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# THE ATTEMPT

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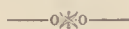
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## ERRATA.



- Page 8, line 33, *for* "needless," *read* "heedless."
- Page 116, line 23, end sentence with "experience."
- Page 150, line 1, *insert* " , as " *after* "that."
- Page 150, line 4, *insert* " , " *after* "spirits."
- Page 150, line 16, *insert* " , " *after* "sign."
- Page 163, line 26, *for* "connecting," *read* "connoting."
- Page 166, line 24, *delete* " , " *after* "attributes."
- Page 167, line 31, *insert* "what is" *after* "admit."
- Page 208, line 39, *for* "revised," *read* "revived."
- Page 210, line 12, *insert* " , " *after* "however," *and for*  
"dangerous it was," *read* "it was dangerous."
- Page 210, line, 17, *delete* "For."
- Page 219, line 26, *for* "newer," *read* "Weber."
- Page 342, line 4, *for* "comes," *read* "cowers."
- Page 349, line 22, *for* "bearing," *read* "leaving."
- Page 350, line 24, *for* "living," *read* "long."
- Page 351, line 24, *for* "proving wise," *read* "probably will."
- Page 351, line 26, *for* "tuition," *read* "suited."



# THE ATTEMPT.

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Three Novels by Mrs Whitney.

THESE three novels are, *The Gayworthys*, *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, and *Hitherto*; and their author is an American lady whose popularity is rapidly increasing on both sides of the Atlantic. From causes which I will shortly touch upon, her popularity can never become universal; but to a certain class of minds, and a large class it is, her books are attractive in the very highest degree.

This is more especially true of *Hitherto*, a book whose leading characteristics have been most ably defined in an article in *Blackwood* for October 1871, entitled *American Books*. But it seems to me easiest and most natural to speak first of *The Gayworthys*, which in many ways leads us up to the other two novels; for the great peculiarity of style and spirit so strongly pervading *Faith Gartney's Girlhood* and *Hitherto*, is not nearly so fully developed in *The Gayworthys*. From this and other causes, *The Gayworthys* is inferior to the other two. It wants that dreamy mysterious charm, that constant blending of the ideal with the real, so observable in their pages; its plot is rather unnatural, and many of its situations forced and stagey; and its Americanisms are sadly apt to degenerate into vulgarisms. Yet it is undeniably a clever book, and in many parts a great deal more than clever. It is, like all Mrs Whitney's novels, the history of a girl, Sarah Gair; though numerous other plots and side-plots are woven in with her history—too numerous, I think, from an artistic point of view, and even for the general reader, for our interest is greatly weakened by being so often subdivided and distracted.

Sarah Gair is the least interesting of Mrs Whitney's heroines. She has less individuality, less character than one likes in a heroine. She is simply a very sweet, gentle, true-hearted girl, dominated during the first part of the book by an essentially vulgar, sordid, deceitful mother; and afterwards, sorely perplexed and troubled by the fitful passions of a very violent and tempestuous lover. Say would be a charming girl to know, for she is no insipid piece of mere amiability, as we see from the way she insisted upon righting the victims of her mother's fraud; but she does not come up to what one expects in a heroine; her character is too unequal, she is too much the creature of circumstances.

Rebecca Gayworthy is better drawn, though she occupies only a subordinate place in the story. Her love episode is too absolutely absurd, however, to be passed without remark. It is perhaps consistent enough with the Puritan New England ideas of religion and duty, to represent Rebecca deliberately unfastening her hair, which has been dressed in the latest fashion, because she finds it so becoming that she fears it may prove a "snare to her soul." But that the man who had previously felt and shown at least a preference for her, and to whom she had unconsciously given her whole heart, should, influenced solely by a point of hair-dressing, withdraw himself from Rebecca, whose ideas, tastes, and feelings were all in harmony with his own, and offer not only his admiration, but his whole life, to the utterly frivolous Stacey Lawton, is a libel upon human nature on both sides of the Atlantic. We do not deny that personal attractions incessantly triumph over sterling worth, but here there were personal attractions in both cases, there was no violent contrast in externals, and the contrast of character was too strong to be overlooked;—it was simply a question of hair-dressing on a single evening, and we are gravely told that, by her conscientious adherence to Puritan braids on that one evening, Rebecca sacrificed her happiness; and that the Reverend Gordon King, allured by Stacey Lawton's puffs and rolls of hair, made shipwreck of his. No, no; this is unquestionably *un peu trop fort*; men are generally very foolish about such matters, but not quite so foolish as Mrs Whitney represents. Golden hair *may* turn a man's head, but a well-dressed chignon will scarcely achieve it; and we may feel tolerably certain that the Reverend Gordon King would have succumbed all the same to Stacey

Lawton's pretty face, even had Rebecca appeared at that strawberry party in the coiffure whose advantage Mrs Whitney represents as so overwhelming. Joanna Gayworthy's story is better told than her sister's, though there is a degree of improbability in it also; and her character is not so attractive as the calm placidity of Rebecca. Joanna is rather too much of the Yankee in ideas and expressions.

