of a transparent finger to my grizzled mouth, and popped a large drop in, and laughed, until I could have worshipped her.

Now, having seen these two little dears fast asleep and warmly compassed, I began, according to Evan's order, to ask about the boys, not having seen any sign of them. Moxy said that Watkin went out to look after his five brothers about an hour after I had left, and in spite of the rain and lightning. She had tried in vain to stop him: something was on his mind, it seemed; and when she went up to attend on his father, he took the opportunity to slip out of the kitchen.

Now, Moxy having been in the house, and the house away from the worst of the storm, being moreover a woman, and therefore wholly abroad about weather, it was natural that she should not have even the least idea of the jeopardy encountered by her five great sons in the warren. Enough for her that they were not at sea. Danger from weather upon dry land was out of her comprehension.

It wanted perhaps half an hour of dusk, and had given over raining, but was blowing a good reef-topsail gale, when I started to search for the sons of Sker. Of course I said nothing to make their mother at all uneasy about them, but took from the clock-case the loaded gun (as Evan had commanded me), and set forth upon the track of young Watkin, better foot foremost. For he was likely to know best what part of the warren his five great brothers had chosen for their sport that day; and in the wet sand it was easy to follow the course the boy had taken.

The whirlwinds had passed before he went forth, and the deluge of rain was now soaked in, through the drought so long abiding. But the wind was wailing pitifully, and the rushes swayed wearily; and the yellow baldness, here and there, of higher sand-hills, caught the light. Ragged clouds ran over all, and streamers of the sunset; and the sky was like a school let loose, with the joy of wind and rain again. It is not much of me that swears, when circumstances force me; only a piece, perhaps, of custom, and a piece of honesty. These two lead one astray sometimes; and then comes disap-

pointment. For I had let some anger vex me at the rudeness of black Evan, and the godliness of his sons, which forced me thus to come forward, when full of wet and weariness. In spite of this, I was grieved and frightened, and angry with no one but myself, when I chanced upon boy Watkin, fallen into a tuft of rushes, with his blue eyes running torrents. There he lay, like a heap of trouble, as young folks do ere they learn the world; and I put him on his legs three times, but he managed to go down again. At last he got his knees to stick; but even so he turned away, and put his head between his hands, and could not say a word to me. And by the way his shoulders went, I knew that he was sobbing. I asked him what the matter was, and what he was taking so much to heart; and, not to be too long over a trifle, at last I got this out of him:—

"Oh, good Mr. Llewellyn, dear, I shall never see nothing more of my great brothers five, so long as ever I do live. And when they kicked me out of bed every Sunday morning, and spread the basins over me, it was not that they meant to harm—I do feel it; I do feel it; and perhaps my knees ran into them. Under the sands, the sands, they are; and never to kick me again no more! Of sorrow it is more than ever I can tell."

"Watty," said I, "Why talk you so? Your brothers know every crick and corner of this warren, miles and miles; and could carry a sand-hill among them. They are snug enough somewhere with their game, and perhaps gone to sleep, like the little ones."

Of the babies' adventures he knew nothing, and only stared at me; so I asked him what had scared him so.

"Under the sands, the sands, they are, so sure as ever I do live. Or the rabbit-bag would not be here, and Dutch, who never, never leaves them, howling at the rabbit-bag!"

Looking further through the tussocks, I saw that it was even so. Dutch, the mongrel collie, crouched beside a bag of something, with her tail curled out of sight, and her ears laid flat and listless, and her jowl along the ground. And every now and then she gave a low but very grievous howl.

"Now, boy, don't be a fool," I said, with the desire to encourage him; "soon we shall find your brothers five, with another sack of rabbits. They left the bitch yonder to watch the sack, while they went on for more, you see."

"It is the sack; the sack it is! And no other sack along of them. Oh, Mr. Llewellyn, dear, here is the bag, and there is Dutch, and never no sign at all of them!"

At this I began to fear indeed that the matter was past helping—that an accident and a grief had happened worse than the drowning of all the negroes which it has ever pleased Providence (in a darkness of mood) to create for us. But my main desire was to get poor Watty away at once, lest he should encounter things too dreadful for a boy like him.

"Go home," I said, "with the bag of rabbits, and give poor Dutch her supper. Your father is down on the shore of the sea, and no doubt the boys are with him. They are gone to meet a great shipwreck, worth all the rabbits all the way from Dunraven to Giant's Grave."

"But little Dutch, it is little Dutch! They never would leave her, if wreck there was. She can fetch out of the water so good almost as any dog."

I left him to his own devices, being now tired of arguing. For by this time it was growing dark; and a heavy sea was roaring; and the wreck was sure to be breaking up, unless she had been swallowed up. And the common-sense of our village, and parish, would go very hard against me, for not being on the spot to keep the adjacent parish from stealing. For Kenfig and Newton are full of each other, with a fine old ancient hatred. So we climbed over the crest of high sand, where the rushes lay weltering after the wind; and then with a plunge of long strides down hill, and plucking our feet out hastily, on the watered margin we stood, to which the sea was striving.

Among the rocks black Evan leaped, with white foam rushing under him, and sallies of the stormy tide volleying to engulf him. Strong liquor was still in his brain, and made him scorn his danger, and thereby saved him from it. One timid step, and the churning waters would have made a curd of him. The fury of

his visage showed that somebody had wronged him, after whom he rushed with vengeance, and his great gun swinging.

"Sons of dogs!" he cried in Welsh, alighting on the pebbles; "may the devil feed their fathers with a melting bowl!"

"What's the rumpus now?" I asked; "what have your sons been doing?"

For he always swore at his sons as freely as at anybody's, and at himself for begetting them.

"My sons!" he cried, with a stamp of rage; "if my sons had been here, what man would have dared to do on the top of my head this thing? Where are they? I sent you for them."

"I have sought for them high and low," I answered; "here is the only one I could find."

"Watkin! What use of Watkin? A boy like a girl or a baby! I want my five tall bully-boys to help their poor father's livelihood. There's little Tom tailor gone over the sand-hills with a keg of something; and Teddy shoemaker with a spar; and I only shot between them! Cursed fool! what shall I come to, not to be able to shoot a man?"

He had fired his gun, and was vexed, no doubt, at wasting a charge so randomly; then spying his other gun on my shoulder, with the flint and the priming set, he laid his heavy hand on it. I scarce knew what to do, but feared any accident in the struggle; and after all, he was not so drunk that the law would deny him his own gun.

"Ha, ha!" with a pat of the breech, he cried; "for this I owe thee a good turn, Dyo. Thou art loaded with rocks, my darling, as the other was with cowries. Twenty to the pound of lead for any long-shore robbers. I see a lot more sneaking down. Dyo, now for sport, my boy."

I saw some people, dark in the distance, under the brow of a sand-hill; and before I could speak or think, black Evan was off to run at them. I too set my feet for speed, but the strings of my legs hung backward; and Watty, who could run like a hare, seemed to lag behind me. And behind him there was little Dutch, crawling with her belly down, and her eyes turned up at us, as if we were dragging her to be hanged.

Until we heard a shout of people, through the roar of wind and sea, in front of where black Evan strode; and making towards it we beheld, in glimmering dusk of shore and sky, something we knew nothing of.

A heavy sand-hill hung above them, with its brow come over; and long roots of rushes naked in the shrillness of the wind. Under this were men at work, as we work for lives of men; and their Sunday shirt-sleeves flashed, white like ghosts, and gone again. Up to them strode Evan black, over the marge of the wild March tides; and grounded his gun and looked at them. They for a breath gazed up at him, and seemed to think and wonder; and then, as though they had not seen him, fell again a-digging.

"What means this?" he roared at them, with his great eyes flashing fire, and his long gun levelled. But they neither left their work nor lifted head to answer him. The yellow sand came sliding down, in wedge-shaped runnels, over them, and their feet sank out of sight; but they still kept on working.

"Come away, then, Evan great; come away and seek for wreck," I shouted, while he seemed to stand in heaviness of wonder. "This is not a place for you. Come away, my man, my boy."

Thus I spoke, in Welsh, of course, and threw my whole weight on his arm, to make him come away with me. But he set his feet in sand, and spread his legs, and looked at me; and the strongest man that was ever born could not have torn him from his hold, with those eyes upon him.

"Dyo, I am out of dreaming. Dyo, I must see this wreck; only take the gun from me."

This I would have done right gladly, but he changed his mind about it, falling back to a savage mood.

"You down there, who gave you leave to come and dig my sand-hills? Answer, or have skins of lead."

Two or three of the men looked up, and wanted to say something. But the head man from the mines, who understood the whole of them, nodded, and they held their tongues. Either they were brave men (which never is without discipline), or else the sense of human

death confused and overpowered them. Whatever they meant, they went on digging.

"Some damned sailor under there," cried Evan, losing patience; "little mustard-spoons of sand. Can't you throw it faster? Fine young fellows, three of them, in the hole their own ship made, last March tide, it must have been. Let us see this batch come. They always seem to have spent their wages before they learn to drown themselves."

He laughed and laid his gun aside, and asked me for tobacco, and, trying to be sober, sang "The rising of the lark." I, for my part, shrunk away, and my flesh crawled over me.

"Work away, my lads, work away. You are all of a mind to warm yourselves. Let me know when you have done. And all you find belongs to me. I can sit and see it out, and make a list of everything. Ear-rings, gold, and foreign pieces, and the trinkets they have worn. Out with them! I know them all. Fools! what use of skulking? You are on soft stuff, I see. Have out every one of them."

So they did; and laid before him, in the order of their birth, the carcasses of his five sons. Evan first, his eldest born; Thomas next, and Rees, and Hopkins, and then (with the sign of death still in him) Jenkin, newly turned fifteen.

CHAPTER XII.—HOW TO SELL FISH.

What I had seen that night upset me more than I like to dwell upon. But with all my fish on hand, I was forced to make the best of it. For a down-hearted man will turn meat, as we say, and much more, fish, to a farthing's-worth. And though my heart was sore and heavy for my ancient sweetheart Moxy, and for little Bardie in the thick of such disasters; that could be no excuse to me for wasting good fish—or at least pretty good—and losing thoroughly good money.

Here were the mullet, with less of shine than I always recommend and honestly wish them to possess; here were the prawns, with a look of paleness, and almost of languishing, such as they are bound to avoid until money paid and counted; and most of all, here were lawful bass, of very great size and substance, inclined to do themselves more justice in the scales than on the dish.

I saw that this would never answer to my present high repute. Concerning questions afterwards, and people being hard upon me, out of thoughtless ignorance, that was none of my affair. The whole of that would go, of course, upon the weather and sudden changes, such as never were known before. And if good religious people would not so be satisfied with the will of Providence to have their fish as fish are made, against them I had another reason, which never fails to satisfy.

The "burning tide," as they called it (through which poor Bardie first appeared), had been heard of far inland, and with one consent pronounced to be the result of the devil improperly flipping his tail while bathing. Although the weather had been so hot, this rumor was beyond my belief; nevertheless I saw my way, if any old customer should happen, when it came to his dinner-time, to be at all discontented (which no man with a fine appetite and a wholesome nose should indulge in)—I saw my way to sell him more, upon the following basket-day, by saying what good people said, and how much I myself had seen of it.

With these reflections I roused my spirits, and resolved to let no good fish be lost, though it took all the week to sell them. For, in spite of the laws laid down in the books (for young married women, and so forth), there is scarcely any other thing upon which both men and women may be led astray so pleasantly as why to buy fish, and when to buy fish, and what fish to buy.

Therefore I started in good spirits on the Monday morning, carrying with me news enough to sell three times the weight I bore, although it was breaking my back almost. Good fish it was, and deserved all the praise that ever I could bestow on it, for keeping so well in such shocking weather; and so I sprinkled a little salt in some of the delicate places,

just to store the flavor there; for cooks are so forgetful, and always put the blame on me when they fail of producing a fine fresh smell.

Also knowing, to my sorrow, how suspicious people are, and narrow-minded to a degree none would give them credit for, I was forced to do a thing which always makes me to myself seem almost uncharitable.

But I felt that I could trust nobody to have proper faith in me, especially when they might behold the eyes of the fishes retire a little, as they are very apt to do when too many cooks have looked at them. And knowing how strong the prejudice of the public is in this respect, I felt myself bound to gratify it, though at some cost of time and trouble. This method I do not mind describing (as I am now pretty clear of the trade) for the good of my brother fishermen.

When the eyes of a fish begin to fail him through long retirement from the water, you may strengthen his mode of regarding the world (and therefore the world's regard for him) by a delicate piece of handling. Keep a ray-fish always ready—it does not matter how stale he is—and on the same day on which you are going to sell your bass, or mullet, or cod, or whatever it may be, pull a few sharp spines, as clear as you can, out of this good ray. Then open the mouth of your languid fish and embolden the aspect of either eye by fetching it up from despondency with a skewer of proper length extended from one ball to the other. It is almost sure to drop out in the cooking; and even if it fails to do so none will be the wiser, but take it for a provision of nature; as indeed it ought to be.

Now, if anybody is rude enough to gainsay your fish in the market, you have the evidence of the eyes and hands against that of the nose alone. "Why, bless me, madam," I used to say, "a lady like you, that understands fish a great deal better than I do! His eyes are coming out of his head, ma'am, to hear you say such things of him. Afloat he was at four this morning, and his eyes will speak to it." And so he was, well afloat in my tub, before I began to prepare him for a last appeal to the public. Only they must not float too long, or the scales will not be stiff enough.

Being up to a few of these things, and feeling very keenly how hard the public always tries to get the upper hand of me, and would beat me down to half nothing a pound (if allowed altogether its own way), I fought very bravely the whole of that Monday to turn a few honest shillings. "Good old Davy, fine old Davy, brave old Davy!" they said I was every time I abated a halfpenny; and I called them generous gentlemen and Christian-minded ladies every time they wanted to smell my fish, which is not right before payment. What right has any man to disparage the property of another? When you have bought him, he is your own, and you have the title to canvass him; but when he is put in the scales, remember "nothing but good of the dead," if you remember anything.

As I sate by the cross-roads in Bridgend on the bottom of a bucket, and with a four-legged dressing-table (hired for twopence) in front of me, who should come up but the well-known Brother Hezekiah? Truly tired I was getting, after plodding through Merthyr, Mawr, Ogmore, and Ewenny, Llaleston, and Newcastle, and driven at last to the town of Bridgend. For some of my fish had a gamesome odour, when first I set off in the morning; and although the rain had cooled down the air, it was now become an unwise thing to recommend what still remained to any man of unchristian spirit, or possessing the ear of the magistrates.

Now perhaps I should not say this thing, and many may think me inclined to vaunt, and call me an old coxcomb; but if any man could sell stinking fish in the times of which I am writing,—and then it was ten times harder than now, because women looked after marketing—that man I verily believe was this old Davy Llewellyn; and right he has to be proud of it. But what were left on my hands that evening were beginning to get so strong, that I feared they must go over Bridgend bridge into the river Ogmore.

The big coach with the London letters, which came then almost twice a-week, was just gone on, after stopping three hours to rest the horses and feed the people; and I had done some business with them, for London folk for the most part have a kind and pleasing ignorance. They paid me well, and I served them well with

fish of a fine high flavor; but now I had some which I would not offer to such kind-hearted gentry.

Hezekiah wanted fish. I saw it by his nostrils, and I knew it for certain when he pretended not to see me or my standing. He went a good bit round the corner, as if to deal with the ironmonger. But for all that, I knew as well as if I could hear his wife beginning to rake the fire, that fish for supper was the business which had brought him across the bridge. Therefore I refused an offer which I would have jumped at before seeing Hezekiah, of twopence a-pound for the residue from an old woman who sold pickles; and I made up my mind to keep up the price, knowing the man to have ten in family, and all blessed with good appetites.

"What, Davy! Brother Davy!" he cried, being compelled to begin, because I took care not to look at him. "Has it been so ordered that I behold good brother Davy with fish upon a Monday?" His object in this was plain enough—to beat down my goods by terror of an information for Sabbath-labor.

"The Lord has been merciful to me," I answered, patting my best fish on his shoulder; "not only in sending them straight to my net, at nine o'clock this morning; but also, brother Hezekiah, in the hunger all people have for them. I would that I could have kept thee a taste; not soon wouldst thou forget it. Sweeter fish and finer fish never came out of Newton Bay"—this I said because Newton Bay is famous for high quality. "But, brother Hezekiah, thou art come too late." And I began to pack up very hastily.

"What!" cried Hezekiah, with a keen and hungrily grievous voice; "all those fish bespoken, Davy?"

"Every one of them bespoken, brother; by a man who knows a right down good bass, better almost than I do. Griffy, the 'Cat and Snuffers.'"

Now, Griffith, who kept "the Cat and Snuffers," was a very jovial man, and a bitter enemy to Hezekiah Perkins; and I knew that the latter would gladly offer a penny a-pound upon Griffy's back, to spoil him of his supper, and to make him offend his customers.

"Stop, brother Davy," cried Hezekiah,

stretching out his broad fat hands, as I began to pack my fish, with the freshest smellers uppermost; "Davy dear, this is not right, nor like our ancient friendship. A rogue like Griffy to cheat you so! What had he beaten you down to, Davy?"

"Beaten me down!" I said, all in a hurry: "is it likely I would be beaten down, with their eyes coming out of their heads like that?"

"Now dear brother Dyo, do have patience! What was he going to give you a-pound?"

"Fourpence a-pound, and ten pound of them. Three-and-fourpence for a lot like that! Ah, the times are bad indeed!"

"Dear brother Dyo, fourpence-half-penny! Three-and-nine down, for the lot as it stands."

"Hezekiah, for what do you take me? Cut a farthing in four, when you get it. Do I look a likely man to be a rogue for fivepence?"

"No, no, Davy; don't be angry with me. Say as much as tenpence. Four-and-twopence, ready money; and no Irish coinage."

"Brother Hezekiah," said I, "a bargain struck is a bargain kept. Rob a man of his supper for tenpence!"

"Oh, Dyo, Dyo! you never would think of that man's supper, with my wife longing for fish so! Such a family as we have, and the weakness in Hezbibah's back! Five shillings for the five, Davy."

"There, there; take them along," I cried at last, with a groan from my chest: "you are bound to be the ruin of me. But what can I do with a delicate lady? Brother, surely you have been a little too hard upon me. Whatever shall I find to say to a man who never beats me down?"

"Tell that worldly 'Cat and Snuffers' that your fish were much too good—why, Davy, they seem to smell a little!"

"And small use they would be, Hezekiah, either for taste or for nourishment, unless they had the sea-smell now. Brother, all your money back, and the fish to poor Griffy, if you know not the smell of salt water yet."

"Now, don't you be so hot, old Davy. The fish are good enough, no doubt; and it may be from the skewer-wood; but they have a sort, not to say a smell, but a manner of reminding one——"

"Of the savoury stuff they feed on," said I; "and the thorough good use they make of it. A fish must eat, and so must we, and little blame to both of us."

With that he bade me "good-night," and went with alacrity towards his supper, scornfully sneering as he passed the door of the "Cat and Snuffers." But though it was a fine thing for me, and an especial Providence, to finish off my stock so well, at a time when I would have taken gladly a shilling for the lot of it, yet I felt that circumstances were against my lingering. Even if Hezekiah, unable to enter into the vein of my fish, should find himself too fat to hurry down the steep hill after me, still there were many other people, fit for supper, and fresh for it, from the sudden coolness, whom it was my duty now to preserve from mischief; by leaving proper interval for consideration, before I might happen to be in front of their dining-room windows another day.

Therefore, with a grateful sense of goodwill to all customers, I thought it better to be off. There I had been, for several hours, ready to prove anything, but never challenged by anybody; and my spirit had grown accordingly. But I never yet have found it wise to overlie success. Win it, and look at it, and be off, is the quickest way to get some more. So I scarcely even called so much as a pint at the "Cat and Snuffers," to have a laugh with Gruffy; but set off for Newton, along the old road, with a good smart heel, and a fine day's business, and a light heart inside of me.

When I had passed Red-hill and Tythegston, and clearly was out upon Newton Down, when the glow-worms are most soft and sweet, it came upon me, in looking up from the glow-worms to the stars of heaven, to think and balance how far I was right in cheating Hezekiah. It had been done with the strictest justice, because his entire purpose was purely to cheat me. Whereupon Providence had stepped in and seen that I was the better man. I was not so ungrateful—let nobody suppose it—as to repine at this result. So far from that, that I rattled my money and had a good laugh, and went on again. But being used to watch the stars, as an old sailor is bound to do,

I thought that Orion ought to be up, and I could not see Orion. This struck me as an unkindly thing, although, when I thought of it next day, I found that Orion was quite right, and perhaps the beer a little strong which had led me to look out for him; anyhow, it threw me back to think of Hezekiah, and make the worst of him to myself, for having had the best of him.

Everybody may be sure that I never would have gone out of the way to describe my traffic with that man unless there were good reasons. Nay, but I wanted to show you exactly the cast and the color of man he was, by setting forth his low attempt to get my fish for nothing.

There was no man, of course, in my native village, and very few in Bridgend perhaps, to whom I would have sold those fish, unless they were going to sell it again. But Hezekiah Perkins, a member and leading elder of the "Nicodemus-Christians," was so hard a man to cheat—except by stirring of his gall—and so keen a cheat himself; so proud, moreover, of his wit and praying, and truly brotherly,—that lead him astray was the very first thing desired by a sound Churchman.

By trade and calling he had been—before he received his special call—no more than a common blacksmith. Now a blacksmith is a most useful man, full of news and full of jokes, and very often by no means drunk; this, however, was not enough to satisfy Hezekiah. Having parts, as he always told us—and sometimes we wished that he had no whole—cultivated parts, moreover, and taken up by the gentry, nothing of a lower order came up to his merits than to call himself as follows: "Horologist, Gunsmith, Practical Turner, Working Goldsmith and Jeweller, Maker of all Machinery, and Engineman to the King and Queen."

The first time he put this over his door, all the neighbors laughed at him, knowing (in spite of the book he had got, full of figures and shapes and crossings, which he called "Three-gun-ometry") that his education was scarcely up to the rule of three, without any guns. Nevertheless he got on well, having sense enough to guide him when to talk large (in the presence of people who love large talk as



beyond them), and when to sing small, and hold his tongue, and nod at the proper distances, if ever his business led him among gentry of any sense or science, such as we sometimes hear of. Hence it was that he got the order to keep the church-clock of Bridgend agoing by setting the hands on twice a-day, and giving a push to the pendulum; and so long as the clock would only go, nobody in the town cared a tick whether it kept right time or wrong. And if people from the country durst say anything about it, it was always enough to ask them what their own clocks had to say.

There were not then many stable-clocks, such as are growing upon us now, so that every horse has his own dinner-bell; only for all those that were, Hezekiah received, I dare-say, from five to ten shillings a-month apiece in order to keep them moving. But, bless my heart! he knows less of a clock than I, old Davy

Llewellyn; and once on a time I asked him, when he talked too much of his "ometries"—as a sailor might do in his simpleness—I asked him to take an "observation," as I had seen a good deal of it. But all he did was to make a very profane and unpleasant one. As for this man's outward looks, he was nothing at all particular, but usually with dirt about him, and a sense of oiliness. Why he must needs set up for a saint the father of evil alone may tell; but they said that the clock that paid him best (being the worst in the neighborhood) belonged to a Nicodemus-Christian, with a great cuckoo over it. Having never seen it, I cannot say; and the town is so full of gossip that I throw myself down on my back and listen, being wholly unable to vie with them in depth or in compass of story-telling, even when fish are a week on my hands.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CORONER AND THE CORONET.

An officer of high repute had lately been set over us, to hold account of the mischief, and to follow evidence, and make the best he could of it when anybody chose to die without giving proper notice. He called himself "Coroner of the King;" and all the doctors, such as they were, made it a point that he must come, whenever there was a dead man or woman who had died without their help.

Now all about the storm of sand, and all about the shipwreck, was known in every part of the parish, before the church-clock had contrived, in gratitude to Hezekiah, to strike the noon of Monday. Every child that went to the well knew the truth of everything; and every woman of Newton and Nottage had formed from the men her own opinion, and was ready to stand thereby, and defy all the other women.

Nevertheless some busy doctor (who had better been in the stocks) took it for a public duty to send notice and demand for the Coroner to sit upon us. The wrath of the parish (now just beginning to find some wreck, that would pay for the ropes) was so honest and so grave, that the little doctor was compelled to

run, and leave his furniture. And so it always ought to be with people who are meddlesome.

It came to my knowledge that this must happen, and that I was bound to help in it, somewhere about middle-day of Tuesday; at a time when I was not quite as well as I find myself, when I have no money. For, being pleased with my luck perhaps, and not content quite to smoke in the dark, and a little dry after the glow-worms, it happened (I will not pretend to say how) that I dropped into the "Jolly Sailors," to know what the people could be about, making such a great noise as they were, and keeping a quiet man out of his bed.

There I smelled a new tobacco, directly I was in the room; and somebody (pleased with my perception) gave me several pipes of it, with a thimbleful—as I became more and more agreeable—of a sort of rum-and-water. And, confining myself, as my principle is, to what the public treat me to, it is not quite out of the question that I may have been too generous. And truly full I was of grief, upon the following morning, that somebody had made me promise, in a bub-

bling moment, to be there again, and bring my fiddle, on the Tuesday night.

Now, since the death of my dear wife, who never put up with my fiddle (except when I was courting her), it had seemed to my feelings to be almost a levity to go fiddling. Also I knew what everybody would begin to say of me ; but the landlord, foreseeing a large attendance after the Coroner's inquest, would not for a moment hear of any breach of my fiddle pledge.

Half of Newton, and perhaps all Notage, went to Sker the following day to see the Coroner, and to give him the benefit of their opinions. And another piece of luck there was to tempt them in that direction. For the ship which had been wrecked and had disappeared for a certain time, in a most atrocious manner, was rolled about so by the tide and a shift of the wind on Monday, that a precious large piece of her stern was in sight from the shore on Tuesday morning. It lay not more than a cable's length from low-water mark, and was heaved up so that we could see as far as the starboard mizen-chains. Part of the taffrail was carried away, and the carving gone entirely, but the transom and transom-knees stood firm ; and of the ship's name done in gold I could make out in large letters TA LUCIA ; and underneath, in a curve, and in smaller letters, ADOR.

Of course no one except myself could make head or tail of this ; but after thinking a little while, I was pretty sure of the meaning of it—namely that the craft was Portuguese, called the Santa Lucia, and trading from San Salvador, the capital of the Brazils. And in this opinion I was confirmed by observing through my spy-glass, copper bolt heads of a pattern such as I had seen at Lisbon, but never in any British ship. However, I resolved for the present to keep my opinion to myself, unless it were demanded upon good authority. For it made me feel confused in mind, and perhaps a little uneasy, when being struck by some resemblance, I pulled from the lining of my hat a leaf of a book, upon which I copied all that could be made out of the letters, each side of the tiller of my new boat ; and now I found them to be these—uc from the starboard side, just where they would

have stood in Lucia—and DOR from the further end of the line, just as in San Salvador.

The sands were all alive with people, and the rocks, and every place where any thing good might have drifted. For Evan Thomas could scarcely come at a time of such affliction to assert his claims of wreck, and to belabor right and left. Therefore, for a mile or more, from where the land begins to dip, and the old stone wall like a jagged cord, divides our parish from Kenfig, hundreds of figures might be seen, running along the grey wet sands, and reflected by their brightness. The day was going for two of the clock, and the tide growing near to the turn of ebb ; and the land springs oozing down from the beach, spread the whole of the flat sands so, with a silver overlaying, that without keen sight it was hard to tell where the shore ended and the sea began. And a great part of this space was sprinkled with naked feet going pattering—boys and girls, and young women and men, who had left their shoes up high on the rocks, to have better chance in the racing.

Now it is not for me to say that all or half of these good people were so brisk because they expected any fine thing for themselves. I would not even describe them as waiting in readiness for the force of fortune by the sea administered. I believe that all were most desirous of doing good, if possible. In the first case, to the poor people drowned : but if too late, then to console any disconsolate relations ; failing of which it would be hard if anybody should blame them for picking up something for themselves.

"What ! you here, mother Probyn ?" I cried, coming upon a most pious old woman who led the groaning at Zoar Chapel, and being for the moment struck out of all my manners by sight of her.

"Indeed, and so I am old Davy," she answered without abashment, and almost too busy to notice me ; "the Lord may bless my poor endeavours to rescue them poor Injuns. But I can't get on without a rake. If I had only had the sense to bring my garden-rake. There are so many little things scarcely as big as cockle-shells ; and the waves do drag them away from me. Oh, there and there

goes another ! Gwenny, if I don't smack you !”

All these people, and all their doings, I left with a sort of contempt, perhaps such as breaks out on me now and then, at any very great littleness. And I know that nothing worth wet of the knees could be found with the ebb-tide running, and ere the hold of the ship broke up.

So I went toward the great house, whose sorrows and whose desolation they took little heed of. And nothing made me feel more sad—strange, as it may seem, and was—than to think of poor black Evan, thus unable to stand up and fight for his unrighteous rights.

In the great hall were six bodies, five of strong young men laid quiet, each in his several coffin ; and the other of a little child in a simple dress of white, stretched upon a piece of board. Death I have seen in all his manners, since I was a cabin-boy, and I took my hat off to the bodies, as I had seen them do abroad ; but when I saw the small dead child, a thrill and pang of cold went through me. I made sure of nothing else, except that it was dear Bardie. That little darling whom I loved, for her gifts direct from God, and her ways, so out of the way to all other children—it struck my heart with a power of death, that here this lively soul was dead.

When a man makes a fool of himself, anybody may laugh at him ; and this does him good perhaps, and hardens him against more trouble. But bad as I am, and sharp as I am, in other people's opinion (and proud sometimes to think of it), I could not help a good gulp of a tear, over what I believed to be the body of poor little Bardie. For that child had such nice ways, and took such upper hand of me ; that, expecting to find a Captain always, especially among women—

“ Old Davy, I 'ants 'a. Old Davy 'hen is a coming ?”

By the union-jack, it was as good as a dozen kegs of rum to me. There was no mistaking the sweetest and clearest voice ever heard outside of a flute. And presently began pit-pat of the prettiest feet ever put in a shoe, down the great oak staircase. She held on by the rails, and

showed no fear at all about it, though the least slip might have killed her. Then she saw the sad black sight after she turned the corner, and wondered at the meaning of it, and her little heart stood still. As she turned to me in awe, and held out both hands quivering, I caught her up, and spread my gray beard over her young frightened eyes, and took her out of sight of all those cold and very dreadful things.

I had never been up the stairs before in that dark and ancient house : and the length, and the width, and the dreariness, and the creaking noises, frightened me ; not so much for my own sake (being never required to sleep there), but for the tender little creature, full already of timid fancies, who must spend the dark nights there. And now the house left empty of its noise, and strength, and boastfulness, had only five more ghosts to wander silent through the silent places. And this they began the very night after their bodies were in a churchyard.

The Coroner came on an old white pony, nearly four hours after the time for which his clerk had ordered us. Being used, for my part, to royal discipline, and everything done to the minute fixed, with the captain's voice like the crack of a gun, I was vexed and surprised ; but expected him to give us some reason, good or bad. Instead of that he roared out to us, with his feet still in both stirrups, “ Is there none of you Taffies with manners enough to come and hold a gentleman's horse ? Here you, Davy Jones, you are long enough, and lazy enough ; put your hand to the bridle, will you ?”

This was to me, who was standing by, in the very height of innocence, having never yet seen any man appointed to sit upon dead bodies, and desiring to know how he could help them. I did for his Honour all I could, although his manner of speech was not in any way to my liking. But my rule has always been that of the Royal Navy, than which there is no wiser. If my equal insults me, I knock him down ; if my superior does it, I knock under.

Meanwhile, our people were muttering “ Sassenach, Sassenach !” And from their faces it was plain, that they did not like an Englishman to sit upon Cwmric bodies. However, it was the old, old

thing. The Welsh must do all the real work; and the English be paid for sitting upon them, after they are dead.

"I never sate on a black man yet," and I won't sit on a black man now," the Crowner said, when he was sure about oats enough for his pony; "I'll not disgrace His Majesty's writ by sitting upon damned niggers."

"Glory be to God, your Honour!" Stradling Williams cried, who had come as head of the jury; clerk he was of Newton Church, and could get no fees unless upon a Christian burial: "we thought your Honour would hardly put so great a disgrace upon us; but we knew not how the law lay."

"The law requires no Christian man," pronounced the Crowner, that all might hear, "to touch pitch, and defile himself. Both in body and soul, Master Clerk, to lower and defile himself."

Hereupon a high hard screech, which is all we have in Wales for the brave hurrah of Englishmen, showed that all the jury were of one accord with the Coroner; and I was told by somebody that all had shaken hands, and sworn to strike work, rather than put up with misery of conscience.

"But your Honour," said Mr. Lewis, bailiff to Colonel Lougher, "if we hold no quest on the black men, how shall we certify anything about this terrible shipwreck?"

"The wreck is no concern of mine," answered the Crowner, crustily, "it is not my place to sit upon planks, but upon Christian bodies. Do you attend to your own business, and leave mine to me, sir."

The bailiff being a nice quiet man, thought it best to say no more. But some of the people who were thronging from every direction to see his Honour, told him about the little white baby found among the bladder-weed. He listened to this, and then he said—

"Show me this little white infant discovered among the black men. My busi-

ness here is not with infants, but with five young smothered men. However, if there be an infant of another accident, and of Christian colour, I will take it as a separate case, and damn the county in the fees."

We assured his lordship, as every one now began to call him (in virtue of his swearing so, which no doubt was right in a man empowered to make other people swear), we did our best at any rate to convince the Crowner, that over and above all black men, there verily was a little child, and, for all one could tell, a Christian child, entitled to the churchyard, and good enough for him to sit on. And so he entered the house to see it.

But if he had sworn a little before (and more than I durst set down for him), he certainly swore a great deal now, and poured upon us a bitter heat of English indignation. All of the jury were taken aback; and I as a witness felt most uneasy; until we came to understand that his Honor's wrath was justly kindled on account of some marks on the baby's clothes.

"A coronet!" he cried, stamping about; "a coronet on my young lord's pinafore, and you stupid oafs never told me!"

Nobody knew except myself (who had sailed with an earl for a captain) what the meaning of this thing was; and when the clerk of the church was asked, rather than own his ignorance, he said it was part of the arms of the crown; and the Crowner was bound like a seal by it.

This explanation satisfied all the people of the parish, except a few far-going Baptists, with whom it was a point of faith always to cavil and sneer at every "wind of doctrine," as they always call it—the scent of which could be traced, anyhow, to either the parson or the clerk, or even the gravedigger. But I was content to look on and say nothing, having fish to sell, at least twice a-week, and finding all customers orthodox, until they utter bad shillings.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE.

There is no need for me to follow all the Crowner's doings, or all that the juries thought and said, which was different altogether from what they meant to think

and say. And he found himself bound to have two of them, with first right of inquest to the baby, because of the stamp on his pinafore. And here I was, foreman of the jury, with fifteenpence for my services, and would gladly have served on the other jury after walking all that way, but was disabled for doing so, and only got ninepence for testimony. With that, however, I need not meddle, as every one knows all about it; only, to make clear all that happened, and, indeed, to clear myself, I am forced to put before you all that we did about that baby, as fully and emphatically as the state of our doings upon that occasion permitted me to remember it.

For the Coroner sate at the head of the table, in the great parlor of the house; and the dead child came in on his board, and we all regarded him carefully, especially heeding his coronet mark, and then set him by the window. A fine young boy enough to look at, about the age of our Bardie, and might have been her twin-brother, as everybody vowed he was, only his face was bolder and stronger, and his nose quite different, and altogether a brave young chap, instead of funny and delicate. All this, however, might well have come from knocking about in the sea so much.

I would have given a good half-crown to have bitten off my foolish tongue, when one of the jurymen stood up and began to address the Coroner. He spoke, unluckily, very good English, and his Honor was glad to pay heed to him. And the clerk put down nearly all he said, word for word, as might be. This meddling fellow (being no less than brother Hezekiah's self) nodded to me for leave to speak, which I could not deny him; and his Honor lost no time whatever to put his mouth into his rummer of punch, as now provided for all of us, and to bow (whenever his mouth was empty) to that of Hezekiah. For, the man had won some reputation or rather had made it, for himself, by perpetual talking, as if he were skilled in the history and antiquities of the neighborhood. Of these he made so rare a patchwork, heads and tails, prose, verse, and proverbs, histories, and his stories, that (as I heard from a man of real teaching and

learning, who met him once and kept out of his way ever after) any one trusting him might sit down in the chair of Canute at King Arthur's table. Not that I or any of my neighbors would be the worse for doing that; only the thought of it frightened us, and made us unwilling to hearken him much.

However, if there was any matter on which Hezekiah deserved to be heard, no doubt it was this upon which he was now delivering his opinions—to wit, the great inroad or invasion of the sand, for miles along our coast; of which there are very strange things to tell, and of which he had made an especial study, having a field at Candleston with a shed upon it and a rick of hay, all which disappeared in a single night, and none was ever seen afterwards. It was the only field he had, being left to him by his grandmother; and many people were disappointed that he had not slept with his cow that night. This directed his attention to the serious consideration, as he always told us at first start, being a lover of three-decked words, of the most important contemplation which could occupy the attention of any Cambrian landowner.

"Show your land," cried a wag of a tailor, with none to cross his legs upon; but we put him down, and pegged him down, till his manners should be of the pattern-book. Hezekiah went on to tell, in words too long to answer the helm of such a plain sailor as I am, how the sweep of hundreds of miles of sand had come up from the west and south-west in only two hundred and fifty years. How it had first begun to flow about the Scilly Islands, as mentioned by one Borlase, and came to the mouth of Hayle river, in Cornwall, in the early years of King Henry VIII., and after that blocked up Bude Haven, and swallowed the ploughs in the arable land. Then at Llanant it came like a cloud over the moon one winter night, and buried five-and-thirty houses with the people in them.

An Act of Parliament was passed—chapter the second of Philip and Mary—to keep it out of Glamorganshire; and good commissioners were appointed, and a survey made along the coast, especially of Kenfig. Nevertheless the dash of sand was scarcely on their ink, when

swarming, driving, darkening the air, the storm swept on their survey. At the mouths of the Tawey and Afan rivers the two sailors' chapels were buried, and then it swept up the great Roman road, a branch of the Julian way, and smothered the pillars of Gordian, and swallowed the castle of Kenfig, which stood by the side of the western road; and still rushing eastward, took Newton village and Newton old church beneath it. And so it went on for two hundred years, coming up from the sea, no doubt, carried by the perpetual gales, which always are from the south and west, filling all the hollow places, changing all bright mossy pools into hills of yellow drought, and like a great encampment, dwelling over miles and leagues of land. And like a camp it was in this, that it was always striking tent. Six times in the last few years had the highest peak of sand—the general's tent it might be called—been shifted miles away perhaps, and then come back towards Ogmore; and it was only the other day that, through some shift or swirl of wind, a windmill, with its sails entire, had been laid bare near Candleston, of which the last record was in Court-rolls of a hundred and fifty years ago.*

Now all this, though Hezekiah said it, was true enough, I do believe, having heard things much to the same purpose from my own old grandfather. The Coroner listened with more patience than we had given him credit for, although he told us that brother Perkins should have reserved his learned speech for the second inquiry, which was to be about the deaths of the five young men; for to him it appeared that this noble infant must lay the blame of his grievous loss, not on the sand but upon the sea. Hezekiah replied, with great deference, that the cause in both cases was the same, for that the movement of sand went on under the sea even more than ashore, and hence the fatal gulging of that ship, the 'Andalusia,' and the loss of his young lordship.

* A clear and interesting account of this mighty sand-march may be found in a very learned paper by the Rev. H. H. Knight, B.D., formerly rector of Neath, Glamorgan; which paper, entitled "An Account of Newton Nottage," was reprinted at Tenby in 1853, from the 'Archæologia Cambrensis.' Considerable movements still occur, but of late years no very great advance.

The name he had given the ship surprised me; and indeed I felt sure that it was quite wrong; and so I said immediately, without any low consideration of what might be mine own interest. But the Coroner would not hearken to me, being much impressed now with the learning and wisdom of Hezekiah Perkins. And when Hezekiah presented his card beginning with "horologist," and ending with the "king and queen," he might have had any verdict he liked, if he himself had been upon trial.

Therefore, after calling in (for the sake of form) the two poor women who found the dead baby among the sea-weed, and had sevenpence apiece for doing so, and who cried all the while that they talked in Welsh (each having seen a dear baby like him not more than twenty years ago), we came in the most unanimous manner, under his lordship's guidance, to the following excellent verdict:—

"Found drowned on Pool Tavan rocks, a man-child, supposed to be two years old; believed to be a young nobleman, from marks on pinafore, and high bearing; but cast away by a storm of sand from the ship 'Andalusia,' of Appledore."

Now I was as certain, as sure as could be, that half of this verdict must be wrong; especially as to the name of the ship, and her belonging to Appledore, which never yet owned any craft of more than 200 tons at the utmost—a snow or a brig, at the very outside. Nevertheless I was compelled to give in to the rest of them, and most of all to the Coroner. Only I said, as many who are still alive can remember, and are not afraid to speak to, and especially my good friend Mr. Lewis, "The ship was not called the 'Andalusia'; the ship was never from Appledore; neither was she of British build. As an old seaman, it is likely that I know more of the build of a ship than a lubber of a clock-maker, or rather a clock-mauler."

But here I was put down sternly; and hearing of verdicts a great deal worse, without any mischief come of them, I was even content to sign the return, and have a new pipe of bird's-eye. And a bird's-eye view this gave me of them at the second inquest, wherein I had to give evidence; and was not of the jury.

They wanted to cross-examine me, because I had been unpleasant ; but of that they got the worst, and dropped it. But as all our jurymen declared upon their oaths that the little nobleman was drowned in a storm of sand, so they found that the five young rabbiters came to their end by smothering, through a violent sea-tempest.

In the days of my youth such judgments perhaps would have tried my patience ; but now I know that nothing ever follows truth and justice. People talk of both these things, and perhaps the idea does them good.

