



Samuel M. Jones

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CHAPTER XV.—A VERDICT ON THE JURY.

As to the second inquest, I promised (as you may remember) to tell something also. But in serious truth, if I saw a chance to escape it, without skulking watch, I would liefer be anywhere else almost—except in a French prison.

After recording with much satisfaction our verdict upon Bardie's brother—which nearly all of us were certain that the little boy must be—the Coroner bade his second jury to view the bodies of the five young men. These were in the great dark hall, set as in a place of honour, and poor young Watkin left to mind them; and very pale and ill he looked.

"If you please, sir, they are all stretched out and I am not afraid of them;" he said to me, as I went to console him: "father cannot look at them; but mother and I are not afraid. They are placed according to their ages, face after face, and foot after foot. And I am sure they never meant it, sir, when they used to kick me out of bed; and oftentimes I deserved it."

I thought much less of those five

great corpses than of the gentle and loving boy who had girt up his heart to conquer fear, and who tried to think evil of himself for the comforting of his brethren's souls.

But he nearly broke down when the jurymen came; and I begged them to spare him the pain and trial of going before the Coroner to identify the bodies, which I could do, as well as any one; and to this they all agreed.

When we returned to the long oak parlor, we found that the dignity of the house was maintained in a way which astonished us. There had been some little refreshment before, especially for his Honor; but now all these things were cleared away, and the table was spread with a noble sight of glasses, and bottles, and silver implements, fit for the mess of an admiral. Neither were these meant for show alone, inasmuch as to make them useful, there was water cold and water hot, also lemons, and sugar, and nutmeg, and a great black George of ale, a row of pipes, and a jar of tobacco, also a middling of Hollands, and an anker of old rum. At first we could hard-

ly believe our eyes, knowing how poor and desolate, both of food and furniture, that old grange had always been. But presently one of us happened to guess, and Hezekiah confirmed it, that the lord of the manor had taken compassion upon his afflicted tenant, and had furnished these things in a handsome manner, from his own great house some five miles distant. But in spite of the custom of the country, I was for keeping away from it all, upon so sad an occasion. And one or two more were for holding aloof, although they cast sheep's-eyes at it.

However, the Crowner rubbed his hands, and sate down at the top of the table, and the foreman sate down also, and said that, being so much upset, he was half inclined to take a glass of something weak. He was recommended, if he felt like that, whatever he did, not to take it weak, but to think of his wife and family; for who could say what such a turn might lead to, if neglected? And this reflection had such weight, that instead of mixing for himself, he allowed a friend to mix for him.

The Crowner said, "Now, gentlemen, in the presence of such fearful trouble and heavy blows from Providence, no man has any right to give the rein to his own feelings. It is his duty, as a man, to control his sad emotions; and his duty, as a family-man, to attend to his constitution." With these words he lit a pipe, and poured himself a glass of Hollands, looking sadly upward, so that the measure quite escaped him. "Gentlemen of the jury," he continued with such authority, that the jury were almost ready to think that they must have begun to be gentlemen—till they looked at one another; "gentlemen of the jury, life is short, and trouble long. I have sate upon hundreds of poor people who destroyed themselves by nothing else than want of self-preservation. I have made it my duty officially to discourage such short-comings. Mr. Foreman, be good enough to send the lemons this way; and when ready for business, say so."

Crowner Bowles was now as pleasant as he had been grumpy in the morning; and finding him so, we did our best to keep him in that humor. Neither was it long before he expressed himself in

terms which were an honor alike to his heart and head. For he told us, in so many words—though I was not of the jury now, nevertheless I held on to them, and having been foreman just now, could not be, for a matter of form, when it came to glasses, cold-shouldered,—worthy Crowner Bowles, I say, before he had stirred many glasses of lemon, told us all, in so many words—and the more, the more we were pleased with them—that for a thoroughly honest, intelligent, and hard-working jury, commend him henceforth and as long as he held his Majesty's sign-manual to a jury made of Newton parish and of Kenfig burgesses!

We drank his health with bumpers round, every man upon his legs, and then three cheers for his lordship; until his clerk, who was rather sober, put his thumb up, and said "Stop." And from the way he went on jerking with his narrow shoulders, we saw that he would recall our thoughts to the hall that had no door to it. Then following his looks, we saw the distance of the silence.

This took us all aback so much, that we had in the witnesses—of whom I the head-man was there already—and for fear of their being nervous, and so confusing testimony, gave them a cordial after swearing. Everybody knew exactly what each one of them had to say. But it would have been very hard, and might have done them an injury, not to let them say it.

The Coroner having found no need to charge (except his rummer), left his men for a little while to deliberate their verdict.

"Visitation of God, of course it must be," Stradling Williams began to say; "visitation of Almighty God."

Some of the jury took the pipes out of their mouths and nodded at him, while they blew a ring of smoke; and others nodded without that trouble; and all seemed going pleasantly. When suddenly a little fellow, whose name was Simon Edwards, a brother of the primitive Christians, or at least of their minister, being made pugnacious by ardent spirits, rose, and holding the arm of his chair, thus delivered his sentiments; speaking, of course, in his native tongue.

"Head-man, and brothers of the jury, I-I do altogether refuse and deny the goodness of that judgment. The only judgment I will certify is in the lining of my hat,—Judgment of Almighty God, for rabbiting on the Sabbath-day." Hezekiah Perkins, I call upon thee, as a brother Christian, and a consistent member, to stand on the side of the Lord with me."

His power of standing on any side was by this time, however, exhausted; and falling into his chair he turned pale, and shrunk to the very back of it. For over against him stood Evan Thomas, whom none of us had seen till then. It was a sight that sobered us, and made the blood fly from our cheeks, and forced us to set down the glass.

The face of black Evan was ashy grey, and his heavy square shoulders slouching forward, and his hands hung by his side. Only his deep eyes shone without moving; and Simon backed further and further away, without any power to gaze elsewhere. Then Evan Thomas turned from him, without any word, or so much as a sigh, and looked at us all; and no man had power to meet the cold quietness of his regard. And not having thought much about his troubles, we had nothing at all to say to him.

After waiting for us to begin, and finding no one reply, he spake a few words to us all in Welsh, and the tone of his voice seemed different.

"Noble gentlemen, I am proud that my poor hospitality pleases you. Make the most of the time God gives; for six of you have seen the white horse." With these words he bowed his head, and left us shuddering in the midst of all the heat of cordials. For it is known that men, when prostrate by a crushing act of God, have the power to foresee the death of other men that feel no pity for them. And to see the white horse on the night of new moon, even through closed eyelids, and without sense of vision, is the surest sign of all sure signs of death within the twelvemonth. Therefore all the jury sate glowering at one another, each man ready to make oath that Evan's eyes were not on him.

Now there are things beyond our knowledge, or right of explanation, in

which I have a pure true faith—for instance, the "Flying Dutchman," whom I had twice beheld already, and whom no man may three times see, and then survive the twelvemonth; in him, of course, I had true faith—for what can be clearer than eyesight? Many things, too, which brave seamen have beheld, and can declare; but as for landsmen's superstitions, I scarcely care to laugh at them. However, strange enough it is, all black Evan said came true. Simon Edwards first went off, by falling into Newton Wayn, after keeping it up too late at chapel. And after him the other five, all within the twelvemonth; some in their beds, and some abroad, but all gone to their last account. And heartily glad I was, for my part (as one after other they dropped off thus), not to have served on that second jury; and heartily sorry I was also that brother Hezekiah had not taken the luck to behold the white horse.

Plain enough it would be now, to any one who knows our parts, that after what Evan Thomas said, and the way in which he withdrew from us, the only desire the jury had was to gratify him with their verdict, and to hasten home, ere the dark should fall, and no man to walk by himself on the road. Accordingly, without more tobacco, though some took another glass for strength, they returned the following verdict:—

"We find that these five young and excellent men"—here came their names, with a Mister to each—"were lost on their way to a place of worship, by means of a violent storm of the sea. And the jury cannot separate without offering their heartfelt pity"—the Crown-er's clerk changed it to 'sympathy'—"to their bereaved and affectionate parents. God save the King!"

After this, they all went home; and it took good legs to keep up with them along "Priest Lane," in some of the darker places, and especially where a white cow came, and looked over a gate for the milking-time. I could not help laughing, although myself not wholly free from uneasiness; and I grieved that my joints were not as nimble as those of Simon Edwards.

But while we frightened one anothe

like so many children, each perceiving something which was worse to those who perceived it not, Hezekiah carried on as if we were a set of fools, and nothing ever could frighten him. To me, who was the bravest of them, this was very irksome; but it happened that I knew brother Perkins's fool belief. His wife had lived at Longlands once, a lonely house between Nottage and Newton, on the rise of a little hill. And they say that on one night of the year, all the funerals that must pass from Nottage to Newton in the twelvemonth go by in succession there, with all the mourners after them, and the very hymns that they will sing passing softly on the wind.

So as we were just by Longlands in the early beat of the stars, I managed to be at Perkins's side. Then suddenly, as

a bat went by, I caught the arm of Hezekiah, and drew back, and shivered.

"Name of God, Davy! what's the matter?"

"Can't you see them, you blind-eye? There they go! there they go! All the coffins with palls to them. And the names upon the head-plates:—Evan, and Thomas, and Hopkin, and Rees, and Jenkin, with only four bearers? And the psalm they sing is the thirty-fourth."

"So it is! I can see them all. The Lord have mercy upon my soul! Oh Davy, Davy! don't leave me here."

He could not walk another step, but staggered against the wall and groaned, and hid his face inside his hat. We got him to Newton with much ado; but as for going to Bridgend that night, he found that our church-clock must be seen to, the very first thing in the morning.

CHAPTER XVI.—TRUTH LIES SOMETIMES IN A WELL.

The following morning it happened so that I did not get up over early; not, I assure you, from any undue enjoyment of the grand Crowner's quests; but partly because the tide for fishing would not suit till the afternoon, and partly because I had worked both hard and long at the "Jolly Sailors;" and this in fulfilment of a pledge from which there was no escaping, when I promised on the night before, to grease and tune my violin, and display the true practice of hornpipe. Rash enough this promise was, on account of my dear wife's memory, and the things bad people would say of it. And but for the sad uneasiness created by black Evan's prophecy, and the need of lively company to prevent my seeing white horses, the fear of the parish might have prevailed with me over all fear of the landlord. Hence I began rather shyly; but when my first tune had been received with hearty applause from all the room, how could I allow myself to be clapped on the back, and then be lazy?

Now Bunny was tugging and clamouring for her bit of breakfast, almost before I was wide-awake, when the latch of my cottage-door was lifted, and in walked Hezekiah. Almost any other man would

have been more welcome; for though he had not spoken of it on the day before, he was sure to annoy me, sooner or later, about the fish he had forced me to sell him. When such a matter is over and done with, surely no man, in common-sense, has a right to reopen the question. The time to find fault with a fish, in all conscience, is before you have bought him. Having once done that, he is now your own; and to blame him is to find fault with the mercy which gave you the money to buy him. A foolish thing as well; because you are running down your own property, and spoiling your relish for him. Conduct like this is below contempt; even more ungrateful and ungracious than that of a man who spreads abroad the faults of his own wife.

Hezekiah, however, on this occasion, was not quite so bad as that. His errand according to his lights, was of a friendly nature; for he pried all round my little room with an extremely sagacious leer, and then gazed at me with a dark cock of his eye, and glanced askance at Bunny, and managed to wink, like the Commodore's ship beginning to light poop-lanterns.

"Speak out, like a man," I said; "is your wife confined with a prophecy, or what is the matter with you?"

"Hepzibah, the prophetess, is well; and her prophecies are abiding the fulness of their fulfilment. I would speak with you on a very secret and important matter, concerning also her revealings."

"Then I will send the child away. Here, Bunny, run and ask mother Jones—"

"That will not do; I will not speak here. Walls are thin, and walls have ears. Come down to the well with me."

"But the well is a lump of walls," I answered, "and children almost always hear it."

"There are no children. I have been down. The well is dry, and the children know it. No better place can be for speaking."

Looking down across the church-yard, I perceived that he was right; and so I left Bunny to dwell on her breakfast, and went with Hezekiah. Among the sand-hills there was no one; for fright had fallen on everybody, since the sands began to walk, as the general folk now declared them. And nobody looked at a sand-hill now with any other feeling than towards his grave and tombstone.

Even my heart was a little heavy, in spite of all scientific points, when I straddled over the stone that led into the sandy passage. After me came Hezekiah, groping with his grimy hands, and calling out for me to stop, until he could have hold of me. However, I left him to follow the darkness, in the wake of his own ideas.

A better place for secret talk, in a parish full of echoes, scarcely could be found, perhaps, except the old "Red House" on the shore. So I waited for Perkins to unfold, as soon as we stood on the bottom step, with three or four yards of quicksand, but no dip for a pitcher below us. The children knew that the well was dry, and some of them perhaps were gone to try to learn their letters.

What then was my disappointment, as it gradually came out, that so far from telling me a secret, Hezekiah's object was to deprive me of my own! However, if I say what happened, nobody can grumble.

In the first place, he manoeuvred much to get the weather-gage of me, by setting me so that the light that slanted down the grey slope should gather itself upon my honest countenance. I, for my part, as a man unwarned how far it might become a duty to avoid excess of accuracy, took the liberty to prefer a less conspicuous position; not that I had any lies to tell, but might be glad to hear some. Therefore, I stuck to a pleasant seat upon a very nice sandy slab, where the light so shot and wavered, that a badly inquisitive man might seek in vain for a flush or a flickering of the most delicate light of all—that which is cast by the heart or mind of man into the face of man.

Upon the whole, it could scarcely be said, at least as concerned Hezekiah, that truth was to be found, just now, at the bottom of this well.

"Dear brother Dyo," he gently began, with the most brotherly voice and manner; "it has pleased the Lord, who does all things aright, to send me to you for counsel now, as well as for comfort, beloved Dyo."

"All that I have is at your service," I answered very heartily; looking for something about his wife, and always enjoying a thing of that kind among those righteous fellows; and we heard that Hepzibah had taken up, under word of the Lord, with the Shakers.*

"Brother David, I have wrestled hard in the night-season, about that which has come to pass. My wife—"

"To be sure," I said.

"My wife, who was certified seven times as a vessel for the Spirit—"

"To be sure, they always are; and then they gad about so—"

"Brother, you understand me not; or desire to think evil. Hepzibah, since her last confinement, is a vessel for the Spirit to the square of what she was. Seven times seven is forty-nine, and requires no certificate. But these are carnal calculations."

All this took me beyond my depth, and I answered him rather crustily; and my

* These fine fellows are talked of now, as if we had found a novelty. They came through South Wales on a "starring" tour, thirty years ago, and they seemed to be on their last legs then. Under the moon is there anything new?

word ended with both those letters which, as I learned from my Catechism, belong to us by baptism.

"Unholy David, shun evil words. Pray without ceasing, but swear not at all. In a vision of the night, Hepzibah hath seen terrible things of thee."

"Why, you never went home last night, Hezekiah. How can you tell what your wife dreamed?"

"I said it not when it came to pass. And how could I speak of it yesterday before that loose assembly?"

"Well, well, out with it! What was this wonderful vision?"

"Hepzibah, the prophetess, being in a trance, and deeply inspired of the Lord, beheld the following vision: A long lonely sea was spread before her, shining in the moonlight smoothly, and in places strewn with gold. A man was standing on a low black rock, casting a line, and drawing great fish out almost every time he cast. Then there arose from out the water, a dear little child all dressed in white, carrying with both hands her cradle, and just like our little maiden, Martha——"

"Like your dirty Martha indeed!" I was at the point of saying, but snapped my lips, and saved myself.

"This small damsel approached the fisherman, and presented her cradle to him with a very trustful smile. Then he said, 'Is it gold?' And she said, 'No, it is only a white lily.' Upon which he shouted, 'Be off with you!' And the child fell into a desolate hole, and groped about vainly for her cradle. Then all the light faded out of the sea, and the waves and the rocks began moaning, and the fisherman fell on his knees, and sought in vain for the cradle. And while he was moaning, came Satan himself, bearing the cradle red-hot and crackling; and he seized the poor man by his blue woollen smock, and laid him in the cradle, and rocked it, till his shrieks awoke Hepzibah. And Hepzibah is certain that you are the man."

To hear all this in that sudden manner quite took my breath away for a minute, so that I fell back and knocked my head, purely innocent as I was. But presently I began to hope that the prophetess might be wrong this time; and the more so

because that vile trance of hers might have come from excessive enjoyment of those good fish of mine. And it grew upon me more and more, the more I disliked her prediction about me, that if she had such inspiration, scarcely would she have sent Hezekiah to buy her supper from my four-legged table. Therefore I spoke without much loss of courage.

"Hezekiah, there is something wrong with Hepzibah. Send her, I pray you, to Dr. Ap-Yollup before she prophesies anything. No blue woollen smock have I worn this summer, but a canvass jacket only, and more often a striped jersey. It is Sandy Macraw she has seen in her dream, with the devil both roasting and rocking him. Glory be to the Lord for it!"

"Glory be to Him, Dyo, whichever of you two it was! I hope that it may have been Sandy. But Hepzibah is always accurate, even among fishermen."

"Even fishermen," I answered (being a little touched with wrath), "know the folk that understand them, and the folk that cannot. Even fishermen have their right, especially when reduced to it, not to be blasphemed in that way, even by a prophetess."

"Dyo, you are hot again. What makes you go on so? A friend's advice is such a thing, that I nearly always take it; unless I find big obstacles. Dyo, now be advised by me."

"That depends on how I like it," was the best thing I could say.

"David Llewellyn, the only chance to save thy sinful soul is this. Open thine heart to the chosen one, to the favoured of the Lord. Confess to Hepzibah the things that befell thee, and how the tempter prevailed with thee. Especially bring forth, my brother, the accursed thing that thou hast hid in thy tent, the wedge of gold, and the shekels of silver, and the Babylonish garment. Thou hast stolen, and dissembled also; and put it even among thy own stuff. Cast it from thee, deliver it up, lay it before the ark of the Lord, and Hepzibah shall fall down and pray, lest thou be consumed and burnt with fire, like the son of Carmi the son of Zabdi, and covered over with a great heap of stones, even such as this is."

My wrath at this foul accusation, and daring attempt to frighten me, was kindled so that I could not speak; and if this had happened in the open air, I should have been certain to knock him down. However, I began to think, for Perkins was a litigious fellow; and however strict a man's conduct is, he does not want his affairs all exposed. Therefore I kept my knit knuckles at home, but justly felt strong indignation. Perkins thought he had terrified me, for perhaps in that bad light I looked pale; and so he began to triumph upon me, which needs, as everybody knows, a better man than Hezekiah.

"Come, come, brother Dyo," he said, in a voice quite different from the Chapel-Scriptural style he had used; "you see, we know all about it. Two dear children come ashore, one dead, and the other not dead. You contrive to receive them both, with your accustomed poaching skill. For everybody says that you are always to be found everywhere, except in your chapel, on Sabbath-day. Now, David, what do our good people, having families of their own, find upon these children? Not so much as a chain, or locket, or even a gold pin. I am a jeweller, and I know that children of high position always have some trinket on them, when their mothers love them. A child with a coronet, and no gold! David, this is wrong of wrong. And worse than this, you conceal the truth, even from me your ancient friend. There must be a great deal to be made, either from those who would hold them in trust, or from those in whose way they stood. For the family died out, very likely, in all male inheritance. Think what we might make of it, by acting under my direction. And you shall have half of it all, old Davy, by relieving your mind, and behaving in a sensible and religious manner."

This came home to my sense of experience more than all Hepzibah's divine predictions or productions. At the same time I saw that Hezekiah was all abroad in the dark, and groping right and left after the bodily truth. And what call had he to cry shares with me, because he had more reputation, and a higher conceit of himself, of course? But it

crossed my mind that this nasty fellow, being perhaps in front of me in some little tricks of machinery, might be useful afterwards in getting at the real truth, which often kept me awake at night. Only I was quite resolved not to encourage roguery, by letting him into partnership. Perceiving my depth of consideration—for it suited my purpose to hear him out, and learn how much he suspected—it was natural that he should try again to impress me yet further by boasting.

"Dyo, I have been at a Latin school, for as much as three months together. My father gave me a rare education, and I made the most of it. None of your ignorance for me! I am up to the moods and the tenses, the accidents and the proselytes. The present I know, and the future I know; the Peter-perfection, and the hay-roost——"

"I call that stuff gibberish. Talk plain English if you can."

"Understand you then so much as this? I speak in a carnal manner now. I speak as a fool unto a fool. I am up to snuff, good Dyo; I can tell you the time of day."

"Then you are a devilish deal cleverer than any of your clocks are. But now thou speakest no parables, brother. Now I know what thou meanest. Thou art up for robbing somebody; and if I would shun Satan's clutches, I must come and help thee."

"Dyo, this is inconsistent, nor can I call it brotherly. We wish to do good, both you and I, and to raise a little money for works of love; you, no doubt, with a good end in view, to console you for much tribulation; and I with a single eye to the advancement of the cause which I have at heart, to save many brands from the burning. Then, Dyo, why not act together? Why not help one another, dear brother; thou with the good luck, and I with the brains?"

He laid his hand on my shoulder kindly, with a yearning of his bowels towards me, such as true Nonconformists feel at the scent of any money. I found myself also a little moved, not being certain how far it was wise to throw him altogether over.

But suddenly, by what means I know not, except the will of Providence, there arose before me that foul wrong which the Nicodemus-Christian had committed against me some three years back. I had forborne to speak of it till now, wishing to give the man fair ply.

"Hezekiah, do you remember," I asked, with much solemnity—"do you remember your twentieth wedding-day?"

"Davy, my brother, how many times—never mind talking about that now."

"You had a large company coming, and to whom did you give a special order to catch you a turbot at tenpence a-pound?"

"Nay, nay, my dear friend Dyo; shall I never get that thing out of your stupid head?"

"You had known me for twenty years at least as the very best fisherman on the coast, and a man that could be relied upon. Yet you must go and give that order, not to a man of good Welsh blood—with ten Welshmen coming to dinner, mind—not to a man that was bred and born within five miles of your dirty house—not to a man that knew every cranny and crinkle of sand where the turbot lies; but to a tagrag Scotchman! It was spoken of upon every pebble from Britton Ferry to Aberthaw. David Llewellyn put under the feet of a fellow like Sandy Macraw—a beggarly, interloping, freckled, bitter weed of a Scotchman!"

"Well, Davy, I have apologised. How many times more must I do it? It was not that I doubted your skill. You tell

us of that so often, that none of us ever question it. It was simply because—I feared just then to come near your excellent and lamented——"

"No excuses, no excuses, Mr. Perkins, if you please! You only make the matter worse. As if a man's wife could come into the question, when it comes to business! Yours may, because you don't know how to manage her; but mine——"

"Well, now she is gone, Dyo; and very good she was to you. And in your heart, you know it."

Whether he said this roughly, or from the feeling which all of us have when it comes to one another, I declare I knew not then, and I know not even now. For I did not feel so sharply up to look to mine own interest, with these recollections over me. I waited for him to begin again, but he seemed to stick back in the corner. And in spite of all that turbot business, at the moment I could not help holding out my hand to him.

He took it, and shook it, with as much emotion as if he had truly been fond of my wife; and I felt that nothing more must be said concerning that order to Sandy Macraw. It seemed to be very good reason also, for getting out of that interview; for I might say things to be sorry for, if I allowed myself to go on any more with my heart so open. Therefore I called in my usual briskness, "Lo, the water is rising! The children must be at the mouth of the well. What will the good wife prophesy if she sees thee coming up the stairs with thy two feet soaking wet, Master Hezekiah?"

CHAPTER XVII.—FOR A LITTLE CHANGE OF AIR.

On the very next day, I received such a visit as never had come to my house before. For while I was trimming my hooks, and wondering how to get out of all this trouble with my conscience sound and my pocket improved; suddenly I heard a voice not to be found anywhere.

"I 'ants to yalk, I tell 'a, Yatkin. Put me down derekkerly. I 'ants to see old Davy."

"And old Davy wants to see you, you

beauty," I cried as she jumped like a little wild kid, and took all my house with a glance, and then me.

"Does 'a know, I yikes this house, and I yikes 'a, and I yikes Yatkin, and Ickle Bunny, and evelybody?"

She pointed all round for everybody, with all ten fingers spread everyway. Then Watkin came after her, like her slave, with a foolish grin on his countenance, in spite of the undertaking business.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Llewellyn," he said "we was forced to bring her over; she have been crying so dreadful, and shivering about the black pit-hole so. And when the black things came into the house, she was going clean out of her little mind, ever so many times almost. No use it was at all to tell her ever so much a-yard they was. "I don't yike back, and I 'on't have back. Yite I yikes, and boo I yikes; and my dear papa be so very angry, when I tells him all about it." She went on like that, and she did so cry, mother said she must change the air a bit."

All the time he was telling me this, she watched him with her head on one side and her lips kept ready in the most comic manner, as much as to say, "Now you tell any stories at my expense, and you may look out." But Watkin was truth itself, and she nodded, and said "Ness," at the end of his speech.

"And if you please, sir, Mr. Llewellyn, whatever is a 'belung,' sir? All the way she have been asking for 'belung, belung, belung.' And I cannot tell for the life of me whatever is 'belung.'"

"Boy, never ask what is unbecoming." I replied, in a manner which made him blush, according to my intention. For the word might be English for all I knew, and have something of high life in it. However, I found, by-and-by, that it meant what she was able to call 'Ummibella,' when promoted a year in the dictionary.

But now anybody should only have seen her, who wanted a little rousing up. My cottage, of course, is not much to boast of, compared with castles, and so on; nevertheless there is something about it pleasant and good, like its owner. You might see ever so many houses, and think them larger, and grander, and so on, with more opportunity for sitting down, and less for knocking your head perhaps; and after all you would come back to mine. Not for the sake of the meat in the cup-board—because I seldom had any, and far inferior men had more; but because—well, it does not matter. I never could make you understand, unless you came to see it.

Only I felt that I had found a wonderful creature to make me out, and enter

almost into my own views (of which the world is not capable) every time that I took this child up and down the staircase. She would have jumps, and she made me talk in a manner that quite surprised myself; and such a fine feeling grew up between us, that it was a happy thing for the whole of us, not to have Bunny in the way just then. Mother Jones was giving her apple-party; as she always did when the red streaks came upon her "Early Margarets." But I always think the White Juneating is a far superior apple: and I have a tree of it. My little garden is nothing grand, any more than the rest of my premises, or even myself, if it comes to that; still you might go for a long day's walk, and find very few indeed to beat it, unless you were contradictory. For ten doors at least, both west and east, this was admitted silently; as was proved by their sending to me for a cabbage, an artichoke, or an onion, or anything choice for a Sunday dinner. It may suit these very people now to shake their heads and to run me down, but they should not forget what I did for them, when it comes to pronouncing fair judgment.

Poor Bardie appeared as full of bright spirit, and as brave as ever, and when she tumbled from jumping two steps, what did she do but climb back and jump three, which even Bunny was afraid to do. But I soon perceived that this was only a sort of a flash in the pan, as it were. The happy change from the gloom of Sker House, from the silent corners and creaking stairs, and long-faced people keeping watch, and howling every now and then—also the sight of me again (whom she looked upon as her chief protector), and the general air of tidiness belonging to my dwelling—these things called forth all at once the play and joyful spring of her nature. But when she began to get tired of this, and to long for a little coaxing, even the stupidest gaffer could see that she was not the child she had been, Her little face seemed pinched and pale, and prematurely grave and old; while in the grey eyes tears shone ready at any echo of thought to fall. Also her forehead, broad and white, which marked her so from common children, looked as if too much of puzzling and of wondering had been done there. Even the gloss of

her rich brown poll was faded, with none to care for it; while the dainty feet and hands, so sensitive as to a speck of dirt, were enough to bring the tears of pity into a careful mother's eyes.

"Gardy la! 'Ook 'e see, 'hot degustin' naily pailies! And poor Bardie duffin to kean 'em with!"

While I was setting this grief to rest (for which she kissed me beautifully), many thoughts came through my mind about this little creature. She and I were of one accord, upon so many important points; and when she differed from me, perhaps she was in the right almost: which is a thing that I never knew happen in a whole village of grown-up people. And by the time I had brushed her hair and tied up the bows of her frock afresh, and when she began to dance again, and to play every kind of trick with me, I said to myself, "I must have this child. Whatever may come of it, I will risk—when the price of butcher's meat comes down."

This I said in real earnest; but the price of butcher's meat went up, and I never have known it come down again.

While I was thinking, our Bunny came in, full of apples, raw and roasted, and of the things the children said. But at the very sight of Bardie, everything else was gone from her. All the other children were fit only to make dirt-pies of. This confirmed and held me steadfast in the opinions which I had formed without any female assistance.

In spite of all her own concerns (of which she was full enough, goodness knows), Bunny came up, and pulled at her, by reason of something down her back, which wanted putting to rights a little—a plait, or a tuck, or some manner of gear; only I thought it a clever thing, and the little one approved of it. And then, our Bunny being in her best, these children took notice of one another, to settle which of them was nearer to the proper style of clothes. And each admired the other for anything which she had not got herself.

"Come, you baby-chits," said I, being pleased at their womanly ways, so early; "all of us want some food, I think. Can we eat our dresses?" The children, of course, understood me not; nevertheless, what I said was sense.

And if, to satisfy womankind—for which I have deepest regard and respect—I am forced to enter into questions higher than reason of men can climb—of washing, and ironing, and quilling, and gophering, and setting up, and styles of transparent reefing, and all our other endeavors to fetch this child up to her station—the best thing I can do will be to have mother Jones in to write it for me; if only she can be forced to spell.

However, that is beyond all hope; and even I find it hard sometimes to be sure of the royal manner. Only I go by the Bible always, for every word that I can find; being taught (ever since I could read at all) that his Majesty, James I., confirmed it.

Now this is not at all the thing which I wanted to put before you clearly; because I grow like a tombstone often, only fit to make you laugh, when I stand on my right to be serious. My great desire is to tell you what I did, and how I did it, as to the managing of these children, even for a day or two, so as to keep them from crying, or scorching, or spoiling their clothes, or getting wet, or having too much victuals or too little. Of course I consulted that good mother Jones five or six times every day; and she never was weary of giving advice, though she said every time that it must be the last. And a lucky thing it was for me in all this responsibility to have turned enough of money, through skilful catch and sale of fish, to allow of my staying at home a little, and not only washing and mending of clothes, but treating the whole of the household to the delicacies of the season. However, it is not my habit to think myself anything wonderful; that I leave to the rest of the world: and no doubt any good and clever man might have done a great part of what I did. Only if anything should befall us, out of the reach of a sailor's skill and the depth of Bunny's experience, mother Jones promised to come straight in, the very moment I knocked at the wall; and her husband slept with such musical sound that none could be lonely in any house near, and so did all of her ten children who could crack a lollipop.

Upon the whole, we passed so smoothly over the first evening, with the two children as hard at play as if they were paid

fifty pounds for it, that having some twenty-five shillings in hand after payment of all creditors, and only ten weeks to my pension-day, with my boat unknown to anybody, and a very good prospect of fish running up from the Mumbles at the next full moon, I set the little one on my lap, after a good bout of laughing at her very queer ins and outs—for all things seemed to be all alive with, as well as to, her.

"Will you stay with me, my dear?" I said, as bold as King George and the Dragon; "would you like to live with old Davy and Bunny, and have ever so many frocks washed, soon as ever he can buy them?" For nothing satisfied her better than to see her one gown washed. She laid her head on one side a little, so that I felt it hot to my bosom, being excused of my waistcoat; and I knew that she had overworked herself.

"Ness," she said, after thinking a bit. "Ness, I live with 'a, old Davy, till my dear mamma come for me. Does 'e know, old Davy, 'hot I thinks?"

"No, my pretty; I only know what you are always thinking." And so she was; no doubt of it.

"I tell 'a, old Davy, 'hot I thinks. No—I can't tell 'a; only sompfn. 'Et me go for more pay with Bunny."

"No, my dear, just stop a minute. Bunny has got no breath left in her; she is such a great fat Bunny. What you mean to say is, that you don't know how papa and mamma could ever think of leaving you such a long, long time away."

She shook her curly pate as if each frizzle were a puzzle; and her sweet white forehead seemed a mainsail full of memory; and then gay presence was in her eyes, and all the play which I had stopped broke upon her mind again.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor," she began, with her beautiful fingers crawling, like white carnelian compasses, up the well-made buttons of my new smock-guernsey; for though I had begged my hot waistcoat off, I never was lax of dress in her presence as I would be in Bunny's—or, in short, with anybody except this little lady. I myself taught her that "tinker, tailor," and had a right to have it done to me. And she finished it off with such emphasis upon button No. 7,

which happened to be the last of them, "gentleman, ploughboy, fief," looking straight into my eyes, and both of us laughing at the fine idea that I could possibly be called a thief! But fearing to grow perhaps foolish about her, as she did these charming things to me, I carried her up to bed with Bunny, and sung them both away to sleep with a melancholy dirge of sea.

Into whatever state of life it may please God to call me—though I fear there cannot be many more at this age of writing—it always will be, as it always has been, my first principle and practice to do my very utmost (which is far less than it was, since the doctor stopped my hornpipes) to be pleasant and good company. And it is this leading motive which has kept me from describing—as I might have done, to make you tingle and be angry afterwards—the state of Sker House, and of Evan Thomas, and Moxy his wife, and all their friends, about those five poor rabbitters. Also other darkish matters, such as the plight of those obstinate black men when they came ashore at last, three together, and sometimes four, as if they had fought in the water. And, after all, what luck they had in obtaining proper obsequies, inasmuch as, by order of Crouner Bowles, a great hole in the sand was dug in a little sheltered valley, and kept open till it was fairly thought that the sea must have finished with them; and then, after being carefully searched for anything of value, they were rolled in all together, and kept down with stones, like the parish mangle, and covered with a handsome mound of sand. And not only this, but in spite of expense and the murmuring of the vestry, a board well tarred (to show their color) was set up in the midst of it, and their number "35" chalked up; and so they were stopped of their mischief awhile, after shamefully robbing their poor importer.

But if this was conducted handsomely, how much more so were the funerals of the five young white men! The sense of the neighborhood, and the stir, and the presence of the Coroner (who stopped a whole week for sea air and freshness, after seeing so many good things come in, and perceiving so many ways home that night, that he made up his mind to

none of them); also the feeling (which no one expressed, but all would have been disappointed of) that honest black Evan, after knocking so many men down in both parishes and the extra-parochial manor, was designed, by this downright blow from above, to repent and to entertain every one; and most of all, the fact that five of a highly respectable family were to be buried at once, to the saving of four future funerals, all of which must have been fine ones,—these universal sympathies compelled the house and the people therein to exert themselves to the uttermost.

Enough that it gave satisfaction, not universal, but general; and even that last is a hard thing to do in such great outbursts of sympathy. Though Moudlin church is more handy for Sker, and the noble Portreeve of Kenfig stood upon his right to it, still there were stronger reasons why old Newton should have the preference. And Sker being outside either parish, Crowner Bowles, on receipt of a guinea, swore down the Portreeve to his very vamps. For Moxy Thomas was a Newton woman, and loved every scrape of a shoe there; and her uncle, the clerk, would have ended his days if the fees had gone over to Kenfig. Our parson, as well, was a very fine man, and a match for the whole of the service; while the little fellow at Moudlin always coughed at a word of three syllables.

There was one woman in our village who was always right. She had been disappointed, three times over, in her early and middle days; and the effect of this on her character was so lasting and so wholesome, that she never spoke without knowing something. When from this capital female I heard that our churchyard had won the victory, and when I foresaw the demented condition of glory impending upon our village (not only from five magnificent palls, each with its proper attendance of black, and each with five hymns and good howling, but yet more than that from the hot strength of triumph achieved over vaunting Kenfig), then it came into my mind to steal away with Bardie.

A stern and sad sacrifice of myself, I assured myself that it was, and would be; for few even of our oldest men

could enjoy a funeral more than I did, with its sad reflections and junketings. And I might have been head-man of all that day, entitled not only to drop the mould, but to make the speech afterwards at the Inn.

But I abandoned all these rights, and braved once more the opinions of neighbors (which any man may do once too often); and when the advance of sound came towards us, borne upon the western wind from the end of Newton Way, slowly hanging through the air, as if the air loved death of man—the solemn singing of the people who must go that way themselves, and told it in their melody; and when the Clevice rock rung softly with the tolling bell, as well as with the rolling dirges, we slipped away at the back of it—that is to say, pretty Bardie and I. For Bunny was purer of Newton birth than to leave such a sight without tearing away. And desiring some little to hear all about it, I left her with three very good young women, smelling strongly of southernwood, who were beginning to weep already, and promised to tell me the whole of it.

As we left this dismal business, Bardie danced along beside me, like an ostrich-feather blown at. In among the sand-hills soon I got her, where she could see nothing, and the thatch of rushes deadened every pulse of the funeral bell. And then a strange idea took me, all things being strange now, that it might prove a rich wise thing to go for a quiet cruise with Bardie. In that boat, and on the waves, she might remember things recovered by the chance of semblance. Therefore, knowing that all living creatures five miles either way of us were sure to be in Newton churchyard nearly all the afternoon, and then in the public-houses, I scrupled not to launch my boat and go to sea with the little one. For if we steered a proper course no funeral could see us. And so I shipped her gingerly. The glory of her mind was such that overboard she must have jumped, except for my Sunday neck-tie with a half-inch knot around her. And the more I rowed the more she laughed, and looked at the sun with her eyes screwed up, and at the water with all wide open. "Hare is 'a going, old

Davy?" she said, slipping from under my Sunday splice, and coming to me wonderfully, and laying her tiny hands on mine, which beat me always, as she had found out; "is 'a going to my dear papa, and mamma, and ickle bother?"

"No, my pretty, you must wait for them to come. We are going to catch some fish, and salt them, that they may keep with a very fine smell till your dear papa brings your mamma and all the family with him; and then what a supper we will have!"

"'Ill 'a," she said, "and poor Bardie too?"

But the distance of the supper-time was a very sad disappointment to her, and her bright eyes filled with haze. And then she said, "Ness," very quietly, because she was growing to understand that she could not have her own way now. I lay on my oars and watched her carefully, while she was shaking her head and wondering, with her little white

shoulders above the thwart, and her innocent and intelligent eyes full of the spreading sky and sea. It was not often one had the chance, through the ever-flitting change, to learn the calm and true expression of that poor young creature's face. Even now I could not tell, except that her playful eyes were lonely, and her tender lips were trembling, and a heartfelt of simple love could find no outlet, and lost itself. These little things, when thinking thus, or having thought flow through them, never ought to be disturbed, because their brains are tender. The unknown stream will soon run out, and then they are fit again for play, which is the proper work of man. We open the world, and we close the world, with nothing more than this; and while our manhood is too grand (for a score and a-half of years, perhaps), to take things but in earnest, the justice of our birth is on us,—we are fortune's play-thing.

CHAPTER XVIII.—PUBLIC APPROBATION.

If that child had no luck herself (except, of course, in meeting me), at any rate she never failed to bring me wondrous fortune. The air was smooth, and sweet, and soft, the sky had not a wrinkle, and the fickle sea was smiling, proud of pleasant manners. Directly I began to fish at the western tail of the Tuscar, scarcely a fish forebore me. Whitingpollacks run in shoals, and a shoal I had of them; and the way I split and dried them made us long for breakfast-time. And Bardie did enjoy them so.

The more I dwelled with that little child, the more I grew wrapped up in her. Her nature was so odd and loving, and her ways so pretty. Many men forego their goodness, so that they forget the nature of a little darling child. Otherwise, perhaps, we might not, if we kept our hearts aright, so despise the days of loving, and the time of holiness. Now this baby almost shamed me, and I might say, Bunny too, when, having undressed her, and put the coarse rough night-gown on her, which came from Sker, with the funerals, my grand-child

called me from up-stairs, to meet some great emergency.

"Granny, come up with the stick dreckly moment, granny dear! Missy 'ont go into bed. Such a bad wicked child she is."

I ran up-stairs, and there was Bunny all on fire with noble wrath, and there stood Bardie sadly scraping the worm-eaten floor with her smail white toes.

"I'se not a yicked shild," she said, "I'se a yae good gal, I is; I 'ont go to bed till I say my prayers to 'Mighty God, as my dear mamma make me. She be very angy with 'a, Bunny, 'hen she knows it."

Hereupon I gave Bunny a nice little smack, and had a great mind to let her taste the stick which she had invoked so eagerly. However, she roared enough without it, because her feelings were deeply hurt. Bardie also cried for company, or, perhaps, at my serious aspect, until I put her down on her knees and bade her say her prayers, and have done with it. At the same time it struck me how stupid I was not to have asked about this before, inasmuch as even a

child's religion may reveal some of its history.

She knelt as prettily as could be, with her head thrown back, and her tiny palms laid together upon her breast and thus she said her simple prayer.

"Pay God bless dear papa, and mama, and ickle bother. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, 'ook upon a ickle child, and make me a good gal. Amen."

Then she got up and kissed poor Bunny, and was put into bed as good as gold, and slept like a little dormouse till morning.

Take all together now, we had a happy time of it. Every woman in Newton praised me for my kindness to the child; and even the men who had too many could not stand against Bardie's smile. They made up, indeed, some scandalous story, as might have been expected, about my relationship to the baby, and her sudden appearance so shortly after my poor wife's death. However, by knocking three men down, I produced a more active growth of charity in our neighborhood.

And very soon a thing came to pass, such as I never could have expected, and of a nature to lift me (even more than the free use of my pole) for a period of at least six months, above the reach of libel, from any one below the rank of a justice of the peace. This happened just as follows. One night the children were snug in bed, and finding the evening long, because the days were shortening in so fast—which seemed to astonish everybody—it came into my head to go no more than outside my own door, and into the "Jolly Sailors." For the autumn seemed to be coming on, and I like to express my opinions upon that point in society; never being sure where I may be before ever another autumn. Moreover, the landlord was not a man to be neglected with impunity. He never liked his customers to stay too long away from him, any more than our parson did; and pleasant as he was when pleased, and generous in the way of credit to people with any furniture, nothing was more sure to vex him, than for a man, without excuse, to pretend to get on without him.

Now when I came into the room,

where our little sober proceedings are—a narrow room, and dark enough, yet full of much good feeling, also with hard wooden chairs worn soft by generations of sitting—a sudden stir arose among the excellent people present. They turned and looked at me, as if they had never enjoyed that privilege, or at any rate, had failed to make proper use of it before. And ere my modesty was certain whether this were for good or harm they raised such a clapping with hands and feet, and a clinking of glasses in a line with it, that I felt myself worthy of some great renown. I stood there and bowed, and made my best leg, and took off my hat in acknowledgment. Observing this, they were all delighted, as if I had done them a real honour; and up they arose with one accord, and gave me three cheers, with an Englishman setting the proper tune for it.

I found myself so overcome all at once with my own fame and celebrity, that I called for a glass of hot rum-and-water, with the nipple of a lemon in it, and sugar the size of a nutmeg. My order was taken with a speed and deference hitherto quite unknown to me; and better than that, seven men opened purses, and challenged the right to pay for it. Entering into so rare a chance of getting on quite gratis, and knowing that such views are quick to depart, I called for 6 oz. of tobacco, with the Bristol stamp (a red crown) upon it. Scarce had I tested the draught of a pipe—which I had to do sometimes for half an hour, with all to blow out, and no drawing in—when the tobacco was at my elbow, served with a saucer, and a curtesy. "Well," thought I, "this is real glory." And I longed to know how I had earned it.

It was not likely, with all those people gazing so respectfully, that I would deign to ask them coarsely, what the deuce could have made them do it. I had always felt myself unworthy of my obscure position, and had dreamed, for many years, of having my merits perceived at last. And to ask the reason would have been indeed a degradation, although there was not a fibre of me but quivered to know all about it. Herein, however, I overshot the mark, as I found out afterwards; for my careless manner made

people say that I must have written the whole myself—a thing so very far below me, that I scorn to answer it. But here it is ; and then you can judge from the coarse style, and the three-decked words, whether it be work of mine.

Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, Saturday, July 24, 1782.—“*Shipwreck and loss of all hands—Heroism of a British tar.*—We hear of a sad catastrophe from the coast of Glamorganshire. The season of great heat and drought, from which our readers must have suffered, broke up, as they may kindly remember, with a most unprecedented gale of wind and thunder, on Sunday, the 11th day of this month. In the height of the tempest a large ship was descried, cast by the fury of the elements upon a notorious reef of rocks, at a little place called Sker, about twenty miles to the east of Swansea. Serious apprehensions were entertained by the spectators for the safety of the crew, which appeared to consist of black men. Their fears were too truly verified, for in less than an hour the ill-fated bark succumbed to her cruel adversaries. No adult male of either color appears to have reached the shore alive, although a celebrated fisherman, and heroic pensioner of our royal navy, whose name is David Llewellyn, and who traces his lineage from the royal bard of that patronymic, performed prodigies of valour, and proved himself utterly regardless of his own respectable and blameless life, by plunging repeatedly into the boiling surges, and battling with the raging elements, in the vain hope of extricating the sufferers from a watery grave. With the modesty which appears to be under some inscrutable law of nature, inseparable from courage of the highest order, this heroic tar desires to remain in obscurity. This we could not reconcile with our sense of duty ; and if any lover of our black brethren finds himself moved by this narration, we shall be happy to take charge of any remittance marked ‘D. L.’ It grieves us to add that none escaped except an intelligent young female, who clung to the neck of Llewellyn. She states that the ship was the Andalusia, and had sailed from Appledore, which is, we believe in Devonshire. The respected Coroner Bowles held an inquest, which afforded universal satisfaction.”

Deeply surprised as I was to find how accurately, upon the whole, this paper had got the story of it—for not much less than half was true—it was at first a puzzle to me how they could have learned so much about myself, and the valiant manner in which I intended to behave, but found no opportunity. Until I remembered that a man possessing a very bad hat, had requested the honour of introducing himself to me, in my own house, and begged me to consider myself at home, and to allow him to send for refreshment, which I would not hear of twice, but gave him what I thought up to his mark, according to manners and appearance. And very likely he made a mistake between my description of what I was ready, as well as desirous, to carry out, and what I bodily did go through, ay, and more, to the back of it. However, I liked this account very much, and resolved to encourage yet more warmly the next man who came to me with a bad hat. What, then, was my disgust at perceiving, at the very foot of that fine description a tissue of stuff like the following :

“*Another account* : [from a highly-esteemed correspondent].—The great invasion of sand, which has for so many generations spread such wide devastation, and occasioned such grievous loss to landowners on the western coast of Glamorganshire, made another great stride in the storm of Sabbath-day, July 11. A vessel of considerable burthen, named the Andalusia, and laden with negroes, most carefully shipped for conversion among the good merchants of Bristol, appears to have been swallowed up by the sand ; and our black fellow-creatures disappeared. It is to be feared, from this visitation of an ever-benign Providence, that few of them had been converted, and that the burden of their sins disabled them from swimming. If one had been snatched as a brand from the burning, gladly would we have recorded it, and sent him forward prayerfully for sustenance on his way to the Lord. But the only eye-witness (whose word must never be relied upon when mammon enters into the conflict), a worn-out but well-meaning sailor, who fattens on the revenue of an overburdened country—this man ran away so fast that he saw hardly anything. The

Lord knoweth his own in the days of visitation. A little child came ashore alive, and a dead child bearing a coronet. Many people have supposed that the pusillanimous sailor aforesaid knows much more than he will tell. It is not for us to enter into that part of the question. Duty, however, compels us to say, that any one desiring to have a proper comprehension of this heavy but righteous judgment—for He doeth all things well—cannot do better than apply to the well-known horologist of Bridgend, Hezekiah Perkins, also to the royal family.”

The above yarn may simply be described as a gallow's-ropes spun by Jack Ketch himself from all the lies of all the scoundrels he has ever hanged, added to all that his own vile heart can invent, with the devil to help him. The cold-blooded, creeping, and crawling manner in which I myself was alluded to—although without the manliness even to set my name down—as well as the low hypocrisy of the loathsome white-livered syntax of it, made me—well, I will say no more—the filthiness reeks without my stirring, and, indeed, no honest man should touch it; only, if Hezekiah Perkins had chanced to sneak into the room just then, his wife might have prophesied shrouds and weeds.

For who else was capable of such lies, slimed with so much sanctimony, like cellar-slugs, or bilge-hole rats, rolling in Angelica, while all their entrails are of brimstone, such as Satan would scorn to vomit? A bitter pain went up my right arm, for the weakness of my heart, when that miscreant gave me insult, and I never knocked him down the well. And over and over again I have found it a thorough mistake to be always forgiving. However, to have done with reflections which must suggest themselves to any one situated like me—if, indeed, any one ever was—after containing myself, on account of the people who surrounded me, better than could have been hoped for, I spoke, because they expected it.