But the flavour of Americanism throughout *The Gayworthys* is unpalatably strong, and for readers in this country, at all events, spoils the enjoyment of many otherwise delightful chapters. And on one other point, I would venture strongly to remonstrate with Mrs Whitney,—the dreadful names she bestows upon her characters. She absolutely “out-Dickens Dickens.” We can stand a great deal of this sort of thing now-a-days,—Faith, and Hope, and Joy, and Anstiss, we are reconciled to; we can put up with Huldah Hatch, and submit (with a sigh) to a hero entitled Gershom Vorse; but there are limits to human endurance, and Mrs Whitney persists in transgressing them. What are we to think of two sisters, entitled Remember and Submit? Of Mrs Pelatiah Trowe, Mrs Parley Ginnp, of a lady whose baptismal name is Wealthy, and a maid-of-all-work rejoicing in the appellation of Gloriana M-Whirk? All these, and many, many more, do we find in the three novels by Mrs Whitney, of which I am writing; but I think the crowning and culminating instance is found in *The Gayworthys*, where we are expected to bestow our interest and sympathy upon an individual condemned by Mrs Whitney to bear the name of Jaazaniah Hoogs!! Jaazaniah Hoogs! Phoebus Apollo! it surely cannot be that any mortal is so cursed by fate and his godfather, as this unhappy being of Mrs Whitney's creation! Juliet would certainly never have uttered her famous and oft-quoted inquiry, had her soft Italian lips ever sought to frame themselves to the uncouth syllables of Jaazaniah Hoogs! The little episode relating to this unfortunate man is, however, beautifully told; and there is great power in the scene between Gershom and Say on the mountain, and the long-delayed reconciliation of Gabriel and Joanna.

But in *The Gayworthys*, Mrs Whitney somehow never attempts the sublime without at least suggesting the ridiculous; and even in the most pathetic pas-

sages, the effect produced is rather more hysterical than sympathetic. Inferior in all respects to *Faith Gartney's Girlhood* and *Hitherto*, *The Gayworthys* is especially so from an artistic point of view. The commonplace peeps forth so intrusively from the poetic, the ludicrous suggests itself so forcibly in the midst of the pathetic, that we feel quite provoked with Mrs Whitney, for so wantonly spoiling the effect of her really very interesting and most original book.

The great fault of her two other books is, that their plots so much resemble each other; that is to say, the great interest of both plots turns upon exactly the same circumstances. Each of these books is the history of two girls brought together by chance, and standing to each other in a connection—that of mistress and maid—which would in this country preclude close confidence and friendship, though things may be different among our Republican sisters in the West. In both books the one girl—the mistress—is wooed by two lovers; and in both behaves most weakly, if not wickedly, to one of these men. And in this lies the weak point, morally speaking, of the two books. Anstiss Dolbeare (the heroine of *Hitherto*) and Faith Gartney treat Allard Cope and Paul Rushleigh in a manner which, if not dishonourable, was certainly most heartless; but which evidently is, in the eyes of Mrs Whitney, most natural and innocent—indeed, in the case of Faith Gartney, it is held up to us as highly commendable. And yet Faith Gartney is of the two heroines, incomparably the guiltier. We can excuse poor dreamy Anstiss, a sensitive, poetic, romantic girl, whose ultra-Yankee hyper-Puritan surroundings jar most painfully upon her refined and beauty-loving mind. We can well excuse the lonely girl for clinging to the friendship and society of the Copes, the only means she possessed of entering a congenial world, and we can easily understand how her dreamy unworldly nature remained unconscious of the real meaning of Allard's attentions, till the mischief was well nigh done. Moreover, when poor Anstiss has fully realised her position, she makes all the atonement in her power, withdraws herself from Allard's society, and when he at last speaks out, honestly tells him that she can never love him. But Faith Gartney is a young lady of a very different stamp; her practical mind takes in the whole bearings of the case; besides, the pretty broad hints dropped by her sister and aunt prevent

the possibility of any unconsciousness. Without even pretending to herself to love Paul Rushleigh, she allows him to devote himself entirely to her, she permits and encourages his attentions, until her own mother says, "Faith has tacitly belonged to Paul Rushleigh these three years," she is at last formally engaged to him, and then a few months afterwards, upon the appearance of the 'hero' of the novel, she breaks off her engagement with much firmness and decision, amidst the admiration and applause of Aunt Henderson (the mentor of the tale), Miss Sampson (the said aunt's sick nurse), and her spiritual adviser, Mr Roger Armstrong. There is a fearfully false ring about all this, and we would fain hope that Mrs Whitney's standard of truth and honour is not universal in New England. We are very sure, indeed, that it is not; and that there, as well as here, Anstiss Dolbeare would be deeply blamed, though pity mingles with our blame for her; and Faith Gartney, who played with Paul Rushleigh's heart as a cat plays with a mouse, who accepted all from him and gave nothing in return, who took upon her the most solemn bond save one that a woman can take, with scarcely an intention, certainly not a wish, to keep it—this girl would, in the minds of all to whom honour has any real meaning, have a mark set against her name that years of penitence would hardly efface.