Be that according to God's will—as we always say when deprived of our own—at any rate, I am bound to tell one little thing more about each quest. And first about the first one. Why was I so vexed and angry with my foolish tongue when Hezekiah began to speak ? Only because I knew full well it would lead to the very thing, which it was my own desire to avoid, if possible. And this—as you may guess at once, after what happened on the stairs—was the rude fetching and exposing of the dear little maid among so many common fellows ; and to show her the baby-corpse. I feared that it must come to this, through my own thoughtless blabbing about her “ ickle bother ” in the presence of Hezekiah ; and if ever man had a hollow dry heart from over-pumping of the tongue, I had it when Hezekiah came in ; bearing, in a depth of fright and wonder, and contempt of him, my own delicate Bardie. I had set my back against the door, and sworn that they should not have her ; but crafty Perkins had stolen out by another door while they humoured me. Now my pretty dear was awed, and hushed beyond all crying, and even could not move her feet, as children do, in a kicking way. Trying to get as far as possible from Hezekiah's nasty face—which gave me a great deal of pleasure, because she had never done the like to me, unless I were full of tobacco—she stretched away from his greasy shoulder, and then she saw old Davy. Her hands came toward me, so did her eyes, and so did her lips, with great promise of kisses, such as her father and mother might have been mightily tempted by ; but nobody now to care for them.

When Hezekiah, pretending to dandle this little lady in a jaunty way, like one of his filthy low children, was taking her towards that poor little corpse, so white in the light of the window ; and when he made her look at it, and said, “ Is that ickle brother, my dear ? ” and she all the time was shivering and turning her eyes away from it, and seeking for me to help her, I got rid of the two men who held me, nor hearkened I the Coroner, but gave Hezekiah such a grip as he felt for three months afterwards, and with Bardie on my left arm kept my right fist ready.

Nobody cared to encounter this ; for I had happened to tell the neighbourhood how the Frenchman's head came off at the time when he tried to injure me ; and so I bore off the little one, till her chest began to pant and her tears ran down my beard. And then as I spoke softly to her and began to raise her fingers, and to tickle her frizzy hair, all of a sudden she flung both arms around my neck, and loved me.

“ Old Davy, poor ickle Bardie not go to 'e back pithole yet.”

“ No, my dear, not for ever so long. Not for eighty years at least. And then go straight to heaven ! ”

“ Ickle bother go to 'e back pithole ? Does 'a think, old Davy ? ”

This was more than I could tell, though inclined to think it very likely. However, before I could answer, some of the jury followed us, and behind them the Coroner himself ; they insisted on putting a question to her, and so long as they did not force her again to look at that which terrified her, I had no right to prevent them. They all desired to speak at once ; but the clerk of the Coroner took the lead, having as yet performed no work toward the earning of his salt and rum. An innocent old man he was, but very free from cleanliness ; and the child being most particular of all ever born in that matter, turned away with her mite of a nose, in a manner indescribable.

He was much too dull to notice this ; but putting back his spectacles, and stooping over her hair and ears (which was all she left outside my beard), he wanted to show his skill in babies, of which he boasted himself a grandfather. And so he began to whisper,—

“ My little dear, you will be a good

child—a very good child; won't you now? I can see it in your little face. Such a pretty dear you are! And all good children always do as they are told, you know. We want you to tell us a thing about pretty little brother. I have got a little girl at home not so old as you are, and she is so clever, you can't think. Everything she does and says; everything we tell her——”

“Take away 'e nasty old man. Take away 'e bad old man; or I never tis 'a again, old Davy.”

She flashed up with such wrath, that I was forced to obey her; while the old man put down his goggles to stare, and all the jury laughed at him. And I was running away with her, for her little breath was hot and short; when the Coroner called out. “Stop, man, I know how to manage her.” At this I was bound to pull up, and set her to look at him, as he ordered me. She sate well up in my arms, and looked and seemed not to think very highly of him.

“Look at his Honour, my dear,” said I, stroking her hair, as I know she liked; “look at his lordship, you pretty duck.”

“Little child,” began his Honour, “you have a duty to perform, even at this early period of your very beginning life. We are most desirous to spare your feelings, having strong reasons to believe that you are sprung from a noble family. But in our duty toward your lineage, we must require you, my little dear—we must request you, my little lady—to assist us in our endeavour to identify——”

“I can say ‘dentify,’ old Davy; tell 'e silly old man to say ‘dentify same as I does.”

She spread her little open hand with such contempt at the Coroner, that even his own clerk could not keep his countenance from laughing. And his Honour, having good reason to think her a baby of high position before, was now so certain that he said, “God bless her! What a child she is! Take her away, old mariner. She is used to high society.”

(Contemporary Review.)

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his moods
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,



“DANCED LIKE A WITHER'D LEAF BEFORE THE HALL.”

Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall,
And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, “Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?”

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of charven snakes
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid-air
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the tree

Ru'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
 Pierced ever a child's cry : and crag and tree
 Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,
 This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,
 And all unscar'd from beak or talon, brought
 A maiden babe ; which Arthur pitying took,
 Then gave it to his Queen to rear : the Queen
 But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms
 Received, and after loved it tenderly,
 And named it Nestling ; so forgot herself
 A moment, and her cares ; till that young life
 Being smitten in mid-heaven with mortal cold
 Past from her ; and in time the carcanet
 Vext her with plaintive memories of the child :
 So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
 "Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
 And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine eagle-borne
 Dead nestling, and this honor after death,
 Following thy will ! but, O my Queen, I muse
 Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone
 Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,
 And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,
 "Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they were,
 A bitterness to me !—ye look amazed,
 Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—
 Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out
 Above the river—that unhappy child
 Past in her barge : but rosier luck will go
 With these rich jewels, seeing that they came
 Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,
 But the sweet body of a maiden babe.
 Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy knights
 May win them for the purest of my maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great jousts
 With trumpet-blowings ran on all-the ways
 From Camelot in among the faded fields
 To furthest towers ; and everywhere the knights
 Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn
 Into the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd
 From ear to ear with dogwhip weals, his nose
 Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,
 And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,
 A churl, to whom indignantly the King,

"My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast
 Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face ? or fiend ?
 Man was it who marr'd Heaven's image in thee thus ?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth,
 Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump

Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd churl,
 "He took them and he drave them to his tower—
 Some hold he was a Table-knight of thine—
 A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight, he—
 Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight
 Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower ;
 And when I call'd upon thy name as one
 That doest right by gentle and by churl,
 Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright have slain,
 Save that he sware me to a message, saying—
 'Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I
 Have founded my Round Table in the North,
 And whatsoever his own knights have sworn
 My knights have sworn the counter to it—and say
 My tower is full of harlots, like his court,
 But mine are worthier, seeing they profess
 To be none other than themselves—and say
 My knights are all adulterers like his own,
 But mine are truer, seeing they profess
 To be none other ; and say his hour is come,
 The heathen are upon him, his long lance
 Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.'"

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,
 "Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously
 Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.
 The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,
 Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,
 Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,
 Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom
 The wholesome realm is purged of elsewhere,—
 Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,—now
 Make their last head like Satan in the North.
 My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower
 Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,
 Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,
 The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
 But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place,
 Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field ;
 For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
 Only to yield my Queen her own again ?
 Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent : is it well ?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well :
 Yet better if the King abide, and leave
 The leading of his younger knights to me.
 Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose, and Lancelot follow'd him,
 And while they stood without the doors, the King
 Turn'd to him, saying, "Is it then so well ?
 Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
 Of whom was written, 'a sound is in his ears'—
 The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
 That only seems half-loyal to command,—
 A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—

Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
 Less manful and less gentle than when of old
 We swept the heathen from the Roman wall?
 Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
 By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
 From flat confusion and brute violences,
 Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
 Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd
 North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen,
 Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
 Watched her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.
 Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme
 Of by-gone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,
 By these in earnest those in mockery call'd
 The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,
 Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,
 Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,
 The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,
 And down a streetway hung with folds of pure
 White samite, and by fountains running wine,
 Where children sat in white with cups of gold,
 Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad steps
 Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,
 Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their Queen
 White-robed in honor of the stainless child,
 And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank
 Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.
 He lookt but once, and veil'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream
 To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll
 Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began:
 And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf
 And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn plume
 Went down it. Sighing weariedly, as one
 Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
 When all the goodlier guests are past away,
 Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
 He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
 Broken, but spake not; once, a knight cast down
 Before his throne of arbitration cursed
 The dead babe and the follies of the King:
 And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
 And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole,
 Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard
 The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar
 An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,
 But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,
 And armor'd all in forest green, whereon

There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
 And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
 With ever-scattering berries, and on the shield
 A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late
 From overseas in Brittany return'd;
 And marriage with a princess of that realm,
 Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—
 Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with pain
 His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake
 The burthen off his heart in one full shock
 With Tristram ev'n to death ; his strong hands gript
 And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,
 Until he groaned for wrath—so many knights
 That ware their ladies' colours on the casque,
 Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,
 And there with gibes and flickering mockeries
 Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests ! O shame !
 What faith have these in whom they sware to love ?
 The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the gems,
 Not speaking other word than "Hast thou won ?
 Art thou the purest, brother ? See, the hand
 Wherewith thou takest this, is red !" to whom
 Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's languorous mood,
 Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this
 Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound ?
 Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of heart
 And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
 Are winners in this pastime of our King.
 My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon it—
 No blood of mine, I trow ; But O, chief knight,
 Right arm of Arthur in the battle-field,
 Great brother, thou nor I have made the world ;
 Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his horse
 Caracole ; then bow'd his homage, bluntly saying,
 "Fair damsels, each to him who worships each
 Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold
 This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."
 Then most of these were mute, some anger'd, one
 Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,
 "The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
 And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
 Went glooming down in wet and weariness :
 But under her black brows a swarthy dame
 Laught shrilly, crying "Praise the patient saints,
 Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
 Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
 The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the year,
 Would make the World as blank as Winter-tide.
 Come—let us comfort their sad eyes, our Queen's
 And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity

With all the kindlier colors of the field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast
 Variously gay : for he that tells the tale
 Liken'd them, saying "as when an hour of cold
 Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,
 And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers
 Pass under white, till the warm hour returns
 With veer of wind, and all are flowers again :
 So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
 And glowing in all colors, the live grass,
 Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced
 About the revels, and with mirth so loud
 Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,
 And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,
 Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower
 Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,
 High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,
 Danc'd like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
 Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"
 Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet replied,
 "Belike for lack of wiser company ;
 Or being fool, and seeing too much wit
 Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip
 To know myself the wisest knight of all."
 "Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating dry
 To dance without a catch, a roundelay
 To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,
 And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,
 Quiet as any water-sodden log
 Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook ;
 But when the twangling ended, skipt again ;
 Then being ask'd, "Why skipt ye not, Sir Fool?"
 Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years
 Skip to the broken music of my brains
 Than any broken music ye can make."
 Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
 "Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"
 And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur the king's ;
 For when thou playest that air with Queen Isolt,
 Thou makest broken music with thy bride,
 Her daintier namesake down in Brittany—
 And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."
 "Save for that broken music in thy brains,
 Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy head.
 Fool, I came late, tho' heathen wars were o'er,
 The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—
 I am but a fool to reason with a fool—
 Come, thou art crabb'd and sour ; but lean me down,
 Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
 And hearken if my music be not true.

"Free love—free field—we love but while we may :
 The woods are hush'd, their music is no more :

The leaf is dead, the yearning past away:
 New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
 New life, new love to suit the newer day:
 New loves are sweet as those that went before:
 Free love—free field—we love but while we may.
 “Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,
 Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,
 And found it ring as true as tested gold.”

But Dagonet, with one foot poised in his hand,
 “Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday
 Made to run wine?—but this had run itself
 All out like a long life to a sour end—
 And them that round it sat with golden cups
 To hand the wine to whomsoever came—
 The twelve small daisies white as Innocence,
 In honor of poor Innocence the babe,
 Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen
 Lent to the King, and Innocence the King
 Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips
 Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,
 ‘Drink, drink, Sir Fool,’ and thereupon I drank,
 Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the draught was mud.”

And Tristram, “Was it muddier than thy gibes?
 Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—
 Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool—
 ‘Fear God: honor the king—his one true knight—
 Sole follower of the vows’—for here be they
 Who knew thee swine enow before I came,
 Smuttier than blasted grain; but when the King
 Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
 It frightened all free fool from out thy heart;
 Which left thee less than fool, and less than swine,
 A naked aught—yet swine I hold thee still,
 For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine.”

And little Dagonet, mincing with his feet,
 “Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck
 In lieu of hers, I’ll hold thou hast some touch
 Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.
 Swine? I have wallow’d, I have wash’d—the world
 Is flesh and shadow—I have had my day.
 The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
 Hath foul’d me—an I wallow’d, then I wash’d—
 I have had my day and my philosophies—
 And thank the Lord I am King Arthur’s fool.
 Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams, and geese
 Troop’d round a Paynim harper once, who thrumm’d
 On such a wire as musically as thou
 Some such fine song—but never a king’s fool.”

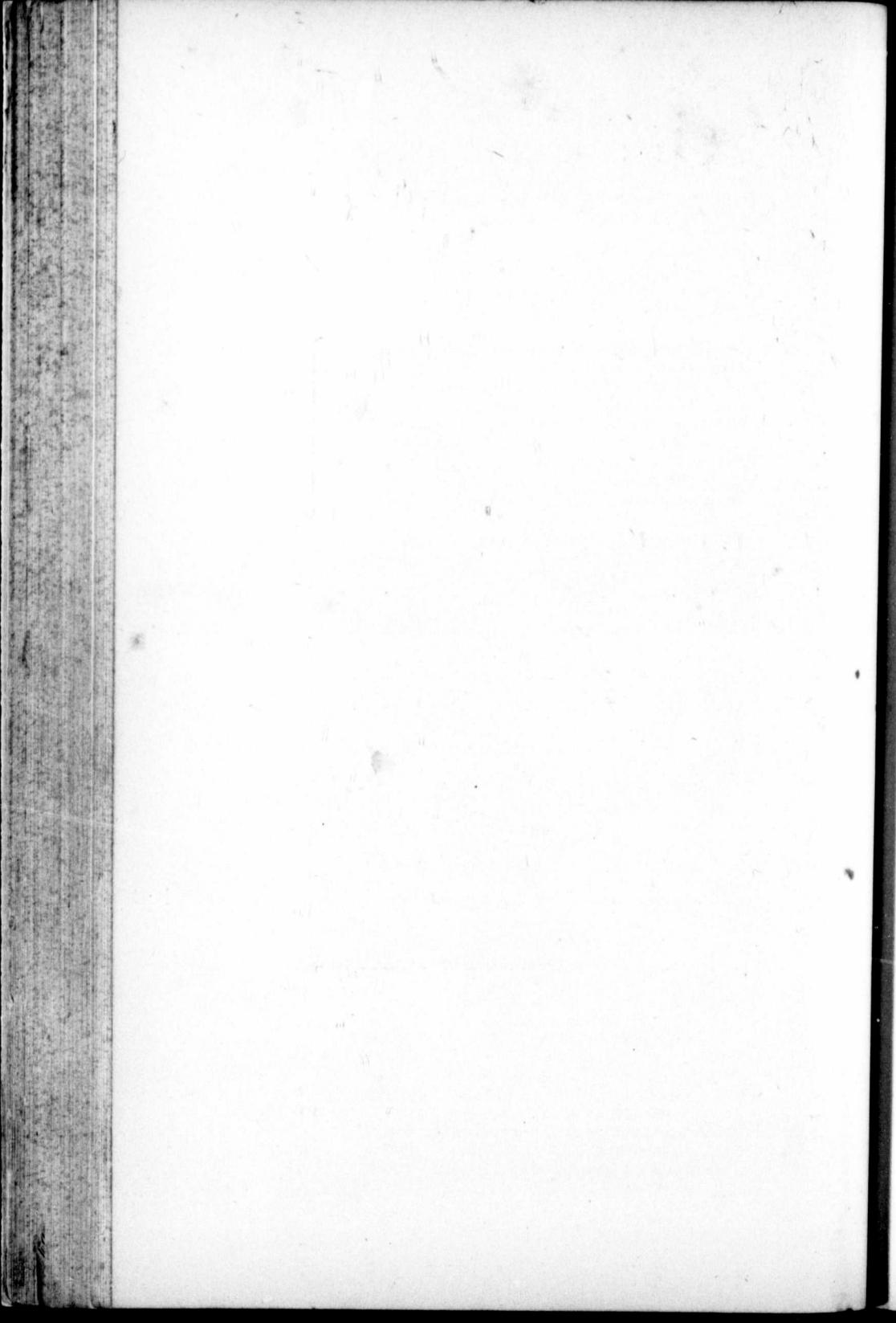
And Tristram, “Then were swine, goats, asses, geese
 The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
 Had such a mastery of his mystery
 That he could harp his wife up out of hell.”



"BUT DAONNET, WITH ONE FOOT POISED IN HIS HAND."



DAONNET



Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
 "And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself
 Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
 That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
 We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King
 Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,
 Glorying in each new glory, set his name
 High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the land
 Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
 To babble about him, all to show your wit—
 And whether he were king by courtesy,
 Or king by right—and so went harping down
 The black king's highway, got so far, and grew
 So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
 With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire,
 Tuwhoo! do ye, see it? do ye see the star?"

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."
 And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.
 It makes a silent music up in heaven,
 And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,
 And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye talk
 Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?"
 Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,
 "Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools!
 Conceits himself as God that he can make
 Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
 From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,
 And men from beasts—Long live the king of fools!"

And down the city Dagonet danced away,
 But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues
 And solitary passes of the wood
 Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.
 Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt
 With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
 Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
 Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye
 For all that walk'd, or crept, or perched, or flew,
 Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,
 Uhruffling waters re-collect the shape
 Of one that in them sees himself, return'd;
 But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
 Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn
 Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At length
 A lodge of intertwisted beechen-boughs
 Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the which himself
 Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt
 Against a shower, dark in the golden grove
 Appearing, sent his fancy back to where

She lived a moon in that low lodge with him :
Till Mark her Lord had past, the Cornish king,
With six or seven, when Tristram was away,
And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse than shame
Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,
But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt
So sweet, that halting, in he past, and sank
Down on a drift of foliage random-blown ;
But could not rest for musing how to smooth
And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all
The tonguesters of the court she had not heard.
But then what folly had sent him overseas
After she left him lonely here? a name?
Was it the name of one in Brittany,
Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt
Of the white hands" they called her: the sweet name
Allured him first, and then the maid herself,
Who served him well with those white hands of hers,
And loved him well, until himself had thought
He loved her also, wedded easily,
But left her all as easily, and return'd.
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
Had drawn him home—what marvel? then he laid
His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seemed to pace the strand of Brittany
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby-chain, and both
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen
Graspt it so hard, that all her hand was red.
Then cried the Breton, "Look her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I give thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower."
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twain had spoiled her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears
Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
And many a glancing plash and sallow isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
Glared on a huge machiolated tower
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
"Lo, there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
A goodly brother of The Table Round
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights

At that dishonour done the gilded spur,
 Till each would clash the shield and blow the horn.
 But Arthur waved them back : alone he rode.
 Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,
 That sent the face of all the marsh aloft
 An ever upward rushing storm and cloud
 Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,
 Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
 In blood-red armour sallying, howl'd to the King,
 " The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat !—
 Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King
 Who fain had clipt free-manhood from the world—
 The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's curse, and I!
 Slain was the brother of my paramour
 By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine
 And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
 Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,
 And stings itself to everlasting death,
 To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
 And tumbled. Art thou king?—Look to thy life ! "

He ended : Arthur knew the voice : the face
 Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
 Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.
 And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
 But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
 To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
 Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
 Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
 Heard in dead night along that table-shore
 Drops flat, and after the great waters break
 Whitening for half a league and thin themselves
 Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
 From less and less to nothing ; thus he fell
 Head-heavy, while the knights who watched him, roar'd
 And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n ;
 There trampled out his face from being known,
 And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves :
 Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
 Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
 Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
 The tables over and the wines, and slew
 Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
 And all the pavement streamed with massacre :
 Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
 Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
 Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
 Made all above it, and a hundred meres
 About it, as the water Moab saw
 Come round by the East, and out beyond them flush'd
 The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
 But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking the red dream

Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,
 Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.
 He whistled his good war-horse left to graze
 Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,
 And rode beneath an ever showering leaf,
 Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,
 Stay'd him, "Why weepye?" "Lord," she said, "my man
 Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought—
 "What, an she hate me now? I would not this.
 What, an she love me still? I would not that.
 I know not what I would"—but said to her—
 "Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,
 He find thy favor changed, and love thee not."—
 Then pressing day by day through Lyonesse
 Last in a rocky hollow, belling, heard
 The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
 Yelp at his heart, but turning, past and gain'd
 Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
 A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
 A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
 And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.
 And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
 The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
 Flushed, started, met him at the doors, and there
 Belted his body with her white embrace,
 Crying aloud, "Not Mark—not Mark, my soul,
 The footstep flutter'd me at first; not he;
 Cat-like thro' his own castle steals my Mark,
 But warrior-wise thou stridest thro' his halls
 Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the death.
 My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
 Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh."
 To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.
 Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward, she replied,
 "Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,
 But save for dread of thee had beaten me,
 Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—Mark?
 What rights are his that dare not strike for them?
 Not lift a hand—not tho' he found me thus!
 But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went
 To-day for three day's hunting—as he said—
 And so returns belike within an hour.
 Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not thou with him,
 Because he hates thee even more than fears;
 Nor drink: and when thou passest any wood
 Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush
 Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
 My God, the measure of my hate for Mark,
 Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate, and one by love,
 Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake

To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,
 "O hunter, and O blower of the horn,
 Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
 For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
 Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
 Of one—his name is out of me—the prize
 If prize she were—(what marvel—she could see)—
 Thine, friend : and ever since my craven seeks
 To wreck thee villanously : but, O Sir Knight,
 What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last ?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,
 Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,
 And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first
 Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,
 Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laughed Isolt,
 "Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen
 My dole of beauty trebled ?" and he said
 "Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
 And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—
 Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips
 Most gracious : but she, haughty, even to him,
 Lancelot ; for I have seen him wan enow
 To make one doubt if ever the great Queen
 Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,
 "Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou
 Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,
 Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me
 That Guinevere had sinned against the highest,
 And I—mis-yoked with such a want of man—
 That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted !
 If this be sweet, to sin in leading strings,
 If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
 Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin
 That made us happy : but how ye greet me—fear
 And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—
 Thy deep heart-yearning, thy sweet memories
 Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,
 "I had forgotten all in my strong joy
 To see thee—yearnings ?—ay ! for, hour by hour,
 Here in the never-ended afternoon,
 O sweeter than all memories of thee,
 Deeper than any yearnings after thee
 Seemed those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,
 Watched from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd
 Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
 Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss ? Wedded her ?
 Fought in her father's battles ? wounded there ?

The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,
 And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd
 Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—
 Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
 Than having known thee? her too hast thou lett
 To pine and waste in those sweet memories?
 O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men
 Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, replied,
 "Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me well.
 Did I love her? the name at least I loved.
 Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!
 The night was dark: the true star set!—Isolt!
 The name was ruler of the dark—Isolt?
 Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,
 Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answer'd, "Yea, and why not I?
 Mine is the larger need, who am not meek,
 Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.
 Here one black, mute midsummer night I sate
 Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,
 Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,
 And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.
 Then flash'd a levin-brand: and near me stood,
 In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—
 Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark—
 For there was Mark: 'He has wedded her,' he said,
 Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers
 So shook to such a roar of all the sky,
 That here in utter dark I swooned away,
 And woke again in utter dark, and cried,
 'I will flee hence and give myself to God!—
 And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,
 "May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,
 And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.
 "May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art old,
 And sweet no more to me! I need Him now.
 For when had Lancelot utter'd ought so gross
 E'en to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?
 The greater man, the greater courtesy.
 But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—
 Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance
 Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thyself.
 How darest thou, if lover, push me even
 In fancy from thy side, and set me far
 In the gray distance, half a life away,
 Here to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!
 Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
 Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,
 Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
 Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.
 Will ye not lie? not swear, as there ye kneel,

And solemnly as when ye swear to him,
 The man of men, our King—My God, the power
 Was once in vows when men believed the King!
 They lied not then, who swore, and thro' their vows
 The King prevailing made his realm :—I say,
 Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,
 Gray-haired, and past desire, and in despair.”
 Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
 “ Vows ! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark
 More than I mine ? Lied, say ye ? Nay, but learnt,
 The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—
 My knighthood taught me this—ay, being snapt—
 We run more counter to the soul thereof
 Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.
 I swore to the great King, and am forsworn.
 For once ev'n to the height—I honor'd him.
 ‘ Man, is he man at all ? ’ methought, when first
 I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and beheld
 That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—
 His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
 Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
 The golden beard that clothed his lips with light—
 Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,
 With Merlin's mystic babble about his end
 Amazed me ; then, his foot was on a stool
 Shaped as a dragon ; he seemed to me no man,
 But Michael trampling Satan ; so I swear,
 Being amazed ; but this went by—the vows !
 O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—
 They served their use, their time ; for every knight
 Believed himself a greater than himself,
 And every follower eyed him as a God :
 Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,
 Did mightier deeds than elsewhere he had done,
 And so the realm was made : but then their vows—
 First mainly thro' that sallying of our Queen—
 Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
 Had Arthur right to bind them to himself ?
 Dropt down from heaven ? wash'd up from out the deep
 They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and blood
 Of our old Kings ; whence then ? a doubtful lord
 To bind them by inviolable vows,
 Which flesh and blood perforce would violate ;
 For feel this arm of mine—the tide within
 Red with free chase and heather-scented air,
 Pulsing full man ; can Arthur make me pure
 As any maiden child ? lock up my tongue
 From uttering freely what I freely hear ?
 Bind me to one ? The great world laughs at it.
 And worldling of the world am I, and know
 The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
 Wooes his own end ; we are not angels here
 Nor shall be : vows—I am woodman of the woods,
 And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
 Mock them : my soul, we love but while we may,
 And therefore is my love so large for thee,

Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said,
 "Good : an I turn'd away my love for thee
 To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—
 For courtesy wins woman all as well
 As valour may—but he that closes both
 Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,
 Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I loved
 This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back
 Thine own small saw, 'We love but while we may,'
 Well then, what answer?"

He that while she spake,
 Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,
 The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch
 The warm white apple of her throat, replied,
 "Press this a little closer, sweet, unil—
 Come, I am hunger'd, and half-anger'd—meat,
 Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,
 And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full accord,
 She rose, and set before him all he will'd ;
 And after these had comforted the blood
 With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts—
 Now talking of their woodland paradise,
 The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the lawns :
 Now mocking at the much ungainliness,
 And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—
 Then Tristram laughing caught the harp and sang :
 "Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bent the brier !
 A star in heaven, a star within the mere !
 Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire ;
 And one was far apart, and one was near :
 Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass !
 And one was water and one star was fire,
 And one will ever shine and one will pass—
 Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere."

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd
 And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,
 "The collar of some order, which our King
 Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,
 For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."

"Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red fruit
 Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven
 And won by Tristram as a ~~tourney~~-prize,
 And hither brought by Tristram, for his last
 Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
 Claspt it ; but while he bow'd himself to lay
 Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
 Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
 Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—

"Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
All in a death-dumb Autumn-dripping gloom,
The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
"What art thou?" and the voice about his feet
Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again."



"I AM THY FOOL, AND I SHALL NEVER MAKE THEE
SMILE AGAIN."

(Edinburgh Review.)

SUPPRESSED AND CENSURED BOOKS.

THE history of the books which have been suppressed or censured in England is curious and interesting; and although we have no book in our language which rivals the Dictionary of literary martyrdom published in France at the commencement of the present century by M. Peignot, we have collected some materials on the subject which may interest our readers.

The burning of heretical books is by no means, as might be supposed, a Christian invention. It is questionable whether the writings of Protagoras were really destroyed at Athens for their atheistical tendencies, but the existence of the report shows that the idea, at all events, was not alien to Greek sentiment, and the judicial murder of Socrates is a proof that the State was no stranger to the worst acts of intolerance. The destruction of Christian books formed part of heathen persecution; Diocletian, especially, in A.D. 303 ordering all such writings to be surrendered to the magistrates and committed to the flames. To Osius, Bishop of Cordova, the friend of Athanasius and Constantine, is ascribed the introduction of the practice amongst Christians. It was probably by his advice that the Emperor commanded all the writings of Arius to be burnt, and anyone found in possession of them after the publication of the edict to be put to death. In 435 an Armenian Council ordered the destruction of the writings of Nestorius, whilst the Constantinopolitan one of 680 showed the same marks of attention to those of the "infallible" Pope Honorius. Various devices were employed in England for the suppression of heresy and false teaching. At first it was altogether a question of Church discipline, the bishops having sole jurisdiction in such cases; the punishments also were ecclesiastical—

penance and excommunication. But in 1382 the State began to interfere. The occasion arose from the dangerous doctrines Wyclif had set afloat on the subject of property—Wat Tyler's insurrection being an illustration of the extremes to which the Lollards were carrying that teaching. The insurrection itself began, indeed, upon other grounds, nor does it seem that Wyclif himself was in any way concerned with it; but Friar John Balle, whose famous text at Blackheath was,

"When Adam dalve and Eave span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

confessed before his death that he had been for two years a pupil of Wyclif, and had no doubt derived thence, in part at least, his revolutionary principles. The bishops had no longer the power to suppress these inflammatory doctrines, for the preachers of them kept moving from one diocese to another, and denied at the same time the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Parliament accordingly passed an Act, directing the authorities "to arrest all such preachers, and to hold them in arrest and strong prison, till they will justify themselves to the law and reason of Holy Church." Still the mischief continued, and in 1401 a far more severe Act was passed, so well known as the Act "*de hæretico comburendo*."

The "protomartyr of Wycliffism," as Dean Milman calls him,* was W. Sawtree at one time the priest of St. Margaret's, in King's Lynn, but then a preacher at St. Osyth's in the city of London. Before coming to London he had been convicted of denying transubstantiation, a circumstance which, on his second trial, he had the audacity to say had never occurred.

* History of Latin Christianity, vol. viii. p 211, 3rd ed.

He was condemned as a relapsed heretic, and handed over to the civil authorities.

“Sawtree,” says Dr. Shirley, † “is usually spoken of as the first victim of the statute *de heretico comburendo*. But it is remarkable that the writ for his execution appears on the Rolls of Parliament before the Act itself. This order may be merely a matter of arrangement, but it is observable that if the Act had been already passed, the writ would have been issued, as a matter of course, to the Sheriff, and would never have appeared on the Rolls at all. It appears probable therefore that Sawtree suffered under a special Act, proposed perhaps by the clerical party in order to ascertain the feeling of Parliament as to the larger measure that followed.”

The last instances of the execution of heretics occurred in 1612, when Bartholomew Legate was burnt at Smithfield for holding opinions very similar to those of the Unitarians of our own day—a like punishment being given that same year to Edward Wightman, at Litchfield, for holding no less than nine “damnable heresies.” Popular feeling, however, seems to have become so strong upon the subject, that this method of repressing false doctrine was never resorted to again.

The book against which the most unceasing crusades were made was the English translation of the Bible. Ten years after Wyclif had finished his translation, in 1380, an attempt was made in the House of Lords to pass a bill for suppressing it. On that occasion, however, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, stoutly declared that he would “maintain our having this law in our own tongue, whoever they should be that brought in the bill,” and the attempt failed for the time. Afterwards, however, the reading or possession of that version was made a capital crime, and there are many instances on record where the extreme punishment was inflicted.

On December 2, 1525, Edward Lee, afterwards Archbishop of York, writes to the King from Bordeaux, telling him that “An Englishman, your subject, at the solicitation and instance of Luther, with whom he is, hath translated the New Testament into English, and within a few days intendeth to return with the same

imprinted into England.” The Englishman was Tyndal, and his translation the first ever printed in English. Two editions were apparently struck off in 1525—the first at Cologne, the second at Worms, and a third at Antwerp in 1526. Of the first, a fragment of thirty-one leaves in the Grenville Library is the only one known; of the second, a perfect copy except the title is in the Baptist Museum, Bristol; of the third no copy is known to exist. The earliest had a narrow escape from destruction before leaving the printers. Cochlæus tells us in his “History of Martin Luther,” that, whilst at Cologne superintending the printing of the works of Abbot Rupert, he had information that two Englishmen were bringing out a work that would convert all England to Lutheranism. By inviting the printers to his lodgings and plying them with wine, he extracted from them the intelligence that the book was the New Testament. He gave immediate information to one of the Cologne magistrates, and had the office searched. But Tyndal and his companions had taken the alarm, and carried off the sheets, which had been printed as far as signature K, the edition consisting of 3,000 copies. It had marginal notes and a prologue, the Cologne one containing the text only.

Hearing of these proceedings, the English bishops took immediate action, and subscribed among themselves to purchase as many copies as possible, especially of the Antwerp edition, Archbishop Warham being apparently the prime mover in the matter, though Tonstall, Bishop of London, was the means of its being carried out. The details will be found in Foxe. A large number of copies were secured, and on Shrove Sunday, 1527, there was a grand demonstration at St. Paul’s, and the offending volumes were solemnly committed to the flames, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, preaching the sermon on the occasion.

This burning is alluded to in a very scurrilous publication which appeared probably soon afterwards, though the date of its appearance is very uncertain, called

“Rede me and be not wrothe,
For I saye no thyng but trothe,”

† Pref. to Fasciculi zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wyclif cum tritico, in Rerum Britannicarum medii ævi Scriptores. (London: 1858.)

the authorship of which is usually attributed to W. Roye, a friar observant of the Franciscan order at Greenwich. It consists mainly of a ribald attack upon the "caytyfe" Wolsey, who spared neither pains nor expense to destroy the work. In 1546 a second edition, considerably altered, was published by Jerome, a friend of Roye, in which the abuse of the Cardinal was transferred to the Romish bishops in general. Perhaps not more than half a dozen copies of the original edition are in existence; one of these is in the Grenville Library in the British Museum.

In June 1530, the King took the first public notice of these translations, incited no doubt thereto by a memorial of the House of Commons which declared that the Acts against errors given by occasion of frantic seditious books compiled, published, and made in the English tongue were badly administered and required more strict laws to be made. Accordingly, he issued a proclamation, a copy of which was discovered some years ago in the Chapter House at Westminster, in which every person "whiche hath the new testament or the olde translated in to Englysshe, or any other boke of holy Scripture so translated, beyng in printe, or copied out of the bokes nowe being in printe," is commanded to give them up within fifteen days, "as he wyll avoide the Kynges high indignation and displeasure." Bishop Stokesley presided at the burning of the Bibles on this occasion.

The first version of the Bible "set forth wyth the Kynges most gracious licence" was that of Coverdale, but it soon was practically superseded by that issued by "Matthew" and revised by Cranmer, but based upon that of Tyndal. The question, however, about the version was finally settled by a proclamation, issued July 8, 1546, which orders that "no man, woman or person of what estate, condition, or degree soever they be, shall after the last day of August next ensuing receive, have, take, or keep in his or their possession the text of the New Testament of Tyndal's or *Coverdale's* translation in English, nor any other than is permitted by the Act of Parliament, made in the Session of Parliament holden at Westminster in the 34th and 35th year of his Majesty's most noble reign."

When the Scriptures were no longer interdicted, printers themselves began to supply only too satisfactory reasons why many of their editions should be suppressed. In the year 1631 in a Bible and Prayer Book printed by R. Barker and the assigns of John Bill, the word "not" was omitted in the seventh commandment. An omission of precisely the same character is to be found in a German Bible printed at Halle in 1731. This discovery led to a further examination of the edition, which Laud tells us brought to light not less than 1,000 mistakes in this and another edition of these printers. They were cited accordingly before the High Commission, fined £2,000 or £3,000, and the whole impression destroyed. Two copies, however, were known to the late Mr. G. Offer, one of which was about to be sent to America; another is in the Bodician.

A story told about Dr. Usher illustrates very forcibly the extent to which ignorant and inefficient men must have been employed in correcting the press. The Bishop of Armagh "one day hastening to preach at St. Paul's Cross, entered the house of one of the stationers, as booksellers were then called, and, inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and horror he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible! This gave the first occasion of complaint to the King of the insufferable negligence and incapacity of the London press, and, says the manuscript writer of this anecdote (Harl. MS., 6395), bred that great contest which followed between the University of Cambridge and the London stationers about the right of printing Bibles."

One cannot help contrasting this negligence with the care employed over that rare treasure, Coverdale's Bible of 1535, where the reader's attention is called to a "faute escaped in prynting the New Testament. Upon the fourth leafe the first syde in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew; 'seke ye first the kingdome of heaven,' read 'seke ye first the kingdome of God.'" A New Testament, however, a revision of that translation, printed by J. Nicholson in 1538, was found to be so full of errata that Coverdale ordered the

printer to recall as many copies as possible and destroy them. This edition consequently is a very rare one now.

The word "not" was again omitted in a pearl Bible, printed by Field in 1653; 1 Cor. vi. 9, reads "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God." Strange, indeed, must be the perversity that could take advantage of so manifest an error. Yet Kilburn, in a little book to be mentioned presently, declares, "This is the foundation of a damnable doctrine; for it hath been averred by a reverend Doctor of Divinity to several worthy persons that many libertines and licentious people did produce and urge this text from the authority of this corrupt Bible against his mild reproofs, in justification of their vicious and inordinate conversation." The printer was examined before the sub-committee for religion for the House of Commons, and acknowledged that he had printed off 2,000 copies. The committee, however, succeeded in securing no less than 7,900 copies. Another of Field's Bibles printed at Cambridge in 1638, contained a famous alteration of the original text. Acts vi. 3 was made to run thus, "whom ye may appoint." It was said that the Independents bribed the printers for the sum of £1,500 to make the alteration. The report, however, is most improbable, and appears to rest on no good authority. Of another edition printed in King Charles's time, Noye says in his "Defence of the Canon of the New Testament" (p. 86), that Psalm xiv. 1, was, "The fool hath said in his heart there is a God"; he adds that the printers were fined £3,000, and all the copies suppressed. An opposite error occurs in Dr. Conquest's edition of the Bible, with "20,000 emendations," (Lond. 1841), where Job v. 7 is, "Man is not born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

Kilburn had then only too many reasons for the pamphlet he published in 1659, entitled "Dangerous Errors in several late printed Bibles, to the great scandal and corruption of sacred and true religion." He describes it as "an animadversion to all good Christians of this Commonwealth, discovering among many thousands of others, some pernicious, erroneous, and corrupt erratas, es-

capés and faults, in small impressions, of the Holy Bible and Testament, within these late years, commonly vented and dispersed, to the great scandal of religion, but more especially in the impressions of Henry Hills and John Field." The suppression of the office of King's Printer led, he says, to the importation of impressions from abroad, which were so full of errors that in 1643 Parliament, at the instigation of the Assembly of Divines, destroyed all copies that could be obtained, and forbade all further importations. The assembly desired to find an English printer who would undertake the work; but no one ventured to do so, till Mr. Bentley, of Finsbury, brought out an impression in 1646. In 1655 Hills and Fields attempted to monopolize the printing "by abusing the authority of the State; but, by Kilburn's account, they were as grievous offenders as any others. After mentioning one of their editions, printed in 1655, which was seized and prohibited, he loses all grammatical propriety in speaking of an edition brought out the following year.

"I am confident, if the number of the impression was (as I am informed) 20,000 there were as many faults therein. . . . It is the worst of all the rest." The sale of this edition was prohibited by Parliament, but with little effect, as the petty chapmen managed to find customers for them at country fairs and markets.

Of English works committed to the flames before the invention of printing, we must allude, and that briefly, to only one instance, that of Reginald Peacock, the author of "Precursor," which Dean Milman characterizes as the greatest work, certainly the greatest theological work, which had yet appeared in English prose. In the Dean's "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," may be read the story, very graphically told, how "the greatest intellect of his age, the most powerful theologian in England, disgraced himself by miserable cowardice," in casting his voluminous works with his own hands into the fire.

On June 19, 1520, was issued the Papal bull for the destruction of all Luther's publications. Wolsey declined to enforce it in England, saying it gave him no power to do so; and there is little doubt but that if the Cardinal had been left to him-

self, none of the cruel proceedings which disgrace the reign of Henry VIII. would have been set on foot. It is in this point he contrasts so favourably with the Lord Chancellor. "With Wolsey," says Froude, "heresy was an error, with More it was a crime." A special request, however, from the Pope himself to have the bull published in England left him no longer free in the matter. A large number of books accordingly was secured; Wolsey goes in state to St. Paul's; the Bishop of Rochester, at the Pope's command, preaches against Luther, and denounces those who kept any of his writings, and there "were many burned in the said church-yard of the said books during the sermon."

Besides the Bibles which were prohibited by the proclamation already mentioned, which was issued in 1530, several other books were laid under similar penalties. Those mentioned by name are: "The Wicked Mammon," "The Obedience of a Christian Man," "The Supplication of Beggars," "The Revelation of Antichrist," and "The Summary of Scripture," which, "imprinted beyond ye see, do conteyne in them pestiferous errors and blasphemies, and for that cause shall from hensforth be reputed and taken of all men for books of heresie, and worthy to be dampned and put in perpetuall oblivion," "The Supplication of Beggars" was the production of Simon Fish, a student of Gray's Inn. Soon after entering, an interlude was performed, written by a member of the Inn, Mr. Roo or Roe. In it there was a considerable amount of abuse of Cardinal Wolsey, and no one else venturing to play the character to which the abuse was assigned, Fish professed himself ready to do so. That night the Cardinal attempted to apprehend him, but Fish escaped to Germany, where he fell in with Tyndal. It seems to have been soon after this that he wrote the book. The British Museum possesses a unique copy of what is probably the first edition. Of the other works mentioned, "The Summary of Scripture" was a translation by Fish from the German. "The Wicked Mammon" and "The Obedience of a Christian Man" were by Tyndal. Another of Tyndal's publi-

cations was "The Practyse of Prelats;" whether the Kynges Grace may be separated from hys Queene because she was hys brothers wyfe;" 1546. It is often mentioned by Foxe among the books that were forbidden under heavy penalties to be read or possessed. Frith's writings, too, by which Cranmer is said to have been converted, were among the prohibited books.

In 1546, in the proclamation already mentioned, came the sweeping order that no person whatever should possess "any manner of booke, printed or written in the English tongue, which shall be set forth in the names of Frith, Tyndal, Wyclif, Joy, Roye, Basil, Bale, Barnes, Coverdale, Turner, Tracy, or by any of them; or any other booke or bookes containing matter contrary to the Act made in the year 34 or 35." All such books are to be delivered to the bishop, chancellor, commissary, or sheriff, who shall cause them incontinently to be burnt. The extent to which this order was carried out may be inferred from the fact that four treatises attributed (but erroneously) to Wyclif, printed by R. Redman, in 1527—1532, fetched at Mr. James Dix's sale, in February last, not less than £100 a-piece. In each case the copy was presumed to be unique. The treatises are really parts of a book, a more perfect copy of which is to be found in the Lambeth Library.

A vast number of curious books perished in consequence of "An Act for the abolishing and putting awaie of diverse books and images," passed 3rd and 4th Edward VI.