“Truly, my dear friends, I am thankful for your goodwill towards me. Also to the unknown writer who has certainly made too much of my poor unaided efforts. I did my best; it was but little: and who dreams of being praised for it? Again,

I am thankful to this other writer who has overlooked me altogether. For the sake of poor Sandy Macraw, we must thank him that he kindly forbore to make public the name.”

You should have seen the faces of all the folk around the table when I gave them this surmise.

“Why,” said one, “we thought for sure it was you he was meaning, Dyo dear. And in our hearts we were angry to him, for such falsehoods large and black. Indeed and indeed, true enough it may be of a man outlandish such as Sandy Macraw is.”

“Let us not hasten to judge,” I replied; “Sandy is brave enough, I daresay, and he can take his own part well. I will not believe he ran away; very likely he never was there at all. If he was, he deserves high praise for taking some little care of himself. I should not have been so stiff this night, if I had only had the common-sense to follow his example.”

All our people began to rejoice; and yet they required, as all of us do, something more than strongest proof.

“What reason is to show then, Dyo, that this man of letters meant not you, but Sandy Macraw, to run away so?”

“Hopkin, read it aloud,” I said, “neither do I know, nor care, what the writer's meaning was. Only I thought there was something spoken about his Majesty's revenue. Is it I, or is it Sandy, that belongs to the revenue?”

This entirely settled it. All our people took it up, and neglected not to tell one another. So that in less than three days' time, my name was spread far and wide for the praise, and the Scotchman's for the condemnation. I desired it not, as my friends well knew; but what use to beat to windward, against the breath of the whole of the world? Therefore I was not so obstinate as to set my opinion against the rest; but left it to Mr. Macraw to rebut, if he could, his pusillanimity.

As for Hezekiah Perkins, all his low creations fell upon the head from which they sprang. I spoke to our rector about his endeavour to harm a respectable Newton man—for you might call Macraw that by comparison, though he lived at Porthcawl and was not respectable—and every-

body was struck with my kindness in using such handsome terms of a rival. The result was that Perkins lost our church-clock, which paid him as well as a many two others, having been presented to the parish, and therefore not likely to go without pushing. For our rector was a peppery man, except when in the pulpit, and what he said to Hezekiah was exactly this.

"What, Perkins! another great bill again! 'To repair of church-clock, seven-and-sixpence, to ten miles' travelling, at threepence per mile,'—and so on, and so on! Why, you never came further than my brother the Colonel's, the last three times you have charged for. Allow me to ask you a little question: to whom did you go for the keys of the church?"

"As if I should want any keys of the church! There is no church-lock in the county that I cannot open, as soon as whistle."

"Indeed! So you pick our lock. Do you ever open a church-door honestly, for the purpose of worshipping the Lord? I have kept my eye upon you, sir, because I hear that you have been reviling my parishioners. And I happen to know that you never either opened the lock of our church or picked it, for the last three times you have charged for. But one thing you have picked for many years, and that is the pocket of my ratepayers. Be off, sir—be off with your trumpety bill! We will have a good churchman to do our clock—a thoroughly honest seaman, and a regular church-goer."

"Do you mean that big thief, Davy Llewellyn? Well, well, do as you please. But I will thank you to pay my bill first."

"Thank me when you get it, sir. You may fall down on your canting knees and thank the Lord for one thing."

"What am I to thank the Lord for? For allowing you to cheat me thus?"

"For giving me self-command enough not to knock you down, sir." With that the rector came so nigh him, that brother Perkins withdrew in haste; for the parson had done that sort of thing to people who ill-used him; and the sense of the parish was always with him. Hence the management of the church-clock passed entirely into my hands, and I kept it almost always going, at less than half

Hezekiah's price; and this reunited me to the Church (from which my poor wife perhaps had led me astray some little), by a monthly arrangement which reflected equal credit on either party.

And even this was not the whole of the blessings that now rolled down upon me, for the sake, no doubt, of little Barchie, as with the ark in the Bible. For this fine Felix Farley was the only great author of news at that time prevalent amongst us. It is true that there was another journal nearer to us, at Hereford, and a highly good one, but for a very clear reason it failed to have command of the public-houses. For the customers liked both their pipes and their papers to be of the same origin, and go together kindly. And Hereford sent out no tobacco; while Bristol was more famous for the best Virginian birdseye, than even for rum, or intelligence.

Therefore, as everybody gifted with the gift of reading came to the public-houses gradually, and to compare interpretation over those two narratives, both of which stirred our county up, my humble name was in their mouths as freely and approvingly as the sealing-wax end of their pipes. Unanimous consent accrued when all had said the same thing over, fifty times in different manners, and with fine drawn argument) that after all, and upon the whole, David Llewellyn was an honour to county and to country.

After that, for at least a fortnight, no more dogs were set at me. When I shoved myself over a gentleman's gate, in the hope of selling fish to him, it used to be always, "At him, Pincher!" "Into his legs, Growler, boy!" So that I was compelled to carry my conger-rod to save me. Now, however, and for a season till my fame grew stale, I never lifted the latch of a gate without hearing grateful utterance, "Towser, down, you son of a gun! Yelp and Vick, hold your stupid tongues, will you?" The value of my legs was largely understood by gentlemen. As for the ladies and the housemaids, if conceit were in my nature, what a run it would have had! Always and always the same am I, and above even women's opinions. But I know no other man whose head would not have been turned with a day of it. For my rap at the door

was scarcely given (louder, perhaps, than it used to be) before every maid in the house was out, and the lady looking through the blinds. I used to dance on the step, and beat my arms on my breast, with my basket down between my legs, and tremble almost for a second rap; and then it was, "Like your impudence!" "None of your stinking stuff!" and so on. But now they ran down beautifully,

and looked up under their eyelids at me, and left me to show them what I liked and never beat down a halfpenny, and even accepted my own weight. Such is the grand effect of glory: and I might have kissed every one of them, and many even of the good plain cooks, if I could have reconciled it with my sense of greatness.

CHAPTER XIX.—A CRAFT BEYOND THE LAW.

Colonel Lougher, of Candleston Court, was one of the finest and noblest of men it was ever my luck to come across. He never would hear a word against me, any more than I would against him; and no sooner did I see him upon the Bench than I ceased to care what the evidence was. If they failed to prove their falsehoods (as nearly always came to pass), he dismissed them with a stern reprimand for taking away my character; and if they seemed to establish anything by low devices against me, what did he say? Why, no more than this: "David, if what they say be true, you appear to have forgotten yourself in a very unusual manner. You have promised me always to improve; and I thought that you were doing it. This seems to be a trifling charge—however, I must convict you. The penalty is one shilling, and the costs fifteen."

"May it please your worship," I always used to answer, "Is an honest man to lose his good name, and pay those who have none for stealing it?"

Having seen a good deal of the world, he always felt the force of this, but found it difficult to say so with prejudiced men observing him. Only I knew that my fine and costs would be slipped into my hand by-and-by, with a glimpse of the Candleston livery.

This was no more than fair between us; for not more than seven generations had passed since Griffith Llewellyn, of my true stock, had been the proper and only bard to the great Lord Lougher, of Coity, whence descended our good Colonel. There had been some little mistake about the departure of the title,

no doubt through extremes of honesty, but no Lord in the county came of better blood than Colonel Lougher. To such a man it was a hopeless thing for the bitterest enemy—if he had one—to impute one white hair's breadth of departure from the truth. A thoroughly noble man to look at, and a noble man to hearken to, because he knew not his own kindness, but was kind to every one. Now this good man had no child at all, as generally happens to very good men, for fear of mankind improving much. And the great king of Israel, David, from whom our family has a tradition—yet without any Jewish blood in us—he says (if I am not mistaken) that it is a sure mark of the ungodly to have children at their desire, and to leave the rest of their substance to ungodly infants.

Not to be all alone, the Colonel, after the death of his excellent wife, persuaded his only sister, the Lady Bluett, widow of Lord Bluett, to set up with him at Candleston. And this she was not very loath to do, because her eldest son, the present Lord Bluett, was of a wild and sporting turn, and no sooner became of age but that he wanted no mother over him. Therefore she left him for a while to his own devices, hoping every month to hear of his suddenly repenting.

Now this was a lady fit to look at. You might travel all day among people that kept drawing-rooms, and greenhouses, and the new safe of music, well named from its colour "grand pæony," and you might go up and down Bridgend, even on a fair-day, yet nobody would you set eyes on fit to be looked at as a lady on the day that you saw Lady Bluett.

It was not that she pretended anything; that made all the difference. Only she felt such a thorough knowledge that she was no more than we might have been, except for a width of accidents. And nothing ever parted her from any one with good in him. For instance, the first time she saw me again (after thirty years, perhaps, from the season of her beauty-charm, when I had chanced to win all the prizes in the sports given at Candleston Court, for the manhood of now Colonel Lougher), not only did she at once recognise me, in spite of all my battering, but she held out her beautiful hand, and said, "How are you, Mr. Llewellyn?" Nobody had ever called me "Mr. Llewellyn" much till then; but, by good luck, a washerwoman heard it and repeated it; and since that day there are not many people (leaving out clods and low enemies) with the face to accost me otherwise.

However, this is not to the purpose, any more than it is worthy of me. How can it matter what people call me when I am clear of my fish-basket? as, indeed, I always feel at the moment of unstrapping. No longer any reputation to require my fist ready. I have done my utmost, and I have received the money.

These are the fine perceptions which preserve a man of my position from the effects of calumny. And, next to myself, the principal guardian of my honour was this noble Colonel Lougher. Moreover, a fine little chap there was, Lady Bluett's younger son, Honourable Rodney Bluett by name; for his father had served under Admiral Rodney, and been very friendly with him, and brought him to church as a godfather. This young Rodney Bluett was about ten years old at that time, and the main delight of his life was this, to come fishing with old Davy. The wondrous yarns I used to spin had such an effect on his little brain, that his prospects on dry land, and love of his mother, and certain inheritance from the Colonel, were helpless to keep him from longing always to see the things which I had seen. With his large blue eyes upon me, and his flaxen hair tied back, and his sleeves tucked up for paddling, hour by hour he would listen, when the weather was too

rough to do much more than look at it. Or if we went out in a boat (as we did when we could pay for hiring, and when his mother was out of the way), many and many a time I found him, when he should have been quick with his bait, dwelling upon the fine ideas which my tales had bred in him. I took no trouble in telling them, neither did I spare the truth when it would come in clumsily (like a lubber who cannot touch his hat), but they all smelled good and true, because they had that character.

However, he must bide his time, as every one of us has to do, before I make too much of him. And just at the period now in hand he was down in my black books for never coming near me. It may have been that he had orders not to be so much with me, and very likely that was wise; for neither his mother nor his uncle could bear the idea of his going to sea, but meant to make a red herring of him, as we call those poor land-soldiers. Being so used to his pretty company, and his admiration, also helping him as I did to spend his pocket-money, I missed him more than I could have believed; neither could I help sorrowing at this great loss of opportunity; for many an honest shilling might have been turned ere winter by the hire of my boat to him when he came out with me fishing. I had prepared a scale of charges, very little over Captain Bob's, to whom he used to pay 4d. an hour, when I let him come after the whiting with me. And now, for no more than 6d. an hour, he should have my very superior boat, and keep her head by my directions, for he understood a rudder, and bait my hooks, and stow my fish, and enjoy (as all boys should) the idea of being useful.

For, as concerns that little barkie, I had by this time secured myself from any further uneasiness, or troublesome need of concealment, by a bold and spirited facing of facts, which deserves the congratulation of all honest fishermen. The boat, like her little captain, was at first all white—as I may have said—but now, before her appearance in public, I painted her gunwale and strakes bright blue, even down to her water-mark; and then, without meddling with her name, or rather that of the ship she belonged to, I re-

traced very lightly, but so that any one could read it, the name of the port from which she hailed, and which (as I felt certain now, from what I had seen on the poor wrecked ship) must have been San Salvador; and the three last letters were so plain, that I scarcely had to touch them.

Now this being done, and an old worn painter shipped instead of the new one, which seemed to have been chopped off with an axe, I borrowed a boat and stood off to sea from Porthcawl Point, where they beach them, having my tackle and bait on board, as if for an evening off the Tuskar, where turbot and whiting-pollack are. Here I fished until dusk of the night, and as long as the people ashore could see me; but as soon as all was dark and quiet, I just pulled into Newton Bay, and landed opposite the old "Red house," where my new boat lay in ordinary, snug as could be, and all out of sight. For the ruins of this old "Red house" had such a repute for being haunted, ever since a dreadful murder cast a ban around it, that even I never wished to stop longer than need be there at night; and once or twice I heard a noise that went to the marrow of my back; of which, however, I will say no more, until it comes to the proper place.—Enough that no man, woman, or child, for twenty miles round, except myself, had a conscience clear enough to go in there after dark, and scarcely even by daylight. My little craft was so light and handy, that, with the aid of the rollers ready, I led her down over the beach myself, and presently towed her out to sea, with the water as smooth as a duck-pond, and the tide of the neap very silent. The weather was such as I could not doubt, being now so full of experience. Therefore, I had no fear to lie in a very dangerous berth indeed, when any cockle of a sea gets up, or even strong tides are running. This was the west-end fork of the Tuskar, making what we call "callipers;" for the back of the Tuskar dries at half-ebb, and a wonderful ridge stops the run of the tide, not only for weeds but for fish as well. Here with my anchor down, I slept, as only a virtuous man can sleep.

In the grey of the morning, I was up, ere the waning moon was done with, and

found the very thing to suit me going on delightfully. The heavy dew of autumn, rising from the land by perspiration, spread a cloud along the shore. A little mist was also crawling on the water here and there; and having slept with a watch-coat and tarpaulin over me, I shook myself up, without an ache, and like a good bee at the gate of the hive, was brisk for making honey.

Hence I pulled away from land, with the heavy boat towing the light one, and even Sandy Macraw unable to lay his gimlet eye on me. And thus I rowed, until quite certain of being over three miles from land. Then with the broad sun rising nobly, and for a moment bowing, till the white fog opened avenues, I spread upon my pole a shirt which mother Jones had washed for me. It was the time when Sandy Macraw was bound to be up to his business; and I had always made a point of seeing that he did it. To have a low fellow of itchy character, and no royal breed about him, thrust by a feeble and reckless government into the berth that by nature was mine, and to find him not content with this, but even in his hours of duty poaching, both day and night, after my fish; and when I desired to argue with him, holding his tongue to irritate me,—satisfaction there could be none for it; the only alleviation left me was to rout up this man right early, and allow him no chance of napping.

Therefore, I challenged him with my shirt, thus early in the morning, because he was bound to be watching the world, if he acted up to his nasty business, such as no seaman would deign to; and after a quarter of an hour perhaps, very likely it was his wife that answered. At any rate there was a signal up, and through my spy-glass I saw that people wanted to launch a boat, but failed. Therefore I made a great waving of shirt, as much as to say, "extreme emergency; have the courage to try again." Expecting something good from this, they laid their shoulders, and worked their legs, and presently the boat was bowing on the gently fluted sea.

Now it was not that I wanted help, for I could have managed it all well enough; but I wanted witnesses. For never can I

bear to seem to set at nought legality. And these men were sure, upon half-a-crown, to place the facts before the public in an honest manner. So I let them row away for the very lives of them, as if the salvage of the nation hung upon their thumbs and elbows; only I dowsed my shirt as soon as I found them getting eager. And I thought that they might as well hail me first, and slope off disappointment.

"Hoy there! Boat ahoy! What, old Davy Llewellyn!"

What man had a right to call me "old"? There I was, as fresh as ever. And I felt it the more that the man who did it was grey on the cheeks with a very large family, and himself that vile old Sandy! Nevertheless I preserved good manners.

"Ship your starboard oars, you lubbers. Do you want to run me down? What the devil brings you here, at this time of the morning?" Hereupon these worthy fellows dropped their oars, from wonder; until I showed them their mistake, and begged them to sheer off a little. For if I had accepted rope, such as they wished to throw me, they might have put in adverse claims, and made me pay for my own boat!

"When a poor man has been at work all night," said I, to break off their officiousness; "while all you lazy galley-rakers were abed and snoring, can't he put his shirt to dry, without you wanting to plunder him?"

To temper off what might appear a little rude, though wholesome, I now permitted them to see a stoneware gallon full of beer, or at least I had only had two pints out. Finding this to be the case, and being hot with rowing so rapidly to my rescue, they were well content to have some beer, and drop all further claims. And, as I never can bear to be mean, I gave them the two and sixpence also.

Sandy Macraw took all this money; and I only hope that he shared it duly;

and then, as he never seemed at all to understand my contempt of him, he spoke in that dry drawl of his, which he always droned to drive me into very dreadful words, and then to keep his distance.

"I am heartily glad, ma mon, to see the loock ye have encoontered. Never shall ye say agin that I have the advantage of ye. The boit stud me in mickle siller; but ye have grappit a boit for nort."

I cannot write down his outlandish manner of pronouncing English; nor will I say much more about it; because he concealed his jealousy so, that I had no enjoyment of it, except when I reasoned with myself. And I need have expected nothing better from such a self-controlling rogue. But when we came to Porthcawl Point—where some shelter is from wind, and two public-houses, and one private—the whole affair was so straightforward, and the distance of my boat from shore, at time of capture, so established and so witnessed, that no steward of any manor durst even cast sheep's-eyes at her. A paper was drawn up and signed; and the two public-houses, at my expense, christened her "Old Davy." And indeed, for a little spell, I had enough to do with people, who came at all hours of the day, to drink the health of my boat and me; many of whom seemed to fail to remember really who was the one to pay. And being still in cash a little, and so generous always, I found a whole basket of whiting, and three large congers, and a lobster, disappear against chalk-marks, whereof I had no warning, and far worse, no flavour. But what I used to laugh at was, that when we explained to one another how the law lay on this question, and how the craft became legally mine, as a derelict from the Andalusia, drifting at more than a league from land,—all our folk being short and shallow in the English language, took up the word, and called my boat, all over the parish, my "RELICT;" as if, in spite of the Creator's wisdom, I were dead and my wife alive!

CHAPTER XX.—CONFIDENTIAL INTERCOURSE.

But everybody must be tired of all this trouble about that boat. It shows what a state of things we live in, and what a meddlesome lot we are, that a good man

cannot receive a gift straight into his hands from Providence, which never before rewarded him, though he said his prayers every night almost, and did his very best to cheat nobody; it proves, at least to my mind, something very rotten somewhere, when a man of blameless character must prove his right to what he finds. However, I had proved my right, and cut in Colonel Lougher's woods a larger pole than usual, because the law would guarantee me, if at all assaulted.

And truly, after all my care to be on the right side of it, such a vile attack of law was now impending on me, that with all my study of it, and perpetual attempts to jam its helm up almost into the very eye of reason, my sails very nearly failed to draw, and left me shivering in the wind. But first for what comes foremost.

At that particular moment all things seemed to be most satisfactory. Here was my property duly secured and most useful to me, here was a run of fish up from the Mumbles of a very superior character, here was my own reputation spread by the vigilance of the public press, so that I charged three farthings a pound more than Sandy Mac did, and here was my cottage once more all alive with the mirth of our Bunny and Bardie. To see them playing at hide-and-seek with two chairs and a table, or "French and English," which I taught them; or "come and visit my grandmother;" or making a cat of the kettle-holder, with a pair of ears and a tail to it; or giving a noble dinner-party with cockles and oyster-shells, and buttons, and apple-peel chopped finely; or, what was even a grander thing, eating their own dinners prettily with their dolls beside them,—scarcely any one would have believed that these little ones had no mothers.

And yet they did not altogether seem to be forgetful, or to view the world as if there were no serious side to it. Very grave discourses was sometimes held between their bouts of play, and subjects of great depth and wonder introduced by doll's clothes. For instance:—

"Hasn't 'a got no mama, poor Bunny, to thread 'e needle?"

"No, my dea," I answered, for my grandchild looked stupid about it; "poor Bunny's mother is gone to heaven."

"My mama not gone to heaven. My mama come demorrow-day. I'se almost tired of yaiting, old Davy, but she sure to come demorrow-day."

But as the brave little creature spoke, I saw that "the dust was in her eyes." This was her own expression always, to escape the reproach of crying, when her lonely heart was working with its misty troubles, and sent the tears into her eyes, before the tongue could tell of them. "Demorrow-day, demorrow-day," all her loss was to be recovered always on demorrow-day."

Not even so much as a doll had been saved from the total wreck of her fortunes; and when I beheld her wistful eyes set one day upon Bunny's doll—although only fit for hospital, having one arm and one leg and no nose, besides her neck being broken, I set to at once and sharpened my knife upon a piece of sandstone. Then I sought out a piece of abele, laid by from the figure-head of a wrecked Dutchman, and in earnest I fell to, and shaped such a carving of a doll as never was seen before or since. Of course, the little pet came, and stood, and watched every chip as I sliced it along, with sighs of deep expectancy, and a laugh when I got to the tail of it; and of course she picked up every one, not only as neatest of the neat, but also accounting them sacred offsets of the mysterious doll unborn. I could not get her to go to bed; and it was as good as a guinea to me to see the dancing in her eyes, and the spring of her body returning.

"'E can make a boofely doll, old Davy; but 'e doesn't know the yai to dess a doll."

"You are quite wrong there," said I, perceiving that I should go up, or down, according to my assertion; and it made her open her eyes to see me cut out, with about five snips, a pair of drawers quite good enough for any decent woman. And she went to bed hugging the doll in that state, and praying to have her improved to-morrow.

At breakfast-time mother Jones dropped in, for she loved a good salt-herring, and to lay down the law for the day almost; as if I knew scarce anything. And I always let her have her talk, and listened to it gravely; and clever women,

as a rule, should not be denied of this attention ; for if they are, it sours them. While she was sucking the last of the tail, and telling me excellent scandal, my little lady marched in straight, having finished her breakfast long ago, and bearing her new doll pompously. The fly-away colour in her cheeks, which always made her beautiful, and the sparkle of her gleeful eyes, were come again with pleasure, and so was the lovely pink of her lips, and the proper aspect of her nose. Also she walked with such motherly rank, throwing her legs with a female jerk—it is enough for me to say that any newly-married woman would have kissed her all around the room.

Now mother Jones, having ten fine children (five male and five female) going about with clothes up to their forks, need not have done what she did, I think, and made me so bashful in my own house. For no sooner did she see this doll, than she cried, "O, my !" and covered up her face. The little maid looked up at me in great wonder, as if I were leading her astray ; and I felt so angry with Mrs. Jones, atter all the things I had seen abroad, and even in English churches, that I would not trust myself to speak. However, to pay her out for that, I begged her to cure the mischief herself, which she could not well decline ; and some of the green blind still remaining, Dolly became a most handsome sight, with a crackle in front and a sweeping behind, so that our clerk, a good-natured man, was invited to christen her ; and "Patty Green" was the name he gave : and Bunny's doll was nobody. Such a baby-like thing might seem almost below my dignity, and that of all the rest of us ; only this child had the power to lead us, as by a special enchantment, back to our own childhood. Moreover, it was needful for me to go through with this doll's birth (still more so with her dress, of course, having her a female), because through her I learned a great deal more of Bardie's history than ever our Bunny could extract.

Everybody who has no patience with the ways of childhood, may be vexed, and must be vexed, with our shipwrecked maid for knowing many things, but not the right ; but I think she was to blame,

only for her innocence. In her tiny brain was moving some uncertain sense of wrong ; whether done by herself, or to her, was beyond her infant groping. If she could have made her mind up, in its little milky shell, that the evil had befallen without harm on her part, doubtless she had done her best to let us know the whole of it. Her best, of course, would be but little, looking at her age and so on ; and perhaps from some harsh word or frown, stamped into the tender flux of infantile memory, a heavy dread both darkened and repressed much recollection. Hence, if one tried to examine her, in order to find out who she was, she would shake her head, and say "No ! sompfin ;" as she always did when puzzled or unable to pronounce a word. The only chance of learning even any little things she knew, was to leave her to her own way, and not interrupt her conversation with wooden or crockery playmates. All of these she endowed with life, having such power of life herself, and she reckoned them up for good behaviour, or for bad as the case might be. And often was I touched at heart, after a day of bitter fighting with a world that wronged me, by hearing her in baby-prattle tell her play-things of their unkindness to a little thing with none to love her.

But when I had finished Patty's face up to complete expression, with two black buttons for her eyes, and a cowl for her mouth, and a nose of coral, also a glorious head of hair of crinkled seaweed growing out of a shell (toothed like an ivory comb almost), the ecstasy of the child was such, that I obtained, as well as deserved, some valuable information.

"Patty Geen, 'e's been aye good," I heard her say in my window-place, one morning after breakfast ; "and 'e is the most boofely doll ever seen, and I tell 'a sompfin ; only 'e mustn't tell anybody, till my dear mama comes. Nat wasn't ickle bother, Patty."

"How do you know, Miss ?" Patty inquired, by means of my voice in the distance, and a little art I had learned abroad of throwing it into corners.

"I tell 'a, Patty, I tell 'a. I 'ouldn't tell 'e nasty man, but I tell old Davy some day. Ickle bother not like nat at

all. Ickle bother not so big enough, and only two ickle teeth in front, and his hair all gone ayay it is, but mama say soon come back again."

"And what is little brother's name?" said Patty, in a whisper; "and what is your name, and papa's?"

"Oh 'e silly Patty Geen! As if 'e didn't know I'se Bardie, ever since I was anyfin. And papa, is papa, he is. Patty, I'se kite ashamed of 'a. 'E's such a silly ickle fin!"

"Well, I know I am not very clever, Miss. But tell me some more things you remember."

"I tell 'a, if 'e stop kiet. 'I 'ish 'a many happy turns of the day, Miss Bardie. Many happy turns of the day to 'a!' And poor Bardie get off her stool, and say what her dear papa tell. 'Gentleyums, and yadies, I'se aye much obliged to 'a.' And then have boofely appledies, and carbies, and a ickle dop of good yiney-piney. Does 'e know 'hot that means, poor Patty?"

"No, my dear, how should I know?"

"'E mustn't call me 'my dear,' I tell 'a. 'E must know 'a's pace in yife. Why, 'e's only a doll, Patty, and Bardie's a young yady, and a 'streamly 'cocious gal I is, and the gentleyums all say so. Ickle bother can't say nuffin, without me to sow him the yay of it. But Bardie say almost anyfin; anyfin, when I yikes to ty. Bardie say 'Pomyoleanian dog!'"

This cost her a long breath, and a great effort; but Patty expressed intense amazement at such power of diction, and begged to know something more about that extraordinary animal.

"Pomyoleanian dog is yite, yite all over 'sept his collar, and his collar's boo. And he's got hair that long, Patty, ever so much longer than yours. And he yun yound and yound, he does. Oh, I do so yant my Pomyoleanian dog!"

Patty waited for two great tears to run quietly down two little cheeks; and then she expressed some contempt of the dog, and a strong desire to hear some more about the happy turns of the day.

"Don't 'e be jealous, now, Patty, I tell 'a. 'E ickle yite dog can eat, but 'e can't. And happy turns of the day is yen a great big gal is two years old with a ickle brother. And he can't say nuffin,

'cos he grow too strong enough, and 'e young yady must repy; and ayebody yooks at 'a, and yaffs, and put 'e gasses up and say, 'Hot a 'cocious ickle fin! And my dear papa say, 'Hot a good gal!' and mama come and tiss 'a all over a'most, and then 'e all have some more puddeny-pie!"

Overcome with that last memory, she could go no further; and being unable to give her pies, I felt myself bound to abandon any more inquiries. For that child scarcely ever roared, so as to obtain relief; but seemed with a kind of self-control—such as unlucky people form, however early in their lives—to take her troubles inwardly, and to be full to the very lip of them, without the power of spilling. This, though a comfort to other people, is far worse for themselves, I fear. And I knew that she did love pastry rarely; for one day, after a fine pair of soles, I said to the two children, "Now put your little hands together, and thank God for a good dinner." Bunny did this in a grateful manner; but Bardie said, "No, I 'ont, old Davy; I'll thank God when I gets puddeny-pie."

Upon the whole, I concluded thus, that the little creature was after all (and as might have been expected with any other child almost) too young, in the third year of her age, to maintain any clear ideas of place, or time, or names, or doings, or anything that might establish from her own words only, whence she came or who she was. However, I now knew quite enough, if the right people ever came to seek for her, to "identify" her, as she expressed it to that stupid Coroner.

Moxy Thomas came to fetch her back to Sker, in a few days' time. I was now resolved to keep her, and she resolved to stay with me—and doubtless I had first right to her. But when I saw poor Moxy's face, and called to mind her desolation, and when she kissed my fishy hand to let her have this comfort, after all the Lord had taken from her, I could not find it in my heart to stand to my own interest. It came across me too that Bardie scarcely strove on so much fish; and we never had any butcher's-meat, or meat of any kind at all, unless I took shares in a pig, after saving up

money for Christmas, or contrived to defend myself against the hares that would run at me so, when I happened to come through a gate at night.

So with a clearly pronounced brave roar, having more music than Bunny's in it, and enough to wash a great deal of "dust" out of her wofully lingering eyes, away she went in Moxy's arms, with Patty Green in her own looking like, to get wet through. And Bunny stuck her thumbs into my legs, which she had a knack of doing, especially after sucking them; so thus we stood, at our cottage-door, looking after Bardie; and I took off my hat, and she spread her hand out, in the intervals of woe; and little thought either of us, I daresay, of the many troubles in store for us both.

Only before that grievous parting, she had done a little thing which certainly did amaze me. And if anybody knows the like, I shall be glad to hear it. I had a snug and tidy locker very near the fire-place, wherein I kept some little trifles; such as Bunny had an eye for, but was gradually broken into distant admiration. One morning I came suddenly in from looking at my night-lines, and a pretty scene I saw. The door of my cupboard was wide open, and there stood little Bardie giving a finishing lick to her fingers. Bunny also in the corner, with her black eyes staring, as if at the end of the world itself. However, her pinafore was full.

No sooner did my grandchild see me, than she rushed away with shrieks, casting down all stolen goods in agony of conscience. I expected Bardie to do the same; but to my great wonderment up she walked and faced me.

"Must I beat poor Patty Geen?" The

tears were in her eyes at having to propose so sad a thing. And she stroked the doll, to comfort her.

"Beat poor Patty!" said I, in amazement. "Why, what harm has Patty done?"

"Nare she have been, all 'e time, stealing 'a soogar, old Davy!" And she looked at me as if she had done a good turn by the information. I scarcely knew what to do, I declare; for her doll was so truly alive to her, that she might and perhaps did believe it. However, I shut her in my little bedroom, until her heart was almost broken; and then I tried to reason with her, on the subject of telling lies; but she could not understand what they were; until I said what I was forced to do, when I went among bad people.

That evening, after she was gone, and while I was very dull about it, finding poor Bunny so slow and stupid, and nothing to keep me wide awake—there I was bound to be wide awake, more than at Petty Sessions even, when mine enemies throng against me. For almost before I had smoked two pipes, or made up my mind what to do with myself, finding a hollow inside of me, the great posting-coach from Bridgend came up, with the sun setting bright on its varnish, and at my very door it stopped. Next to the driver sat a constable who was always unjust to me; and from the inside came out first Justice Anthony Stew of Pen Coedd, as odious and as meddling some a justice of the peace as ever signed a warrant; and after him came a tall elderly gentlemen, on whom I had never set eyes before, but I felt that he must be a magistrate.

(St. Paul's Magazine.)

THE LATEST TOURNAMENT.

AN IDYLL OF THE QUEEN.

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ., POET LAUREATE.)

BERNALET, whom the Irish for a joke
Had made mock-knight of William's Table Round,
At Westminster, within the gardens there,
Skipt, snapt his fingers, chuckled, smoked his weed ;
When to him, on the prandial side of noon,
Sir Tyke, a something addle-headed knight,
Hard-grain'd, dull-eyed, no genius, somewhat pale
From thoughts of brickbats whirling round his head,
Stept forth, and grasping in his dexter hand
A Red Cap with a circlet labled "Guy,"
Said "Wherefore dost thou chuckle so, Sir Fool?"

For William and Sir Foster riding once
Thro' England, with great Boblo in their rear
Pricking full speed upon a bicycle,
Saw on a doorstep, wailing in the wind,
An infant, bare and red as Gloucester cheese :
And William said, "Gadzooks, what child is this?"
And when Sir Foster answered back, "Methinks
'Tis *Ginx's Baby!*" the great William smiled ;
But Boblo, hastening to them, cried, "Nay, nay,
No Ginx's baby this, but bastard child
Of that false Frenchman, that most caitiff knave,
Sir Sans-Culotte, who, flying to his lair,
Hath left this offspring to the wintry wind,
For see it bears the Red Cap on its head
Whereon is written the inscription 'Guy,'
And round its neck a circlet with the word
'Democracy,' and innocently it smiles
In the wild tempest, quietly, a babe
Not knowing its own mind ;" and William took
The babe, and in the arms of the great Queen
Placed it an alien, and she smiled upon it,
And named it by a new name, "Loyalty ;"
But suddenly in spite of all her care
It perished ; and the Fool's-cap left behind
Vexed her with thought of its inglorious birth,
And to the people's William with a sigh
She gave it, saying, "Take the cap of red,
The fool's-cap take of the dead Loyalty,
And give a joust and let thy knights contend,

And let the circlet be his meed who wins."

Thereon a cry ran thro' the mighty land,
And all the land was vocal like the sea,
And in the empty hall of Westminster
Expectancy sat like a crouching hound
And waited ; and the knights put gaily on
Armour of blue-books, ribs and helms of law,
And weapon'd with the spears of sharp debate
Waited, and the large hours rolled westward slow.

But, on the 'tother side of the great day
Preceding that, or, less ambiguously,
The morning just behind the day before,
To Carlton House there stagger'd eagerly,
With broken nose and one black jellied eye,
His teeth knocked down to his œsophagus,
His raiment rent, his face with filth besmear'd,
A churl, to whom Sir William angrily,
"My churl, for whom I've passed so many bills,
What ails thee? who hath spoiled heaven's image here?"

Then, with his loose teeth rattling in his throat
Like dice within a box, spluttered the churl,
"O William, this maimed likeness thou dost see
Is Codger's, his who many a day hath spent
Waxing his thread and stitching shoes for men,
And humming bitter songs to thy dispraise ;
And I have come from an accursed Hole
Deep in the dark where damned duffers herd,
Led by Red Bradawl that most bastard knight,
Who, finding me too tedious and too fair,
Logical, subtle, sticking to my last,
And seeing that the Reading scum and scurf
Had set upon me, lick'd me nigh to death,
Mock'd, spat upon, and hounded me to Hell,
Hath driven me loathing to thy presence, saying,
'Go, with those stripes and bruises on thy nob,
And tell the people's William we have raised
A Table mightier than his Table Round,
Tho' set within a pot-house, smear'd with beer,
Dirty and stinking of tobacco fume ;
And whatsoever he and his have sworn,
Good, bad, wrong, right, true, false, it matters not,
We roughs have sworn precisely the reverse ;
And tell him, O thou slowest of our horde,
Our Hole is full of duffers, like his House,
But ours are worthier, seeing they profess
The honest creed of duffers short of cash ;
And say, ours are adventurers, like his,
But ours are truer, seeing all the world
Knoweth their need ; and say, his hour is come,
The rowdies are upon him, his deep game
All up, and though he quotes my saws and songs,
Naught shall avail his cunning any more.'"

Then William said, " Dress this poor devil's wounds !
 The rowdies raise their many heads once more,
 Queen Mobbe sits famined by her factory fire,
 The land is full of curs, lean Communists,
 Mad atheists, watery spouters, men of lust,
 Twaddle and Treason of one long embrace
 Have borne the squalling bastard Anarchy,
 And I conjure you, O my faithful knights,
 Be firm, stick close, be constant, and strike home ;
 And thou, Sir Foster, mightiest of my knights,
 To-morrow sit enchair'd and judge the jousts,
 Nor mingle with them, for it were not well
 Thou shouldst contend with lesser than thyself."

And when the morning of the Tournament,
 By Whig and Red and Tory named alike
 The Tournament of the Dead Loyalty,
 Brake forth, 'twas windy weather, and the hens
 Ruffled their feathers round them in the cold ;
 And forth the people streamed from street and lane,
 The blind man and the cripple, old and young,
 The penny-a-liner, and the wights who draw
 Cuts for the papers they call illustrated ;
 And to his lofty seat Sir Foster moved,
 And saw the ladies round him gaily dight,
 And thousands in the colours of the Queen.

A costermonger's donkey from the midst
 Brayed prelude, and all voices assinine
 Re-echoed, with a roar from mouth to mouth ;
 And in a sullen growl the row began,
 And one by one the arméd duffers dropt.
 Sir Foster gazed with a sad-omen'd eye
 And saw the laws of joust and tournament
 All broken, heard the oaths and shallow lies,
 The blasphemy of cowards in disguise
 Against the fair fame of the stainless Queen ;
 And more than once a stricken warrior shrieked
 Cursing the people's William's gentle eyes ;
 And once a teapot helm was cloven and showed
 Fawcep—a narrow face ; and all at once
 He heard the donkey bray most hideously,
 And saw the ass's ears prick up like reeds,
 And lo ! there entered, in a court-suit worn
 Of late in humble motion to the Queen,
 With gems and baubles all emblazoned,
 (Given to his sire for services received
 By liberal hands of perished Royalty,)
 Starr'd with the badge of Royal Commissioner
 Liege to the glittering grounds of Kensington,
 With one word " Baronet " written on his breast
 Proudly paraded in the garish light—
 A pigmy shape—Sir Tyke—just come post-haste
 From preaching in the shambles and the slums
 To ignorant heads, blind eyes, and famish'd mouths,
 Sedition, treason, crown'd with one blind thrust

Against the gentle fame of the great Queen ;
 And him Sir Foster knew, and longed to thrash,
 But laugh'd to see the pigmy staggering
 Under his breast-plate, much too big for him,
 Helm'd with a pot and armed with his lance,
 "Statistics," which at the first eager touch
 Was shiver'd into splinters on his breast.
 And Foster laugh'd and all the people laugh'd
 In concert, and the donkey brayed once more ;
 And not a knight of all within the lists
 Could strike, but each, for laughter, held his sides,
 And laugh'd and laugh'd, and all the assembly laugh'd,
 And all cried, " Give the prize unto Sir Tyke !
 For not a knight of all can hold his own
 For laughter ! Give the boy his lollipop !
 Give it, Sir Foster, he hath fairly won."

So Sir Tyke won, and him Sir Foster gave
 The fool's-cap, with the proud inscription GUV,
 Saying only, " Verily, brother, thou hast won,
 Take it and wear, but question thine own heart
 If thou forsooth hast gain'd it honestly."
 And he, Sir Tyke, made answer red with wrath :
 " Thou tосsest it to me too scornfully,
 Yet think not I have failed to see, O knight,
 Tho' thou stand'st fair with the democracy,
 The great and growing love thou bear'st the Queen ;
 Enough, farewell ! thou knowest what thou art,
 Right arm of William in the field of fame ;
 Be happy in thy great Queen as I in mine."

Wherefore it came to pass that Bernalet,
 Chuckling the next day down by Westminster,
 Beheld Sir Tyke approaching, bearing proud
 The red cap and its circlet : and Sir Tyke
 Cried loudly, " Wherefore dost thou chuckle, fool ?"
 And Bernalet puffed out a wreath of smoke,
 Saying, " Perchance to see thy chuckle-head !
 Or, possible, because I find myself,
 Albeit the world hath deem'd me only fool,
 The wisest knight of all the Table Round."
 And Bernalet, still smoking, chuckled on.
 " I'faith," cried Tyke, and smiling, chuckled too,
 " Thou makest merry in thy heart to see
 How bravely I have won the tourney prize."
 But Bernalet grew somewhat grave and scowl'd,
 Saying, " I had rather sit with toads and frogs
 And croak in yonder Hole at Majesty,
 Than chuckle broken music like to thine,
 O chuckle-head !" " What music ?" cried Sir Tyke,
 " What music have I broken, tell me, fool ?"
 And Bernalet, snapping his fingers, said,
 " The Queen's ! Whose name thou, sitting with Queen Mobbe
 Yonder among the slums of Newcastle,
 Yea, and at Bolton, where the brickbats flew,
 Blasphemedst to a low and sordid tune !"

Then cried Sir Tyke, "Would I might strangle thee ;
 Why do I stoop to reason with a fool ?
 But listen—reach thine ears—and I will sing ;
 And tell me if my notes be false or true."

"Free speech—free sneer—we strike because we may ;
 Her voice is husht, she cannot strike again ;
 The tune is loud ; hark how the donkeys bray—
 New gibes, new lies—we care not how they stain ;
 New dust, new mud, to cast from day to day,
 Old lies will do to dig from earth again ;
 Free speech—free sneer—we strike because we may."

He ceased, and cried, "Why hast thou stopt thine ears ?
 I made the song, and hold its music true."
 But Bernalet, with brow still darkening, cried,
 "Friend, dost thou mark yonder white-headed boy
 Making dirt-pies without the garden rail ?
 And dost thou note his dirty little hands
 Are naturally white as driven snow ?
 And lo ! his little sister cometh near,
 In pinafore innocently clad,
 Her face clean-shining from the morning scrub,
 And straight at her he casteth mud and lies,
 And laugheth, and the sweetling is defiled."

Then Tyke cried, "Is the mud that I and mine
 Cast, dirtier than thy jests have been, O fool ?"
 And "Yea a thousand fold," the fool replied.
 "Boy, I have wallow'd in the popular filth
 Yonder among the swine at Waterford—
 Yea, I have wallow'd, but at last am washed.
 Out of the dry drugs of Democracy
 I drank, but pish ! the taste was very mire,
 'Twere well if thou wouldst wash thyself as well,
 Or go in concert with thy brother swine,
 Grunt wallowing that stale ditty I have heard
 About the people's William—go thy way
 And babble of him, and out of every sty
 Echoes most loud will come to answer thee."
 "Fool," said Sir Tyke, "why dost thou care to name
 Great William : dost thou deem him fool like thee ?"
 And Bernalet tossed away his weed and cried,
 "Aye, by the rood a fool, the first of fools !
 Believing he can make of thistles figs,
 Men from mere swine, souls from splay-footed geese,
 Truth-loving knights from mouldy fortune-hunters,
 And liberal minds from underlings like thee.
 A fool,—ay,—long live William, King of Fools !"

Then these twain parted, and Sir Tyke fared forth
 Northward, and pricking thro' a lonely town,
 He saw a widow sitting on a step
 And weeping, and he asked, "Why weepest thou ?"
 And she replied, "Because my man was slain,
 Victim he fell to that wild malcontent
 Who goeth up and down the land in arms

Setting the foolish people by the ears
 With quips and foolish words that make them mad."
 And Tyke with features buried in his cloak
 Rode musing : " Trouble grows. What an Queen Mobbe
 Should learn to hate me? That were dangerous.
 Should love me over much? That were a bore.
 I would—I would not—nay in honest sooth
 I know not if I would not or I would—
 My bosom aches, and I am malcontent."
 And 'mid the red blaze of a hundred fires,
 With hollow clang of iron in her ears,
 And dismal sounds like voices in a dream,
 Queen Mobbe, the faithful mistress of King Bull,
 Sat, clad from head to foot in crimson red,
 Musing ; and when the mite Sir Tyke approached
 The giant queen, with mad and hungry eyes,
 Rush'd out and met him, towering in the flare
 Above the pallid pigmy at her feet,
 And crying, " No, not John ! don't say 'tis John !
 But, nay, he never comes so jauntily.
 My little one, hop-o'-my-thumb, my life,
 Embrace me." And when the pigmy sought in vain
 To girdle the great waist, she only laughed
 And raised him as a babe in her twain arms,
 Holding him trembling to her mighty lips,
 Till in a flutter at her passionate eyes,
 Sir Tyke cried, trembling wildly through and through,
 " O, sweetest, let me down ! Thou frightenest me !
 Thou hast been drinking, and thine eyes are wild !"

Then with a hollow laugh and hiccup cried
 The Queen, " He druv me to it, he—even John !
 I hate his blunt speech and decent ways,
 His pride, and when I drinks he thrashes me ;
 And he has fulsome talk of ' rights ' and ' law '
 And ' duty,' and he hates all idle words.
 Didst thou not meet him ? O my pet, beware !
 He hath a thousand ways to end thy life—
 John's ways, my love, are sudden, swift, and sure,
 Beware of him, beware his booted toe.
 O sweet, my heart is full of hate for John,
 And that's the reason why I dote on thee."

Then, taking him, her lover, in her lap,
 And fixing him with one lack-lustre eye,
 " Hast thou been faithful?" thickly asked the Queen ;
 " O boy, hast thou been faithful, tell me true?"

And he half sullen, pursing out his lips,
 Said, " Pray the powers may take good care of thee
 When thou art old and powerless, undertrod,
 And love for thee no more is profitable"—
 And she much anger'd screamed, " O recreant !
 Dost thou look forward to so sad a time ?
 O sneak, slack courtesy forsooth is thine,—
 The greater man the greater courtesy—

But thou, from herding ever with the swine,
Morning and night, art swinish grown thyself.
Unsay the words : swear thou wilt love me ever.
Thy tongue is false : speak falsely : I'll believe."

Then Sir Tyke, kicking moodily, sucked his thumb.
"O bother! didst thou keep thy troth to John?
Swear to thee—verily, I have sworn enough;
And since I break mine oaths what use to swear?
I swore allegiance unto William once,
And seeing that, the churls of Chelsea straight
Elected me their knight; but, lo! how soon,
When I had gained mine end, I was foresworn.
Ay, once I honor'd William, kissed his feet,
And saw him raised on high with tight-drawn lips,
Weary lack-lustre eye, and peevish cheek,
A mighty man of pure and narrow mind,
High-soul'd and wholly ignorant of the world;
And all his followers lorded him as king,
And swollen with glory he did public deeds
Surpassing e'en himself, eclipsing all
In the white radiance of his pride and power;
And then the barbed tongue of scandal rose,
And round his feet sedition like a snake
Hissed stingless;—and I turned from him to thee,
Finding more comfort in thy wild great eyes
Than in the still face of the people's head.
Vows? vows? Bow-wows! Nothing I know of vows.
I am thy puppy, and my bark is this—
In politics we love but where we gain;
And therefore is my gain so large in thee,
Seeing that 'tis not bounded save by gain."

Then she with flashing eyes said gruffly, "Good
Now what if I should turn away from *thee*
To some one thrice as noble as thyself;
For instance, to Sir Foster—he indeed,
The knightliest of all great William's knights—
Say that I loved *him*, would thou think it strange?"
But Sir Tyke smiled, and toying with her curls,
Cried wildly, "Let us liquor! Give me drink.
For being liquor'd, dearest, I will swear
Whate'er thou pleasest, and be fond for ever."

So setting her pigmy lover on his legs,
Queen Mobbe the mighty to the cupboard went,
And spread the board with regal gin and beer,
Pipes and tobacco; and she gravely lit
Her cutty, and her lover lit a clay,
Gasping, red-eyed, because the smoke was strong
And Mobbe cried, "This, now, I call sociable!
Cheer up, my pretty, here's the sort of life
We'll live together!" And they ogling smoked,
Now talking o'er the questions of the day,
Now mocking at the thought of King John Bull,
His great thick legs, his ribston-pippin face,

His quivering paunch, his quick and crusty speech,
Till Tyke, with pipe of clay held out at length,
Cough'd, gasp'd, flush'd, choked, then cleared his throat and sang.

“Ay, ay, my eye—the winds that blow men higher !
A place above, a muddy place below !
Ay, ay, my eye—a place is my desire,
And one is lost, and one is near I know ;
Ay, ay, my eye—the winds that bring but ill !
One way was clean, the other way is mire,
And one is lost, and one I shrink from still.
Ay, ay, my eye ! the wind I raised will blow !”

Then as she kissed him, in his hand Sir Tyke
Lifted the fool's-cap. “Ha !” she smiling cried
A little thickly, “do mine eyes behold,
The sign of some new order which the Queen
Hath for thy sake, my pretty one, devised ?”
“Not so,” he answered, “'tis the cap of red,
Wov'n of French hearts and dyed in human blood,
Won by thy poppet in the tournament,
And hither brought, a loving gift, to thee.”

She stoop'd, he stood on tiptoe, and on her head
Placed it ; and as he fell upon her neck,
Kissed her, and drank her liquor-reeking breath,
Behind them rose a shadow on the wall
As of a plump top-booted yeoman's leg,
Bent in the act to kick. “John's way !” cried John,
And kicked the screaming pigmy down the stairs.

That night came William home, and while he walked
Through the dense darkness of the London fog,
And heard the news-boys, hollow in the mist,
Crying “Echo, Echo !” like to hideous elves,
Around his knees one clung and sobbed, and he
Question'd, “Who art thou ?” And a voice replied :
“O William ! I am Bernalet the Fool !
And I shall never make thee smile again.”

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

A SAILOR'S NARRATIVE OF THE LAST VOYAGE OF H.M.S. MEGÆRA,
AND OF THE PRESERVATION OF HER CREW ON THE ISLAND
OF ST. PAUL'S.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

THOUGH there be few living who have not heard of the stranding of H. M. S. Megæra in the year of grace 1871, yet the whole story of our peril, and of how great deliverance God vouchsafed to us, has never, I think, till now been written. It is worthy of a lofty strain and of an eloquent writer; but for default of such,

readers will perhaps accept the account which follows, told as it is, with much plainness of speech. Listen then, ye landsmen and brother sailors, and you shall hear of hair-breadth escapes and stirring adventures, the like of which perils though many may encounter, yet few live to relate.

CHAPTER I.—THE HAZARD ON THE OCEAN.

It was on the 28th of May, early in the morning that the Megæra steamed out of Simon's Bay, bound for Sydney. She had 333 souls on board, the number being thus made up—viz., 42 officers, 44 marines, 180 ship's company, and 67 boys. The day was Sunday, dear to sailors as of good omen for the coming voyage. Alas for the omen! we must say, now that we know what dark fate was before us. But the "Sunday sail," the fair weather, the lovely scenery, had their full effect on our spirits on that morning. And, cheered by the hope of a prosperous voyage, we could note with delight the buildings and features of the land from which we were parting. Behind us, old Simon's town at the foot of the mountain was still half hidden in the mist. Soon, emerging from the smaller indent, and entering False Bay, we passed the lighthouse, perched with so much travail on the Roman Rock, and the unshapely insular mass called Noah's Ark, all on the right. Away to the left, still shrouded in fog, as if an early appearance were a thing unknown to it, lay the happy town of Kalk Bay, the resort of the newly married. Anon, glowing in many

colours, the Table Mountain, with the lower hill, and the rich valley of Constantia, opened to our view, across the broad Flats yellow with long extended sands. Then we passed the Hottentot Hollands, whose tops reflected the rays of the early sun, and whose sides were beautiful with light and shadow, and with colour; and after that we had soon done with waters of the coast. The sea-birds above, flying and screaming around us, the long sweep of the waves below, the salt breeze, the well-seen arch of the horizon, all testified to the same fact—we were in the great ocean.

One is fain to dwell on the last happy days that the ship ever saw; fate had not many in store for her. That Sunday was a pleasant day, and so were the Monday and the Tuesday which followed. By day we had only agreeable occupation as the vessel dashed merrily along, and by night we could gaze on the southern heavens, bright with unnumbered stars, and into whose depths the eye pierces so as to raise a feeling of great awe. The moon shone on us too; but her beauty we were acquainted with of old: it was the southern constellations, the glorious signs

never seen from Old England, and pre-eminent among them the resplendent Cross, which gained all our attention—the young hands lost in admiration of the sight, the old ones pointing out the stars.

The scene changed on Wednesday the 31st. There was an end of easy luxurious steaming, no more exhilarating days, no more spangled nights; but tarpaulins and waterproofs on all sides—slippery decks, dripping ropes. The damp made its way everywhere—boots towels linen, our very beds, damp, and the salt in the cellars half water. It was difficult to find a dry berth; and if one were found it was difficult to occupy it, for the ship tumbled along in a most disturbing manner; so our hitherto cheerful party was suddenly depressed. We were encountering heavy squalls, with much rain.

We had parted with our bright clear sky; but that, after all, is but an ordinary inconvenience to the men, who are said to be "born for all weathers." Damp foggy days, such as we now experienced, kept us all much on the alert, which, under such gloomy circumstances, was an advantage. But there was as yet nothing to cause the least alarm, for we were safe out in the open sea, far away from rocks and shoals. As for wind or wave, what cares a sailor for either as long as he has faith in his ship and in himself! No, there was no alarm all through this mist and wet, which lasted to the 5th of June; neither was there alarm on that day when masses of clouds, piled one on another up the sky, gave reason to expect a furious gale. All hands were turned up to shorten sail. Every sailor, as he looked at the sky after she was made all snug, predicted the foulest weather. But everybody was wrong, for by noon the clouds had dispersed, leaving only a strong breeze, which, by the 6th, blew from the N. W.—a fair wind, if a stiff one, and sent us along our course ten knots an hour.

The pleasure of a thorough sailor comes in many forms. A few days since, soft breezes and sunny skies made us happy. Now it was a delight of another kind to find her bounding through the water, dashing over the billows like a fiery horse, while great ocean-birds, albatross, molly-wakes (large brownish birds very

like albatross), Cape pigeons, and graceful sea-swallows, careered about her masts and ropes, along her wake, and across her course, swooping and screaming as she struck the foam from her fore-foot. Then too, there was the cheering thought that these rolls and plunges were taking us rapidly towards our destination. And now the absorbing question was, When will she reach Sydney? Some said the 8th July, some a little before, some a little after; and bets were made and much sage speculation indulged in. Thus do short-sighted mortals rack their brains to determine the exact order of events which are never to happen at all.

There was, however, a fair prospect of a quick voyage; for, if the breeze which set in on the 5th did but hold, it would soon waft us—blow and toss us would be a truer expression—into the region of steady westerly winds, which would in all probability follow us to Sydney. It did hold for 48 hours, and we did encounter the westerly breeze exactly as we had hoped for it, on Wednesday, the 7th of June. That day we made 195 miles; the next, 214 miles. Was not this enough to make us presume that that day month would find us in the haven where we would be?

It is not to be supposed, though, that we were enjoying a satisfaction which any, save sailors, could appreciate. The sea was running mountains high. The ship rolled like a drunken man; she shipped a few tons of water every now and then, completely deluging any unfortunate wights whose duty or fancy took them in the way of the inundation. No; it could be pleasant to those only who were inured to the sea; and perhaps not to them, unless it were accompanied by the knowledge that their voyage was in course of rapid accomplishment. But we were speeding along: so there was no bar to our contentment, and we turned in on the night of the 8th June, hopeful and merry.

On the morning of the 9th she still sped swiftly before the wind, but the jokes, the merriment, the betting, had ceased, and anxious faces clustered round the tables of the different messes at breakfast. An old foreboding, which weighed on us at the commencement of

our voyage, but which the fair wind and the riotous pace of the ship had dispelled, came back now with a real form, and dashed our short-lived joy. Had not we, had not all who loved or cared for us, been appalled at the reports of the Megæra's condition? had we not dreamed of and imagined disaster, until many days of immunity brought back light hearts and smiling faces? Here then, this morning, was the justification of our dread. We were face to face with imminent danger, if not with death; and the meeting was so sudden and so stern as to discompose the boldest and most reckless among us. A leak was reported to have been sprung in the night,—not some moderate influx which might be discharged as fast as it could invade us, and the cause of which might soon be remedied by the skilled hands among our crew, but a terrible inroad of the sea by some channel as yet unknown, which was raising the level of the water in the ship's hold at the rate of an inch every hour! Now the simplest mind will understand that we must keep under this ruinous stream, or the rest of our lives would be reckoned by hours and minutes. It was not without reason, then, that there were grave faces about the breakfast-table on the 9th of June.

In the morning watch it was discovered that there were 17 inches of water in the engine-room; and as the ship was very broad at bottom, this depth indicated an immense quantity. The ship's pumps were manned at once, and the bilge-pumps set in motion, and by these means the water was at first kept under and reduced to 13 inches. The crew having thus temporarily gained the mastery over the hostile element, our next endeavor was to detect the leak. But this was no easy matter, as the water which we had shipped covered the ship's framework to some height. Moreover inside the iron plating her bottom was lined with brick-work and cement. The engineers, however, set themselves to search for the spot where she had given way, and in doing so had to grope about, almost, and sometimes entirely, under the offensive bilge-water as it was swayed from side to side by the rolling of the ship. But as, until the leak should be discovered, nothing

could be done to amend our case, except by incessant pumping (which was vigorously sustained), the period of the engineers' anxious and miserable search was opportunity for reflection. And reflection was the most distressing occupation in which one could be engaged—worse a thousand times than the severest manual exertion—worse than crawling like reptiles about the dark sloppy abysses near the vessel's keel. For what a state of things was presented to the mind that had time to think! Here we were in lat. $39^{\circ} 40'$ S. and long. $44^{\circ} 22'$ E. on the Indian Ocean, more than a thousand miles from any land. The Cape of Good Hope, it was idle to think of returning to, as the strong westerly gale would have opposed us all the way. Sydney was more than a month's voyage from us. There were some tiny islands in mid-ocean, which might be reached in a week or so, if we could keep afloat so long and keep our engines effective. But how many chances were there against our doing that! A leak in an iron ship, unless it arises from some well-ascertained accident, suggests dangers far beyond its own solitary threatening, bad though it may be. It suggests the probability that the whole of the plates may be so attenuated as to yield at any moment to the pressure of the waves, or a blow from a heavy sea. To deal with the one active danger, therefore, is no more than crushing one head of the hydra. Ninety-nine more are ready to assail you. The danger is not distinct and local, but all that encloses you is insecure and treacherous. Only a rotten film between you and eternity!

In this fearful state of things it is hoped that all looked to God for help. But the Captain and every one concerned in the charge of the ship, and of the lives and property which she carried, looked anxiously to the means which were yet at their disposal for averting, under Providence, the impending doom. First, we had the advantage of discipline, which though well-nigh obsolete in Britain, yet lingers here and there about the army and navy. Yes, we had discipline on board, and were sure, therefore, that the muscles, thews, and sinews, as well as the brains of an active and intelligent crew,

would in concert labor to their uttermost for the common good. We had no dread of selfish wrangling, of deadly panic, or of divided action. The Captain, whatever he may have felt, showed no sign of doubt or hesitation in this grave conjuncture, but turned a bold front to the danger; and he was ably seconded by all in authority under him. Thus a moral force, as well as the habit of obedience, was felt throughout. This was our great alliance, without which anything else which might tell in our favor would be of no avail. Then there was the possibility that, before, the water should rise too high inside, we might discover and stop or mitigate the present leak, and that we might gain a harbor before she should give way in another place. Thirdly, we had, as yet, a fair wind, and our engines were in full vigor: we might, possibly, therefore, by unremitting labor at the pumps and buckets, keep down the water long enough for sails and steam to take us to port. These were all the means which we could control; and there was besides the chance that Heaven might send some large ship into our company. But when the dread account came to be totalled up, the chances looked so much against us that, however boldly we might be able to meet our end, the end was to be prepared for as the most probable of contingencies. Men decided bravely, they gave orders bravely, and bravely men wrought; but inwardly what thoughts must have arisen of home, and dear kindred and friends, and of that other world that might be so near! Resolution and constancy there were without, but within was the darkness of the shadow of death. How could it be otherwise, when we recognized our desolate condition, and the treacherous hull that carried us, and saw and heard all around rushing, surging, roaring like fiends, or wild beasts eager for their prey, "the yesty waves" that

"Confound and swallow navigation up"?

From the 9th to the 13th of June we sailed along still in a state of apprehension and uncertainty. We sought for it; and we devoted all our strength to the discharge of the water. After a while the leak gained on us, and then more pumps

were manned, and a party was ordered to bale out by hand with iron buckets, which were hoisted up, sixty in an hour, to the sound of the fiddle and fife. But spite of the efforts, the water rose higher and higher. We could hear it splashing from side to side as the ship rolled. It sounded like a continual threatening and made our hearts sicken.

On Saturday the 10th, there was a violent gale, with a heavy sea running, the ship going sometimes twelve knots. On Sunday, the weather was not much better, but we had Divine service under the topgallant forecastle. The litany and the hymn for sea were, however, all that we could get through, the motion was so distracting. And the next day, Monday the 12th, this motion not only hindered the operations of our hands, but it did worse; it prevented the pumps from working well, with what consequence I need not say. On this day, too, the rain came down in quantities, and we were visited by sea-birds, which flew about all day. On the 13th, we redoubled our efforts to get a part of the hold dry, and to put on a hundred men to bale from daylight. We resorted, too, to a new device—that is, we plugged up some of the communications by which the water spread itself from one to another compartment in the depths of the vessel. We thus cut off the stoke-hole from the next forward compartment, and the engine room from its neighbour, and by this means considerably narrowed the space over which our search had to extend; for there was soon strong reason to believe that the rupture must be somewhere within a certain twelve feet length measured along the bottom. One of the engineers wrought all day in the water seeking for it. He crawled about under the engines and boilers. When the side of the ship he happened to be was the lower one, the water was quite over his head, and after keeping below it as long as nature could endure, he would come up to breathe like a great sea-fish.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 14th, after five days of dire suspense and of severe exertion, during which, however, we had been running rapidly on our course—we ascertained the situation of the leak. It was in a hidden recess un-

der the coal-bunker, where it could be seen only by prostrating one's self in the foul bilge-water, putting the head through a small hole and then peering up into a narrow space, about 2 feet high, between two frames. Thus placed, the observer could see it clearly enough about 7 feet from him, and the water welling up through it. It was something to have ascertained this much ; but there was no dealing with the evil, or even approaching it, except by cutting a hole large enough to admit the hands through an iron frame. To do this exercised our patience for twenty-four hours more, at the end of which time we could put our hands upon the orifice. When we first saw the place from a distance, the jet of water looked steady and round that we flattered ourselves with the fancy that a rivet had dropped out—which might be replaced. But, alas ! it was no lost rivet. It was a small hole of very peculiar shape, fairly worn through one of the iron plates ; and the whole plate had been worn so thin, that throughout its surface it yielded and bent under the pressure of the hand like a sheet of tin. Thus our fears were realized as to the other, and greater dangers threatening than the immediate dangers with which we were grappling.

The first order given consequent upon the detection of the leak was, to thrum a sail, and to stuff with yarn a mattress about 12 feet square, and something under 2 feet thick, the intention being, of course, to gird these on under the ship's bottom, and so to staunch the jet that was invading us. The thick mattress was intended to fill the hollow that would be caused between the sail and the ship's side by the projection of the keel. The mattress, was not however, applied, for before it was ready another expedient was thought preferable.

That device, therefore, stood over for the present ; and it was next thought that a plate of iron covered with gutta percha might be screwed to the inner surface of the damaged plate, so as to strengthen it, and plug the leak, through which we could now see the water issuing as if from a fountain, the aperture being about 2 inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It was like that old garment spoken of in the Scriptures, by putting into which a piece

of new cloth the rent was made worse. There was no hold for screw or rivet ; and there was great danger that in attempting to make a connection we might make fresh leaks in the frail covering, or what would have been fatal, force out the plate altogether. To obviate this risk, it was determined to fit the supporting plate with a long rod or clamp to be screwed into a sounder part of the iron work, so that the new plate might press gently and evenly against the old rotten one, without perforating or disturbing the latter. Now it should have been mentioned that the rotten plate was about 6 feet by 4 feet in surface, just holding together, and just holding to the ship, so that the fitting of the plug-plate was an operation of most dangerous character ; and yet, like many other operations, it had to be performed as the only alternative against imminent destruction. This thought was of course present to the minds of all. Some of us—half perhaps—might have made another effort for life in the boats, but the other half would assuredly have found that day a watery grave if the plate should give. And yet there was no confusion, not even a departure from ordinary routine further than the necessity of our work demanded. It has been shown that we assembled for Divine service on Sunday ; it may be added that the duties and meals were regularly taken.

It was soon evident that the plate with the gutta percha had effected no real improvement ; the water no longer came in a straight jet, but it oozed through all round the plug. Discouraging news this. But our resources were not utterly exhausted, for we had a diver's dress on board, and it was determined to send a man down, when there should be an opportunity, with an outside plate fitted with a spindle, which being passed by him through the hole which caused the leak, could be screwed tight with a nut to another plate applied inside. It was owing to a circumstance quite out of ordinary course that we had this diver's apparatus on board. Those to whom diving is a mystery may like to know that the dress, which is made to cover the diver's whole person and to leave a space within for air, is quite wind and water tight, so that when the man is down he

can breathe with tolerable freedom though under water, being supplied with air through a tube from above.

On the 15th June we shaped our course for the island of St. Paul's, which we had not intended to sight, as the directions do not recommend a near approach during the winter months. We were 292 miles distant from it. Thus we had got 1312 miles nearer to the island since the leak appeared. In the course of that day we made 206 miles before a strong wind. More might have been done if we could have used our sails: but sailing caused her to overrun her screw, so that we should have lost the help of the bilge-pumps, which are worked by the engines, if we had not used steam,—and that we could not have afforded.* Besides taking from her speed this steaming slower than the wind, exposed us to the risk of being pooped. But we had only a choice of evils, of which delay was less than letting the pumps be idle. Now that we were within 100 miles of land, hope began to revive in our hearts. For a week we had been expecting every day to sink; and if we should yet escape it would be by the narrowest chance. Every one was now working his utmost to keep her afloat, officers, boys and men all taking their spells at the pumps, which clanged

* If the sails do all the work there is no resistance for the screw, and therefore danger of breaking the shaft; so in these circumstances either sail must be shortened or the engines stopped.

CHAPTER II.—THE LAST DAYS OF THE MEGÆRA.

As soon as possible after we dropped anchor, the diver was sent down. He descended twelve times before he completed his observations. When at length he reported, it was to the effect that the small part of the outside of the ship which he had examined was generally clean; but that near the leak there were several rusty spots, all so like each other, and so like the leak, that he could decide on which of them was now admitting the water only by putting his hand over them in succession, until he felt the suction at the real opening. Any one of these places might suddenly become a leak. He said, further, that he had found

on incessantly. The leak was increasing.

On the night of the 16th, supposing ourselves to be about 30 miles from land we lay in a furious gale; but wonderful to tell, we found when we had put her head to the wind that the leak stopped. Something that had been thrown overboard was supposed to have been sucked into the hole, and thus to have effected a relief which all our skill failed to accomplish. The water came in again when we bore up, but it was something to get a few hours' respite.

Morning broke on the 17th so hazy that we could hardly see a mile. We supposed the island to be about 30 or 40 miles off, as has been said. All at once the fog lifted up, giving us a long view astern. Imagine our feelings when we made out the land about 9 miles off! God be praised for His mercy! Another push and we are saved! Four boilers at full speed soon sent us out of the mountainous billows on which we had been tossed, into comparatively smooth water. A little while and we were at anchor in 14 fathoms. Thus ended our danger of foundering in the Indian Ocean. But we had other perils to encounter; and but that we were mercifully dealt with by Providence, and well cared for by our Captain and officers, we could not have been alive now to tell the story.

two adjacent plates, the corners of both of which had been knocked away about 4" by $1\frac{1}{2}$ " at the joint; also that the plates were so thin that he could have easily put his knife through, "*only he didn't like to do so.*" Further forward near the stoke-hole, he saw a great quantity of rust, and was of opinion that in that place too, she was not far from leaking.

An examination inside showed some of the frames to be eaten away and separated from the ship's bottom. From one of them was thus detached the leaky plate, which was therefore quite unsupported.

Besides all this, the pumps were now constantly found to be choked from pieces of iron from an inch to an inch and a half long, and a quarter of an inch thick, some of them having cement adhering to them, proving them to be pieces of the decayed frames.

It must be added that we had now but 150 tons of coal on board.

Thus, though the leak was said to be stopped,* there was but too many reasons to fear that the ship was breaking up. In this crisis it was for the Captain to determine what should be done, and Captain Thrupp decided boldly and ably. After giving due weight to all the circumstances, he announced to his assembled officers and crew, that he did not consider that he would be justified in attempting to continue the voyage, and that he was about to land the crew and the stores, and to make the best provision in his power for keeping them alive and healthy till help should arrive. All had awaited in respectful silence the Captain's decision; but when that was given, a cheer burst from all hands, showing how general was the conviction that going to sea again would be suicidal, and how general was the relief that was felt now that a landing had been resolved on.

I am anticipating a little in what I have just written, for the Captain did not announce his decision until Sunday the 18th, and before that time we had made some acquaintance with the caprices of the weather about St. Paul's. It has been said that we dropped our anchor in comparatively smooth water. But the smoothness was apt to be disturbed from time to time by terrible squalls, which nothing could resist. Our anchor lay in black sand, where it should have been, and where indeed it was, fast enough. Nevertheless, it was soon found that *we* were drifting out to sea. We used our steam to stop this seaward motion, and hove the anchor, which came up with surprising readiness. It had parted across the shank, and both flukes were still fast in the sand. By the help of the steam we were soon in again, and we tried our luck with another anchor, but this time closer to the shore. Captain Thrupp was called

* By means of the plate with the spindle before described.

every two hours in the night, between Saturday and Sunday. The night was comparatively cold, the thermometer marking 48°, which added to the distress of the occasion. At daylight it was clear that we were drifting again; and again we had found that we had lost our anchor. We steamed in a third time, and anchored once more. Thus we had lost two anchors before it was determined to remain at St. Paul's.

That it may be understood with what calm order everything was conducted, notwithstanding the continual jeopardy in which we were, the pumps never ceasing their melancholy clang, and notwithstanding the repeated sudden alarms which we experienced by day and night, let me note that on Sunday morning the Captain read prayers as usual. The General Confession, the Collect for Ash-Wednesday, and the Lord's Prayer were fervently and solemnly joined in by that whole assembly, who were waiting as it seemed to them, a verdict of life or death. It was not until after this interesting services that the Captain made his announcement. He accompanied it with a reminder that it would be necessary to enforce strict discipline, and that insubordination of any kind would be severely dealt with; and he concluded with the expression of his hope that every one would work "with a will." His speech having been greeted with ringing cheers, he gave the order, to commence landing stores at once.

The island of St. Paul's, on which we were to lead a Crusoe life, for so long as it might please God to spare us, is a speck in the Indian Ocean, its latitude being about 38° 43' S., and its longitude about 77° 38' E. The whole island may be described as the rim of a large basin, believed to be the crater of an extinct or dormant volcano, with a piece broken out so as to form the bar. The sides of the crater rise to the height of 860 feet in places, and are almost precipitous. On the bar are 12 feet of water at the top of spring-tides; when we arrived there were 6 feet on the bar. The crater is 25 to 30 fathoms deep. Two Frenchmen were living on the island. They came off to us, and, through a Jersey man on board, we got from them a good deal of informa-

tion concerning the place to which we had been so providently led. They could not speak a word of English.

After announcing that he had determined to remain, Captain Thrupp landed, selected his sites, and took order for encamping or hutting his people and stores. On board the discharge of provisions from the ship was so vigorously proceeded with that, by dark our four month's stock was all on shore. All assisted in this most important duty—officers, cooks, stewards, were to be seen bending their backs to hard burdens, and doctors and paymasters pulling away at the ropes. One party of officers landed a 20-foot spar, and dragged it 500 feet (which was about half-way), up an almost perpendicular cliff, intending to set it up as a flag-staff, which it afterwards became. A good many soft hands were by this work much blistered before night; but on the whole, the exercise and occupation did every one good. Before dark we had, by the advice of the Frenchmen, shifted our berth, and got nearer in to a place where whalers often lie for two or three weeks at a time; and all that night we were filling coal-bags ready to land. Of course our primary object in getting out heavy stores was that we might use them during our detention; but there was another secondary object. We thought that if the ship were very much lightened she might float over the bar next spring-tide, when, as the Frenchmen told us, there would be 12 feet of water on it. But, as will be seen, the fate of the ship was decided before the springs, although they occurred only a week after our arrival; for it blew very hard that Sunday night, and at daylight on the 19th we found that the ship was adrift and going rapidly on the rocks. The fluke of our anchor (this, it will be remembered, was our third), was gone, so we kept under steam, recovering our ground every time we drifted, and despatching our boats with coal as we best might, for the Frenchmen now told us, that it was useless to attempt to anchor while the weather might continue so stormy. We had constructed a huge raft for transport of the stores, but this we did not use, as we found four boats on the island, which, with the ship's boats, gave plenty of conveyance. But the gale

increased to such a degree that three of these boats were nearly lost on the rocks, and the ship got close to the shore, and was barely saved by going full speed astern. So we had to hoist up the boats that were outside near the ship, and to signal to those inside the bar to stay where they were. Then we were blown off with such force that, with all the power of our engines, we could scarcely keep near the land. Once we were carried so far away that those working on shore forgetting that we had no provisions, thought we had deserted them.

We made our way in again, but it had become evident that, with the gale increasing as it was, we could not keep afloat all night. Either we must strike on the rocks, or we must founder; for, alas! our leak was open again and as bad as ever. And now again our unlucky Captain was called upon to come to a sudden decision, and again he showed himself quite equal to his duty. The next short lull, he said, he would run the ship on shore. So the holds and lower decks were cleared of everything that could possibly be got up, as it was expected that they would be full of water after she should take the ground. The time was chosen well. One of the Frenchmen acted as pilot; the Captain's cockswain took the helm; the Captain himself gave the orders; and, steaming full speed, with the wind abeam, she was driven with a great shock and noise right on to the centre of the bar, where she was stranded perfectly upright, and well on to the ground. The engines were stopped just as she took the ground, but they worked again full speed to keep her up until the water rose inside her, and put the fires out. When they were powerless, we let go our last anchor to prevent her slipping off the bank; and there she stuck, never to plough the seas again. The Megæra was a wreck.

As the ship's bottom grated against the ground of the bar, the frame which was most damaged, and which was near the leak, broke in half. The water bubbled through the fore part of the port-side of the stoke-hole, just about where the diver had seen a large rusty place. She bumped heavily at first as the rollers lifted her, but after the fires had been ex-

tinguished she lay perfectly still. A shore which was put over to keep her upright, snapped immediately. There were 12 feet of water in her forward, 15 feet amidships, and 17 feet in the after-hold; indeed, she was full up to the troop-decks. But sad as this plight was, it was a most fortunate issue of the desperate measure which our Captain had been compelled to take. Many among us expected the very worse. Some thought that she might part amidships as she encountered the bank; others predicted that the waves would break over her funnel or her mast-heads as soon as she should be fast: and impressed by these fears, they stood ready to take the water and swim for life. Nothing seems so bad but that an anxious imagination can make it worse, as everybody soon began to perceive. We left off making or listening to gloomy speculations, and went to dinner.

We soon learned from the Frenchmen that the wind rarely blows in from the sea except in December, January, and February, which intelligence was reassuring. It was possible thus to make use of the shelter of the wreck, until some sort of cover could be extemporized on shore; and indeed we did not wholly desert the old craft until the 29th June. This was the way we managed to live on board of her. The Captain's cabin was under the poop, and therefore dry enough as long as the stern windows were unharmed. Under the cabin was the ward-room, a very commodious one, lit by stern lights and two circular ports. Through one or other of these ports an ingushing wave would sometimes make its way, when it was necessary to catch up the feet pretty high if one would avoid getting them wet. A capacious table ran athwart ships, large enough to entertain the gun-room as well as the ward-room mess, so this was the general saloon. Forward there was the topgallant fore-castle, affording a good shelter, and the main-deck was still dry. Below that again was the troop-deck, which as it has been said, was full of water.

Now that the old ship was disposed of, we had three principal matters to attend to, and we set about them all without loss of time. The first was to unload the ship as far as possible; the second,

to prepare the hutment on shore; and the third, to search the island for some natural water-supply; for though we hoped to land a condensing apparatus, and could of course manage to catch some rain-water, yet a spring or reservoir would be much better, and the charts had it that there was no water on the island.

The landing of the coals, clothing, cordage, &c., was proceeded with most vigorously on the 20th. Every body helped who had not some other special duty. The officers manned the four shore-boats, that had been found, and hoisted out and landed their own gear. The men had to be trusted with open boxes, containing many things which might sorely have tempted them; but nothing was missed—a circumstance which reflects the greatest credit on the crew. The sails were all saved, and most of the slops and bales. Some perishable articles were destroyed by wet, but a very great deal came out quite serviceable. To get at the coal, which we so much required, it was necessary to break up the main-deck, and then many of us, to whom that occupation fell, descended into the bunkers, amid the water black with coal, where we got shockingly begrimed with our work. We had to keep our dirt too, for not a drop of water could then be allowed except to drink. The condensing apparatus was all under water and could not be got out; but three main-deck tanks were taken on shore, and one of them was stayed up and strengthened sufficiently to make it capable of doing the work of a boiler, and in four days our engineers had a condensing apparatus complete. We also filled as many casks and barricos as we could with fresh water. The magazine was under water, and the ship's ammunition could not be got at at all, except two cases containing forty-seven rounds of powder, and two thousand rounds of ball-cartridge. When we had cleared away all that we could get at, there still remained many casks of oil, paint, lime, &c., low down in the water, and for the extrication of these the diver went to work with some success. All this took time to do, and was not achieved without severe exertion, which, however, all underwent, officers

and men, cheerfully and persistently, with a solitary exception. An ordinary seaman, the day after we beached the ship, refused to work. Whereupon the Captain turned up the hands, had the offender seized up to a grating on board, and ordered him four dozen lashes, which brought the culprit to his senses, and deterred any other skulkers, if such there were, from objecting to take their share of the toil. From this little incident it will be understood, that of the valuables saved a cat-o'-nine-tails was one, and that our chief was not afraid to use it.

While some were employed landing provisions and stores, as above stated, others were preparing accommodation on shore. There were old sheds and houses standing on the island which we of course turned into account. Besides these, tents were our readiest resort; but no time was lost in running up some huts of dry masonry or turf. Some of these were lined with canvas or wood, and some roughly plastered and lime-whited. The roofs of the new buildings were all of canvas. Our settlement grew at a most satisfactory rate, and was not at all ill laid out. Even here the benefit of discipline and order was felt. There was no running up a cabin here or there, as the taste and caprices of an individual might dictate. Everything was done under authority, according to a previously considered plan, which looked to future contingencies as well as to present needs. The Captain had accepted responsibility for beaching the ship, and for landing her people, and he was by consequence charged with the maintenance of their lives and health as far as was possible. That he never for a moment lost sight of such a responsibility, was abundantly evident from the minuteness with which all our doings were officially prescribed. With what judgment he exercised his authority will be better understood when we come to reckon up the number of dead he left behind, the casualties that occurred, and the general results of his administration. The hutment, then, was laid out with some care, and streets and roads were formed, as well as houses. The sites for the latter were carefully cleared, and levelled as far as our means permitted. But we were, all through our

sojourn, at a disadvantage from the paucity of picks and shovels, which, notwithstanding all that the blacksmiths could do to keep our small stock in repair, were always insufficient for our wants.

Where the piece was broken out of the crater's rim as above described, the rim itself, from both extremities of the fracture, slopes downward to the sea, and at its lowest part is hid under water—this lowest part being the bar on which the Megæra lay stranded. As the rim rises out of the water right and left, it forms two horns, one rising north, the other south. The prow of the ship pointed nearly west, therefore the northern horn, or causeway along the rock, was to the right of a beholder on her deck looking forward. This horn, which we called the Esplanade, ran up, as you looked at it from the sea, to a towering cliff 860 feet high, where we established our signal station; but inside, viewed from the crater, it sloped away behind the hill, forming a terraced shelter, an indented strand upon which stood, or was to stand, our town. High up at the signal station we established a small out-post for the lookout men; and perpendicular to the northern horn we ran out a landing-pier into the crater. The marines had a tent to themselves, the sailors had four; there was one for the hospital or sick bay, one for the petty officers, one for the stokers. The stewards had a tent, so had the servants, and there was one for the men's bags. Last, though not least, there was a cooking-tent or galley. As for the officers they lived in two's and three's in tents or huts, or in dwellings compounded of the two. The Captain established himself in an old shed where whale-oil had been boiled; and to give an idea of architecture fashionable in St. Paul's, I subjoin some of the details of construction of "Government House." In the original condition as a whale-house, it was a most unsavory place. It had no window so the first steps were to pull down one of its side-walls (a dry rubble wall, remember), and then to pull up the pavement and clear the place thoroughly of its impurities and abominations. These were pretty well disposed of at last. Then they laid the floor anew in quick-lime, raked the salt out of the walls, purified

the whole edifice with carbolic acid, and finally rebuilt the wall which they had before taken down, only when the wall rose again, instead of being a "dead" one, it was lively with two superb windows. When the inside had been hung with canvas by way of tapestry, it formed an imposing hall, which was afterwards made to gain in comfort, if it lost in grandeur, by being divided into three rooms by bulk-heads — dining room, bed-room, and kitchen. The floors were made of ship's latches, and the outside was white-washed to a high degree of brightness. Inside was the cabin furniture : tables, chairs, bookshelves, and cot ; mess-traps had been landed all sound ; there was a toilet-table and looking-glass ; the settlement in its early infancy was becoming luxurious.

I do not know that the encampment generally needs a particular description ; yet there is one little circumstance which it is right to mention, because it goes to prove that architecture in the island of St. Paul's is governed by considerations which do not present themselves in most places. The marines, it was stated, had a tent to themselves, or rather a tent and hut combined. After a little while it was found that the floor smoked, and that the paving-stones were so hot that none could touch them. It was the opinion of the more imaginative marines, that their tabernacle stood over the ancient realm of Hades, from which it was separated by a thin crust. It seemed as if an extension of their motto, "per mare, per terram," might soon be proper. The fact was, as other evidence afterwards convinced us, that we were doing literally what people are by a figure so often said to do—slumbering on a volcano.

From first to last, we saved more than two-thirds of the ship's stores. We rescued 35 tons of coals. We got our furniture and utensils sufficient to save us from very great privations in those respects. By the 24th of June all had landed except the Captain, twelve other officers, and forty men, who continued to live on board. The men took their bags and hammocks ashore with them. By 29th June the bilge-water on board had become very offensive ; and as preparations on shore had advanced satisfactorily, the

last of our party landed on that day, leaving the old ship to her fate. We did not cease to extract such stores as we could from the wreck ; but we had for ever parted from her as our habitation. How long could she bear the attacks of the wind and the seas without falling to pieces.

Before we abandoned the ship a discovery of some small ponds of water holding about 3 tuns each, on the heights over our encampment, was made. It was ascertained, moreover, that if these ponds were drained, as they often were, they would be filled again by a night's rain. So that in this respect also we were far more favoured than we had any right to expect. The charts said the island was without water, which was true, as regarded wholesome springs ; but as long as the rainy season should last, the catch from our roofs and the contents of the ponds, would yield an ample supply. If it should be our fate to be detained there till the dry season, we had still our extemporized condensing apparatus, and all that we might store during the wet season to fall back on. We did not anticipate a sojourn on the island until the water should fail, and so having a certain stock of provisions, clothing, fresh water within reach, and a very fair shelter, we parted from the ship in good heart, being now interested in her only so far that we desired to get as much as we could out of her, and were curious to see how long, in her exposed and storm-beaten position, she could hold together. And now, before I begin to speak of life on the island I will complete the history of the old Megæra. On the night between the 9th and 10th of August, her starboard quarter-galley was washed away by heavy rollers ; but she still held herself upright on the bar with all her masts standing. On the 23rd of August, when we had five weeks experience of the island, being much in want of plank, we went off and sawed the mizzen-mast off flush with the poop. It came down with such a crash that it broke in half ; but still the ship held her ground, her familiar form being a link between us and the world from which we were separated a *souvenir* of our notable preservation from the perils of the deep.

Half an hour after midnight, on the morning of the 3rd of September, under the influence of the sea and the wind, both of which raged violently and with increasing strength, all our boats moored inside the crater were blown adrift. While we were securing them, a loud report was heard in the direction of the ship, and when the surf and rollers cleared away for a minute or two, it appeared that the old ship Megæra had parted amidships. Soon after the mainmast fell; and the part of the ship containing the engines and boilers broke up. Above the howling of the wind and the roaring of the surf could be heard the rending and cracking of her parting timbers and plates. The foremast with the foreyard fell next. The bows then moving in a direct line for the entrance of the crater tumbled over, blocking up two-thirds of the entrance. The stern of the ship was afterwards driven ashore on the rocks between the encampment and the open. Such was the fury of the elements, that large pieces of the

wreck and boulders weighing half a ton, each, were driven twenty feet above high water mark. Our Esplanade was destroyed, many of the low-lying tents and houses were flooded, two shore-boats were washed off the strand where they had been hauled up, and our new pier was lifted and displaced. This all happened within an hour; but the hurly-burly continued and waxed stronger and more fearful till 9 o'clock, when as if to bring the horrid turmoil and din to a climax, a huge cliff fell at the entrance to the crater, 2000 tons of it at the first crash, and then 700 tons more. And thus perished, not an easy victim even to nature's fury, her Majesty's iron screw-ship Megæra, seventy-six days after she had been stranded. Before we lost her presence we knew that our deliverance was at hand; so that as we witnessed her terrible dissolution, we were spared, thank God, the terrible apprehension that in a little while our remains too might strew that desolate shore.

CHAPTER III.—LIFE IN ST. PAUL'S.

As I have more than once mentioned the two Frenchmen whom we found living on the island, and as they two constituted the inhabitants when we arrived, it will be proper to say a word about them, as a first essay in depicting life in St. Paul's. These men were employed at a remuneration of 40 francs a month (7s. 6d. English a week), for living in this lively place and looking after the four boats and the few sheds, which I have mentioned as having been found, and also some few stores which we found afterwards. They looked out for whale-ships arriving, and got casks of fresh water filled during the rainy season so as to be ready for them. These men had in charge a register, in which each captain made notes concerning the island. They had also a decent library of French books; but this appeared to be a relic of an older time when there had been as many as fifteen men resident, who, with occasional help from crews of whalers, built the sheds and huts which are used for boiling oil and salting fish when the vessels remain some little

time off the island, as they sometimes do. There were besides, other evidences that a little labour had at some time or other, been bestowed on the place, for we found terraced gardens round the crater-sea facing the north,* to catch the warm sun. The gardens, however, had of late been sadly neglected. The only trees in the place were the cabbages which had shot up into shrubs.

Our two Frenchmen lived in a small wooden cabin, not liking the larger huts on account of the rats. They had come from the island of Reunion or Bourbon. One of them, styled "the governor," was thirty years of age, and lame. The other, the subject, was twenty-five years old. The governor had been on St. Paul's off and on for eight years, going away occasionally for what sailors call a "burst up," or "spree." The other was a strong active young man, a splendid climber. He was of much use to us. The governor described his subject as a very bad

* The reader will remember that we were in the southern hemisphere.

man : the subject spoke of the governor as a very good man. There was a tradition of a third person, a black man, having been on the island not so very long ago ; but both the good and the bad man gave very unsatisfactory accounts of what became of him. Jack rather jumped at the conclusion that the governor and governed had killed and eaten him ; and this idea seemed the more plausible when there was found to be one house, the door of which the Frenchmen would never let us keep open, as if the nigger had been immolated thereabout. Whether the two inhabitants felt any terror of blood-guiltiness, or whether, when they found some melodramatic imaginings rising in Jack's mind, they fostered the fancies according to the instincts of their race, I cannot determine. The nigger may have gone away in a whaler, or he may have gone quietly to earth, or he may have gone down the French gulleets. It is a very nice point in the early history of St. Paul's, and possibly the future scholars of that island may rend each other's gowns, or fly at each other's throats, in their burning desire to put the matter rightly before a distant posterity. But let us leave the early settlers and the mythic period for a while, and record contemporary facts.

As soon as the first batch of us were housed on shore, Captain Thrupp issued a code of orders suited to our new circumstances, and, as draft after draft landed, the last comers fell readily into the routine of camp life. Instead of watches we had guards. Sanitary inspectors were appointed, and an executive staff to carry out their decrees. Exploring bands were told off. A signal station was established on the heights, 860 feet above the camp, and thither was at last carried or hauled up, with much exertion of force and of nautical skill, the spar which, on the 18th June (the day on which the Captain had decided to remain), a party of officers had, in their first outburst of zeal, raised to 500 feet high, and there left it on a ledge of the precipice. When this spar became a flagstaff, as it soon did, it displayed the British ensign upside down. For night-signals we had a beacon ready to kindle, blue-lights, and rockets, and there was always a gun ready loaded.

We had landed a very fair stock of provisions : the question was, how long it might be necessary to make these provisions last. There were 13,000 lb. of biscuit, about six week's full allowance of flour, salt meat, preserved meats, tea, rum, chocolate, and a very little sugar. Now five or six ships generally pass the island every month, and we calculated that in three months after we should have sent notice of our misfortune to Australia, we might hope for relief. The problem therefore was to make our provender last four months. Officers and men were put on $\frac{1}{3}$ allowance of bread, $\frac{2}{3}$ allowance of salt meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ allowance of sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ allowance of tea. But this was not all that we depended on, for it was soon discovered that a large quantity of fish could be caught on most days. It also became known that there were flocks of wild goats on the island, and these we made occasionally help out our messes. The work was hard and the diet was not high, but yet we had a chance of getting on fairly, if only passing ships did not disappoint calculation.

Sea-fishing not only afforded us frequent sport but provided many a meal. Rocket-sticks, or spli plank, made us rods for angling in the shallows ; and we had plenty of lines, though rather a limited supply of hooks, for foraging in the deep waters. One kind of large fish we called *salmon*, although its flesh is white and it eats more like mullet. There are red fish too, and a large sort of sardines, with golden bellies and greenish-grey backs. We named another kind *snappers*, besides which we had cray-fish, five fingers, snooks, and cabots. Learned books say that the sardines of the Indian Ocean are a deadly poison ; if so, we must have been poison-proof, for we ate plenty of them and were none the worse for it. We have caught as much as 700 lb. of fish in one day, and 120 to 180 lb. were not uncommon. Of the fish we called salmon, specimens were taken weighing over 60 lb. The cabot (a name which we got from the Frenchmen) is an ugly fish, with his lower jaw projecting beyond the upper ; but, if not beautiful, he has the intrinsic merit of being very good for the table. This was the largest fish ; one weighed 81 lb. after it was cleaned. So great draughts of fishes were, of course,

not taken without considerable expenditure of gear, and we began to be embarrassed by the failure of our hooks. The smiths exerted their skill to remedy this defect; but the business was not exactly in their line, and they could hardly work fast enough for the constant demand. On the 1st August a cask containing near 3000 hooks was discovered in the cargo. Three thousand pounds of gold would have been valueless in comparison; these iron implements which could help us to get meat for the pot, these were the treasures for us, and we rejoiced extravagantly over the welcome steel.

There were on the island flocks of wild goats, altogether perhaps 100 in number. Of these we destroyed a few. The addition so made to our means of sustenance was scarcely of importance, but the chasing and shooting at the animals gave us occupation and sport, and so had its value.

Our exploring parties did not find the island very rich in vegetable productions. Something like spinach was found, of which the Frenchmen taught us to make a salad. We tried some roots and some foxglove-leaves, and even took to cooking grass. But it was soon evident that we should benefit but little in the way of sustenance by anything we might find growing. There were ferns and tree-mosses, and some few interesting plants, but these unfortunately were not good to eat.

As may have been guessed, the men's clothing deteriorated rapidly from the hard work and constant exposure. Canvas leggings were ordered to be made for all hands very soon after our landing; and, one pair after another, all the legs on St. Paul's were at length clad in these very comfortable and useful envelopes. After we had been two months ashore, new shoes were issued to the whole crew. We had some new sails with us which had been put on board for the *Clio*, *Blanche*, and *Rosario*. These were held sacred for a time, and we covered our tents and huts with what belonged to the wreck. But the *Megæra's* canvas was so old and thin, that stern necessity compelled us at last to appropriate the "suits" of the other ships, which were thus allowed to wear out and get rotten.

There was plenty for all hands to do during the whole of our stay. We assembled in the morning and had prayers. Then there was building, road-making, fishing, shooting, exploring, and looking out for ships, to occupy the time. Once a-day the tents were all inspected by a medical officer. Sanitary parties came round and collected the refuse, fish-bones, &c., which were afterwards put into a boat, and taken to deep water, and cast into the sea. Planks were furnished to spread the hammocks on at night, and the tents were supplied with dry leaves and fresh grass three times a-week. We got some quots made, and we tried golf on the table-land at the top of the crater's rim, but without much effect. So well were we cared for, or so fortunate were we, that there were never more than five at a time in the sick-bay, and these were often laid up by accidental hurts rather than disease. We had one bad case of rheumatism, a man having been wet through one stormy night when his tent cover could not keep out the water; and we had an accident which might have proved fatal. About nine o'clock one night, towards the end of July, we were startled by seeing lights on the signal-hill, which we hailed to know what was the matter. The answer came down through the fog, "We have lost a marine, and think that he has fallen over the cliff." Immediately we lighted what lanterns we could lay our hands on, and volunteers started in search, two to each lantern, taking with them Bryant and May's matches. The doctor and lieutenants went up, but the Captain remained below to give orders in case the man should be found. At two o'clock they all returned unsuccessful. An hour before day—that is to say, about five o'clock—the parties started again; and by-and-by came shouts, "He is found, quite dead." Whereupon the first lieutenant shouted back, "Send his body down." He had been found on the narrowest possible ledge, on which he had been stopped in his fall by the merest accident. There were 300 feet of cliff above him, and 600 feet below, all perpendicular. The accident was a more shocking one than we had imagined, and the truth surpassed the report, except in one particular—the

man was not dead though he had this terrible fall, and lain out all night. He was brought down in a cot. It was soon ascertained that he had no bone broken, though he was terribly bruised and scratched. For two days it seemed as if he would scarcely recover, but he rallied at last and got well. There were a few other bad falls. There was a good deal of distress from chilblains. And there were some not very bad cases of diarrhoea and dysentery. No doubt there would have been more sickness had not the utmost care been taken to make men change their clothes after getting wet.

Our first discovery in the way of native water was a hot sulphurised spring from which it was not considered wholesome to drink. There was, however, near to it, a bed of clay that lathered like soap, and that was very useful. We soon, however, found the pools of rain water before mentioned, over the highest part of the island. They were about four hundred yards from the summit, on the side farthest from the camp. Our first supplies from these sources were obtained by sending men with barricos, which, when filled, they brought all the way by hand; but we soon improved on this method, and established hose or tubing between the summit and the camp. It was then necessary only to carry the water in barricos from the ponds to the summit, and from the summit it came down through our aqueduct. So a party remained on the heights during the operation, which had now become a simple one. The pools held about three tuns; but they filled again after every rain, so that until a dry season should occur we had plenty of water for our needs, after using what we got from the ship. But we were obliged, of course, to keep the prospect of this dry season always before us; and our only resource when it should arrive would be the condenser, and what we could contrive to store while the rain might last.* Now the condensing apparatus could make about 360 gallons of fresh water a-day with coal, and about half that quantity with turf and a little wood. Thus, as the coal made it far

*Before we left we had cut other ponds large enough to hold ten tuns, and we had stored a great deal in casks.

more productive than other fuel, it was necessary to husband all the coal we had been able to save, so as to be prepared against the worst. So the cooks were not allowed coal at all, but had to burn dry grass, or to collect pieces of wreck. Baking, therefore, was out of the question.

At first, before we knew the extent of our resources, fresh water was allowed for drinking and cooking only; and for a week we remained in a deplorable state of dirt. Extraordinary devices were resorted to, by those who still cared for appearance, to hide dirty shirts; and as for our skins it is better not to talk about them. But when we began to have a store of casks and found that our ponds were replenished almost as fast as we emptied them, these things were not pushed quite so close. The luxury of a first *tub* after that long privation is not a thing to describe; only they who experienced it can understand it. And another consequence of the improved water supply was, that one of the cooks made an attempt at brewing, and his beer attracted considerable custom. It should be added that we found a number of hot springs between high and low water marks; and by digging a little above the high-water line we found a fine one whose temperature was 175° Fahrenheit, the stones near it being quite hot. This we fenced in, so that we had always plenty of hot water for washing ready to our hands, and no precious coal expended in heating it.

Spite of our signals, and endeavours, we did not, as I shall show, communicate with any ship for a month after our arrival. It was therefore thought necessary further to reduce the allowance of food; and from 9th July to 13th August we had but four ounces of bread and half a pound of salt meat; but on the latter date, as our prospects had begun to improve, we returned to the original rate. On and after 27th August we were on full allowance, being assured of relief. The rice which we found on the island was left there for the use of the Frenchmen, being their only provision of food. After our arrival the Governor and his subject were rationed by us the same as our own people, which was not a restrict-

ed diet for them, whatever we may have thought of it.

After the ship broke up, we got some of the cases of powder which were washed on shore, and which ought to have been found wind and water tight, and with dry powder inside. It was all, however, very wet; but bad as it was we collected it, and made two small magazines in the rocks for its reception, expecting that we should require it, if for no other purpose, for removing the part of the wreck which lay on the bar. The necessity for a blast did not, however, arise.

It will scarcely be supposed, when times were so bad for the ship, that the boats had at all a pleasant season of it. They were swamped more than once, and, but for very careful handling, must have been capsized in one or other of the many squalls and gales that we had to put out in. One cutter went away in tow of a Dutch barge, having gone out to her, and being unable to return; and the lifeboat, which went out to rescue the cutter's crew, stove in her port gunwale, and got back with the utmost difficulty. She could not have floated ten minutes longer.

Some of us took to gardening, and tried to grow vegetables from seed which we had among the ship's provisions. There were daring attempts at raising onions and potatoes, and the celery-seed which we brought for our pea-soup went into the ground for the chance of our having a crop of celery. Mush-rooms, or something very like them, we found on the island, and ventured to eat. They did not agree with everybody.