"The Booke of Common Prayer having been set forth, it is enacted that "All bookes called antiphoners, myssales, scrayles, processionales manuelles, legends, pyes, portuyses, pryman in Lattyn or Inglish, cowchers, iournales, ordinales, or other bookes or writings whatsoever, heretofore used for service of the churche, written or prynted in the Inglish or Lattyn tongue shall be . . . clerelie and utterlie abolished, extinguished, and forbidden for ever to be used or kepte in this realme or elleswhere within any of the King's dominions. Persons in possession of such books are immediately to give them up to the authorities, who within three months are to deliver them to the archbishop or bishop of the diocese, to be openly brent or otherwayes defaced and destroyed." Persons found with such books in their possession after the time specified are, for

the first offence, to pay a fine of twenty shillings, for the second, four pounds, and for the third, to be imprisoned at the King's will. If the civil or ecclesiastical authorities fail to carry out their instructions within forty days, they are to be fined £40.

"Provyded always and be it enacted by thautoritie aforesaide, that any persons or persons may use, kepe, have, and retere any prymarys in the Englishe or Lattyn tongue, set forth by the late Kinge of famous memorie, Kinge Henrie theight, so that the sentences of invocation or prayer to saintes in the same prymarys be blotted or clerelye put out of the same, anie thinge in this Act to the contrarye notwithstandinge."

Hearne believed that the King, if he had lived, would have repented of this extravagant Act, and lays the blame of it on Cranmer.

Only three proclamations were issued by Queen Mary against books; the first of August 18, 1553, which, amongst other things, forbade the *public* reading and interpreting of the Scriptures; the second, June 13, 1555; and the third, June 6, 1558. With reference to the second, in which twenty-three authors are denounced by name, twelve foreign and eleven English, Strype tells us that the occasion of it was a book sent from abroad, called "A warning for England," which put Englishmen on their guard against Spain, and gave information of a plan that was on foot for regaining possession of the lands formerly belonging to monasteries. And, with regard to the last, he gives the following explanation:—*

"There was one booke indeed that came out this year, which the proclamation might have a particular eye to, viz., Christopher Goodman's booke. It was entituled 'How superior powers ought to be obeyed of their subjects, and wherein they may lawfully by God's law be disobeyed and resisted; wherein is declared the cause of all the present misery in England, and the only way to remedy the same. Printed at Geneva by John Crispin, mdlviii.' The preface is writ by Will Whittingham, then also at Geneva. Though a little booke in decimo-sexto, it is full of bitterness, and encourageth to take up arms against Queen Mary, and to dethrone her: and that upon this reason among others, because it is not lawfull for women to reign. As it had Whittingham's preface at the beginning of it, so had it William Kethe, another divine at Geneva, his approbation in verse at the end, which verses will show the intent of the booke."

Then follow four verses, the third of which will be enough to quote here:—

"A public weal, wretched and too far disgraced,
Where the right head is of cut and a wrong instead placed:

A brute beast untamed, a misbegotten,
More meet to be ruled than rule among men.

"Such treatment of the Queen as this was, did, no question, irritate her much, and provoke her to issue out such angry declarations of her mind and resolutions of taking vengeance of all such-like book writers and book-readers."

The proclamation was, indeed, a very strong one; it commands all wicked and seditious books to be delivered up *on pain of death*, without delay, by martial law.

We come now to the reign of Elizabeth, when several works on various subjects were very summarily dealt with. The first we will mention was on a subject that caused great anxiety during this reign, that of the succession. The doubtful legitimacy of the Queen herself, the testamentary dispositions of Henry VIII. in favour of the children of his younger sister Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, and the claims of Mary, Queen of Scots, as the representative of the King's elder sister Margaret, all concurred to render the question of the future descent of the Crown a subject of most perilous import to those who ventured to discuss it.

One person, however, John Hales, Clerk of the Hanaper, published a book in 1563, entitled "A declaration of the succession of the crown of England," in support of the marriage and the claims of Lord Hertford's children by the Lady Catherine Grey. The Queen was so angry at its appearance that the author was committed to the Tower, and Bacon himself, the Lord Keeper, who was suspected of having a hand in its appearance fell considerably in his mistress's favour.

In 1594, seven years after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, appeared "A conference about the next Succession to the crowne of England, published by R. Doleman. Imprinted at N. with license." This work supported the claims of Lord Hertford's second son, or the children of the Countess of Derby, amongst English persons; or, if these are set aside, "of any one foreyne Prince that pretendeth, the Infanta of Spain is likest to bear it away." The authors of the book were R. Parsons the Jesuit,

Cardinal Allen, and Sir Francis Englefield. The unfortunate printer is said to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered; and the book itself so rigorously suppressed, that it was made high treason to possess a copy of it. Herbert, however, contradicts this last assertion. It made little difference, however, which side in the controversy any author might take; the fact of his daring to express his sentiments on the point was a sufficient reason for his being told to hold his tongue. Accordingly, when in 1593, Peter Wentworth published "A pithie exhortation to her Majesty for establishing her successor to the crown; where unto is added a discourse containing the author's opinion of the true and lawful successor to her Majesty," he soon had reason to lament his audacity. A printed slip in the Grenville copy of his book informs us "Doleman's objections to the succession of James I., were ably refuted in this volume, and the claims of the Scottish King set forth by sound argument; yet for daring to advise his Sovereign, the author was committed to the Tower, where he shortly afterwards died, and his book ordered to be burnt by the hangman." This last assertion is, we shall see presently, somewhat questionable.

Whether Elizabeth was ever really in earnest in any of her numerous love affairs, it is impossible to say; but perhaps her first admirer, Thomas Seymour, did succeed in gaining her affections; and it seems hard to believe but that the Earl of Leicester had ample reason for supposing his passion to be returned. There can be no question, however, about her unqueenly behaviour towards some of her suitors, particularly the Archduke Charles in 1564; or again still more unpardonably, the young Duke of Anjou in 1579, when she was forty-six years old. The general belief that this marriage would take place roused some vehement feelings, which found expression in a book by John Stubbes, "The discovery of a gaping gulf whereinto England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the Banes, by letting Her Majesty see the sin and punishment thereof." Hallam assures us that the book was "very far from a viru-

lent libel, and written with great affection." If so the author was very unfortunate in the choice of his title. On the 27th of September appeared the proclamation for its suppression, where it is described as a "fardell of false reportes, suggestions, and manifest lies;" and directions are given that it should be destroyed "in open sight of some publique officer." The author himself, and Page the distributor, were brought into the market-place at Westminster, and there had their right hands cut off with a butcher's knife and a mallet. Stubbes took off his cap with his left hand and cried, "Long live Queen Elizabeth." On October 5, 1579, a circular was prepared by the Council to give notice to the clergy and others that the seditious suggestions set forth in Stubbes's book were without foundation, and that special noted preachers should declare the same to the people. Eleven copies of this circular are in the State Paper Office unfinished, some signed, others not fully signed, and some not signed at all; from which it would appear that none were sent, and that the matter dropped.

Sometime before this, on February 25, 1570, Pope Sixtus V. issued his famous Bull against Queen Elizabeth, a copy of which was nailed on the door of the Bishop of London on May 15. The Pope describes her as a bastard and usurper, the persecutor of God's saints, and declares that it would be an act of virtue, to be repaid with plenary indulgence and forgiveness of all sins, to lay violent hands on her and deliver her into the hands of her enemies. Philip of Spain is the rightful King of England, the Defender of the Faith: he is the head of the league formed for her destruction, and Alexander Duke of Parma is commander-in-chief. The Bull was translated into English, and printed in large numbers at Antwerp. At the same time, Dr. Allen, just made a Cardinal, whom the Queen describes as a "lewd-born subject of ours, now become an arche traitor," wrote a pamphlet, which she characterizes as a "vile, slanderous, and blasphemous book, containing as many lies as lines," under the direction of the Duke of Parma. This pamphlet was translated into English, and a large edition printed for dis-

tribution in England, when the enemy should set foot in it. It was entitled "An Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland concerning the present Wares, made for the execution of His Holines Sentence by the highe and mightie King Catholike of Spain." "The 'Admonition,'" says Mr. Motley, "accused the Queen of every crime and vice that can pollute humanity, and it was filled with foul details unfit for the public eye in these more decent days." A copy of this very rare work is in the Grenville Library."

Along with these was prepared a broadside for yet wider distribution. It was to have been posted up in every conspicuous place if the Armada had been successful. The heading was: "A Declaration of the Sentence and Deposition of Elizabeth the Usurper and pretended Queene of England." R. Parsons is supposed to have been the author of it. On the failure of the expedition the broadside was so studiously suppressed, that its very existence has been questioned. Two copies, however, at least have come down to us—one sold at the sale of Canon Tierney's library in 1862, when it fetched the sum of £31, the other is in the Bodleian at Oxford. It will be found printed at length in the Canon's edition of Dodd's "Church History," vol. iii. At the time when these libels were being prepared for distribution, Elizabeth was in negotiation with the Duke of Parma. The Queen naturally requests her Commissioners to inquire of the Duke concerning these publications. The Duke had the effrontery to declare that he knew nothing either of the Bull or the Admonition. At that very time there was lying in his cabinet a letter, received a fortnight before from the King of Spain, thanking him for having had the Cardinal's letter translated at Antwerp.

In 1578 appeared another book which caused a great sensation. This was "A Treatise of Schisme, shewing that all Catholikes ought in any wise to abstaine altogether from heretical Conventicles:" printed at Douay, and written by Gregory Martin, afterwards Professor of Divinity at the English College at Rome. It gave great offence to the Queen and her Ministers, and very naturally, for it invites

the ladies about the Queen's person to imitate the example of Judith, in ridding the world of "Holofernes." Though printed in 1578, it was not till 1584 that measures were taken concerning it. A copy had been sent by Cardinal Allen to Carter the printer, for a new edition. That very copy, wanting the title-page, is now in the Bodleian. The impression was seized, and Carter himself arraigned at the Old Bailey for printing it, and the next day hanged at Tyburn.

Among the many sects which troubled the Church of England in those days was that of the Brownists, whom Dr. Hook regards as the original Independents. Their founder, Robert Brown, of C.C.C., Cambridge, came back from a journey to Zealand so convinced of the Popish tendencies of the Church of England, as to declare there was nothing of Christ left in her discipline. The books and pamphlets in which his doctrines were set forth were prohibited by a proclamation, issued October, 1584; and there is little doubt but that he would have shared the fate of two of his disciples, who were hanged at Bury St. Edmunds for distributing these suppressed publications, had he not been, fortunatety for himself, a relation of Lord Burleigh.

Another sect which fell under the Queen's displeasure was the Family of Love. The original founder of this ancient Agapemone was a Dutch Anabaptist, born at Delft, called David George; but the person who gave it its definite form and character was Henry Nicholas, or Nicolai, a native, as some say, of Munster, and others of Amsterdam, who resided for some time in London in the reign of Edward VI. His pretensions were quite as blasphemous as his master's. He gave out that he could "no more erre or mistake the right than Moyses, the prophets, or Christe and his Apostles, and that his books were of equal authority with Holy Scripture itself. Moses, he said, taught mankind to hope, Christ to believe, but he to love, which last being of more worth than both the former, he was consequently greater than both those prophets." Attention had been called to their teaching in a book by I. Rogers, published in 1572, called "The Displaying of an horrible Secte of

grosse and wicked Heretiques, naming themselves the Family of Love;" and again by two authors in 1579, W. Wilkinson and I. Knewstubb.

Little notice, however, was taken of them till 1580, although in 1575 they had applied to Parliament for toleration, and accompanied their application with a "confession of faith,"—a curious document, no doubt, which we hope may be discovered by the Historical Commission. What answer was returned to their appeal we cannot tell, but five years afterwards a proclamation was issued against them, which, if the description given of them therein was at all just, was certainly not uncalled for. They are charged with teaching "damnable heresies, directly contrary to divers of the principal articles of our belief and Christian faith," and that "as many as shall be allowed by them to be of that family to be elect and saved, and all others, of what church soever they be, to be rejected and damned." A still more serious charge is "that those Sectarians hold opinion that they may, before any magistrate, ecclesiastical or temporal, or any other person, not being professed to be of their sect, by oath, or otherwise, deny anything for their advantage." Accordingly, orders are given to proceed severely against all such persons, and also that "search be made in all places suspected for the books and writings maintaining the said heresies and sects, that they may be destroyed and burnt." Some of these books are specially mentioned, "the author whereof they name H. N., without yielding to him, upon their examination, any other name," "Evangelium Regni or the Joyful Message of the Kingdom," reprinted by sentences in Knewstubb's book, which he answers one by one, "Documentall Sentences," "The Prophesie of the Spirit of Love," and "A Publishing of the Peace upon Earth." Rogers mentions eleven works of Nicolas which he had seen besides two others, he had not been able to get a sight of. In 1604 they made an attempt at clearing themselves in a petition to James I., in which they ask the King to read their books and judge for himself, and by no means to confound them with the disobedient Puritans, "whose malice has for twenty-five years,

and upwards, with many untrue suggestions and most foul errors and odious crimes, sought our overthrow and destruction." As far as public opinion went, the petition met with but poor success. Fuller, in whose time they went by the name of Ranters, is mightily amused at their anxiety to be separated from the Puritans, "though these Familists could not be so desirous to leave them as the others were glad to be left by them." One of the latest accounts of them will be found in the third volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*.

The ecclesiastical government of the Church of England was a subject of long and bitter controversy. In 1571 there was published a tract in duodecimo called "An Admonition to Parliament." It had no title-page and was no doubt printed at a private press. At the end of the second address to the Christian reader are "reasons which made us the authors of these treatises, to kepe back our names, and also to suppress the name of the printer of them." The authors were most probably the Puritan divines John Field and Thomas Willcox. The tract was frequently reprinted, and in 1572 Field and Willcox presented a copy to the House of Commons, and were immediately committed to Newgate. The original tract is of great rarity owing to a proclamation issued June 11, 1573, in which the admonition itself and "one other also in defence of the sayde admonition," are commanded to be delivered up "on payne of imprysonment and her highnesse further displeasure."

Of the controversial publications, however, of the time of Elizabeth, none are more famous than the series of tracts known by the name of the Martin Marprelate tracts. They need only to be alluded to very shortly here, as we have a very complete history of them in the work of Mr. Maskell. The list given by him comprises, including certain replies, eighteen different publications, all now of great, some of excessive rarity. On February 13, 1589, the Queen issued a proclamation against seditious books; and one person, John Penry, was arrested as being concerned in their publication, under a constrained interpretation of the Act passed a few years before

(anno 22 Eliz. c. 2). which made the publication of seditious libels against the Queen's government a capital felony. Nothing, however, could be proved against him, and after a month's detention he was discharged. Who were the real authors will perhaps never be ascertained, though the late Mr. Peterham, thought he had a clue to their discovery, which, however, as far as we know, he never made public. Mr. Maskell tells us they have usually been attributed to Penry, Throgmorton, Udal, and Fenner; but he confesses that after all his enquiries the question remains as obscure as before, and thinks that it is very far from clear that either one of these last named was actually concerned in the authorship of any of the pamphlets. Udal before the Star Chamber declared himself fully persuaded that they were not written by any Puritan minister, "I think," he says, "there is never a minister in this land that doth know who Martin is. And I for my part have been inquisitive, but I never could learn who he is." Udal, indeed, could hardly have had a hand in any of the tracts except the earliest. In 1588 he had published anonymously a book called "A demonstration of the truth of that discipline which Christ has prescribed in his Worde for the government of his Church in all times and places until the world's end." He was cited before the Star Chamber on the charge that "he not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being stirred up by the instigation and motion of the devil, did maliciously publish a slanderous and infamous libel against the Queen's majesty, her crown and dignity." The evidence of his authorship was not very strong, but his judges attempted in every possible way to make him criminate himself. Time after time he was asked "Did you make the book, Udal, yea or no?" Imperfect, however, as was the evidence he was condemned to be hanged, and probably would have been but for the intercession that King James of Scotland made for him with the Queen. Meantime through the earnest solicitations of his friends, he was induced to express his sorrow that he had given her Majesty such deep and just occasion for displeasure. His pardon was to have been

granted, and he himself had arranged with some Turkey merchants to go to Guinea. But for some reason or other the ships had to go without him and he ended his days in the White Lion Prison in 1592.

It was in the time of the Stuarts that the "Doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings" attained the most extravagant development. In 1607 a book was published at Cambridge which roused in some quarters very intense indignation. This was Dr. Cowel's "Law Dictionary, or the interpreter of words and terms used either in Common or Statute Law of this realm," written, it was believed, at the request of Archbishop Bancroft. In this work it is declared that the King is not bound by the laws of the realm; he could pass what decrees he liked without consulting Parliament; if he asked their consent in matters of finance, it was as a favour not as a right. "Though at his coronation he took an oath not to alter the laws of the land, yet, this oath notwithstanding, he may alter or suspend any particular law that seemeth hurtful to the public estate." No wonder it found favour in the eyes of James, but it roused the jealousy of Parliament and it was censured in both Houses. The King, seeing how intense the feeling was, did not dare to interfere. The author was imprisoned though only for a short time, and the King had to issue a proclamation for the suppression of the book, which was committed to the flames, "for which the Commons returned thanks with great joy at their victory." In the proclamation the King complains that "from the very highest mysteries of the Godhead and the most inscrutable councils in the Trinitie to the very lowest pit of Hell and the confused actions of the divells there, there is nothing now unsearched into by the curiositie of men's braines;" and that as "these men sit with God in His most privie closet," so "it is no wonder that they do not spare to wade in all the deepest mysteries that belong to the persons or the state of Kinges and Princes, that are gods upon earth." The proclamation ends with a clause of considerable importance: "For better oversight of books of all sortes before they come to the presse, we have resolved to make choice of commissioners

that shall looke more narrowly into the nature of all those things that shall be put to the presse, either concerning our government, or the lawes of our Kingdom."

Whatever hopes the Puritans may have been induced to indulge in of advantage to themselves from the Hampton Court Conference must have been unpleasantly dissipated when that mock conference actually commenced. The King had been "brought up among Puritans, not the learnedest men in the world, and schooled by them;" but his want of sympathy with their doctrines was unmistakably shown in the rude and unfair manner in which he treated their arguments. James's theology, however, was, after all, except on the point of Conformity, of a very uncertain description, and it veered capriciously between "High and Low" Church opinions. In 1617, Mr. Sympson, Fellow of Trin. Coll., Cambridge, was obliged to recant certain statements he had made in a sermon preached before the King, which advocated Arminian views; and that very same year, Dr. Mocket's treatise, "*Doctrina et politia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*," fell under censure, because it favoured the Calvinists. Dr. Mocket's intention was to give foreign churches a fair notion of the doctrines of the English Church; and for that purpose he had translated the Prayer Book into Latin, adding Jewel's Apology and Nowell's Catechism. But in his translation of the Articles he had omitted the latter part, which sets forth the power of the Church in rites and ceremonies and in controversies of faith. Besides this, instead of printing the Homilies at length, he had given an abbreviation of them, not fairly representing the opinions of this Church; and, moreover, in a treatise of his own, he had not given the See of Winchester precedence over all others, next to London, but only over those whose bishops were not privy councillors. Dr. Montagu, Bishop of Winchester, was at that time on bad terms with Archbishop Abbot, whose chaplain Dr. Mocket was; the King was appealed to; and the result was a public edict by which the book was ordered to be burnt. "Truly," says Mr. Perry, "in those days the gift of composition was a dangerous

one; even to write without intent to preach (as Mr. Peachman did), might forfeit a man's life; to preach Arminianism was a crime in one place, to advocate Calvinism a heresy in another." The part James took with respect to the Synod of Dort, which was held in 1618, shows us the King in a Calvinistic mood; but the decided line Archbishop Abbot took with regard to the support of the King's son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, in his claim to the crown of Bohemia, threw the King's influence in the opposite direction. This was strongly shown in 1624, in the case of the future Bishop of Winchester, then Rector of Stamford Rivers. Finding that certain Jesuits had been very busy in his parish, "he left in one of the houses certain propositions written down, together with an offer that, if they would convince him in any one of them, he would become a convert." They replied by sending him a pamphlet, entitled "A Gag for the new Gospel." Montagu, however, showed himself more than a match for them in his answer, which he called "A Gagg for the new Gospel? No, A Gagg for an old Goose, who would needs undertake to stop all Protestant mouths for ever with 276 places out of their owne English Bibles." In it Montagu proved that several Calvinistic doctrines with which the Church of England was charged were no part of her teaching. Two lecturers at Ipswich, Yates, and Ward, set to work to examine the book, and made out a list of statements which they said favoured Popery and Arminianism, and laid them before Parliament. Montagu, knowing how little he had to expect from their tender mercies, applied to the King, who promised to protect him. Meanwhile he was urged to write another book defending his opinions, which he accordingly did in his "*Appello Cæsarem*: a just appeale from two unjust informers." Before the edition could be printed off the King died. On Charles's accession, the House of Commons proceeded to take steps against the Doctor for his new publication. He was summoned to the bar of the House, committed to the custody of the Serjeant, and afterwards admitted to bail in the amount of £2,000. Though the King now interfered, the matter was not allowed to drop, and it was only through the

hasty dissolution of the Oxford Parliament that he was unmolested. But in the next session the book was referred to by, what appears for the first time in the proceedings of the House of Commons, the Committee of Religion. The issue was that the House prayed the King, "that the said Richard Montagu may be punished according to his demerits, in such exemplary manner as may deter others from attempting so presumptuously to disturb the peace of the Church and State, and that the books aforesaid may be suppressed and burnt." It was not, however, till January 14, 1628, that the proclamation for its suppression was issued; what it really amounted to may be gathered from the fact that on August 24 of that year Montagu was consecrated Bishop of Winchester.

In the previous year, Dr. Mainwaring, one of the King's chaplains, had got into trouble for some sermons he had preached before the King, the sermons being afterwards printed by the King's permission. In these the opinions of Dr. Cowel, alluded to, were very strongly reproduced. After a censure by the House of Commons, the author was impeached before the House of Lords, who gave judgment:

1. That Dr. Mainwaring shall be imprisoned during the pleasure of the House;
2. That he be fined £1,000 to the King;
3. That he shall make such submission and acknowledgment of his offences as shall be set down by a committee in writing both at the bar and in the House of Commons;
4. That he shall be suspended three years from the exercise of his ministry;
5. That he shall hereafter be disabled from any ecclesiastical dignity;
6. That he shall be for ever disabled to preach at the Court hereafter;
- and 7. That his Majesty be moved to grant a proclamation for the calling in of his books, that they may be burnt in London and both Universities. The King accordingly issues a proclamation, in which he declares that the Doctor had "drawn upon himself the just censure and sentence of the high Court of Parliament." Mainwaring himself made a most abject apology to the House, and after the session was over, the fine was remitted, the Doctor himself released from prison, two livings given him, and in 1636 he became Bishop of St. David's.

"The disputes which agitated the Church in the times of Elizabeth were at first, in many instances, unpardonably foolish and trifling. Taking as indulgent a view as we can of the Puritans of her time it cannot be denied that they are eminently provoking. That sober and pious men should think themselves justified in convulsing, worrying, and distracting the young Church struggling towards maturity and strength amidst the greatest obstacles, on the miserable question of church vestments, or the insignificant matter of the use of the cross in baptism, seems to show a sufficiently bitter and litigious spirit, and with this, in fact, the Puritan clergy are justly chargeable. They fought factiously and they fought unfairly. They were most loud and troublesome when there was the greatest danger from the Papist and the Spaniard, and they suddenly assumed a quieter tone when the power of the foreign foe was broken."

One of their great objects was the overthrow of the Bishops, but even here, the ground they occupied at the beginning was shifted entirely as the dispute went on. "They first desired only to shake down the leaves of Episcopacy," says Fuller, "misliking only some garments about them; then they came to strike at the branches, and last of all they did lay their axe unto the root of the tree." By the time of Charles I. opinions had grown still further embittered, and it is in that reign that we find the severest examples of punishment incurred for any publications that reflected upon the third order of the ministry. In 1628 there appeared a very scurrilous work by a Scotch doctor of physic and divinity, Alexander Leighton, father of the Archbishop, entitled "An Appeal to the Parliament; or Sion's Plea against the Prelacie." Printed the year and month in which Rochell was lost." He calls bishops men of blood, ravens, and magpies; he declares the institution of Episcopacy to be anti-Christian and satanical; the Queen is a daughter of Heth, and the King is corrupted by bishops to the undoing of himself and people; and he approves of the murder of Buckingham. Language such as this could hardly have been passed over unnoticed. But it was not till June 4, 1630, that the author was brought before the Star Chamber. There was no difficulty in pronouncing him guilty of seditious and scandalous writings; and he was sentenced to a terrible and barbarous punishment. Besides a fine of £10,000 and degradation from the ministry, he was publicly whipped in Palace Yard,

made to stand two hours in the pillory; one ear was cut off, a nostril slit open, and one of his cheeks branded with the letters S. S. (Sower of Sedition). After this he was sent off to the Fleet Prison. At the end of a week, "being not yet cured," he was brought out again, underwent a second whipping, and a repetition of the former atrocities, and was then consigned to prison for life, where he actually spent eleven years. In April, 1641, his sentence was reversed by the House of Commons, and he received such consolation as it could afford him, when it was decided that his former mutilation and imprisonment had been entirely illegal.

There are few men whom a *cacoethes scribendi* ever brought into such trouble as William Prynne, "utter barrister of Lincoln's Inn." Of his publications, nearly 200 in number, the first appeared in 1627, entitled "The perpetuity of a regenerate man's estate, against the Saint's total and final Apostasy." In the following year, besides other works, he published "A brief survey and censure of Mr. Cozens, his couzening devotions." The burning of these two books by command of the High Commission Court is one of the charges Michael Sparkes brings against Archbishop Laud on his trial. "But," writes the Archbishop in the "History of his Troubles," "he does not say absolutely burnt, but 'as he is informed,' and he may be informed amiss." There is no doubt, however, about the treatment of another of his publications, which appeared in the early part of 1633. This was "The Histriomastix, the player's scourge or actor's tragedies," a book which, as we shall see presently, appears to have had the distinction of being the first publication burnt in England by the hands of the common hangman. Prynne showed no little courage in publishing this book at a time when the Court was not only very much addicted to dramatic representations, but had such easy means at hand for suppressing seditious and treasonable publications. Much, however, might have been overlooked in Prynne's book had he not spoken in such unmeasured terms of "women actors." This was interpreted into a special attack upon the Queen, who had herself taken

part in the performance of a pastoral at Somerset House. True, the book had been published at least six weeks before, but there was rank treason in it for all that, and Prynne accordingly was cited before the Star Chamber in February, 1633, together with Michael Sparkes the printer, and W. Buckner, the licenser of the obnoxious book. It was no use for Prynne to say through his counsel, Hem — afterwards employed in the defence of Laud — that he was heartily sorry for the strong language he had employed; the judges vied with each other in condemning him to the most extreme penalties they could inflict. The Earl of Dorset was the most vehement, but it will be enough to quote the judgment of Lord Cottington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"I do in the first place begin censure with his book. I condemn it to be burnt in the most public manner that can be. The manner in other countries is (where such books are) to be burnt by the hangman, though not used in England (yet I wish it may in respect of the strangeness and heinousness of the matter contained in it) to have a strange manner of burning, and therefore I shall desire it may be so burnt by the hand of the hangman.

"If it may agree with the Court, I do adjudge Mr Prynne to be put from the Bar, and to be for ever incapable of his profession. I do adjudge him, my Lords, that the Society of Lincoln's Inn do put him out of the Society; and because he had his offspring from Oxford (now with a low voice said the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'I am sorry that ever Oxford bred such an evil member!'), there to be degraded. And I do condemn Mr. Prynne to stand in the pillory in two places, in Westminster and in Cheapside, and that he shall lose both his ears, one in each place, and with a paper on his head declaring how foul an offence it is, viz., that it is for an infamous libel against both their Majesties' State and Government. And lastly (nay, not lastly,) I do condemn him in 5,000l. fine to the King. And lastly, perpetual imprisonment."

Buckner, who had been domestic chaplain to Abbot the Puritanical Archbishop of Canterbury, was to be fined 500l.; Sparkes 500l., and to stand at the pillory, "without touching of his ears," in St. Paul's Churchyard. "It is a consecrated place," saith the Archbishop of Canterbury. "I cry your Grace's mercy," said my Lord, "then let it be in Cheapside."

Prynne's sufferings by no means ended here. On the 14th of June, 1637, we find

him a second time before the Star Chamber, this time in company with Dr. J. Bastwick and H. Burton, "for writing and publishing seditious, schismatical, and libellous books against the hierarchy of the Church." Bastwick, though he called himself M.D. apparently without any claim to the title, seems to have had few if any patients, and tried literature. He had his book printed in Leyden in 1624, and its title was "Elenchus religionis Papisticæ, in quo probatur neque Apostolicam, neque Catholicam, neque Romanam esse." It was written in answer to a book by Richard Short, which defended the Papal supremacy, the doctrine of the mass, and the Romish religion in general. In the year 1635, at the request of a friend, he published an epitome of this book, called "Flagellum Pontificis et Episcoporum Latialium." "Though professing to be directed against the Church of Rome, 'tis more than manifest," Laud says, "that it was purposely written and divulged against the Bishops and Church of England." For this he was cited before the High Commission Court when thirty-seven articles were charged against him. He was acquitted of all the charges except one, and that was his maintaining bishops and priests to be the same order of ministers, or, as he expressed it himself, "Impingitur horrendum crimen quod infulus et apicibus jus divinum negaverim, quod Episcopi et Presbyteri paritatem asseruerim." For this he was condemned to pay a fine of 1,000*l.*, to be excommunicated, to be debarred from the practice of his profession, his book to be burnt, and he himself to pay the costs and remain in prison till he recanted; and that is," he says, "till domesday in the afternoone." Whilst in the Gate House he published, in 1636, another book called "*Πράξεις τῶν ἐπισκόπων*: sive Apologeticus ad præsules Anglicanos criminum Ecclesiasticorum in Curia Celsæ Commissionis," written, he tells us in the petition he afterwards presented to the House of Commons, in answer to a book by Thomas Chowney, a Sussexgentleman, who maintained that the Church of Rome was a true church, and had not erred in fundamentals. The year following appeared a far more infamous book entitled "The Letany of John Bastwick, being now full of devotion as well

as in respect of the common calamities of plague and pestilence, as also of his own particular miserie: lying at this instant in Limbo patrum. Printed by the speciall procurement and for the especiall use of our English prelates in the yeare of Remembrance Anno 1637." At first it was only shown to a few friends in manuscript, but afterwards it came to be printed in this way. John Lilburne, afterwards a lieutenant-colonel in the Parliamentary army, and who behaved with such gallantry at Marston Moor, got introduced to Dr. Bastwick in 1637, and was so much pleased at hearing the Letany, that having a little ready money at command, he undertook to get it printed in Holland. Bastwick was at first opposed to this, as he distrusted a friend of Lilburne's who would have to assist in disposing of the impressions. His scruples, however, were overcome, and the Letany, together with another libellous publication, entitled "Answers to the Information of Sir John Banks, Kt., Attorney Universall," committed to the press. The first edition realized a handsome profit; but now Laud got scent of the publication, laid hold upon the disperser, and made him confess who the main culprit in the business was. Accordingly when Lilburne landed with another impression, he was seized along with his cargo, and the books burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

H. Burton, B.D., was the incumbent of St. Matthew's, Friday Street, the church in which Pepys tells us of a disturbance in his time; "a great many young people knotting together and crying Porridge, often and seditiously in the church; and they took the Common Prayer Book, they say, away, and some say did tear it." Burton had been clerk of the closet to Prince Henry, and afterwards to Prince Charles; a position in which he was not continued when Charles became King. In this bitter disappointment we find an obvious explanation of his appearing in the company of such men as Bastwick and Prynne." The book which brought him into trouble was "An apology for an appeal to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, with 2 Sermons for God and the King, preached on the 5th of November last [1636]." Another of the libels complained of was mainly, if not altogether, from his

hand. This was "The Divine Tragedy recording God's fearful judgments against Sabbath breakers;" a book directed against Noye, the Attorney-General, who, it was made out, was visited with a judgment from heaven whilst laughing at Prynne as he stood in the pillory. These two books of Burton's, two of Bastwick's, the "Apologeticus," and the "Letany," and a fifth called "News from Ipswich," were the libels which were proceeded against. Laud, however, tells us that the book for which they were sentenced was one written by Burton, and printed and sent by himself to the Lords sitting in Council, entitled "A letter to the true-hearted nobility." Prynne, so far as the evidence went, had not been guilty of any fresh offence; for the Court was not aware that he was really the author of the "News from Ipswich," which had been published under the name of W. White. But there is little doubt that he was really answerable for the contents of the libels, and that Laud's account is substantially correct, when he says that Prynne "makes Burton and Bastwick utter law, which God knows they understand not; for I doubt his pen is in all their pamphlets." Of course the three men were found guilty. Lord Cottington's sentence was that they should lose their ears in the Palace Yard at Westminster, be fined 5,000*l.*, and imprisoned for life in three remote places of the kingdom. Lord Finch suggested, in addition to this, that Prynne should be branded on the cheek with two letters (S.L.), for seditious libeller. "To which all the Lords agreed, and so the Lord Keeper concluded the censure."

The Puritans by no means neglected the cheap and easy way of answering an adversary by burning his books. It was, perhaps, of very little consequence that such effusions as Coppe's "Fiery Flying Roll," or Lawrence Clarkson's "Single Eye," or "The accuser shamed, or a pair of bellows to blow off that dust cast upon John Fry, a member of Parliament, by Col. John Downes, likewise a member of Parliament," or Lilburne's "Just reproof of Haberdasher's Hall," were consigned to the tender mercies of the common hangman. But we suspect there were few books they so congratulated themselves on committing to the flames as the King's

"Book of Sports." This ill-judged publication was issued by King James in 1618, on the advice of Morton, Bishop of Chester, and was intended in the first instance for the good people of Lancashire, among whom the King had lately been on progress, and who had shocked him by their Puritannical observance of Sundays. Accordingly he recommends them after divine service to devote themselves to dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsun-ales, Morris-dances, and such like. The baiting of animals, interludes, and especially that which was "prohibited at all times to the meaner sort of people—bowling," were forbidden. Some improvement was afterwards introduced by the restrictions that "people should have no liberty for recreation till after evening prayer; and the non-recusant, who came not to morning and evening prayers, should be incapable of such His Royall indulgence at all." Though specially addressed to Lancashire, the book was directed to be read in all churches throughout England. We can easily imagine what consternation this caused to a considerable number of James's subjects, and how Archbishop Abbot, who was staying at Croydon, felt it his duty to forbid its being read in that church. One book at least was published in answer to the Declaration by John Trask, in which Sabbatarian views of the most extreme kind were advocated. For this publication the author was set in the pillory at Westminster, and whipt to the Fleet, and then imprisoned.

The excitement was renewed in 1633 when Charles re-issued the Declaration:—

"That it was impolitic and dangerous to publish the 'Book of Sports' is doubtless true, but that, under the circumstances of the case, it was almost necessary for the King and his advisers to do this, or abandon their own opinions, is perhaps also capable of proof. It must be remembered that the King and the High Church party were not the movers in the matter. The judges had taken it upon themselves to forbid the celebration of the village feasts or wakes on the Sunday, and had ordered most unwarrantably the clergy to publish their decrees in the time of service. This was as direct and distinct an invasion of ecclesiastical jurisdiction as could well be devised, and it excited, as might be expected, the wrath of the Archbishop. But the Chief Justice (Richardson) seemed determined to set him and the King at defiance, and repeated, on his next circuit, his former order. An inquiry

was then made through the Bishop of Bath and Wells, as to how the dedication feasts were observed in the villages, and seventy-two grave divines reported that they were observed religiously and orderly. Upon this the Chief Justice was called before the Council, and received 'such a rattle' for his former contempt that he came out complaining 'that he had almost been choked by a pair of lawn sleeves.'

In 1644, however, when Puritan influence had become supreme in Parliament, a resolution was passed by both Houses that the obnoxious book should be burnt by the Justices of the Peace, in Cheapside, and at the Exchange. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex had instructions to assist effectually in carrying out the order of the 10th of May; all persons were required to deliver up their copies to the proper authorities. On that day accordingly all that could be laid hold of were destroyed.

After the Restoration, the custom of book-burning soon came into use. On the 16th of June, 1660, the House of Commons passed a resolution that his Majesty be humbly moved to call in three books written in justification of the murder of the late King, and order them to be burnt by the common hangman. Two of these were by Milton; the "*Εἰκονοκλάστης*, in answer to *Εἰκὼν βασιλική*," published in 1649, and "*Defensio pro populo Anglicano contra Claudii Salmassii Defensionem regiam*" in 1650. The third work was by J. Goodwin, and was entitled "*Ψβρι-σοδία*, the Obstructors of Justice, or a defence of the honourable Sentence passed upon the late King by the High Court of Justice, 1649." In accordance with this resolution, the King issued a proclamation on August 13, ordering the suppression of these books, and stating that Milton had fled from justice. By the next assize day, August 27th, a considerable number of the copies of the prohibited works had been brought to the sheriffs of the different counties, and on that day they were burnt. The authorities were satisfied with this expression of feeling, and three days afterwards an act of indemnity was passed, which included Milton.

It was very seldom that the Pastoral Letter of an English Bishop fell into the hands of the hangman, yet such was the fate in 1693 of one of Bishop Burnet's,

printed in 1689. The account of it is given by Burnet himself in the rough draught of the "*History of his Time*," now in the British Museum (Harl. MSS. 6584). He omitted it for some reason or other in his printed edition.

"In the last Session of Parliament some began to find fault with a notice by which some divines had urged obedience to the present Government, that here was a conquest over King James, and that conquest in a just way gave a good title. This some had carried so far as to say, in all wars, just or unjust, conquests were to be considered as God's transferring the dominion from the conquered to the conqueror; yet all these writers had taken care to distinguish between a conquest of a nation and a conquest of King James; the latter being only that which was pretended, that, as they said, gave the King all King James's right. This doctrine was condemned by a vote of both Houses, and a book that had set it forth with great modesty and judgement was in great heat condemned to be burnt; and because in a treatise that I had writ, immediately after I was a bishop, to persuade my clergy to take the oaths, I had only mentioned this as a received opinion among lawyers, and had put it in among other topics, but had put the strength of all upon the lawfulness and justice of the present establishment, they fell upon that little book, and ordered it likewise to be burnt. So it looked somewhat extraordinary that I, who perhaps was the greatest asserter of public liberty, from my first setting out, of any writer in the age, should be so severely treated as an enemy to it. But the truth was, the Tories never liked me, and the Whigs hated me, because I went not into their notions and passions; but even this and worse things that may happen to me shall not, I hope, be able to make me depart from moderate principles and the just asserting of the liberty of mankind."

The book the Bishop alludes to is an anonymous publication, entitled "*King William and Queen Mary Conquerors*." The author was Charles Blount, a person of some talent, but an infidel; one of his works had been seriously curtailed by Sir Roger L'Estrange, the first "*Licensor of the Press*," and finally suppressed by order of the Bishop of London. In consequence of this treatment, and the prospect of a repetition of it if he ventured on any new work, he issued from some unlicensed press a pamphlet called "*A just Vindication of Learning and of the Liberty of the Press: by Philopatris*." It is a curious proof of the little acquaintance which readers in those days had with the prose works of Milton, that though Blount's pamphlet consisted of little else but garbled extracts from the "*Areopa-*

gitica," the gross plagiarism was never discovered. Blount, encouraged by this, compounded on similar principles another pamphlet, "Reasons for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." At the end of it he added "A Just and True Character of Edward Bohun," who had succeeded "Catalogue" Fraser, the State Licenser appointed at the Revolution, and this work he contrived should be widely but privately circulated. Meanwhile he laid a very clever trap for Bohun, who, though a very strong Tory, had taken the oaths to the Prince of Orange, and justified his so doing by arguments which mightily offended Whigs and Tories alike. In his new work Blount enunciated opinions exactly the contrary to those he really held, of course for the sake of deceiving Bohun. "The trap was laid and baited with much skill. The republican succeeded in personating a high Tory. The atheist succeeded in personating a high Churchman." * Bohun gladly gave permission for its publication, but he soon found cause to repent of so doing. The House of Commons sat in judgment upon it; condemned it to the care of the hangman, and petitioned the King that Bohun should be removed from his office. This sentence was carried out. Some expressions in Bishop Burnet's Pastoral were thought too much akin to the spirit of this work to be allowed to pass unnoticed any longer. Some wag in the House during the debate called out "burn it, burn it," and burnt it was accordingly, but only by a majority of 7 votes in a House of 317 members.

In 1705 a pamphlet appeared which caused great excitement. It was called "The Memorial of the Church of England, humbly offered to the consideration of all True Lovers of our Church and Communion," the name of the author being withheld. The occasion of its being written was that a bill against "occasional conformity" had three times failed in passing the House of Lords. The pamphlet was alluded to by the Queen in her speech to Parliament; both Houses addressed her Majesty, requesting her to punish the author of so groundless and malicious an assertion as that the Church was in danger under her administration.

The grand jury of Middlesex condemned it to be burnt before the Court, and again before the Royal Exchange and the Palace Yard, Westminster, and a reward of £1,000, was offered for the discovery of the author. The Duke of Buckingham was at one time thought to be responsible for it. All, however, that could be extracted from the printer, David Evans, was that two women, one of them wearing a mask, brought the manuscript to him, with directions for the printing of 350 copies, and that these were delivered to four persons sent to his office to receive them. The author was a physician of some eminence and a F. R. S., J. Drake, though Mr. Pooley, the Member for Ipswich, seems to have supplied him with the legal information contained in it. So determined were the Government to suppress it that a bookseller having printed it with an answer, paragraph by paragraph, all the copies were seized immediately and destroyed. The libel was reprinted in Dublin, and very impudently dedicated to the Lord Lieutenant. This edition was also destroyed by authority.

Four years afterwards another person of great notoriety appeared upon the world's stage—Dr. Sacheverell. At the age of fifteen he had gained a demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards became Fellow and Tutor of the same college. Whilst residing there he became acquainted with Addison, who had migrated from Magdalen to Queen's. So much attached were they to each other, that Addison dedicated his "Account of the Greatest English Poets," written at the time when he purposed entering holy orders, to his "dearest friend and colleague," H. Sacheverell. In 1705 he was appointed preacher at St. Saviour's, Southwark, and it was whilst holding this appointment that he delivered the two sermons which brought him into such notoriety. Party-feeling in those days ran high both in religion and politics, and Sacheverell was an outspoken High Church Tory of the most extreme kind. On the 14th August, 1709, he preached his sermon at Derby; and on the 9th of November what Lord Campbell calls his "contemptible sermon," "Perils among False Brethren," at St. Paul's.

* Macaulay's History of England, vol. iv. p. 386.

These sermons, however, brought him under the notice of Government. Notwithstanding Lord Somers's better advice, it was determined by the Cabinet, the Prime Minister, Lord Godolphin, whom Sacheverell had attacked under the name of Volpone, being especially urgent in the matter, to proceed by way of impeachment. The Member for Liskeard, Mr. Dolben, was intrusted with bringing the matter before the House of Commons, which voted that the sermons were "malicious, scandalous, and seditious libels, highly reflecting on the Queen and her government, the late happy revolution, and the "Protestant succession." On the 27th of February, 1710, he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall. The opening of the trial was quite a spectacle. The Queen occupied a private box. The House of Lords was seated in the centre of the Hall. The House of Commons were on one side and a galaxy of ladies on the other. The evidence was summed up by Mr. Lechmore, "a man of parts, but a most vile stinking Whigg," as Hearne calls him; Sacheverell's defence being, it is thought, the composition of Bishop Atterbury, to whom the Doctor afterwards bequeathed £500, though John Wesley also claims the credit of it for his father. Sentence was given on March 24, when, out of 121 members, he was condemned by a majority of 17—7 bishops voting against, and 6 for him. It was only by a majority of 6 that he was suspended for three years, whilst the motion that he should be incapable of further preferment was lost by a majority of 1. The leniency of the sentence was regarded by his friends as a great triumph. The sermons themselves were condemned to the flames, and with them a decree of the University of Oxford, passed July, 1683, maintaining the absolute authority of princes, and which Sacheverell had used in his defence. Lord Campbell considers the prosecution as the most suicidal thing the Government could have done. But Burke, in his "Appeal from Old to New Whigs," takes a very different view:—

"It was carried on for the purpose of condemning the principles on which the Revolution was first opposed and afterwards calumniated, in order by a juridical sentence of the

highest authority, to confirm and fix Whig principles as they had operated both in the resistance to King James and in the subsequent Settlement, and to fix them in the extent and with the limitations with which it was meant they should be understood by posterity."

One of Sacheverell's opponents, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," had got himself into trouble a few years before the impeachment of the High Church Doctor. In 1792 he published "The shortest way with the Dissenters; or, proposals for the establishment of the Church." Though in reality a satire of exquisite irony from beginning to end, its true nature was so cunningly concealed as at first to deceive both high and low churchmen alike. When, however, its real object was discovered, their indignation against the author was intense. De Foe was prosecuted for libel, and condemned to pay a fine of 200 marks to the Queen (his expenses altogether amounted to more than £3,500, and brought him to ruin), to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find securities for his good behaviour for seven years. Besides this, the book was, by an ordinance of Parliament of February 25, 1703, ordered to be burnt by the hands of the hangman in New Palace Yard, as "full of false and scandalous reflections on the Parliament, and tending to promote sedition."

"Earless on high stood unabash'd Defoe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."

Along with De Foe's, another name has been immortalized in the "Dunciad":—Tutchin, in the times of James II., had endeavoured to help on the rebellion of Monmouth, by a pamphlet for which he was sentenced by Judge Jeffries of famous memory to be whipped through certain market towns in the West of England. The executor used such energy in his work that Tutchin, after the first instalment of his punishment, petitioned the King that he might be hanged. This favour was not granted, and "in revenge he lived to write a most virulent attack upon the memory of that unfortunate monarch."

The year 1762 is famous for the appearance of the first number of a publi-

cation which was soon to acquire great notoriety, "The North Briton." It was started by John Wilkes, assisted by Mr. Charles Churchill, one contributing most of the talent, the other the abuse. Virulent, however, as were its principles, and gross its attacks on Lord Bute, it continued its career undisturbed till its forty-fifth number. By that time the seven years' war, which added £60,000,000 to our National Debt, had come to an end, and a treaty of peace signed at Paris, February 10, 1763. On the dissolution of Parliament on the 19th of April, the King, alluding to this treaty, said in his speech, "My expectations have been fully answered by the happy effects which the several allies of my crown have derived from this salutary measure. The powers at war with my good brother, the King of Prussia, have been induced to agree to such terms of accommodation as that good prince has approved; and the success which has attended my negotiations has necessarily and immediately diffused the blessings of peace through every part of Europe." On the 23rd appears Wilkes's comment on it. "The infamous fallacy of the whole sentence is apparent to all mankind, for it is known that the King of Prussia did not only approve, but actually dictated as conqueror, every article of the terms of peace. No advantage of any kind has accrued to the magnanimous prince from our negotiations, but he was basely deserted by the Scottish Prime Minister of England." Wilkes was arrested, but released on his privilege of Member of Parliament, and went to France. The House of Commons expelled him and ordered the obnoxious publication to be burnt by the hangman at the Royal Exchange. This was carried into effect on December 3rd, but the mob was so incensed at the indignity shown to their champion that they drove the authorities from the field. "Several other persons," says Malcolm, "had reason to repent the attempt to burn that publicly which the *sovereign people* determined to approve, who afterwards exhibited a large *jackboot* at Temple Bar, and burnt it in triumph unmolested, as a species of retaliation."

What happened after this may be given in the words of Lord Mahon:—

"It was also observed and condemned as a shallow artifice, that the House of Lords, to counterbalance their condemnation of Wilkes's violent democracy, took similar measures against a book of exactly opposite principles. This was a treatise or collection of precedents lately published under the title of 'Droit le Roy [or a digest of the rights and prerogatives of the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, by a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. Jan. 1764.]" The Peers, on the motion of Lord Lyttelton, seconded by the Duke of Grafton, voted this book 'a false, malicious, and traitorous libel, inconsistent with the principles of the Revolution to which we owe the present happy establishment;' they ordered that it should be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, and that the author should be taken into custody. The latter part of the sentence, however, no one took pains to execute. The author was one Timothy Brecknock, a hack scribbler, who twenty years afterwards was hanged for being accessory to an atrocious murder in Ireland."

This work is sometimes quoted as the last instance of a book having been "burnt," but apparently not quite accurately. One other instance, of somewhat later date, may be given—"The Commercial Restraints of Ireland Considered," printed at Dublin, 1799. The author of this anonymous publication was the Hon. Hely Hutchinson. It was consigned to the hangman, and is now so scarce that the late Mr. Flood, in a speech made in the House of Commons, said he would give £1,000 for a copy.

In several cases the Vice-Chancellors of the two Universities were required to burn books that had been condemned by authority, but one or two instances may be given in which obnoxious books were committed to the flames by the University of Oxford, without any such monition. The indignation caused by the discovery of the Rye House Plot, and the triumph for the time of the Tory party, led to many works being very summarily dealt with which denied in any way the divine right of kings. On the day on which Russell was beheaded for his supposed complicity in the plot, the University ordered the works of Buchanan, Milton and Baxter to be burnt in the School Quadrangle.

In 1690 Arthur Bury, Rector of Exeter College, published a book called "An historical Evidence of the naked Gospel," in which he advocated what were considered Socinian views. The heads of

houses held a meeting, and six of them were nominated a committee for examining the book. They had no difficulty in picking out passages which were pronounced to be contrary to the doctrines of the Church of England. On the 19th of August the book was burnt in the School Quadrangle. Trelawney, Bishop of Exeter, visitor of the College, suspended the author from the rectorship, but he was soon afterwards restored.

In 1693 the second volume of that most valuable work, Anthony A Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses" was burnt in the Theatre Yard by the apparitor of the University, in pursuance of a sentence of the University Court. The charge against the biographer was that he had been guilty of a libel against the memory of the Earl of Clarendon.

Hearn's Diary, under the date October 3, 1713, will supply us with another instance:—

"There having been no Terræ filius speech, this last act, quite contrary to what the Statues

direct (occasioned by the contrivance of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors), there hath been one since printed, in which the Vice-Chancellor and some other heads of Houses, are severely reflected on, nay ten times more severely than ever happened at the theatre or elsewhere when the Terræ Filius was allowed to speak; which hath so nettled the Vice-Chancellor and others, that on Thursday, in the afternoon, both he and other heads of Houses met in the Apodyterium, and resolved that it should be burnt. And accordingly, yesterday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, there was a convocation in which the Vice-Chancellor was continued for another year, and the speech was proposed to be burnt. And accordingly the said speech was burnt, which act, however, is only generally laughed at, it being a certain sure way to publish it and make it more known."

Here we pause; not because we have exhausted the subject, for the materials we have left unused are very extensive, but because we hope we have said enough to induce some one with sufficient leisure and access to libraries, to give us what we say again is a great desideratum in English bibliography—an English Peignot.

J. H. B. Peignot
 Oct 25/1896
 Toronto
 Canada

(British Quarterly Review.)

LETTERS AND LETTER WRITING.

We all of us know well, and to our cost, that we can make no improvement in the management of our affairs, no change for the better in the arrangements, economical and ethical, of our modes of life and action without some attendant trial, trouble, or loss coming ever like a shadow in its train. It is, therefore, not a cause for wonder that some spirit of evil has cast its shadow in the wake of the introduction of the penny post, and the still later changes in the direction of cheapness in the newspaper press. A feeling of regret arises in our minds that with their introduction the good old-fashioned long and newsy letter of by-gone days has been almost crushed out of existence. Letter-writing is becoming a lost art, and no correspondence is now carried on as in the olden time; for no one now lives "a life of letter-writing," as Walpole said he did. The reason of this is not far to seek, for the hurry and bustle of life has become too great to allow of anything but the passing thought being committed to paper, and each writer finds it to be useless to tell news to a correspondent who has already learnt what has happened from the same sources as himself. It is now frequently a shorter operation to call upon your friend and talk with him than to write him a long letter; but it is a happy thing for us of this day that this was not always the case, for the letters of the past which we possess form one of the most charming branches of our lighter literature.

The value of communication between persons in distant places was appreciated in very early times; and we find Job exclaiming, "Now my days are swifter than a post." In the days of Hezekiah "the posts went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel and Judah," and Ahasuerus sent letters into

every province of his empire by "the posts that rode upon mules and camels," and were "hastened and pressed on by the king's commandment," to inform his subjects that it was his imperial will that every man should bear rule in his own house. Various modes of communication other than writing have at different times been in use, such as numerically marked or notched pieces of wood, and the many-coloured cords, regularly knotted, which were called *quipus* by the Peruvians. Herodotus tells us of a cruel practice resorted to, in order to convey secret intelligence with safety. The head of a trusty messenger was shaved, and certain writings were impressed upon his skull. After his hair had grown sufficiently long for the purpose of concealment he was sent on his mission, and on arriving at his destination was again shaved, in order that the writing might be revealed. When the Spaniards visited America they found the postal communication in Mexico and Peru to be carried out on a most perfect system; and we learn that the couriers of the Aztecs wore a differently coloured dress, according as they brought good or bad tidings.

The establishment of a postal system in England is chiefly due to the sagacity of Richard III., who commanded the expedition against the Scots, in his brother Edward's reign. During this time, as it was necessary for the king and his government to know how the war was carried on, stages of about twenty miles each were established upon the North road. When Richard came to the throne he did not allow this system to fall into abeyance. Henry VIII. instituted the office of "Master of the Postes," and from this time to the present the Post Office has increased in importance year by year. Henry Bishop was appointed Postmaster-

General at the Restoration, on his entering into a contract to pay to Government the annual sum of £21,500. In Queen Anne's reign the revenue of the Post Office had risen to £60,000; in 1761, it reached £142,000; in 1800, £745,000; in 1813, £1,414,224, and is now between four and five millions sterling.

Much of this great increase in the revenue is owing to the various improvements that have been introduced; and most of these have come from without, and have been opposed by the officials. John Palmer had great difficulty in obtaining the adoption of his scheme of mail coaches, and Sir Rowland Hill battled for many years for his penny postage. Thomas Waghorn, the hero of the Overland Route, was originally a pilot in the service of the Hon. East India Company, and came to England with a letter of introduction from the Governor-General to the chairman of the Company. The chairman cared nothing for his scheme, and told him to return to his duties in India—saying that the East India Company were quite satisfied with the postal communication, as conducted *via* the Cape of Good Hope. Waghorn left the room, disgusted with his reception, and wrote the following laconic note in the hall:—

"To John Harvey Astell, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the Hon. East India Company.

"SIR,—I this day resign my employment as a pilot in the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Marine Service, and have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

THOMAS WAGHORN."

With the ink scarcely dry he rushed into the august presence, and delivering his letter said, "There, sir, is my resignation of my position in the Company's service, and I tell you, John Harvey Astell, Esq., member of Parliament, and chairman of the Hon. East India Company, that I will stuff the Overland Route down your throat before you are two years older."

It was very long before the present enlightened views of cheap postage took root in the official mind, and in a tract, entitled "England's Wants," reprinted in "Somer's Tracts" (vol. ix. p. 219), letters are among the objects proposed for taxation. When the cost of postage was high

the receiver expected to get his money's worth in a long letter, but various tricks were often resorted to, in order to save this cost, and blank letters, with a cipher on the outside, were sometimes sent, and refused by the persons to whom they were directed, because they had learnt from the exterior all that they wanted to know. Another trick discovers an ingenious mode of getting letters free. A shrewd countryman, learning that there was a letter for him at the post office, called for it, but confessing that he could not read, requested the postmaster to open it, and let him know the contents. When he had obtained all the information he required, he politely thanked the official for his kindness, and drily observed, "When I have some change I will call and take it." The doctrines of the inviolability of letters is held by all persons of honour, and Cicero asks "who at all influenced by good habits and feelings has ever allowed himself to resent an affront or injury by exposing to others any letters received from the offending person during the intercourse of friendship." Nevertheless, all Governments have reserved to themselves the right of opening, in time of emergency, the letters that pass through their hands. The great Falkland would not countenance any such dishonourable doctrine, and Lord Clarendon says of him, "One thing Lord Falkland could never bring himself to while Secretary of State, and that was the liberty of opening letters upon suspicion that they might contain matter of dangerous consequence, which he thought such a violation of the law of nature that no qualification of office could justify him in the trespass." In late years Sir James Graham incurred much public odium, for allowing the letters of Mazzini to be opened as they passed through the English post.

The history of literature presents us with many specimens of beautiful letters, and of continued correspondence of a high order. The French more especially, excel in this charming department of the *belles lettres*, and can claim a De Sevigné and a Du Deffand; while we too can boast of the possession of Walpole, Gray, and Cowper among the men, and of Lady Russell and Lady Mary Montagu among

the ladies. Good letters should be like good conversation, easy and unrestrained, for fine writing is as out of place in the one as fine talk is in the other. Pope did not understand this, and his early letters are showy and unnatural, full of rhetorical flourishes on trivialities. He was in the habit of keeping rough copies of his own letters, and sometimes repeated the same letter to different persons, as in the case of the two lovers killed by lightning, an account of which he sent to the two sisters Martha and Theresa Blount. His letters, therefore, are of little more interest than those of Katherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda to her grave Poliarchus (Sir Charles Cottrel). Dr. Spratt, in his life of Cowley, makes some judicious remarks upon this subject, but draws the conclusion that familiar letters should not be published to the world.

"There was (he says), one kind of prose wherein Mr. Cowley was excellent; and that is his letters to his private friends. In those he always expressed the native tenderness and innocent gaiety of his mind. I think, sir, you and I have the greatest collection of this sort. But I know you agree with me that nothing of this sort should be published; and herein you have always consented to approve of the modest judgment of our countrymen above the practice of some of our neighbours, and chiefly of the French. I make no manner of question but the English at this time are infinitely improved in this way above the skill of former ages. Yet they have been always judiciously sparing in printing such compositures, while some other witty nations have tried all their presses and readers with them. The truth is, the letters that pass between particular friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious politics, or elaborate elegancies, or general fancies, but they should have a native clearness and shortness, a domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity which can only affect the humor of those for whom they were intended. The very same passages which make writings of this nature delightful among friends will lose all manner of taste when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such letters the souls of men should appear undressed; and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad in the street."

The letters of Scott, Byron, Southey, and Burns—all thoroughly different in style—keep up the character of the moderns, and show that they understood the secret of the art.

Letter-writing has a special charm for shy, retiring men, because they are able to exhibit upon paper the feelings and emotions about which they could not speak. Some men seem able to think only when a pen is in their hands; though others, in the same situation, seem to lose all their ideas. Johnson said of the industrious Dr. Birch, "Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation, but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him and benumbs all his faculties." Dr. French Lawrence was an instance of the exact reverse, for Fox made him put on paper what he wanted to relate, saying, "I love to read your writing, but I hate to hear you talk."

Sir James Mackintosh was a great admirer of Madame de Sevigné, and we find in his works the following admirable remarks on the proper tone for polite conversation and familiar letters. We doubt whether it would be possible to find juster or finer thoughts on this subject, expressed in more elegant language:—

"When a woman of feeling, fancy, and accomplishment has learned to converse with ease and grace, from long intercourse with the most polished society, and when she writes as she speaks, she must write letters as they ought to be written, if she has acquired just as much habitual correctness as is reconcilable with the air of negligence. A moment of enthusiasm, a burst of feeling, a flash of eloquence may be allowed, but the intercourse of society, either in conversation or in letters, allows no more. Though interdicted from the long-continued use of elevated language, they are not without a resource. There is a part of language which is disdained by the pedant or the declaimer, and which both if they knew its difficulty would dread; it is formed of the most familiar phrases and turns in daily use by the generality of men, and is full of energy and vivacity, bearing upon it the mark of those keen feelings and strong passions from which it springs. It is the employment of such phrases which produces what may be called colloquial eloquence. Conversation and letters may be thus raised to any degree of animation without departing from their character. Anything may be said, if it be spoken in the tone of society; the higher guests are welcome, if they come in the easy undress of the club; the strongest metaphor appears without violence, if it is familiarly expressed; and we the more easily catch the warmest feeling, if we perceive that it is intentionally lowered in expression out of condescension to our calmer temper. It is thus that harangues and declamations, the last proof of bad taste and bad

manners in conversation, are avoided, while the fancy and the heart find the means of pouring forth all their stores. To meet this despised part of language in a polished dress, and producing all the effects of wit and eloquence, is a constant source of agreeable surprise. This is increased when a few bolder and higher words are happily wrought into the texture of this familiar eloquence. To find what seems so unlike author-craft in a book, raises the pleasing astonishment to the highest degree. I once thought of illustrating my notions by numerous examples from 'La Seigne.' I must some day or other do so, though I think it the resource of a bungler, who is not enough master of language to convey his conceptions into the minds of others. The style of Madame de Sevigne is evidently copied, not only by her worshipper, Walpole, but even by Gray, who, notwithstanding the extraordinary merits of his matter, has the double stiffness of an imitator and of a college recluse. Letters must not be on a subject. Lady Mary Wortley's letters on her journey to Constantinople are an admirable book of travels, but they are not letters. A meeting to discuss a question of science is not conversation; nor are papers written to another, to inform or discuss, letters. Conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation, nor must letters. Judging from my own mind, I am satisfied of the falsehood of the common notion that these letters owe their principal interest to the anecdotes of the court of Louis XIV. A very small part of the letters consist of such anecdotes. Those who read them with this idea must complain of too much Grigman. I may now own that I was a little tired during the two first volumes. I was not quite charmed and bewitched till the middle of the collection, where there are fewer anecdotes of the great and famous. I felt that the fascination grew as I became a member of the Sevigne family: it arose from the history of the immortal mother and the adored daughter, and it increased as I knew them in more detail; just as my tears in the dying chamber of Clarissa depend on my having so often drank tea with her in those early volumes, which are so audaciously called dull by the profane vulgar. I do not pretend to say that they do not owe some secondary interest to the illustrations age in which they were written; but this depends merely on its tendency to heighten the dignity of the heroine, and to make us take a warmer concern in persons who were the friends of those celebrated men and women, who are familiar to us from our childhood."

A French writer has said, "les marins écrivent mal;" but the gallant admiral, Lord Collingwood, whose correspondence was published in 1828, was a brilliant exception to this rash assertion. The following letter, addressed to the Honourable Miss Collingwood, is dated

July, 1809, and shows that its writer, in the midst of his manifold duties as a sailor, found time to direct the education of his children:—

"I received your letter, my dearest child, and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary were well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have amidst my toils and troubles is in the expectation which I entertain of finding you improved in knowledge, and that the understanding which it has pleased God to give you both has been cultivated with care and assiduity. Your future happiness and respectability in the world depend on the diligence with which you apply to the attainment of knowledge at this period of your life, and I hope that no negligence of your own will be a bar to your progress. When I write to you, my beloved child, so much interested am I that you should be amiable and worthy the esteem of good and wise people, that I cannot forbear to second and enforce the instruction which you receive by admonition of my own, pointing out to you the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. It does not follow that you are to coincide and agree in opinion with every ill-judging person; but after showing them your reason for dissenting from their opinion, your argument and opposition to it should not be tinged by anything offensive. Never forget for one moment that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and all your actions should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother—your dear, your good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, my sensibility is touched sometimes with a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gunpowder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me much pain. It has, indeed, given me more trouble to subdue this natural impetuosity than anything I ever undertook. I believe that you are both mild; but if you ever feel in your little breasts that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it until your serenity be recovered. So much for mind and manners; next for accomplishments. No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it, and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art: unless you aim at perfection you will never attain it, but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do anything with indifference. Whether it be to meet a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavour to do it as perfectly as it is possible. When you write a letter give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If in a familiar epistle you should be playful and

jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains; and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant. It argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great indifference towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology for having scrawled a sheet of paper, for bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can be more properly devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her handwriting. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the scribblers flatter themselves with the vain hope that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense. I am very anxious to come to England; for I have lately been unwell. The greatest happiness which I expect there is to find that my dear girls have been assiduous in their learning. May God Almighty bless you, my beloved little Sarah, and sweet Mary, too."

Having seen from the foregoing extracts the principles that should govern the composition of familiar letters, we shall be better able to judge of the merits or demerits of the specimens that follow; and we will take this opportunity of saying that we have preferred to choose our examples from little known sources, rather than from such well-known volumes as the correspondences of Walpole, Grey, or Cowper. The celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was much troubled by one of her most intimate and early friends always writing to her in terms of great respect. In order to show her correspondent the absurdity of her conduct, and to obtain an easier kind of intercommunication, she wrote the following letter:—

" Nov. 29, 1742.

" To Miss ———

" It is with the utmost diffidence, dear Miss ———, that I venture to do myself the high honour of writing to you, when I consider my own nothingness and utter incapacity of doing any one thing upon earth. Indeed, I cannot help wondering at my own assurance in daring to expose my unworthy performance to your accurate criticisms, which to be sure I should never have

presumed to do if I had not thought it necessary to pay my duty to you, which, with the greatest humility, I beg you to accept. Unless I had as many tongues in my head as there are grains of dust betwixt this place and Canterbury, it is impossible for me to express the millionth part of the obligations I have to you; but people can do no more than they can, and therefore I must content myself with assuring you that I am, with the sublimest veneration, and most profound

humility,

" Your most devoted,

" Obsequious,

" Respectful,

" Obedient,

" Obliged,

" And dutiful,

" Humble servant,

" E. CARTER."

" I know you have an extreme good knack at writing respectful letters; but I shall die with envy if you outdo this."

Aaron Hill expresses in elegant words what many have felt when they have received a letter from one who was separated from them by time and space:—

" Letters from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thoughts a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's power
were mean,
For minds could then meet minds with heaven
between."

James Howell who has left us a most amusing collection of letters, and therefore may be allowed to speak with some authority, says, " familiar letters may be called the 'larum bells of love;' " and he puts the same idea into the form of a distich, thus:—

" As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts."

Unfortunately all the letters in the *Epistola Ho-eliana* are not genuine, but were written when Howell was confined in the Fleet prison, and were made up in order to supply their author with money for his necessities.

To Atossa the daughter of Cyrus, has been given the credit of the invention of letter-writing, but her claim is easily disposed of, as we have specimens of written communications very long before her time. The earliest letter of which we have any record is that written by David to Joab, directing him to place Uriah in the front of the battle. There are several classical stories, that bear a likeness

to this, of persons who carried letters, in which their own execution was desired ; thus Homer tells the story of Bellerophon, who himself bore the sealed tablets that demanded his death. In later Jewish history we learn from the Bible that Queen Jezebel wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent them to the elders and nobles.

Cicero was one of the earliest to bring the art to perfection, and his letters exhibit most of the graces of which it is capable. Seneca and the younger Pliny also were amongst the masters in the art. When we consider the inconvenient and perishable medium that the Romans had to content themselves with, we cannot but feel surprise at the number of letters that were written, and the large proportion that has come down to us. Thin wooden tablets coated over with wax, were used and fastened together with a crossed thread. The knotted ends were sealed with wax, and as the letters were usually written by a confidential slave (the *librarius*), the seal was the only guarantee of genuineness. Sometimes ivory or parchment tablets were used, and an elevated border was probably added, in order to prevent rubbing. The want of a system of posts was not felt among the Romans, as most families possessed *tabellarii*, or special slaves, whose duty it was to convey letters to their destination.

It was the practice with the Romans to place the names of both the writer and correspondent at the commencement of the letter, as, "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, unto Timothy, my own son in the faith ;" and the ending usually consisted of the word *vale* or *ave* or *salve*. The dates were scrupulously added, and sometimes the very hours were mentioned. This method of the Romans might well be imitated by us, for we often find an old letter rendered of little value by the omission of a date. A bad habit that some writers indulge in, is to use the name of the day of the week, instead of the day of the month.

Amongst ourselves, etiquette once placed her stern hands upon correspondence, and laid down rules how a letter was to be written. Among persons pretending to any fashion, it was considered proper to use fine gilt paper, sealed with a coat of

arms. Ladies used tinted papers with borders, and sealed their letters with coloured and perfumed wax. In town it was not the fashion to send letters or notes through the post, nor to put the address upon the envelope, for no one could be supposed to be ignorant of the abode of so distinguished a person as Lady Arabella Smith. The circle of fashionable life, however, has been so much enlarged and encroached upon, that most people now are forced to acknowledge their ignorance on such points. If we imagine that we should groan under these restrictions, what should we think of the etiquette enjoined in the East ? There correspondence is carried on with many degrees of refinement. Letters are written by some accomplished scribe, on beautiful paper, and the sender's mark is placed in a particular position, according to the recognized status of the correspondent. The letter is folded by rule, and a florid superscription is added, such as, "Let this come under the consideration of the benefactor of his friends, the distinguished in the State, the renowned, the lion in battle, on whom be peace from the Most High." The following are two amusing specimens of the untrue complaisance common in Chinese correspondence :—

"To a friend who has lately left another.

"Ten days have elapsed since I had the privilege of listening to your able instructions. Ere I was aware, I found my heart filled and choked with anxious words. Perhaps I shall have to thank you for favouring me with an epistle, in which I know your words will flow, limpid as the streams of pure water ; then shall I instantly see the nature of things, and have my heart opened to understand."

"To a friend at a distance.

"I am removed from your splendid virtues. I stand looking towards you with anxious expectation. There is nothing for me but toiling along a dusty road. To receive your advice, as well as pay my respects, are both out of my power. In sleep my spirit dreams of you ; it induces a kind of intoxication. I consider my virtuous brother a happy man, eminent and adorned with all rectitude. You are determined in your good purposes, and rejoice in the path of reason. You are always and increasingly happy. On this account I am rejoiced and consoled more than can be expressed."

We are not now so distant as formerly in the commencement of our letters, and use more friendly openings (such as "Dear Sir," "My Dear Sir,") than our fathers

did. "Sir," alone, was once nearly universal, but is now usually considered cold. Even Howell, who was most inventive in his endings, usually commences with Sir, although he once breaks forth with "Hail! half of my soul." Such beginnings as, "Right worshipful Father," "Good Sir," "Honoured Sir," "Respected Sir," are quite out of date, but many writers adopt a variety in their commencements, and do not always follow the beaten track: thus the great Chatham wrote to his wife, "Be of cheer, noble love." In modern letters we miss the use of some of the quaint and loving expressions of former days; such a one for instance, as the good old word "heart," for is there not always a charm about an old letter beginning with the words "Dear Heart?"

The ending of a letter requires some taste, and many find it as difficult to close one gracefully as to finish conversation and leave a room with ease. The "I remain," requires to be led up to, and not to be added to the letter without connection. There is a large gamut of choice for endings from the official, "Your obedient servant," to the friendly "Yours truly," "Yours sincerely," and "Yours affectionately." Some persons vary the form, and slightly intensify the expression by placing the word "Yours" last, as "Faithfully yours." James Howell used a great variety of endings, such as "Yours inviolably," "Yours entirely," "Your entire friend," "Yours verily and invariably," "Yours really," "Yours in no vulgar way of friendship," "Yours to dispose of," "Yours while J. H.," "Yours! Yours! Yours!" Walpole writes:—"Yours very much," "Yours most cordially," and to Hannah Moore in 1789, "Yours more and more." Mr. Bright some years ago ended a controversial letter in the following biting terms, "I am sir, with whatever respect is due to you." The old Board of Commissioners of the Navy used a form of subscription very different from the ordinary official one. It was their habit to subscribe their letters (even letters of reproof) to such officers as were not of noble families or bore titles, "Your affectionate friends." It is said that this practice was discontinued in consequence of a distinguished captain

adding to his letter to the Board, "Your affectionate friend." He was thereupon desired to discontinue the expression, when he replied, "I am, gentlemen, no longer your affectionate friend." The expression was supposed to have been adopted from James, Duke of York, who, when Lord High Admiral, always so subscribed his official letters; but we have found a letter from the Navy Office to the Officers of the Ordnance, dated "9th May, 1653," which is subscribed "Your very loving friends." The position of the writer's name was once a matter of consequence in Europe, as it is now in the East, and this appears from the following curious directions in Angel Day's "English Secretary" (1599).

"And now to the subscriptions, the diversities whereof are (as best they may be allotted in sense) to either of these to be placed, for warned alwaies unto the unskillfull herein, that, writing to anie person of account, by how much the more excellent hee is in calling from him in whose behalfe the Letter is framed, by so much the lower shall the subscription thereunto belonging in any wise be placed.

"And if the state of honour of him to whome the Letter shall be directed dos require so much, the verie lowest margent of paper shall do no more but beare it, so bee it the space bee seemelie for the name, and the room faire inough to comprehend it."

We now come to the consideration of directions, and here a certain etiquette still lingers, as many who have no claim to any title are dignified by the addition of the meaningless &c., &c., &c. A friend of the once celebrated agriculturalist, Sir John Sinclair, amusingly ridiculed the fancy that some men have for seeing a number of the letters of the alphabet after their names, by directing his letter to "Sir John Sinclair, A.M., F.R.S., T. U.V.W.X.Y.Z." Besides the name of the person to whom the letter was sent, it was formerly the custom to write on the outside of the letter various directions to the bearer: thus a letter of the Earl of Hereford afterwards the Protector Somerset, to Sir William Paget, upon the death of Henry VIII., was addressed, "Haste, Post Haste, Haste with all diligence. For thy life! For thy life!"

As long as letters have been written, the inadvertent misdirecting of them must have been a constant source of trouble and annoyance. In James I's

reign a lover sent a letter intended for his mistress, to an obdurate father, and his letter renouncing her to the lady. When he found out the dreadful mistake he had committed, life became insupportable to him, and he threw himself upon his sword. Swift sent a love-letter to a bishop, and the letter intended for the bishop to the lady.

The celebrated civilian, Dr. Daley, was fortunate in the success of his expedient of purposely misdirecting his letters. When he was employed on a diplomatic mission to Flanders, he was much pressed for money, and in a packet to the Secretary of State, he sent two letters, one for Queen Elizabeth and the other for his wife, which he misdirected, so that the letter for his wife was addressed to *her most excellent Majesty*, and that for the Queen to *his dear wife*. The Queen was surprised to find her letter beginning "Sweetheart," and concluding with a request to her to be very economical, as the writer could send her nothing because he was very short of money, and could not think of trespassing on the bounty of her Majesty any further. Daley was successful in his stratagem, as an immediate supply of money was sent to him and his family.

There are three peculiarities in letter-writing that ladies indulge in, viz., crossing, postscripts, and the underlining of words. Disraeli makes Henrietta Temple advise her lover to cross his letters, and states her reasons as follows :—

"I shall never find the slightest difficulty in making it out, if your letters were crossed a thousand times. Besides, dear love, to tell the truth, I should rather like to experience a little difficulty in reading your letters, for I read them so often, over and over again, till I get them by heart and it is such a delight every now and then to find out some new expression that escaped me in the first fever of penial; and then it is sure to be some darling word fonder than all the rest."

Few men cross their writings, but many of them indulge in the luxury of a postscript, and some even when they have closed their letters think of a last word, and write it on the envelope. It is said that the underlining of words is a confession of weakness in the writer, because if he had used the best possible word he would not need to give it extra force by the mere mechanical contrivance of under-scoring it with a pen.

Letters written in the third person are a constant snare to some people and usually lead to confusion. This form can only be used with safety in very short letters.

Frequently a short note contains more pith than a longer letter, and Politian's letter to his friend well exemplifies this : "I was very sorry, and am very glad, because thou wast sick, and that thou art whole. Farewell." One of the most spirited letters ever written, was that sent by Ann, Countess of Dorset, to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State in Charles the Second's reign, when he wrote to her to choose a courtier as member for Appleby :—

"I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been ill-treated by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand, ANN DORSET, Pembroke and Montgomery."

The following note from one Highlander to another, is very pointed and witty :—

"MY DEAR GLENGARRY.—As soon as you can prove yourself to be my chief I shall be ready to acknowledge you. In the meantime,
I am yours,
MACDONALD."

Charles Lamb being tickled by the oddity of Haydon's address, sent him the following reply to an invitation :—

"MY DEAR HAYDON,—I will come with pleasure to 22 Lisson Grove North, at Rossi's, half way up, right hand side, if I can find it.

Yours,
C. LAMB.

"20 Russell Court,
"Covent Garden East,
"Half-way up, next the corner,
"Left hand side."

Ignorant people when they manage to write a letter are usually very proud of their performance, and this is illustrated by a very good story in the Countess Spencer's "East and West." A lady proposed to Mrs. Law, a poor woman in St. Peter's Home, Kilburn, that she should write to Lady E., who had been very kind to her. She had some doubts at first, but they passed away, and she dictated a letter which is given, and the narrator adds :—

"Having finished it to her evident pride, I offered to read it to her; but I had hardly got down the first page when she became so deeply affected by her own eloquence, that she began to cry and rock herself backwards and forwards. I persevered, and when I had read the last word,

paused, not knowing what to say to this unexpected grief. Mrs. Law put down her handkerchief, and shaking her head very seriously, said, "Well, now, that is a lovely letter! It's a great denial to me that I can't write, or I'd send plenty like it."

It is usually supposed that writing comes natural to all, but we are often led to agree with Sheridan that "easy writing is cursed hard reading," and the highest art is often required to be thoroughly natural. The Irish hodman, however, managed to express in a fine confused way his inner feeling, that he himself was little better than a machine :—

"DEAR PAT,—Come over here and earn your money; there is nothing for you to do but to carry the bricks up a ladder, for there is a man at the top who takes them from you, and does all the work."

Excuses of hurry, with expressions of fear lest the post should be lost, and such endings as, "yours in haste," should seldom be indulged in, as they partake somewhat of the character of a slight to the receiver. The letters of ladies are usually more natural and unconstrained than those of men, and these are great merits, for the real man or woman should be seen in the letter. Locke says :—

"The writing of letters enters so much into all the occasions of life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in compositions of this kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make use of his pen, which lays open his breeding, his sense, and his abilities, to a severer examination than any oral discourse."

The deficiency of ordinary people in the art has long been felt, and complete letter-writers have been compiled to supply the want. Sir Henry Ellis has pointed out that manuals of epistolary composition, both in French and English, of the early part of the fifteenth century exist in manuscript. The "English Secretary," published in 1599, is perhaps the earliest work on the subject in print. The voluminous author, Jervis Markham, brought out in 1618, a guide, with the following title, "Conceited letters: or a most excellent Bundle of New Wit, wherein is knit up together all the perfections of the Art of Epistolog." The booksellers, Rivington and Osborne, applied to Samuel Richardson, to write for them a volume of letters in a simple style, on subjects that might serve as models for the

use of those who had not the talent of imitating for themselves. While employed in composing some letters for the benefit of girls going out to service, the idea of "Pamela" came into Richardson's head, and the subsequent success of that novel caused him to continue the mode of telling his stories by letters, which he had there adopted.

In entering upon the consideration of special classes of letters, we will take love-letters first. This is a style of literature of which the outer public have a few opportunities of judging, and doubtless it is one that is not fitted for rigid examination. Those love-letters that we read in the reports of breach-of-promise cases are usually beneath contempt; they are often unreal and make us sick with references to Venus and Cupid, goddesses and nymphs, and many other absurdities. There are, however, existing some interesting letters of the reckless Earl of Rochester to his wife, which exhibit him in a new and pleasing character. The following breathes a tender consideration to which few are able to rise :—

"I kiss my deare wife a thousand times, as farr as imagination and wish will give me leave. Thinke upon me as long as it is pleasant and convenient for you to doe soe, and afterwards forget me; for though I would faine make you the author and foundation of my happiness, yet I would not bee the cause of your constraint or disturbance, for I love not myself soe much as I doe you, neither doe I value my owne satisfaction as I doe yours."

"Farewell. ROCHESTER."

As Sterne was making love to women throughout his entire life, we suppose he may be considered as an authority on how a love-letter should be written, and here is a specimen of his style :—

"MY DEAR KITTY,—If this billet catches you in bed, you are a lazy, sleepy slut, and I am a giddy, foolish, unthinking fellow for keeping you so late up,—but this Sabbath is a day of rest; at the same time that it is a day of sorrow, for I shall not see my dear creature to-day, unless you meet me at Taylor's, half-an-hour after twelve; but in this do as you like. I have ordered Matthew to turn thief, and steal a quart of honey—what is honey to the sweetness of thee, who are sweeter than all the flowers it comes from! I love you to distraction, Kitty, and will love you on so to eternity. Adieu, and believe, what time will only part me, that I am, Yours."

Sir Richard Steele had for his second wife, a woman who was difficult to please, and the collection of his letters to her give us a curious insight into his domestic life. They are mostly short, but filled with excuses. The following are three of them :—

"DEAREST BEING ON EARTH.—Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a school fellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which immediately concern your obedient husband."

"MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE, — I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband."

"DEAR PRUE,—I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and I enclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish after your welfare and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband."

These are natural and real : but let us look into "The Essay of Idleness," 1621, and see there what the author thought a lover should write to his mistress ;—

"A lover writeth unto his Lady.

"To expresse unto thee (my deare) the inward griefes, the secret sorrowes, the pinching paines, that my poore oppressed heart pittifully endureth, my pen is altogether unable. For even as thy excellent virtue, beantie, comelines, and courtesie farr surmounteth in my concept that of all other humane creatures, so my pitious passions, both day and night are no whit inferiour, but farr above all those of any other worldly wight. So excell not thy giftes, but as much exceede my griefes. Therefore, (my sweete), vouchsafe of thy sovereign clemencie to grant some speedie remedie unto the grevous anguishes of my heavie heart ; detract no time, but wey with thyselfe, the sicker that the patient is—the more deadly that the disease is deemed—so much the more speede ought the physitan to make—so much the sooner ought he to provide and minister the medicine, least comming too late his labour be lost. But what painfull patient is hee that sustaineth so troublesome a state as I, poore soule, doe, except thou vouchsafe to pittie me ? For the partie patient being discomforted at thy hands can have recourse unto none, but still languishing must looke for a wholesome death. Consider, therefore, my deare, the extremitie of my case, and let not cancred cruelty corrupt so many golden giftes, but as thy beauty and comeliness of body is, so set thy humanity also and clemencie of minde. Draw not (as the proverb saith) a leaden sword out of a golden

scabbard. And thus hoping to have some speedy comfort at thy handes, upon that hope I repose mee till further opportunity."

The fair fame of Mrs. Piozzi (Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale) has been injured by an attempt to represent her as in love with a young actor in her old age, and some letters of hers to William Augustus Conway, were published a few years ago as the "Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi." In 1862 the original correspondence was placed in the hands of the editor of the *Athenaeum*, and in an article in that journal her character is vindicated, and the letters are proved to have been garbled in order to infer a sexual love. Mrs. Piozzi formed an intimate friendship with Mrs. Budd, Conway's mother, and the two ladies passed much of their time together, consulting how to help the young actor. Conway was in love with a young lady who jilted him, and Mrs. Piozzi tried to comfort him. In consideration of all her kindness he calls her "his more than mother," and she calls him "her youngest adopted child." The following is one of Mrs. Piozzi's letters to Conway :—

"You have been a luckless wight, my admirable friend, but amends will one day be made to you, even in *this* world ; I know, I feel it will. Dear Piozzi considered himself as cruelly treated, and so he was by his own friends, as the world perversly calls our relations, who shut their door in *his* face, because his love of music led him to face the public eye and ear. He was brought up to the church ; but, 'Ah ! Gabriel,' said his uncle, 'thou wilt never get nearer the altar than the organ-loft.' His disinclination to celibacy, however, kept him from the black gown, and their ill-humor drove him to Paris and London, where he was the first tenor singer who had £50 a night for two songs. And Queen Marie Antoinette gave him a hundred louis-d'ors with her own fair hand for singing a buffo song over and over again one evening, till she learned it. Her cruel death half broke his tender heart. You will not wait, as he did, for fortune and for fame. We were both of us past thirty-five years old when we first met in *society* at Dr. Burney's (grandfather to Mrs. Bourdois and her sisters), where I coldly confessed his uncommon beauty, and talents ; but my heart was not at home. Mr. Thrale's broken health and complicated affairs demanded and possessed all my attention, and vainly did my future husband endeavour to attract my attention. So runs the world away."

Among the letters quoted in the *Athenaeum* is the following amusing one :—

"While there was so much talk about the town concerning mal-administration, some of the Streatham coterie, in a quibbling humour, professed themselves weary of *mal*-administration, as they pronounced it emphatically, and proposing a *female* one, called on Dr. Johnson to arrange it. 'Well then,' said he, 'we will have

Carter for Archbishop of Canterbury.
Montague, First Lord of the Treasury.
Hon. Sophia Byron, Head of the Admiralty.
Heralds' Office under care of Miss Owen.
Manager of the House of Commons, Mrs. Crewe.

Mrs. Wedderburne, Lord Chancellor.
Mrs. Wallace, Attorney-General.
Preceptor to the Princess, Mrs. Chapone.
Poet Laureate, Hannah More.'

'And no place for *me*, Dr. Johnson, cried your friend. 'No, no; you will get into Parliament by your little silver tongue, and then rise by your own merit.' 'And what shall I do?' exclaims Fanny Burney. 'Oh, we shall send you out for a *spy*, and perhaps you will get *hanged*. Ha, ha, ha!' with a loud laugh.'