During our stay the island was visited by penguins, which come every year about that season to lay their eggs on the tufts of grass among the rocks. They are beautiful birds, with white breasts, grey backs, pink eyes, and long golden feathers on their heads. It was at first thought that they might be good for food, and somebody stated that, if buried in the earth for forty eight hours after they were killed, they make a tolerable dish. I believe some tried them according to the recipe; but, hungry as we were, nobody wanted to try them a second time. Had they been eatable, we should no doubt have treated them with small cere-

mony; but as there was no reasonable object to be gained by killing them, they were taken under official protection, and their destruction forbidden. It was proper to make a decree on their behalf, because they are of a sociable and confiding nature, and might have suffered much from thoughtless attacks if left to the mercy of the men. As they came waddling and sometimes tumbling along, like people jumping in sacks, they would quietly pull up to stare at us, and let us stroke them on the back, calling up Cowper's lines—

“They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.”

They are to be seen by hundreds at a time, and their queer doings well repay the trouble of watching them. When they are landing in the surf, they look out for a big wave and dive into it. It carries them along until they reach a rock, when they come to anchor for a while, and turn and look round for another big strong wave, again diving into which they are washed along another stage, and so at last on to the rocks on shore, where they collect in groups, and hold council as to the method of climbing the hill. The sailors got to be on such good terms with them, that they showed them the best way—that is, our new road—up the mountain. One day six of these birds landed and marched up the middle of our camp, followed by at least fifty men, whose propinquity did not discompose them in the least, nor seem to be noticed by them. They made straight for the Captain's house, which, having been formerly an oil-shed, they had probably made a house of call on former visits. On this occasion, however, they found their way barred by a sentry, whereupon they held a council outside with the utmost *sang-froid*, looking coolly round at the spectators, and only interrupting the proceedings to peck at any man who might go too near them. It seemed to have been resolved at this council to effect by stratagem what could not be done directly, and accordingly some of them attempted to attract the attention of the sentry to one side, while others stood ready to slip in. But as the *ruse* was penetrated and baffled by the acute sentinel, they bore the disappointment

with the calmness of philosophers, and tumbled quietly and slowly on their upward way. The Frenchmen said that they laid their eggs on the grass by the 1st September, and that the said eggs are very good to eat.

From our first arrival, divine service on Sundays was very regularly and solemnly performed. While any of us remained on board the wreck, there was service both on board and on shore when the sea was too rough to allow the whole to assemble in one place. The thanksgivings and hymns of praise were repeatedly read and devoutly joined in, and for a lesson after our landing the men listened to the account of St. Paul's shipwreck with great attention. St. Paul's ship, like our own, had been run on shore, and great as had been the perils with which those ancient voyagers had been encompassed, not one of them perished. We ourselves found that God had not forgotten to be gracious, and the incidents of the lesson filled us—filled all of us, I hope—not only with gratitude for past mercies, but with a lively trust for the future. I cannot but believe that every man who at our simple open-air service stood uncovered before his Maker, was impressed by the conviction that he had been a special object of divine favor. I think, too, that the impression will be lasting.

I cannot close this account of our life on the island without mentioning that, from the first, we all, officers and men, did what we could to keep our spirits up, and to make the time pass as pleasantly as circumstances would permit. Besides their daily avocations, which have been mentioned, the officers played whist and backgammon; the men had quoits, and Jack's great inspirer, a fiddler. On the evening of the day after the ship was beached, when every one had been working hard, and it was impossible to read, and not good to think too much, the Captain had a whist-party—a most sensible arrangement; and afterwards we generally managed to pass the time agreeably with some kind of game, or in a smoking-party, the Captain always joining some of the officers after the day's work was done. As we got settled, we

began to have somewhat grand ideas, and got up entertainments. On one occasion the first-lieutenant feasted all the warrant-officers, and there was great singing of songs and general hilarity. The fiddler happened to be seated near a box of mixed biscuits, which temptation was too much for the hungry musician, who would surreptitiously dash his hand into the coveted cakes, cram his mouth full of them, and then fiddle away furiously, to make people believe that he had no thought but of his music. The little trick was several times repeated to the amusement of many; but the fiddler himself seemed quite satisfied that he had the joke all to himself. Neither was he the only person who congratulated himself that night. The boatswain, in the fulness of his heart, rose to address the company. "Gentlemen," said he, solemnly,—“gentlemen, I assure you that this evening, for the first time, the waist-band of my trousers is *quite tight*. I have been starving almost, but not now, gentlemen—not now, thank God.”

There are plenty of scenes and jests which all of us will think about, and probably talk about, around mess-tables and over sea-coal fires. But with all the merriment we could put on, very ugly thoughts would present themselves now and then during the weary weeks that we remained at St. Paul's without communicating with a ship. Our provisions, scantily as we consumed them, could last only a moderate time; the island produced nothing for our subsistence; and so, if we were left much longer to ourselves, there might be horrors in store for us such as we read of in tales of shipwrecks, and of disabled vessels wandering on the trackless seas. They may be very exciting to read about, but, as I am a man, it is not exhilarating to imagine that before many days are over your head, you may be an actor in such scenes!

We had among us no less than nine men who had suffered shipwreck before—in the Orpheus, Osprey, Bombay, Captain, Trinculo, Perseverance, Race-horse; one of them—an old cook—had been five times wrecked in three years.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RESCUE.

It has been told how, on first landing, we set up a boom for a signal-staff on the mountains, and how we got ready night-signals to attract the attention of passing vessels. On the night of the 23d June a red light was seen, and we fired guns and rockets, but without being observed. A vessel was perceived on the morning of the 24th, but too far off to be communicated with. Later in the day, however, another sail was seen far away. The life-boat was signalled to be ready to put off to her in case this ship should come in; but the boat, mistaking the order, pulled after the distant vessel, and made desperate attempts to reach her. We saw from the shore that this was impossible, and made signals to the life-boat (as we feared she would be benighted) to come back.

It was an hour after dark when she got into the crater. The officer reported that he had got very near the ship, but had not been perceived. They had shipped seas that would have swamped any boat but a life-boat, and they were all wet through. Thus ended our first attempt to make our condition known. Lieut. Lewis Jones had orders to keep his portmanteau ready packed, and to board the first ship that he could reach. If he could not bring her in to take us away, he could, at any rate, go himself and take letters; and if he should be lucky enough to reach a port, he could tell of our plight. But fearing that it might be some time before he could get away, we rigged up some sea-messengers, made of barricos, with accounts of our situation inside, and sent them to sea. Two of these were attached to life-buoys. We also put accounts into bottles, weighted the bottles so that they would float upright, stuck a tin flag into each with the words "open me" punched through the flags, and committed them also to the deep. It was tedious work. We saw and chased a ship or two, but up to the 16th July—that is, a month after our arrival—not one had noticed us. On that day, however, our fortune changed. A Dutch barque, bound for Java, and in ballast, had seen our signal and came in.

Lieutenant Jones, in the life-boat, boarded her according to his orders, and got away with a few returns in his mail-bag. Despatches and private letters were unfortunately not to be found when he put off, and the writers of them were dispersed about the island, and did not get to camp until the opportunity had passed, although they came back at the top of their speed when they heard the gun fire. We thought, however, that the letters would yet be sent, as we fully expected the ship back. The boat brought back word that the barque could take twenty men with the water and provisions which she had on board; but we thought that, with the additional water and stores which we might give her, she might take the whole of us. Accordingly, as we expected her in again next day, we kept our condenser going all night, that the requisite quantity of water might be forthcoming, and got the despatches and letters ready *this time*. But she did not appear the next day, nor the day after that. Our whole community was overcome with chagrin, and could not recover from the mortification. The only consolation was, that Lieutenant Jones had got off and would report us. Sub-lieutenant Roxby was told off to board the next ship.

Our hopes were raised again on 23d July, but only to be disappointed. A ship passed, but a long way off. The lifeboat put off, and had proceeded but a short way beyond the bar when she was recalled, as the chase was hopeless. The only result of her start was, that some of the mail-bags got wet. There was a similar disappointment, and the mail-bags got wet again, on 28th July.

On 5th August a Dutch barque, bound for Sumatra, came in. She took Mr. Roxby, two other officers, and two seamen, besides a midshipman who, having boarded her from the cutter, was carried away with only the clothes he stood in. This was the occasion on which our cutter was taken away in tow of the barque; and the lifeboat, coming out to rescue the cutter's crew, had her port air-box stove in. The cutter took off water to the

ship, and the lifeboat brought us flour in exchange; but the weather was so bad that no further communication could be effected.

On Monday, 7th August, came in an English clipper-ship bound for Java. The captain would have taken us all to Australia upon exorbitant terms—viz., payment of £3000 and purchase of her cargo of coal at £4,10s. a ton, that we might throw 200 tons overboard to make room for us. As there was every reason to hope that we were in a fair way of being relieved, Captain Thrupp did not think proper to accede to this demand, and let the Mountain Laurel—that was her name—go on her way. The next ship that visited us was the Oberon steamer, and she arrived on 26th August. Lieutenant Sanders boarded her in the lifeboat, and Lieutenant Evans in the Captain's galley. Just as the latter came alongside he fell overboard, and was gallantly saved by the cockswain of the lifeboat. Almost immediately the galley was seen returning to shore. We crowded to the beach to receive her, and hear what news she brought. But before we had time to hear anything, we saw a sight which told us more than a long story, and which extracted such cheering as it was marvellous to account for, coming as it did through throats that swallowed but half a pound of beef per diem. The cheers did however come, and were repeated and prolonged as if the enthusiasm would never end. The cause of them was that, seated in the stern of the galley, and steering her in, was seen Lieutenant Lewis Jones, who had gone away from us in the Dutch barque on 16th July. He had reached Batavia, and had come back in the Oberon, auxiliary screw steamer, bringing with him provisions for us, and bringing, too, the news that the steamer Malacca left Hong Kong on 7th August for St. Paul's, with orders to take us to Sydney. As soon as we had welcomed Lieutenant Jones, we began to prepare for departure. We had held a survey of the stores; and our piers, sheers, &c., being now complete, we hoped for fine weather and a successful embarkation. The supplies brought by the Oberon took away all cause for short commons, and to our delight we were at once on full allow-

ance; and it is to be hoped that the boatswain's and many other waistbands soon grew a good deal tighter. The Oberon left for England on the 27th.

Lieutenant Jones reported most favourably of the kindness and liberality of the captain of the Dutch barque Aurora. The latter refused to receive any passage-money from the Vice-Consul or from Lieutenant Jones, and only regretted that he had been able to render so little assistance.

Before the Malacca could arrive, came in by moonlight on 29th August, H.M.S. Rinaldo, with orders for Captain Thrupp to proceed to England to face the inevitable court-martial. Next morning came in the Malacca, by this time it was beginning to blow hard. By noon both ships were standing out to sea, Rinaldo having lost two anchors and Malacca one. Very like our luck, barring the leak. At evening they were both out of sight.

On 31st, the ships not being seen all day, Captain Thrupp made last arrangements, decided who should go to England and who to Sydney, and we settled all money transactions. The Malacca was just seen at sunset and then vanished again, but on 1st September, which was a lovely day, she came in, dropped her anchor, and embarked 264 officers and men, with all their baggage. It was as smooth as oil while this was being done, but by the morning of the 2d it was blowing again. Malacca was informed that the anchorage was unsafe, and requested to weigh but to keep near, and come in again when weather might permit. But she held on, and at 9.30 parted her anchor and ran to sea, while it blew very hard indeed. It was a fearful night. It was the night, indeed, when, amid the war of the elements and a wrack as if heaven and earth would mingle, the old Megæra parted and broke up, as has already been described. Both ships were in again on the 5th, the Rinaldo under sail with no coal left. Her captain urged Captain Thrupp to embark at once but that officer was far too sensible of what it behoved him to do to listen to such a suggestion. On the other hand, it was positively dangerous for the Rinaldo to stay; yet she did wait, sailing about, tossed by the heavy sea some miles from the

island, until all were embarked, Captain Thrupp appointing King George's Sound the rendezvous. Boats from camp got off to the Malacca, but could not leave her again until they had been towed well up to windward, to enable them to pull back for more people from the island. The weather was beyond all conception bad. And now the captain of the Malacca too declared that he could wait no longer, and that Captain Thrupp must come on board at once. It cost the latter officer a pang, no doubt, to leave his stores, but the man who has decided so promptly and so judiciously on former trying occasions was not at fault now. He left the Frenchmen in charge of the stores, promising them remuneration if they acquitted themselves honourably, and hoping that when the stormy season should be over, a steamer might fetch the stores away at leisure. He then, after seeing every man who had been under his charge embark, left the island himself, and got on board in safety. By this time the Malacca had lost two anchors, one lifeboat, two cutters, and two chain-plates—pretty broad hints that it was time for her to be off.

The Malacca reached King George's Sound in safety, whence the main body of the Megæra's crew proceeded to Sydney, the Rinaldo arrived there on 16th September, but the mail-steamer took Captain Thrupp, and those who were to accompany him,

to England. This was done to save time, as the Rinaldo would not have been coaled and provisioned for a week; whereas the mail steamer was going direct to Galle at once.

So we were all saved. Thanks, in the first place, to the providence that watched over us, and brought us through so many dangers! but thanks also to the instrument, our Captain, who, after so many misfortunes, could give a good account of us all. It may seem very straightforward work when it is read of after the events; but let any man think what would have been the effect of a failure of nerve, or of an error in judgment, at any of the critical predicaments which I have recorded. My object in writing this account was not to laud any one in particular, but to show what great things God has done for us all, as I said before. And yet I think that every one of our party, when he feels himself alive and hearty, when his wife's arms are round his neck, and his little ones are about his knees, will scarcely be convinced but that he owes his well-being, in some degree, to Captain Thrupp.

"Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us."

APPENDIX.

S. S. MALACCA, OFF ST. PAUL'S,
Sept. 5, 1871.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN THRUPP,—Last night Lieut. Praed told me you were still desirous of sending the stores on board. I also was of the same opinion, and almost urged it in our interview on shore, if the weather would permit of it; but having already lost two anchors, and experienced such disastrous weather since we have been here, I should deem it a great favour if you would abandon the idea, as, in the event of my anchoring and losing the stream anchor, I should only have one anchor to depend on at other ports; and also our engines having

been constantly at work for the last five weeks, without an opportunity occurring to enable the engineers to examine them, the probability is, in the event of our having to move them at a moment's notice, they might not readily start, in which case the ship would be placed in *imminent peril*; and, to further enumerate our mis-haps, we have lost one lifeboat, two cutters, and two channel-plates of main rigging. I therefore consider I run a *great risk in anchoring*, as the weather cannot be depended on for any length of time, and shall feel greatly obliged if you will enter into my views on the subject; so pray embark as soon as the bar will admit of it, for I am *very anxious* to have you

all safe on board. Lieut. Præd will explain to you more concisely how we are situated.

I remain, in haste, my dear Captain Thrupp, yours sincerely.

S. BERNARD.

P. & O. COY. S.S. MALACCA, AT SEA.

Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1871.

SIR,—In compliance with your order, I subjoin an account of the chief events that took place on board the ship between Friday, Sept. 1st, and Tuesday, Sept. 5th, inclusive. On Friday 1st, commenced embarking the officers, men, and their baggage of the late H.M.S. Megæra on board the P. & O. Company S.S. Malacca: by dusk 264 men and officers were embarked; blowing fresh from the north; parties of men were employed during the day in stowing baggage and shifting coal to make room for the late Megæra's cargo: during the night the wind increased. Saturday, Sept. 2d, 7.30 a.m.—A boat boarded us from the shore with a message from Captain Thrupp, recommending Captain Bernard to weigh and proceed to sea till the wind should abate. 9.30 a.m.—The cable parted, steam having been kept ready for this emergency. We immediately proceeded to get clear of the land, the ship rolling heavily, and shipping a great deal of water fore and aft. The small amount of baggage on deck was with some difficulty secured—not, however, before the following accidents had occurred. James Eades, boatswain's mate, a wound in the thigh; Arthur Essery, armourer's crew, contusion of the leg and sprained ankle; James Rice, leading seaman, severe scalp wounds; William Wilcox, A.B., contusion of the back; William Pidgeon, A.B., wound in the leg; Henry Peek, A.B., contusion of the right shoulder; Pat. Cunninghame, A.B., wounded in the leg. The ship rolled so heavily, and shipped so much water when off the wind that it was thought advisable to keep her head to the wind. By noon it was blowing a gale, with a tremendous sea running; the ship labouring very heavily, and shipping green seas forward, all hatches battened

down. 10 p.m., a heavy sea struck the starboard lifeboat and smashed her against the davits; she had to be cut away, in doing which she stove the cutter astern of her. Sunday, September 3d. During the night the wind shifted from W.N.W. to W.S.W. The ship being still kept head to wind; it still blowing hard, and a heavy sea running, the following damage was done during the night: the port bulwarks forward were washed away, two chain-plates, the starboard side of the main chains carried away, the jollyboat astern stove, and a great proportion of the remaining live-stock killed. 7 a.m.—The port cutter was completely smashed beyond repair by a heavy sea; we were now left with only one boat fit for carrying cargo, and that of a light description—namely, the starboard lifeboat. 11.30 a.m.—Wore ship and kept away for the island of St. Paul's which was reckoned to bear S.E. 40 miles. Several heavy seas struck the ship aft, doing some damage—one smashing in the saloon skylight, flooding the cabins on either side of it, doing considerable damage to officers' clothing. 0.15 p.m., sighted the island of St. Paul's; 3.10 p.m., eased and stopped off the island, there being too much sea to communicate: stood off and on the island repairing damages. Monday, September 4.—The sea on the bar having gone down at 2 p.m., we sent a boat to communicate with shore, standing on and off the island with a heavy sea running, and blowing fresh from the north. Tuesday, September 5.—The wind and sea having gone down, we commenced getting the rest of the men and officers from the shore. Captain Bernard considered it unadvisable to anchor, having only one anchor left. As the day advanced the wind freshened from the north, from which some trouble was experienced, every boat having to be received down to leeward, cleared, and then towed up to windward, to enable them to fetch into the crater. At 3 p.m. the pinnace came off from shore loaded with baggage and men; when cleared it was cut adrift according to order. During the day the wind increased, and there seemed every prospect of it being a dirty night. 3.30 p.m.—We attempted to hoist the late Megæra's cutter up to the port davits; unfortunately

both bolts drew through the bottom of the boat, one man falling into the water, and the others narrowly escaped being hurt. We did not make another attempt to hoist her up. At 4.15 p.m. the Captain and first Lieutenant came off in the

late Megæra's lifeboat, which was hoisted up at the starboard davits.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

F. PRAED, Lieutenant.

(Harper's Monthly.)

THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

MOOR PARK, the country home of Sir William Temple, stood not far from London, in a pleasant landscape, surrounded by its trim lawns and productive gardens.* The house was plain; its owner was not wealthy; but he was famous for honesty in politics, for his success in cultivating fruits and vegetables, and for some knowledge of the classics. He wrote essays that are scarcely remembered, and produced grapes and peaches that were probably much better appreciated by his friend Charles II. or William the III. Moor park itself, and perhaps its owner, would long since have been forgotten had it not contained within its quiet shelter a dark and turbid genius, slowly struggling upward to renown, and a pale and thoughtful girl, studious at once and beautiful, whose name and fate were never to be separated from that of her modern Abelard.

There had come to Moor Park a poor scholar, the son of a widow, in search of some means of subsistence; and Sir William Temple, upon whom the mother had some claim, either as a distant connection or an early acquaintance, touched by her extreme distress, consented to receive the young man into his house, and give him employment either as a reader or amanuensis. It was the first upward step in the life of the haughty Swift, who seems never to have been able to remember without a burst of rage that in his infancy he had nearly starved from the poverty of his mother, and that in his youth he had been a servant or a dependent in the Temple family. He never revisited Moor park in his prosperity; he never spoke to any of the Temples;†

he seems to have wanted wholly the sentiment of association, and was never softened into tenderness by the memory of the trim gardens where he had first walked with Stella, or of the real kindness with which Sir William had raised him from poverty and neglect. In his inordinate sense of his own merit he seems to have felt himself injured by the benevolence of his benefactor.

Fate had provided for the impoverished scholar a companion and a pupil whose condition very closely resembled his own. On his return to Moor Park in 1696, after a serious dispute with his patron, Swift found in the house a Mrs. Johnson and her young daughter, who, like himself, were dependent on the generosity of the Temples. Esther, or Hetty, Johnson, the famous Stella, was now growing up into that rare beauty which was to become celebrated in letters, and a purity and gentleness of Spirit that won the admiration of her eminent contemporaries. Her eyes and hair were dark, her complexion pale, her figure graceful, her expression pensive and engaging.* She was fond of knowledge, and glad to be instructed; and if her taste in literature was sometimes at fault, or her spelling never perfect, she was at least able to feel the beauties of a *Spectator* or an *Examiner*. Swift became her tutor, Mentor, lover. He taught her his own bold handwriting, explained the allusions of the poets, gave her a taste for wit and humor, and seems to have communicated to her alone the secret of his anonymous works. A perfect unity of feeling and of interests grew up between them, and four years of tranquil happiness glided away in the calm shelter

† * Stanhope, Reign of Queen Anne. Wilde, The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life.

† † "I have done with that family," he says, in the Journal to Stella.

* A portrait of Stella still exists, pensive and beautiful.

of Moor Park, during which Stella ripened into graceful womanhood, and seems to have been treated by Sir William almost with the tenderness of a parent.* She mingled with the best society of the neighborhood, became acquainted with fashionable ladies and eminent men, and in London was already known as one of the most accomplished and beautiful women of the day.

More than the common sorrows of life, meantime, had fallen upon the family at Moor Park. Lady Temple, that Dorothy Osborne whom Sir William had courted for seven years with stately assiduity, had long been dead; their children passed away, one by one: the eldest son died by his own act, the victim of an extreme sensibility. The society of Swift and Stella probably served to amuse the last years of the eminent states-man; and when he died, in 1689, Sir William left to Swift the valuable legacy of his writings, and to Esther Johnson a thousand pounds. But their home was now broken up; for a time they were separated; they were only to meet in that irrevocable union which was to throw its mysterious shadow over the lives of both forever.

Of Swift's startling eccentricities and wild bursts of rage, his cold, despotic temper, his unbending self-esteem, the frequent rudeness of his manners, his violence and pride, his contemporaries have recorded many examples. He was suspended or expelled from Trinity College for insolent and lawless conduct; he quarreled with Sir William Temple. "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!" he exclaimed to Earl Berkeley and his friend when they had offended him. His cruel duplicity to the two devoted women who clung to him with confiding fondness can never be excused. Yet were the gentler and better elements of his character so eminent and remarkable that the generous Addison could only think of him as endowed with every endearing virtue, the most delightful of companions, the most faithful of friends; and to Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and a throng of accomplished associates he was

ever an object of sincere affection and esteem.* He was generous often to excess; he loved with an unchanging regard; he was happy in doing good; his countrymen in Ireland, who had felt his benefactions, followed him with an almost superstitious veneration, and were willing to die in his defense.

After their brief separation Swift and Stella were once more reunited, and the pleasant parsonage of Laracor, near Dublin, has become renowned as the scene of their happiest hours. Here Swift was made vicar, and upon a moderate salary lived in retirement and ambitious discontent. At his request or his command, Stella, who was now without a home, whose mother seems scarcely to have deserved her regard, resolved upon the dangerous plan of removing to Ireland to live near her early instructor. A female friend, Mrs. Dingley, accompanied her. It is impossible to say what promises of a future marriage were the inducements held out by her imperious master, whether he postponed their union until his income had increased, or left his future plans hidden in mystery. It is only certain that at eighteen years of age the beautiful Esther Johnson, already one of the ornaments of London society, and the reputed daughter of Sir William Temple, abandoned the gay world to hide in the obscurity of Ireland; to live in a cloud of doubt, assailed by calumny, and scarcely convinced of her own prudence; to reject all other suitors, and to await with patient cheerfulness the moment when it should please the imperious Swift to name the hour of their nuptials.

The two ladies, Mrs. Dingley and Stella, occupied the parsonage at Laracor when Swift was absent; when he returned they went to private lodgings: no concealment was pretended. It was well known that the two gentlewomen had followed Swift to Ireland; it was even believed that he was married to one of them. The days at Laracor passed pleasantly onward. Stella, secure of the attachment and attentions of him whom she looked upon as her husband, lived in cheerful confidence, and Swift seems to

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1755; and Wilde, p. 108. She was reported to be Sir William's daughter; but in his will he calls her his sister's servant.

* Macaulay, "Sir W. Temple," with his usual severity, sees only Swift's harsher traits.

have given her no cause of alarm. She was ever to him "the fairest spirit that dwelt upon the earth." Her conversation was his chief delight. To her he opened his secret plans, and confided his most daring hopes. They laid out the canal at Laracor together, planted it with graceful willows, filled the garden with rare fruits, or adorned with simple comforts and embellishments the parsonage, whose ruins still show traces of its famous occupants. Society gathered around them, and the eccentric union of the two proteges of Sir William Temple, who had long been known to the world of letters and of fashion, seems to have been looked upon as in no degree improper. Stella was courted by the grave and the gay; received offers of marriage, which she declined; wondered, perhaps, at the ungenerous delay of her suitor, but had not yet learned to reproach.

In 1704 dropped mysteriously from the London press one of those books that the literary world can never let die, yet one which it has tacitly agreed to hide in a decent obscurity. It treated of the most secret themes with coarse ribaldry and painful familiarity. It was more shocking to a delicate taste than the barbaric wit of Rabelais and the keen levity of Lucian. Yet its rare originality, its biting satire, the profusion of its learning, the endless variety of its wit, and that clear and simple style, the result of long years of labor, in which the writer's mind, with all its fertile novelty, seemed to blend with that of his reader, made the "Tale of a Tub" the most remarkable book of the day. Its clouded renown opened the dawn of the golden age of Queen Anne. It was read by pious bishops with horror and delight, by eminent statesmen and ambitious lords, by the gentle Addison, by Somers, Garth, and the youthful Pope. Its anonymous origin was soon examined. Swift, who had already written popular pieces, was believed to be its author;* and the renown of being the greatest wit and the most original genius of his day was awarded at once to the Irish vicar. Swift now

made yearly visits to London, and in the society of Somers, Montague, and Addison began to project schemes of ambition that were to end in signal defeat.

From their quiet retreat amidst the willows of Laracor, Swift and Stella saw pass slowly before them the barbaric glories of the reign of Queen Anne. Chivalry, unhappily, still ruled in France. Louis XIV.—coward, impostor, the basest of voluptuaries, the chief savage of his time—proclaimed a tournament of the nations, and drove his starving and enfeebled people to fling themselves in miserable throngs against the patient Hollander, the quiet German, the soft Italian, and die in myriads on the fields of battle. When Swift retired to Laracor, Louis the Great was at the height of his renown. Europe trembled before the despot of Versailles, the modern Dionysius. While the people starved, the soldiers of France, clad in rich trappings and fed on costly food, were held ready to be let loose upon the factories of Flanders and the rich cities of Germany; and in every happy home or peaceful village from Strasburg to Vienna the ambition of the French Attila struck an icy dread.

To become "king of men," as his unchristian preachers were accustomed to salute him, Louis had sunk into a barbarian. Yet his youth had not been without its promise. He was the grandson of Henry IV., and had inherited at least the memory of the austere Jeanne d'Albret, and of the simple manners of Bearn. His own mother had neglected him. He could remember the time when his velvet suit had grown threadbare from poverty, and when his scanty and ill-paid allowance scarcely gave him a tolerable support. He had been educated in sobriety, at a time when all France was flourishing with signal vigor under the influence of Huguenot ideas, when the fields were clad in wealth of food and population, the factories busy, and the prosperous nation had just entered upon a career of reform and culture that might have saved it all its later woes. Louis, the neglected boy, grew up fair, graceful, and gracious in his manners; but at twenty-two—still happier auspice of his country—became king in reality, under

* Scott, p. 84. Swift borrowed his design from Rabelais, and must be content with the second place in the ranks of modern humorists, or perhaps the third—next to Cervantes.

the guidance of the hardy intellect of Colbert. The Huguenot minister governed for a time the destinies of France, and Louis was the champion of economy, moderation, and peace.* Brief, however, was the period of his moral vigor: he fell with a memorable lapse. The pagan influence of the Catholic faith clouded his aspiring spirit. Corrupt professors and plotting Jesuits condoned his enormous vices. He sank into moral and mental degradation, and Bossuet and Massillon celebrated in sounding periods the mighty monarch who had driven the Huguenots from his kingdom with unexampled atrocities, and whose barbarous ambition had filled Europe with slaughter.

The crimes of Louis can scarcely be surpassed. Without provocation he broke into Spanish Flanders, and spread desolation over that rich territory, whose boundless productiveness has outlived the wars of centuries. Without provocation he poured the finest soldiers of Europe into the busy fields of Holland. City after city fell bleeding and defenseless before his arms. Already the Jesuits and the Catholics believed themselves masters of that wonderful land, where the printing-press and the free school had nerved the intellect of the Calvinist in its desperate struggle for independence, and whose vigorous thought had sapped the strongest bulwarks of Rome. But the Dutch had torn down their dikes. The ocean rolled over the scenes of prosperous industry, and Louis retreated from the land he had covered with despair.

Yet it was against divided and distracted Germany that the great king perpetrated his most unpardonable crimes. That hive of nations, from whence had poured forth in successive streams Goth and Vandal, Frank and Saxon, to renew the energies of the Latin race, was now to lie for hopeless years at the feet of haughty France. Louis seems, in his insane ambition, to have believed the Germans an inferior race, into whose savage realm the gay and civilized legions of Paris might penetrate without an effort,

and ravage without remorse. To extend the frontier of France to the Rhine, over blazing Alsace and the blood-tinged Moselle, Louis labored for fifty years.* No such scenes of human misery and national shame had been witnessed in Europe as were those over which the gracious and courtly king exulted with horrible joy. Twice he had sent orders to desolate the Palatinate, and reduce to a naked waste the fairest province of Germany. For seventy miles along the banks of the Saar, villages and fields were swept by a general conflagration, and the miserable people fled to their forests, to perish by famine or disease. Strasburg he had seized by an open fraud. In September, 1681, when its chief citizens had gone to the Frankfort fair, in the midst of a general peace, the French troops surrounded the great city, the key of Germany, and demanded its surrender. Its garrison trembled before the heavy artillery and the unexpected attack of the foe. The gates were opened by treachery, and Strasburg fell into the power of the French. The Protestants were driven from its renowned cathedral, where they had worshipped for more than a hundred years; and Louis, without a blush, made a triumphal entry into the city he had violated his honor to obtain, and from whence he hoped to inflict new miseries upon the German race.

Nor did it seem possible that Germany could long survive the ceaseless malignity of its French foe. In 1683 Louis had called to his aid the savage Turks—the scourge of European civilization. With an army of two hundred thousand men—the largest that had been seen in Europe since the fall of Constantinople, the grand vizier, Mustapha, a brave and skillful soldier, broke into Germany and laid siege to Vienna. The Emperor and his family fled from his trembling capital; its garrison was small, its fortifications imperfect; and in June, when the immense Turkish host sat down before the city, there seemed little hope that the empire could be saved. All Germany awaited with almost supine awe the fall of the house of Hapsburg.

* Martin, Hist. France. In 1662 Louis and Colbert were labouring to check pauperism and elevate the people. Vol. xiv. 615 *et seq.*

* Memoires de Louis XIV. (written by himself), Archives Curieuses, viii. 335, show his constant activity, his ceaseless ambition: p. 319.

The siege was prosecuted with terrible vigor; the Viennese resisted with undoubted heroism. Every day new mines were sprung; the walls were shattered by huge parks of canon. The weary defenders repaired at night the ruins of the day; yet the Turks pressed on, eager for the plunder of the wealthy city, and filled the trenches with the Christian dead. At length, in the beginning of September, a mine was sprung under the bastion of Burg; half the city shook and tottered at the dreadful shock, and a wide breach was opened, sufficiently large for a whole battalion to pass in. The garrison had melted away with toil and battle, and the hopeless Viennese prepared for the final assault that might deliver their proud city forever into the hands of the infidel. But on the morning of the fatal day, John Sobieski, King of Poland, stood on the Kalen Hill, at the head of forty thousand men, surrounded by the princes of Germany. The Turks were arrested in the moment of triumph; and on the 12th of September, leading his brilliant cavalry, Sobieski sprang from the hills into the centre of the throngs of Turkish horsemen, and chased them in a wild flight along the plain.

At night a panic seized the whole Turkish force, and they fled silently from their countless tents. Sobieski, in the morning, saw before him the rejoicing city, just delivered from a horrible doom, and a boundless wealth of spoil in gold, silver, and rich robes, the great standard of Turkey, and the baths, fountains, and gardens of the luxurious Mustapha. Germany and Europe rang with the praises of the gallant Pole; and Louis alone lamented the discomfiture of the Turks.

In 1688 he began a new war against the enfeebled Germans. It opened with an act of singular atrocity. In the depth of winter, when the fields and forests lay clad in snow, the French cavalry swept into the fertile provinces of the Rhine. Around them were rich and famous cities, renowned as the centres of early Protestantism and freedom, and countless villages—the emblems of centuries of toil. All were to be destroyed. The inhabitants in that cold and mournful season, the period of domestic festivity, were ordered to abandon their fine cities and

pleasant homes, or were driven at the point of the bayonet, naked and defenseless into the snow. When they asked why they were treated with such severity, they were told, "It is the king's pleasure." They wandered out, beggars and homeless. Behind them, over the wintry landscape, they saw the flames sweep over Worms and Spire, Heidelberg or Baden. Every city was burned to the ground; the French soldiers plundered the tombs of the Sallic emperors, and robbed the churches of Spire. The hapless people died by thousands, of starvation, frost, despair and grief; and the civilized world admitted that the enormities of Louis had never been surpassed by Turk or Hun.*

Yet the great king, dead and sick at heart, scorned the reproaches of civilization, and lived only for glory. Never was his manner more gracious, his court more splendid, his Bossuet or Massillon more enthusiastic in his praise, his gross degradation more apparent, his hollow pomp more shocking and disheartening, than when, in 1689, he could point to the blighted waste of the Palatinate, and to his prisons and galleys thronged with Huguenots. All Western Europe rose against him. Holland, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, led by William of Orange, united to crush the common foe of civilization. He repelled their efforts with fearful sacrifices to France. He was still "king of men." At the peace of Ryswick he scornfully enforced the Catholic faith upon countless German towns, and still saw Europe tremble at his nod.

Then, when for sixty years Louis had sat upon the throne of France (1702), William III. died, and Anne, the mild, dull queen, ruled over divided England.† Scarcely did the daughter of James II. appear likely to become the avenger of Germany—to perfect the plans of William and decide the fall of Louis. She was slow and cautious; neither good-natured nor malicious. Of intellect she showed scarcely a trace; she could not have known the difference between Pope and

* Kohlrausch gives the German view of these horrible scenes. Hist. Ger., ch. xxviii.

† By her contemporaries she was known as "this incomparable princess." Life of Queen Anne, 1714.

Blackmore, or Addison and Dennis. She was never sensible of the merits of Swift. Yet around the unlettered queen were gathered the brilliant fruits of the second English revolution; and her authors, statesmen, and commanders, her men of science and of action, set bounds to the ambition of Louis.

All France was now mad with vanity and misery. The gentle touch of Addison has painted in his letters the boastful Frenchman starving in his glory, and looking down with scorn upon those inferior races who seemed to follow as captives the triumphant chariot of his king. In his old age, Louis had placed his grandson Philip on the throne of Spain. Europe accepted the challenge; the war of the succession began; a French army once more broke into Germany; Bavaria joined the invaders; and the divided empire seemed at last destined to perish before the ceaseless malice of the Gallic king.

Germany might well have sighed for a Barbarossa, and waited for the rising of that mighty barbarian, whose haughty spirit was believed to hover still around its beloved Rhine; but the Emperor Leopold had none of the talents of his predecessor, and his long reign had been marked only by the misfortune of his realm. His small, distorted figure, his projecting under-jaw, his cold and Spanish gravity, his feeble mind, made him no worthy champion against the graceful and talented monarch who had sold himself to glory; and Louis might well scoff at the dull ruler of a disunited people. But far up in the north of Germany the French had found a more resolute foe. Frederick William of Prussia had brought his small principality into unprecedented renown. He had been the first to defy the power of France. His intelligent troops had become famous on many a battle-field. His vigor sustained the courage of the Germans, and the Prussian soldiers and a Prussian general were the central figures of the German troops. His successor assumed the royal title, and Prussia, in the moment of danger, stood firmly by the side of the feeble Leopold.

From his stronghold at Strasburg, penetrating the natural defenses of Germany, Louis supposed that his accomplished

commanders would march almost without resistance to Vienna; his soldiers had never yet been beaten; he had held Alsace and the Rhine against the vigour of William of Orange, the power of England, and the efforts of a grand alliance; nor could he have thought to have encountered any braver foes than those to whom he had haughtily awarded the treaty of Ryswick. The dull Anne and the feeble Leopold he had treated with singular indignities. He had named a king for England, and had proclaimed the Pretender James III., amidst the acclamations of his courtiers and the joy of the Catholics of the British Isles. His gold had been freely distributed among English statesmen, and his emissaries were always busy in the secret intrigues of the English court. Marlborough and Sunderland had been his pensioners. It was believed that Anne herself was not unwilling to acknowledge her unfortunate brother. His grandson Philip had been received with ready loyalty in Catholic Spain. The Archduke Charles must conquer his kingdom before he could hope to reign. The war of the succession opened for the great king with a boundless prospect of universal dominion; and the nobles and the marshals of France crossed the Rhine, inspired by the memories of half a century of uninterrupted success, in the proud confidence of superiority.*

But England was now thoroughly Protestant; its Catholic faction had sunk into a feeble minority; the intellect of the nation, which had been debased and degraded under the insincere rule of Charles or James, had begun to produce examples of public virtue worthy of the days of Cromwell and of Milton; and the people of England shocked at the chivalric crimes of Louis, and the corrupting vices of a Romish court, had resolved, with unanimity to break down the haughty despotism of France forever. The money of the English merchants was lavished in maintaining the unity of Germany. The wealth of Dissenting tradesmen sustained the house of Hapsburg, on its

* St. Simon. The French were amazed at their first defeats, and then grew accustomed to them. Louis hoped to become a new Charlemagne. Mem., p. 159.

ancient throne. The gay nobles of the Parisian court, whose pedigrees had been carefully marked out for eight generations, were found to have lost the savage virtues of their ancestors; the factories of England and Holland repelled the fierce inroads of the feudal lords.

Anne was represented on the battle-field by Marlborough; Leopold by Eugene. A friendship grew up between the two great generals as constant as it was sincere; and whatever may have been the earlier faults of Marlborough, he seems to have given all the best resources of his genius to the aid of European freedom. If he had been in the past a traitor, a perjured commander, the pensioner of Louis he grew under the influence of a real friendship, into sincerity and honour. * Modest, small, dark-complexioned, insignificant, the fiery ardour and vigorous principle of the Savoyard soldier had fixed the admiration of the eminent Englishman; † with Eugene, Marlborough ceased to be treacherous; together they struck down the power of Louis, and put back for nearly a century the Gallic conquest of Europe. Yet in tactics they represented the two opposite forms of military genius. Marlborough, calm, impassive, never at fault, moved his squadrons with precision, and waited for the moment of victory; Eugene, sword in hand, pressed to the front and led the fury of the battle. Marlborough guided the whirlwind; his companion was ever in the van. The small and insignificant figure of Eugene, seemed filled with grandeur as he sprang upon the French at Blenheim, or sank wounded before the walls of Turin. The impassive Englishman showed scarcely a trace of unusual excitement in the moment of danger or success. Before their varied qualities the mighty fabric of French ambition fell with a sudden shock.

The time may come when the barbarous details of warfare will cease to be interesting, and when men will turn with disgust from the nameless horrors of the battle-field and the campaign. Yet the

* At least in action, He still, however, seems to have kept up a correspondence with the court of St. Germain.

† Prinz Eugen. Arneth gives Eugene's campaigns from original sources.

military glories of the reign of Queen Anne have, at least, the excuse that they were necessary. Tallard, at the head of eighty thousand French and Bavarians, was pressing on to Vienna. He was met at Blenheim by Marlborough and Eugene with an inferior force. The French stretching far along a range of difficult heights, surveyed their foe. The two friends resolved to storm the hills. In front of the French lines spread bogs, rivulets, and morasses; but difficulties vanished before their resolution. Eugene was opposed to the Bavarians, and among his troops was a select band of Prussians, then first rising to renown. Marlborough led the Hollanders and the English against the best soldiers of France. The roar of battle resounded through the still August day, and often as their troops shrank back from the rain of cannon balls, that swept over the marshes of Hochstadt, the two friends once more rallied them to the charge. Struggling in deep bogs and difficult paths, Eugene pressed upon the Bavarians, and was nearly cut down by a Bavarian trooper. But a charge of the Prussians decided the battle on the right wing; on the left the famous squadrons of Louis yielded to the steady courage of Marlborough, and the night fell on the utter ruin of the army of Tallard. How many prisoners were gathered up by the weary victors, what stores of money and of arms came into their hands, it is scarcely necessary to remember; * it is sufficient to know that the pride of France was broken, and that German peasants and villagers, set free from their life-long terror, sang the praises of Marlborough and Eugene as they tilled the fertile pastures of the Danube and the Elbe.

The two commanders now separated. Eugene with the force of twenty-four thousand German, among whom were the famous Prussian band and their commander, the Prince of Dessau, climbed over the mountains, and crossed the rivers that separate Italy from Germany, performing one of the most romantic feats in warfare, and fell suddenly upon a great force of eighty thousand French, who were be-

* Life of Queen Anne, 1714, pp. 95, 96. "The glorious battle of Blenheim." Marlborough's Dispatches, i. 39, give that commander's modest account of the battle.

seizing the capital of Savoy. The city had nearly fallen, when the Germans, moving swiftly along the banks of the Po, threw themselves upon the hostile lines. The prince was at the front; the Prussians struck a well-aimed blow; eighty thousand French, dismayed and broken, fled before an inferior force, and Italy saw with amazement, the disastrous flight of the soldiers of the great king. Meantime, in the Low Countries, Marlborough, at Ramillies (1706, May 23), had rivaled the terrors of the battle of Turin. Louis sent his best army and Villeroi to defend the territory he had wrested in his prosperous youth from Spain. Not far from that memorable field where France and England struggled for victory at Waterloo, and Wellington and Napoleon had finished, a century later, a generation of warfare; Marlborough received the attack of the well-trained squadrons; on that day he emulated the daring of Eugene; he was every where in the heart of the battle; his horse fell under him, and he had nearly been captured by the enemy; his aide was shot at his side: but when the dreadful labors of the day were ended, the throne of Anne, the liberties of Holland, and of Germany, were secured.

Blenheim, Turin, and Ramillies were followed by the union of the two chiefs; and again at Oudenarde, 1708, they shattered by incessant toil, the last army of France. Marlborough eager to do honor to his friend, had placed him in command of the English troops: he kept himself the Germans. The landscape of the battle was a rich and level country, sown thick with towns and hamlets, with farms and valleys teeming with plenty, and pleasant woodlands, above whose tree tops the turrets of peaceful abbeys and lonely castles rose over the tranquil scene. All was now torn with the raging contest. The French were slowly beaten. The night fell, and at length the glittering fires of musketry revealed the converging lines of the allies. The French fled to Ghent, and Marlborough and Eugene felt that their labors were nearly over. Terror and gloom filled the once boastful streets of Paris, and its aged king might well have looked to see the Germans at Versailles. Soon, too, the powers of na-

ture lent their aid to complete the miseries of France. A winter the most severe ever known in Europe, froze the Seine to its bed; the rigors of Lapland were repeated in Normandy and Guienne. The crops froze in the ground; the peasantry and their cattle perished by the road-side; vineyards were destroyed; the pastures were converted into icy wastes; and when the summer opened famine preyed upon the enfeebled nation, and Louis saw around him a dying people and a ruined realm.*

In England, meantime, the tumult of victory had been followed by a weariness of slaughter and a longing for the calm of peace. The passions of men were stilled. Even the fearful splendors of Blenheim and Ramillies ceased to awaken exultation. Spain had been conquered and lost; Gibraltar alone remained; Leopold and Joseph had died, and Charles VI. ascended the imperial throne. The safety of Europe, it was asserted, demanded that Philip should be permitted to rule at Madrid, and that Louis, humbled and disarmed, should be spared the last humiliation of utter defeat.

Thrice had England risen on the wave of advancing thought to singular eminence. The Protestant reform of the reign of Elizabeth had given birth to a throng of stately intellects, original, vigorous, creative. A second movement of the popular mind toward honesty and austerity had produced a Milton and a Hampden. And now, by a third impulse, the narrow realm of the good Queen Anne was raised to the first rank among European powers. Scarcely, indeed, had the dull prejudices of feudalism passed away, and it was still the fashion with the eminent and wise to trace their descent from Norman robbers or Saxon thanes, to indulge in the ostentation of rank, and lay claim to a fancied superiority. It was still held more honorable to have come from a knightly race, whose mail-clad hands had been stained with Moslem blood, who had shone in the guilty revelries of barbarous courts, and had abandoned learning to clerks and priests,

* St. Simon paints the miseries of France; the court was served with black bread. St. Simon gave reluctantly part of his plate to the treasury.

than to possess the wit of Addison or the genius of Bacon. The people were still contemned; yet from the rising vigor of the people had sprung almost every one of the wits, the courtiers, and the statesmen who had made the dull Anne the arbitress of Europe.

Anne had herself inherited her sober virtues from the honest yeomanry of her mother's family; the corrupt instincts of the Stuarts were tempered by the regular habits of the Hydes.* Marlborough, the saviour of Germany, had risen from comparative obscurity by every unworthy artifice, as well as by his successful sword; Halifax, the orator and wit, had come up to London with an ingenious fable and fifty pounds a-year, and had been pampered into unhappy satiety, like the city mouse of his own tale; Somers rose from poverty and insignificance; St. John was married to the descendant of a wealthy clothier; Harley covered his obscure origin by a fancied genealogy; and the ruling caste of England, in this gifted age, was formed in great part of men who were prepared to recognize personal merit, since they had found it the source of their own success.

The clouded fame of Marlborough has sensibly decayed; few now care to pursue the devious intrigues of Bolingbroke and Oxford; but from the successful reign of Queen Anne still gaze down upon us a cluster of thoughtful faces whose lineaments the world will never cease to trace with interest, and to whom mankind must ever turn in grateful regard. One fair, soft countenance alone is always serene. No lines of fierce struggles or of bitter discontent, of brooding madness or of envious rage, disturb that gentle aspect. A delicate taste, a tranquil disposition, a clear sense of the vanity of human passions and of all earthly aims, have softened and subdued the mental supremacy of Addison. To some he has seemed feeble; for many he wants the fire of genius. But multitudes in every age have been held willing captives by the lively play of his unwearied fancy, his melodious periods, his tenderness and truth; have yielded to a power

that is never asserted, and to an art that is hidden in the simplicity of a master. By his side gleams out from the mists of centuries the severe and intellectual countenance of Alexander Pope. Bitter, treacherous and cruel, magnanimous and full of moral vigor, the teacher of honesty and independence, the poet of Queen Anne's age still holds his high place in the temple of fame. His versification, so novel and so perfect to his contemporaries, has long sunk into monotony under countless imitators; his satiric vigor is no longer felt; the splendor of his artifice and the glitter of his rhetoric amaze rather than delight; yet while literature endures the wise sentences and the keen insight of the philosophic poet he will instruct and guide his race.

Gentle Parnell and pensive Gay, the vigorous thought and powerful diction of the corrupt St. John, the honest aspirations of a dissipated Steele toward ideal virtue, the melody of Tickell, the inventive genius of Defoe, the rude criticism of Dennis, the wit of Arbuthnot, and some few lines of Prior, survive from the faded glories of the age; and memorable above his contemporaries by his griefs, his brooding madness, his fierce and unsparing pride, the dark and troubled aspect of Swift looks down over the waste of time. There was never any thing of trust or joy in his solemn eyes. There is neither faith nor hope in the "Tale of a Tub" or "Gulliver's Travels." He came into life already weary of existence, and left it in the gloom of madness.

Swift came up to London in 1710, upon some important business for the Irish Church. He soon began that brilliant but scarcely honorable political career which engaged for several years his vigorous faculties, awoke his overbearing ambition, and left him in moody misanthropy and discontent.* Two famous women controlled successively the feeble intellect of Anne. Her strongest passion was an impulsive friendship, and the severe pen of Macaulay has traced with inimitable fullness the ardor of devotion with which she yielded to the imperious fascinations of Sarah Jen-

* Anne was the daughter of Anne Hyde, whom James married when Duke of York.

* The Journal to Stella commences with this visit, so long protracted, to London.

nings, Duchess of Marlborough. But the reign of the bold and vindictive favorite was now drawing towards its close, and a political revolution that was to decide the whole policy of England was brought about by the secret influence of a woman of a very different character.* A cousin of the duchess, Abigail Hill, had been admitted as an attendant upon the queen. She betrayed her cousin, and supplanted her in Anne's feeble affections. The duchess discovered her treachery. She covered Anne with reproaches, she wept, she implored; but the stubborn queen clung to her new favorite, and at length the haughty duchess was driven from the court; her husband, the great duke, fell with her; the Whigs were deprived of the power which they had held for so many years, and the Tories and the High-Churchmen, led by Harley and Bolingbroke, ruled over England.