Having thus noted what may be said about love, let us turn to the opposite feeling, and see what may be written under the influence of hate:—

"Ungracious offspring of hellish brood, whome heavens permit for a plague, and the earth nourisheth as a peculiar mischief, monster of mankind and a devourer of men, what may I terme thee? With what ill-sounding titles maie I raise mysele upon thee? Thou scorne of the world, and not scorne, but worldes foul disdaine, and enemie of all human condition, shall thy villanies scape for ever unpunished? Thy the earth yet support thee, the clouds shadow thee, or the aire breathe on thee? What lawes be these, if at leastwise such may be tearmed lawes, whereout so vile a wretch hath the so manie evasions? But shalt thou longer live to become the vexation and griefe of men? No; for I protest, though the lawes doe faile thee, mysele will not overslip thee. I, I am hee that will plague thee, thou shalt not scape me. I will be revenged of thee. Thinke not thy injuries are so easie that they are of all to be supported; for no sooner shall that parched, withered carkasse of thine sende forth thy hatefull and abhorred lookes into anie publicke shew, but mine eyes shall watch thee and I will not le:ve thee till I have prosecuted that which I have intended towards thee, most unwoorthie as thou art to breath amongst men, which art hatred and become lothsome even in the verie bowels and thoughts of men. Triumph, then, in thy mischiefs, and boast that thou hast undone me and a number of others, whom with farr less despight thou hast forced to hende unto thee; and when by due deserte I shall have payed what I have promised thee, vaunt then (in God's name) of thy win-

nings. For my part—but I will sai no more, let the end trie all. Live wretchedlie and die villanously, as thou hast deserved, whome heavens henceforth doe shunne, and the world denieth longer to looke upon."

This is the model that Angel Day, in his "English Secretary" (1599), thinks suitable for a "hot enraged spirit" to write to his adversary.

Most persons at some time in their lives are called upon to write letters of condolence, but it is usually found to be a difficult task. However well the writer may succeed, he must feel how inadequate words are to give relief to a troubled spirit, and it is only inasmuch as he shows his own heart and sympathy that he is successful in his attempt. When Alexander Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, died, a few months before the Restoration, Charles II., who was then at Bruxelles, wrote the following kindly letter to the widow, Lady Anna Mackenzie:—

"Madame,—I hope you are so well persuaded of my kindness to you as to believe that there can no misfortune happen to you and I not have my share in it. I assure you I am troubled at the loss you have had; and I hope that God will be pleased to put me into such a condition before it be long, as I may let you see the care I intend to have of you and your children, and that you may depend upon my being very truly, madame,

"Your affectionate, CHARLES R."

Letters of thanks are frequently difficult things to write well, as it is a hard matter to appear grateful for the present of something that we do not want. Talleyrand made a practice of instantly acknowledging the receipt of books sent to him; for he could then express the pleasure he expected to enjoy in reading the volume, but if he delayed he thought it would be necessary to give an opinion, and that might sometimes be embarrassing. A celebrated botanist used to return thanks somewhat in the following form: "I have received your book, and shall lose no time in reading it." The unfortunate author might put his own construction on this rather ambiguous language. When Southey published his "Doctor" anonymously, he gave directions to his publishers to send all letters directed for the author to Theodore Hook, and the following letter from Southey himself was found among Hook's papers:

"SIR,—I have to thank you for a copy of the 'Doctor,' &c., bearing my name imprinted in rubrick letters on the reverse of the title-page. That I should be gratified by this flattering and unusual distinction you have rightly supposed; and that the book itself would amuse me by its wit, tickle me by its humour, and afford me gratification of a higher kind in its serious parts, is what you cannot have doubted. Whether my thanks for this curiosity in literature will go to the veteran in literature, who of all living men is the most versed, both in curious and fine letters; whether they will cross the Alps to an old incognito, who has the stores of Italian poetry at command; whether they will find the author in London, surrounded with treasures of ancient and modern art, in an abode as elegant as his own volumes, or wheresoever the roving shaft which is sure to reach its mark may light, the personage, be he friend, acquaintance or stranger, to whose hands it comes, is assured that his volumes have been perused with great pleasure by his obliged and obedient servant,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

One of the most elegant letters of thanks we have met with is now before us. It was written by Lord Lytton soon after the publication of his "Zanoni."

"DEAR SIR,—I am extremely pleased and flattered by the attention with which you have read, and the marks of approval with which you have honoured 'Zanoni.' Allow me to wish to yourself a similar compliment from some reader as courteous and accomplished as yourself, you will then judge of the gratification you have afforded to your very truly obliged,

E. B. LYTTON."

Begging letters are hardly a branch of literature, although great ingenuity is frequently exhibited in their composition; but a sufficient number of them can be seen in the "Mendicity Society's Reports." W. F., the author of the "Enemy of Idleness," 1621, gives the following directions how to ask a favour:—

"As concerning the manner how to demand temporall things, as a booke, a horse, or such like, the letter must be divided into foure partes. First, wee must get the goodwill of him to whome wee write by praising his liberality, and specially of the power and authority that hee hath to grant the thing that hee is demanded. Secondly, we must declare our demand and request to bee honest and necessary, and without the which wee cannot achieve our determinate end and purpose. Thirdly, that the request is easie to be granted considering his ability, and that in a most difficult thing his liberality is ordinarily expressed. Fourthly, to promise recompense; as thanks, service, &c."

Some men have very obdurate hearts, and will not be moved by any such language. Jeffrey had a form of refusal which must have been very tantalizing to his correspondents. He managed to bring the sentence "I have much pleasure in subscribing" to the end of the first page, and then added, on the opposite side "myself, yours faithfully, F. Jeffrey."

Charles Lamb wrote upon books that are not books, or those that "no gentleman's library should be without." In the same way there are letters that are not letters, and of such are the political letters of Junius, Pascal's "Provincial Letters," Swift's "Drapier's Letters," and all essays, disquisitions, and saures which are merely thrown into the epistolary form. Some historical letters are in the same category; because, although the letters of such men as Cromwell, Marlborough, Nelson, Franklin, Washington, and Wellington must always interest us, we read them more for the matter that is in them than for the form in which they are thrown. The following letter from the Princess Mary (afterwards Queen of England) to the wife of the Protector Somerset, is an exception to the above rule, and exhibits its writer in an amiable light, as interceding for two poor servants who were formerly attached to her mother's household, and who had fallen into poverty:—

"To my Lady of Somerset.

"My good Gossip,—After my very hearty commendations to you, with like desire to hear of the amendment and increase of your good health, these shall be to put you in remembrance of mine old suit concerning Richard Wood, who was my mother's servant when you were one of her Grace's maids; and as you know by his supplication, hath sustained great loss, almost to his utter undoing, without any recompense for the same hitherto; which forced me to trouble you with this suit before this time, whereof (I thank you), I had a very good answer; desiring you now to renew the same matter to my lord your husband, for I consider that it is in manner impossible for him to remember all such matters, having such a heap of business as he hath. Wherefore, I heartily require you to go forward in this suit, till you have brought it to an honest end, for the poor man is not able to lye long in the city. And thus my good Nan I trouble you both with myself and all mine, thanking you with all my heart for your earnest gentleness towards me in all my suits hitherto, reckoning myself out of doubt of the continuance of the same. Where-

fore, once again I must trouble you with my poor George Brickhouse, who was an officer of my brother's wardrobe of the beds; from the time of the king my father's coronation; whose only desire it is to be one of the knights of Windsor if all the rooms be not filled, and if they be, to have the next reversiop; in the obtainin^g; whereof, in mine opinion, you shall do a charitable deed, as knoweth Almighty God who send you good health, and us shortly to meet, to his pleasure. From St. John's this Sunday, at afternoon, being the 24th of April.

"Your loving friend during my life,

"MARY."

The duchess to whom the above letter was written was very haughty, and held her head higher than the Queen-dowager, who had married the Protector's brother, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, the Lord High Admiral. Lloyd says, "Very great were the animosities betwixt their wives, the duchess refusing to bear the queen's train, and in effect jostled her for precedence, so that between the train of the queen and long gown of the duchess they raised so much dust at court as at last to put out the eyes of both their husbands."

Men of position and fame must often groan under the affliction of letters and other applications that are constantly besetting them. Sir Walter Scott was frequently victimized in this way, and once he was so unfortunate as to have to pay £5 postage for a large packet from New York, which contained a MS. play, by a young lady, intended for his perusal, and accompanied with a request that he would read and correct it, write a prologue and epilogue for it, procure it a good reception from the manager of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright. A fortnight after he received another packet, for which he paid the same amount, which contained a second copy of the "Cherokee Indians," with a letter from the authoress stating, that as the winds had been boisterous she feared the first packet had foundered.

The managers of theatres are peculiarly troubled with applications that they are unable to accede to, and authors often think that those who do not rate their productions as highly as they do themselves must be actuated by unworthy motives. The following letter from F. Yates, exhibits some of a manager's troubles :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I this moment have received your letter, which has given me more pain than I can describe to you. I do assure you, that from the little I have known of you, you are the last man in the world whose feelings I would wound. Your note came to me yesterday at rehearsal; I answered it, enclosing two orders, stating that I could not afford more, and explaining myself in the following manner about 'Love at Home,' viz. :—That, as there was no chance of our being able to produce such a piece for some time, I thought it better to return it you, or words to that effect. This note I put in the person's hands who gave me yours; who it was, I can't recollect. You know what last rehearsals are to a manager sitting at the prompter's table. This morning when I was in bed, the servant came with your card, and in answer to your note, I could only fancy you wanted your piece, and desired her to wrap it up and give it the messenger. I confess I should have seen to its being properly enveloped, but you can make excuse for a fatigued man, who hears of nothing but manuscripts from morning to night. I am most anxious that you should acquit me, and believe me with truth to be yours,

With much esteem,

FRED. YATES."

Managers are not the only persons who are troubled by the application of authors, and the following letter from Liston (dated 1833), shows us how he refused to perform an unpleasant task :—

"Sir,—The repeated annoyances I have been subjected to, by undertaking to read pieces at the desire of authors, and managers, have determined me to avoid for the future so unpleasant a task, and I therefore trust you will not take offence, if, in pursuance of that determination, I feel myself compelled to decline a compliance with your request. Mme. Vestris will, I have no doubt, pay every attention to your production should you feel disposed to entrust it to her, and in the event of my having a character assigned me, you may be satisfied that I will do my duty both to you, and to the theatre. I would have answered you earlier, but I have not had five minutes at my own disposal for the last three weeks."

Besides the trouble of reading new plays, managers have to bear with the offended dignity of the actors. The following irate letter of Elliston (Charles Lamb's Elliston), shows what they have occasionally to put up with :—

"Sir,—Your information respecting the 'School for Scandal,' which I received last night, is happily imagined to fill up the measure of disrespect which seems to have been studiously offered to me since I have been in the new Drury Lane Theatre. You cannot be ignorant that I have always played the part of

'Charles' with the Drury Lane company, and Mr. Arnold, when I met him on Kew Bridge previous to the opening of Drury Lane, and when it was in contemplation to open the new theatre with Mr. Sheridan's brilliant play, distinctly told me in answer to a question I put to him, that I should be expected to play 'Charles.' Under these circumstances I cannot but conceive the cool mode in which I am asked, without request, to be ready for the eldest brother, to be an insult. To oblige the committee and to serve the interests of the concern, I think I have already sufficiently manifested [my desire] by the acceptance of a very inferior part in the tragedy, and by my suppression of complaint where complaint was almost peremptorily called for; but there are bounds beyond which it would be contemptible for patience to show itself; I enter, therefore, a decided protest against this, your last proceeding, and expect that for the future it may constitute a part of yours and Mr. Arnold's management to show me a little more good manners than your natures have hitherto permitted."

Although a great number of letters have been printed, there must be an immense mass of unprinted ones that ought to see the light, and would add much to our information. We should like to see all the known correspondence of the world over-hauled, re-arranged, and extracted under heads. By this means we should gain new views of the characters of men, and the high and dry description of action would be supplemented by vivid touches of feeling that would breathe life into the dry bones of history. Some such scheme as this was hinted at by Dr. Maitland. in his work on the "Dark Ages."

We must now, however, bring our sub-

ject to a close, ere we have exhausted the patience of our readers; but we do so with reluctance, for the number of letters that we should like to quote are numberless. We think that there is a peculiar pleasure in being taken into the confidence of the great ones of the earth, of those who are great by birth, by genius, and by worth; and we can imagine few greater literary treats than to turn over a well-arranged collection of autograph letters, which have been selected for the interest of their contents as well as for the celebrity of the writers. We feel suddenly taken out of ourselves and transplanted into a brilliant society, and we rise with the feeling that our list of our acquaintances and friends has been enlarged by some of the best and greatest that have walked the earth. We have only left ourselves room to say a few words on Mr. Seton's book, but those words must be in its praise. The author has succeeded in putting together some very interesting and amusing essays on "Letters and Letter-writers;" but as the subject is a large one and, the illustrations for it are peculiarly rich, we have preferred to make a selection of our own, instead of using those that Mr. Seton has collected.

In conclusion, we cannot but express the pride we feel in the belief that our countrymen and countrywomen have added so many charming chapters to this branch of the great literature of the world; chapters that will bear comparison with those produced by the writers of any other country.

(The Atlantic Magazine.)

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,

With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came,
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily' dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear :
"Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest !"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who, amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine

Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not ; what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
" Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me !"

Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
" Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled !"

—BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(The Examiner.)

ENGLISH REPUBLICANISM.

THE long letter from Mr. George Potter which appeared in the *Times* recently, doubtless fairly represents the opinions that the majority of the working classes in this country hold on the question of "Monarchy versus Republicanism." A few blustering and ambitious demagogues declare that they speak the minds of all working men when they insist on the speedy deposition of the House of Brunswick, or aver that the longest term during which its rule can be tolerated is the lifetime of the present Sovereign. But we believe that they are spokesmen only for a few, and that most of those who give any thought to the matter are more anxious that the substantial benefits of Republicanism should be secured, than that the strict form of Republican Government should be obtained. What they want is that all classes of the community should have a fair share in the management of public affairs, and that all should unite in laboring to promote the common welfare, and, like Mr. Potter, they are "far from giving up the extended experiment of popular government under hereditary presidency as a thing to be despaired of." This is certainly the most sensible view to take. Englishmen are not generally fond of violent revolution. They have already won so much freedom by temperate argument and by step-by-step progress, that, though they may think the altered conditions of other countries justify a different course of action, and even palliate such excesses as marked the history of the Paris Commune, they are not in favor of the precipitate overturning of institutions at home. To that extent there is a measure of truth in the Tory boast as to the prevalence of "Conservative working men," and to that extent it may be assumed that Monarchism, in its present shadowy shape in England, is safe. No one can help seeing, however,

that the Republican spirit is growing in England, and that, according to Mr. Potter's periphrasis, "if the rising cry for a Republic is to fail in calling forth any general answer, those who would maintain the Monarchy must prevail with those in power to pursue at home and abroad such a policy as will indispose the bulk of the people to join in the desire for constitutional change." In other words, the working majority of Englishmen will not trouble themselves about the form of government, if the thing works as they wish it; but they will insist on such a practical readjustment of the machinery of State as will enable them to secure for themselves their full share of the comfort and independence possible in our over-crowded country.

The worst that can be said of Royalty as it at present exists in England is that it is in itself a rather costly sham, and that, at the same time, it serves as a peg on which hang certain obnoxious realities. What Mr. Potter calls "hereditary presidency," would, as we now have it, be tolerably harmless—it might, in some respects, be even beneficial—if it were not the chief excuse for the maintenance of other hereditary institutions that are far more mischievous. As regards the strictly political question, we find, *pace* Mr. Disraeli, that the Sovereign has really very little to do with affairs of State; the duties of the Crown are either ornamental or clerical, and, even when an important exercise of so-called Royal Prerogative occurs, it is done at the dictation of the leader of the House of Commons, who, if nominally the Prime Minister of the Sovereign, is actually the Prime Minister of the people. The Crown would be entirely subject to its subjects, were it not for the interposition of the hereditary peerage, that has retained far more of its ancient power in State affairs than the here-

ditary monarchy. On political grounds, those who wish to make England thoroughly and truly Republican, must aim their attack at the House of Peers, rather than at the Crown. And on social grounds there is yet stronger reason for withstanding hereditary aristocracy rather than hereditary monarchy. The Queen is only one member, and one of the worthiest and most estimable members, of the Upper Ten Thousand. The centre of a vicious feudalism is now as good as gone, but the feudalism still exists in a way, and though with far inferior power than it possessed in former centuries, yet with considerably more power than is good for it or for society. For a long time past Republicanism, without a name, has been advancing in England, and it is quite possible that it may soon have to assert itself more strongly than ever, and for the first time quite openly; but the battle of Democracy has been, and must still be, not so much against Monarchy as against Oligarchy. A small minority of the nation claims, by virtue of the pedigree of its members, an influence in the affairs of the nation vastly in excess of any it could claim on account of their individual merits. When it is reduced to its normal position, the position of the Sovereign can be settled without difficulty.

It is fortunate for this minority that the majority is disposed to treat it very leniently. The longest paragraph in Mr.

Potter's letter concerns the most pressing of the social reforms that are involved in the Republican problem, and it defines the attitude which we hope all working men will take up in the matter. If French Radicals had such a land question to solve as occurs in England, they would adopt or aim at a very rough solution. They would clamor for the confiscation of the great territorial possessions of the aristocracy, and for an entire readjustment of the national wealth in land. Most English Republicans seem to be much more temperate in their demands. All they ask, following the lead of men like Mr. Mill, is that the existing customs of primogeniture and entail shall be abolished, that so much land as is still in the hands of the State shall be retained and used in the best way for the benefit of the whole community, and that where land is in private hands, only its hitherto undeveloped resources shall be looked upon as national property. And so it is with other matters directly or indirectly connected with the question of English Republicanism. Mr. Potter and his friends appear anxious that the needed improvements in our social and political arrangements should be quietly and peaceably worked out. If our statesmen and State pensioners are wise, they will yield to the movement while it continues in its present attitude.

(Fortnightly Review.)

THE USE OF HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

BY EDWARD A FREEMAN.

SOME years back I wrote in the fly-leaf of my own copy of Mr. Froude's History of England, two extracts from two historians, the words of both of whom are commonly weighty. Gibbon tells us in a highly characteristic sentence, "It is not usually in the language of edicts and manifestoes, that we should search for the real character or secret motives of princes." Sismondi says, in a sentence no less characteristic, "L'histoire véritable d'un pays est dans les grands faits qui s'enchainent les uns aux autres et que tout le monde peut saisir, non dans les correspondances secrètes par lesquelles des intrigants cherchent à se tromber les uns les autres, ou dans les proclamations par lesquelles ils veulent tromper le public." We may be sure that neither Gibbon nor Sismondi meant to undervalue the documentary sources of history; but it would seem as if they foresaw that it would some day be needful to raise a protest against the mis-application of those sources. Neither Gibbon nor Sismondi could have doubted that public and official documents of all kinds are among the most important sources of history, that for many purposes they are the most important sources of all. It is indeed true, that when they wrote, public and official documents were by no means so largely available as they are now. But they had quite enough experience of such documents to know what they proved and what they did not prove. They saw that public documents were not always written in good faith; they saw that the motives set forth in a treaty or proclamation were not the real motives of its authors. But they must have learned that the mere fact that motives were often set forth which were not the real motives is in itself part

of the history. A king cuts off his wife's head one day, and marries another wife the next morning. The common sense of mankind can see why he did so. But the Lord Chancellor, in a speech to the Parliament, assures the world that the king did not do it "in any carnal concupiscence," and an Act of Parliament is passed, declaring that it was all done "of the King's most excellent goodness," "for the ardent love and fervent affection which his Highness bore to the conservation of the peace and amity of the realm and of the good and quiet governance thereof." One man probably among all who have read the story has been so loyal a subject as to accept the explanation as not only actually but necessarily true. To Mr. Froude, and I presume, to Mr. Froude alone, the fact that certain motives are asserted in an Act of Parliament is enough to prove that those were the real motives. In his own memorable words, "The precipitancy with which Henry acted is to me a proof that he looked on matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment; and if this be thought a novel interpretation of his motives, *I have merely to say that I find it in the statute book.*"

We have here, to my thinking, one of the best examples of the state of mind against which Gibbon and Sismondi warned men beforehand. Into the details of the case I need not enter. Stronger hands than those of Mr. Froude have made the sixteenth century their own. Some day we shall no doubt learn from Mr. Brewer or Mr. Pocock, everything about Anna Boleyn and Jane Seymour. I refer to the case as showing, as well as any case can show, what public documents prove and what they do not prove. The Act of

Parliament would be the best of all evidence to prove, if there was any doubt about the matter, that Anne really was put to death on certain charges, and that Henry presently married Jane instead. Now the main outlines of the history of the sixteenth century are so well known to every one that we find it hard to conceive that there could be any doubt about them, or that they could stand in need of this kind of proof. But, in ages for which our materials are less abundant, it often happens that the historian is glad indeed to light on a public document of any kind to prove events of exactly the same class as the beheading of Anne Boleyn and the marriage of Jane Seymour. A public document is often exactly what he needs to settle some point of time or place or circumstance which the evidence of chronicles leaves uncertain. On points of this kind a public document has no motive to mislead, and it is therefore the highest authority of all. A public document again gives information, such as can often be got from no other source, as to the formal and technical language of the age, the forms of legal procedure, the way in which public business of all kinds was carried on. We must indeed in all times and places, allow for the tendency of all legal and formal language to be somewhat archaic, for the way in which forms and phases survive as forms and phases long after they have ceased to answer to any practical realities. Still even in this very point of view, as preserving relics of what was real in past ages, the language of any public document, the forms of any public process, supply in themselves no small stock of teaching. But documents, and especially such a document as that of which we are now speaking, supply also a teaching of a higher kind. No amount of annals or journals or letters could make us understand the real state of things under Henry the Eighth half so clearly as the words of this Act of Parliament. Nothing could bring home to us in so lively a way at once the personal character of Henry, and the relation in which he stood to his Parliament and to his people. There has not often been a tyrant, who, if he took a fancy to some woman other than his wife, would have thought it needful to go through all the cumbrous pro-

cesses in which Henry delighted, the divorces, the beheadings, the re-marryings, the solemn approving votes of Parliaments and Convocations. But that is because there has not often been a tyrant who, while so little careful about justice, judgment, and truth, was so minutely scrupulous about mint and anise and camin. If Henry could get the letter of the law on his side, he was satisfied: otherwise his conscience was uneasy. His brother tyrant, Francis the First, did things in another way. If he fell in love with the Countess of Châteaubriand, he simply took her away from the Count. In this no genius was shown; it was a thing any body could do. Henry would have set about the same work in quite another way. He would have found good reasons for cutting off the heads of the Queen and of the Count; he would have found judges and juries and parliaments ready to take their share in cutting them off: and when they were cut off, he would marry the widow respectably.

“Non nisi legitime vult nubere.”*

We feel sure that Henry would have shrunk with horror from the thought of poisoning Anne. We believe that, at this stage of his life he would have shrunk with horror from the thought of seducing Jane. The whole thing might be comfortably settled beforehand, but there must be no outward breach of law, divine or human. When Anne was tried, convicted, and executed in due form—when Jane Seymour was married in due form—when his Lord Chancellor, the keeper of his conscience, had assured him and the world that “carnal concupiscence” had nothing to do with the business—when Parliament had put it on record that all was done of the King’s most excellent goodness—then the conscience of Henry was satisfied, and the beheading of one wife and the marriage of another took their place among the things which cannot be spoken against.

Our Act of Parliament, therefore, though it is not in the way in which Mr. Froude looks at it, an infallible guide to Henry’s

* Let not the classical purist sneer at *nubere* as applied to the husband. During the greater part of the existence of the Latin language such minute subtleties were not attended to.

motives, does nevertheless throw a light on the character of Henry which could hardly have been thrown by any other means. But it does more ; it does not merely throw light on Henry's personal character ; it gives us the deepest insight into the character of the time. Nothing could set before us in so strong a light the peculiar features of this time of parliamentary subserviency. The sixteenth century, with a little margin at the two ends is the only time in our history when such words could have been uttered by the voice of an English Parliament. We cannot conceive anything of the kind in any very much earlier or in any very much later assembly. When we read the words by which King Harry's conscience was to be set at rest, we feel that we have got out of the region of the Good Parliament on the one hand and of the Long Parliament on the other. We have got into something far worse even than those Parliaments in which a victorious party proscribed their fallen enemies. We have got into a state of things when Parliaments were ready to proscribe anybody or to ordain anything, when Judges were ready to declare anything to be Law, when Juries were ready to find any verdict, when Bishops and Convocations were ready to declare anything to be true and orthodox, at the mere bidding of the capricious despot on the throne. We have reached the state which our forefathers called *unlaw*, not the state when Law was silent, but the state when Law had turned about and become its own opposite, the state when the institutions which were meant to secure right and truth and freedom had been turned into engines of wrong and falsehood and bondage. We are brought face to face, in the words of Arnold, with "that most deadly of all evils, when law, and even religion herself, are false to their divine origin, and purpose, and their voice is no longer the voice of God, but of his enemy." No more narrative, no more record of bills of attainder and acts of Six Articles, could bring all this before us in the same clear and living way as when we hear the Legislature itself, speaking in the name of the whole nation, declare the crimes of Henry to have been done of his most excellent goodness.

But this is not all. When we have reached the fact that the Parliaments of the Tudor age did show a degree of base subserviency unknown to the Parliaments of earlier and of later ages, we are naturally lead to seek into the causes of the fact. The causes are plainly written in the history of the times. Parliaments had lost the sources of strength which they had had in earlier times, and they had not yet found the sources of strength which they have had in later times. In the very earliest Parliaments the Lords were so strong that they could speak their minds, the Commons were so weak that they could speak theirs. There was no need to pack, to coerce, or to cajole a body whose petitions could be safely refused. It was not till the House of Commons had gained a large amount of strength that Kings found it worth their while either to manage Parliaments or to pack them. By the days of Henry the Eighth the arts of parliamentary management and parliamentary packing had reached a considerable pitch. We may be sure that the first three Edwards never interfered with an election ; if anything unfair took place, it was the work of the local Sheriff, not of the Crown itself. But in Henry's reign, Government interference at elections was as common as it was under the late state of things in France. A House of Commons in Henry's time consisted largely of the nominees, the servants, the pensioners, of the Crown. The same system went on throughout the century ; under Mary and Elizabeth it was further heightened by the practice of enfranchising petty boroughs for the express purpose of being corrupt. Meanwhile the old nobility had been cut off in the Wars of the Roses, and a new nobility, which owed everything which it had to royal favour, was growing up in its stead. There was no longer a Bohun or a Bigod to say, "By God, Sir King, I will neither go nor hang." There was none now who could boast—

"Were I in my castle of Bungay,

Upon the river of Waveney,

I would ne fear for the King of Cocknaye."

On the other hand, the process by which Parliaments gradually rose in power during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries had not yet begun. Henry had, what earlier and later Kings

had not, a Parliament in which both Houses were pretty much of his own making. Such a Parliament, unlike either earlier or later Parliaments, was ready to register all his edicts, to cut off heads at his pleasure, and to see nothing but excellent goodness in all his doings. We might have inferred something of this kind from a mere narrative of the facts of Henry's reign. But we understand the peculiar state of things far more fully and clearly when we listen to a Tudor Parliament speaking with its own mouth.

When we have got thus far, we may go on to another line of thought. In a certain sense Parliaments and parliamentary institutions were more degraded under the Tudor sovereigns than they ever were before or after. But it was a degradation which carried in it the seeds of improvement. The homage which vice pays to virtue is, after all, not wholly an empty homage. When a tyrant contrives to work his tyranny under the forms of law, he is paying a homage to the form which may some day grow into homage to the substance. When he takes care to get the approval of Parliament for all that he does, he is strengthening the hands of Parliament: he is paving the way for a time when Parliament will no longer approve of all the things of him or his like. The very care taken to pack and manage the House of Commons throughout this age, shows that sovereigns and their ministers fully understood that the House of Commons was a great and growing power in the State. It is not at all unlikely that this peculiar character of Henry's tyranny, his anxiety to do everything in proper parliamentary and judicial form, while it degraded our parliamentary and judicial institutions at the time, really did a good deal to strengthen and preserve them for better days. It should be borne in mind that this was just the age when free institutions came to an end in so many continental countries. The great object of Henry's brother despots was to get rid of their Parliaments. The great object of Henry was to get the sanction of his Parliament for everything that he did. While Charles the Fifth was trampling on the free institutions of Castile, his uncle was paying the deepest outward respect to the free institutions of England. In the end

the peculiar turn of mind of Henry worked for the good of English freedom. Our constitutional progress owes much to the fact that he had a temper which at once led him to commit great crimes, and made him uneasy unless his crimes received every outward sanction which the forms of law could give them.

Yet another thought may be suggested. When political morality had fallen so low that Parliament could officially call evil good, and good evil, does it follow that the general character of the nation was corrupted in at all the same proportion? I do not think that it does. In the sixteenth century men were much more content to be governed than they are now. There was not, and there could not be, the same general and speedy knowledge of public affairs, the same constant discussion of everything which goes on, with which we are familiar. Men were used to a good deal that was arbitrary on the part of their ruler, and they were content to look on state policy as a mystery with which it was presumptuous for common men to meddle. They were used to see noble and even royal blood freely poured out, and the executions of Henry, done in the face of day according to all the forms of law, might even contrast favourably with the deeds of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third. Henry was at least not stained with the assassinations or secret deaths of brothers, nephews and rivals. After so many years of war and revolution, men were inclined to put up with a good deal in a King whose title was undoubted, and who at least preserved the public peace at home, and sustained the national honour abroad. We must remember that the reign of Henry the Eighth was not wholly taken up with robbing Abbeys and beheading Queens. Those were the choice employments of his latter and more sober days, after he had finally put aside his "old and detestable life," and had exchanged the vices of a man for the cold and systematic heartlessness of a fiend. Henry, in his earlier days had really done something to win the regard of his people, and to the last his dealings with foreign affairs were honorable beside those of Charles or Francis. It was not wonderful if Henry really commanded a large share of nation-

al respect and confidence. It was not wonderful if men who thought it wisdom to forbear from exercising themselves in great matters which were too high for them, shrank from prying too narrowly into affairs of state, or from applying to their sovereign those strict rules of right and wrong, which they most likely would have at once applied to themselves or to their neighbours.

If then the utter political subserviency which breathes in this remarkable act does not prove the existence of such general moral degeneracy as we might have thought, we have at once suggested to us the importance of looking in our historical inquires, both beyond the outward events recorded by chroniclers and beyond the formal acts of Kings and Parliaments. The doings of Henry the Eighth, of his flatterers and his victims, do not make up the whole history of his age; they do not make up the whole life of the English nation. We see that, fully to understand the age, we must look below the surface and mark the hidden influences which were at work, influences of which the outward events and formal acts of the time were largely the outward expression. We see the kind of relation which there was between the doings of rulers and the thoughts and feelings of the people at large, and how it was that deeds which seem so hateful to us did not in an equal degree shock the public feeling of their own time. We see that there need not have been any special moral abasement in the men who heard of such deeds and did not rise to rid the world of those who did them.

The document then which I have chosen by way of illustration, does not prove that particular thing which Mr. Froude, in his guilelessness seems to have thought that it did prove. But it proves a vast deal in many ways; it brings out into full life many things which would be comparatively dull and unimpressive in a mere narrative, but which fix themselves on the mind in a way never to be forgotten, when we listen to contemporaries and actors speaking with their own lips. Mr. Froude himself, did not know how to use the statute-book, but there was, if some degree of exaggeration, yet a great deal of truth, in the position with which Mr.

Froude set out, that it is in the statute-book that English history must be studied.

We have seen then how documents fare in the hands of a writer like Mr. Froude, a clever man who rushed at the history of one particular time without knowing anything of the times before or after it, a man who had acuteness enough to see the paramount importance of documentary evidence, but who had not enough of critical power or critical experience to teach him how to use his documentary evidence aright. We will now see how documents of the same kind fare in the hands of real historical scholars. Within the last two years two works of the highest importance for our early documentary history have appeared from the hands of really earnest workers in the historic field. One of them is something more; it is not merely a collection of documents, however skilfully arranged, however critically made use of; it is the most remarkable instance of powerful and brilliant compression which historical literature contains. The one is the volume which Mr. Haddan has given us of the long expected "Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland," a great work which has somewhat hidden its light under a bushel by giving itself out as a new edition of Wilkins. The other is the still more memorable collection of Professor Stubbs, "Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History." Here a work of perfectly unique value hides its light still more completely, by veiling a summary of English legal history such as never was seen before under the almost ironical modesty of the words "arranged and edited." Mr. Haddan has done a great work; he has driven away one of the spectres of history. The greatest and hardest of historical struggles, the struggle to prove that Englishmen are Englishmen, has had its difficulty increased tenfold by those dreams about the Early British Church which with some people have made it a kind of point of ecclesiastical conscience to deny their national personality. There is perhaps no delusion which better illustrates the power of words and names, none which better illustrates the way in which men fail practically to understand things which they

have in a certain sense learned, than these same dreams about the ancient British Church. People write in their books how the heathen "Saxons" drove the Britons into Wales and Cornwall, and they also write about "our British ancestors,"* and how "the Church of England" was founded by Joseph of Arimathea or Saint Paul. Even the fact that, in the later stages of English conversion, when Rome had once begun the work, we did owe much, not indeed to British but to Scottish missionaries, is forgotten in this passion for connecting our present Christianity with the Christianity of the conquered Welsh. I believe that this kind of thing is meant to prove something for or against the Pope; but the facts of history, alike in the fifteenth century and sixteenth, refuse to bend themselves to theological requirements. Mr. Haddan, writing, as far as I can see, without any controversial purpose, has dealt what ought to be a death-blow to this kind of babble about the British Church by the process of putting together all that is really known about the matter. We have here, not only every document, but every scrap of every kind, every mention in any writer, Greek, Latin, English, or native, every inscription, every antiquarian relic of any kind, which can throw any light on the history of the British Church from the beginning till the year 1295. The whole is collected, arranged, and, when needful, commented on, by the unflagging zeal of a true scholar, a man who knows what a thing proves and what it does not. It is really unfair for such a work as this, the result of the profoundest original research and criticism, to be put forth as, in any sense, a new edition of Wilkins, or even as, in the words of the title-page, "edited, after Spelman and Wilkins." Mr. Haddan's work is based upon Wilkins only in the sense in which the work of every later writer must be based on the works of writers who have gone before him. How far Mr. Haddan has really made use of Wilkins, which of course is very largely, is fully set forth in the Preface, and the words in the title-page are certainly a mistake. Modesty is an excellent virtue,

* In the Domesday sense of *antecessores* no description could be more minutely accurate.

but a man should no more do wrong to himself than to anybody else.

Now we have no doubt that there are plenty of people who would look upon such a book as Mr. Haddan's as dull, dry work, which any plodding Dryasdust could put together, and which a man of genius would degrade himself by taking the trouble to put together. No doubt it is easier to write a pretty story; no doubt it is easier to read a pretty story; canons and laws and letters, and even the Lamentations of the British Jeremiah, are, I doubt not, less attractive to the general reader than talk about stars and streams and daisies and the great clock of time, which is always on the point of striking, but which never screws up its courage actually to strike. But it is among these things that truth dwells; it is here that we find the materials of history. And it needs no small man to grope into these obscure corners, to discern the wheat from the chaff, the genuine from the spurious, the trivial from the important, to put everything in its right time and place, and to mark the true bearing of each statement on the great run of events. To those to whom history is a matter of amusement, and truth a thing that may be trifled with at pleasure, such labors as those of Mr. Haddan may seem to be those of a mere antiquary and not of an historian. The truth is that the antiquary's work is for the most part badly done, because the only man capable of doing it will seldom stoop to do it. What Mr. Haddan's powers may be in the way of historical narrative or of sustained historical discussion he has given us no means of judging. But no man could have brought together in their proper order and relation such a mass of materials as are gathered together in the present volume without possessing facilities of historical research and historical criticism to a very high degree.

The historical value of the material which Mr. Haddan has brought together is very great. They give us the ecclesiastical side of the English Conquest, a conquest which, of course, as far as Wales was concerned, was still going on at the time when Mr. Haddan breaks off 1265. Not one word will be found

this volume to flatter the dream of an Early British Church from which the Christianity of England is derived. We see a British Church, and we see an English Church, but they stand to one another in no relation of identity, or even of parentage; the relations between the two Churches are the shadow which inevitably follows the relations between the two nations. The tale is a tale of conquest, of conquest which puts on a milder shape as it goes on, but which is still conquest from beginning to end. There is not a word to show that a single soul among the heathen conquerors was won to the faith by the conquered Christians. Between British and English Christianity there is absolutely no continuity. British Christianity is first displaced by English heathendom, and it is then conquered by the Christianity which England learned direct from Rome. I may say this without in the least undervaluing the large share in the conversion of England which belonged to the independent Scots. For England deliberately preferred the Roman to the Scottish usages, and those parts of England which were converted by Scottish teachers formed parts of one spiritual whole with those whose Christianity came from the earlier mission of Augustine. To the Church thus formed the British Church was gradually brought into submission, in the same way and by the same steps by which the British nation was brought into submission. As the power of the West-Saxon King advanced, the power of the Kentish Primate advanced also. As British princes learned step by step to acknowledge themselves the men of the English invader, so the bishops of the Primitive Church of Britain learned step by step to acknowledge their spiritual father in the Patriarch of the younger and foreign Church which had sprung up by its side in their own island. Britain, as another world, had its own emperor and its own Pontiff; but both were of the stock of the intruders, and the sons of the soil had to learn to obey both temporal and spiritual obedience in their own land.

To those who have been used to accept the tales about a regularly-ordered British Church in early times, how it had three Archbishoprics of London,

York and Caerleon, and how the archiepiscopal see of Caerleon was removed to St. David's, there must be something startling about the calm and pitiless way in which Mr. Haddan goes through the whole question of early British episcopacy. It may be some comfort when he says that "the system of diocesan episcopacy is conclusively proved to have existed," but he adds that "there is no *reliable* evidence [it is a pity that a scholar like Mr. Haddan should use such a word as 'reliable'] that Archbishoprics ever came into existence there prior to St. Augustine, however probable it may seem that the Bishops of the Roman cities which were the capitals of the several Roman provinces . . . may possibly have risen to some sort of Archiepiscopate over their brethren." This is the sort of way in which shadows vanish as soon as the real critical method is brought to bear on such materials as we have. And, in following out such inquiries as Mr. Haddan's, we must never let ourselves be deluded or swayed in the smallest degree by a feeling which has made endless havoc of truth in these matters. It often happens that the results of historical criticism are purely negative; we pull down without building up anything instead; all that we can do is to show certain statements to be untrustworthy, without providing any trustworthy statements to put in their place. In such cases many people seem to think themselves in a manner wronged; something is taken from them without their receiving any recompense. Many a man who would be quite ready to accept one statement instead of another, feels himself disappointed, if the result of inquiry is simply to show that no statement at all can be safely made. There is something humiliating in being asked tamely to acquiesce in ignorance, yet such acquiescence in ignorance is about one of the highest lessons which the student of history has to learn. In ages where our materials are plentiful, the result of criticism commonly is to substitute history for legend. In earlier times we have often to be satisfied with upsetting legend without being able to substitute history. The result is a blank, which to minds undisciplined by critical research often seems painful.

The domain of knowledge seems to be cruelly lessened, while in truth it is enlarged. The object of Socrates is accomplished and the reality of knowledge is substituted for the pretence. In historical matters, as often in practical life, next after knowing a matter, the second best thing is knowing that there is nothing to be known about it.

I say all this, because it can hardly be doubted that to many minds the results of such a book as Mr. Haddan's, which upset cherished delusions by bringing them to the test of authentic documents, will always seem to be purely negative. But in truth Mr. Haddan's researches have brought together a vast amount of positive knowledge; his book shows that, after all, a great deal is to be learned about the early British Church, and he has brought together the true materials for learning it. A book like Mr. Haddan's is not in the strictest sense a history, but is the necessary groundwork of history. All that is known on the subject is brought together, and it is not only brought together, but brought together in its proper order and relation. If any one wishes to write a narrative history of the British Church, the means are now open for him to do so. And to those who are engaged in the study of any branch of British or English history during the time which Mr. Haddan has taken in hand the book is hardly less indispensable.

The work of Mr. Haddan's fellow labourer, Professor Stubbs, claims a still higher rank. It shows what can be made of documents, when historic powers of the highest order are brought to bear upon them. We have seldom seen a single volume which was, so thoroughly and almost without a figure of speech, a library in itself. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Stubbs has here got together all that any one can want to know on his subject unless he is going to write a book about it, and that, if a man is going to write a book about it, he will find Mr. Stubbs' volume the best possible guide to his materials. Nor is the book a mere collection of documents, even in that higher sense in which Mr. Haddan's book is a collection of documents. Mr. Haddan brings together his materials and adds

notes and appendices conceived in the truest critical spirit, which might well form the groundwork of a narrative. Mr. Stubbs does more. He does not merely give us comment when comment is needed; he rather gives the narrative with the necessary documents, brought in in their proper places. A complete narrative history of England during the time which he takes in hand Mr. Stubbs of course does not give us. So to do is not the object of his work. But he does give us a real narrative from the point of view from which he has undertaken the subject, a narrative of the constitutional progress of England. He begins with the beginning of our national life; he starts from the sound doctrine which so many find a stumbling block, that "the first traces of our national history must be sought not in Britain but in Germany; in the reports given by Cæsar and Tacitus of the tribes which they knew." And he ends at the only point between Cæsar and our own day at which a line can be drawn, a point which is incidentally the point at which Mr. Haddan's work comes to an end. I believe that I have myself said somewhere or other, that in the reign of Edward the First, English constitutional history ceases to belong to the domain of antiquaries and begins to belong to the domain of lawyers. This is a most important distinction, and is that on which Mr. Stubbs seems to have acted. The English constitution, springing from the first principles common to our forefathers with all other Teutonic, and perhaps with all other Aryan nations, finally grew into its present form in the days of the great Edward. The changes which have happened since those days have been vast and manifold, but there have been changes in the practical working of our institutions rather than in their actual legal form. A Parliament of our own day is widely different in its practical working from a Parliament of Edward the First, but it is almost wholly in the practical working that the difference is found. The constitution of the two bodies hardly differ at all; the main difference is one which would hardly strike a superficial student of law or history. The difference is that the precarious claim of the clergy to act as Estate of Parliament has been forgotten

rather than legally abolished, while traces of it remain in the anomalous character of our ecclesiastical synods, distinct from Parliament, subordinate to Parliament, and yet following Parliament as an inseparable shadow. Setting aside the almost forgotten difference, the three elements of King, Lord, and Commons are now, in their nature, in the mode of their appointment, in the strict extent of their legal powers, not very widely different from what they were then. The essential difference lies in the gradual change of their practical relations to one another. The constitutional changes which have been brought in gradually and silently, without any change in the written law, and which still remain matters of tradition and convention, are far more and far greater than those which were brought in by any act of Parliament. And the particular Acts of Parliament which we now prize as special bulwarks of our liberties will be commonly found to be declaratory and confirmatory acts, acts which did not profess to confer any new right, but to provide means for the exercise of an old one. In the days of Edward the First our chief officers, national and local, have already come into being with functions not widely different from those which they exercise at present. The main principle of law as understood by modern lawyers, are already established, and from this time the technical lore of their study becomes of the highest importance. From this date the constitutional historian should be, if not a professional lawyer, at least one as familiar with legal maxims and practice as a professional lawyer can be.

In the earlier period all is different. It is perhaps too much to say that Mr. Stubbs derives great advantage from not being a professional lawyer; for we may suppose that a mind so thoroughly historical as his would have triumphed over the temptations of one profession as it certainly has triumphed over the temptations of another. But it is certain that no greater havoc has been wrought among the facts of our early history, and the interpretation of our early laws, than that which has been wrought by professional lawyers. They come to the study of our early history with minds full of the rules

and principles of our later times, and they instinctively apply them to times in which those rules and principles had not yet come into being. The confusions arising from this source have affected almost every detail of our constitutional history. It is curious to see how, at more than one great crisis of later times, the simpler principles of our forefathers, the application of the law as it stood before lawyers were, would have at once taken away many difficulties which had been brought in the world by nothing else than by their technical lore. A man of the tenth or eleventh century would have seen nothing irregular, nothing strange, in the great national acts of 1399 and of 1688. To him nothing would have seemed more obvious than, if the King reigned ill, to depose him and elect another. In electing the new King, it would seem to him the natural course to choose indeed within the royal family, but, within that family, freely to choose the candidate who promised best. To him it would seem an utterly needless refinement to bring in legal fictions about the King deserting or abdicating a crown, which, in his view, the nation had given, and the nation could take away. Still less would he have troubled with any difficulties about the lawfulness of an assembly of the nation to be in full power and activity as when the throne was vacant, and when they had to choose a successor. The doctrine that the throne never could become vacant, that the next heir became King, without election or consecration, as soon as the breath had gone out of the body of his predecessor, would have been met by the men of the tenth or eleventh century with a look of simple bewilderment. Now, all these new and strange doctrines are simply the figments of lawyers. They are not changes in the constitution brought in by any regular act of the legislature, they are simply inferences, inferences for the most part most logical and most ingenious, which lawyers have made from the arbitrary principles which they have themselves laid down. Now during the time when these principles were really acknowledged, when they really influenced government and legislation as they have influenced them down to our own day, it

is of course necessary to understand them and constantly to bear them in mind. But, in dealing with the times before they were invented, it is equally necessary to put them utterly out of sight. And it is just because professional lawyers, find it so hard to put them out of sight that the greater part of the misconceptions of our early history have arisen. To a man like Blackstone, for instance, the arbitrary rules of the later law had become a sort of nature. He was altogether incapable of understanding the way in which men thought and acted in the days when there was already Law, but when there were as yet no lawyers. Against delusions of this sort there can be no better safeguard than a study of the genuine documents of our early history, especially when they are accompanied and explained by such a narrative commentary as is here given by Mr. Stubbs. In the first part of his book, in the space of fifty-one pages, Mr. Stubbs gives us a "Sketch of the Constitutional History of the English Nation down to the reign of Edward I.," of which it is hardly too much to say that there is not in it a word too much or too little. We are hardly so much struck with the range and depth of Mr. Stubbs' learning, and with the soundness of his critical judgment, as we are with the marvellous power and clearness with which he has compressed the contents of many volumes into this small space. Mr. Stubbs, too, has begun and ended at the right places. It is comforting when the first of living historical scholars begins a Sketch of the Constitutional History of the English Nation with the *Germania* of Tacitus, and after touching on the alleged intermixture of foreign elements with the original English stock, says emphatically:—

"Were the evidence of intermixture of race much stronger and more general than they are, to the student of constitutional history they are without significance. From the Briton and the Roman of the fifth century we have received nothing. Our whole internal history testifies unmistakably to our inheritance of Teutonic institutions from the first immigrants. The Teutonic element is the paternal element in our system, natural and political."

The words with which the sketch ends are no less memorable.

"We have thus brought our sketch of Constitutional History to the point of time at which the nation may be regarded as reaching its full stature. It has not yet learned its strength, nor accustomed itself to economize its power We stop with Edward I., because the machinery is now completed, the people are at full growth. The system is raw and untrained and awkward, but it is complete. The attaining of this point is to be attributed to the defining genius, the political wisdom, and the honesty of Edward I., building on the immemorial foundation of national custom; fitting together all that Henry I. had planned, Henry II. organized, and the heroes of the thirteenth century had inspired with fresh life and energy."

After the Sketch come the documents themselves, connected, as I have said, by what really amounts to a Constitutional History of the time, which Mr. Stubbs had undertaken. And this be it observed, is precisely the time during which the great work of Hallam does not reach its full value. A number of documents of the highest importance, but which have hitherto had to be sought for in many different works, and several of them works not easy to be got at, are here brought together, in their proper order and relation. We have, for instance, the great documents of the reign of Henry the Second—the reign of which Mr. Stubbs is so preeminently the master—the Constitutions of Clarendon, the Assize of Clarendon, the Assize of Northampton, the Assize of the Forest, and the famous *Diplomus de Seaccario*. In the like sort we have the great Charter itself in full, and also the great constitutional documents of the reign of Henry the Third. Earlier and later we have extracts from Caesar and Tacitus onwards, from the early Laws, from the parts of Domesday which bear on legal matters; we have specimens of the various writs and forms of summons through the whole time which the collection takes in. In fact all the materials for constitutional study are here brought together, and their true bearing is shown in the narrative by which the documents are connected. If any man wishes to make himself master of the political, and very largely also of the social, progress of our nation during the first eight hundred years of our dwelling in this island, he has here the materials for so doing.

In books like those of Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Haddan, but of course still more emphatically in that of Mr. Stubbs, we learn the real value of historical documents and the real method of their study. We see that Mr. Froude was thoroughly right when he said that the history of England was to be studied in the statute-book, but we see also that the statute-book must be looked on as beginning with the Laws of Æthelbert. In that earliest surviving piece of English legislation we see the King, then as now, summoning his people to his councils, and we see the members of the National Council, then as now, guarded by a special protection during the discharge of their public duties. From this point we can trace straight onwards the constitutional history of our nation, the full growth of our earliest freedom, its momentary overthrow at the hand of the stranger, its second birth and second growth in a shape better suited to altered times. For this purpose there is nothing like the genuine official records themselves. But while we thus learn what our national records really do prove, we must beware of trying to make the use of them to prove what they never can prove. There is not indeed, in the times dealt with by Mr. Haddan and Mr. Stubbs, the same temptation to apply records to strange purposes which there is in the sixteenth century. In early times our Kings were a good deal in the habit of praising themselves, but they do not seem to have received so much incense at the hands of the assembled nation as became usual in the more refined days of the Tudors. Yet, on the same principles on which we are called on to believe in the patriotic self-sacrifice of Henry the Eighth, it would not be hard to make out a very good case

for King John. And indeed I remember that an ingenious gentleman of Yorkshire did once write a volume in praise of King John, and there is moreover a parish in Somerset where the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of that much calumniated sovereign is said to be still celebrated by a yearly feast.

I have only to hope that a hint thrown out in Mr. Stubbs' Preface may some day become more than a hint.

"A more consistent supplement or companion to this volume would be a comparative assortment of corresponding *Origines* of the other Constitutions of Europe. This is a branch of study without which the student cannot fully realize either the peculiar characteristics of his own national polity, or the deep or wide basis which it has in common with those of the modern nations of the Continent."

How deep Mr. Stubbs goes for the basis of our own polity we have already seen; for the common basis of all that European nations have in common, he must go deeper still. No one is so well fitted as himself to give us a study of comparative polity, worthy to be set beside the studies which other inquirers have given us, of comparative philology, comparative mythology, and comparative culture. But so to do, the inquiry must not be purely Teutonic; it must be Aryan, perhaps more than Aryan. We must go beyond the Witenagemôt of England, the *Marzfeld* of the old Franks, the still abiding *Landesgemeinden* of the free Switzer, to the first glimpse of the *Comitia* of Rome, to the *Ekklesia* of democratic Athens, to the *Agoré* of the old Achaian, and of the *Myceé Gemôt* of Olympos itself, where we see Zeus sitting among his chosen Witan,—*alle qa landleode*—of the divine nation to share in the councils of their King.

(The Athenæum.)

UMBRELLAS.

TOWARDS the close of his nineteen years of splendid wastefulness in London, when bailiffs incessantly watched the doors of the Gore House and a certain dwelling in a modest terrace a little lower down the road, Alfred, Count D'Orsay, gave utterance to a memorable sentiment. In reply to a prudent friend, who vainly tried to dissuade him from ordering a new carriage that he did not need and could not pay for, the last of the dandies declared that as long as he lived whatever he used should be the best of its kind. When he could no longer drive the best carriage, he would carry the best umbrella in town. The prudent friend was set aside with a smile; and in another year the beau had retired to his native land, and entered on the last stage of his career. True to his word, when he could not keep a perfect carriage, he made himself the owner of a faultless "gingham;" and he went to his artistic grave at Chambourcy leaning on the daintiest umbrella that could be found in Paris.

The *parapluie* that alternately aided the tottering steps and shaded the wan features of the fading Count was the newest specimen of a contrivance whose story is almost co-extensive with that of human civilization. The last and youngest of a noble line, it had a pedigree of venerable antiquity. Though it may have had no lineal connection with the biblical "shade defending from the sun," it could boast a descent from the symbolical sunshades of Nineveh, Egypt, India, and China. Its remote and gorgeous ancestors, typical of death and dominion over life, had conferred splendour on the religious pumps of extinct peoples, and inspired their beholders with awe. Their effigies may be found on sacred sculptures, in the ruins of

palaces and temples. Their mysterious powers are commemorated in the adornments of antique vases, and the traditions of superstitious faiths. In the fifth incarnation of Vishnu, when the god went down into hell, he bore in his hand the same implement that Jonas Hanway, the founder of Magdalen Hospital, used to carry about George the Third's London, to the scorn and rage of hackney-coachmen. In like manner an old bas-relief represents Dionysius descending to the infernal regions, holding a specimen of ingenious contrivance that was extended by a footman over the head of Dr. Shebbeare, to ward off the rain and rotten eggs from the unfortunate man of letters whilst he stood in the pillory, in 1758,—an indulgence to the seditious writer that brought rebuke and punishment on Under-Sheriff Beardman. From time immemorial the right to bear a single umbrella has been a considerable distinction in Eastern lands. To this day, to be the Lord of many umbrellas is to be a sublime personage. The Mahratta Princes, who reigned at Poonah and Sattara, had the title of Ch'hatra-pati, *i.e.*, Lord of the Umbrella, from which superb designation it has been suggested that we derive the word "satrap." The King of Ava was proud to call himself "King of the White Elephant, and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." Barely sixteen years have passed since the King of Birma styled himself, in a letter to the Marquis of Dalhousie, "His great, glorious, and most excellent Majesty, who reigns over the kingdoms of Thunaparanta, Tampadipa, and all the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of Eastern countries." A member of the Pytchley Hunt would not care to turn out at the end of a good regiment of umbrella-bearers; but, as Mr. Woodcroft reminds us in his capi-

tal essay on the archæology of sun-shades, "we hear of twenty-four umbrellas being carried before the Emperor of China when he was going hunting." In London, where a single dealer in furnished and unfurnished sticks has sold four millions of alpaca umbrellas in the course of the last twenty years, and where umbrellas are so highly esteemed that fairly honest men take no trouble to return them after borrowing them, it seems very absurd that nations should have exalted the portable canopy to be an ensign of authority and a symbol of religious truth. But there is nothing in the nature of things which makes stars, garters, and buttons more appropriate ensigns of personal worth than wands fitted with folds of silk.

Though the Greeks used the umbrella as a mystic symbol in some of their sacred festivals, it was known to them chiefly in later times as an article of luxury for the comfort and decoration of aristocratic woman-kind. Aristophanes and Pausanias both mention the umbrella as though it were a contrivance commonly used by ladies. Adopting two of the ancient uses of the parasol, the Romans gave it to their gentlewomen as a piece of apparel suitable to their delicacy, and in later times raised the canopy of state to be a symbol of authority. The cardinal's hat is probably derived from the umbrella suspended in the Basilican churches of Rome before their conversion of judgment-halls into places of divine worship. "The origin of this custom," says the author of the "Introduction" to our little Blue Book, "of hanging an umbrella in the Basilican churches is plain enough. The judge sitting in the basilican would have it as a part of his insignia of office. On the judgment-hall being turned into a church the umbrella remained, and in fact occupied the place of the canopy over the thrones and the like in our own country. Beatiano, an Italian herald, says that 'a vermilion umbrella in a field-argent symbolizes dominion.'"

Though a drawing preserved in the Harleian MSS. represents an Anglo-Saxon fop of high degree taking the air under an umbrella, made with rib and a sloping handle, which is held over his

head by his body-servant, the general use of the umbrella in England may be said to have commenced no earlier than the eighteenth century. In James the First's time the majority of our women no less than of our men scorned to screen themselves from sun, rain, and wind with the little "umbrellas,"—made of leather, "something answerable to the form of a little canopy, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops that extend the vmbrella in a pretty large compasse,"—which Thomas Coryat, in his "Crudities," ridiculed as the absurdest contrivance of the fanciful Italians. Like the table-fork, however, the umbrella found its advocates as well as its enemies in Elizabethan London; and persons, bold enough to urge that it was not impious for the hungry Christian to put pieces of meat into his mouth with a pair of steel prongs, ventured to raise their voices on behalf of the new implement for preserving complexions and finery. The umbrella, used both as a sun-shade and defence against the rain, certainly grew in favour with Londoners of luxury and fashion under the first two Stuarts. Drayton, in 1620, described it as a thing able "to shield you in all sorts of weathers." Twenty years later Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," alluded to in the lines—

Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit!

The umbrella exhibited during the Commonwealth as a rarity at John Tradescant's Museum at South Lambeth was either interesting on account of its exceptional construction, or because it was one of the earliest weather-shades introduced into the country. The picture on the title-page of Evelyn's "Kalendarium Hortense" (1664), of a black page carrying a closed hand canopy, at least renders it improbable that any umbrella was at that period an article whose rarity entitled it to a place in a collection of curiosities. That the invention was commonly used as a defence against the rain in Queen Anne's London by women of the humbler grades as well as by ladies, we know from Gray's mention of the "oily shed" in the "Trivia" and

Swift's lines in the *Tattler*, October 17, 1710—

The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.

Gay says—

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise;
Defended by the ridinghood's disguise;
Or underneath the umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.

Let Persian dames th' umbrella's rich display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray,
Or sweating slaves support the shady load
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad,

Britain in winter only knows its aid
To guard from chilling hours the walking maid.

The time was close at hand when the walking-maid's defence became the shield of both sexes. Like many other social reformers who garner to their own fame the fruits of earlier labourers, Jonas Hanway gained popular credit for inventing the umbrella, whereas he was at most nothing more than one of the first gentlemen of the town to carry an umbrella habitually. Sixteen years before Hanway's death, and when the umbrella-using philanthropist had availed himself of the folding canopy for some fourteen years, John Macdonald, the footman and autobiographer, used to be greeted by the hackney-coachmen with derisive shouts of "Frenchman, Frenchman, why don't you call a coach?" whenever he showed himself in the streets with his "fine silk umbrella, newly brought from Spain." Two centuries since, the oiled umbrella, of clumsy cane or whalebone ribs, strung on a ring of wire, and expanded without the aid of the modern top-notch and runner, was no less heavy than awkward, although its canopy was much less extensive than that of the ordinary umbrella of the present day. In the seventeenth century an umbrella of the best French workmanship weighed about 3 lb. 8½ oz., a weight exceeding by 3 lb. that of the silk umbrellas manufactured in Paris in 1849.

Some notion may be formed of the amount of ingenuity expended during the last eighty or ninety years on improving the umbrella, from the fact that this col-

lection of abridgments of specifications contains abstracts of 202 patents, the earliest of which was granted in October, 1786, and the latest in July, 1861. Some few of these patents are for walking-sticks not furnished with drapery; and many of them refer only to improvements, or proposals for improvement, of one or more of the subordinate parts of the mechanism of the weather-shade, such as ribs, tips, handles, ferules, notches, springs. But the majority of the specifications are of contrivances affecting the umbrella's general design, or principle materials. Some of the schemes are very fanciful; but the entire collection is an entertaining exhibition of human ingenuity acting on a trifling matter of convenience. Whoever wishes for an umbrella so fashioned that its silk may be shut up within the stick, may have his desire by buying Edward Thomason's "rhabdoskidopheros," or one of the several weather-shades made with the same object as Mr. Thomason's invention. The warlike citizen is provided, by the invention of Malcolm M'Gregor and William M'Farland (1808), with an implement that may be used at will to ward off rain or kill a foe; for it may "be shut up in its case, to be used as a walking-stick, and may be used as a defensive weapon by having a spar attached, which is prevented from running into the stick, when used by a spring." For the benefit of umbrella-bearers whose blood circulates sluggishly, and whose hands, therefore, are liable to suffer from cold, Mr. Charles Smith (1846) invented an umbrella-handle with sockets to hold heating matters. Ladies who like to have the latest and best information about the time of day may have sun-dials fitted in the handles of their sun-shades by the patented process. Three varieties of pipe-stick, to be used as a walking-staff or umbrella, have been devised for the happiness of smokers. The pedestrian who likes to shoot wild birds, and be armed against a capricious climate, may have an umbrella fixed on a needle-gun cane. Nervous and morbidly-modest ladies, who do not like to be looked at as they walk about, and delicate persons who would defend themselves against fine mist as well as rain, should buy Mr. Samuel Stocker's umbrella, which

has a circular veil or curtain attached to the circumference of the unfolded weather shade, so that its tented bearer looks something like an animated post-pillar. The falling curtain, it should be observed, is provided with a little window, so that the secluded traveller can see where he is going. But the umbrella-holder, who wishes to put a bow or other window into his portable tenement should have it glazed by Mr. John Henry Johnston's patent "mode or modes of inserting glass or other transparent plates in the fabric of umbrellas." The most perfect umbrella, attainable in the present state of industrial art, would combine the special conveniences of several patents. First of all, the person ambitious of possessing the best possible *parapluie* should provide himself with Henry William Van Kleff's "walking staff, constructed to contain a pistol, powder, ball, and screw telescope, pen, ink, paper, pencil, knife, and drawing utensils." For the drawing

utensils of this apparatus he should substitute a small pipe and half an ounce of tobacco. This staff should be enriched with a warming-pan handle, furnished with a sun-dial, and fitted with a water-proof canopy, having a circular curtain and six handsome windows. The whole should be enclosed in Thomas Dawson's "Improved case or cover for umbrellas, which can also be worn as a garment"; with respect to which envelope, contrived a double debt to pay, the inventor remarks: "I provide it with a button and a loop, or other suitable fastening; and when not worn on the shoulders the umbrella is inserted and rolled in it, the loop and button fastened, and the case assumes a neat and slightly appearance." Though it might not be all that he could desire in respect to weight, the umbrella, thus constituted and furnished, would enable its proprietor to walk to and fro between the city and his suburban residence with an agreeable sense of security.

(Westminster Review.)

BEARINGS OF MODERN SCIENCE ON ART.

THE revolutionary relations of modern Science to modern labour are recognized. We are grown proud of machines. A grotesque wonder at the marvellous mechanicalization of industrial operations is the newest of human passions. After a struggle, we have finally yielded to it, and now we are ready blindly to believe anything of iron and steam. Machinery plays the part of a transformed, sophisticated Fairy in modern life, giving to manufactures their one touch of romance. It is a new, high, unending amusement of adults, to pretend to be entirely and childishly surprised by this inexhaustible iron facility. Even Hodge, the clothopper, is beginning to grin with familiar delight at the steam Robin Goodfellow hiding in patent ploughs and threshers. But an odd repugnance is still shown to *apparatus* in all matters of avowed Art. We cling here, with a silly tenderness, to the dear homely traditions of the wonders of the human hand, although every moment they are becoming antiquated. Multiplying hints are given in all scientific discoveries, that a new mode of Art is promised in the future. Can any one now stand in the laboratory of the chemist, or follow the experiments of the optician, or observe with the crystallographer, without perceiving a novel power of scientific sorcery, fitfully, yet always more and more boldly, offering to man a direct command over Beauty, as well as over Use? It is, indeed, surprising, when, in some moment of courage, one thinks of all the stores of new modes of decoration modern Science has already thrown open, which we timidly refrain from using, the only reason being, that we, as yet, lack a sufficient sense of domestication among these new fashions of beauty, and dare not dream of making our dwellings as commonly gorgeous as

is within our reach. It is surely not too much to say, that our walls ought now to be delicately diversified with the inexhaustible patterns of polarized light; ceilings and roofs should sparkle with the beaming arabesques of the prism; underfoot, we ought to be treading on a mosaic of chemical gems. But, instead of anything of this, we potter on with the primitive brush and chisel. The other, however, is a final style of Art, which Science must, in the end, give us; unmanual, mechanicalized, experimental, illustrative; enabling us to reproduce and amend the natural rainbow, not imperfectly to mimic it only: Art, explanatory of Nature's processes—even disclosing her ideal—not merely memorialistic of her actual scenes; an Art appealing to fresh, differently organized passions.

Gradually, we are becoming aware how imperfect the old representative symbolical Art is—how insufficiently it exercises the senses. The traditions of its difficulties, the fitfulness of its successes, together with our natural eagerness to snatch at them, and make the most of their beauty, necessarily reconciled us to its failures. So far as they were perceived, they were hushed up. It was always, indeed, admitted that there were natural effects it could not hope to render, and, by a tacit recognition of the limits of the dexterity of the human hand, even at its aptest, precise resemblance in any instance was not looked for. We tried to believe that this was as it should be. Now, however, the moderation which alone gave to old Art its success, will be attacked at both these points. Scientific Art will so habituate the senses to inexhaustible splendor of hue, and to accuracy of intricate form, that manual achievements must come to show a glaring rudeness. The polarizing mirror will spoil us for the

noble child's-play of Titian's yellows and Turner's scarlets; the crystal, with its pellucid severities of form, will train us to see hesitating crooks in all lines drawn or sculptured by the fingers. Equally clear is it, that manual Art is doomed to a progressive failure by unavoidable inaccuracy of another kind. Science is rapidly sophisticating our sight: we now see below the surface. Optics is disclosing to us the interior secrets of iridescence; crystallography is giving us some knowledge of mineral processes; physiology, vegetable and animal, is supplying a faint perception of modes of growth;—all which it is simply impossible to avoid falsifying in any attempt at representation in their exact characteristics. The impossibility is sheer and unavoidable, owing to the muscular sense remaining necessarily uninitiated. The result must be, that Art of the old kind will have to become increasingly conventional. It could not adequately reproduce the merely superficial detail perceived by the unsophisticated eye. We had to accept symbols for leafage, for waves, for cloud. But it will not be able to attempt signs even for the subtler presentiments, of cellular and crystalline organization, now awakened in every act of the trained human vision. The eye has hopelessly outstripped the hand: it is becoming microscopic, while the fingers suffer an incurable rusticity. Manual Art, consequently, tends to this position,—it will not be able to content the fully aroused organic appetites, and it must offend the intellect by an imperfect and partially symbolical representation.

But before going further, it must also be said that the motives of the old Art are taking on an increasing triviality from a certain large change in human circumstances. Man is no longer perfectly rustic; his fortune is not now so rural as it was; and the traditions of Art must change with his lot. By-and-by, the city, with its completed scientific arrangements, will be the seat of poesy; it, and not the country, will furnish the leading scenery of human life. Our position has greatly changed already. The old poetics are slowly emptying themselves of meaning, becoming hearsay. A dim wood, with lurking chances of venomous or

untamed creatures in its coverts; far-stretching, undirected, lonely moors; the windy, ever-stirring sea; sheer uprising cliffs, or gentler valley-enclosing hills, with headlong tumbling streams; a weather-betokening moon in a cloud-heaped sky:—all these were once real elements of fortune. They slew men, or, if man escaped from them with life, they suddenly destroyed his long, wearily-built-up work. But the snow-covered moor has no actual terror for us now that the railway runs straightly across it; seen from the city square, the storm-portending moon is a mere picture in the sky, at which we only shoot out the umbrella; even the roar of the ocean is beginning to sound querulous and a little hollow now that the screw-packet commonly slips from its foiled waves into the smooth harbour at the appointed moment. The traditionary representation of the ancient experience welcomingly lingers, for it is yet Art; our hopes and fears for generations to come will still preserve something of their past rusticity. We shall rejoice in the sunlight, over and above its own glory of hue, from a secret sense that it makes hill and plain and woodland safe; any intermittent gentleness of wind and wave will comfort us instinctively as prospering human plans; it will still be to us an illusive picture of near plenty, to see a handful of fruit glowing on the bough, a patch of crops ripening in a field, or the slow-moving domestic animals feeding at their ease. But this emotionalizing of rustic scenes will necessarily become increasingly artificial; its prettiness will last long, but it must, as the scientific era unfolds, grow trivial. We are necessarily becoming dissociated from the experience, and the feelings will grow factitious. A corresponding change in Art must follow. A dull grey modification of mere disuse would have taken place, even if Science had not been so surpassingly beautiful in a new style; but now that it is so, the prospect advances a long step further. For it is already obvious, that the fundamental sentiment of the new Art differs almost antithetically from that underlying the old. All the cues of sympathy in the old Art are local, individual; and it glories most in a touching gracefulness of the imperfect, the decayed, the injured,

the half-concealed. Its name for this is the picturesque. The new Art is now melancholy: a far-reaching solemnity it has, derived from its infinite scope; but it nobly discards the momentary pathetic. A bright abounding comfort, an easy sense of security, a conscious faculty of power, these are its inspirations; it relies upon clearness, sharp limitation, perfect order, full discovery, as its civilized charms. Hope, not despair, is its keynote. In a word, by virtue of it, the irreligious era of the reign of the human imagination is over. In the old Art, men were only partial worshippers of the actual, and for the rest, they, in the name of Taste, paid themselves a superfluous admiration. Man hereafter will be more devoutly occupied. Now that by the telescopic and microscopic, the polarized and chemical realms are thrown open, we are left without leisure to imagine. The spectacle of that astounding triviality will be denied the world in the future. Never again will man find room or time, for a single effort of the antique fancy. Mythology is finally closed. The larger, newer taste now is to observe and detect; our highest ecstasy reverently to reproduce. Taste must become a fable in the presence of a universal fulfilment of all the instincts of the senses, and before an absolute embodiment of every intellectual presentiment in real examples.

Only in this way is the old triviality of Art to be finally cured; that inescapable misgiving of its being but idle, illusive mimicry at last; nor, without this mechanicalizing process had passed upon it, would it have been possible for us to know the full function of Art, or that it was permanently provided for in Nature. We now know that it is permanent, inexhaustible. The explanation of Art itself is now easy. It is the means provided for preventing the staling of the world. Not that it absolutely prevents it; the world does stale; but it also develops freshness now that we are mastering the mechanical spells, and it is in the fact of its mechanicalization that Art has the guarantee of its own inexhaustibility.

Moreover, the new Art has a fresh picturesqueness of its own in its very modes. If any one complainingly asks, whether the true artist is to be pushed aside by

the photographer—if we are to have pyrotechnics for means of decoration—he has not perceived the nobleness of manner in the processes of the new Art. The camera, the prism, the polariscope, the crystal tube, the electric wire, are sublimer implements in themselves than the pencil and the chisel. The magic of their wielding is more sudden, easy, and complete. A special admiration will, by-and-by, be excited by the very efficiency of their action. And is there not a very powerful, if a wholly different, poesy in the knowledge that the achievements of this scientific Art are eternal, unlocalized, and so perfectly obedient? The fairy vision of the spectrum is above the reach of accident, beyond the decay of time. It waits unfailingly upon the apparatus in every spot; at the slight signal of the twisting of the prism, it sharply relieves us of its presence, yet flashes back, with a noble unmenial-like promptness, on the slightest summons. The Apocalyptic spectacle beheld through the lens in a drop of inhabited water, hides itself in invisibility whenever we wish. The old Art, with the absolute localization of its examples and the stubborn obtrusiveness of their presence, when you have laboriously secured nearness, shows clumsy and unmannerly beside the prompt and easy compliance of the new. There is nothing mysterious, but only something modern, in all this. Alike for the full observance and the efficient controlling of Nature, the human senses are found to require the aid of apparatus: without these mechanical supplements, things are both too subtle and too strong for us. Man is not complete, as the Sovereign Creature, without the microscope, the magnet, the telescope, the electric wire, the prism; these are his tardily-found complementary organs, and their being dissociable at will is but a new merit. The fact will gradually lose its strangeness: machines will be seen to be our proper and indispensable accoutrements.

The transformation of Art, in fact, is only a portion of a universal process of mechanicalization consequent upon our having entered into the scientific period; and it is indispensable for intellectualizing the emotions afresh, substituting for the old passions subtler ones. The won-

derful beginnings of these changes are already perceptible: faint signs are just distinguishable of utterly new feelings. An impulse for absolute accuracy and complete definiteness is developing into a positive passion. He who cannot foresee that it will give keener joys than the old love of a vague picturesqueness, must be wanting in scientific aptitudes. The antique muscular emotions must not be depreciated; they made the past glorious in their own style; but the finer passions of the brain are yet to come. Even the minor consequences of the change will be nobler. Those are unable to adapt themselves to new and better fashions who think that unvarying repetition of the same effect, and countless multiplication of examples, are contrary to the spirit of Art. On the first circumstance depends the very existence of the new style, and its highest usefulness. It is a weak, a false versatility which cannot relish the sublime monotony of Scientific Art in the utter exactitude of its repetitions; and it would very quickly become bewildered, losing all power of due distinguishing amidst the continued discovery of inexhaustible novelties of type. Still weaker is the distaste to diffusion of identical examples of a beautiful effect. Not fully to enjoy the witnessing of loveliness or grace unless it is accompanied by little subsidiary inflations of personal feeling, arising out of the fact of rarity, or difficulty of access, or exclusiveness of beholding, is adulterating the proper passion. It is a mistake to think that this is cultivating the pure artistic sentiment; rather, it is making the pretext of doing so an opportunity for indulging petty egotisms. Mechanical Art will free us from this narrowing, debasing dead-weight of ownership in the sense of monopoly. Owing to the way in which it lends itself to universal reduplication, the only means of stimulating the enjoyment of a beautiful effect beyond the limits of its own proper luxury, will be to fall back upon the new picturesqueness of its wide spread—to dally with the thought that a million of one's fellow-beings are simultaneously witnessing it. Art will, at last, become perfectly social by being made utterly public; while it will be obliged to derive a

more dignified novelty from the multiplication of species of beauty, instead of seeking freshness in mere variations of departure from type in individual examples, as so often happened of old. The fear of its vulgarization is needless. To suffer that apprehension is to lack the presentiments which all robust minds must have of the glittering line of its illimitable progress: nor can its chiefest marvels ever become too common, since they require for their producing little rites of preparation in the disposing of apparatus, and also gentle consecrations of attention in the beholder.

The fundamental merit in the new Art is its being thoroughly organic and vital. No longer a mere adjunct, a loosely attached embellishment only. Art will actually root and intertwine itself in common industry and general science, when these are fully mechanicalized, flashing its surprises and entrancements on the path of both at every step of their progress.

Two results must follow. Art will beautify ordinary labour. The very performance of the lightened tasks of industry must come to gratify the senses with high and gentle exercises; and, through them, delight new-formed intellectual tastes, by perpetual exhibitions of perfect accuracy, of untailing efficiency, and the absence of all indecision and waste of effort; this, instead of the fitful, struggling, violent exercises of the old muscular passions called forth by the partial successes of manual work. It may require an effort, at present, fully to apprehend this prospect, but it is unquestionable that mechanical manufacture, from its natural tendency to improve upon itself, will exhibit an ever-growing finish, a delicacy, a lightness, and a consequent elegance of operation. When these qualities, upon a certain stage of their development being reached in each department, are once consciously noted, there will henceforward be constituted a lower, but a real and ascending beautification of common toil. In this way only will the curse of labor be progressively eased. The other great result will be that the new Art will perfectly emotionalize Science. Hitherto, so much of human knowledge has been without interest of

its own, it could scarcely be acquired by any drudgery, and could not be retained at all. It will be for Experimental Art to amend this. By-and-by, when men have fully familiarized themselves with the possession and use of what we have termed complementary organs,—the elaborate mechanical accoutrement of the lens, the magnets, the prism, the wire ;—and when the new intellectual emotions already beginning to stir in us are fully organized, it will be clearly seen that technicality in every department of inquiry has in it the germ of beauty ; that, if any branch of knowledge is not yet interesting, wonderful, fascinating, it is because it has not been sufficiently mastered by the new means ; the apparatus is not yet adequate. Beauty will be the witness and the joyous celebrant of all Science, when the latter is fully mechanized, and Art, in this way, is made perfectly rational.

Finally, the Art of Science brings with it a new ideal, which is what constitutes it Art in the highest sense. As well as being actually explanatory, the new Art is critical, is so, positively and absolutely ; passing judgment upon the real phenomena. One, as yet, can only pluck up courage to whisper it, but the sunset often misses its best effects, the iris is scarcely ever perfect, the snow-flake frequently fails of being a complete crystal. A curious, a higher, a wider, a deeper pathos is given to all the endless operations of the universe, now that scientific Art, by disclosing to us mechanical ideal of Nature, renders us spectators of her attempts, her struggles, her partial triumphs, also of her catastrophes. The

destiny of partial attainment only, which was thought to pertain to man alone, is seen to touch all things ; it affects the cell of the plant, and the crystal of the rock, as well as the beating human heart. Here the new Art puts on its most wonderful aspect. It is not vainly sentimental, not simulative only, like the old ; it is actually operative ; and what may be the limits of its effective interference in rectifying the fortunes of things, who can say ?

The general conclusion, then, to which we come, is, that Art in the future will progressively cease to be imaginative in the mythological sense, becoming Experimental ; and that it must share in the universal process of mechanization characterizing the period upon which we have entered, availing itself more and more of apparatus. Music, in which, from the necessity of the case, this process is so much more advanced than in other Arts, is, unquestionably, the Art which is furthest developed. By-and-by, when the full introduction of iron into building has, with its magical lightness, modified into an undreamt-of elegance our sense of resistance, balance, and the necessity of bulk in construction, Architecture will complete the revolution it has begun. Then, optics will ultimately furnish a direct Art of Decoration, by means of an apparatus of prism, polariscope, tube, and wire, by the side of which the old brush and palette will seem as rude as would the pandean pipes beside a full modern musical orchestra. Finally, perfected photography will give us a historical record to which the interest of actuality will attach.

(Westminster Review.)

THE AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS.

It is observed in a recent essay on "The Last Phase in the Junius Controversy," from the pen of the surviving editor of the Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, that the joint authors of "The handwriting of Junius Professionally Investigated" set themselves to prove no more than this (and in this, according to so competent an authority, have completely succeeded)—that Francis was, in Mr. Twisleton's well-chosen phrase, the *handwriter* of Junius. "It is still open to contend," says Mr. Merivale, "for those who love a difficult cause, that the author may have been some great personage who employed the penmanship of Francis." The supposition, in short, is still maintainable by any one who may think it still worth maintaining, that, though Francis held the pen, some one else found the brains. Moral and circumstantial evidence therefore of the authorship has not wholly been superseded by material evidence of the handwriting of the famous letters, as sent in MS. to Woodfall, though it can hardly be denied that the identity, which we shall at present assume as established, of the handwriting of Sir Philip Francis with that of Junius, is an item of immense weight in the case for Francis' authorship. One more review of that case, apart from, though not forgetting, the "expert" evidence, even now may not perhaps be superfluous. It really seems high time the ghost of Junius was finally laid, and the perturbed spirit of Francis consigned to such rest as it can be conceived capable of enjoying in any sphere. The lapse of a century is rather trying to the surviving interests in any reputation, political or literary, not of the very first class. When Mr. John Taylor, the first discoverer and promulgator of the "Francisan theory," addressed himself to the subject, rather better than half a

century back, the question of the authorship of "Junius" had a living political interest, and the author, then first disinterred from his self-dug sepulchre, was a living though retired public man. No one now looks back to the politics of the last century with the sort or degree of interest which was still felt in those politics fifty or sixty years back. No one now expects to see "Junius Identified with a Distinguished Living Character." Half a century hence, the question of the identity of Junius with any person whatever will, in all probability, have ceased to excite any other than antiquarian curiosity. The general reader will no more think it due to his character to show himself well up in the topics of the "Letters of Junius" than he cares now to do in those of Addison's "Freeholders," or Bollingbroke's "Craftsman." As yet, however, the final solution of the Junian mystery is a subject which has not wholly lost its attractiveness, at least to students of political history and literature.

When all the pros and cons of a long-vexed question have seemed fairly exhausted, some minute point may happen to strike the critical eye as of more decisive import than the greater portion of the entire mass of previous evidence which had hitherto failed to bring the controversy to a close. Such a point, which we have not seen singled out for notice in any previous handling of this controversy, has caught our eye, and irresistibly riveted our attention, in running over the private letters (which were first published in the Chatham Correspondence) from Calcraft to Lord Chatham in 1771. A couple of very singularly-worded sentences contained in those letters—collated with a couple of strangely coincident sentences in a letter of Junius

of later date, and read by the light of a not less remarkable passage lately published by Mr. Merivale in the Appendix to the first volume of the "Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis," go farther, in our judgment, than much of the evidence besides brought to bear on the question, to identify the writer of the private communications to Chatham with the writer of the published Letter of Junius above referred to, and to identify both with Francis. But we must crave our readers' patience for some brief introduction of this hitherto unnoticed piece of evidence.

The difficulty of conceiving how the "Junius" secret should have been kept so long of course increases in proportion to the degree of prominence and importance, in public life, of whatever person it might be proposed to fix with the authorship. There is, on the other hand, an almost equal difficulty in supposing the author *not* to have been a man of some mark in politics; because it is difficult, on that supposition, to account for his extensive and minute political knowledge. "The peculiar position," observes Mr. Merivale, "of Francis as a subordinate official, in close connection with the higher world, unknown himself, and knowing much, certainly does much towards evading the cogency of this dilemma."

Francis and Junius, we think, can plainly be shown to have both been political adventurers, whose hopes of political fortune were embarked, at a particular point of time, in the same bottom, and led both strenuously to exert themselves for the overthrow of the Grafton Ministry of 1769. As an anticipated consequence of that overthrow, Francis and Junius can both be shown to have speculated on the restoration of Lord Chatham to power, in renewed alliance with his family connections, the "Grenville Brothers."

Philip Francis in his earlier youth had for a short time acted as amanuensis of Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt). At the point of time we are now about to refer to, from 1768 to 1771, Junius was delivering his tremendous broadsides against the Grafton Ministry. Francis, we shall see, was building on Lord Chatham's anticipated triumphant return to power,

ambitious hopes of rising from a clerkship in the War Office, to some higher position under the patronage of the Great Earl, who was then heading the Opposition in renewed alliance with the "Grenville Brothers." We shall presently find proofs in Junius' private letters to Lord Chatham and Mr. George Grenville, that *he* too was actuated with similar hopes from the same quarters.

"The gout and the Grenvilles" (to borrow a phrase from Lord Stanhope's History), may be said without exaggeration to have been the main Marplots in the politics of the first decade of the Third George's reign. The stubborn adherence of Lord Temple to what might be termed the Grenville "family compact," had prevented Pitt—then the Great Commoner—from returning to the head of the government upon George Grenville's first enforced resignation in 1765. And when, the year after, Pitt (first choosing to put a coronet on his head) acted on the view of policy bluntly articulated by Lord Camden, "*Let him fling off the Grenvilles, and save the nation without them*"—the ex-Great Commoner was unhappily no longer in a condition to save the nation; not because he had changed his popular name, and left his popular arena, the House of Commons, but because that formidable factor, *suppressed gout*, had come in to perplex all calculations on his political ascendancy. For a year and a half, that mysterious malady entirely suspended his personal action in the cabinet formed by himself, kept him wholly withdrawn from all business whatever, and rendered him incapable even of the effort of will required for resigning the power he was utterly impotent for the time to wield. The Duke of Grafton's premiership, which his own temporary incapacity to hold the helm had rendered (by his own avowal and advice to the King) the only pilotage at the helm available for the time being, soon became as much a stumbling-block and rock of offence to the elder Pitt as, thirty years afterwards, the Addington ministry became to the younger, when he found it stopping too effectually the gap made by his absence. The vigour the great Earl had utterly lost in power he completely regained in opposition. The

weak Grafton ministry was soon overthrown by the strong combination formed against it, but was replaced, not by the restored ascendancy of Lord Chatham, but by the formation of a new ministry under Lord North, which proved more lasting than was expected, either by its friends or enemies.

The medium through whom Francis was brought in close though indirect rapport with Lord Chatham, at the epoch above mentioned, was Calcraft. Calcraft was a pushing subaltern politician of that day, who had a scat in Parliament, mixed politics with money-lending transactions, army contracting, and fast life about town;* and—at the epoch when Chat-

ham openly assumed in the Upper House the lead of the Opposition to his previous creatures and colleagues of the Grafton ministry—took on himself the part of jackal or lion's provider of political intelligence to the great Earl in his intervals of Achillean seclusion. As Calcraft was lion's provider to Chatham, so Francis was jackal's provider to Calcraft. And the young jackal's provider, as we shall presently see, was not less eager than the old jackal—nay, more so, as he had the fabric of his fortune to raise from the ground—to lend his hand—an anonymous hand in all its lendings—for the overthrow of the Grafton and the elevation of a new Chatham Cabinet on its ruins. Junius was working with all his might at the same time to the same purpose. And that the great unknown was working from the same motive as the little unknown, is to our eyes not less evident from the anonymous letters privately sent by Junius to Lord Chatham and Mr. George Grenville.