The literary men had all been Whigs, and had been brought into notice and covered with favors by that progressive party, which was represented in the Church by Tenison, and in the Parliament by Montague. They remained, with but few exceptions, true to their principles and their benefactors. Addison, dignified and gentle, led his obedient followers into the opposition; Steele, profligate yet honest, employed his ready pen in the defence of the fallen Whigs; Congreve, Tickell, Philips and Budgell remained unswayed by the brilliant prospects of the triumphant faction. But the Tories succeeded in purchasing with bribes or winning by flatteries two of the chiefs of that gifted band who were to complete the renown of the reign of Queen Anne. No man had been more lavish in his flatteries of Marlborough, or a more vigorous suitor for the favors of the Whigs, than Matthew Prior. He now abandoned his friends and sold himself to St. John. His wit, his address, his dissolute morals, and his poetical fame made Prior the chief confidant of the new ministry, the companion of their pleasures, and their representative at the court of Louis. The poet negotiated

the treaty of Utrecht, and saved France from a German invasion. But the chief of the traitors was Jonathan Swift. It is possible that in the dawn of his career, touched by the high inspiration of letters, Swift had felt the charm of ideal virtue, and had lived above the inferior impulses of his age. He was always fond of boasting of his integrity, his independence, and his conscious merit. But his feeble virtues now yielded to the shock of disappointed ambition. He abandoned his liberal principles, separated from his early friends, and went over to the Tories. He was received with singular favor. He became the constant associate of the unprincipled Harley and the profligate St. John, of Abigail Hill, who had become Lady Masham, and of the gay circle of dissipated courtiers who controlled the policy of Queen Anne.* Pious men were shocked to see an eminent clergyman the chosen companion of the worthless and the gay, and the keen wits of the fallen party pursued the renegade with ingenious malice. But Swift replied to their taunts with a ribald brilliancy that soon disconcerted his feebler foes, and amidst the elation of a political triumph, and the flatteries of ministers and lords, poured forth the most wonderful of party diatribes. He seemed to live in an atmosphere of exhilaration, to hold in his hands the avenue of promotion. He was fond of boasting to Stella how he loved Harley and St. John, and how they both treated him as a favored friend. He was eager with vague hopes, but often sinks into despondency; and the famous *Journal*, the picture of an unquiet soul, shows how Swift clutched at wealth and power, and lost his integrity.

Scott, a name ever memorable in letters for consistency, if not for acute discernment, has labored to excuse the fatal lapse of his great predecessor; but his palliation scarcely conceals the fault. It is not sufficient to assert that Swift's zeal for the Church drew him over to the Tories, for it must also have led him into a captious leaning toward the Pretender, who could hardly be thought a friend of

* Correspondence of Duchess of Marlborough, ii. 105. The angry duchess, after all, has little to say against her rival.

* "The Rev. Mr. Swift and Mr. Prior quickly offered themselves for sale," says the Duchess of Marlborough. *Corresp.*, ii. 129.

the English establishment. In his bitter discontent Swift seems to have abandoned all principle, and yielded himself wholly to the promptings of passion and a ceaseless thirst for vengeance upon his early friends.

There had come a time in the annals of France when it seemed that the Germans and the Dutch, the English and the Prussian, might march almost unopposed to Paris; when the fountains of Versailles must play for a foreign master, and the gay parterres of Marly sink beneath the tread of hostile squadrons; when Louis must flee from his luxurious chambers, to hide, like James II., an exile in a distant land. Nothing could resist the splendid onset of Marlborough and Eugene. Lille, the capital of French Flanders, yielded to their united skill. The path lay open to the heart of France; and Louis trembled in the midst of those magnificent palaces which he had reared to his own glory amidst the ruin of his people. Huguenot riders swept from Courtray to Versailles, and captured an officer of the royal household on the bridge of Sèvres. The streets of Paris rang with the news that the enemy was near.* No longer the magnificent, the beloved, amidst starvation, death, and penury, the aged king saw insulting placards hung upon his statues, and heard the murmurs of dejected France.

Scarcely eight years had passed since Louis, almost monarch of Europe, issuing from his gorgeous chamber at Versailles, had presented to the Spanish ambassador and a splendid throng of all the chief dignitaries of his court, his grandson, Phillip of Anjou, as King of Spain, and amidst the applause of a corrupt assembly had openly violated his plighted faith; and now, on a mournful day, a council was gathered, covered with humiliation and dissolved in tears. There was the dull, unprincipled dauphin, his son, the heir of that great kingdom, which was now wasted with famine and threatened with a sudden conquest; there was the young Duke of Burgundy, the best of all the depraved grandchildren of Louis, the direct heir of a tottering throne; there were eminent statesmen and stately nobles

—Tory, Beauvilliers, or Pontchartrain; and there, as Beauvilliers painted in vivid eloquence the woes and dangers of the realm, princes and nobles wept together, and Louis, with bowed head and breaking heart, consented to send an agent to Holland to ask mercy and peace from the Dutch. If William of Orange could have looked upon that scene, and beheld the humiliation of the destroyer of his country, he would have remembered with renewed satisfaction the time when, before the triumphant legions of France, he had ordered the dykes to be cut, and amidst the roar of the North Sea billows had called all Holland to the defense of its freedom and its faith; when the Calvinistic people, roused by his heroism, had defied the rage of the Jesuits,* and trusted in an arm mightier than all earthly powers. But the Dutch were now in no mood to listen complacently to the almost abject supplications of Louis. They had been bitterly wronged. France and Louis had laboured to blot them from the earth. They offered only terms so severe and degrading that, even in its despair, the court of Versailles preferred war to submission.

Happily for Louis, a wide revolution had taken place in the politics of England; and the Tory reaction, covering the intellect of the age with the dreamy dullness of medieval High-Churchism and the doctrines of passive obedience, had inclined the nation to look with sympathy upon the fallen monarch and his faded glories. The Tories stretched out a friendly hand to save the centre of European despotism and of regal follies and crimes. They had little in common with the Dutch reformers and the rising intellect of Northern Germany. Anne herself was a Stuart, remembered the close alliance of Louis with her uncle and her father, and was no friend, perhaps a feeble enemy, to the plans of William of Orange and the rapid growth of Protestantism. Marlborough and Eugene were checked in their invasion of France; yet they were permitted to move slowly onward, and at the great battle of Malplaquet, the most fiercely contested of all this

*St. Simon, Mem., 1709. The courtiers were afraid to go out of the city.

*Even the popes and Louis feared the malice of this dangerous body. See St. Simon, *Les Jesuites*, vol. x; *Œuvres*, p. 107.

disastrous war, the new army of France was defeated with dreadful slaughter; and again the enemy were looked for in Paris. At Malplaquet, on French soil, the fate of Louis and his dynasty seemed decided. His army, led by the brilliant Villars, had shown the courage of desperation, the self-sacrifice of a spurious patriotism. Thrice had Eugene led his best troops against the French intrenchments, and was still beaten back. The Dutch contingent, under a Prince of Orange, threw itself by mistake against a line bristling with cannon and guarded by a triple defense, and with a pertinacious resolution, was nearly cut to pieces on the spot. The prince retreated behind his heaps of dead. The Huguenot brigades, the flower of a devoted race, lay strewn upon the fatal field; and Prince Eugene, wounded by a musket ball, was carried fainting to the rear. But while the French thus bravely held their ground, their line was again shaken by the steady advance of Marlborough with the English and Prussians. Once more Eugene, his wound bound up, sprang onward at the head of his daring cavalry, and with a despairing cry, the centre of the French army broke, and the great host fled before its foe.

The conquest of France seemed now no difficult task,* and the Germans, the Prussians, and the Huguenots were ready to press forward to the siege of Paris. Happy would it have been for Europe and for Frenchmen had they been permitted to complete their victory. They might have restored toleration to the Church and self-respect to the people; they might have driven the Jesuits from France, the source of all its woes; they would have renewed the Huguenot colleges at Sedan or Saumur, and invited from every side the elements of reform; they might have scattered forever that gilded throng of poisoners, assassins, idiots, and imbeciles who had proclaimed themselves the rulers of France, and who, under the despotic guidance of Louis and the Jesuits, were sowing the seeds of endless woes. But the Tory reaction of Eng-

*Marlborough was removed from his command, and the invasion of France abandoned. That France must have fallen, had the allies pressed on either in 1709 or 1710, seems scarcely doubtful.

land checked the career of reform in London as well as in Paris. The Huguenots and the Dutch were forbidden to conquer France. Louis and the Jesuits were left to rule over the decaying kingdom; and the bitter pen of Swift, ever malignant and destructive, covered with sharp ridicule that vigorous alliance, the dying legacy of William of Orange, which had alone preserved the liberties of Europe.

Five years of a weary life yet remained to good Queen Anne, and of ceaseless plotting to the Tories. They knew that their power must cease with her reign, and when the Hanoverian king ascended the throne, the principles of Protestantism and the liberal policy of William would again govern England. It was believed by many that Bolingbroke, and perhaps Oxford, had engaged in a plan to bring back the Stuarts; that popery was to be restored with the Pretender; that a period of anarchy was approaching, when the nation would once more be driven to contend against French corruption and a Catholic king. The Tories, careless of the clamor of their opponents, resolved to break up the grand alliance, to desert their allies to save Louis. Prior went on a secret embassy to Paris; Swift wrote his "Conduct of the Allies;" the treaty of Utrecht (1713) was slowly perfected; and Louis rose from his humiliation, still the master of Alsace and Strasburg, and saw his grandson Philip firmly seated on the throne of Spain.

That the peace of Utrecht was unjust to Germany and Holland, to the exiled Huguenots, who had fought for the freedom of England on many a battle-field, to the Protestants of Strasburg, and the friends of toleration in every land, can scarcely be denied; that Bolingbroke, Swift,* and Oxford were bound to the despot of Versailles by no honorable ties, was openly asserted by many of their contemporaries. If they were not engaged to bring back the Pretender, they at least felt a lasting hostility for the Protestant King from Hanover.

It was in the last years of Queen Anne's reign that, every morning, was

*"I hope they can tell no ill story of you," wrote the Archbishop King to Swift, after his fall.

laid on the breakfast-tables of tasteful lords and quiet citizens a small printed sheet that told the mournful story of Sir Roger and his widow; discussed the sources of the beautiful and the sublime; made "Paradise Lost" familiar to countless readers, and unfolded to the world the graceful meditations of a spotless mind on the problems of life and immortality. While party strife raged with unexampled bitterness, Addison, the tranquil spectator, taught all the milder virtues and softened the rude manners of his age. With less success, but still more general applause, he produced a tragedy in the cause of freedom, of which only a brief monologue survives. At the same time was printing at the London press a magnificent volume,* rich with the rarest decorations of luxurious typography—a translation by one who could scarcely read the original, with slow labor, of the ever-living tales of Homer. Such unscrupulous audacity was rewarded by unbounded triumph. Golden showers rained upon the poet; he rose at once to unprecedented fame; and if a wide eminence be a proper object of congratulation, Pope might be looked upon as the most successful of his contemporaries; more fortunate than Marlborough; happier than Swift. Nor was his triumph undeserved; for the rich fields of English poetry have no more captivating mine of poetic gems, of the touching, the graceful, and the sublime, clothed in sonorous couplets, and radiant with a glittering diction, than Pope has ravished from the boundless stores of Homer. What he has brought with him almost compensates us for all he was incapable of bearing away. The simplicity and majesty of his original he never ventured to imitate. Swift, meantime, was startling the literary world with those unrivaled political satires that have never ceased to find imitators and readers, and had, perhaps, already conceived the design of "Gulliver's travels;" Defoe had not yet turned from party strife to write "Robinson Crusoe;" a throng of inferior writers sought the public ear. In the midst of the new literary activity Johnson was born (1709), and Hume

(1711)—the most successful students of Addison and Swift. Shakespeare and Milton, now rescued from neglect, rose into general favor, and literature began that vigorous contest, of which the victory has not yet been won, against medieval ignorance and feudal follies.

The dull queen cared nothing for the strains of her bards or the graceful periods of Addison and Swift; she was sick, unhappy, and alone. Her husband and children died before her; fierce dissensions had broken out among her ministers. Bolingbroke and Oxford, torn by an insane emulation, brought their quarrels into the council chamber, and disturbed the last days of the feeble queen with their coarse recrimination and bitter hate. No tenderness for their dying mistress, no memory of her favors, restrained the rude natures of those corrupt men, to whose hands was committed the destiny of a cultivated nation. Harley came intoxicated into her presence; the character of Bolingbroke was well known to his mistress; yet the queen was forced to listen to their counsels and submit to their advice. At length that event which the Tories had long looked for with natural alarm was hastened by the imprudence of their chiefs, and Anne was seized with a mortal illness. One morning she rose, fixed her eyes for a long time on a clock that stood near, and when a lady in waiting asked her what she saw unusual, turned upon her with a vacant gaze and fainted. On the 31st of July, 1714, Anne died, and with her passed away forever the rule of that faction which had inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience and the divine authority of kings. Fugitives, exiles, impoverished, dismayed, the fallen adherents of a political superstition sank before the indignation of their countrymen. Oxford, a prisoner in the tower, trembled for his life; Bolingbroke fled to France, and openly joined the court of James III.; Ormond was a needy exile; Swift, spared by the lenient Whigs, was permitted to retreat to his deanery at Dublin; Prior, fallen almost to penury, lived upon a subscription to his poems. Never again was the extravagant theory of loyalty to rule in England. A new race of statesmen had sprung up, who

*Pope's Homer was printed 1715, after Anne's death, but belongs to her period.

had been educated in the tolerant spirit of Addison rather than the passionate bigotry of Swift. The crown had, in fact, become elective; it was slowly discovered that the king, the church, and the ruling caste should be the servants rather than the despots of the nation.

While England, taught by the gentle genius of Addison, had made some faint progress in refinement and commonsense, France, shorn of its military glories by the acute diplomacy of William of Orange and the successful generals of Queen Anne, remained lost in a dull stupor of bigotry and despotism that was to be broken only by the fierce convulsions of its revolution. Louis, in extreme old age, was still governed by the severe guidance of the Jesuits. It was even asserted that, like James II. of England, he had himself become a member of their powerful society, and might claim all those immunities and privileges in a future world that had been lavishly bestowed by grateful popes upon the followers of Loyola.* His reign had, at least, been illustrative of the principles of the Spanish saint. His two confessors, La Chaise and La Tellier, had condoned all his vices and instigated all his crimes. The slave and the tyrant of depraved women and designing men, Louis had swept on through life, the chief actor in a dreadful pageant, blind to the miseries of his people, confident only in his own glory. Yet the misfortunes of his later years might well have broken any heart less cold than his own. The sorrows and the humiliation he had brought upon France seem, indeed, to have given him little uneasiness. His selfish vanity was never touched by the woes of others; but within his own family a series of afflictions had fallen upon him that cast a dreadful gloom over the splendors of Versailles and the gardens of Marly.

Since Louis, on a chill and showy night, attended by the Archbishop of Paris, his confessor Père la Chaise, and a few officials, had led the widow Scarron to the chapel of Versailles, and,

kneeling with her at the altar, had exchanged the marriage-rings, but little peace could have remained in the palace, where the new wife was eagerly plotting to be openly acknowledged, and the legitimate princes refused to come into her presence. An alienation had arisen between the king and his son the dauphin; and Madame De Maintenon had become the patroness of the natural children of Louis, who had inherited all the evil passions of their parents. But when the Duke of Burgundy, the dauphin's eldest son, and heir to the crown, had married, amidst pageants of unprecedented splendor, Mary of Savoy, that amiable but heedless princess had won the regard of Louis, and the good qualities of the young duke, who had been educated under Fénelon, seemed to promise a happier era for the suffering people. Two sons were born to Mary, and the family of the Duke of Burgundy formed a centre of promise in the corrupt atmosphere of Versailles.*

Death now suddenly descended upon the guilty court, attended by all the horrors of suspicion and of doubt. The dauphin was seized with small-pox, and died; Louis fainted in an agony of grief, but fled hastily from the infected chamber; his courtiers followed him; and the heir of the French throne was buried in haste, with only a few strangers to attend his funeral. In February, 1712, a box of Spanish snuff was presented to Mary. Soon after she died delirious, and with every trace of poison. Her husband, the duke, not long after perished in similar torments. Their eldest son also died. The Duke de Berri, second son of the dauphin, followed next, the victim of his own wife. The cry of poison resounded through the nation. Louis trembled for his own worthless life; and his great-grandson, a feeble infant, the Duke of Anjou, alone remained, the last of his direct heirs. Faint with repeated shocks, yet tranquil in the assurance of the protection of the Jesuits, Louis at length passed away (1715) from his magnificent palaces, haunted by the shades of the dead, and

* St. Simon, *Œuvres*, x. p. 106, paints the dangerous ambition of the Jesuits. Their threats terrified Louis.

* St. Simon gives details of the terrible corruption of the court and the king.

left behind him a baleful memory, which future generations will rejoice to hide in a decent oblivion.

Such was the spectacle of the fall of the great, the miseries of nations, the barbaric glories and disasters of French vanity and Jesuitic intolerance, upon which Stella had gazed with a feeble attention, and in which Swift had played no unimportant part during the last years of Queen Anne; but for the dark-eyed, pensive maiden, now no longer in the bloom of youth, yet still singularly fair, the hand of destiny was tracing an intricate and touching fate that must survive in the annals of letters, when perhaps the names of Louis and of Anne are remembered only to be contemned. Swift had written each day to Stella a journal of the various events that had soothed his ambition or satisfied his pride; had named the great nobles who were his frequent companions, the power he had won in the counsels of the nation, the most minute events of his daily life, his dinners, his diseases, his giddiness, the misconduct of Patrick and the melancholy end of Patrick's lark, the adventures of the box of snuff, the heat of the weather; yet there was one passage of his London Career upon which he was ever silent. He had found a new pupil, and Stella had learned by report of that gay and graceful rival to whom all of Swift's leisure was devoted. Esther Vanhomrigh, the Vanessa of the mysterious romance, was young, wealthy, beautiful, a member of that glittering circle of Tory fashion in which her master was now moving with singular applause. Her father was dead, her mother kept a hospitable house, and here Swift found a friendly reception, and forgot in the eager homage of Vanessa his duty to his betrothed, the gentle pupil of Moor Park.

He woke suddenly from his delusion; and when the death of Anne drove him, a moody exile, to his deanery at Dublin, had resolved, perhaps, to part forever from Vanessa. On his return he found that grief and a natural jealousy had thrown Stella into a deep melancholy. Her health declined. A common friend carried her complaints to Swift; and, with strange reluctance and singular pre-

cautions, he at length determined to prove his constancy by going through the form of marriage. The ceremony was performed secretly in the garden of the deanery by the Bishop of Clogher in 1716, but upon the condition that it was never to be acknowledged publicly, and Stella was still to live apart from her husband in the same guarded way in which they had so long defied the scrutiny of the world. Agitated and gloomy, Swift had yielded as if to some fatal necessity in his mysterious marriage. Soon after his friend Dr. Delany met him coming from an interview with the Archbishop of Dublin; he looked like one distracted, and passed Delany without speaking. Delany found the archbishop in tears; upon asking the reason, he replied, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but of the cause of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Swift hid himself in a seclusion for several days after his marriage, and then came forth to resume his usual course of life, and to treat Stella only as a beloved and honored friend. Every year, on her birthday, he celebrated her virtues in graceful verses, and proved the sincerity of his affection by his devotion to her while living, the anguish with which he received the tidings of her death.

What fatal barrier existed in their perfect union, what strange confession Swift made to the Archbishop of Dublin, why he ever refused to publish his marriage with one he so deeply loved, no research has ever unfolded, and no tongue has ever told. Swift carefully preserved his secret; and even when his intellect sank into imbecility, upon one point he was always prudent. In all his writings he made no confession. The mystery of Swift and Stella sleeps with them where they were placed side by side in the Cathedral of St. Patrick. But conjuncture has never ceased to explain their story. It was said that after his marriage Swift discovered that Stella was his sister, that they were both the children of Sir William Temple, and that the secret was maliciously revealed by Mrs.

* The marriage of Swift and Stella is generally admitted (Scott, 239), yet in her will Stella entitles herself "spinster."

Dingley, Stella's companion, when the ceremony was ended. Several circumstances seem to confirm the theory. They had both been inmates of Sir William's house, had been treated by him with constant regard, and had received considerable legacies in his will. Some likeness was traced between them and their supposed father, and it was not incredible that one might have remained ignorant of the other's parentage; but Scott believed that he had perfectly refuted the theory.* By some writers it has been suggested that Swift was insane, and that his conduct towards Stella and Vanessa showed only the wild freaks of a madman. Others have accused his fierce ambition and pride, that led him to crush with cruel neglect his humble companion and wife. Some assert that he would save the life of Vanessa; that he married Stella, but loved her rival. But for all these conjectures no sufficient argument can be adduced.

Meantime the unhappy Vanessa, constant in that love which she had openly declared to her master, had also followed him to Ireland, and lived at Marley Abbey, a small estate which she had inherited, near Celbridge, resolved not to be separated from him by the treacherous seas. Here, amidst the charms of a gentle landscape, the victim of real passion saw her youth and beauty fade away in monastic seclusion. Her house resembled a cloister in form as well as in name. A river wandered bright and glad amidst green fields and graceful woods before it; a cascade leaped and murmured in the distance; the garden was profusely planted with laurel by Vanessa's own hand, in honor of her beloved; and here, in a bower furnished with two seats, and a table covered with writing materials, would Swift sit with his pupil, on those rare occasions when he visited her in her retirement, striving to moderate her fatal passion, but never revealing that secret bond that had separated them forever. Here, shaded by his laurels, Vanessa wrote those impassioned letters that served only to awaken alarm,

pity, we may trust remorse, in the agitated breast of the husband of Stella.

Her sister, her only companion, died beneath her care, of a lingering disease; and in her solitude, torn by jealousy, conscious of Swift's close intimacy with her rival, yet ignorant of its cause, Vanessa after eight years of patient expectation, resolved, by a daring step, to discover the nature of the tie that bound him to another. She wrote to Stella, asking her to reveal the mystery. Stella, in reply, told her of her marriage,* sent Vanessa's letter to Swift, and, filled with a just resentment, fled from Dublin, and from a husband whose cruel duplicity had well deserved her lasting scorn.

But for Esther Vanhomrigh, her bold effort to unfold the dangerous mystery proved the knell of death. In one of those fierce bursts of rage, the tokens of approaching madness which so often came upon him, and which was now excited to unusual intensity by the reception of Vanessa's letter from Stella, Swift rode instantly to Marley Abbey. No remorse for his own base conduct seems to have checked his selfish resentment; no pity for that fair and gifted woman, to whom he should have knelt in humble self-accusation, seems to have been thought of in his haughty delirium. With a terrible countenance he entered Vanessa's apartment, flung her letter upon the table, and when she asked him, with a trembling voice, to sit down, turned from her sternly, and rode hastily away.

A few weeks afterwards Vanessa died, it was said of fever; but no one has ever mistaken the cause of her rapid decline. Her heart was broken. Until she received Stella's letter she had lived in a perpetual delusion, ever hoping that time would remove the unknown obstacle to her union with him whom she thought her lover, and for whom she had cherished an unbounded veneration, a singular devotion. The discovery of his faithlessness had turned her love to resentment, her respect to scorn. She at once revoked her will, in which she had left all her property to Swift, and gave it to

* Scott's argument is not conclusive. That Swift and Stella were brother and sister was believed by their contemporaries. See *Gent. Magazine*, 1755.

* There is another version of the story, but it is allowed that Vanessa discovered the marriage.

strangers. She died amidst her scattered hopes, indignant, silent, and alone. At Marley Abbey are still shown two or three laurel-trees from whose classic leaves Vanessa had once hoped to crown his immortal brow, and the garden, now tangled and neglected, from whence they had looked together on the shining river and the bright cascade.

At the news of her death, Swift, overpowered by remorse and grief, for two months hid himself in solitude, alone in his agony. He then came back to the deanery. Stella forgave him, touched by his distress; and once more they lived like brother and sister, careless of the opinion of the world. Still the same mystery hung over them, and still Swift, untaught by the mournful fate of Venessa, refused to publish the secret marriage. But Stella's health, always delicate, sank under her painful circumstances. Calumny wounded her pure and gentle spirit. She in vain urged that vindication of her fame which Swift refused, with unaccountable cruelty, to grant her last request. She was even removed from the deanery, lest, by her dying there, some scandal might be excited, and Swift was not with her in her last moments. But from his chamber in the deanery, agitated by no common grief, he might have seen the torches gleaming through the Gothic windows of St. Patrick's as they bore Stella, at night, to her grave in the cathedral.*

The great dean, idolized by the Irish, whose interests he upheld, wit, scholar, poet, the classic writer of his age, survived for many years his fair and gentle pupil. His fame ever increased; his wit filled the world with laughter; his power in Ireland was almost despotic. Yet no moment of happiness or of peace ever came to his troubled spirit. He always declared that he was weary of life, eager for death. His common parting words to his friends were, "May we never meet again." His mind at last was lost in silent idiocy. He died in 1735, and was laid in St. Patrick's Cathedral by Stella's side.

Thus came and passed away the days of good Queen Anne, full of their joys and their calamities, their wars and triumphs, their pleasures and their pains; their heroes and statesmen, who rise for a moment above the paths of history, soon, perhaps, to sink forever in neglect; their princely and noble throngs, shining in a transient splendor; their patient multitude, rising slowly in knowledge and power. Nor did they pass wholly in vain. For still look down upon us from amidst their fading glories the calm countenances of Addison, Swift, and Pope, shorn of their coarser and baser elements, and living only as intellectual agents, governing all future generations at will by the power of mental culture, softening the rude, informing the dull, exciting emulation, and teaching forever, with no common success, in the great university of mankind.

* Recently their graves were opened, and their remains examined. Wilde, 120.

(Westminster Review.)

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Is there any one, not wholly illiterate, who has not in the picture gallery of his mind, some historical scene or incident which stands out from the rest in brighter colours, with sharper outlines, with closer resemblance of life? It may be Leonidas holding the pass of Thermopylæ against the Spartan bands; or the brave Horatius, when with

“Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind,
... he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.”

Or the dauntless Boadicea, when, fired by the Druid bard's “prophetic strains,” she

“Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying—hur'd them at the foe.”

Or the Saxon Alfred harping his simple ditties in the hostile Danish camp, or one or other of the thousand romantic incidents with which the pages of history are crowded. To us, one scene from modern history has always seemed unsurpassably heroic. It is a simple circumstance enough, with few outward accompaniments likely to enchain the fancy or arrest the lover of the picturesque. No pomp or circumstance of war surrounds the actors in this little drama. No royal pageantry dignifies the event. No tragic element calls for the sympathetic tear. One sees on a cold November day a small brig tossed about by wintry gales sweeping desolately over the North Atlantic. Dark clouds rush angrily through the grey oppressive sky. The wild sea stretches round sailless and melancholy, as it has done for untold ages. No giant steamers then breasted those hostile surges. No friendly sail loomed up at times above the far horizon. That vessel was following an unknown track, and bound for an unknown shore. Small as she was, more than a hundred souls had found a home

in that little ship for sixty-six days past. They had been buffeted by storm and swept by seas, driven from their course and drifted towards a coast where no European foot had ever trod. Yet as the strange inhospitable land rises dimly out of the distant clouds, and as the end of their weary voyage draws near, the psalms of David are heard exultant above the howling winds and the hissing seas, and those stubborn pilgrims, whose ardour the sea's vague terrors have been vain to quell, and whose faith has triumphed over the tempest's violence, with hopes unshaken and will unchanged, praise their God. It is of these people and their first experiences on that alien soil that we propose now to speak. At a time when the attention of people in this country is being so largely directed to the relations which subsist between England and her colonies, it surely cannot be without interest to look back to the period when the great work of Anglo-Saxon colonization first began.

The year 1607 found ecclesiastical affairs in England confused and troubled. Protestantism was still in its feeble infancy. Religious freedom was as much a dream of hope as it had been in the reign of Mary. The Popedom was still supreme, but his holiness instead of being the Roman Pontiff was the English king. When Henry VIII. separated himself from the Papacy, he did so only that the supreme power over all things and causes ecclesiastical as well as temporal, spiritual as well as material, might be vested in himself. He changed the relations of the Crown to the Church, not those of the Church to the people. He remained a Catholic at heart, cherishing the old ceremonial, and dying in full reliance upon its creeds. But during his reign there was no more real liberty of relief

than there had been. The monarch ruled the faith of his people. He, and he only, held the right to order their mode of worship; to appoint bishops, to prescribe rules of church government. He forbade the free perusal of the Bible, and granted the privilege, as a kingly boon, to merchants and to nobles. At his death but one link had been struck from the chain of the Church fetters binding inexorably the English nation. Mary, as we all know, a zealous Catholic and a good Papist, sought to undo the little that her father had done. Then came Elizabeth, that "bright occidental star," who was as bent upon being herself the Pope of the English Church as Henry had been. It is true she revised the Liturgy and abolished many of the more obnoxious ceremonials, but she retained in her heart a love of the Catholic ritual, and sought by the most rigorous measures to enforce conformity. Fearful of any menace to her throne, she took every mark of opposition to the creed she propounded as a denial of her supremacy and therefore as inimical to her crown. The Anglican Church might be reformed, its doctrines refined, its ritual simplified, but it was to be not less than the early church had been *the* Church and the only Church of the people. In those days of quickened thought the setting of any limits to man's religious life began to be irksome. In a land where men had suffered torture and welcomed a death of agony rather than conform to the Church of England. Once light the torch of liberty, and it blazes irrepressibly. No blast of oppression can extinguish that living flame. It comes to man in his seasons of darkness as an eternal revelation, the light of God shining constant in his illumined heart. So it was in England. The reformers of the Anglican Church strove in vain to set bounds to the work they had begun. They substituted for the idol they had torn down another in its place, and bade the people worship this form of their own creation, but it would not do. The new Church, grand as it might be in its fresh simplicity, beautiful as was its liturgy, solemn and most affecting as were its prayers, was ministered unto by priests who claimed equally with those of Rome,

descent from Heaven and an exclusive commission for their office. They sanctioned no exercise of conscience, they allowed no liberty of thought. They, and they alone, were to be the dispensers, according to the prescribed formulæ, of God's great truth and God's vast mercy. So it was that men who had read their Bibles in secret, and whose consciences condemned the forms submitted to them, and whose will revolted against the yoke imposed upon them, went into private places where they might worship their Maker as they would, or openly in their own churches expounded the truth as it was revealed to them in their hearts. In vain were commissions appointed to put a stop to these "pernicious heresies." In vain did Elizabeth by heavy penalties and incessant persecution seek to put down these "pestilent and stiff-necked disturbers" of her realm. In 1593 there were said to be 20,000 who frequented conventicles, and mighty efforts were made to root them out. It was proposed to deal out to them the measure dealt to the Huguenots in France and the Moors in Spain. Persons who absented themselves from public service for a month, without proper reason shown, were made liable to exile or to death. Two notable worthies, Barrow and Greenwood, were hanged at Tyburn for no other cause than that they dissented from the Church. Many of the persecuted fled to Holland, and for a time Independency was subdued amongst the people. But among the clergy the spirit of nonconformity spread continuously, and exhibited itself in the doctrines taught from the Church's pulpits.

We need not say what high hopes had been formed prior to the accession of James—the first English Stuart—regarding the probable establishment, during his reign, of religious liberty. A king of Puritan principles, brought up in a land of Puritans, and possessing considerable reputation as an enlightened theologian, would it was hoped inaugurate a better state of things. This hope was soon dispelled. The English hierarchy had likened his advent to the coming of a "Scottish mist." They found in him, instead, a warm and genial ally. It was the old, old tale. He that gets power will keep it.

Authority is sweet to all, but especially is it so to little minds, and no littler mind ever swayed the English sceptre than that which dwelt in the bosom of the conceited and pragmatic pedant—that “wonder of the world,” whose “singular and extraordinary graces” — they were so truly—are set forth in words of priestly adulation in the preface to our English Bible.

“No bishop, no king;” were the favorite words of the royal controversialist, and his views upon matters ecclesiastical cannot be better or more pithily set forth than in his own words uttered before the Conference, which he summoned as an act of regal grace, in response to the Millenary petition for a reform of certain ceremonies and abuses of the Church, presented to him by 800 Puritans. This celebrated gathering of all the leading divines and dignitaries of the Church lasted four days, and was presided over by the king, to whom it afforded a tempting field for the display of his polemical knowledge and the exercise of his controversial skill. At the close, his Majesty said tersely :—

“But as to the power of the Church in things indifferent, I will not argue that point with you, but answer, as Kings in Parliament, *le Roi s'avisera*. This is like Mr. John Black, a beardless boy, who told me the last Conference in Scotland, that he would hold conformity in doctrine, but that every man as to ceremonies was to be left to his own liberty, but I will have none of that, I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion in substance and in ceremony. Never speak more to that point, how far you are bound to obey.”

It having been proposed to grant certain powers of meeting, and of synodical action, we are told that the king broke out into a flame, and instead of hearing the doctor's reasons, or commanding his bishop's to answer them, told the ministers, they were aiming at a Scots presbytery—

“Which,” said he, “agrees with monarchy as well as God and the devil. Then Dick and Tom, Will and Jack, shall meet, and at their pleasure censure with me and my Council. Therefore pray stay one seven years before you demand that of me, and if then you find me puffy and fat, and my windpipe tuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you, for let that government be up, and I am sure I will be kept in breath, but till you find me lazy, pray let that alone.”

Then turning to the bishops he put his hand to his hat, and said—

“My lords, I may thank you that these puritans plead for my supremacy, for if once you are out, and they are in place, I know what would become of my supremacy, for no *bishop*, no *king*. If this be all your party have to say,” he added, reverting to the Puritan doctor, “I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of this land, or else worse.”

Nor was this threat an idle one, for in the year 1604, 300 Puritan ministers “were silenced, imprisoned, or exiled.” Backed up by such a king, the clergy went on to the utmost lengths, establishing a censorship over the press, “denying every doctrine of popular rights,” and in their abject submission to the tyrannic monarch, subordinating parliament and law and every human institution to his supreme will.

Firm in their determination to resist conformity, yet hopeless of any concession on the part of the king and prelate, the Puritans looked for an asylum in some land where conscience might be obeyed, and freedom enjoyed. Such a refuge they found in Holland, where liberty had been achieved, and the Reformation established much earlier, and more thoroughly than in England. James had not been five years on the throne, before the most notable exodus took place. For some time past men in the north of England had been ripening for the separation. Even before the death of Elizabeth many poor people in Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire, moved by their convictions, or, as they said “enlightened by the Word of God,” formally severed themselves from the National Church, repudiated all “ceremonies” as “monuments of idolatry,” protested against the “lordly powers of prelates,” heeded no acts of parliament, and “rejecting the offices and callings, the courts and canons of bishops, and renouncing all obedience to human authority,” resolved—

“Whatever it might cost them, to shake off the anti-christian bondage, and as the Lord's free people to join themselves by a covenant into a Church estate, in the fellowship of the Gospel to walk in all the ways which God had made known or should make known to them.”

Thus was born the first Non-conforming Church. To this humble but earnest

movement, begun by a few obscure and lowly Englishmen may be traced all that vast and vital energy, which, in these days, two and a half centuries later, contests with the National Church its hold over the people's souls, and in its many organized developments of Congregationalism, Methodism, Baptistism, and the rest, does so much to sustain Christian activity, and inculcate "Bible principles" through the world-pervading Anglo-Saxon race.

The quaint old town of Boston, in Lincolnshire, was the headquarters of the Puritan Reformation. To this day patriotic New Englanders bend their footsteps thither as to a historic shrine. There an excellent pastor, "a man not easily to be paralleled," the patriarch of the Pilgrim Fathers—the real founder of the New England States—one John Robinson had gathered together a faithful non-conforming flock. After vainly striving, amidst constant interference, to worship God after their own simple fashion, this minister and church resolved to flee. It was no easy matter in those days to do this. One attempt was frustrated, and the leaders in it imprisoned. In the spring of 1608, Robinson and his companion, Brewster, with a party of grave, sad men, weeping women, and wailing children assembled secretly on a desolate heath near the mouth of the Humber, and on the most dreary shore of Lincolnshire. The little vessel that was to convey them lay off the coast. One boatload of passengers was on its way to the ship, when a party of horsemen swooped down upon the remaining fugitives and took them captive. They were mostly women and children, whose loud lamentations made the scene exceedingly depressing. These poor wretches were taken before the magistrates, but their only offence being that they were going with their husbands and their fathers, the detention of such homeless and helpless captives seemed a bootless business, so they were released. And thus the Pilgrims left their unkindly fatherland. Modern colonists know how bad it is to leave the dear home-country, with all the fond ties, hallowed graves, loving hearts, and dearest recollections—bad enough when friends are around you, and no difficulty bars the way. How much

more painful than must it have been to those first emigrants—exiles rather—to be thus driven by persecution from their fathers' homes, and by stealth to creep away with the law's minions threatening them; going they scarce knew whither, and having nought but faith to cheer them onward.

The Dutch had no reason to regret the intrusion of these refugees into their midst. The exiles were hard working men and good citizens. Most of them had been farmers at home, but in Holland they had to become mechanics, thus reversing the common experience of our modern colonists, who are mostly townspeople turned into farmers. Brewster the ruling elder took to printing. Bradford the future governor of Massachusetts, became a dyer. But their new home was not congenial to them. They disliked and could with difficulty acquire the language. National customs were different; judged by their strict Bible standard, the Continental Sabbath (strange that this Puritanic reaction should prevail still) was a defiance of God's commandment. They felt as strangers in a strange land, and yearned mightily for England. That love of country which the Anglo-Saxon colonist has ever since carried with him to the uttermost ends of the earth, was potent in their bosoms. What an agent has this patriotic instinct of British men been in moulding the destinies of the New World! Call it narrow and clannish as we may, condemn it as ungenerous and illiberal as we can, we are nevertheless constrained to admit that the staunch fealty of extirpated Englishmen to their fatherland has worked wonderfully for good wherever the Anglo-Saxon foot has trod or the Anglo-Saxon speech is heard.

It has made that speech the language of the world. It has stamped with the lasting impress of English liberty the political institutions of forty rising States. It has checked the ardour of the demagogue and curbed the rashness of the informer in lands where power was impotent to punish and authority was ineffectual to restrain. It has planted homes on distant shores and filled them with fond and loyal hearts. It has sanctified the marriage tie and elevated the parental relation. It has reproduced home industries and

has kindled commercial enterprise in colonial lands. It has founded and fostered a free press and given a world-wide empire to English literature. Above all, it has established liberty of conscience and left men free to worship as they list. And it has done this not in one country merely, or in one zone; not merely amidst the pine forests, by the sea-like streams, or on the wide prairies of America, but on the vast pasture lands of Southern Africa, in the hot plains and ancient cities of Hindostan, along the far coasts of Australia and New Zealand, and amongst many islands of the sea, English patriotism has done its work, and the fidelity of Englishmen to the inheritance of their fathers is recognized as a natural virtue.

So longing once more to live, nominally at any rate, under their country's government, the Pilgrims cast their eyes round for another home. In those days there was scant choice of localities, for the Cape and the Australias were unknown lands. The New World, to which the eyes of Europe had lately been directed by the glowing stories of Raleigh and the daring deeds of Drake, naturally had the preference. There the spell of mystery was added to the charm of freedom. There, in those deep western woods, with their strange garb of autumnal color, extending no one knew whither, was unfettered liberty and unbounded elbow-room. To a religious-minded people, steeped in Biblical lore and guided in their conduct by Scriptural traditions and examples, the idea of wending their way to a new land to possess it in the Lord's name came with irresistible force. They, like the children of Israel, were sojourners upon alien soil. True, they had left the house of bondage, but they were yet in the vale of bitterness. Yonder was their Canaan, not promised, indeed, but easily to be won and peopled for the Lord's purposes. The sea was their wilderness; the Bible, and the faith it taught, their pillar of fire. No wonder, then, that they were stirred by "a hope and inward zeal of advancing the kingdom of Christ in the remote parts of the New World."

In 1620 King James, with a generosity that was characteristic of the time, though

by no means of the man, granted to a company of forty of his subjects, many of them persons of birth and influence, all the country lying along the eastern shore of America, between the fortieth and the forty-eighth degrees of north latitude, and virtually extending back to the Pacific Ocean. This enormous and unprecedented grant represented a territory more than a million square miles in extent, and capable of supporting a population of two hundred millions. With it went the most entire power of control and disposal. Nothing was reserved. The crown made over this gigantic monopoly without any contingent right whatever. Before it had been granted, however, other claimants, whose only title was possession, had occupied the scene, and what on the face of it seemed an arrangement fraught with wrong, injustice and evil, became through the operation of a small band of Puritans, the instrument of incalculable good not only to America but to the world.

In 1617 a deputation of the Pilgrims went to England for the purpose of obtaining from the Virginia Company, which had obtained and partly used, a grant somewhat similar to that described, a concession allowing them to live as a distinct body in the more northern portion of the province. The messengers failed, however, to get a direct agreement. They then besought the king to grant them liberty of religion under his broad seal, but in this they also failed. King James admitted that their proposed avocation—that of fishermen—was a good and apostolic one, but he was not inclined to concede unnecessary rights or immunities. All, therefore, that could be then obtained in England was a tacit understanding that they would not be interfered with, and with this, and this alone, they set sail.

It may interest our readers to describe the financial arrangements under which the Pilgrims started. As may well be conceived, they had no spare capital. American fisheries, however, were just then a favorite form of enterprise, and London merchants were found ready to advance money for the equipment of the company. Each emigrant's services were valued at 10*l.*, and formed part of the

capital stock. All profits were to be reserved until the end of seven years, when the whole amount, and all houses and land, gardens and fields, were to be divided among the shareholders, according to their respective interests. This was, of course, a very one sided arrangement, but it is no novel thing, even in modern times, for schemes of emigration to be projected by capitalists in which the lion's share of any advantage that may accrue will fall to the lot of the wealthy drones. Although, therefore, the London speculator who risked 100*l.* would receive ten times more than the man who gave up his life and energies to the undertaking, the absence of any restriction upon civil rights or upon religion was held to counterbalance that drawback. For, as Robinson said,

"We are well weaned from the delicate milk of the mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land: the people are industrious and frugal. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."

So on the 22nd of July the Pilgrim Fathers started from Delft Haven. It was a solemn and affecting time. Two vessels, the largest being the *Mayflower*, a brig of 180 tons burthen, the other the *Speedwell*, had been chartered to convey the emigrants. We are told that before they started the brethren that stayed at Leyden, with the brave Robinson at their head, after much praying and feasting, let their compatriots go. There was much psalmody and more weeping as these companions separated. They had already fasted, and with "strong strivings of the Spirit besought guidance from the Lord." Then came the farewell words of Robinson, words so full of lofty aspiration and independent thought, that we make no apology for giving them here:—

"I charge you before God and his blessed angels that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrate not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you remember it; 'tis an article of your Church covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God."

Thus solemnly admonished, the Pilgrims set their faces westward. Twice they have to put back. Each time it is the smaller vessel, the *Speedwell*, that causes the delay. At last the captain of that ship, far too small for the wintry navigation of those storm-swept seas, confesses himself discouraged by the enterprise, asserts that his vessel is unfit for the work assigned her, and abandons the expedition. Alone, therefore, the *Mayflower*, after a brief detention at Plymouth, ventures across the ocean. One hundred passengers are aboard of her, of whom forty are men, the rest are women and children. We have no ample record of the voyage, or of the incidents which marked it. Imagination may picture as it likes the experiences of the Pilgrims while at sea. From the 6th of September to the 9th November, they were out of sight of land. The Atlantic is bad enough at all seasons, but during the early months of winter it is especially tempestuous. Familiarity, in these days, deprives the sea of half its terrors. The arts of modern navigation, and the skill of naval architects, have made ocean travel far less perilous and irksome than it used to be. But in the year 1620 seamanship was yet in its infancy. Barely a century had the magnetic needle tempted mariners into mid-ocean. That great western ocean track which now is thronged by racing steamships and flying clippers was then unmapped and unfollowed. The *Mayflower*, possibly, might be the only vessel afloat at the time between the two continents. Fancy may well conjure up sleepless nights and weary days passed by those storm-tost voyagers. But their brave hearts welcomed the bitter trial as a test of their endurance and a new baptism of their faith. The prize they sought was worth far more than a few months of mere fleshly affliction.

At daybreak of the 9th November the hopes of the Pilgrims were gratified. The first English colonists, the first citizens of New England, they beheld for the first time the land of their choice. Bleak and cheerless as the sandy dunes of Cape Cod now seem to the visitor, they were to the strangers what the Judean heights were to the Israelites. They pronounced the country before them to be "a goodly

land and wooded to the brink of the sea," and said "it caused us to rejoice together and praise God that had given us again to see land." Under all circumstances they never forgot their profession or their God. We can easily understand how fresh and pleasant even the bleakest shore would seem to their seaworn minds. The first glimpse of land after a long voyage is ever a kind of ecstasy; how peculiarly so to people who saw in it a spiritual asylum as well as an earthly home.

It had been the Pilgrims' purpose to settle in Virginia, and they desired to reach the Hudson, where New York now stands. But foul winds now drove the *Mayflower* northward, and the land they first made was on the coast of Massachusetts. An attempt to beat south was foiled by adverse winds and perilous shoals, so putting back, the brig at last cast anchor in what is now called *Princeton* harbor. They were enchanted with this haven, "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood," where a thousand sail of ships might safely ride. God had willed that not in the softer and more relaxing regions of the south, but amidst the rocky hills of New England, where land and climate alike vied to brace man's energies and evoke his powers, the pioneers of religious liberty and the founders of a new state, should make their home. And no sooner had the anchor fallen and the sails been furled, than the whole company fell down upon their knees and solemnly blessed Him whose providence had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and asked for light to guide them in the weighty questions now waiting to be decided. Before any of them landed the following solemn compact was entered into, and it is the corner-stone of the American union:—

"In the name of God, Amen! We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and

preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue whereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and officers, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This brief, simple, but remarkable document was signed by the forty-one men who constituted the whole colony, and the time has now come when the names and positions of these fathers may be properly set forth.

First stands John Carver, unanimously chosen governor, a man between fifty and sixty as to age, a pious and well approved gentleman as to character. This humble-minded and self-sacrificing leader only lived five months after landing. His wife Elizabeth died soon after.

Then comes William Brewster, the ruling elder of this community, the friend and companion of Robinson, and the oldest man of the company. He had mixed in his earlier years amongst courts and cabinets, and suffered many trials for the truth's sake. He was not regarded as a pastor, although he preached "powerfully and profitably" twice every Sabbath. He is said to have had a singularly good gift in prayer, and like a wise man approved of short prayers in public, because, as he said, "the spirit and heart of all, especially the weak, could hardly continue and so long stand bent as it were toward God as they ought to do in that duty, without flagging and falling off." This wise teacher and learned man, who was moreover of a very cheerful nature withal, died in 1644 at the age of 80 years.

William Bradford was foremost among the younger men. He joined the Pilgrims when eighteen, and was chosen governor in Carver's place when only thirty years old. He could speak six languages, and was altogether a first-class man, being described as the "Washington" of the colony. To his History and other written records we are indebted for much of the knowledge we have concerning the "plantation" over which he ruled by common consent for eighteen years.

Edward Winslow is another notable

character. He was of gentle birth and an accomplished scholar; the second richest man of the party, and the happy husband of a worthy wife, he had, though only twenty-five, great influence over his compatriots. His sound judgment, pleasant address, and inflexible uprightness, fitted him for the many diplomatic missions he successfully undertook. He died at sea when in the service of Cromwell, at the age of sixty. His portrait, the only one extant of any Pilgrim, represents a polished Christian gentleman: no crop-haired, Roundhead, or lean and sour-looking ascetic, but one who might well be what he was called, a man "whose life was sweet and conversation just."

Isaac Allerton was a middle-aged man and the father of a family; the merchant of the company, and an extensive speculator in after years.

Then comes Miles Standish, the hero of Longfellow's hexameters. This stout-hearted soldier was thirty-six years of age, and sprung from an old and distinguished family. There are stories of his having been heir to a large property wrongfully withheld from him. Though small of stature he was mighty in battle, and by no means the weak Christian that many of his compeers would have had him to be. Indeed he was never member of any Christian church. A sampler worked by his daughter is still one of the prized relics of Plymouth. He lived to be seventy-two, and was a tower of strength to the settlement.

Samuel Fuller was a popular physician, as well as a godly man. Though he left his wife to follow him, he brought his cradle with him, and in it was rocked on board the *Mayflower*, Peregrine White, the first infant Pilgrim.

John Alden's name and memory have also been celebrated by the Poet. Although engaged as a cooper, his strong sound sense and many sterling qualities, made him a man of mark, and he often acted as "assistant" to successive governors. Twenty-two when he arrived in New England, he did not leave it until death took him at the age of eighty-four. He married Priscilla Mullins, whose name has also been immortalized by romance, for she refused the hand of Captain Miles

Standish, preferring the humbler attractions and more solid qualities of her younger admirer.

Of the Pilgrim Mothers, something may also be said, for there were amongst them many true and noble-hearted women. At least eighteen of the men had their wives with them. Many of them are pre-eminently mentioned in the public records of the colony. *Mary Brewster*, *Rose Standish*, and *Elizabeth Winslow*, are familiar figures in the gallery of New England worthies. Some of the girls, too, are distinguished by tradition, and all of them have left descendants by whom their memories are reversed. Several attained to great age, and length of years is still a peculiarity of life in these states. Elizabeth Howland died at eighty-one; Mary Cushman lived to be ninety, and resided seventy-nine years in the country; Mary Chilton was at least seventy when she died, and Constantia Hopkins was old. Brave creatures were these staunch women, who neither quailed before the tempest nor fled before the savage, nor shrunk from the wilderness. Worthy sharers were they of the Pilgrims' pains and toils. As Englishmen we ought to be proud of these mothers and daughters, so patient under privation, so enduring amidst bitter trial. They were the forerunners of that vast multitude of no less stout-hearted women, who ever since, and especially during these later days, have gone forth into the desert and the lonely places, with their husbands, their fathers, or their brothers, cheerfully casting aside so much that woman especially prizes—home-comforts, sweet domestic enjoyments, freedom from fear or peril; and amidst discomforts, difficulties, and sacrifices, whereof home-living people have no adequate conception, have helped most potentially to build up on the firm basis of family relationships, our great Colonial empire.

The Pilgrim Fathers who had thus bound themselves by solemn compact to advance God's faith in a new world, comprised forty-three men, seven young servant men, eighteen married women, four spinsters, twenty-three small boys and lads, and seven girls; making in all a company of 102 souls. It is a mistake to suppose that the self-exiled Puritans were

men of a low order or an ascetic turn of mind. Many of them, as we have seen, were highly educated, of great ability, of good birth, and of cheerful temperament, such men as would be welcomed by any people, and carve out for themselves anywhere a high career.

Now that they have fairly reached their destination, let us look at the prospect before them. At these days when men emigrate they know where they are going to and in a general way what to expect. Emigration agents instruct them as to their movements; guide-books tell them all that print can concerning the land they are to inhabit; they find on their arrival men akin in colour and nationality already resident there. To some extent at least the ground is broken up. But in 1620 the first English colonist enjoyed none of these advantages. The land before them, for aught they knew, might never have been trodden by a white man. It might be stricken with disease, or barbarized by brutal men; its soil might be unfruitful and its climate fatal. Winter's bitterness was already being felt. Not an inn, nor a roof, nor any token of shelter could be seen there. Ignorant of the land, ignorant of its people, full of vague imaginative stories about the wildness and ferocity both of men and beasts there, weary and cold and cheerless, they began their work of colonization.

The first day after the anchor fell was devoted to the compact. The following day was Sunday, and though the need for action was excessive, the sanctity of the Sabbath in their eyes was greater. Under all circumstances, even when beset by Indians and threatened with starvation, the Pilgrims observed the Lord's day to keep it holy.

On Monday the shallop, a large boat intended for exploratory purposes, is drawn ashore. The people landed in order to refresh themselves, to snuff once more the pleasant fragrance of the woods and feel beneath them the solid earth, albeit of another world. The women, both young and old, devote the day to washing, and to this hour Monday is the favourite washing day in New England. All joined in this work, although the weather was severe and the toil was great; the woman of gentle nurture equally with her

of humbler birth, took part in the household duties of a community in which rank had no place. Modern colonists who find so much in those far southern lands to surprise and interest them, can well conceive how full of novel experience and incident these early days were. The sea-birds which floated carelessly by in the smooth waters of the bay? the whales that came plunging in fearless ignorance of their new oppressor around the ship; the "great mussels, very fat and full of sea-pearl," which caused grievous sickness to all who ate them; the strange foliage of the trees along the shore, that is of such of them as winter had not left leafless, all charmed by their novelty the strangers. Seventeen days of precious time were lost in repairing the shallop. Miles Standish, however, with a sailor's impatience of delay, set forth with sixteen chosen men on an exploring expedition. This party had an eventful and exciting time. They were well armed, and provisioned for two days with biscuits and Holland cheese; nor was a little bottle of "*aqua vite*"—a decent euphemism for brandy, thought amiss, in order, as they simply said, that they might "give a strong drink to him that is ready to perish." They met a few Indians, who fled before the pale-faced intruders. At night they built of stakes, a three-sided hut, where a fire was kept burning, with sentinels on the watch. On the following day, when it snowed and blew severely, they found nothing but some deserted wigwams and baskets of corn, a quantity of which they carried away for purposes of seed, and with the full intention of making the owners "large satisfaction" for what they took—a promise fulfilled about eight months afterwards. The large size of the ears of maize astonished and pleased the Pilgrims, and the adventures narrated by these explorers after their return helped to beguile the time spent in repairing the shallop.

On Dec. 4th, the first burial took place. Constant wading in the water, and free exposure to the weather, had bred many coughs and colds, from the effects of which several of the sufferers never recovered. Shortly after, the shallop leaves on its third exploring expedition. The water was smooth but intensely cold, so much

so that the spray soon made their clothes like "coats of iron." Nothing noteworthy happened until midnight of the 7th of December, when a "great and hideous cry" being heard, the sentinel cried out "to arms," and two guns were fired off. The noise however was but the howling of wolves and foxes. "After prayers," next morning, "a great and strong cry was heard." One came running in shouting "Indians! Indians!" and a flight of arrows from thirty or forty of these people fell amongst them. The scattered explorers fly to their guns. Standish fires at one large Indian behind a tree, and his shot being as they said "directed by the provident hand of the Most High God," hit him in the right arm, which was in the act of drawing an arrow from the quiver. This supposed chief being wounded, an "extraordinary shriek" arose from the rest, and they fled; Standish and his men in hot pursuit. This was the first of the very few encounters the Pilgrims had with the natives.

In the afternoon, while they were still sailing along the coast, a storm of snow and rain came on, and the gale lashed the sea into breakers. At this moment the rudder of the frail boat gets smashed, and they are obliged to steer her with two oars. Night was at hand, and they pressed on all sail for the harbour. While making for the bay the mast split in three places, and shipwreck seemed certain. The pilot to whom they trusted for guidance at this juncture cried out "Lord be merciful! I never saw this place before," and was about to beach the shallop through a terrible surf when one of the steersmen calls out, "About with you if you are men, or we are all cast away!" Obedient to the call the rowers bend to their work with eager energy, and at last get under the lee of a small hill at the end of Clark's Island, where wet, cold, and feeble, in momentary fear of savages, they all pass a miserable night. The next day was Sunday, and again the boat was drawn up, all needless signs of secular toil were removed, and the explorers rested from their labours, worshipping God under the noble arches of the forest. The day after, they passed over to the mainland. The locality seemed suitable for settlement. Five days later the *May-*

flower was anchored in the harbour and all the Pilgrims had landed on the now famous rock of New Plymouth. A momentous incident was that in the history of the world. It was the birth of a great Republic. Painters have vied in representing the scene. Historians have striven eloquently to trace out the mighty and remote issues from it. Poets have celebrated the event in sweetest verse. Nor are the least beautiful of the many verses that have been inspired by the theme those of our own tuneful country-woman, Mrs Hemans, beginning—

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tost."

During the eight days' absence of the explorers, death had been busy amongst the Pilgrims left behind in the *Mayflower*. Governor Carver lost a son. Mrs. Bradford fell overboard and was drowned. James Chilton and William Thompson, thus early in their career, rested from their labours.

Space will not allow us to follow minutely the subsequent doings of the colonists. Once landed, their first solicitude was to provide shelter for themselves during the winter. Although the prospect was drear enough they were very cheerful. From first to last we read of no repining. They look at all things happily. The harbour seems to them "a most hopeful place," with "innumerable store of fowl," and "most excellent good fish." They find many small running brooks of very sweet water. The soil is a spade's depth of fine black mould, and "fat in some places." In the forest are more trees than they can name. Many kind of herbs are warmly welcomed by the housewives. Among other discovered resources are "great store of leeks and onions, an excellent strong kind of flax and hemp; great store of soft stone and pot clay."

Recourse was had to the directing power of prayer before the site of the proposed town could be decided on. After this "appeal to Divine Providence" had been made, a spot was chosen on high ground where much land was already cleared, where a very sweet brook flowed down the hill-side, where a good harbour

for the shallow existed at the bottom, and where they could plant their guns so as to command all the neighborhood. Had the pilgrims been a party of pioneer Boer farmers in South Africa, they would for just the same reasons have selected such a situation. More than a month elapsed before a building was fit to be occupied on shore. The first erected was the "common house," where all met for worship, and where the men met for business. Like all the buildings erected there for several years this edifice was built of hewn logs, the interstices being filled with clay. The township was to consist in the main of a street. Nineteen family lots, each being reckoned to represent five souls, were to be laid out on either side. In the centre a fort was constructed, and the whole was surrounded by a palisading. But months elapsed before any of the dwelling houses were ready, and only seven were finished during the first year. Sickness paralyzed the strong arms, and subverted the stronger wills of many of the colonists. Their constant exposure to all the rigors of an inclement season produced violent coughs, consumptive and rheumatic complaints. Insufficient food did not help to mend matters. Up to the end of the year the men and women had drunk beer in accordance with the common usage of those times, but the supplies of that beverage ran low, and water soon became their only drink. Eight died in January; seventeen in February fourteen in March. Bradford says of this period of trial and bereavement—

"In three months past die half our company—the greater part in the depth of winter—wanting houses and other comforts; being infected with the scurvy and other diseases, which their long voyage and uncomfortable condition brought upon them. Of a hundred scarce fifty remain, the living scarce able to bury their dead; the well not sufficient to attend the sick, their being in time of greatest distress but six or seven, who spare no pains to help them. The like sickness fell among the sailors, so as almost half their number die before they sail."

No wonder therefore that houses were not built, nor fields planted, while death thus unsparingly did its work. The wonder is that the strong hearts of the survivors bore up against such crushing trials, and that they did not turn their backs

upon a shore where they had, it is true, found freedom, but found it at so terrible a cost.

To many English colonists in these modern days the earlier experiences of the Pilgrims would seem lifelike and familiar. Those first years were a time of toil, privation, and struggle, of such struggles as happily can rarely fall to the lot of English immigrants in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Provisions fast got scarce, and at last were all exhausted. Not long before their advent a pestilence had swept the country occupied by the Pilgrims, and left it shorn of aboriginal inhabitants. Prevented by sickness from sowing at the proper seed-time, when the next winter came the stocks of food brought from Europe were consumed, and few fresh supplies were forthcoming. Not that the surviving immigrants had been idle. Instructed by the Indians they had planted their fields with the strange seeds of the maize plant. Savage agriculturists consult the laws of nature even more exactly than do our own farmers. In South Africa the natives know it is time to sow when the scarlet blossoms of the Kafir Boom tree exhibit their vermilion splendour. In North America the Indians planted their corn "when the leaves of the white oak were as big as the ears of a mouse." Thus in both hemispheres we find barbarous races, ignorant of books, scholarship, and science, guided in their agrarian avocations by the infallible teachings of nature. During that first spring twenty acres of corn, and six acres of barley and peas were planted; the first yielded well, the latter produced little, as the sun scorched them in their blossom. These fields had been enriched, Indian fashion, by putting a fish called "alewife" into the ground. Crude as this idea might be, later colonists might not scorn to learn from these pioneers this simple lesson in the art, and this practical recognition of the value of artificial fertilization. Where broad acres are abundant and easily gotten, the importance of that prosaic item—manure, is apt to be overlooked.

Exactly a year after they themselves had sighted land a small vessel, the *Fortune*, brought over an addition of about

thirty-five souls to the little settlement. When the craft appeared, making boldly for the harbour, the small battery was manned, the emigrants rushed to their arms, and every preparation was made to resist to the death any trespass on the part of their seeming aggressors. Imagine the revulsion of joy which swept the bosoms of the Pilgrims on finding that their apprehended foes were old friends and beloved relatives. This unlooked for joy had its darker side, however, for it compelled them to live on half allowance for at least six months. Winslow says he saw "men stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." Once starvation would have extinguished the community had not the timely arrival of some friendly fishermen saved them. For years they were subject to times of scarcity. In their third year of residence their food was once so low that "they knew not at night where to have a bit in the morning." History records a tale that on one occasion the Pilgrims gathered round a pint of corn—the only food they had—and that "five kernels" fell to the lot of each person. Nor is this story an exaggeration. For some months they were wholly destitute of corn. When their Indian friends joined them, a bit of fish and a cup of spring water were all their hospitable hands could offer. Cattle were not introduced until the settlement was three years old.

This dearth of food may in part be accounted for by the system of common property recognized at the outset. When they left home, each of the emigrants, no matter what his station or what his possessions, gave up his individuality as a proprietor, and threw all he had into the common treasury. No man had property of his own, except as an integral part of the society. No man worked for himself save in so far as he represented the community.

It is a result by which our modern colonists may well be instructed, that this system led to "grievous discontents" and to great evils. There was a lack of that strong direct interest which personal property and personal advantage alone create. There were undoubtedly men amongst that band who would work as heartily for the whole as they would for themselves.

But there were others who wanted a stronger impulse to effort and to labour than the observance of such an unselfish principle supplied. At any rate it is enough to know that from the spring of 1623 when it was agreed that each family should work for itself, and when land was parcelled out accordingly, no want of food was felt; "that even women and children went into the fields to work;" that cultivated lands spread and flocks multiplied, and that soon the supply of corn was so great that the Indians abandoned tillage and betook themselves entirely to hunting, depending for their supplies of corn upon their European friends and neighbours.

No fact is more remarkable in the early history of the New England States than the peaceful relations which for more than fifty years were maintained with scarce a break, between the colonists and the Indians. On the morning of March 16th a tall, straight, dusky man, of lofty bearing and manly speech, marched confidently into the village and called out "welcome, Englishmen." This was Samoset, a Sagamore living near the Penobscot, and at that time a visitor with the neighbouring Massasoit. His reception was as hearty as his welcome had been frank. They fed him with biscuits, butter, and pudding, nor did these stern moral Puritans, in days when teetotalism was unknown though temperance might be practised, shrink from seasoning this repast with strong water. This friendly visit was the forerunner of an early interview with the chief Massasoit, the nearest and most important Sagamore. This excellent savage was anxious to secure the alliance of the new-comers as an additional safeguard against the pretensions of his powerful foes the Narragansetts. But though self-interest might have much to do with his friendliness, it is but just to say that he was ever the staunch and tried ally of the Pilgrim Fathers. At the conference between him and the chief elders held on the 22nd of March, the following articles of treaty were solemnly concluded and as faithfully observed through after years:

— "1. That neither he nor any of his should injure or do hurt to any of our people.

"2. That if any of his did hurt to any of ours he, should send the offender that we might punish him.

"5. That if any of our tools were taken away when our people were at work, he should cause them to be restored, and if ours did harm to any of his, we would do the like to him.

"4. If any did unjustly war against him, we would aid him: if any did war against us, he should aid us.

"5. He should send to his neighbour confederates to certify them of this, that they might not wrong us, but might likewise be comprised in the conditions of peace.

"That when their men came to us, they should leave their bows and arrows behind them, as we should our pieces when we came to them.

"7. That doing this, King James would esteem of him as his friend and ally."

This treaty was renewed in 1639 and again in 1662. While Massasoit lived it was never broken. His successor, Philip, broke it in 1675, when other influences came into play; but for fifty years it was observed to the letter. Only once, in 1622, had the Pilgrims of New Plymouth real reason to fear mischief from the Indians. Canonicus, Sachem of the Narragansetts, during that year sent a bundle of arrows tied up in the skin of a rattlesnake, as a pledge of his hostility. Governor Bradford sent it back filled with powder and shot, and the Indian chief shrank from an encounter with the possessors of missiles so terrible. In 1657 the only "Indian war" deserving of the name that marked the early history of the settlements, took place in another and more Western New England State. The Pequods, one of the most warlike and numerous tribes in that country, had long shown a hostile spirit towards the English. In 1637, after a succession of murders had aroused the anger and called for the retaliation of the peaceably disposed settlers, these people sought to league together the Narragansetts, the Mohegans, and other powerful nations against the European colonists, and to seek by a predatory and murderous system of warfare to drive them into the sea. Through the intrepid interference of one Roger Williams, the noblest-hearted apostle of liberty America ever saw, the alliance was prevented. The Pequods were therefore left single-handed to carry out their project. They numbered at least seven hundred warriors, and the colonists of Connecticut could with difficulty muster two hundred fighting men. Still repeated acts of bloodshed and aggression could no

longer be borne with impunity, and an expedition was planned. Immediate war was decreed. A whole night was passed in earnest prayer, in which the departing patriots took part. The little army consisted of eighty men under the command of one John Mason, who received the benediction of the venerable pastor before he started. It is a characteristic of the age and the men, that when once their minds were bent on war—when once they felt that "the Lord" the God of battles, was with them, they went to their work with a stern resolve to smite their enemies hip and thigh. No temporizing work was this they entered on; no patched-up peace were they prepared to make. After a day's sailing through the deep reaches of that indented coast, they rested over the Sabbath; nor life nor death was suffered to disturb the sanctity of that day. Their Narragansett allies mistrusted the capacity of that small band to deal with such a foe, and retired from any active share in the undertaking. The Pequods, elated with hopes of certain triumph, sang their war songs in the ears of their invaders. They were ensconced in a fortified place, from whence their bows and arrows, never yet drawn vainly, were to mow down the ranks of the rash aggressors. Two hours before dawn the attack was made. We can well imagine how these men who had braved the mysterious sea and borne unheard-of sacrifices for liberty's sake, would buckle up their energies to a deadly combat. They knew that if they failed savage vengeance would await their helpless families. Awoke by the baying of a dog the Indians rush to their feet and let fly their arrows at the palefaces. But it was useless; step by step these iron-hearted men pushed on. Their guns dealt out death pitilessly. Still the number and the arrangement of the wig-wams made the task of conquest slow and difficult. "We must burn them out!" cried the leader, and he threw a firebrand into one. The English form a chain round the place, and in a few minutes the whole settlement was ablaze. Thus embarrassed and beset the Indians were shot down easily; none were spared. As the Israelites slew the Amalekites, so did the Pilgrims slay the Pequods. In an hour six hundred of them had perish-

ed and only two Englishmen had fallen. When morning dawned three hundred more warriors came confidently up from the other fort; aghast at the scene of carnage which met their astonished eyes, they tore their hair and beat the ground; they, too, were swept down. Before many days were over not a man, woman or child of that Pequod tribe was left behind!

The civil government of the settlement was simple enough. It was self-created. Although the colony existed nominally by virtue of a royal charter granted to the English Company, its being and its organization were equally the work of the settlers. The very immensity of the concessions made to the grantees in England caused them to be neglected. Like all things acquired too cheaply, the gift was little valued. Moreover, an ocean rolled between the drones at home and the busy bees beyond the Atlantic. So the Pilgrims were left to their own contrivings. The charter became a dead letter, and, in course of time, the English Company was bought out. These, too, were stirring times in Europe. King and Parliament had other work on hand nearer home, than the petty affairs of an obscure band of fugitives. It was another of the happy chances that favored the Pilgrims from the outset of their enterprise, that no foreign interference—no imperial supervision—marred the natural growth of the edifice it was their mission to build. Amidst neglect and obscurity, stone by stone they reared the foundations of that vast Republic, and, unseen by the Old World, laid deep, and firm, and wide the roots of civil and religious liberty.

Universal suffrage has prevailed in New England from the earliest days. Every "brother" had a vote. For eighteen years the whole body of male inhabitants constituted the legislature. A governor was chosen by the common voice, and, after a year or two, seven "assistants" were appointed to help him. At first the people, in conclave assembled, determined all questions of civil polity and decided all judicial cases. As there were only 300 souls in the colony at the end of ten years, it was long before the growth of population rendered this system inconvenient. Gradually,

however, a different arrangement became necessary. In 1629 two hundred new settlers from England, under a new charter from King Charles, arrived at Salem. The year after that 1500 souls were taken over, many of whom were men of great attainments, good birth, large fortune, and high scholarship—men whose steps were led westward solely by a yearning for greater purity of faith and freer exercise of conscience. Settlements were soon formed at Weymouth, at Rhode Island, at Newhaven, and at many other spots familiar enough to persons acquainted with the States of Massachusetts, Maine and Connecticut. Although originally there was no limit set to the tenancy of the governor's office, it came at last to be the subject of annual election. Before long it was found impossible for the whole body of the people to undertake the administration of justice and the work of government. Representatives had to be appointed, deputies selected, and thus slowly and without effort, as the plant grows from the seed, the form and machinery of an Executive, under the sole control of an elective legislature, came into being.

But whatever numbers were added unto them, whatever changes in their form of government were introduced, the grand central principle was never forgotten or abandoned. Religion was the beginning and the end of their labors. These fervent Calvinists sought to establish a theocracy, a state in which the simple laws of God, as set forth in His Word, should be the only rule of action. From the outset, all possibility of priestly rule was guarded against. The elect—God's chosen people—who had felt by experience the power and presence of the Triune Deity in their hearts, were the ordained and divinely appointed rulers of the land. Finding themselves at last in a country where they could give fullest effect and form to their idea of a covenanted people, they made this religion of theirs the all-pervading principle of their public and private life. Nothing was done without prayer. God's help was sought in everything. Men's conduct was judged by, and rigidly conformed to Biblical standards. Not that the Pilgrims were an over-grim or a morose

people. They held life as God's good gift, and enjoyed it in their own fashion accordingly. They had their rejoicings and their merry-makings, nor, to their ardent and naturally devout natures, were the offices and obligations of religion irksome and oppressive.

Some of the primitive customs and quaint conceits of these old colonists are well worthy of notice. They were amazingly fond of turning anagrams, and that too on the most solemn subjects. They made prayer a study, and may be said to have reduced it to a system, if not a science. They were a very moral and sweet-lived people. One old writer who says he is held "a very sociable man," thanks God that he has lived for twelve years in a colony of many thousand English without having heard one oath sworn, or seen one man drunk, nor in that period did he hear of more than three people guilty of grosser delinquencies. It was said that "as Ireland will not brook venomous beasts, so will not that land vile persons or loose livers." Much of this singular morality was probably due to the zealous labors of the many able ministers who left their comfortable livings or their scholarly seclusions in Europe in order to breathe freer air and to do better work in God's vineyard over the Atlantic. Of these "shining lights" let us name the apostolic Eliot, who for forty-four years went about praying and preaching like a second Paul, amongst and for the benefit of the Indian gentiles; the impassioned Norton, who was not only a fervent preacher, but a learned student and a wise statesman; the devout and meek Cotton, to whose tenacious Calvinism the colony owed much of its coherence and strength; the young and eloquent Davenport, who was said to be "old when young, such was his gravity of behaviour; and young when old, such was the quickness of his endowments;" and many other illustrious worthies, whose names are cherished as household words by the hearths and in the homes of their descendants.

In 1636 Sir Henry Vane visited the colony, and was made governor. His assumption of this office excited the attention of other English nobles, and an effort was made to secure for them hereditary power and dignity in the new country.

Happily for democratic institutions in America, this attempt was subverted, and in 1643 the several colonies of England bound themselves together by a federal union for common protection against the encroachments of the Dutch in the south and the French in the north; for security against the tribes of savages around, and for the preservation of the "liberties of the gospel in purity and peace."

And here we may bring this slight historical sketch to a close. It may however be well to notice a few points wherein, as it seems to us, British colonists of these later days may find light to guide them.

The Pilgrim Fathers were conspicuous above all for their love of *abstract* liberty. That was the grand impulse which moved them westward. They saw at home a fettered Church and a tongue-tied nation. They saw in America a free Church and a free people. They felt at home bound to rules of action against which their consciences revolted, and dogged at every turn by the barriers of prescription or the mandates of the despot. They knew that in that far western land conscience would spurn all bonds, and action might defy all noxious rules. So, guided by that presiding power which "shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," they went forth charged with the special purpose of holding fast the right they had so dearly won. It should be marked, however, that their liberty was well ordered and wisely measured. They sought no vain license; they wanted no exemption from social or domestic obligations. They stiled themselves a free community in the solemn covenant of God, and to their honor be it said, that no covenant was ever better held than that. Sin, as we have seen, they punished; immorality was scouted from their midst and made the subject of pains and penalties such as in these days no European society, however much priest-bound or king-oppressed, would tolerate. They had come forth to win liberty, but it was liberty to associate themselves under such a form of government, such rules of society, as might most conduce to their spiritual welfare and the honor of the Most High

God. How many of England's later colonists can say as could those first expatriated exiles, that in gaining freedom they had gained also in morality, in social purity, and in Christian organization? How many of them can say that they left home not to advance their fortunes, not to make money or to better their position socially, but to advance "the faith as it has been delivered unto them," and in deed as well as in word to do honor to king and country?

These early settlers were also remarkable for their just dealings with the natives. Although sorely tempted by opportunity and by provocations, the Pilgrims never swerved from their original intention "to prosecute the hopeful work which tendeth to the reducing and conversion of such savages as remain wandering in desolation and distress to civil society and Christian religion." One of their weightiest reasons for emigrating, as set forth by Governor Bradford, was that they were "stirred by an inward zeal and great hope of laying some foundation or making way for propagating the kingdom of Christ, to the remote ends of the earth." The original seal of the Massachusetts colony bore the figure of an American Indian, with the motto "Come over and help us." From the first they approached the Indians in the friendliest manner. They cared neither to despoil nor to oppress the native dwellers on the soil. They paid scrupulously for whatever they took from the Indians. Some of their noblest hearted ministers gave up their lives to the work of converting and reclaiming these wandering races. Whatever treaties or engagements they entered into were rigidly observed. They taught the Indians the value of an Englishman's word, the worth of an Englishman's friendship, and they have left to all other Englishmen who may essay to colonize lands already occupied by barbarians, a singular proof how wise is a just, conciliatory, and pacific policy in dealing with savage races.

Not less were the Pilgrims notable for fixity of purpose. They had won by dint of great sacrifices the precious boon of liberty, and they were resolved to hold it. Calvinists in religion, they were determined that Calvinism should be the dominant faith of their community.

Charges of intolerance have often been brought against these people. It is said that they were as bad as their oppressors; it is said that they were as bitterly opposed to those who differed from them, and as unscrupulous in compelling conformity, and punishing dissent, as the prelatic tyrants from whose reach they had fled. We do not deny that in these charges there is a large measure of justice and many grains of truth. The Pilgrims did not hesitate to put down and to punish clamorous dissenters. Against the Quakers they were particularly bitter. Four of that then proscribed but ever irrepressible sect were hanged; many were publicly whipped; several were banished. Some of their laws to the modern temper seem simply horrible in their intolerance and severity. In these days no one could venture to extenuate such acts of cruelty, but it must be remembered that the Pilgrims were born and bred and lived in an age when such things were the common occurrences of life. Men then suffered in all countries for religion's sake. To estimate these events rightly we should try to place ourselves in the times and amongst the scenes where they happened. The Pilgrims, good people though they might be and were, could not boast any supernatural exemption from the infirmities of human nature or the effects of association. Moreover, we can never forget that in their small communion disunion would have been ruin. Had they in those early years of struggle and difficulty been split and divided by religious differences, there is every reason to believe that the colonies would have been broken up and the commonwealth have ceased to be. The leaders of the party felt that their existence and their liberties depended upon their unity and cohesion, and treated all strife-makers and mischief-mongers as traitors to the common weal. Nor must we omit to state, that at a time when thousands of victims were being put to death in Great Britain and in Europe on charges of sectarianism or witchcraft, the number so dealt with in Massachusetts was singularly small, and that State was the first civilized government to abolish capital punishment for offences of that character.

Lastly, and the lesson is one which

may have its value for all of us, the Pilgrims were under all circumstances contented—contented with their lot—contented with the land of their adoption. We know that that lot was one of starvation, hunger, cold and peril. We know that the land they went to occupy was a land of bleak solitudes, angry gales and homeless wastes. Not one familiar beast grazed upon the hills, nor one friendly face waited for them upon the shore. But it was the land they had chosen to abide in, and however hardly nature treated them, however sorely their faith was tried, they never once repined. Seasons might be perplexing, crops might fail, supplies run short, but their confidence in the future never flagged, nor did their affection for the new soil fail. Strong within them stirred the hope of a grand future; bright before their eyes ever grew the vision of the nation that was to be. Their loyal hearts, true amidst all changes to their motherland, saw in the distance arising a new England full of the old one's virtues, yet freed from her faults; an England larger, wider, nobler in all senses, than the one they had left, but yet a part of the parent nation, sharing in her glory and still bearing her name.

It is to this spirit of contentedness, to this unalterable belief in the future of America, unshaken through the shocks of so many ages, that that great Republic owes its present grandeur. Against such a sentiment, deeply rooted in the hearts of a colonial people, nothing adverse can contend. It has worked wonders in America, exceeding all that history has described or imagination pictured. These Pilgrim Fathers have bequeathed to their descendants, of whom many families number more than a thousand souls, not merely such a Republic as the world has never seen elsewhere, but a spirit of energy and of resoluteness that has worked on steadily for empire. That spirit has

little by little carried the Anglo-Saxon race onward from the Atlantic to the Pacific; it has hewn down those interminable backwoods, it has covered with cornfields those boundless prairies; it has crowded rivers with racing steamboats, and spread over a continent larger than Europe a network of railways. It has delved into the mountains and brought to light their treasures, it has sent abroad to all the ends of the earth the white-sailed messengers of American commerce; it has within the space of a quarter of a century made California first the treasury, and then the garden of the world; and it has now bound the ancient East and the younger West by steamships which traverse the vast Pacific from Australia to Japan, and by a railroad which brings without a break to New York, the people and the products of San Francisco.

But beyond any of these material conquests, the spirit of the Pilgrims has been a resistless moral power in the history of that western world. It has given birth to new forms of thought, new expressions of speech, new principles of philosophy, new maxims and examples of social economy, new phases of domestic life. It has completed the only perfect example of a State where freedom, equality, and opportunity, are the common heritage of all. It has established a government so strong that no European power dare lightly rouse its antagonism, while the mother country, overshadowed by this her eldest daughter, shrinks from a rupture with that people as from the direst calamity that could befall her. It has proved equal to the task of carrying on to its final and fore-determined issue the mightiest civil war of which history tells, and it has stamped out the curse of slavery from its soil at incredible sacrifices and with inflexible will. Such is the fruit borne by the lives and labors of the Pilgrim Fathers.

(Scribner's Magazine.)

THE MORMONS AND THEIR RELIGION.

THE traveller across the continent has his attention drawn to the Mormons and Mormonism in a singular manner just before entering the Salt Lake Valley. The Pacific Railroad passes the Wahsatch Mountains through the deep gorges known as Echo and Weber Canons. On the left the hills slope away so gradually as to present nothing of extraordinary interest. But on the right hand the rocks tower almost perpendicularly to the height of a thousand feet or more. Of Granite, sandstone, and conglomerate, they have presented an unequal resistance to the attacks of the weather, rain-storms, blasts of sand, and alternate heat and frost, so that they rise here in solid walls, and there in detached masses, presenting the appearance of castles, cathedrals, columns, domes, and spires, on a scale so grand as to cast the most ambitious attempts of human art and skill entirely into the shade. Not even Ehrenbreitstein is worth naming in comparison. Among the picturesque objects thus presented, "Hanging Rock," the "Witches' Rocks," and "Pulpit Rock," are conspicuous. But while gazing upon these sublime "sentinels of the sky," one's attention is arrested by piles of smaller rocks on the lofty edge of these towering heights, and he is informed that they are the "Mormon fortifications!"

It appears that when, in 1857, the United States Government first determined to station a military force in Utah, Brigham Young foresaw that it would frustrate all his plans for the Latter-day Saints from the Gentiles. He therefore resolved to resist the movement, and, for this purpose, fortified the pass of the Wahsatch Mountains at Echo Canon. The old emigrant road lay along the foot of these frowning walls, and Brigham,

posting his men on the heights where they commanded the road, had extensive supplies of rocks brought to the edge of the precipice, which were to be rolled down on the advancing troops. Wiser and more peaceful counsels prevailed, however, and these munitions of war now serve as monuments of folly.

But we are soon passing by the farms of Mormon settlers, and by the time we reach Ogden, the point of junction between the eastern and western lines of the Pacific road, curiosity leads us to switch off upon the Utah Central, of which the prophet Brigham is president, for a visit to the holy city of the Mormons.

The new and yet small city of Ogden is situated at the mouth of Ogden Canon, one of the gorges of the Wahsatch Mountains, and the ride thence to Salt Lake City is one of thirty-eight miles southward, between the great Salt Lake on the west and the snow-covered steeples of the Wahsatch on the east.

Great Salt Lake is an extensive inland sea, being one hundred and twenty miles in length, and in some portions sixty miles in breadth. It receives the waters of the Bear River, Green River, and "the Jordan," which runs northerly from Utah Lake, swollen as they are annually by rains and the melting snows of the Rocks and Wahsatch Mountains, yet "has no outlet and no life." The evaporation during summer suffices to restore the equilibrium, and the water is so charged with salt that in the autumn the pure crystalized mineral is found on the margin of the lake in a stratum eighteen inches deep.

The capital of the Territory is about sixteen miles east of the southern extremity of the lake, and near the river Jordan. It is built on the slope where

the great plain rises to the foot-hills of the Wahsatch. This snow-tipped range on the east runs like a wall from far north to far south, the lofty ridges of the Oquarra stud the western horizon seventy miles distant, and the broad plain stretches hundreds of miles away to the south. The situation is thus one of the most picturesque and beautiful that can be imagined.

The city, which has a population of about fifteen thousand, is so laid out that the streets, at right angles with each other, coincide with the cardinal points of the compass; and of the one hundred and eighty blocks thus formed, each one contains a plot of ten acres, while this square is again subdivided, by lines crossing at the centre, into four "corner building-lots," of two and a quarter acres each.

The streets are broad and without pavement. Between the carriage-way and sidewalk is a shallow ditch filled with running water, which surrounds every block in the city, and serves to irrigate the gardens and lawns which are the charm of the town. This water is brought from the mountains and distributed at the highest point of the city during the season, and when winter approaches it is turned in another direction, to prevent the inconvenience of its freezing in the streets.

The townspeople thus have fine opportunities for establishing a *skating-rink!* and the wonder is that, among all the other facilities for amusement (which include a racing-park and a theatre), the rink has not been introduced. It would be an "edifying" sight to behold the venerable and patriarchal head of all the Mormons engaged in skating with his numerous wives and progeny!—quite equal to that which is presented in the "Family Boxes" they are wont to occupy at the theatre.

Among the principal buildings are several very fine private residences, a number of large warehouses, the City Hall, Theatre, the Episcopal church, the residence of Brigham Young, the New Tabernacle, and the Temple. It seems evident that "the President," as Brigham Young is styled by the faithful, originally intended to adopt the style of an Orien-

tal monarch in more respects than one. The ten-acre block on which he resides is surrounded with a wall some ten feet high. Within this inclosure are three houses, which serve as residence, office, and harem of the prophet; a museum, which is his private property, and the "Tithing Office," in rear of which is an extensive yard, with sheds for the accommodation of the teams which come in from the plains loaded with the "tenth of all the increase."

The new Tabernacle is a monster in size and a monstrosity of Architecture. Elliptical in shape, it will seat from fifteen to twenty thousand people, and on a series of low brick walls, broken by so many doors that they are rather a succession of piers, sits an immense oval dome, like an old-fashioned "cover" over a large Thanksgiving turkey.

The edifice is furnished with an organ, clumsy in appearance, not very excellent in tone, but the largest in this country, with the exception of that in Music Hall, Boston. The organ stands at one extremity of the ellipse, behind four circular rows of seats, which are occupied by the dignitaries of the church. The highest seat is occupied by Brigham Young and his two "Assistant Presidents." The next range below accommodates the twelve apostles; the two lower tiers are for the numerous bishops, elders, and other officials, while the galleries and seats on the floor of the house are for the people generally. Strangers are always ushered into a pew by themselves, not as a matter of honor, but that they may be conveniently seen and directly addressed by the occupants of the pulpits.

But the Temple is the wonder of the city. This edifice, which is to contain, among other things, a throne for the Messiah, "when he shall descend and reign upon the earth," is to cover much less space than the Tabernacle. The order of architecture is peculiar to itself, yet has a Gothic appearance, and the edifice is to be built of granite from foundation to the topmost spire. The walls are now about six feet above the surface. When they were level with the ground a million dollars had been expended upon them, and when completed

the whole structure is to cost *ten millions!* These figures are given on Mormon authority. But it is hard to believe that the managers of the affair have not been taking lessons in the art of building from certain officials in New York City.

The city is divided into "wards," both civil and religious. There are five of the former, with each its alderman and other officials, who, with the Mayor, constitute the city government; and of the religious or "church wards" there are twenty in the city, while in the Territory there are about one hundred. Each of these church wards has its church edifice, or place for holding meetings, and its bishop, teacher, and other officers. As these officials hold direct and personal relations with all the people throughout the country, and are also in constant communication with the "Heads of the Church," the latter have abundant facilities for ascertaining and making provision for the existing state of things in every locality, far and near.

Such is the Mormon Jerusalem,—the centre and seat of that new form of religion, or, as he would have said, that "restored form of Christianity" which originated with Joseph Smith, in 1827, in the town of Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y.

According to Mormon statements, the thing came to pass in the following manner: Joseph Smith, then a young man and a devoted Christian, was greatly pained and puzzled by the differences he beheld in the Christian churches. He therefore gave himself to prayer for direction as to which of all the contending sects was in the right. His prayers were answered. It was announced to him from heaven that they were all wrong, and that he should be commissioned to restore the true form of the Church to the world.

An angel finally appeared and guided him to a spot where certain golden plates had been concealed for hundreds of years. These plates contained inscriptions, in a strange language, which the new prophet was inspired to translate. The contents proved to be a history of two races of people, one of which left the tower of

Babel, while the other comprised two colonies of Jews which left Jerusalem about six hundred years before the Christian era. These were *the ancestors of the American Indians*. The whole being translated and published, was entitled *The Book of Mormon*, because the account "was written on the plates by the hand of Mormon," who copied it from other plates, which were written or engraved by one "Nephi," this Nephi being a son of one of the original emigrants from Jerusalem!

The Book of Mormon professes to approve of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and claims to be a supplement to them, an additional revelation of equal authority.

The chief end of this new revelation is to introduce a new prophetic dispensation, to restore the original and only *true form* of the Christian Church, with Joseph Smith as its prophet and head, with whom and his successor the gifts of prophecy and of revelation are always to reside. The angel, who seems to have been the usual medium of communication between heaven and the new prophet, also revealed to him the name of the new organization. It was to be called "THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS," the awkwardness of the title proving that this particular angel was not sufficiently well versed in the English language to use it with elegance.

The *form* of the new church was next revealed to the prophet. It was to have a two-fold priesthood, consisting of the "Melchisedec," and the "Aaronic" divisions; of these the former is the superior. From it the President or head of the church must be chosen. It enjoys the special privilege of receiving revelations from heaven, and "holds the keys of all spiritual blessings."

This division of the priesthood comprises the following "orders," which rank as they are named:—

Apostles, who "are to be special witnesses of the name of Christ, to build up, organize, and preside over the church, and to administer in all its ordinances and blessings."

The Patriarch,* whose duty is "to bless the fatherless in the church, and to foretell what shall befall them and their generations. He also has authority to administer in the other ordinances of the church."

The High Priest, whose "special duty is to preside, but he may also administer in the ordinances and blessings of the church."

Finally, all the members of the "Melchisedec Priesthood" are called "Elders," and they are to "preach, baptize,† administer the Lord's Supper, lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, bless children, take the lead of all meetings, and ordain other elders, priests, teachers, and deacons."

The term "quorum" is a favorite with the Mormons, and signifies a *company of elders*, with its presiding officer. Thus we have "the quorum of the Twelve Apostles," of which Orson Hyde is President, and "the quorum of seventies." There may be several quorums of the "seventies," but it is so arranged that the "first seventy" has seven presidents, and these are to preside over all the other quorums. The churchly authority is thus very wisely confined within convenient limits.

There is also a "High Council," consisting of Twelve High Priests, the business of which is to settle any important difficulties that may arise in the church.

The "Aaronic" division of the priesthood comprises Bishops, Priests, Teachers, and Deacons. It seems to have been devised for the purpose of infusing a Jewish element into the new church, and to make provision for such Jewish Priests and Rabbis as should be converted to the Mormon faith; for the Bishops belonging to this branch of the priesthood must be literal descendants of Aaron. None such, however, have as yet offered

* This title is frequently bestowed on Brigham Young, probably because of his services and success as a husband and father. The office of "Presiding Patriarch or Evangelist" is actually held by John Smith, a nephew of the Prophet Joseph, and does not appear to confer much power on its possessor.

† The Mormons baptize by immersion, and do not baptize children until they are about eight years of age.

themselves as candidates for the high honors. This entire division is entirely subordinate to the Melchisedec priesthood. Indeed, it is but "an appendage" to it. Its Bishops must be ordained to their office by the Presidency of the church, and the Presidents are "after the order of Melchisedec." The Bishop presides over all the lesser offices of the Aaronic class, "ministers in outward ordinances, conducts the temporal business of the church, and sits as a judge of transgressors." The Priests are to "preach, administer the Lord's Supper, and to visit and exhort the saints." The Teacher is to "watch over and strengthen the church," being careful to "see that the saints maintain unity, live in love, and do their duty." The Deacon is to "assist the Teacher, and also attend to the comfort of the saints."

From this glance at the outward form of the Mormon Church, it will be seen that in its organization it is an attempt to reproduce in part, the form of the Jewish church, as in its general spirit and practice, it seeks to revive many of the ideas and customs of Judaism.

As we rehearse the titles of the various officials, and note their respective functions, there seems to be a greater distinction in the title and grades of office than in the several duties pertaining to them. But it must be remembered that if Mormonism is not an attempt at a Theocracy, it nevertheless contemplates the closest possible union of Church and State, and that not only the religious affairs of the saints, but also those of a temporal and civil nature, fall within the jurisdiction of the officers of the church. In practice everything is so arranged, that there is "a place for each man, and each man has his place." Places and occupations enough are provided to supply every one who has sufficient intelligence and force of character to give him influence, and to afford a position equal to his capacities for every one who has sufficient ambition to make him money.

No one can attend one of the semi-annual conferences of the "Latter-day Saints," in the Tabernacle, without perceiving that great worldly wisdom has been exercised in the organization of their church. In the exalted seats which

are occupied by the several grades of its officials, one beholds abundant indications of intellectual brightness, activity, and ability, united in certain instances, with apparent honesty and sincerity, and in certain other cases, with marks of shrewdness, duplicity, and great capacity for political intrigue. Turning from the dignitaries to the saints, which constitute the audience, there are appearances enough of simplicity, sincerity, and honesty, but hardly a man shows a face that bears the marks of anything above mediocrity of talent, while the most of them fall far below it.

In this feature of the church, in the liberal supply and distribution of offices, in the undoubted religious fervor that animates them, and in the facts that many, if not most of these people, have been rescued from extreme poverty, furnished with the means of transportation hither, and provided with homes and lands, and opportunities for gaining a livelihood, we find a sufficient explanation of Brigham Young's marvelous power over them.

The doctrines of Mormonism profess to be derived chiefly from the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and constitute a corrupt form of Christianity. They were stated by Joseph Smith, in 1842, as follows :—

“ We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

“ We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

“ We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

“ We believe that these ordinances are : First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Second Repentance. Third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. Fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

“ We believe that a man must be called of God by ‘ prophecy and by laying on of hands,’ by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel, and administer the ordinances thereof.

“ We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz. : apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c.

“ We believe in the gifts of tongues, prophecy, revelations, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, &c.

“ We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly ; we

also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

“ We believe all God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

“ We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes ; that Zion will be built upon this continent ; that Christ will reign personally on the earth ; and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiac glory.

“ We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allowing all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

“ We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

“ We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men ; indeed, we may say, we follow the admonition of Paul : ‘ We believe all things, we hope all things ;’ we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is any virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.”

As a confession of faith, this appears well ; but in strange contrast with it is the shameless polygamy practised by “ the saints ;” the manifest impostures and frauds of the priesthood, which professes to receive revelations from heaven, and to serve without salaries while amassing great riches ; and the original imposition of the “ golden plates,” the truth of which is solemnly declared and published by ten of their leading men, while every Mormon preacher and exhorter, in almost every address, takes occasion to “ testify” that he “ knows it all to be true by his own experience.”

Put the creed itself is so framed as to cover the pious fraud of Joseph Smith, which placed the Book of Mormon on a level with the Bible, and constituted himself the prophet, priest and ruler of the church on earth, while, if we accept the authorized interpretations which are given of it by the Mormon authorities, it is grossly corrupt. Thus we are told, that “ God exists in the form of man ;” that “ there are many Gods, only one of which is to be worshipped by the saints ;” that revelations from God have been received by Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdry, Sidney Rigdon, and many others ; that every saint may have revelations ; and that “ if

a church have not revelations, it is not a church." It is true, that in conversation, Brigham Young makes the term revelation synonymous with intuition. But this is not the view taken of it by the saints generally.

Among other absurd things it is taught in the authorized publications of the Mormon leaders, that there have been many "dispensations" of religion on the earth, *e. g.* "one through Adam; one through Enoch; one through Noah; one through Jared, when he and his friends were led from the Tower of Babel to America; one through Abraham; one through Jacob; one through Moses; one through Lehi, when he and his family went from Jerusalem to America; one through Jesus Christ, when He established His church in Asia and America; and was crucified at Jerusalem; and one through Joseph Smith, in these last days, which is the greatest and best of all."

The Mormons also claim that their missionaries who are sent to peoples whose languages are unknown to them, are miraculously empowered to speak and preach in these languages.

In other respects the doctrinal teachings of the Mormons more nearly approach those of most Christian denominations; but they are careful to set up a claim as exclusive as that of the Pope of Rome. "All other churches are man-made." The "one true church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" is distinguished from all others by many signs,—especially by its *Priesthood*, with a Prophet and Revelator at its head; and by its spiritual gifts and *holy practices!*

Among the customs of "the Latter-day Saints," as established by revelations from heaven, the following may be named:—

No wine is to be drunk, except at the Lord's Supper; and then only when made by the saints.

No tobacco is to be used except for outward applications,—as an embrocation "for bruises and the like."

No flesh is to be eaten, "except in winter, and in time of famine, when it becomes a necessity."

A plurality of wives is allowed, but *not* a plurality of husbands, "unless former

husbands are deserted!" and if, in any case, a woman is untrue to her husband, it is a capital offense. "She is to be destroyed."

"Sealing" is to be performed only by the proper authorities of the church.

The term "sealing" designates the marriage ceremony when performed by these authorities, and Mormons can be properly married in no other manner. In their view, "sealing" differs from marriage among the "gentiles" in some very important respects. For example, the latter are married for the present life only. They pledge themselves to each other "until death does them part;" but a Mormon takes a wife for this life and forever. She is thenceforth his for time and for eternity; and if he has a dozen wives here, they are to be his in the next world also. Moreover, they are to live together in the next world the same as in this, and are to continue having children without end;* while the poor "gentiles," doomed to solitary blessedness from the time they enter the next world, will be *servants* of their more fortunate and well-married neighbors, the Mormons. In this respect mormonism is more grossly voluptuous and sensual than Mohammedism itself.

The "revelation which introduced this feature into Mormonism was first made public by Brigham Young, in July, 1852, five years subsequently to his first arrival at Salt Lake; but Brigham Young asserted that the revelation was received from heaven by "the Prophet Joseph" (Smith), in July, 1842 (two years before his death), and that by him it was committed to the keeping of his successor, to be made known in due time.

The "revelation" is professedly addressed to the Prophet Joseph, and expressly authorizes him to restore the practices of the olden times, and to take a plurality of wives, as did Abraham and David and Solomon, while it also expressly commands "Emma," the wife of

* That this notion is entertained by them was learned by the writer partly from "the revelation on celestial marriage," partly from conversation with Mormons, and partly from declarations made by Orson Hyde in a sermon delivered in the Tabernacle.

the Prophet, to receive all the virtuous wives that should be given to her liege lord, and not to leave him, but to "abide with him and them, and cleave unto him." Brigham and his supporters also assert that the Prophet Joseph did actually take unto himself additional wives.