We extract from a very curious and characteristic "Fragment of Autobiography," printed by Mr. Merivale in the Appendix to the first volume of the Memoirs of Francis, the following paragraphs, which throw a perfectly clear light on Francis's personal views, and his active co-operation with Calcraft at the epoch above described :

"I had no hope of advancement," says Francis, "but on the line of Opposition. I was sincere, though mistaken in my politics, and was convinced the (Grafton) Ministry could never stand the consequences of the Middlesex Election. As soon as there was the prospect of a rupture between Lord Chatham and the Duke of Grafton, Calcraft made it his business to reconcile the Brothers (George Grenville and Lord Temple), and effected his purpose by convincing them that their mutual interests required it. . . . To his industry and activity the Opposition were in some measure indebted for the formidable appearance they made in the beginning of the year 1770, when Chatham, Camden, and Granby resigned, when Yorke put an end to his life, when Grafton abandoned the Government, and North succeeded to what I believe he himself and

the guests, as was occasionally his son. The Doctor, as a Divine, and intimate friend of Mr. Calcraft, received his share of abuse in the Memoirs. The actress had played the principal female characters in Dr. Francis's unsuccessful tragedies, and therefore she had materials for her abuse and ridicule of the reputed author."

* We extract the following curious and amusing particulars respecting Calcraft, from Mr. Parkes's first chapter of the Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis :—

"Mr. John Calcraft, though placed early in life in the civil service, and filling secondary offices in different administrations, could not be considered as a leading political man of his time. But his experience in public life, his early acquired wealth, his natural sagacity, and great thorough interest, invested him with a considerable share of personal influence and power, especially as he sat successively in several parliaments. . . . He ultimately gave up office to form an army agency and quasi-banking establishment. Noblemen of the highest rank consulted him on their private and domestic affairs; and he was liberal in giving temporary accommodation to all his connexions in need of pecuniary aid. . . . Whatever his earlier political relations to parties (he had been a confidential partisan of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, when Minister), he attached himself lastly to Lord Chatham in opposition; he reconciled that passionate and haughty nobleman to his brother-in-law, Lord Temple; and his last votes were, after 1770, invariably given in favor of the liberty of the subject and Parliamentary Reform; he publicly bailed the victims of a persecuted press when a crusade was preached against political publishers; and his purse was always at their service for defence."

Mr. Calcraft cumulated the character of active politician with that of fine gentleman—according to the acceptance of that title in those times.

"In middle and after life he was in 'gay' society a gallant, and frequented the green-rooms. He was behind the scenes not only of Downing-street but of the London theatres, and celebrated in scandalous chronicles as for some time one of the 'protectors' of the celebrated George Anne Bellamy, one of the most attractive and popular actresses of her day. Her extravagant expense and debts, however, compelled Mr. Calcraft to separate from her, and the lady had her revenge in the publication of her so-called Memoirs. For some time this lady did the honors of Mr. Calcraft's table, his 'good dinners' being frequented by many leading political and literary men. Dr. Francis was frequently one of

every man in the kingdom at that time thought a forlorn hope.

"Notwithstanding the famous Protest of 42 lay lords, and all Chatham's eloquence, Calcraft and I soon saw that the game was lost with respect to Opposition in general, but we still thought it possible that Chatham might be sent for alone. On the approach of a rupture with Spain about the Falkland Islands, these hopes revived. Chatham came forward again, and attacked the Ministry with wonderful eloquence. I took down from memory the famous speech he made on the 22nd of November, 1770, and had it published in a few days. It had a great effect abroad, and alarmed or offended the Ministry so much that they determined to shut the doors of the House of Lords against all strangers, even members of the other House. . . . Still, however, we thought a Spanish war inevitable, and that Lord Chatham must be employed. Lord Weymouth in that conviction resigned the Secretary of State's office, and I lost £500 in the stocks. The Convention with Spain sunk me and my hopes to a lower state than ever. If Lord Chatham had come in, I might have commanded anything, and could not but have risen under his protection."

The passages in Calcraft's letters to Lord Chatham at this crisis, which are printed in the "Chatham Correspondence"* within inverted commas, indicate intelligence and suggestions forwarded by him to Lord Chatham *not as his own*, but as supplied to him by an anonymous correspondent in the background. Now every concurrent circumstance points to Francis as that anonymous correspondent. He has himself told us of his active co-operation with Calcraft, which could only, it would seem, be exercised in some such channel of covert communication. He has told us how he has busied himself in reporting Lord Chatham, and there cannot be a doubt, from his indefatigable use of the pen, that he equally busied himself in reporting to Lord Chatham whatever

* The traceable connexion of some parts of the Chatham Correspondence (published in 1838-40) with the Junian mystery was remarked by the editor of the Grenville Papers (published in 1852-3) but remarked only in fanciful reference to Lord Temple, to whom that editor thought he saw reason to ascribe the famous Junius Letters. The following citation is made from the Introductory Notes to the third volume of those papers.

"A continual interchange of very intimate correspondence and communication was kept up during the years 1769, 1770, and 1771, between Mr. Calcraft, Lord and Lady Chatham, and Lord Temple, and it will appear that in many instances the information conveyed in this correspondence coincided with that used by Junius in his public letters, as well as in his private notes to Woodfall."

could furnish the great Earl with the most telling topics of Opposition. Indeed he has himself further told us in another passage of his autobiography, that, on one occasion, he drew up a legal argument on an Opposition topic of the day, and sent it to Calcraft, desiring him to transmit it to his friend. "Within three days after," adds Francis, "I heard the great Earl repeat *verbatim* in the House of Lords, not only following the argument exactly, but dressing it in the same expressions that I had done. His speech the next day flamed in the newspapers, and ran through the kingdom."

Amongst these anonymous communications made at this crisis through Calcraft to Lord Chatham, and which all the circumstances concur to indicate as having been made by Francis, there occur the following singularly-worded sentences on a question on which the Opposition built sanguine hopes of overthrowing the Ministry (and on which, as we have seen, Francis lost 500*l.* by gambling in the funds), the question, namely, of the rights and wrongs of Spain and England in the matter of the Falkland Islands imbroglio.

"If there had been *one spark of shame*, a single atom of honour in the composition of our Ministry, war was inevitable. Look to yourselves, you gentlemen who have something to lose! The Ministry have views of conquest, though not over the enemies of England."

These remarkable sentences were transmitted by Calcraft to Lord Chatham, as from a private anonymous hand, on the 21st January, 1771. Nine days after the date of this private communication to Chatham, on the 30th January, 1771, appeared a letter of Junius, containing the following extraordinarily exact coincidences with it in sentiment and expression.

"In his Royal breast there is no room left for resentment, no place for hostile sentiments against the natural enemies of his crown. No, sir, if any ideas of strife and hostility have entered the Royal mind, they have a very different direction. *The enemies of England have nothing to fear from them.*

"I mean to violate all the laws of probability, when I suppose that this imaginary King, after having voluntarily disgraced himself in the eyes of his subjects, might return to a sense of his dishonour—that he might perceive the snare laid for him by his Ministers, and feel a *spark of shame* kindling in his breast."

It would seem inconceivable that such

exact coincidences of sentiment and expression could proceed from two different pens—from two different minds—separately and independently employed on the same subject. It would seem that whoever was the writer of the private communication to Chatham, must also have been the writer of the published letter of Junius. An unbiassed literary detective, stumbling on two such passages, could scarcely fail to regard them as products of one mind, and of one hand. Now to what mind and to what hand are these anonymous communications to Chatham traceable, with anything like an equal degree of probability, as to those of Francis?

"That Junius," says Mr. Merivale, "can only be described with truth as a political adventurer there is no doubt. It is plain enough that his personal success in life was involved in that of the party whose cause he adopted, or, to speak still more accurately in the fall of the party which he attacked. And it is equally true that he was utterly unscrupulous in the use of means; that his sincerity, even when he was sincere, was apt to assume the form of the most ignoble rancour; and that no ties of friendship, or party, or connexion, seem to have restrained his virulence. All this is but too deducible from the published anonymous writings only. And the conclusions to which the sentiments and conduct of Francis would lead us, as evinced in his manuscript remains, are assuredly much the same."

Two private letters signed only with the initial "C"—addressed by the writer of the "Letters of Junius" to Lord Chatham, and three private letters addressed by the same writer to Mr. George Grenville—have been laid before the public—in the "Chatham Correspondence" and the "Grenville Papers"—since the date of Mr. Taylor's inquiry as to the "Junius" authorship. These letters indicate—firstly, the same predilection for George Grenville's policy, especially as regarded the question of the principle—first raised under his ministry—of imperial authority over the colonies in fiscal as in all other matters; and secondly, the same desire to promote—in opposition to the supposed secret councils of the royal closet, and the supposed "something behind the throne, greater than the throne itself"—either a Grenville combination or a Chatham autocracy, which are manifested either directly or indirectly, in Junius's

published letters of the succeeding years, and which, as we have seen, coincided with the objects of Opposition contemplated by Philip Francis.

The secret and confidential communications above-mentioned, made by the Great Anonymous to two public men connected by family ties, and likely to be connected again by political ties in the future, as they had been in the past, bear every mark of the hand of an upward-struggling political aspirant, seeking to recommend himself to public men, whose future patronage might raise him out of some comparatively humble and obscure position, in recompense of services rendered in the press and zeal manifested by the pen. From the whole complexion of Junius's first letter to George Grenville, Mr. Parkes drew the natural inference that the writer was calculating on Mr. Grenville's early return to office, and that, "besides the conscientious advocacy of the ex-Premier's political interest, the writer was not unnaturally laying claim to participation in the future sweets of some secondary office or official berth better than the one he may have then enjoyed."

The editor of the Grenville Papers indeed, Mr. W. J. Smith, in his zeal to vindicate for Lord Temple the equivocal honour of the authorship of the Junius Letters, has laboured to show that that cantankerous politician, writing privately and anonymously to *his brother*, George Grenville, might have adopted the style of an obscure candidate for political favour with a view of putting him off the scent of the fraternal source of the published Letters. To cap the climax of absurdity in his zealous identification of Junius with Lord Temple, Mr. Smith further sought to identify the handwriting of Junius with Lady Temple's, thereby incurring the further improbability that letters sent to near relatives, to divert suspicion of anonymous authorship from the *Lord*, should have sent to those near relatives in the recognisable handwriting of his *Lady*. The closest parallel to this rare device for preserving secrecy seems that of the conspirators in Canning's "Rovers," who seek to conceal themselves by singing a patriotic song in full chorus.

We should ourselves have the greatest difficulty in believing that Junius was any

man of habits of aristocratic fastidiousness or indolence—habits less likely to have prompted or sustained the activity of his restless and reckless pen than to have suggested the employment for patrician ends of the plebeian pens of others. Whoever Junius was, it may, with strong probability, be affirmed that he was not the man of lofty independence of character and position—of mature age and experience—he thought fit to affect to be, with laboured and ostentatious frequency, in his Letters. It is astonishing how an affectation so transparent—a literary artifice so hackneyed—should have imposed on so many successive investigators of the “Junian mystery.” This is still more astonishing since the publication of the Chatham and Grenville papers.

The latest, and it must be added, most formidable impugner of “the Franciscan Theory,” Mr. Hayward, strongly insists on the improbability that Calcraft and Lord Barrington—both attacked by Junius—should either of them have been attacked by Francis, who owed to both very great personal obligations. Now it must be admitted that there is a real difficulty on this point with regard to Calcraft. It is, on the one hand, difficult to conceive how, if Francis were Junius, Calcraft should have been kept in ignorance of the fact; or how, on the other hand, supposing Calcraft cognizant of the *protégé’s* authorship, that *protégé* should have ventured to touch, as Junius did, some of the tenderest points in his patron’s character and position; albeit he only touched those points in passing.* Mr. Merivale meets as follows this *prima facie* strong objection to the Franciscan theory.

“The abuse of Calcraft by Junius was probably a blind as regards the public, though, as it happens, it expressed the inmost sentiments of Francis [vide on this point the ungrateful commemoration of Calcraft in the “Fragment of Autobiography”], who must have felt that peculiar joy which none but the private lampoon-

* Take the following specimen cited by Mr. Hayward, from Junius’s letter to the printer of the “Public Advertiser” of 5th October, 1771:—“I willingly accept of a sarcasm from Colonel Barre, or a simile from Mr. Burke. Even the silent vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though he riots in the plunder of the army (Calcraft was an army-contractor), and has only determined to be a patriot when he could not be a peer.”

er knows, in finding that his associate received as a pretence what was meant in spiteful earnest. But the supposition remains a supposition only—nothing left by Calcraft, nothing left by Francis, exists to confirm it; and one other hypothesis is certainly conceivable, namely, that Francis professed to Calcraft that he knew the author of Junius, but was bound not to divulge his name, and that Calcraft acquiesced from not wishing to lose the services of so valuable an auxiliary.”

Either of the above-cited suppositions derives probability from the mingled daring and dissimulation that belonged to Francis’s character. And it may be worth noting that precisely the like apparent inconsistency is to be found between Junius’s public attacks on Lord Chatham and Junius’s private communications to the great Earl—the last of which was signed with that redoubtable *nom de guerre* which Lord Chatham could not but associate with previous by no means measured and by no means flattering animadversions on himself. Very subtle men seem sometimes, through very subtlety, insensible to their own moral contradictions. And a writer like Junius—we may add a writer like Francis—in the variableness of his own feelings towards eminent public personages, may not have always taken into due account the retentiveness of their memories.

As regards Lord Barrington, it seems to us that the whole difficulty is created by a confusion of dates. Mr. Hayward cites friendly letters from Lord Barrington addressed to Francis in India in 1777—*i. e.*, four or five years after Lord Barrington had helped Francis to his Indian appointment. But the disgust which Francis, if identical with Junius, must be supposed to have conceived, from some cause or other, against Lord Barrington was of more than five years’ earlier date; at a time when Lord Barrington, in the opinion of Calcraft (presumably, therefore, also in that of Francis) had inflicted on the latter what he could not fail to have felt at the moment as a mortifying *passé droit* in War Office promotion.*

*With reference to this incident, which turned out of decisive consequence to the whole of Francis’s subsequent career. Francis and Junius are brought together in striking, but, as it seems to us, natural juxtaposition in the following note to the editor of the “Chatham Correspondence.” (Vol. iv. p. 195.)

The Deputy Secretaryship of War, to which an outsider, Mr. Chamier, was appointed over his head, seems to have been a promotion to which Francis thought himself entitled from his efficient services as First Clerk in that office; and nothing but a feeling of disgust and hopelessness of being passed over in the filling up of that appointment can, it would seem, account for his sudden retirement from a post which, subordinate as it was, was his sole bread-winner for a young and increasing family. Francis, indeed, affected to write on the occasion to a relative in Ireland that he had been offered the Deputy Secretaryship by Lord Barrington; but there was enough of pride, and enough of dissimulation in Francis's character, to justify us in taking that assertion *cum grano salis*. He may fairly be suspected of taking a bit of a leaf from his friend and patron's book, and pretending an offer, where Calcraft, as we have seen, had roundly affirmed an appointment. Whether or no Lord Barrington had any suspicion of the identity of his new assailant in the press, (since identified with

Junius, but who cautiously published his fierce attacks on the War Secretary for the "expulsion" of D'Oyley and Francis under the alias of "Veteran") with his late effective and estranged subordinate at the War Office, can only be matter for conjecture. What is however certain is that Francis on accidentally hearing that one of the appointments to the Council of Bengal, under Lord North's new Indian Regulation Act, was "going a begging;" at once applied himself with that "healthy hardihood" which on no occasion of life ever failed him, to his late chief at the War Office—the "silken courtier," the "Bloody Barrington," of Junius and "Veteran"—to solicit his powerful official interest for the new appointment. The circumstances and results of this application are described as follows in his Autobiographical Fragment.

"It was in vain that I shut my eyes to my situation. Wherever I went, or whatever I did, the spectre haunted and pursued me. Mr. Alexander Macrabie (Francis's brother-in-law), was lately returned from America. He had purchased a thousand acres for me in Pennsylvania, where I meant to secure a retreat for myself and my family, if ever England should cease to be a seat of freedom. The question now seriously agitated in my mind was whether I ought not to transplant myself at once, and take possession of this establishment before my little capital was exhausted. This was actually the subject of a dismal conversation between Macrabie and me on the fourth of June; when we accidentally met with a gentleman in the Park, who informed me that John Cholwell, one of the intended Commissioners for India had declined the nomination. I immediately went to D'Oyley, who wrote to Grey Cooper. It was the King's birthday, and Barrington was gone to Court. I saw him the next morning. As soon as I had explained everything to him, he wrote the handsomest and strongest letter imaginable in my favor to Lord North. Other interests contributed, but I owe success to Lord Barrington. It was remarkably fortunate for me that Cholwell had deferred his resignation to so late a day. The Registration Bill had been for some days before the House of Commons. If the Minister had had more time to look about him I should probably have been defeated by some superior interest."

"On the 10th of January, 1772, Junius announced in the 'Public Advertiser,' that Mr. D'Oyley had resigned his post as Under-Secretary at War, and that until a proper person belonging to the junto could be spared, Mr. Bradshaw was to be stationed in the War Office. On the 12th, Mr. Calcraft wrote to Almon—'If you put in paragraphs, put that Mr. Francis is appointed Deputy Secretary at War. It will tease the worthy Secretary and oblige me.' And again on the 18th—'I knew Francis was not Deputy but wished him to be so, and to cram the newspapers with paragraphs that he was so; for he is very deserving.' On the 25th, Junius privately informs Woodfall that the —— Barrington has appointed Chamier, a French broker, his Deputy, for no reason but his relationship to Bradshaw." On the 20th March, Mr. Francis was removed from (qu. resigned) his situation in the War Office, and on the same day, Mr. Calcraft added a codicil to his will, bequeathing him the sum of £100, and an annuity of £250 for life to Mr. Francis. On the 23rd March, Junius, under the signature of 'Veteran,' says, 'I desire you will inform the public that the worthy Lord Barrington, not contented with having driven Mr. D'Oyley out of the War Office, has contrived to expel Mr. Francis.' In May, Junius dropped all correspondence, public and private, until January 1773. In May, Francis, left England on a continental tour; from which he returned, early in January, 1773, on the 19th of which month is dated the last private letter of Junius to Woodfall. Mr. Francis was shortly after appointed a member of the Supreme Council in India, with a salary of £10,000 a year, and in the spring of 1774 sailed for India."

Too much, perhaps, has been made of the "mystery" of this Indian appointment of Francis. Lord Barrington, without exploring the source of the attacks made on him in the press, may

have been rendered sensible by them of having done Francis some injustice, and more ready therefore to respond to the personal application of his late subordinate, for his interest with the Prime Minister for the Indian appointment. Fortune favors the bold, and Francis's intrepid solicitation for that appointment, just at the nick of time when the exigency had become pressing to fill it up, was amongst those chances of which the French proverb holds good—" *Ces hasards sont pour ceux qui joent bien.*"

§ "One of the strongest reasons," said Lord Macaulay, in his essay on Warren Hastings, "for believing that Francis was Junius, is the moral resemblance between the two characters." It is surely a coincidence between these two characters, or double manifestations of one character, that so soon after the one political meteor sunk below the horizon in London, the other rose above horizon at Calcutta. As Junius had for years been "with fear of change perplexing monarchs" and ministers, so Francis was for years with fear of change trying to perplex viceroys and their satellites. The *labor improbus*—vehement and pertinacious pursuit of a determined object—vigor of purpose and vice of temper, were the same in both spheres and in both characters. There was the same element of public spirit in both, but of public spirit alloyed with private animosity and personal interest. The first period of Francis active life had closed just when Junius letters closed, with the final disappointment of a somewhat low-pitched ambition, which had nourished the hope of rising by aid of exalted patronage. During its second period, Francis was struggling in his own strength, and in his own name, for an object of higher ambition. No less indeed than the viceregal sway of India. The same fierce impulse to wage war *à outrance* with office-holders, and take power by storm, which had animated Junius against the Grafton Ministry, fired Francis against the Indian autocracy of Warren Hastings. From the second theatre of that lifelong war with power (and *for* power) which seemed a necessity of his nature from early manhood to advanced age, Francis had to retire with no other immediate

result of his six years incessant Indian conflict, than a bullet through his body from the duelling pistol of Hastings after the fashion of political satisfaction in those days. He had to bide his time for another unsatisfying satisfaction, as it turned out in the end—the parliamentary impeachment of his returning enemy.*

To make out completely the moral identification of Francis with Junius it should be shown that the characters coincide in individual peculiarities, as well as in general aims. It has been said that the boy is father to the man. Let us see how far the man Junius can be affiliated with the boy Francis.

We have before us in the first portion of the memoirs of Francis, edited by Mr. Parkes, some epistolary intercourse of the elder Francis with his son Philip, during the school-days of the latter—some traits

*There was an incident in Francis's private life in India, given in detail by Mr. Merivale, in which he came off not less damaged in moral repute, than he afterwards did in person from Hastings's pistol. This was an intrigue which Francis himself refers to in his private correspondence as a "wretched business" with a fair lady of East Indian birth, afterwards married (though a papal sanction was refused the marriage) to the famous ex-episcopal statesman and diplomatist, Talleyrand. That not even scandal—not even scandal judicially attested—is immortal, is curiously exemplified by the fact that Lady Brownlow, in her recently published "Reminiscences," showed total unacquaintance with this frail dame's Indian antecedents and adventures, and spoke of her as Mrs. Grant, an American lady.

Madame Grand (not Mrs. Grant) was not an American lady, but a native of the French East Indian settlement of Pondicherry. She came to Calcutta as wife of a Swiss gentleman, M. Grand, whose business transactions brought him to that city, where Francis was at that time fighting his long battle for power in India with Hastings. The lady, it seems, was only sixteen when married, very beautiful and very stupid. (Talleyrand in after years described her to Citizen Director Barras, in order to rescue her from imprisonment at Paris as a suspected spy—as "the person in Europe the least capable and the last disposed for meddling with any affair whatever." . . . "C'est une Indienne bien belle, bien paresseuse, la plus desoupee de toutes les femmes que j'ai jamais rencontrées.") Francis was caught by M. Grand one night in his house, and on the domestic explosion which ensued, the lady threw herself on the protection of the man who had thus compromised her reputation. The Supreme Court of Calcutta—under the presidency, hostile to Francis, of Sir Elijah Impey—awarded M. Grand 50,000 *vicca* rupees damages, with costs, for Francis's nocturnal trespass on his premises and domestic peace. The lady left India—it is said, under other protection—before her seduct.

of precocious quickness of young Francis, as well as some notices of his unusually early self-devotion to that sort of study which might be turned to political or diplomatic use. His father was an Irish clergyman of the convivial type of the last century—as little of a genuine ecclesiastical indeed as a gentleman in priest's orders well could be, consistent with any decent degree of fitness to take such preferment as friends at Court might give him. He was best known by his extra professional works, as the translator of Horace, Demosthenes, and Æschines, author of the tragedies of Eugenia and Constantine, and of a variety of pamphlets written in the political interest of his patrons under the later governments of George III. In 1740, the year of the birth of Sir Philip Francis, his father was settled in a Dublin curacy, and was engaged on the political press in the "Castle" interest. When young Philip was about ten years of age, his father opened a "select academy for young gentlemen," where his son received his first schooling for a year or two, and was then sent to St. Paul's School in London, which enjoyed the advantage at that time of having a good Greek and Latin scholar for second master, and also a traditional distinction of teaching *legible handwriting*, an accomplishment which, whether Francis was Junius or no, stood him in good stead through a life unusually addicted to sedulous scribbling. It is curious to contrast the cast of character earnestly, and evidently sincerely, inculcated in the epistolary effusions of the father with that which the son must already have been forming in his school years, and which afterwards ripened into such crabbed fruit. "Be it your lot my dear boy," writes Dr. Francis to young Philip, "to be *amiable* rather than admired, envied and hated." At a later date (of young Francis's appointment to a clerkship at the War Office), "My dear Phil," writes his father, "be generous, candid, humane, and above all *good natured*." This extraordinary stress laid on good nature might perhaps be accounted for somewhat in the same way as Lord Chesterfield's incessant inculcation of polite manners on his son. Each father did his best, and with about equal success, to

strengthen the point of character which each knew to be the weak one.

Whoever Junius was, he was a man of classical education, and subsequent self-education in English and international law and history; of more than an outsider's familiarity with the forms of official and diplomatic business, with a certain tincture of Irish rhetoric in style, and some traits of early Irish training and associations—traits which occasioned Junius, for a time, to be rather currently identified with Edmund Burke, notwithstanding infinite moral and intellectual incongruities—notwithstanding also Burke's spontaneous and distinct disavowal. Now we have seen that Francis was educated the first year in Ireland. In 1756, that is to say, at sixteen years of age, he was appointed to a Junior clerkship in the Secretary of State's Office, through the interest of the first Lord Holland, his father's patron. In 1760, young Francis was appointed secretary to Lord Kinnoul's special embassy to Lisbon, where he passed some months. After an interval devoted to a course of classical and constitutional reading, and after acting for a short time, as we have already stated, as occasional amanuensis to the first Pitt, he was appointed, in 1762, First Clerk in the War Office, the Secretary at War, being Mr. Welbore Ellis, who was succeeded in 1765 by Lord Barrington.

Mr. Hayward makes the remark that all the earlier pamphlets and newspaper letters (of the pre-Junian period) ascribed to Francis by Mr. Parkes, "were in acrimonious opposition to the policy of his benefactors and friends." He repeats the same remark with reference to the letters of Junius, considered as the work of Francis. "He is represented as systematically writing against every friend, benefactor, and patron in succession, without a rational motive or an intelligible cause."

We may observe in the first place, with reference to the writings of the pre-Junian period, that we think it very likely that Mr. Parkes, in his enthusiasm of investigation, may have ascribed letters and pamphlets to Junius which were not his, and which it is no concern of ours to claim either for Junius or Francis. With reference to the acknowledged letters of Junius, there are at least two very emi-

nent exceptions to this alleged general rule of acrimonious attack upon the friends, benefactors, and patrons of Francis. First, Lord Holland whom his father long regarded as his patron, and to whom young Francis owed his first official appointment—Junius pointedly waived very tempting opportunities of attack on that vulnerable statesman. Secondly, Mr. George Grenville, under whose Premiership Francis became First Clerk at the War Office, and to whose return to power in alliance with Lord Chatham, we have seen that Francis and Junius both looked with ambitious hopes.

"Of all the political characters of the day," says Mr. Taylor, in his "Junius Identified," "Mr. Grenville appears to have been our Author's favourite. No man was more open to censure in many parts of his conduct, but he is never censured; while on the contrary, he is extolled whenever an opportunity offers."

We may add that no one can read the self-revelations published from the Francis papers by Messrs. Parkes and Merivale without acquiring the conviction that the Political gratitude of Francis was of that Walpolean description which required to be sustained by a lively presentiment of future favors, and was liable to be converted into the most unmeasured resentment whenever his ambitious hopes were disappointed. Calcraft did much for him, but the provisions of Calcraft's will fell short of his expectations, and accordingly Calcraft's memory fares no better in the Autobiographical Fragment than in "Junius." He had an angry sense too which he was by no means mealy-mouthed in expressing, that his father had been left heinously unprovided for by his great friends. It is only fair to add that the father's early affection was requited in his later years by the son, whose filial feelings stand on record among the few strong sympathies of his nature, as a set-off to his many strong and often unreasonable antipathies. After reading Francis's Memoirs, and the extensive and very curious additions to his previously published correspondence given to the world, in fac simile from the original MSS., for the first time, in the monumental quarto raised to the memory of Francis and Junius by Messrs. Chabot and Twisleton, one feels to have

become better acquainted, and we may perhaps add, more in charity with both. To learn to know a man, his antecedents, surroundings, and probable main moving springs of action is, in most cases to learn to make pretty large allowances for what is erratic in his conduct, and singular in his character.

Whoever Junius was, he was a man of unresting political activity and personal ambition, outrageous arrogance, prompt resentment, and enduring vindictiveness, coupled with habits rarely combined with such a character of cautious reserve and concealment. Whoever he was, he assuredly had in the highest degree that *esprit desapprobateur*, which Montesquieu congratulated himself on not having. On all these points, from all the attainable evidence, just such a man was Francis.

Lord Byron once said that the cause of his quarrel with his wife, or his wife's quarrel with him, that it was so simple that it never would be made out by anybody.

The reason why Junius so long remained unidentified with any known public personage is so simple that it should have been self-evident to everybody. It is, in short, that, as the success of "Junius" was a *succès de scandale*, so the authorship of "Junius" could not but fix on any man less of fame than infamy. No man living could afford to be known to have wielded that assassin pen—no man, with a name otherwise decently reputed to leave behind, would choose to leave it distinctly identified with the outrages of that arch-libeller. "Why," asks Mr. Hayward, "did contemporary opinion altogether overlook, or dismiss as untenable, the coincidences on which so much stress has recently been laid as bringing the authorship home to Francis, and that his name was never so much as mentioned in connection with the authorship of 'Junius' till 1812?" For the simple reason, because these coincidences were carefully kept out of view by Junius and his original publisher, the elder Woodfall, at the time of the first appearance of the famous Letters. It was not till the publication of the edition of 1812 by the younger Woodfall, that it was discovered how much Junius had written under

other signatures and to private persons—and that the clue was given which led Mr. Taylor, and so many good judges since, to the moral certitude that Junius could be no other than Francis.

When the first propounder of the "Francisan theory," Mr. John Taylor, addressed himself to the study of "Junius" in the then recently published Woodfall edition of 1812, he so addressed himself, as he tells us, "simply with the design of profiting from the study of what has been long deemed an English classic." Whatever indications Mr. Taylor found of authorship he found in the "Private Letters" of Junius to his publisher and other personages of his day, and in the "Miscellaneous Letters," first added to the edition of 1812, as authentically proceeding from the pen of Junius.

The outrageous violence of the language in which Junius, under the alias of "Veteran," resented the "expulsion" of so obscure a person as Francis then was (1772) from a subordinate position in a public office, and the virulence of sarcasm, in every possible form with which the same Great Anonymous pursued the fortunate person (Mr. Chamier) who had stepped over Francis's head into the Deputy Secretaryship of War, gave Mr. Taylor his first clue for the identification of Junius with Francis. How indeed could it be possible to suppose that Junius would go out of his way—studiously shunning detection as *Junius* in so doing—to raise such a storm in a puddle as he did under the alias of "Veteran" on an occasion of so infinitesimally little public interest or importance as the removal or resignation, whether more or less voluntary, of a couple of clerks in the War Office? That, on so slight provocation—supposing him personally uninterested in the affair—he should lose all command of temper, all measure in language—should perform, day after day, on such a theme, every possible fantastic variation, and indefatigably pour forth on the head of an obscure rival of obscure official subalterns, all the vials of his wrath, and all the vitriol of his sarcasm! Unless on the supposition of some motive intensely personal, it was indeed inconceivable that the Great Unknown should feel so strong

an interest in the personal grievances, if grievances there were, of a pair of Little Unknowns in a public office, and show such savage resentment at the promotion over their heads of a third Little Unknown from outside that office! But the suspicion, once aroused, of the *personal* concerns of Junius in the fortunes of Francis, gave Mr. Taylor the first suggestion of the Francisan solution of the Junian mystery.

That clue had been missed by the editors of the Woodfall edition of 1812, and missed apparently because, with rather edifying simplicity, they took Junius at his word as to the character he thought fit to assume in the "Letters," of lofty personal independence, as well as mature age and experience. Whether that assumption had imposed equally on his original editor and publisher, may, perhaps, be doubted. The elder Woodfall had sufficient motives for simulated unconsciousness of the authorship of the "Letters," to render it probable that he would readily simulate such unconsciousness. The letters of Junius were, for several years, a mine of wealth to him. Woodfall well knew—had been pointedly made to know—that to the continued working of that mine *secrecy* was an essential condition. He offered, and Junius prudently declined, a share in the profits of the first reprint of the Letters. As a tradesman, Woodfall must have been too good a judge to run the risk of killing, by indiscreet curiosity, the goose that laid the golden eggs. As an old friend, and St. Paul's school fellow, (if he recognised Junius as such), he must have felt an honourable obligation to keep the secret as long as his author wished it kept, that is to say, longer than the elder Woodfall lived to reveal it. The identity of Junius with Francis may afford a natural explanation why Junius—in general as little disposed to the melting mood—should show so much of friendly feeling, beyond mere business relations, towards the publisher—and why Woodfall—having once emphatically been made to perceive that disclosure would to his correspondent be ruin—should have forborne from any attempt to verify whatever suspicions he may have entertained—or from communicating to his family any-

thing he may have known, or guessed, as to the authorship of the "Letters."

Considering these circumstances, it cannot, we think, appear surprising that the "Franciscan theory" of the authorship of "Junius" did not take its origin from any tradition handed down in the Woodfall family. There will be found in the Appendix to the first volume of Francis's Memoirs an account by Mr. Parkes of a conversation held by him in 1857 with Miss Woodfall, the only surviving offspring (æt. 89) of Junius's publisher, H. S. Woodfall. The old lady said "she had heard discussions before her father on the mystery of the Junius authorship, and the claims of divers public men discussed by him or by others in his company, but she feels confident that her father had no preponderating suspicion of the real author, though he may at different times have considered that circumstances and evidence pointed strongly or weakly to this public literary man or the other." It is obvious to remark that, if H. S. Woodfall was in firm though tacit league with Francis to keep the secret as to the authorship of the famous Letters, he would be no more likely to allow himself to betray his knowledge of that secret to his family than in any other third quarter. Miss Woodfall concluded by expressing "her opinion that the different members of her family never had any

more knowledge of the mystery of the true authorship of Junius than the public."

The double character, which we have sought to exhibit incarnated in a single person, had a redeeming element equally in its avowed and anonymous manifestations; the element namely of public spirit working, with whatever personal obliquities, towards public ends since realized.

"Freedom of the press," says Mr. Merivale, "and the personal freedom of the subject, owe probably more to the writings of Junius than to the eloquence of Chatham or Burke, the law of Camden and Dunning. It is not too much to say that, after the appearance of those writings, a new tone on these great subjects is found to prevail in our political literature. Doctrines which had previously met with almost general consent became exploded; truths which up to that time had been only timidly propounded, were placed, in post-Junian times, on the order of the day."

The same judicious editor observes on the eventful fruits of Francis's stormy and abruptly-closed career in India, that—as "Junius had laid, by bold generalization, the foundation of modern doctrines of freedom of the person and the press, when very few were disposed to follow out his theories, except mere demagogues, who could not really understand, and merely abused them;" so "Francis may be said, with equal truth, to have sketched the outlines of the system of Indian government which now prevails: although many years passed before his views were appreciated, and nearly a century before they were adopted."

(Scribner's Monthly.)

THE CLUBS OF PARIS.

DURING the siege of Paris, the questions of Catholicism and many others emerged from the limits of administrations, to be debated in the turbulent discussions of the clubs. The clubs were the popular expression of that instinct for social intercourse, which is so imperious in the organization of the Parisian. Whatever the circumstances, he must have an opportunity to speak, to expand himself, to communicate his ideas. The desire to listen to his neighbor's ideas is much less developed. It is speech that is necessary to the Parisian, just as pedestrianism is to the Englishman. In the one case as in the other, the exercise rises out of the vulgar domain of utility, to be classed with physiological functions, for which a mediocre philosophy alone would seek a teleological signification.

The bourgeois, more habituated to the exercise of this function, were for that very reason better able to interrupt it for a time, as a man who has taken a long breath is able to remain long under water without breathing. Hence their clubs and conferences did not begin, as I have said, until November. But it was otherwise with the people, whose momentary outburst in 1848 had been followed by twenty years of silence. Immediately after the 4th of September, the long pent up torrent gushed forth with impetuosity. Clubs sprang up all over the city, taking possession of ball-rooms, lecture-halls, dancing saloons and amphitheatres, in the name of the sovereign people, extremely conscious, for the half-minute, of its sovereignty. There was the Club of the College of France, of the Ecole de Médecine, of the Salle Valentino, of the Pré aux Clercs; the Club of the Deliverance, of Vengeance; the Folies Bergère; the Salle Favié at Belleville, destined to be amongst the most celebrated of all.

Blanqui, of course, had his club, but the majority were directed by new men, unknown in 1848. In these clubs were discussed everything, from the government of the National Defence to that of Divine Providence. Both were treated with equal freedom and severity. Thus, a special reporter sent by the *Journal des Débats* gives a curious account of a meeting held at the Salle Favié, shortly after the surrender of Metz. An orator offered a proposition to pronounce sentence of death upon Bazaine. This proposition had already been voted unanimously by all the clubs of the Fourth Arrondissement, and was enthusiastically ratified by Favié, where the entire audience sprang to their feet to confirm the verdict. Thereupon the orator, abruptly abandoning Bazaine and his "accomplices," entered upon the higher themes of social and religious philosophy. He declared the moment had come to replace theology and metaphysics by geography and sociology, and he embarked on a dissertation whose luminousness at first failed to indicate the intellects of his auditors. Presently, however, he became more intelligible, indeed too much so. "I do not dread the thunder," exclaimed this modern Ajax; "I hate God, the miserable God of the priests, and I would, like the Titans, scale the heavens to assassinate him."

This second condemnation to capital punishment had less success with the audience than the first. A few fanatics applauded; a voice cried, "You should take a balloon!" The *citoyennes* on the benches exchanged terrified glances with one another; but the orator, satisfied with this explosion of Titanic wrath, abandoned God as he had thrown over Bazaine, and, redescending the heavens he had scaled, alighted in the midst of

the National Guard, of whose organization he recommended the criticism.

For the criticism of the clubs extended to more practical themes, and, during the first period of the siege, was especially clamorous for the manufacture of cannon. To compensate the slackness of the Government, the most astounding schemes were proposed night after night in the popular *conciabules*, and placed at the service of the Defence. Was especially applauded the preparation of all manner of machines, more or less infernal, constructed quite in defiance of the Convention of Geneva, but any one of them warranted capable of annihilating the entire Prussian army. The *Feu Grégeois*, and some unknown potency baptized *Dynamite*, held a conspicuous place among these inventions.

But regular strategy was not disdained by the Scipios and Fabii of the clubs, who, though inglorious, were far from mute. Nature abhors a vacuum, and the seething popular brain hastened to fill the place left vacant, in the absence of any more distinct plan than that which Trochu had deposited with his notary.

"Two points are essential," observed to an admiring audience an orator whose military genius was nothing unless Fabian. "In the first place, we must destroy the Prussians; in the second place, we must prevent them from destroying us. To effect this double object, I propose that our troops emerge from the city in a mass disposed in the shape of a pyramid. The apex of this pyramid should make a furious assault on the Prussian lines, and immediately withdraw into the main body. The sides of the mass, closing together, should form a new apex, destined to repeat the original manœuvre. It should, in fact, be repeated until the entire pyramid of troops should have been advanced like a wedge across the circle of investiture. Hardly any loss of life would occur upon our side, because our men would retreat so soon as attacked."

That the manœuvre of the attack could occasion any loss of life previous to the retreat—that the Prussians could bring any forces to bear on the flanks of the moving pyramid, or interfere with the reconstruction of its apex—these consid-

erations were passed over in silence by the orator, either because he considered their discussion superfluous, or because they had never entered his head.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* established a volunteer police to watch over the proceedings of the clubs, and to report their *naïvetés*, crudities, ignorance, and absurdities with malicious exactitude, not unflavored by terror. Denunciations of proprietors, who, notwithstanding the siege, pretended to claim the full payment of rents; of speculators, who attempted to buy up and conceal provisions; of bourgeois, whose lukewarm affection for the Republic threatened to resign France to the manœuvres of the Orleanists—here was abundant material wherewith to maintain in a state of chronic alarm the ferocious timidity of the "enlightened classes." The *Journal des Débats* sent a special reporter to attend the meetings, and to chronicle the bad grammar and *naïve* vanity in which "the poison of sedition and Socialism was poured out upon the people."

"Paris is to be regenerated by the floods of wisdom that descend nightly from the heights of Belleville and Montmartre." Thus quotes M. Molinari, in the *Revue*; and M. David, of the *Débats*, re-echoes the indignation of his *confrère*. "It is thus that these insolent spokesmen of the vile multitude dare address us—us, members of the Institute, professors at the Sorbonne—in a word, the *élite* of Paris! Such language is in extremely bad taste, is expressed in shockingly bad style, is atheistical, and, above all, extremely dangerous to the interests of property and of the family."

M. David's reports of the meetings at the clubs were so amusing that every one read them and laughed, greatly to the astonishment of their writer. "It is no laughing matter," he declared seriously, "but calculated to awaken a far-sighted terror (*terreur prévoyante*). It is necessary to watch over these clubs with the most ceaseless vigilance. These denunciations, *innocent to-day, and only directed against God*, contain the seeds of [social] hatred, which to-morrow, favored by some accident of the siege, may spring up and bear bitter fruit."

Thus, on M. David's own showing, the offended taste and virtuous horror of atheism, manifested by the bourgeois, were traceable simply to a "far-sighted terror" of the chaotic masses of the people that surged beneath them. Denunciations of religion were only to be denounced because they tended to prepare the way for denunciations of property. The reputation of the Deity was to be defended, on account of the services it was supposed to render to the interests of proprietors. Times had changed since the decadence of the Roman Empire; it was the people who considered all the gods equally false, and the philosophers who joined the magistrates in maintaining them as equally useful. An impartial bystander, who, by dint of listening open-eared in both camps, had learned to hate the bourgeois whenever they mentioned the people, and to detest the people whenever they declaimed, ungrammatically, against the bourgeois, might attend the clubs, like the theatres, with the same impartial interest in the piece that was to be played. Everything was strange and grotesque. The room where the meetings were held was generally small compared with the audience, filled with wooden benches, and dimly lighted with petroleum lamps. On the benches a motley crowd of men, women, and children,—of which each individual was inflated with the consciousness of his newly recognized dignity as a sovereign people. The men were in blouses, or arrayed in various degrees of the uniform of the National Guard,—which was constructed gradually from the union of detached fragments, like bodies coming together in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Here the entire costume was represented by the regulation cap—there by a red stripe on the pantaloons; now a coat with epaulettes of red flannel, now another whence the epaulettes had fallen, or whether they had not yet arrived, but had been preceded by a plentiful efflorescence of silvered buttons. The women were in caps and aprons, a simplicity befitting the "*bougresses patriotes*" eulogized by the Pere Duchene. Their feminine ignorance of technicalities reinforced the technical ignorance which characterized their class, and they added

all the voluble excitability of their sex to that which already distinguished their race. Many times a shrill female voice was raised to applaud the somewhat incoherent vociferations of the orator at the tribune, or, still more eagerly to denounce a neighbour suspected of concealing cheese or potatoes. To their aprons clung the children, alternately wide-eyed or sleepy, but even in their sleep becoming saturated with the principles of the future that thundered about their ears. It was as easy to imbibe the doctrines of Socialism asleep on the benches of the clubs, as to become instructed in the less intelligible doctrines of the catechism while sleeping on the benches of the church.

The singular mixture of sense and nonsense displayed in the irregular eloquence of the orators,—the profound instinct and insane absurdity that equally characterized their speech,—the irresistible need of expression that seemed to agitate the assembly below the consciousness of the speakers, and to bear them to the tribune like straws floated on a current far mightier than they,—from all this the observer derived a peculiarly complex impression, strange, pathetic, absurd, foreboding unknown destinies.