If these things were so—if Joseph Smith did have such a paper in his possession, and if he ventured to make its contents known to her whom, in certain portions, it directly and by name addressed, especially if he adopted the polygamous practice which it authorizes—"Emma" must have been aware of it. But she,* together with David and Alexander, the two sons of herself and the Prophet Joseph, declare this whole story false, and affirm that no such revelation was ever received by him, to their knowledge, and that he never had but one wife. It follows, therefore, either that Joseph had not the courage to introduce this feature of the Mormon system, and handed the matter over to "Brother Brigham," or that the latter *forged* the paper, and foisted it upon the people, when, being in the centre of the continent, so far from both the eastern and western borders of civilization, he thought he should never be reached by the laws of the United States, or be disturbed in his iniquities. Either supposition is possible,—nay, probable; but the greater probability rests with the latter.

The protest of Joseph Smith's widow and sons has no influence with the great body of the Mormons in Utah. The authority and example of Brigham, who is Prophet, Priest, and more than King, in their estimation, bear down all opposition; and, as he has some "sixteen wives and fifty children," the practice of polygamy is general, though not universal, among his people. His children follow in his saintly footsteps, his sons being polygamists, while three of his daughters are wives of one man.† His "Twelve Apostles" are likewise involved in the system, and, in addition to their lawful wives are said to have concubines

(called "wives") as follows, viz.: Orson Hyde, three; Orson Pratt, two; John Taylor, six; Wilfred Woodruff, two; George A. Smith, four; Amasa Lyman, four; Ezra Benson, three; Charles Rich, six; Lorenzo Snow, three; Erastus Snow, two; Franklin Richards, three; George Q. Cannon, two.

If it should be thought strange that not one of them all proved faithful to his lawful wife, the wonder ceases when we learn that Brigham's authority is of such a nature that should he intimate to any one of his followers the propriety of taking another wife, the hint would not go unheeded, and perhaps could not be neglected with safety.

The debasing effects of polygamy on the character of those who practice it are evident. In circumstances favorable to the free utterance of his thoughts, a polygamist is sure to express himself in such a manner as to show that his mind and heart are corrupted. Even Brigham Young can hardly converse half an hour with lady visitors without some allusion to his amours, to his women and children; and few Mormon sermons are delivered in the City of Harems without defending or advocating the peculiar institution.

But the saddest effects of polygamy are experienced by the sex whose lot it renders hapless and hopeless. Among the women one meets in Salt Lake City, besides the "Gentile" visitors, several distinctions may be made. There is a class of respectable-looking middle-aged or elderly women, who probably are the original and lawful wives of the men who sit on high in the places of honor! Then there are the *young ladies*, who do not seem to be numerous—perhaps because they are introduced into the harems as fast as they become marriageable. Those whom one meets compare favorably with those of our frontier towns. Among the married dames there is a class of youngish women with bold, brassy-looking faces that are anything but agreeable, and that suggest suspicions which ought not to be cherished against any who are called "saints." With the exceptions thus named, the Mormon women, generally, have a subdued, dejected, disheartened

* The Prophet's widow is now the wife of a respectable hotel-keeper at Nauvoo, Ill.

† Among Brigham's sixteen wives are two sisters.

appearance, as if their will was broken, their courage lost, and they had fully accepted the position of hopeless inferiors, to whom their husbands are as "lords," whose will is law, whose word must not be questioned.

Not all the women, however, are satisfied with this arrangement, as a late trial proves, in which the lawful wife complained of her husband for taking two other wives, and had him convicted. An instance was related several months since, in which the husband informed his wife that he was about to take another helpmate. "Very well," said the mistress of the shanty, "you must find a place for her then; you must not bring her here!" Another story was told, in which the second wife of a polygamist inn keeper, learning that he proposed to receive another partner in the matrimonial business, went to wife number one and proposed that they two should unite in dissuading Mr. — from his intention. "No, madam," was the sad but resolute reply; "you broke my heart when you came here, and I am willing to have you served in the same manner."

Nor is the idea of sharing a husband with some half a dozen others regarded as altogether agreeable by the young ladies. An acquaintance of the writer said to one of this class, who was receiving the tickets at a place of amusement, "Your position here must be a very pleasant one."—"On the contrary," was the reply, "it is very irksome."—"You should marry, then," observed the visitor. "Never," said the spirited girl, "till I can marry a whole husband. I will not have a part of a man!"

The question arises whether Mormonism is to be perpetuated or destroyed.

Judging from what is said in some of the newspapers, the speedy dissolution of the system may be expected. Indeed, it is supposed that the suits lately brought against Brigham Young and others of the leaders for bigamy, are to put an end to Mormonism itself.

But those who indulge in such expectations know but little of the system, of the profound religious enthusiasm on which it is based, of the means which it possesses for its own extension and perpetuation.

Polygamy will doubtless come to an end, and this end may be reached speedily. It is but an excrescence on the system. The wonder is that a man so astute and capable as Brigham Young has shown himself to be in most other things, should have introduced such an element of confusion and weakness—not to say open wickedness—into a religious organization on this continent in this nineteenth century. It would not be strange if, being condemned and sentenced by the United States Court for bigamy, he should see the uselessness of contending against fate, and not only yield himself, but advise his followers to do the same. More than this, he may possibly turn it to good account, by claiming that the bereft husbands and discarded wives and bastardized children are the victims of a heartless persecution—"persecuted for righteousness' sake."

Let the result of these legal proceedings be what it may, and the end of polygamy come when it may, Mormonism as an organization will not fall with the latter, and may not be weakened, but rather strengthened by its destruction. From the hasty glance we have bestowed upon its doctrines it will probably be admitted that, corrupt as it is, and in many respects a caricature of Christianity, it must be regarded, nevertheless, as a satellite of the Christian system, and one of its sects.

It professes to be an improvement on all other Christian churches, both in its doctrines and in its organization. The latter, to say the least, is marvelously planned and exceedingly efficient. Mormonism is also strong in numbers, in the extent of its possessions, and in facilities for further extension. With the exception of the comparatively few gentiles and dissenters in Salt Lake City and in the neighboring mines, the population of Utah Territory, numbering one hundred and fifty thousand, is composed of Mormons. Their settlements planted on those spots where sufficient irrigation can be obtained to render the land fertile, and the numbers of every settlement being limited by the amount of water that can be secured for purposes of irrigation they have complete possession of the plains to a distance of four hundred

miles south from Ogden, and they can keep possession. They have agents and missionaries constantly and successfully at work in the rural districts and among the laboring classes of England and several countries of Europe. They are supposed to have a large amount of funds in Europe to be employed for the purpose of transporting emigrants hither, and abundant means to assist them in locating, rearing habitations, and entering that department of labor in which they are to gain a living. To assist those who are of the faith, in emigrating and settling in the Territory, is the professed object of the "tithings," which are made up of one-tenth of the income of every Mormon. If the funds thus raised at any time prove insufficient, there are still other methods of securing the amount needed. For example, there is an island fifteen miles long, in Great Salt Lake, called Church or Antelope Island. It is well stocked with cattle, which are the property of "the church;" and when additional funds are needed to assist immigrants in coming to this land of promise, some of these cattle are sold, and the proceeds are forwarded to "the office" in Liverpool.

Thus the Mormons can introduce into the Territory sufficient numbers of those who cherish their faith to retain an overwhelming majority; and the knowledge which the leaders have of the hitherto uncultivated portions of the plains, and the sources of water in the mountains that may be employed for irrigation, give them the advantage over all others in locating farms and planting settlements.

Moreover, they are fanatically zealous for their church and the faith. Although the most of them are perverts from Christian churches (mostly from the Methodist and Baptist), they show no favor to those who desert them, who doubt any of their dogmas, or who question the authority or wisdom of the Heads of the church. They are also careful in teaching their children and training them in the knowledge of their tenets and the practices of their religion. In short, they seem to be wanting in none of those elements and characteristics which have rendered religions much more corrupt and false than is Mormonism successful and enduring for centuries; and this may be the case with

"the Church of the Latter-day Saints in Utah."

Much has been said of the schism that has taken place among them. It seems to have originated in other than *religious* differences. The increase of "gentile" merchants in Salt Lake City, and the competition in business which they introduced, was thought to render some plan desirable for retaining the trade of the faithful in the hands of the faithful, in order that a tenth of the profits might still continue to flow into the treasury of the church. Accordingly a joint-stock company was formed, which was called "Zion's Co-operative Commercial Institution." The stock was to be owned by Mormons, and at the different branches, or stores, of the establishment, Mormons were required to make their purchases, and warned not to trade elsewhere.

But while this plan required certain merchants who were successfully conducting large business enterprises to relinquish them, it gave the chief management of the new "Institution" to Mr. Clawson, a triplicate son-in-law of Brigham Young, and these two worthies would probably contrive to obtain the lion's share of the profits. The merchants in question, therefore, protested against the new arrangement, and, as a natural consequence, lost favor at court. A serious quarrel thus commenced among the saints.

A leading spirit among the malcontents was Mr. Godbe, a Londoner by birth, the proprietor of a large warehouse, who had been a practical polygamist, a liberal contributor to the enterprise of the church, and a principal supporter of the *Utah Magazine*. He was joined by several influential men. Among them were Mr. Stenhouse, a Scotchman, editor of the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph*, who had formerly been sent as missionary to England and Switzerland; and Mr. Harrison, one of the editors of the *Utah Magazine*. Questioning the infallibility of the head of the church, was not a sin to be overlooked. They were, therefore summarily cut off as "apostates;" and, in addition, Elder Kelsey a member of the court which pronounced the sentence, refusing to vote against them, was himself included among the apostates, and excommunicated with the rest.

The dissentients have originated a new

church, called the "Church of Zion," which appears to be composed of Mormonism and Spiritualism. The leaders of it, who seem disposed to join hands with the "Gentiles" against Brigham Young and the other authorities of the mother church, profess to be inspired from above, and also to "receive communications from spirits," as from Heber C. Kimball, a deceased apostle, from the prophet Joseph Smith, from the Apostles Peter, James and John, and from the Lord Jesus Christ! Some of them, however, have deserted the imposition entirely—whether with the instinct of rats leaving a sinking ship, or as rationalists, cured of a delusion; and having dismissed their supernumerary wives, they profess to be living with their lawful helpmates only.

It is evident that the Mormon millennium is not yet at hand. Strong as the system is, in many respects, it will require all the skill and prudence of the Chief Managers to keep it from disruption in present and prospective exigencies.

Polygamy is, and must be a constant source of danger. For had all things moved on smoothly until the death of those who have accumulated estates, it is not difficult to foresee that the rival claims of the legitimate and illegitimate heirs must eventually give occasion for disturbance and litigation, if the authority of the United States Government and laws shall be fairly established in the Territory. As that authority has been asserted, and the leaders themselves have been called to account the issue is fairly joined, and the question may speedily be decided whether polygamy is to be sacrificed, or Mormonism itself.

Another element of weakness and trouble from which extrication will be difficult, if not impossible was introduced by ignoring the right of eminent domain

which pertained to the United States Government, and settling the Territory without securing proper titles to the lands occupied. Hence, if a "Gentile" gets possession of a building spot, even in Salt Lake City, and regularly enters in the Land Office claim to the eighty acres of which his actual property forms a part, he seems to have the only legal title to the same, although it be occupied with the usual city improvements.

It is said that within a few months the Mormon officials have entered the entire tract which is covered by the City of Salt Lake with the Register of the Land Office. But it is questionable whether this step has not been taken too late to prevent very great difficulties.

Furthermore, the undoubted abundance and richness of the silver deposits in the Territory are attracting thither a large mining population. Between Cottonwood Canon, six miles distant from Salt Lake City, and the Paiute Mine, which is three hundred miles away, there are at least, six localities where silver abounds. Among the mines already in operation, and in the market, are the "Emma Mine," twenty-eight miles from the city, and the "Tintic Mine," seventy miles distant. One-half of the former is said to have been sold for half a million dollars, and the latter is held by a joint-stock company with a capital of half a million. Miners are flocking thither from all directions, and it is evident already that cloaking polygamous practices with religious pretences is not favoured by the code of *miner* morals. Consequently, every accession to their numbers strengthens the opposition to Mormonism. All things considered, Brigham Young, who is now more than seventy years of age has occasion for the active use of all his wit and wisdom. The evening of his life is not blessed with a cloudless sky, and the bed on which he reclines is not one of roses.

(Cornhill Magazine.)

QUAINT CUSTOMS IN KWEI-CHOW.

It has been said that China is the only country in the world where fashion is not synonymous with change; and there undoubtedly is an unparalleled degree of monotony in the customs, habits, and ideas of the whole pig-tailed race. With the exception of differences in the pronunciation of the language and of varieties of climate, Canton, or any large city in the south of China is but the reflection of Peking or of any large city in the north, and *vice versa*. The same style of architecture is observable in the buildings, and exactly the same customs prevail among the people, who have been robbed of all originality and power of thought by the constant contemplation, as models of supreme excellence, of the ancients and their works. It is a relief, then, to find that amidst these priggish monotomists there are to be found people who know not Confucius, who despise pig-tails and their wearers, and to whom the *Book of Rites* is a sealed letter.

In the north-eastern corner of the Province of Yunnan rises a chain of mountains, which, winding its way through the southern portion of the province of Kweichow, passes through a part of Kwang-se, and gradually melts away into the plains on the east of the Kwang-tung frontier. The whole of this thin line of highland territory, measuring about 400 miles, and running through the southern centre of the Empire, is virtually independent of China. Its inhabitants acknowledge no allegiance to the Emperor, entirely ignore the authority of the mandarins, and hold only just as much communication with their more civilized neighbors of the plains as suits their purposes. By these they are known by the generic name of Miao-tsze, which is made to include the numerous tribes who inhabit the whole range. Ethnology is a study consecrated by the labours of Confucius, and is there-

fore lightly esteemed by his disciples, consequently little is to be learnt of the antecedents of the Miao-tsze from Chinese sources, and the difficulty of penetrating into the mountain recesses has left us equally ignorant of their manners and customs. They are by no means well disposed towards travellers, and show a decided preference for their money to their company. No European has ever ventured into their retreats, and Chinese travellers never willingly trust themselves amongst them. Enough, however, may be gathered from the brief notices to be found in Chinese books to affirm that they are, for the most part, offshoots from the great Lao nation which had its original seat in Yunnan, and which has spread its branches westward to South-Eastern India, southward to Siam, and eastward through the provinces of Kwei chow, Kwang-se, and Kwang-tung. Though living in the immediate neighborhood of the Chinese of the surrounding plain-country, they have never shown any disposition to amalgamate with them. Inter-marriage between two races is unknown, and almost the only means the two people have of obtaining intimate knowledge of each other are furnished by the perpetual foraging expeditions undertaken by the mountaineers upon the farms and villages of the Chinese. Notwithstanding the contempt with which the latter affect to regard the Miao-tsze, they now studiously abstain from invading their territory, and have contented themselves with establishing military posts along the foot of the mountains to check their descents on the plains. These garrisons to a certain extent fulfil their object, but are often overpowered; and not many years ago an army of 30,000 Miao-tsze soldiers utterly routed an Imperial force sent to chastise them.

Brief, dry, and not altogether trustwor-

thy accounts of the Miao-tsze are to be found in some of the official topographical and dynastic histories common to Chinese literature; and wild legendary tales are told of them in badly-printed pamphlets, which are sold for a few cash in the cities in the vicinity of their haunts. Neither of these sources of information are in any way satisfactory. The histories, which are written with an evident purpose of making things pleasant to the reigning house, when dealing with the mountain tribes, only disclose such information possessed by the writers as is likely to find favor with their Imperial master; and pamphlets which describe the mountaineers as monsters in appearance and demons in cruelty can be of no possible value to any one. To students of ethnology, therefore, an illustrated Chinese manuscript in the British museum possesses more than ordinary interest.

This work is anonymous, and relates only to the tribes which inhabit that part of the range of mountains above referred to, situated within the limits of Kwei-chow. The author is, or was, probably a native of that province, and, though his work lacks detail, he yet places before us a tolerably complete and evidently authentic picture of the various tribes and their customs, while the illustrations which accompany the text give us a good idea of their physiognomy. Vaguely, they are called Miao-tsze; but, more accurately, they should be classified in three divisions, namely, the Lao, the Chung-tsze, and the Miao-tsze; these, again, are subdivided by the writer into thirty-eight clans. The Lao, as their name at once points out, are a branch of the race which now inhabits the country to the north of Siam and west of Burmah. From some similarity of language, the Chung-tsze would also appear to be of the same family, and to the Miao-tsze belongs the honour of being the descendants of the original occupiers of that part of China. The point which appears most astonishing in the work to which we have referred is the extreme diversity of customs, dress, and civilization existing between the tribes which occupy a district of scarce a hundred miles in extent. In this limited space, a Chinese Darwin might study the different phases in the rise of man, from

something very like a brute beast to a highly-cultivated state, in which arts and sciences flourish and excel. Cannibals, troglodytes, and nameless savages live within a few miles of tribes possessing the civilization of China, and more than her skill in mechanical arts. Men who marry their wives without form or ceremony, and bury each other without coffins, are neighbors of those who employ the whole paraphernalia of go-betweens and ritualistic ceremonies in securing their brides, and spend fortunes on the corteges which accompany their deceased relatives to their graves. Nor can we point to these distinctions as being peculiar to the people of either of the three races. Amongst the Miao-tsze, we find both the most savage and the most cultivated clans. We have, for instance, the Pa-fan-miao, who dress like Chinamen, lead quiet industrious lives, and employ agricultural machinery very little inferior to our own, and in the next district we find another Miao tribe of violent and lawless savages, who wreak supreme vengeance on their enemies by killing and eating them, possibly under the impression, common in New Zealand, that by so doing they destroy both body and soul. In direct opposition to the Chinese custom, the widows of this clan make a point of remarriage, and invariably wait to bury their "dear departed" until their nuptials have been again celebrated. This they call "a funeral with a master," from which expression it would seem that their women are held to be incapable of presiding at any ceremony or feast. Fortunately for stray travellers, these cannibals celebrate their annual holiday in the eleventh month by bolting their doors and remaining at home, thus, for that time at least, rendering themselves harmless to their neighbours. The customs of some of the Miao clans are very similar to those of the hill tribes of Chittagong, more especially in the matter of courtship, which is conducted amongst them in a free-and-easy way which is not without its attractions. In the "leaping-month," the young men and women of the Chay-chai tribe develop a decided taste for picnics by moonlight, when, under the shadow of trees in secluded glens, the girls sing to the music of their lovers'

guitars. The singing of these women is spoken very highly of, and, adopting the principle of selection followed according to Darwin, by birds, the youths choose as their wives those who can best charm their ears. This tribe are said to be descendants of 600 soldiers who were left in the mountains by a General Ma on his return from a victorious campaign in the south, and hence bear also the name of the "six hundred men-begotten Miao." But as this self-same story is told with variations of other highlanders in China, as well as of some in Burmah, it must be accepted *cum grano salis*.

The spring-time, with most of these children of nature, appears to be especially devoted to wooing and mating. It is then that young men and maidens of the "Dog-eared Dragon" clan erect a "Devil's staff," *anglicè* a May-pole, in some pretty nook, and dance round it to the tune of the men's castanets, while the girls, posturing with bright-coloured ribbon-bands, keep time with feet and voice. One can picture the contemptuous horror with which the Chinese chronicler, accustomed to the strict etiquette prescribed by the *Book of Rites*, regarded this custom, to which he applies these words, "In this irregular manner they choose their wives and marry." There are four subdivisions of this tribe, known respectively as the "Stirrups," the "Big-heads," and the "Tsang bamboos." Though there may be said to be little in common between the clan known as the Flowery Miao and ourselves, there is one bond which connects us. Their women wear false hair. Their manner, however, of obtaining it is somewhat different to that adopted amongst ourselves, for not having arrived at a sufficiently civilized state to have established a market in human hair, they take what they want from the tails of horses. These people, also, delight in open-air amusements, and vary their *al fresco* musical performances on the "sang," a kind of rude hand-organ and castanets, with dancing and frolicsome play, which not unfrequently ends in precipitate marriages. Their funeral rights are peculiar. They bury their dead without coffins of any kind and choose ground for the grave by throwing down an egg. If the egg breaks in the fall the

omen is unpropitious, and they try elsewhere; if it does not break they accept the sign as marking the spot as a fitting one for their purpose. One other clan of Miao, named the "Black," manage their love affairs in the same unrestricted fashion. They also choose the spring for their amours, and at that season the youth of both sexes assemble on the lofty mountain peaks to feast and make merry. The act of drinking together out of the same horn is considered as equivalent to the marriage bond. The young men of this tribe are called Lohan and the young women Laoupei. These words are not Chinese, but are probably in the dialect of one of the many mountain tribes who inhabit the country between Burmah and China. A peculiar and fantastic device is adopted by the youths and maidens of the Kea-yew-chung tribe to mark their preference for one another. In the "leaping month" they make colored balls with strings attached, and throw them at those whose affections they desire to gain. Tying the balls together is considered a formal engagement of marriage. Only in one of these mountain tribes does there appear to be any trace of "marriage by capture." The women of the Ta-ya-kuh-lao tribe go through the marriage ceremony with dishevelled hair and naked feet—evidently a relic of the time when brides were snatched from savage parents by savage wooers. Amongst them also we find the custom prevalent of disfiguring a woman on her marriage. The Chinese writer tells us that brides are compelled to submit to the extraction of their two front teeth in order to prevent their biting their husbands. The actual reason for which this piece of cruelty is perpetrated is of course the same as that which induces Japanese girls to blacken their teeth on marriage, namely to diminish their personal attractions in the eyes of strange men. The queerest, but not least known, observable among the Miao-tsze is that of the "couvade." When a woman of the Tse-tsze-miao tribe gives birth to a child, her husband takes her place in the bed while she gets up and performs not only her usual household duties, but nurses with the utmost care the pseudo invalid. For a whole month

the husband "lies in" and the completion of his period is made the occasion of feasting and rejoicing. Marco Polo mentions this custom as prevailing among the natives of Yunnan, and as it is entirely unknown amongst the Chinese, the probability is that the clan of which we speak are descendants of the Lao who inhabited that province in the days of the great Venetian traveller.

The religious belief of the various clans seems to be of the most primitive kind. Few traces of Buddhism are found amongst them, while the Chinese ceremony of sacrificing to ancestors is largely practised, accompanied with many quaint customs. A man of the "White" Miao, when desirous of sacrificing, chooses a bullock from the herd, trims his horns, fattens him up, and when the time arrives, sets him to fight with his neighbours' cattle. If he comes off victorious, the omen is considered lucky, and he pays for his triumph with his life. The chief worshipper on the occasion wears white clothes, and divides the flesh of the bullock between his friends and acquaintances. With a tribe of Lao it is the custom, when the eldest son of a household has completed his seventh year, for the father to perform the ceremony known as "dismissing the Devil." To accomplish this laudable object the parent makes a straw dragon to represent his Satanic Majesty, and having stuck five variously coloured paper flags on his back, he takes him out into the desert and offers sacrifice to him. The ancient rite of sending away the scape-goat would appear to underlie this custom, and it is possible that the flags may typify the five Chinese cardinal sins. The gathering in of the harvest is attended amongst the Se-miao with great rejoicings. In each district an ox is sacrificed, and men and women in holiday attire dance and sing round it to the tune of the "sang." This rite is called sacrificing to the White Tiger, and is followed in the evening by a feast of fowls and wine, after which the revellers "call on the spirits" by jödelling to one another.

The influence enjoyed by the women is here, as everywhere, in adverse ratio to the savageness of the tribes. In some an equality of labour with the men gains

for them respect and consideration, and their good services in restraining the anger of their husbands and settling disputes are in much request. Among one tribe of Lao the widow, on the death of her husband, takes the lead in the family affairs, even to the exclusion of the eldest son, and is attended on horseback, and has the same respect shown to her as was due to her deceased husband. In this clan polygamy is allowed, but the children of the Nai-teh, or wife, are alone looked upon as legitimate. Among other tribes we find the women as uncivilized as those just referred to are respected, and as immodest in their attire as these are particular. A short jacket, open in front, is all that some of them wear on their bodies, and still shorter petticoats without trousers complete their costume. They have also a most unladylike passion for strong drink, and are constantly seen lying about on the mountains in a most unmistakable condition. Their one redeeming quality is their love for cold water, and the wonder of the Chinese writer was not a little excited by finding them bathing in the mountain-streams in the height of winter. In common with some of the Miao, the Chung-tze show a decided propensity for "the road." The wives of these footpads are left at home to mind the plough while their lords lie in wait in bands for solitary travellers. Having seized on a prize, they fasten a large wooden frame round his neck, and march him off to their encampment, where they rob him of everything valuable he has about him. If they are disappointed in the amount obtained they often ill-treat their victim savagely. When meditating a predatory expedition, they seek to learn its issue by casting lots with bits of grass, and religiously regulate their movements in accordance with the answer obtained. The "Black" Chung-tze, a tribe living in the neighbourhood of the provincial capital, are by far the most advanced in the arts of commerce. They deal largely with the Chinamen of the plain in mountain timber, and have a regular system of borrowing money for trading purposes, on security furnished by their well-to-do clansmen. Their honesty in paying money thus borrowed is proverbial, and

the means they employ of compelling occasional defaulters to meet their engagements is worth recording. On becoming aware of the fraudulent intention of his debtor, the creditor reports the matter to the surety, and then digs up from the defaulter's ancestral tombs as many bones of his progenitors as he can carry away with him. This is called "seizing the white and releasing the black." As soon as the money is refunded the bones are released from pawn. The people of only one tribe, and that of the Miao, are mentioned as living in caves. These, for the most part, excavate their houses in precipitous cliffs, and gain access to them by means of bamboo ladders.

In appearance the various mountain clans differ very little from each other, but between their general physiognomy and that of the Chinese there is a wide gulf. They are shorter, darker, and are possessed of sharper features than their pigtailed neighbours. In their habits they are less constrained, and there is a bright joyousness about the youth of

both sexes which is very taking. For the most part the men wear turbans of either blue or red cloth, and almost invariably carry the "doo," or knife, *sinico* "tao," which is common also to the hill tribes of Chattagong. A few of the women wear a kind of cap; but only those of the tribe which admits them to the supreme management of family affairs wear turbans. That the existence of these small independent tribes should be possible in the midst of such a large and homogeneous race as the Chinese is passing strange; and although no doubt the inaccessible nature of their mountain fastness is their main protection, yet a further reason must be sought for in their superior warlike spirit to account for their having been able to maintain their independent and distinct existence for so many centuries. The Chinese Government has never been indifferent to their presence, but though it has repeatedly attempted to subjugate and absorb them, it has always failed, and at present appears to be as far from attaining its object as it was a decade of centuries ago.

(Good Words.)

THE OLD GARDEN.

I.

I STOOD in an ancient garden
With high red walls around ;
Over them gray and green lichens
In shadowy arabesque wound.

The topmost climbing blossoms
On fields kine-haunted looked out ;
But within were shelter and shadow,
And daintiest odours about.

There were alleys and lurking arbours—
Deep glooms into which to dive ;
The lawns were as soft as fleeces—
Of daisies I counted but five.

The sun-dial was so aged
It had gathered a thoughtful grace ;
And the round about of the shadow
Seemed to have furrowed its face.

The flowers were all of the oldest
That ever in garden sprung ;
Red, and blood-red, and dark purple,
The rose-lamps flaming hung.

Along the borders fringed
With broad thick edges of box,
Stood foxgloves and gorgeous poppies,
And great-eyed hollyhocks.

There were junipers trimmed into castles,
And ash-trees bowed into tents ;
For the garden, though ancient and pensive,
Still wore quaint ornaments.

It was all so stately fantastic,
Its old wind hardly would stir :
Young Spring, when she merrily entered,
Must feel it no place for her.

II.

I stood in the summer morning
Under a cavernous yew ;
The sun was gently climbing,
And the scents rose after the dew.

I saw the wise old mansion,
 Like a cow in the noonday-heat,
 Stand in the lake of shadows
 That rippled about its feet.

Its windows were oriel and latticed,
 Lowly and wide and fair ;
 And its chimneys like clustered pillars
 Stood up in the thin blue air.

White doves, like the thoughts of a lady,
 Haunted it in and out ;
 With a train of green and blue comets,
 The peacock went marching about.

The birds in the trees were singing
 A song as old as the world,
 Of love and green leaves and sunshine,
 And winter folded and furled.

They sang that never was sadness
 But it melted and passed away ;
 They sang that never was darkness ;
 But in came the conquering day.

And I knew that a maiden somewhere
 In a sober sunlit gloom,
 In a nimbus of shining garments,
 An aureole of white-browed bloom,

Looked out on the garden dreamy,
 And knew not that it was old ;
 Looked past the grey and the sombre,
 And saw but the green and the gold.

III.

I stood in the gathering twilight,
 In a gently blooming wind ;
 And the house looked half uneasy,
 Like one that was left behind.

The roses had lost their redness,
 And cold the grass had grown ;
 At roost were the pigeons and peacock,
 And the dial was dead gray stone.

The world by the gathering twilight
 In a gauzy dusk was clad ;
 It went in through my eyes to my spirit,
 And made me a little sad.

Grew and gathered the twilight,
 And filled my heart and brain ;
 The sadness grew more than sadness,
 And turned to a gentle pain.

Browned and brooded the twilight,
 And sank down through the calm,
 Till it seemed for some human sorrows
 There could not be any balm.

IV.

Then I knew that up a staircase,
 Which untrod will yet creak and shake,
 Deep in a distant chamber,
 A ghost was coming awake.

In the growing darkness growing—
 Growing till her eyes appear,
 Like spots of a deeper twilight,
 But more transparent clear—

Thin as hot air up-trembling,
 Thin as sun-molten crape,
 The deepening shadow of something
 Taketh a certain shape ;

A shape whose hands are unlifted
 To throw back her blinding hair ;
 A shape whose bosom is heaving,
 But draws not in the air.

And I know, by what time the moonlight
 On her nest of shadows will sit,
 Out on the dim lawn gliding
 That shadow of shadows will flit.

V.

The moon is dreaming upward
 From a sea of cloud and gleam ;
 She looks as if she had seen us
 Never but in a dream.

Down that stair I know she is coming,
 Bare-footed, lifting her train ;
 It creaks not—she hears it creaking,
 For the sound is in her brain.

Out at some side door she's coming,
 With a timid glance right and left ;
 Her look is hopeless yet eager,
 The look of a heart bereft.

Across the lawn she is flitting,
 Her eddying robe in the wind,
 Her fair feet bending the grasses,
 Her hair half-lifted behind.

VI.

Shall I stay to look on her nearer ?
 Would she start and vanish away ?
 Oh, no ! she will never see me,
 If I stand as near as I may.

It is not this wind she is feeling,
 Not this cool grass below ;
 'Tis the wind and the grass of an evening
 A hundred years ago.

She sees no roses darkling,
 No stately hollyhocks dim ;
 She is only thinking and dreaming
 Of the garden, the night, and him ;

Of the unlit windows behind her,
 Of the timeless dial-stone,
 Of the trees, and the moon, and the shadows,
 A hundred years agone.

'Tis a night for all ghostly lovers
 To haunt the best-loved spot :
 Is he come in his dreams to this garden ?
 I gaze, but I see him not.

VII.

I will not look on her nearer—
 My heart would be torn in twain ;
 From mine eyes the garden would vanish
 In the falling of their rain.

I will not look on a sorrow
 That darkens into despair ;
 On the surge of a heart that cannot—
 Yet cannot cease to bear.

My soul to hers would be calling—
 She would hear no word it said ;
 If I cried aloud in the stillness,
 She would never turn her head.

She is dreaming the sky above her,
 She is dreaming the earth below :
 For this night she lost her lover
 A hundred years ago.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

MAHOMET.

THE appearance in the English tongue of a defence of the Mahometan religion from the hand of one who on the one hand claims a lineal descent from the Prophet, and on the other hand has been enrolled in an English order of knighthood, is a mark of the drawing together of East and West which would have seemed impossible a generation or two back. And it marks that drawing together in its best form. It is something new for a professor of Islam, evidently devout and learned according to his own standard, to stand forth and challenge European and Christian thinkers on their own ground. It is a sign of a new spirit among thoughtful Mahometans, when a writer of their religion no longer shuts himself up within the old barriers of his exclusive creed. The bidding of his Prophet and forefather to make ceaseless war upon the infidel is carried out by Syed Ahmed Khan in a new shape. The faith can no longer be spread over new realms at the sword's point; but new fields of conflict, and therefore of possible triumph, are laid open. It is to the credit of the followers of Islam if they are learning, as the author of this book clearly has learned, that it is a false policy for a system which can no longer spread itself by temporal weapons to withdraw itself into sullen isolation. Our Syed takes a far worthier course, and one which shows a far truer faith in his own religion, by trying to show that that religion need not shun the light, but that it dares to stand forth and meet other systems face to face on the arena of free inquiry. The mutual contempt of Christian and Moslem has been largely the result of mutual ignorance. It has largely been the result of each side seeing the other in its worst form. And the fashion of glorifying one particular Mahometan power, which has prevailed by fits and starts for

some years, as it certainly does not rise out of any deep knowledge of Islam and its history, is not likely to tend to any fair and reasonable interchange of ideas between Mahometans and Christians.—Such a book as that of Syed Ahmed opens to us a new world. Few Europeans have any notion of the vast mass of theological literature which has gathered together at the hands of Mahometan divines, of the vast mass of commentaries of which the Koran has become the centre. It is possible that in some cases Western controversialists might find their antagonists in the East somewhat stronger than they might expect. But at all events they may be surprised at finding the war carried into their own country. Syed Ahmed is evidently not afraid of meeting either Christian divines or European scholars on their own ground. He is certainly not free from that contempt for the Infidel which seems inherent in the Moslem character, and which is, we suppose, specially becoming in a descendant of the Prophet. The Syed is ready to acknowledge, and to acknowledge with thankfulness, any instances where his great forefather has received favourable or even just dealing at the hands of European writers. Still, on the whole, he looks down on his Christian antagonists. And he looks down on them with a sort of contemptuous pity as his intellectual inferiors, as men less thoughtful and less well-informed than himself. Such a state of mind is certainly not the best for engaging in controversy; but on the other hand, it is certainly not the worst. Syed Ahmed, as we hold, over-rates his own knowledge and his own powers of reasoning, as compared with those of his Christian opponents. But by so doing he admits that the question is a matter for reason and inquiry; and, after all, our Mahometan controversialist

does not treat Christians as a body nearly so badly as Christians of different sects are often in the habit of treating one another.

We rejoice then at so promising a contribution as Syed Ahmed gives us towards filling up the gap which at present yawns between men of Eastern and Western nations, of Eastern and Western creeds.— But even among Western scholars there yawns another gap almost as wide between those to whom the East and the West respectively supply subjects of study. The field of either Eastern or Western scholarship is so wide that it is hardly possible to find any man who is master of both alike. Each has need of the other at every step. The Western scholar is constantly brought into contact with the history of the East. As far as authentic records carry us back, the history of the civilized world has largely turned upon the great struggle between the two systems which we vaguely, yet not inaccurately, speak of as Eastern and Western. The rivalry of East and West, in those days the rivalry of the Barbarian and the Greek, was, in the eyes of Herodotus, the subject of the drama of human history.— It was so in his own day ; it had been so from the earliest days of which legend or tradition had anything to tell. Since his days the struggle has gone on in various forms, and the championship of each side has passed into the hands of various nations ; and, at almost all its stages, the struggle has been made fiercer and more abiding because religious differences have stepped in to heighten political enmity. The old faith of Persia, alike under Achaemenid and under Sassanid rule, stood forth as something hostile alike to the heathendom of the old Greek, and to the Christianity of the later Roman. But the struggle never reached its full bitterness, till the respective civilizations of the East and West had leagued themselves forever with the two religions between, which, for the very reason that their teaching has so much in common, opposition has ever been most deadly. The various forms of polytheism could always tolerate one another ; they could for the most part hit upon some scheme of compromise or amalgamation. A national religion, like

that of the Jew or the Persian, might whet the spirit of patriotism in a struggle against an enemy of another faith ; but its votaries were not bound to enter upon schemes of spiritual conquest. Content with the possession of their own law, they could look with indifference on the fate which might, either in this world or the next, be designed for the less favored and enlightened portion of mankind. But neither Christianity or Islam can thus sit still without a thought for the spiritual welfare of others. Each alike proclaims itself as the one true faith, the one law for all lands and all nations, which none of the sons of men can reject except at the peril of his soul. Each alike, then, is in its own nature aggressive ; each seeks to bring all the kingdoms of the earth within the one pale of safety ; and, when the persuasions fail, it is the avowed principle of one creed, it has been the frequent practice of the votaries of both, to extend the dominion of the one truth at the point of the sword. For the last twelve hundred years that struggle between East and West which has ever been the centre of all history has taken the special form of a struggle between Christendom and Islam. There is not a nation in Europe which has not had its share in the great conflict. Even those nations whose geographical position hindered them from standing in the forefront of the battle have at least sent their handful of crusaders to fight against the Paynim, for the Holy Sepulchre. If the struggle has now ceased within the ordinary bounds of European diplomacy and warfare, if modern European policy, instead of ceaseless warfare with the Infidel consists in propping up his tottering dominion over unwilling Christians, that is simply because, within the European border, the Infidel has ceased to be threatening. In more obscure parts of the world the struggle still goes on ; it even seems not unlikely that it may soon be brought very near to our own doors. Recent reports speak of a wide-spread discontent among the Mahometan inhabitants of India, a discontent grounded on no other cause than that under British rule, the Mahometan is placed on a perfect equality with men of all other creeds. Such is indeed the inborn spirit of the

Mahometan faith—a faith of which it is not an accident, but an essential principle, that it is to be spread by the sword, can never, except under compulsion, sit down on equality with other faiths. It may, within certain limits it must, grant a contemptuous toleration to men of other religions; it can never willingly submit to accept toleration, or even equality, at the hands of those whom it looks on as made to be either its victims, its subjects, or its converts.

The more we feel the prominent part which the struggle between Christendom and Islam, has borne in the general history of the world, the more deeply we feel the vast importance of a right understanding of the Mahometan history. Until we fully grasp the true nature and position of the rival power, whole volumes of Christian and European history remain most imperfectly understood. And the more deeply we feel all this, the more deeply also we feel the frightful difficulty of getting at a right understanding of the Mahometan history. We speak from the point of view of Western students, anxious, first of all, to understand the history of a system which has such powerful effects on the history of the system which forms the subject of our own studies. But those who go so far as this cannot fail to be anxious also to know something, for its own sake, of a system which has exercised so powerful an influence upon the mind of man: and, if possible, they will be even more anxious to call up a lively image of the man who has wrought a greater change in the condition and history of the world than any mere mortal. But the difficulties which beset a Western scholar in striving to gain a knowledge, so precious in itself and so important for his own purposes, are almost enough to make him draw back at the onset. He finds a gulf, which it seems hopeless to think of crossing, between himself and the original authorities on his subject. He finds a gulf only less wide between himself and those modern scholars who have undertaken Eastern subjects, and who must serve as interpreters between himself and the original writers of Eastern history. Few scholars can be found who are masters alike of the Eastern and the Western languages. Here and there a

man may be found who has enough knowledge both of European and Asiatic tongues to serve for the purposes of comparative philology. But it is almost impossible to find a man who is thoroughly master at once of the literature of the East and of the West. Thoroughly to work out in detail the long story of the relations between Christendom and Islam—a story which involves the story of the relations between East and West before Christendom and Islam arose—a man must add a thorough knowledge of European history, classical and mediæval, to a knowledge equally thorough of a vast mass of historical literature which has been accumulated through so many ages in the languages of the East. But such knowledge as this is only to be had piecemeal; its acquisition in all its fulness would surpass the longest life and the greatest energy which has ever fallen to the lot of man. The man who devotes himself to any one branch of the subject, must be content to take many things at second-hand, on the authority of those who have devoted themselves to other branches. It is rare to find a man to whom all ages of European history, classical, mediæval, and modern, are alike familiar; and it is inconceivable that any man should be able to add to this unusual amount of Western knowledge, anything more than a mere smattering of the needful knowledge of the East. Even if he has gained some knowledge of the chief historical languages of the East, mere lack of time will hinder him from gaining the same sort of knowledge of the historical literature contained in them which he has gained of the historical literature of the West. He is driven back at the threshold. He wishes, for instance to gain a thorough knowledge, not only of the life and teaching of Mahomet, but of the practical working of his system as a religious and political code. He is told that "the living law of Mahometanism is not to be found in the Koran, but in the commentators—a set of the most vicious scoundrels who ever disgraced humanity, whose first object seems to have been to relax the plain meaning of the original edicts as far as practicable." He feels that he may possibly master the Koran, but that he has no hope of mastering the

commentators. Yet such a warning as this makes him only the more anxious to master the commentators. He sees that the corruptions of a religion or of a code are an essential portion of its history. He feels that, thoroughly to understand the history and working of Islam, he must know, not only what the Prophet meant, but what his followers in successive ages have taken him to mean. And he is perhaps inclined to be indignant at finding any whole class of men described as 'vicious scoundrels.' He knows something of the controversies of Christendom, of the additions and perversions with which disputants of one sect or another have overwhelmed the original purity of the faith. He knows something of the history of law in European countries, of the strange subtleties and the frequent wrongs which have sprung from the perverse ingenuity of lawyers, Roman, English, or any other. Yet he knows perfectly well that it would be utterly unfair to set down either the theologians or the lawyers of any age, sect, or country in Europe, as being, in the mass, 'a set of vicious scoundrels.' Nay more, if a religious and civil code has been for ages expounded by a set of vicious scoundrels, the mere fact is surely remarkable in itself. Such a fact must also have had a most important effect on the condition and history of the nations who have so long followed such unhappy guidance. The repulsive picture thus drawn of the Mahometan commentators makes us only the more anxious to know something about them. But we feel that, without giving up more time than we can afford to make from still more important matters we must be content to abide in ignorance.

This is the kind of difficulty which is met at every step by those who lay no claim to the character of professed Oriental scholars, but who wish to gain that knowledge of Eastern matters without which they feel that their knowledge even of Western matters is very imperfect. Yet they must thankfully acknowledge that a class of Oriental scholars has arisen, whose writings take away not a few of the difficulties in their path. We cannot forbear, even in passing, from paying a tribute of gratitude to such

works on Oriental history as those of Malcolm, Elphinstone, and Erskine. As to our own immediate subject, German scholarship may well be proud of such works as those of Weil and Sprenger, and English scholarship of the great work of Sir Wm. Muir. We can hardly fancy a book better suited to our purpose, from our own point of view, than the clear and busines-like volume of Dr. Weil. In the larger work of Dr. Sprenger a purely Western scholar may sometimes get bewildered with an Eastern scholarship which is too deep for him; he may sigh for something like order and method, and he may sometimes wish that the results were set forth with somewhat less of what he may be tempted to call irrelevant and undignified sprightliness. He may also perhaps be inclined to see in his guide somewhat of a disposition to know more than can possibly be known. Yet he will none the less admire the prodigious stores of knowledge which Dr. Sprenger has gathered together—stores especially rich in collateral information touching the Prophet's companions and contemporaries. The work of our own countryman is a noble monument of research, thought, and criticism. Yet even here we sometimes feel that the author leads us just deep enough into the matter to make us wish to go deeper. We doubt here and there whether Sir William Muir has always bodily carried out his own canons of criticism, and we long for time and opportunities to test his authorities for ourselves in detail. We feel sure that, beneath the destroying hammer of Sir George Lewis, nay, in the hands of writers much less unbelieving than Sir George Lewis, whole generations and ages of alleged early Arabian history would pass away from the domain of unascertained history into the domain of ascertained legend. And we cannot help seeing that Sir William Muir's earnest and undoubting faith as a Christian man has sometimes stood in his way as a critical historian. A man may surely be a good Christian without bringing in the Old Testament genealogies as historical documents from which there is no appeal; and when Sir William Muir hints his belief that in some parts of his career Mahomet was the subject of what we may call

a Satanic inspiration, he is putting forth a view which he has a perfect right to maintain as a theological proposition, but he is treading on ground whither the historian of events and creeds must refuse to follow him.

In truth, the great difficulty of the subject is that, while it is the duty of the historian to avoid committing himself on questions which are purely theological, yet, in considering the life of Mahomet and the effects of Mahometanism, he cannot help for ever treading on the very verge of the forbidden region. Through the whole history, both of the man and of the nations which have adopted his system, the religious element underlies everything. Mahomet was a conqueror and a ruler; but he was a conqueror and a ruler only because he declared himself to be a divinely-commissioned prophet. His immediate followers founded the vastest empire that the world ever saw, an empire which, though it soon split asunder in actual fact, has maintained a theoretical unity ever since. But that empire was not, strictly speaking the dominion of a nation or of a dynasty. It was the dominion of a religious sect which had risen to political power, of a religious sect with which the acquisition of political power was a religious principle. In the Mahometan system there is no room for national distinctions; religious belief stands in the place of nationality; every fellow-believer is a fellow-countryman. There is no distinction between Church and State; we cannot even say that Church and State are two different aspects of the same body. In Islam the Church comes first in idea and in fact; the State is simply the Church in its unavoidable temporal relations. In Islam there is no rivalry, no distinction, between Pope and Cæsar simply because he is Pope. In every Mahometan country the whole civil and social fabric rests on the groundwork of a divine law once revealed. The professions of the canon and the civil lawyer, even the professions of the lawyer and the theologian, are in Islam one and the same. In everything the spiritual element comes first, and the temporal element is its mere appendage. The appendage may indeed sometimes over-

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shadow the inherent substance. We can conceive that a modern Ottoman Sultan admitted as a member of the commonwealth of Christian Europe may sometimes forget that he is the Caliph of the Prophet of Islam. So German archiepiscopal Electors seem sometimes to have forgotten that they were Christian priests. But if the Caliph has forgotten his own mission, there are million of believers throughout the world who will remember it. The last time that a Roman Emperor set foot in Rome, he himself seemed to have forgotten his own being. But the Roman People had not forgotten it, and, though the successor of Augustus lurked in the person of Joseph the Second, they welcomed the successor of Augustus to his own home. With far more truth, with far more effect, might the Caliph of Mahomet, casting aside his trust in an arm of flesh, appeal to the religious zeal, not only of his own political subjects, but of all true believers throughout the world. It would be no small trial for Christendom, it would be a special trial for those Christian governments which bear rule over Mahometan subjects, if such a day should ever come.

The primary fact then from which we start is that Mahomet was a man who founded a temporal dominion, but who grounded his claim to temporal dominion solely on his claim to be a divinely-commissioned teacher of religion. He taught a doctrine; he founded a sect; and the proselytes of that sect presently set forth, in the name of their new faith, to conquer the world. In the first burst of its newborn enthusiasm, in the successive revivals of that enthusiasm, they actually did conquer and keep no small part of the world. Every Moslem was, as his first duty, a missionary; but he was an armed missionary. In this the religion of Mahomet forms a marked contrast to the two religious systems which had gone before his own, and with which his own must be compared at every step. To understand the position of Mahomet and the results of his teaching, we must throughout compare the origin and growth of Judaism and of Christianity. And we must for this purpose look on Judaism and Christianity in their purely historical aspect; for the moment we must look on

each, without regard to the truth or falsehood of theological propositions, in the character which each assumes for itself. Each of the three systems, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, claims, according to the received belief of their several followers, to be the work of a personal founder; but even in their purely historical aspect, the founders of the three systems do not stand in exactly the same relation to the systems which they founded. At first sight, it may seem that Moses stands towards Judaism in exactly the same relation in which Mahomet stands towards Islam. In both cases the prophet is eminently the prophet of his own nation. In both cases he proclaims himself as the divinely commissioned giver of a new law, and he leads the disciples of that law to a political conquest. But there are wide points of difference between the two cases. In the history of Moses the political and the religious elements are throughout intermingled, but in its purely historical aspect the political element comes before the religious.—Moses is not charged with the first revelation of a new faith, or even with the revival of a faith that is wholly forgotten. He acts from the beginning by a divine commission, but the first public duty which that divine commission lays upon him is to work the political deliverance of his people from bondage. It is not till after their deliverance that he delivers his code of laws, moral, civil, and ritual. The primary work of Moses is the foundation of a commonwealth, and for that commonwealth he legislates both in religious and in temporal matters; but Moses is a strictly theological teacher only so far as his people had, during their Egyptian bondage, forgotten or fallen away from the earlier revelation to Abraham. Moses then is primarily a law-giver, the founder of a code of civil and canon law; it is only secondarily that he becomes the prophet of a new or revived creed. Mahomet too comes as one sent to revive the faith of Abraham, and he too becomes the founder and lawgiver of a commonwealth. But his primary character is that of the preacher of a new revelation; his character as ruler and lawgiver is something secondary both in time and in idea. He is not sent to deliver an oppressed nation

from political bondage, but to stand forth as the preacher of truth and righteousness among an already settled community. It is only when that community has cast him forth, and when another community has received him with open arms, that he gradually puts on the character of warrior, ruler, and lawgiver. Add to this that the mission of Moses is distinctly confined to a single nation; that nation he delivers from bondage, he legislates for it, and—in this like Mahomet—he leaves it to his successor to settle his people in the land which they are foredoomed to conquer. But towards the world in general he has no direct mission, either of teaching, of legislation, or of conquest. His legislation has indeed influenced the laws and the morals of all Christian and of many non-Christian nations, but it was to the Hebrews alone that it was directly addressed; it was on them alone that it was directly binding. Towards the doomed natives of Canaan the message of Moses was one of simple extermination; towards the rest of the world the commonwealth which he founded was capable of the ordinary relations of national friendship or national enmity. But the mission of Mahomet is a mission directly addressed to all mankind; first as the peaceful preacher, then as the conqueror enforcing his teaching with the sword, his message is in both stages addressed to all who may come within the reach of his persuasion or his compulsion. There is no nation whom it is his mission to sweep from the earth without so much as the alternative of submission or tribute; but, on the other hand, there is no nation with whom, consistently with their own principles, his followers can sit down on ordinary international terms. Where submission and conversion are alike refused, war with the Infidel can never cease. Christianity, on the other hand, is, like Mahometanism, a teaching addressed to all the world and not to one nation only. While Judaism speaks only to its own people, while its earliest records appeal only to temporal sanctions, while they are silent as to the duty or the destiny of men beyond the pale, Christianity and Islam alike announce themselves as the one truth, as the one path of salvation, the one means offered to the whole hu-

man race as the way to happiness in another life. But to this spiritual teaching, Christianity unlike either Judaism or Mahometanism, adds no political character whatever. Christianity, like Islam, was first preached in a single settled community, and from that one community it spread, like Islam, over a large part of the earth; but wherever it spread itself, it spread itself as purely a system of theological teaching. Its followers formed no political society, and it has at no time been held that Christians are bound, as Christians, to be subjects of any particular power, to establish any particular form of government, or to rule themselves by any particular civil precepts. Christianity has allied itself with the civil power; it has been forced upon unwilling proselytes at the sword's point; but when this has happened, the appeal to the secular arm has been something purely incidental, while in the Mahometan creed, such an appeal has ever been one of the first of religious duties. Thus, of the three great monotheistic systems which the Semitic race has given to the world, Judaism proclaims itself as the divinely given code of a single nation, a system which does not refuse proselytes but which does not seek for them. Christianity proclaims itself as a divinely given system of faith and morals, a system addressed to all mankind, but which is content to make its way among mankind by moral forces only, and which leaves the governments of the earth as it finds them. Mahometanism also proclaims itself as a divinely given system of faith and morals, a system addressed to all mankind; but it proclaims itself also as a system to be enforced on all mankind by the sword. It is a system which, in its perfect theory, would require all mankind to be members of one political society, and which in its actual practice requires the revelation of its original prophet to be received, not only as a rule of religious faith and practice, but as the ground-work of the whole civil jurisprudence of all who accept its teaching.

Each again of these three great monotheistic religions has its written revelation. Herein comes one of the most marked distinctions between the three, and a specially marked distinction between Chris-

tianity and Islam. The book which contains the revelation of Islam is the work of the founder of Islam. It proclaims itself as the word of God, not indeed written by the hand of the Prophet, but taken down from his mouth, and spoken in his person. It is a revelation which began and ended in the person of its first teacher, which none of its first successors dare add to or take away from. But, as that revelation does not take the form of an autobiography, it follows that there is no narrative of the acts of the Prophet which can claim divine authority. But the sacred books of the Christian revelation are biographical; they are not the writings of the founder of Christianity, but records of his life, in which his discourses are recorded among his other actions. Certain other of the writings of his earliest followers are also held to be of equal authority with the records of his own life. The Jewish law comes to us in a third shape; it is a code incorporated in a history, a history which orthodox belief looks on as an autobiography. But in this case the revelation is not confined to the lawgiver himself or to his immediate followers; an equal authority, a like divine origin, is held to belong to a mass of later writings of various ages which are joined with those of the original lawgiver to form the sacred books of the first dispensation. In short, the Mahometan accepts nothing as of divine authority except the personal utterances of his prophet taken down in his lifetime. With the Jew and the Christian the actual discourses of Moses and of Christ form only a portion of the writings which he accepts as the sacred book of his faith.

We are here of course speaking of what we may call the orthodox belief of Jews, Christians, and Mahometans respectively. The genuineness, the divine origin, of the sacred books of the three religions it is no part of our immediate argument to discuss. But we must go on to notice that each system assumes the divine origin of the system which went before it. Each comes not to destroy but to fulfil the dispensation which it succeeds. Christianity assumes the divine origin of Judaism; the sacred books of the New Testament assume the genuineness and the divine authority of the sacred books of the Old.—

And Islam no less undoubtingly assumes the divine origin both of Judaism and of Christianity; Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet are declared to be alike prophets of the Lord, to be alike preachers of the original faith of Abraham, each entrusted with the communication to mankind of a written revelation from God. Now here, though on a comparatively small point, we are brought to one of the touchstones of the Mahometan system. The Gospels assume the genuineness and authority of the Mosaic Law. Sceptical critics who hold the existing Pentateuch to have been written long after the time of Moses may make this a ground for attacking the authority of the Gospels. But what the Gospels assume was at least the received belief of their own time; the error, if there be any, was no personal error of their writers. But it seems clear that Mahomet conceived that, as the Law was a book revealed to Moses, and the Koran a book revealed to himself, so the Gospel was a book revealed to Jesus. Here is an error of a perfectly different kind, an utter misconception of the nature of the book of which he was speaking. This leads us at once to the real relation of Islam to Judaism and Christianity, and to the relation of the Koran itself to the sacred books of the two earlier systems. And these questions at once involve the question of the personal character of Mahomet, and of his claims to be looked on as an apostle of God. In examining these questions we lay no claim to any share of the Oriental lore of a Muir, a Weil, or a Sprenger, or of the author of a remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* about two years back. But perhaps even those learned writers may feel some interest in seeing the effect of their own labours on minds which are obliged to accept facts at their hands, but which strive to test the facts which they accept by the help of the critical habits of Western scholarship.

Of the essential genuineness of the Koran we have no doubt. It has been well said that the very artlessness, not to say stupidity, with which it is put together, is a proof that we have in it the real sayings of Mahomet. But it contains his sayings spread over many years, put together without any attempt at chrono-

logical order, and, even if we could accept with certainty any of the schemes of chronological arrangement which learned men have proposed, we should be far from having an autobiography of the Prophet. The Koran consists of sayings put forth as occasion called for them, and in many cases their references to the occasion which called for them are very dark and allusive. Besides the Koran itself and a few treaties and such like documents, there is no extant writing of the Prophet's own time. We have therefore to put together his life from collections of traditions, compiled at various times, but none of which can claim the rank of contemporary evidence. It appears that the first collection of traditions was not made till towards the end of the first century of the Hegira, and the earliest which are now extant are not of older date than the second. And, in estimating their value, we must remember that they are in their own nature not history but hagiography, and we know from the biographies of Christian saints how soon the history of any person who is looked on as an object of religious reverence begins to depart from the truth of the actual facts. Sir William Muir in his Introduction, and Dr. Sprenger in the Introduction to his third volume, give a full account of these traditional sources, with an elaborate estimate of their respective values. Still the Western reader who is accustomed to balance conflicting evidence in the case of Western history is ever and anon tempted to wish for fuller means of exercising a judgment of his own. Still we have nothing to do but to be satisfied with what we have got; and our own guides, English and German, certainly give us the means of comparing and balancing a large store of the authorities on which the received history of the Prophet rests.

As to the main facts of the life of Mahomet there seems to be no reasonable doubt. Born at Mecca, the holy city of Arabia, of the tribe of the Koreish, the noblest stock of Arabia, he started in life with hardly any possessions beyond his illustrious descent. In early life he had to betake himself to a calling which his countrymen looked down upon, and the Prophet of Islam, like the Psalmist of

Israel, spent part of his early days in the calling of a shepherd. This fact is to be noticed. A shepherd's life in the East would give a youth of a thoughtful turn many opportunities for meditation, and to the effects of this part of Mahomet's life we probably owe many of those passages of the Koran which bear witness to his great familiarity and deep sympathy with external nature. We then find him in the service of the wealthy widow Khadijah, acting as her agent in her mercantile affairs, in itself a considerable rise in a city whose merchants were princes. Presently, at the age of twenty-five, his fortune is made by a marriage with his employer, whom tradition describes as fifteen years older than himself. Fifteen years later his prophetic career begins. Up to this time he is set before us as remarkable for nothing but the general excellence of his life and conversation. He joined, like the rest of his countrymen, in the idolatrous worship of Mecca, a worship which consisted in reverence for one Supreme Deity, combined with the worship of inferior powers, and among them especially certain female beings, who were looked upon as the daughters of God. Of the personal virtues of Mahomet there seems no doubt; his admirers would doubtless do their best to hide his faults, and to bring his excellencies into notice; but as a whole, the picture is clearly a genuine one; we accept it if only because those deeds of his later days which we cannot help looking on as crimes are honestly handed down to us. Many of the details also, the accounts which we read of his general simplicity of life, his boundless liberality, his kindness and affability to all men, his gentleness to slaves, children and animals, whatever play of fancy there may be in the details, still bear about them the signs of essential truth. One thing at least is clear; a man whose after-life showed him to be a man of strong passions, and who lived in a community which allowed an almost unrestricted polygamy, strictly kept his faith during the best years of his life to a single wife many years older than himself. On the whole, we cannot fail to see in the early life of Mahomet a thoroughly good man according to his light.

Presently he announces himself as the Prophet of the Lord, sent to call back his countrymen to that faith of their forefathers, Abraham and Ishmael, from which they had so grievously departed. They are no longer, in his own phrase, to give God companions, daughters or inferior powers of any kind. God alone is to be worshipped; the moral virtues are to be practised, and barbarous customs, like the burying alive of female children, are to be cast aside. God is proclaimed as the righteous and almighty ruler of the world, who will judge all mankind at the last day, and will award to them, according to their deeds in this life, everlasting happiness or everlasting torment. Such a creed the Prophet preaches; but for a while he has but few followers. The few whom he has, however, are those whose adherence was, in some sort, the best witness, if not to his mission, at least to his personal character. The first and the most earnest of believers in the Prophet were those who could best judge of the character of the man. His wife Khadijah, his noble freedman Zeyd, his friend the wise, bountiful, and moderate Abou-Bekr, were among the first to accept his mission. He kept the respect of men who utterly rejected his claims as an apostle; his uncle Abou-Talib, while refusing to give any heed to his teaching, never failed in his friendship, and, as long as he lived, effectually shielded him against the malice of his enemies. These days of his preaching at Mecca were his days of trial and persecution. Once, perhaps twice, his faith failed him; it might be in a fit of momentary despair that he uttered words which sounded like a compromise with idolatry, words which implied that inferior deities might be lawfully revered as mediators and intercessors with the Almighty. But his lapse was only for a season; he soon again took up his parable and again denounced all idolatry, all compromise with idolatry. Never again did his faith fail him; never again did he waver in his trust in his own mission, or in the truths which it was his mission to announce. He finds it expedient to counsel his followers to seek shelter in a strange land, but he himself keeps at his post among all dangers till a city of

refuge is ready for him within his own Arabia. He flies from Mecca to Medina, and the whole character of his life and teaching is presently changed. Islam and its founder now take their place in the history of the world. The peaceful preacher changes into the ruler and conqueror; the religious sect becomes a political commonwealth; the teaching of faith and righteousness changes into the legislation, permanent and occasional, needed for a new-born commonwealth surrounded by enemies and waging constant warfare. The man who had been driven forth from Mecca with only one companion becomes strong enough to make a treaty with the rulers of his native city, and he is allowed to make his pilgrimage to the holy place of Abraham and Ishmael. An alleged breach of the treaty supplies a pretext for warfare. The Prophet marches against the holy city; he is met on his way by the submission and conversion of the most stubborn of his enemies; the city itself is yielded almost without a blow; the triumphant Prophet enters; the holy place is purified, and the idols which had thrust themselves into the shrine of Abraham are dashed in pieces in answer to the words, 'Truth is come, let falsehood disappear.' One by one all the tribes of Arabia are gathered in to the faith of Alla and the obedience of his Prophet. The purified temple of Mecca becomes the scene of yet another last and solemn pilgrimage, of one last and solemn giving of the law to the assembled believers. And then, when he seemed to have reached the great crisis of his history, when his power was threatened by rival prophets in his own land, and when he was gathering his forces to measure himself with the power of Rome—with the power of Rome in all the glory of the Persian victories of Heraclius—the Prophet is called away to his Companion in Paradise, and leaves none to succeed him on earth. At his death the greater part of the tribes of Arabia fall away. They are won back by the wisdom of Abou-Bekr and by the sword of Omar. The united powers of the peninsula, gathered together in the name of God and his Prophet, go forth to the conquest of the two great empires of the world. Within a few years the Eastern

provinces of Rome are lopped away, and Persia is wiped out of the list of nations. A century has not passed away before the Caliph of Mahomet reigns alike on the banks of the Jaxartes and on the banks of the Guadalquiver, and the same faith is taught in the temple of Samarkland and in the temples of Cordova.

Such were the main events of the life of Mahomet, and of that first burst of zeal on the part of his followers after his death which can hardly be kept apart from the story of his life. What does such a story lead us to think of the man himself and of his alleged revelation? We may dismiss without examination the exploded theory which once looked on Mahomet as a conscious impostor from the beginning of his career to the end. But many estimates may be formed of him ranging between the mere reviling of writers like Prideaux and Maracci and the implicit faith which Syed Ahmed is bound to put in the teaching of his Prophet and forefather. Of Mahomet's thorough sincerity, of his honest faith in the truth of his own mission, at all events during the first stages of his career, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt; indeed, the opposite view seems no longer to have any adherents of whom much heed need be taken. The early Suras—those which in the ordinary arrangement will be found at the end—carry with them the stamp of perfect sincerity. To a Western taste they may often seem incoherent and unintelligible, but on this point Western taste is hardly a fair judge. As for their matter, there is in them as yet no legislation for a commonwealth; there is not even any dogmatic teaching for a religious sect. These early chapters are the outpouring of the heart of the man himself, the psalms, the musings, the ejaculations,—for some of the Suras are so short as to be hardly more than ejaculations—of a man whose whole soul is given up to the contemplation of the goodness of God and of the ingratitude and wickedness of mankind. It is only gradually that Mahomet assumes the character of a preacher, of a Prophet sent by God to announce to man the last revelation of his will. How far then was he sincere, and, if sincere, how far was he justified in thus assuming the

character of a divine messenger? Of his sincerity, as we have already said, there can be no doubt. It is impossible to conceive any motive, except faith in his own mission, which could have borne him up through the contempt and persecution which he underwent as long as he abode at Mecca. The mere fact of his lapse, followed as it was by his recantation, seems to us decidedly in favour of his sincerity. No act of his life reads less like the act of a conscious impostor. It is the act of a man, believing in himself and in what he taught, but whose faith failed him for a season in a moment of temptation. But his mere belief in his own mission would not of itself prove that mission to be divine; it would not even prove the work which he undertook to be a work tending to the good of mankind. Now how far Islam, as preached to the world at large, has tended to the good or evil of mankind is altogether question. That the early teaching of Mahomet, in the days of his first preaching at Mecca, was directly for the good of the men at that time and place there can be no doubt at all. His religious and moral teaching seems to us sadly imperfect; but it was a teaching which was a measureless advance on anything which his hearers had heard before. Whatever Mahomet may have been to the world at large, to the men of Mecca of his own time he was one who spake of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, one who taught, in the midst of a debasing idolatry, that there is one God, and that there is none other but he. Every man who at this stage accepted the teaching of Mahomet was at once raised to a higher rank in the scale of religious and moral beings. The fiercest revilers of the Prophet cannot deny that his first disciples, if not brought to the perfect knowledge of the truth, were at least brought far nearer to it than they had been before. The striving of his heart which led Mahomet, in the face of scorn and persecution, to preach to an idolatrous city the truth of the unity of God could never have arisen from any low personal motive; it may not be going too far to say that it could only have been a movement from God himself. The earliest Suras are the outpourings of a soul

athirst for God, a righteous soul stirred to wrath and sorrow by the unlawful deeds of the men around him. What these Suras teach is simple theism of the purest and highest kind, as opposed to a prevalent idolatry. It is not till a somewhat later stage that we have to ask any questions as to the relation of the new teaching towards the older teaching of Christianity and of Judaism. What then was the nature of the special prophetic inspiration to which Mahomet laid claim during this first and best period of his career? Dr. Sprenger, whose tendency is certainly to undervalue the character of the Prophet, insists strongly on the epileptic fits to which it appears that Mahomet was subject, and on the violent physical emotions with which throughout his life his prophetic utterances seem always to have been ushered in. If we rightly understand his theory, which is worked out at great length and with reference to a vast number of analogies in all ages, the prophetic inspiration of Mahomet was little more than what he calls a kind of 'hysteric madness.' Dr. Sprenger goes deeper into the physiology of the matter than we can profess to follow him, and it is quite consistent with his whole view to refer as much as possible to physical causes. On the other hand, the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, whose Eastern lore seems to be well-nigh as deep as that of Dr. Sprenger, attaches little or no importance to these alleged fits of epilepsy.

It is possible that fits of this kind may have suggested both to himself and to others the notion of a special inspiration, but the early Suras of the Koran, though they may be called the outpourings of a heated enthusiasm, are certainly not the ravings of a madman. Whatever share in the matter we may choose to attribute to physical causes, the moral position of Mahomet in his first days, as the teacher of a practice, imperfect doubtless, but pure as far as they went, remains untouched. Sir William Muir has another suggestion. He starts from the doubts which are said to have been entertained by Mahomet himself at one stage of his mission, whether the supernatural influence under which he felt himself might not proceed from the power of evil and

not of good. Sir William Muir follows up this hint by a half timid suggestion of his own, that Mahomet was, at least in his later days, the subject of a real Satanic inspiration, which he mistook for an inspiration from heaven. This leads us on ground on which the historian of the outward events of Mahomet's life can hardly venture to tread, and the suggestion might perhaps lead us into a very wide range of thought indeed. If we believe, as every one who really believes in a God at all, must believe, that whatever good thing we say and do is said and done by his prompting, we can hardly refuse to acknowledge a divine influence in the call under which Mahomet felt himself to renounce the idolatry and evil practices of his countrymen and to set before them a purer rule of faith and practice. In such a sense as this, however we may deem of Mahomet's later conduct and later teaching, we may surely look on Mahomet's original mission as divine. As to the alleged physical symptoms, as to his belief that he was in his utterances a mere channel of the divine word, let any one judge dogmatically, if he can first solve the daily mystery of his own thoughts, words, and actions. It is quite certain that men who do not call themselves prophets or divinely commissioned lawgivers do yet, in speaking from the depths of their hearts in a cause of truth and righteousness, sometimes feel a power which as it were carries them beyond their ordinary selves, and which seems to put words in their mouths of which at other moments they would be incapable. But if, without committing ourselves to any technical definitions of inspiration and the like, we look on Mahomet, in the early stages of his career, as a true servant of God, honestly speaking in his name, we need not see in such a position as this any safeguard against the ordinary temptations of human nature. We may choose, or we may not, to personify these temptations in the direct Satanic influence suggested by Sir William Muir. If we may venture to throw out a hint as to anything so mysterious as the workings of another human soul, we should be inclined to say that the moment when Mahomet first erred, the moment when he began to fall away

from the high position with which he set forth, was when he, the teacher of an imperfect form of truth, failed to make a more diligent search than he actually did make after the more perfect forms of truth which came within his reach. As against the idolatry of Mecca, his position was perfect; his teaching was in every sense an advance towards a higher stage; as against Christianity, his system was a falling back—it was a turning away from more perfect truth to less perfect. And this consideration at once leads us to the historical relation between Islam and the other two great monotheistic religions.

It is one of the hardest problems in our whole story to find out the exact amount of knowledge of Christianity which Mahomet had at any time of his career. The old story of the monk Nestorius, or whatever his name might be, by whose help the older controversialists alleged that the Koran was put together, is now wholly exploded. But we hear of Mahomet listening to the preaching of a Bishop of Najrah. In other accounts, Waraka, one of the 'Four Inquirers' of Arabian story, one of the men who began the search after religious truth before Mahomet appeared, is described as a friend of Mahomet himself and a cousin of his wife Khadijah. He is said to have been a convert to Christianity, or at all events to have had some acquaintance with its doctrines. It is certain that Mahomet, while still at Mecca, was on friendly terms with the Christian King of Abyssinia, and it was in his dominions that his early followers sought shelter from persecution. Some means were therefore clearly open to Mahomet of gaining a knowledge of what Christianity really was; but it seems plain that he never came across the genuine text of the New Testament or its genuine teaching in any shape. His notion that the Gospel was a book revealed to the prophet Jesus is of itself proof enough that he had never seen or heard the genuine record itself. Singularly enough, the one Christian doctrine which he seems to have thoroughly grasped, and which he puts forth in the clearest terms, is that of the miraculous birth of Christ. The virginity of the mother of Jesus is not only asserted, but

is dwelt on with a kind of delight as a doctrine specially cherished. But, on all other points, Mahomet's notions of Christianity seem to have been at all times of the vaguest kind. His ideas of the life of Christ are borrowed from the wild stories of the Apocryphal Gospels, and he emphatically denies the reality of the crucifixion. In this case indeed the denial is so emphatic that the truth must have been set before him and rejected by him. On purely theological points he seems to have utterly misconceived what Christian doctrine really was, even in the corruptest of the many corrupt forms which in his day Christianity had already assumed. He must surely have misconceived the doctrines of any conceivable sect, when he confounded the angel Gabriel with the Holy Ghost, and represented Christians as looking on the mother of Jesus as a person of the Trinity. That he cast away such doctrines as these with indignation we cannot wonder, nor can we greatly wonder that he confounded the Christian doctrine of the divine sonship with the idolatrous belief in the daughter and other satellites of God which it was his special mission to overthrow. We cannot fairly blame Mahomet for rejecting Christianity in the shape in which it seems to have appeared in his eyes; but we can hardly acquit him of blame for not taking all the pains that he might have taken to find out what Christianity really was. If this neglect was owing to spiritual pride, to an overweening confidence in himself, as not only a divinely commissioned but an absolutely infallible teacher, we may see in this failure to seek after the truth with all his heart and with all his strength the first step in a downward career.

The teaching of the Koran with regard to both Judaism and Christianity is strangely fluctuating and uncertain, in marked contrast to its unflinching denunciations of idolatry in every shape. In the earliest Suras there is no mention of either system. At a somewhat later stage, yet one which begins before the Hegira, Mahomet seems to delight in bringing in such knowledge as he had of either system, and by the wild fables which he tells he shows how small his knowledge was of the genuine records of

either faith. In a passage in one of the latest Suras of all, but which seems, like many others, as if it had wandered out of its place from a time somewhat earlier, Mahomet still pronounces Judaism, Christianity, even Sabianism, any creed which taught the unity of God and his future judgment, as being all of them safe ways of salvation alongside of his own Islam. Yet in the very same *Sura* he charges Jews and Christians with wilful corruption of their sacred books. His great controversy lay with the Jews far more than with the Christians. The Jews were by far the more important body in Arabia. A considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the peninsula whether of Hebrew origin or not, were at any rate professors of the Hebrew faith. For a long time Mahomet clung to the hope of winning over to his side a body of men who had so much in common with himself, whose creed, like his, was a living protest against idolatry and a never-failing assertion of the unity of God. The expectation was not unnatural. Judaism, as it must have existed in Arabia, cut off from all the local and national associations of Palestine, and embraced by many who were Jews only by adoption, might, one would have thought, have easily coalesced with a system which agreed with all its essential doctrines, and which had the further recommendation of being preached by a national prophet. One great difficulty doubtless was that the Jew, in embracing Islam, had also in some sort to embrace Christianity. He was in no way called on to cast aside Moses though he was called on to accept Mahomet as the teacher of a more excellent way. But he was called on also to accept the prophet of the intermediate system as being, no less than either of them, a divine teacher. He was called on to confess that the Nazarene whom his forefathers had rejected was, not indeed the Son of God, but one of God's greatest prophets, a prophet distinguished from all before and after him by that miraculous birth to which neither Moses nor Mahomet laid claim. In Mahomet's scheme Christianity was, up to his own coming, God's last and most perfect revelation; not only Christ himself, but Christian saints and

martyrs, are held up to reverence as teachers and witnesses of what then was the truth, just as we look on the prophets and worthies of Old Testament history. The strictly theological difficulty in embracing Islam must have been greater to the Christian than to the Jew; but the Jew had to make, what the Christian had not humiliating confession that he and his fathers had already refused the latest manifestation of God's will. Here most likely was the great stumbling-block which hindered Arabian professors of Judaism from accepting a teaching which otherwise must have had so many attractions for them. Certain it is that in some of his very latest revelations, Mahomet speaks most bitterly of the Jews as enemies to his teaching no less stubborn than the idolators themselves. But of the Christians he speaks with the greatest tenderness, as men well disposed to Islam and easily won over to its full profession. Yet in another Sura of nearly the same date, we find Jews and Christians alike charged with the guilt of idolatry, and God is implored to do battle against both alike. And in this last stage, when he was making ready for his attack on the Roman Empire, Mahomet practically dealt out the same measure to the Christian which he dealt out to the Jew and the idolator. To all alike the alternative was now offered of Koran, tribute, or sword.

The relation which Islam in the end took up towards both Judaism and Christianity must be borne in mind. Each of the successive dispensations is a republication of the earlier one, but all alike are declared to be republications of the original faith of Abraham. Abraham, it must be remembered, fills a still greater place in Mahometan than he does in Jewish memories. He is not only the forefather and the prophet; he is also the local founder of the national worship. The Kaaba of Mecca was the temple reared by Abraham and Ishmael to the one true God, and it was only in the course of ages of corruption that it came to be desecrated into a shrine of idol-worship. As Western criticism will attach very little value to the endless genealogies of early Arabian tradition, so it will attach just as little value to the legend of

the Abrahamic origin of Mecca and its sanctuary. It may be a native legend; it may have arisen from the spreading abroad of Jewish ideas; in either case the *origines* of Mecca stand out the same ground, from an historical point of view, as the *origines* of Rome and Athens. The famous black stone sinks in the eye of criticism into the fetish of some early superstition, and the strange rites of the Meccan pilgrimage come within the sphere of the historian of 'Primitive Culture.' But the belief in Abraham as the founder of the Kaaba, worthless as the statement as an historical fact, becomes of the highest moment as a belief which had no small influence on the mind and the career of Mahomet. Local reverence for the local sanctuary was strong in his mind through his whole life. It stands forth with special prominence in the tale of the War of the Elephant, how Abraham, the Christian King of Hamyar, marched against the holy place and was driven back by a miraculous interposition. Mahomet records the tale with glee; yet, according to his own view, Abraham, a professor of what was then God's last revelation, ought to have been looked on as a forestaller of his own work, as one sent to cleanse the Kaaba from its idolatrous defilement. But local feeling was too strong for consistency, and the preacher of the unity of God could rejoice over the overthrow of the man who, in smiting down the idols of Mecca, would have made Mecca a vassal city. But to do the work in which Abraham failed, to sweep away all taint of idolatry from the ancient sanctuary, was from the beginning one of Mahomet's most cherished objects, as its actual accomplishment was the most striking outward badge of his success. As long as he had hopes of winning over the professors of the other monotheistic creeds, this tendency was to some extent kept in the background. He chose Jerusalem, the Holy City of both Jews and Christians, to be equally the Holy City of Islam, to be the point to which his followers, like Daniel in his captivity, were to turn their faces in prayer. When he found that there was no hope of an union of all "the people of the book"—of all the believers in the successive revelations—he turned away

from the holy place of Jew and Christian, from the temples of Constantine and of Solomon, and bade that believers should turn in prayer to the holy place of his own nation, to the far older sanctuary of the Father of the Faithful, the Friend of God. And more than this, though the Kaaba was cleared of its idols and became again the shrine of the God of Abraham only, yet, in the same spirit which rejoiced over the overthrow of Abrahah, Mahomet incorporated with his system the whole ritual of the Meccan pilgrimage, so far as it did not involve anything which was manifestly idolatrous. But the strange and superstitious ceremonies which he retained, the running to and fro, the casting of stones, the slaying of beasts in sacrifice, the reverence paid to the primæval fetish, all form a strange contrast with the otherwise simple and reasonable forms of Mahometan worship as ordained by their founder. So strange an anomaly could never have been endured by Mahomet, unless under the influence of the very strongest local feeling, not unmixed perhaps with indignation against those whom he had striven to win over by condescension to their traditions, but who had utterly refused to listen to the voice of the charmer.

Yet, while Mahomet thus cast aside all thoughts of amalgamation with Judaism and Christianity, and fell back on the supposed earlier faith of Abraham, he never ceased to proclaim that Moses and Jesus were the prophets of two successive divine dispensations, and that the sacred books of their respective followers were two successive revelations of the divine will. Those books, as they existed in his time, were, in his view, utterly corrupted, but, in their original purity, they had been the Word of God, no less than his own Koran. It was therefore natural that he should seek to show that these earlier revelations pointed to himself as a teacher who was still to come. As the Christians held that their prophet was pointed out and foretold in the writings of the Jewish dispensation, so it might be expected that Mahomet himself would be pointed out and foretold in the writings of the Christian dispensation. In a well-known passage of the Koran, Mahomet himself affirms that Jesus had prophesied

of him by the name of Ahmed, a name radically the same as Mohammed or Mahomet. There can be little doubt, as has often been shown, that this idea arose from some confusion or corruption of the text of the passage where Christ promises the coming of the Paraclete. Another passage, which has been often and with real ingenuity held to refer to Mahomet, is the passage of Isaiah which speaks of 'a chariot of asses and a chariot of camels' more accurately, it would seem, 'a rider on an ass and a rider on a camel.' Syed Ahmed has a whole essay, an essay showing a good deal of ingenuity, on the prophesies of Mahomet contained in the Old and New Testament. The original promise to Ishmael is pressed into the service; if, as Christian writers hold, the promise made to Isaac was not wholly temporal, but contained a promise of spiritual blessings also, then the analogous promise to Ishmael should also be held to take in the spiritual blessings granted to the race of Ishmael by Mahomet coming of his stock. Mahomet, again, is the prophet whom the Lord was to raise up to the Israelites from among their brethren like unto Moses. For we are expressly told that in Israel itself there never arose another prophet like unto Moses. The brethren therefore spoken of must be the brethren of the stock of Ishmael, and the prophet who was to be the peer of the lawgiver of the Hebrews can be no other than the prophet who came to be the law-giver of the Arabs. We read again that the Lord came from Sinai, and shined forth from Paran. He came from Sinai with Moses, and shined forth from Paran—in our Syed's geography the mountain of Mecca—with Mahomet. Lastly, the Prophet's own name is found both in the Song of Solomon, and the prophet Haggai. The 'altogether lovely' of the one passage, the 'desire of all nations' of the other, contain in the original the Arabian prophet's very name. Mahomet is again discerned when the Pharisees ask of John the Baptist, whether he is Christ, or Elias, or that Prophet. The prophet who is thus distinguished from Christ and Elias can be no other than Mahomet. Lastly, the farewell words of Christ to his disciples,

to abide in the city of Jerusalem until they be endowed with power from on high, does not refer to the coming of the Holy Ghost, which, it is argued had no reference to a dwelling at Jerusalem, but referred to the reverence which was to be shown to Jerusalem as the holy place and centre of Christian devotion, till the reverence once paid to Jerusalem should be transferred to Mecca.

These are the arguments of an earnest man, put forth it is plain, in thorough good faith. And we can hardly blame the eagerness of Syed Ahmed to see prophets of Mahomet in such passages as we have just spoken of, when we think of the like eagerness on the part of Christian interpreters to see prophecies of Christ in passages of the Old Testament, where there is nothing, either in the words of the original, or in any New Testament reference, to lead us to put such a meaning upon them. We should be still more curious to see how the Syed would deal with those passages in the life of his Prophet which are the greatest stumbling-blocks to Western writers, who are anxious to do justice to him. As we said a little time back, we place the beginning of Mahomet's falling away at the time when he first came into contact with the other monotheistic creeds. We do not doubt his sincerity either then or at any other stage, but it does seem to us, that from that stage his career begins to be mixed up with ordinary, sometimes unworthy, human motives. This in no way disproves his sincerity. Indeed, his full confidence in his own mission might often lead him astray; once accustomed to think of himself as an instrument in the hands of God, to look on his sayings and actions as prompted by God, he would, in his later days, easily come to look on the most truly earthly workings of his own heart as no less divine than the call which bade him go forth and proclaim the unity of God to the idolators. The strange power which man has of controlling his own belief, of persuading himself of the truth and righteousness of whatever he finds it convenient to deem true and righteous, would in the case of Mahomet acquire a tenfold strength from the mere conviction that he was divinely guided, from the habit of looking on his

own words as the words of God, and on the impulses of his own heart as divine commands. In this way we shall find no need to believe that, even in his worst actions, he ever descended to conscious imposture. The flight to Medina, was the beginning of Mahometanism as part of the history of the world, but it was also the beginning of a distinct fall in the personal character of its founder. The preacher of righteousness now appealed to the sword. Had he not done so, it may be that his religion would have died out, and Islam might have been remembered only by curious inquirers into the history of human thought. But looking at the man's own moral being, from the moment of his appeal to the sword, he fell away from the righteousness of his earlier days. He stooped from the rank of a religious teacher to the rank of one of the ordinary powers of the world. He put on the character of a statesman and a warrior; he exposed himself to the temptation which beset either character, and he learned to practice the baser as well as the nobler arts of both. It may be that neither character suited him; it may be that, as his last biographer hints, he would utterly have failed in both characters, had he not been able to lean on the mild wisdom of Abou-Bekr, and on the warlike might of Omar and Khaled. In his wars, he certainly showed in his own person, but little of military skill, and not much of personal courage. It was indeed but seldom that he mingled in the fight. The new Moses was for the most part content to trust the cause of the Lord to the arm of the new Joshua. Yet it may be that he knew where his strength lay; when in symbolic act the Prophet threw the dust toward the enemy at Bedr, with the prayer, "May their faces be confounded," he did more for the success of the day than if he had used the subtlest tactics or displayed the most heroic courage in his own person. It may have been, as it is also argued, weakness to show the trust and favor which he showed to late and unwilling converts, who were doubtless only wanting a favorable moment to fall away. Yet it was in the spirit of the highest wisdom, of that daring which is oftentimes the prudence—it was the spirit of a leader who could read the hearts of

the men he led—that Mahomet won back his discontented followers, the helpers of his earlier days, by the sublime appeal that he had given the things of earth to the men who cared for the things of earth, but to them he had given the higher gift that the Prophet of God had come to dwell among them. Appeals somewhat of the same kind are recorded of mere worldly leaders, of Alexander and Cæsar ; but no challenge of mere human loyalty could have called forth such a burst of passionate remorse as when the helpers with one voice answered, with tears coming down their beards, that they were content with the lot which their Prophet had given them.

This and many other incidents in the latter life of Mahomet show that to the last the old spirit had not wholly forsaken him, and to the last he maintained most of the personal virtues with which he had set out. His heart may have been led astray by the acquisition of power ; but he was satisfied at least with the reality of power ; he rose high above the temptation to which so many men who have risen to power have yielded, the fascination of the mere titles and trappings and gewgaws of princely state. The Prophet to the last kept up his old simplicity of life, his faithfulness in friendship, his kindness and thoughtfulness towards all men, his boundless liberality which sometimes left himself and his household to be dependent on the gifts of others. Yet his policy was now of the earth, earthy ; in becoming a ruler and a warrior he had become a man of craft and a man of blood. There is perhaps none among those actions of Mahomet which we condemn for which it would not be easy to find a precedent or an example in the old dispensation. But the man who professed to be a teacher of a system purer than the Gospel, ought not to have fallen back upon the lower level of the Law. When Mahomet first drew the sword against the unbelievers, he might plead that he was but like the Hebrew fighting his way into the land of promise. But to walk in the path of the elder Jesus was a falling back from the teaching of Him who warned his followers that they who took the sword should perish by the sword. When Mahomet applauded as Heaven-sent the

judgment which sent seven hundred captives to the slaughter, he was but as Samuel hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord, or as Elias bidding that none of the prophets of Baal should escape. But to walk in the path of Samuel or Elias was a falling back from the teaching of Him who declared that His kingdom was not of this world, and who forbade His servants to fight that He might not be delivered to His enemies. When Mahomet sent forth his emissaries on errands of secret slaughter, he might deem himself to be but yielding the dagger of Ehud or the hammer of Jael, but weapons like those had been cast away for ever at the bidding of Him who healed the wound of the man who was sent to seize Him. The general clemency and magnanimity of Mahomet, above all in the great day of his outcry in his native city, stand forth in marked and honorable contrast to the common horrors of Eastern warfare. But there was something mean in excepting from the general amnesty a few persons and some of the women, who had specially kindled his wrath by personal gibes and sarcasms on himself. And in the bloodiest scene of all, in the massacre of the Jewish tribe of the Koreitza, of which we have already spoken, he showed somewhat of low craft when he declined to pronounce any sentence himself, and left the bloody judgment to be pronounced by another, who he knew to bear the bitterest personal hatred towards the victims. Yet even here we see a spirit not widely different from that of the dying King who left the mandate to his son to bring down to the grave with blood the hoar hairs of those to whose safety his own oath was pledged.

One aspect more of the Prophet's life we must examine, an aspect which some later writers seem disposed to slur over, but which it is absolutely necessary to bring into prominence in order to gain a true and complete view of his character. What Mr. Froude says of Henry VIII., is yet more truly to be said of Mahomet, that he ought to have lived in a world from which women were shut out. We may truly say that Mahomet practised all the moral virtues but one. And that one he practised when temptations to its breach must have been strongest, and fell

away only at an age when many sinners have reformed. It is useless to defend the sexual laxity of Mahomet by saying that he was neither better nor worse than the usual morality of his own age and country. The preacher of a religious reform ought to rise above the usual morality of his age and country, and Mahomet, at one time of his life, showed that he could rise above it. The youth of Mahomet was, according to all our evidence, a youth of temperance, soberness, and chastity, and not a breath of scandal rested on his married life past during twenty years with a woman old enough to be his mother.—The manners of his country allowed both polygamy and concubinage, but no rival, whether wife or slave, ever disturbed the declining years of Khadijah. Now that the temperament of Mahomet was from the first ardent and voluptuous, that this long period of virtuous living must have been the result of a hard struggle with his lower nature, we have a singular proof in the nature of his revelations. It is the oldest of charges against Mahomet that he promised his followers a paradise of sensual delights. The charge might indeed be made part of a larger one. The contrast between the Gospel and the Koran, is nowhere more strongly marked than in the veil which the Gospel throws over all details as to the next world, when compared with the minuteness with which the Koran dwells alike on its rewards and its punishments. And the special charge against Mahomet of holding out sensual promises to his disciples is a charge which cannot be got over except by the daring apologetics of certain Mussulman doctors, who maintain that the hours of Paradise are to be taken figuratively, like those passages of the New Testament which, taken literally, seem to promise eating and drinking among the delights of the New Jerusalem. But even if we accept this desperate shift, a symbolism of this kind, so dangerous, to say the least, for ordinary believers, could have sprung only from an imagination which dwelt perhaps all the more on pleasures from which a virtuous effort of continence had forbidden. It is a striking fact that those passages in the Koran which go into any detail on this perilous subject all come from the hand of the faithful hus-

band of Khadijah, while the owner of the well-stocked harem of Medina speaks only once or twice in a cursory way of any presence of women in the next world. At the earlier time Mahomet may have seemed to himself to deserve a future reward for his present virtuous effort. Yet the man who was capable of that virtuous effort for so long a time—an effort made, as it would seem, out of respect and gratitude towards the woman who had made his fortunes—could surely have prolonged that effort, if only to keep up the dignity and consistency of his own character. A man who had so long lived a chaste life, and who on every other point was an ascetic—a man who, on this very point of sexual morality, was in his own age and country a reformer—surely should not, to say the very least, have proclaimed for himself exemptions from the laws which he laid down for others. In itself, the polygamy and concubinage of Mahomet was no worse than the polygamy and concubinage of the patriarchs under the Old Law. It was far better than the unrestrained licence of not a few Christian kings. The female companions of the Prophet were at least his own acknowledged wives and slaves; there was no fear of either violence or seduction towards the wives and daughters of his followers. The law of Mahomet is strict against adultery and fornication in his own sense of those words, and on these heads the practice of the Prophet was in full conformity with his own teaching.—Yet in Mahomet's relations to women we cannot but see a distinct fall, both from the standard of the Gospel and from the standard of his own early life. In the tale of Zeyd and Zeinab there is a distinct fall from the commandment of the Old law which forbids, not only the act of adultery, but the mere coveting of the wife of another. The faithful freedman divorced his wife as soon as a seemingly involuntary expression of the Prophet, showed that her beauty had found favor in his eyes. But Arabian manners looked on marriage with the widow or divorced wife of a freedman, an artificial son, as savouring of the guilt of incest. After a time a new revelation removed this scruple, and Zeinab was added to the number of the Prophet's wives. In the like

sort a new revelation silenced the jealous murmurs of his wives Ayesha and Hafsa when his affections strayed to Mary, his Egyptian slave. Here, if anywhere, we are tempted to charge Mahomet with conscious imposture. His sin in the matter of Zeinab was at least far less than the sin of David in the matter of Bathsheba. But David sinned and repented; he poured forth his soul in a psalm of penitence, while Mahomet was ready with a revelation to reprove himself, not for his guilty passion, but for the delay of its gratification. Yet even here we are not inclined to believe that Mahomet willingly invented a sanction for his own weakness and sin. The abiding belief in his own mission, combined with the power which man ever has to find excuses for his own conduct, would lead him to look on those excuses as coming from a divine prompting. But in no case do we see so distinctly how utterly Mahomet had fallen away from the bright promise of his first years; in no other case had the light within him been so utterly turned into darkness; in no case was he so bound to pause and to reflect whether that could really be a revelation from on high which took the form of an excuse for conduct which it is plain that his own conscience condemned.

We hold then that Mahomet was, from the beginning to the end of his career, honestly convinced of the truth of his own mission. We hold also that, in a certain sense, at least in his earlier years, his belief in his divine mission was not ill founded. But we hold also that he gradually fell away, and that he fell away mainly from not taking due pains to find out the real nature of the Christian revelation. When the first downward step had been taken, the other steps of the downward course were easy. The prophet of truth and righteousness, the asserter of the unity of God against the idols of the Kaaba sank to the level of an earthly conqueror, extending the bounds of his dominion by the sword. He died while waging war to force his own imperfect system on those who, amid all the corruptions of the Christianity of those days, still held truths which he had rejected and blasphemed. The real charge against Mohamet is, that, after the Gospel had

been given to man, he fell back on the theology and morality of the Law. And the effects of his life and teaching on the world at large have been in close analogy to his own personal career. In his own age and country he was the greatest of reformers—a reformer alike religious, moral, and political. He founded a nation, and he gave that nation a religion and a jurisprudence which were an unspeakable advance on anything which that nation had as yet accepted. He swept away idolatry; he enforced the practice of a purer morality; he lightened the yoke of the slave; he even raised the condition of the weaker sex. If he had done nothing but wipe away the frightful practice of burying female children alive, he would not have lived in vain in his own land in his own age. But when his system passed the borders of the land in which it was so great a reform, it became the greatest of curses to mankind. The main cause which has made the religion of Mahomet exercise so blighting an influence on every land where it has been preached is because it is an imperfect system standing in the way of one more perfect. Islam has in it just enough of good to hinder the reception of greater good. When Islam is preached to a tribe of savage heathen, its acceptance is in itself an unmixed blessing. But it is a blessing which cuts off all hope of the reception of a greater blessing; the heathen, in his utter darkness, is far more likely to accept the faith of Christ than the Mahometan in his state of half enlightenment. In all the lands where Islam has been preached it has regulated and softened many of the evils of earlier systems. But in regulating and softening them it has established them for ever. The New Testament nowhere forbids slavery; it can hardly be said to contain any direct prohibition of polygamy. Preached as the Gospel was to subjects of the Roman Empire, among whom a frightful licentiousness was rife, but among whom legal polygamy was unheard of, there was little need to enlarge on the subject. But it is plain that the principles of Christian purity would of themselves, without any direct precept, hinder polygamy from becoming the law of any Christian land. But Islam, by the very fact of regulating and restraining

the licence of its own native land, has made polygamy the abiding law of every Mahometan people. The Gospel nowhere forbids slavery; but it lays down precepts whose spirit is inconsistent with slavery, and which have, after a long struggle, succeeded in rooting out slavery from all European, and from most Christian lands. But Islam, by the very fact of enforcing justice and mercy for the slave, has perpetuated the existence of slavery among all its disciples. Christianity, by giving no civil precepts, has remained capable of adapting itself to every form of government, to every state of society. Islam, by enforcing a code of precepts which were a vast reform at Mecca and Medina in the seventh century, has condemned all the lands of its obedience to abide in a state of imperfect civilization. Christianity lays down no rule as to the relations of the ecclesiastical and civil powers; it lays down no rule as to the political and civil dealings of its disciples with men of other creeds. Islam, by attaching the civil power to its religious head, has condemned all Mahometan nations to abiding despotism; by enjoining the toleration of the unbeliever on certain fixed conditions, it hinders the establishment of real religious equality in any land where it is dominant. It is easy, by picking out the brightest spots in the history of Islam and the darkest spots in the history of Christendom, to draw an attractive picture of the benefits which Islam has given to the world. It is easy, by shutting our eyes to the existence of the Eastern Rome, to persuade ourselves, not only that science and art made great advances in the hands of the Mahometan disciples of Byzantium, but that they formed an actual monopoly in their hands. It is easy, by dwelling on the splendors of Bagdad and Cordova, to forget the desolation of Africa, the trampling under foot for so many ages of the national life of Persia. It is easy to show that the teaching of Islam was in itself far better than the idolatry of India, better even than the shape which the creed of Zoroaster had taken in later times. Nay, it may be that, in some times and places, Islam may have been felt as kindling a truer spiritual life than some of the forms of corrupted Christianity. But it is well

to remember that the same corruptions which had already crept into Christianity, crept, in their own time, into Islam also. The mystic superstition of the Persian, the saint-worship of the Turk, have fallen as far away from the first teaching of the Prophet of Arabia as any form of Christianity has fallen away from the first teaching of the Gospel. But let it be that, in all heathen and even in some Christian lands, Islam in its first and best days appeared as a reform. Still it is a reform which has stifled all other reforms. It is a reform which has chained down every nation which has accepted it at a certain stage of moral and political growth. As such, this system of imperfect truth must ever be the greatest hindrance in the way of more perfect truth. Because Islam comes nearer to Christianity than any other false system, because it comes nearer than any other to satisfying the wants of man's spiritual nature, for that very reason it is, above all other false systems, pre-eminently anti-Christian. It is, as it were, the personal enemy and rival of the faith, disputing on equal terms for the same prize. It has shown itself so in the whole course of history; it must go on showing itself so, wherever the disciples of Mahomet cleave faithfully to the spirit and the letter of their own law.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, we may do justice to whatever is good in the system; we may admire whatever was good in its founder. We may lament that a man who began as so mighty an instrument of good in his own time should have changed into an abiding instrument of evil for all time. Still we may admire the personal virtues of the man, his constancy in the days of his adversity, his sublime simplicity in his days of triumph. And we can look with sympathy on earnest believers in his teaching, who labor to spread the knowledge of such imperfect truth as they have among those who are still further cut off from the knowledge of the right way. Islam, we should never forget, is still a missionary religion, one which still makes its way, by persuasion as well as by conquest, into the dark corners of the heathen world. We may sigh that the preaching of an imperfect creed proves everywhere the greatest hin-

drance to the preaching of a more perfect one ; we may grudge the successes of the Mahometan missionary which condemn beforehand the labors of the Christian missionary to be in vain ; but for the Mahometan missionary himself, giving himself to hand on to others such light as he himself has, we can feel nothing but respect and sympathy. And we can feel sympathy too for earnest believers in Islam, devout students of the Koran, who have enough of faith in their own system, enough of good-will towards the followers of rival systems, to challenge men of rival creeds to meet them on the fair field of reasonable discussion. For our own part in the matter, we have gone but little into detail ; we have preferred to record the impressions which we have drawn from the Koran and from its great German and English interpreters, chiefly as bearing on the great facts of history, and especially on the relations of Islam to

other monotheistic creeds. But we shall be well pleased if we can send any in whom we can awaken a wish to study the subject more in detail, to the works of Weil and Muir, and those who are more enduring to that of Dr. Sprenger. But we feel that all that we do we are doing from an imperfect point of view, from the point of view of those who look to the history and religions of the East mainly in their relation to the European and Christian world. But a view from the side of purely Oriental learning can hardly fail to be equally imperfect. Till some superhuman genius shall unite in himself the lore of all ages and languages, scholars in different branches must be content to interchange the ideas which they have formed from their several points of view, and each one to profit by the experience of fellow-laborers, in other fields.

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