Such an impression is made by a human fetus scarcely formed,—with its immense head,—its exaggerated nervous system,—its shapeless, powerless limbs,—its huge uncouthness,—in which, like pearls hidden in a mantle of rough skin, lie concealed unlimited possibilities of power, and beauty, and grace.

These possibilities revealed themselves frequently in the midst of the chaos of the clubs, by ideas and propositions far more appropriate and just than those which emanated from the official authorities. Even in regard to the military defense of Paris, the three points upon which public criticism constantly insisted were most eminently reasonable. From the beginning of the siege the clubs demanded—1st. The general levy of the entire adult population of France. 2nd. The immediate separation of the National Guard into its sedentary and active sections, and the energetic preparation of the latter for service. 3d. Activity in the fabrication of cannon, to supply the

deficiencies that had been officially recognized.

The persistent refusal of the members of the Provisional Government to act in the sense of these propositions, can, as we have seen, only be explained by their skepticism in regard to the possibility of defense, and their consequent indifference to the means needed to render such defense effectual.

But the clubs, offspring of the social necessities of the situation, occupied themselves much more enthusiastically with social questions, than with those, much more transitory, at issue between Paris and the Prussians. I have said that in almost every circle the war was regarded as a secondary affair, in comparison with the interests for whose development it afforded an opportunity. The clubs represented the classes who were the most eager to profit by this opportunity, and the majority of their resolutions were framed with a just appreciation of the extraordinary possibilities latent in the circumstances of the siege. Thus it was voted: that henceforth no police commissioner should be named without the consent of the municipality, itself elected by the people; that the government should decree the impeachment of the Emperor and of his accomplices, with the confiscation of their shamefully *acquired* property; that another decree should interdict French territory to all the members of the rival dynastic families of Bourbon, Orleans, or Bonaparte; that the negotiations of Thiers with monarchical governments in favour of the Republic should be repudiated, since they could lead to no other result than the humiliation of France and an ignominious peace, itself destined to prepare the way for royal restoration; that public instruction should be rendered gratuitous, and its control withdrawn from all monastic communities; that priests and nuns, having weakened the ties which bound them to their country and repudiated such as should create for them a family, were necessarily unfit for the training of citizens, to whom both these ties should be paramount; that all priests and seminarists, qualified by their age and health for military service, should be enrolled in the army, since their lives,

instead of being more precious, were infinitely less valuable than those of men with families to support.

We have said, in speaking of the claims urged upon the Provisional Government at the beginning of its career, that its anxiety to avoid "exciting discontent" was fully equal to the popular impatience to profit by the situation. This solicitude for a negation greatly tended to weaken all attempt at positive action. The leaders of an immense revolution, more intent upon stifling than upon utilizing its forces, conducted their affairs, to a most lame and impotent conclusion. Its inanity was only compensated by the eulogies bestowed by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on "the rare mansuetude" with which the dictators had let the people alone, and turned a deaf ear to their protestations.

The people, who really wanted something, were less charmed by this urbanity than the writers of the *Revue*, who asked for nothing except the repression of those who seriously demanded anything. Toward the end of December, the Club of the Ecole de Medecine drew up a formal act of impeachment against the Provisional Government, couched in the following terms:—

"Considering that the men who seized the dictatorship on the 4th of September have been and remain visibly inferior to the exigencies of the task, whose responsibility they assumed with so much presumption;

"Considering that, nevertheless, they insist on preserving a power which they do not know how to employ for the public welfare;

"Considering that, instead of relying upon the revolution at home and abroad, they have only tried to ingratiate themselves with jealous powers, or to flatter the egotistical instincts of a class necessarily hostile to the Republic;

"Considering that at a moment when public safety demanded the greatest unity of action, they abandoned the provinces to the sterile preoccupations of personal defense, so that they are now unable to march to the deliverance of the capital;

"Considering that they have encouraged Legitimist, Orleanist, and clerical influences, and reserved all their

severity and enmity for the staunch friends of the republic ;

"Considering that tardy and uncontrolled requisitions have favored the operations of speculators ; that after four months the armament remains insufficient, the equipment incomplete, and the military organization vicious ;

"Considering that, after the failure of military expeditions, chiefs are promoted instead of being submitted to inquest ;

"Considering that these chiefs remain in almost absolute inaction, when 500,000 troops of the line, the Mobile and the National Guard, are clamorous to be led to battle ;

"Considering that such inertia is criminal, in view of the daily diminution in the stock of provisions ;

"Considering that the resolution, 'never to capitulate' is an absurd bravado, unless combined with the measures capable of making it good :

"For all these reasons, the members of the Government of the pretended National Defense are culpable toward France and toward the Republic, and their culpability increases every hour in proportion to the singular tenacity with which they cling to their places."

THE ARTS IN CAPTIVITY.

M. JULES SIMON lately reminded us that there is a chapter of history yet to be written. In his Address to the French Institute in October last, he lamented the vandalism of the Allies of 1814, and "especially of the English," who, as he informed his countrymen, "robbed the Galleries, Museums, and Archives of Paris of invaluable treasures, monuments of French Artistic and literary genius." Few things would, perhaps, be more instructive than a correct and minute statement of what there was at that time to be taken away from Paris, and of what was actually taken. Men own and claim property by a variety of titles, and especially by "the old and simple plan, that those should take who have the power, and those should keep who can," a principle which, in Yankee slang, makes everybody's luggage his "plunder." It is desirable, therefore, to know by what chance the French of 1814 had come by what they called their own; for there may be genius in "appropriating" as well as in creating art, and it took all the wisdom of Solomon himself to distinguish real from assumed maternity.

If it is true that all men are liars, it may also be asserted that all nations are, or have been, robber bands. The life of the conquered is, according to the laws of war, forfeited to the victor. How much more his property? Ancient monarchs carried whole nations away into captivity. Red Indians hang the scalps of slain warriors to their saddle-bows. Mere tourists have been known, when they had a chance, to chip off a nose from a bas-relief, or strip the bark from a sacred tree. International robbery, however, on a large or small scale, should have an object. You take booty from your neighbor, or a trophy; a keepsake, or a curiosity. The Romans of old plundered Egypt or

Greece to enhance the splendor of a triumphal entry. Columbus brought gold from Hispaniola as evidence of a new world. The Crusaders shipped cargoes of earth and water, that their children might be christened in Jordan, and themselves buried in the dust of Jehoshaphat. But no one ever burdened himself with other people's property without considering what he was to do with it. The same may be said of destructive instincts. Omar *may* have burnt a library to give glory to the Koran; the Iconoclasts waged war to Art out of hatred to idolatry; Savonarola made bonfires of the classics by way of a protest against Pagan licentiousness; and Knox fired the nests that the crows might "flee awa."

But there is something in French nature altogether out of the laws of human gravitation. The fires of the late Commune revealed a new bump in man's skull. One wonders what men like Ferré would have done had time and courage been given to them; if the Louvre had gone with the Tuileries, and Notre Dame with the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin. What if all Paris had really been "in ashes," and what if it had been the Paris of 1814, instead of that of 1871? There have been at all times revolutions in the world, mad passions let loose; the dregs of society wrought up to the surface; Jack Cade in London; Masaniello in Naples; but there is no instance of a population cutting off its nose to spite its own face. It must, at all events, be somebody else's nose, an obnoxious nose. The Parisians alone wreaked a mad spite upon what did them no harm, upon what gave them no offence.

It is necessary to bear in mind all these peculiar features in the French character to understand the causes of all the mis-

chief they did in Europe on their first revolutionary outbreak. The French ride one hobby at a time, and they ride it to death. Their first instinct, upon gaining the mastery over themselves, was centralization. They were out of conceit with old France, so they turned for novelty to ancient Rome. Rome had absorbed the world; Paris began by sucking up France; and as French arms crossed the frontiers, country after country sank into the same all-swallowing whirlpool.

They found in Italy a land that had excelled in art. They determined that that artistic pre-eminence should henceforth be French; and, to begin, that Italian art should be made French. No one could have better seconded, or indeed anticipated their views, than the young soldier of Fortune who led the way across the Alps. It will, perhaps, never be possible to sound the real depths of Napoleon's mind. Look at his bust by Canova, at Chatsworth, and there is something in that brow that prostrates you before it as before a Miltonian Satan. But a human mind is the result of nature, and also of culture, and no one has ever inquired with sufficient diligence into the early readings of the Cadet of the school of Brienne, and of the sub-lieutenant of artillery in lodgings over tradesmen's shops in provincial towns. Napoleon partly was born, partly made himself a sham Roman in a sham Rome. He knew a little of ancient Rome, but nothing of what came after it. To Christian charity and knightly truth or honor he was an utter stranger. He had one idol, self; one altar, France; and the altar was to be to him a footstool to the throne. He stood upon the Alps where Brennus and Hannibal, Charlemagne, Charles VIII., and so many other leaders of hosts had stood before him. Most of them pointed out to their followers the land of the sun, and told them of the genial climate, the luscious fruits, the pleasures that awaited them as the reward of their toil. Napoleon spoke of all that, and of something besides. Before the French had made their way into Italy, her wealth was emphatically placed at their discretion. "Soldiers," cried the great bandit, "you are ill-fed and half naked; your Government owes you much, and gives nothing;

your valor and endurance do you honor, but bring you neither profit nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. You will find there great cities and rich provinces. You will find there glory and richness. Will your courage fail you?"

It is seldom that soldiers, and especially hungry soldiers, require exhortations to make themselves at home in an invaded country. Italy was no foe to France. The Italians had not, since the Middle Ages, been better off than before 1789; but they all read French, and most of them believing in that Millennium of human brotherhood that the French Republic had proclaimed, looked forward to the arrival of those soldiers as to the coming of a legion of delivering angels. Austria and, at her suggestion, Piedmont, were up in arms at the Alps. The other Italian princes, before whom the head of Louis XVI. had been rolled in defiance, had joined the league of kings, but had scarcely taken the field. Venice and Genoa were neutral, and it was only owing to the supineness of this latter Republic that Bonaparte found a loop-hole in the Alpine armor of Italy, and made his way to the wealthiest plains of the world. The thunder of his victorious cannon at Montenotte struck dismay into the hearts of the Italian princes, who all sued for peace. Napoleon had soon no other enemy than the Austrian in Italy. The whole nation hailed him as a deliverer. In most districts, and especially in Modena and Bologna, Italian revolutions paved the way for French conquest. Liberty, however, is not to be had without being paid for, and the understanding between the French Directory and their general was that the Italians should handsomely bleed for it. "The Duke of Parma," Bonaparte writes, "will make proposals of peace to you. Keep him in play till I make him pay the costs of the campaign." He adds that at first he had thought of mulcting neutral Genoa to the amount of three millions. But he had thought better of it, and would make it fifteen. The general was at first induced to punish individual acts of robbery, wishing to reduce looting to a system; but the fellow-feeling was very strong upon him. "Poor devils!" he said, "they

have reached the promised land, and they are naturally anxious to enjoy it. This fine country, guaranteed from pillage, will afford us considerable advantages. The single province of Mondovi (a mountain district) will have to pay one million."

Money and money's worth as much as the country could yield; but that was not enough. It is difficult to know into whose head the notion of wounding Italy to the heart by taking her great handiworks from her first sprang up. But at an early epoch in 1796 the Directory sent the following instructions: "If the Pope makes us advances, the first thing required will be his prayers." Then "some of Rome's beautiful monuments, her statues, her pictures, her medals, her libraries, her silver Madonnas, and even her bells—all this to indemnify us for the costs of the visit we shall have paid her." On May 1st, Bonaparte asks for a list of the pictures, statues, and antiquities to be found at Milan, Parma, Piacenza, Bologna, etc. On the 6th he begs that three or four celebrated artists may be sent to him to choose what is suitable to "take" and send to Paris. The Directory, less nice in their choice, advise that "nothing should be left in Italy that our political situation allows us to carry off, and which may be useful to us." A wide field of operation was thus left to the Republican general, who did not fail to avail himself of it. Parma had to pay two millions in gold, and besides horses, cattle, and provisions without end, twenty pictures at the French commissioner's choice, among which San Girolamo, the master-piece of Correggio, which the poor Duke offered to ransom at one million. Milan, so loud in her greetings to her deliverers, had to pay twenty millions, besides pictures, statues, manuscripts, and also machines, mathematical instruments, maps, etc.—the "etc.," of course, left to the commissioner's interpretation. Monge and Berthollet were employed at Pavia "enriching our botanical garden and museum of natural history, and were thence to proceed to Bologna on the same errand." Bonaparte requisitioned all the best horses of the wealthy Milanese, and sent one hundred of them to the Directory "to replace," as he wrote, "the indifferent ones you now drive in your carriages."

By the truce of Bologna, and the peace of Tolentino, the Pope had also to deliver thirty millions in gold and diamonds, 400 horses, as many mules, oxen, and buffaloes, and above all things, one hundred pictures, busts, vases, statues, etc., always at the plunderer's choice, but with an especial stipulation for a bronze bust of Junius Brutus, and a marble one of Marcus Brutus, the two saints to which the French Republicanism of those times paid especial worship.

Rome, however, could not hope to buy herself off at so low a cost. One year later, the French broke into the city; they spirited away the Pope; overran the Vatican; took all the furniture, busts, statues, cameos, marbles, columns, and even locks, bars, and the very nails. The Quirinal and Castel Gandolfo shared the same fate, and with these the Capitol, and many private palaces and villas—those of Albani, Doria, Chigi, the Braschi palace, and that of the Cardinal of York, were either partially rifled or thoroughly gutted. The Sistine and other chapels were plundered, and a vast amount of church plate, most of it of old and choice workmanship, taken. They took a Monstrance from St. Agnese, which was private property of the Doria family, worth 80,000 Roman crowns. They burnt the priests' vestments to get at the gold of their embroidery. The sacking went on throughout Rome and the provinces. The French soldiers were always in arrear of their pay if paid at all; and the example of their officers taught them to help themselves to whatever came to hand. Along with the armies their came swarms of camp-followers, sutlers, brokers, hucksters, and other "professionals," always ready to rid the troops of their heaviest impediments, and in their hands all went to pot; genius was rated at its mere worth or weight in gold and silver, and thus much that was taken from Italy never reached France. All this havoc, however, was not sufficient to satisfy the greed of the Directory; tremendous taxes were laid on the rich: Prince Chigi had to pay 200,000 crowns; Volpato, a print-seller, 12,000.

But even more melancholy was the fate of the Venetian provinces. The Republic had never been at war with France, but France had broken her neutrality as she

had done before with Genoa; she had stirred up the democrats in the country, fomented disturbances, moved heaven and earth till she had picked a quarrel; then made peace, and, as its first condition imposed the usual tax of twenty pictures and five hundred manuscripts; then violently broke into the *Monti di Pietà*, or state loan offices, at Verona and Vicenza, taking from that of Verona alone more than fifty millions in plate and jewellery, and much property belonging to the poor, and sacked the devoted city for eight days, during which private and public galleries, libraries, museums, and churches were at the ravager's discretion. In the mean while Napoleon was meditating Campo Formio and the cession of Venice to Austria. Before the city was given up instructions came from Bonaparte in a few words to "take whatever would be useful for France; all that was in Venetian ports and arsenals for Toulon; all that was in churches or palaces for Paris." Many churches in Venice and in Verona still bear the marks of French rapacity. The Doge's palace, itself a museum of all that was beautiful and precious in works of Greek, Roman, or Italian genius, was stripped of the bare walls; all the best Titians and Tintorets, the works of Paul Veronese, Bellini, Mantegna, and Pordenone, had to cross the mountains. The magnificent private collection of the Bevilacqua family was taken away bodily. The same fate had the Muselli and Verità museums in that city. Gems of inestimable value were lost, among others the famous cameo of the *Ægean Jupiter*. Greek and Roman medals disappeared; with them the splendid collection of the Aldine editions; more than 200 Greek, Latin, and Arabic manuscripts, on parchment, paper, and silk paper, among them two very precious Arabic MSS., on silk paper, given as a present to the Republic by Cardinal Bessarion in the fifteenth century. As far as the French went, the plunder extended. The convent libraries of Treviso, Padua, Verona, and San Daniele of Friuli were ransacked; from the last-named they took eight manuscripts anterior to the thirteenth century. The bronze horses at Lysippus, and the lions from the Piræus, were among the spoils. 200,000 sequins, the property of the fugi-

tive Duke of Modena, were taken from the Austrian Legation, a power with which France was then treating for peace. Whatever could not, in the hurry and confusion of departure, be removed, was sold on the spot for anything it would fetch; first under pretext of subsidizing the Venetian Republicans, partisans of France, who had to take refuge in Lombardy; and when these indignantly refused to accept alms out of the ruin of their country, without any further pretext. What could neither be carried away nor find purchasers was barbarously broken up or mutilated. There is something inexplicable and incredible, in the wanton ferocity in which the French dealt with Venice, a country which had never wronged them, but which they had deeply wronged, which they had betrayed, murdered, and slandered after the murder. Serrurier burnt the Bucentaurin San Giorgio, regardless of the fine old carvings which made it really valuable, to get at the paltry gold of its ornaments. Such was the farewell of the "Grande Nation" to Venice!

It would be an impracticable and hardly a profitable task to enumerate all the deeds of spoliation perpetrated by the armies of the French Directory as they extended their occupation of Italy from town to town. From 1796 to 1798 the soldier had the country at his own discretion. Bonaparte made, as we have said, some attempts at first to check the rapacity of his troops. He went the length of inflicting punishment in cases of the most flagrant outrage. But he was not without sympathy for them. Italy was to them the land of promise; it was natural that they should wish to enjoy its fruits; and if he was under necessity to interfere with their depredations, it was only because he looked upon the fine country as a cow to be milked methodically, and by wholesale. But for the rest, French commanders and officers of all ranks gave the first example of insatiable greed; and the few who had conscience and honour enough to deplore the excesses of which they were witnesses, and either threw themselves between the plunderers and the plundered people or sent remonstrances to the home authorities at Paris, to mitigate the miseries of the con-

quered or "liberated" land—such as St. Cyr in Rome, Villetard in Venice, and Championnet in Naples—were speedily called, and men less influenced by scruples were sent to take their places. With respect to the fine arts, already, on the day on which the peace of Tolentino was signed, General Bonaparte was able to announce to the Directory that the members of the Artistic and Scientific Commission—Finette, Barthelemi, Moitte, Thourin, Monge, and Berthollet—had admirably acquitted themselves of their task. They made a rich harvest at Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Loreto, and Perugia; and its products were immediately sent off to Paris. Added to what is to be taken at Rome, the General concluded, "France would thus have everything beautiful that there was in Italy, except a few objects still untouched at Turin and Naples." Much, however, went to Paris that could not strictly be said to appertain to the domains of the Beautiful. At Loreto, on the approach of the French troops, the treasures of the famous "Holy House" had been conveyed to Rome by the Papal authorities. But the invaders, with their generalissimo at their head, after taking the gold and silver ornaments of the shrine, to the value of one million, laid hands on the black Madonna, a rudely carved wooden image, utterly worthless as a work of art, but deriving all its interest from the tradition respecting its authority—it is one of the many handiworks attributed to St. Luke—and the endless wonders it had for ages performed in behalf of its worshippers. The image of Loreto was for a few years exhibited in the National Library at Paris, as a "defunct idol," and was only restored to its altar when the Concordat of 1801 announced to France that "idolatry" was again to be the fashion. Had General Bonaparte been omnipresent and omnipotent, he would probably have left little behind; but his lieutenants and subalterns exceeded even him in rapacity, and were far more hasty, more indiscriminate and destructive in their proceedings. We have seen that the direct excesses in Rome and Venice, though they took place by Bonaparte's orders, were committed in his absence, in many cases by men who, though not more ruthless, were

more reckless and unsparing than himself.

Between 1798 and the following year, during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, the French lost in Italy all the ground the great conqueror had won. He recovered it at Marengo at a single stroke in 1800, and by that time having attained supreme power in France as First Consul, he had already conceived the scheme of that universal monarchy into which the lands beyond the Alps, beyond the Rhine, and the Pyrenees, were to be incorporated. It was then that his crude notions about ancient Rome were made subservient to his boundless aspirations. From the Consulate to the Empire, there was, in his mind, only one step. The *dix-huit Brumaire* had left him without a rival or a partner of his power. It had made him Cæsar, and from that time it was not merely France but Europe that he claimed as his domain. Paris was to be the Rome of the modern world. It was to become the museum of universal genius, to bring together into one vast collection all that the most gifted nations had ever contributed to art and science, and, besides, all that the care and diligence of the various States had laid up as monuments illustrating the annals of the past. In other words, there was to be only one gallery of picture and sculpture, only one museum of antiquity and science, and only one archive—and all that in Paris. It was not long before Napoleon perceived that he had been in too great a hurry at Tolentino, when he declared that whatever was worth taken in Italy was already taken. The rifling of museums and galleries, of churches and convents, went on throughout the Napoleonic period. At Naples France claimed, no one knows on what right, all the splendid heritage of the Farnese. At Florence a violent hand was laid on the galleries on the ground that the Grand Duke had, when he quitted his capital, with the permission of the French, and by a convention with them, removed with him a few gems from the collection in the Pitti palace. The pretext was that France would henceforth "provide against the chance of any art-treasures falling into the hands of her enemies," precisely as at Venice, at the moment of delivering the doomed city into the hands of Austria, she had robbed,

burnt, or otherwise destroyed whatever there was in the arsenal or the harbor, lest Venetian ships and stores should enable the German Emperor to construct a fleet.

It is not difficult to imagine the impression made on the ravaged population by this long-continued and systematic work of unprecedented vandalism. Italy had been overrun by foreign armies for many centuries. After a brief respite during the era of the Republic of the Middle Ages, the country had become the battlefield of all nations, and had passed successively into the possession of almost all of them. But the right of conquest had never been exercised at the expense of Italian genius. The French themselves had under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., come into Italy as little better than barbarians: their brains had caught fire at the sight of all that southern beauty and magnificence; the last named monarch made his palace a home to Italian artists, but he showed as much veneration as love for Italian art. In the hands of the Spaniards, the most bigoted and improvident, and of the Germans, the most harsh and unsympathetic of rulers, Art had suffered no outrage. Centuries had elapsed since pictures or statues had come in as spoils in the train of victorious armies. The Venetians and other Italians had brought home the stupendous works of the East; among others those bronze horses from the Bosphorus, and those lions from the Piræus, of which they were in their turn robbed by the French.* But those were deeds of the Middle Ages. The Italians were the last of the Europeans who fell back from the East before the tide of Mohammedan invasion. They knew that only what they took could be saved; that what remained behind would perish either through the violence or the neglect of the Moslem. It was not only with the consent, but with the co-operation of the Greek and other Levantine populations, that these treasures were shipped off to the West. Greek artists and scholars migrated to

Italy, together with their art and literature. Had not Italy been prepared for their reception by her advanced culture, the relics of Greek learning, the monuments of Greek genius, would have found nowhere a resting place. But far different were the conditions of Italy at the close of the eighteenth century. The Italians have at all times carried their love of the Beautiful to a fault. Art, on its re-awakening, was by them associated with religion. The noblest masterpieces were till eighty years ago safely deposited in the churches were some of them had been conveyed in solemn procession by the pious population. The fame of their artists was a subject of domestic pride to the Italian cities. Almost every one of those old masters is at home in some locality of his own—Correggio in Parma, Guido in Bologna, Perugino in the town of which he bears the name. Not to have stopped at the painter's favored spot was to be imperfectly acquainted with his real manner and power. Hence the importance attached to many of those dull, decayed, Tuscan, Lombard, and Æmilian communities among which a civilized stranger loved to linger. Hence one of the main attractions by which Italy was endeared to her visitors above all other European regions. And the day had now come in which that poor boast of Art was to be taken from the Italians; in which all that was valuable and portable was to be carried across the Alps—carried away not by an enemy making good his right of conquest, but by a friend inaugurating the era of liberty, proclaiming the universal brotherhood of nations, and laying claims to the most advanced civilization. The infatuation of the Italian people for their liberators exceeded all limits, and at first there were among the most ardent republicans men who looked upon their spoilers with something like indulgence. It was natural, after all, they urged, that Art should in a free age be used as an ornament to freedom, as in pious times it lent its loftiest charms to religion. It was the claim of the Brave to the Fair. Italy was rich enough in canvas and marble to be able to give a few specimens of her skill to a deserving sister. Her hand would not for all that forget its cunning, and it would always be in the power of living

* In the darkest Middle Ages, during the wars between Venice and Genoa, it is on record that Doria, Master of the Lagoons, vowed that he would "bridle" the horses of St. Mark, but he never thought of stealing them.

artists to fill up the void that French greed for the old masters might create behind the main altars of Italian churches or on the walls of Italian mansions. Others again, with heads filled with mock heroic notions of Roman or even Spartan stoicism, declared that the loss of those artistic "baubles" was to be accounted gain to Italy: that the Italians had too long been held in just contempt by their neighbors as "mere daubers and fiddlers," and that the removal of their enervating gewgaws would best foster among them those stern, manly Republican virtues which might fit them for companionship with the generous nation that summoned them to a new existence. The work of depredation went, however, beyond the endurance even of those stout believers, and the indignation of the trodden people knew no limits at the sight of the irreparable losses caused by the wanton recklessness and the awful disorder with which the spoliation was accomplished. The thought that what made Italy so much poorer made, after all, France no richer—that so large a part of what was to be only stolen was hopelessly destroyed—wrung every patriotic heart. In many instances conspicuous citizens, aggravated at the havoc made by the brutal soldiery among the treasures of their art-repositories, volunteered their aid in the removal—so offering, like the real mother before Solomon's judgment seat, to give up her own child rather than have it hewn asunder. Their help was not always accepted; but again, in some cases, it was tyrannically enforced. By a decree of the Directory an agent was appointed who should follow the French armies in Italy to "extract" and despatch to France such objects of art, science, etc., as might be found in the "conquered towns," independently of the objects of art already ceded by the Italian Powers in virtue of the treaties of peace and suspensions of hostilities contracted with the Armies of the Republic. By a clause in the decree, whenever the French military authorities were unable to provide their agent with the means necessary for the conveyance of the "property," the said agent was authorized to requisition horses and carriages from the towns in which these "extractions" should take place. There is only too much evidence

that the agent availed himself of the power thus conferred upon him without stint. But even by lending a hand, either voluntarily or by compulsion, the Italians failed to save from the wreck a large proportion of the art-treasure which the pioneers of civilization who called them to liberty were conveying into captivity. At times, the surprise of the pillaged population evidently threatened to give way to indignation. It is on record that at Venice and throughout the towns of Venetia the spoilers could not do their work without the protection of a formidable array of bayonets. At Florence, among a gentler and more quick-witted people, popular displeasure found its vent in bitter taunts and jeers. French superior officers who stood wrapt in admiration before Giotto's elegant belfry, were asked by the street urchins whether "they were meditating how they could pack up the Campanile in their military vans?" And within the Uffizi Gallery, as the Venus de Medici was being taken down from her pedestal, together with Raphaels and Titians, preparatory for her journey to the North, the old conservator to whom that precious marble had been an object of worship for the best part of his life, was so overcome as to burst into tears: whereupon one of the sneering Frenchmen, affecting to console him, observed that "the dear goddess was not so much to be pitied, as she was only going to Paris, where the Belvedere Apollo was already among the recent arrivals, and where preparations would soon be made to marry the Roman to the Florentine statue." The sorrow of the conservator was turned to rage, as he retorted: "Marry the statues as much as you like: out of such a union in your country there will never be issue." The old man meant that all the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles in the world would never make the French a nation of sculptors.

For, after all, what could be the object or the pretext for all these wholesale robberies? "Leave nothing behind of what can be of the least use to us." Such were the general instructions; such the invariable rule and practice. But when France had taken all that could be taken, what was she to do with it? All Italian art was already in her possession; and,

as far as her victories extended, the galleries of Antwerp and Brussels, of Dresden and Munich, of Madrid and Seville, were made to add their tribute to the vast mass of spoils with which the Louvre was encumbered. Paris was the world's museum; was it likely to become the world's school of art? The First Empire was, perhaps, the epoch in France in which genius and taste were at the lowest ebb.* The nation had as little leisure for thought or feeling as its restless ruler; and one of the most remarkable phenomena of the period was the apparent indifference with which the French looked on the accumulation of all that immense artistic treasure. Beyond a little flourish of gratified vanity, there is, at least, no evidence of any great enthusiasm evinced by the Parisians at the appearance of their new acquisitions; no evidence of any extraordinary frequency of visitors at the Louvre, not even from mere motives of curiosity. It may be suggested that the popular apathy was to be attributed to the varied vicissitudes of those stirring times; that the Empire had toiled not for its own generation, but for after ages; that what its short period had devoured would remain for the digestion of future epochs; so that the issue to be expected from the intermarriage of all the ancient and modern schools in Paris would eventually be a French school combining the merits, and eclipsing the achievements, of all ages and countries.

But it is very questionable whether, even if France had been able to retain permanent possession of her ill-gotten goods, the sublime conceit of national selfishness could ever have been realized. Art is not to be more easily transplanted than literature: genius is, in a great measure, a matter of soil and climate; it chooses its own time and place for its peculiar development; it takes its own growth regardless of culture, rebellious

*M. Jules Janin said at a recent meeting of the French Academy: "On ne savait plus guère parmi nous les noms des grands poètes. On out dit qu'Homère et Virgile étaient morts tout entiers; Athènes et Rome étaient tout au plus un souvenir." Yet that was the age of mock Brutuses and Cæsars, of *Plebiscites* and *Senatus-Consultes*, and of all that hodge-podge of pseudo-Roman institutions which have since been made to cloak with grand words the hideousness and repulsiveness of Napoleonic despotism.

against the shelter and restraint of the forcing-house. All the knowledge of Greek in the world would never have made of Shakespeare a Homer; nor could many years' contemplation of the Madonna di San Sisto have made of Jacques Louis David a Raphael. In Italy itself it has been found that too intense a reverence for ancient art is as apt to stunt and cripple modern art as to mature it. Admiration begets imitation; manner is taken for law; religion degenerates into superstition; and with the rise of academies the decline of creative power too generally sets in. Both before and after the first Republic and Empire France had artistic as well as literary instincts of her own; but it may be freely asserted that the bane of French genius in all its efforts has been its exaggerated worship of what it considered classicism.

It may be imagined, however, that neither Bonaparte nor the officers in his suite gave themselves much thought about the remote results of their brigand exploits. They plundered for plunder's sake; a kind of thievish monomania seemed to have seized those lawless warriors; and the demoralization had at a very early period, reached the lowest ranks. The charming pages of Erckmann-Chatrian describe the earnestness with which men and women from the quietest and most unsophisticated districts, set out in quest of adventure in the train of the armies, under some vague impression that the world was the oyster which the soldier's sword was to open for them; they went forth, they rambled far and wide, and came back to startle their families and friends with the display of toys and trinkets which they often could tell neither the use nor the value, and when reproached for dishonesty, they claimed it as a merit that they had rifled a mere "*tas de Prêtres et d' Aristocrates*," and mulcted a stolid people who "even so many years after the inroad of their armies could not yet utter one word of intelligible French."

As to Napoleon himself he pleaded patriotism in justification of brigandage; and whatever fault might be found with all the other acts of his reign, in the mere spoliation of inoffensive neighbours, he could rely on the complicity of the French

people. A whole age had to pass before a few writers of the Lanfrey and Erckmann-Chatrian stamp dared to take up the cause of the outraged nations. But at the dawn of the nineteenth century all France acted upon one impulse. The great point was how Paris could be made everything and the world nothing. The idea of sinking Rome to a mere "chef-lieu" of a French department might have shocked a very Brennus; but it had nothing to deter the "Brutus" and "Cæsars" who, as Botta writes, "profaned churches, robbed sacred treasures, pilfered oil-paintings, damaged frescoes, and destroyed the ornaments they could not remove." As Paris was the museum, so it was to become the archive of the world. After the peace of Schonbrunn, all the records and documents of the German Empire were made to travel from Vienna to Paris. They filled altogether 3,139 cases, and the transport cost 400,000*fr.* The archives of Belgium and Holland, those of St. Mark and the Vatican, had gone before. At Simancas, in Spain, the men charged with the execution of the Emperor Napoleon's decrees sent word that the papers to be "*enlevés*" would require 12,000 carts for their conveyance. The work in this quarter, however, began too late, and was interrupted by the advance of the English, Portuguese, and Spanish armies ere it had proceeded very far. The plunderers were almost caught *in flagrante*, and, in the harum-scarum of their precipitate retreat, they did almost greater mischief than, perhaps, they would have done had their work been suffered to proceed undisturbed. For "the presence during four years of a garrison in the castle," says M. Gachard in his account of the Archives of Simancas, published in 1848, "and the free access of the soldiers to all its apartments, threw the papers into the greatest confusion, and caused the most serious losses; nor was this all, for, after the flight of the French, the peasantry rushed in; they tore open the parchments, broke the strings, and made confusion worse confounded." Again, when Spain claimed her own at Paris, in 1815, she vainly applied for many of those Simancas documents, the French retaining them as their own, under pretence of their appertaining,

"more or less," to the affairs of Burgundy and Lorraine: though many of the deeds thus wrongfully withheld consisted of treaties concluded by Spain with France, or of the correspondence of the Court of Madrid with its ambassadors in the same country. They did not say on what grounds they retained the correspondence of Charles V. and Philip II. with the Viceroy of Aragon, and the despatches addressed to this last Sovereign and his successor by their ambassadors at Venice.

As there was to be in Europe only French art, so there was only to be a French version of history. Men as unbiased as Count Daru, as unprejudiced as M. Thiers, were to have the monopoly of all the memorials of the past. Of such events as the Battle of Waterloo or the negotiation of the Spanish marriages there should be only one official account, and that should come from a people whose streets go by ten different names within a quarter of a century; a people who flatter themselves that they can blot out memories when they pull down monuments. There is every reason to believe that the papers taken from all Italy, Austria, Germany, and the Netherlands were of as little profit to France as those for which Simancas was ransacked. French Commissions charged with examining and arranging that vast farrago of heterogeneous documents were appointed at various times; but their work, both at home and abroad, stopped short with the great crash of 1814, and the melancholy result was the hopeless misplacement and dispersion of precious memorials and the fraudulent or forcible retention of ill-gotten goods on the part of the nation which had been bound to restitution. The incomparable collection of diplomatic reports or "*relations*" which Venice had treasured up with the greatest care from the earliest dates of its Republic, and which has caused the revision of almost every page of European history, went asunder from the very moment the French laid their hands upon it in 1797, and its fragments had to be picked up here and there with a toil and diligence only rewarded with partial success. As with papers, so with pictures and statues. They were handled as stolen goods, and valued for what they cost. France was never fully aware of the impor-

mous wealth of art which had come to her from every corner of the tributary world. Many of the cases lay for years in storerooms and cellars, and went back unopened as they had come. Even of what had been publicly taken much was privately abstracted, and we have seen that most of those who marched with or after the French armies did not suffer their zeal in their country's service to interfere with a little business on their own account. In Spain, for instance, Napoleon's Marshals took the lion's share for themselves, and Soult laid hold of a few Murillos, for one of which France afterwards paid 25,000*l.*, and which Spain would gladly buy back at twice the price.

A proof of the extent to which all feelings of justice had by that long age of violence been blunted throughout Europe may be found in the indifference with which the Allies of 1814 had suffered vanquished France to keep all the spoils of the victorious nations. By the first Treaty of Paris, as M. Thiers says, "Nous conservons les immenses richesses en objets d'Art acquises au prix de notre sang." The patriotic historian attributes that forbearance to fear; and, certainly, it would be difficult to say how the plundered people would ever have come by their own had Napoleon never broken from the Isle of Elba. But as the Allies had again to find their way to Paris, they stipulated in the second Treaty dated from that city, that whatever France had ever got by victory she should now lose by defeat. The thing was, of course, easier said than done, and it is possible that no very great zeal was displayed in the execution of the convention, especially by those among the contracting parties who had no direct interest in it. Poor Italy was only represented by Austria and by Princes who looked upon their subjects as no better than rebels, and who had to struggle against the lingering vestiges of those French sympathies which had powerfully contributed to hurl them from the throne. At all events, the demands of the commissioners sent from the ravaged countries to recover the plunder were in a thousand instances met with blank denial, with arrogant resistance, with evasion or subterfuge. No doubt such a picture had been taken from Italy;

but it could not be proved that it had ever reached France. It had somehow disappeared half-way: it was hidden somewhere in that huge limbo where unpacked cases lay still pell-mell, mountain high. And when the day of keen search was over, the stolen property came forth from its lurking-places, and was laid out unblushingly and conspicuously:—here the marble Gladiator that ought to be back on its pedestal in the Borghese Garden, near Rome—there the panels of the grand Mantegna picture, only part of which is now to be seen above the desecrated main altar of St. Zeno at Verona.

Even of what was rescued not a little still bears evidence of the indignities to which it had to submit during those years of Gallic captivity. There are Correggios and Caraccis at Parma still seamed by the cracks caused by the large canvas being folded up by rough soldiers to fit it to the size of their vans. Of fragments of marble broken on their way to Paris and back, the Vatican and the Musco Borbonico could muster large heaps. But French restoration was even more fatal than French damage. The Madonna della Seggiola had, on its return to Florence, to be covered with glass to throw a film over the opaque white with which it had been plastered over in Paris, so as in some manner to disguise and soften it. And Senor Madrazo, the conservator of the Madrid Gallery, when the brick dust with which the "Spasimo di Sicilia" is all daubed over is pointed out to him, declares that the disfigurement of that and other masterpieces in the same collection is the result of the treatment the pictures of Spain met with at the hands of their French captors. That the French should leave well alone, that they should not think they knew better than the Italians or the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, was not, indeed, to be expected: and it is only a matter of wonder that the Madonna del Cardellino did not go back to her country graced with a chignon, or that the Moses of Michael Angelo was not "*coiffe a la Brutus*." Time was not allowed for the solution of the problem whether, after so many years' spoliation, French art was to be modified by its imported treasures, or whether, on the contrary, it was the world's art that was to be

Frenchified; for the instinct of French genius is fashion, and art aims at eternity. It is well known that when Napoleon stood before the stolen works in the Louvre, and some of the bystanders dwelt with rapture on the "immortal" character of those productions, he turned sharply round, and asked, "how long that painted canvas would endure. And, being answered that with care it could be preserved for five hundred years to come,

he observed contemptuously, "C'est une belle immortalité." Whether even that poor "immortality" could have been secured for captive Art in French hands we may be allowed to doubt: for—terrible to think of—had the Commune been less discordant and irresolute, whatever either French genius had ever produced or French "valor" plundered, would equally have gone to feed the blaze of the great Paris bonfire in May, 1871.

HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

WE present to our readers in this number the portrait of one of our best known public men, and now the only living member of the first Parliament of old Canada, Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald.

It is not our purpose to do more here than to sketch briefly the career of Mr. Macdonald; and we may be permitted to express the hope that it will be many years yet before the journalist and biographer will be called upon to examine his public character in the light of past history, and to place him in a niche among the worthies of our young country who, having "finished their course," have been called to their account.

Mr. Macdonald was born in the County of Glengarry, Upper Canada, on the 12th of December, 1812, where had lived his father and grand-father before him. He early evinced a restless spirit, and those Ishmaelish traits of character which, as a public man, he has never lost, and which have not unfrequently been the subject of rather jubilant observation by himself. Three times when a boy he ran away from home, and was as frequently brought back. For a time, subsequent to these boyish adventures, he applied himself to mercantile pursuits as clerk in a dry goods store in the village of Cornwall, but having a natural distaste for this kind of life he set himself earnestly to acquire an education which would qualify him to become a lawyer. For three years he remained at Dr. Urquhart's famous school. In 1835 he passed his preliminary examination before the Law Society; was articulated in the same year to Mr. (afterwards Judge) McLean; and completed his legal duties under Mr. Draper, now President of the Court of Appeals. He was called to the bar in June, 1840. Known to the whole neighbouring country, of a popular disposition, of active business habits, it did not take him long to work into a good

practice, which (unlike many other lawyers who have gone into public life) he has retained until this day. It has always been his proud boast that the pecuniary considerations attached to office had no especial attraction for him.

When the union between Upper and Lower Canada took place in 1841, Mr. Macdonald was elected to Parliament. In the House he occupied a sort of neutral position, taking ground against the Governments, but having no sympathy with the Conservative Opposition leader from Upper Canada. Nor did he then or subsequently ever attend a Conservative caucus. It was in the first session of this Parliament that the resolutions establishing the principle of Responsible Government were passed. On Sir Charles Metcalfe's accession to the Governorship he sought to set this principle aside, by claiming to make appointments to office without the advice of his ministers, and, indeed, without consulting them at all. The next general election turned upon the issue thus raised between the Governor-General and his Cabinet. Mr. Macdonald espoused the cause of those who defended the principle of Responsible Government,—in every way a hazardous step for him to take, when we remember that the section of country which he represented were noted for its intense loyalty, and so-called family-compactism. Mr. Macdonald was, however, returned to the House by a larger majority than at his first election.

In 1848, 1852, and 1854, he was re-elected for his old constituency. In 1857 he left the county for Cornwall, which he has continued to represent since in the old Assembly of Canada, the House of Commons and the Local Legislature. In the latter part of the year 1849 he was appointed Solicitor-General in the Lafontaine-Baldwin administration, which

office he held until the breaking up of the government in 1857. In the following year he was elected Speaker of the Assembly when Parliament was in session at Quebec, and held that position until the dissolution in 1854. He was Attorney-General in the Brown-Dorion government in 1858 for the period of two days. In 1852, upon the defeat of the Macdonald-Cartier government on the Militia Bill, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald came in as the chief of a Reform administration, which, with varying success, remained in power until the Spring of 1864, when it was compelled to give way. From this time until the Fall of 1867, when it became necessary to form a government for the Province of Ontario, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald occupied a seat in Opposition. He was then invited to undertake the duties of leadership in this Province, in what manner and with what success it is not for us, having no politics, to say.

After four years of administration, Mr. Macdonald has given way to Mr. Edward Blake, who takes his place at the head of the government.

For one who has been four times in office, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald has the smallest possible personal following. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that he has never been a strong party man, though always a thorough-going Reformer. For the country, justice requires that we should say that he has ever been a careful, prudent minister. Were he as successful in party leadership as in economical administration, there can hardly be a doubt that he would to-day still be at the head of the Ontario Government, backed up by a following in Parliament which no Opposition could materially disturb. As a public man his faults and failings are much fewer than his virtues, though it is questionable if he will ever again lead a government in Canada.