But I turn gladly to the pleasanter task of saying something of the many excellences of these novels of Mrs Whitney's. Most attractive they undoubtedly are,—to a certain class of minds, irresistibly so; but what that class is will be better understood, and the character of *Hitherto* better appreciated, if I quote a few lines from the article in *Blackwood* for October 1871, to which I have already referred. The writer has been criticising *The Gates Ajar*, and goes on to say:—

"Of the same class is a novel called *Hitherto*, which is brimful of this strange consciousness of the unseen. . . . It is its spiritual side—the extraordinary pressure of the unseen everywhere, without, however, any relapse into the vulgar supernatural, which is the charm of the book. . . . The gates are ajar, too, in Mrs Whitney's book; but the revelation, or fancied revelation, of strange light which shines through them, concerns not the dead but the living. The whole of existence is wrapped in that veil, which gives meaning and mystery to its slightest incidents. . . . Thus this subtle spiritual sense—if we may use such a word—this consciousness of the unseen,

embraces the visible world all round about, appearing at every chink in a suppressed yet unquenchable glow of light."

It is this which constitutes the great charm, and at the same time prevents the general popularity of Mrs Whitney's novels; for the above passage is also true of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, though in a very modified degree. To many minds of great intellectual power, the larger part of *Hitherto* is a sealed letter; while it lies open and easy, and attractive beyond description, to other, possibly far inferior minds, if they are but gifted with sympathies for the unseen world brought so close to us there,—with a power to blend the ideal and the real, as Anstiss Dolbeare did in her reveries and imaginings. To one class of minds, Grandon Cope's exquisite interpretation of the precious stones in the Revelation reads like the utterance of one inspired; to another, it is but a wild incoherent rhapsody; the first feel their hearts throb with sympathy for the ecstasies of Anstiss, when Grandon Cope shows her the spiritual scale of colour; the others can scarcely restrain a smile at the idea of a grown man and woman so moved with such a trifle. And the same holds true of the character of Anstiss herself,—so intensely sympathetic to some natures, so strangely incomprehensible to others. And yet I think that most of those even who fail to appreciate the full power and beauty of the book, must feel vaguely that there *is* in it great power and beauty, though veiled from them by the dreamy mysticism which prevails throughout. *Hitherto* is no common book, and upon many minds it will exercise no common influence.

The character of Hope Devine, in spite of the more lenient judgment expressed by the critic in *Blackwood*, and in spite of the very beautiful ideas and sentiments to which she gives utterance, appears to most readers utterly overstrained and unnatural. She would be a phenomenon under any circumstances, and with any upbringing; but under the conditions described in *Hitherto*, we venture to pronounce her utterly and totally impossible. Grandon Cope and Augusta are masterly sketches, and Aunt Ildy very natural and amusing in her puritanical precision and stiffness. But there can be little doubt that next to Anstiss herself, the interest of nearly all readers centres in her husband. Richard Hathaway is emphatically one of nature's noble-

men. His utter unselfishness, his child-like humility, his entire devotion to Anstiss, and unshaken trust in her, the thorough manliness and nobility of his whole character, scarcely leave room for a single adverse criticism; for though Richard Hathaway is the embodiment of one of the highest possible types of human character, there is not one feature strained or overdone. All is most natural, most life-like; and though all readers of *Hitherto* may not be so fortunate as to know a Richard Hathaway, most, I think, will be reminded by him of some friend, quiet and undemonstrative, but possessed nevertheless of true greatness of soul.

Mrs Whitney is gifted with a most vivid perception of the beautiful and picturesque, and all through her books we come constantly upon little felicitous touches, revealing the artistic nature of the writer, and adding incalculably to the interest of the reader. The description of natural scenery, too, so utterly wearisome in the hands of many very excellent authors, becomes with Mrs Whitney, a sort of prose poem,—glowing, vivid, and sublime; her power of word-painting is of no ordinary kind. In particular, I would instance the exquisite chapter in *Hitherto* which is devoted to Anstiss' and Richard's sail on the river; and the scarcely less beautiful description of the treat prepared by Anstiss among the woods for her city friends; and in *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, two beautiful pieces of descriptive writing may be found in the account of Faith's walk with Glory in the frosty morning, and of her walk with Roger Armstrong in the woods bright with the colours of the Indian summer. In Mrs Whitney's estimation, evidently, "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and she has, by her wonderful descriptive power, imparted the joy to many a far-off reader.

I have said but little of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, and that little has been all, or nearly all, on the subject of its faults. Yet it has many beauties, though the extreme similarity of many of its characters, and much of its plot, to the characters and plot of *Hitherto*, incessantly force one to compare it with that far superior book. But Faith Gartney is a loveable heroine too, despite her treatment of Paul Rushleigh, and her unaccountable preference for Roger Armstrong, who somehow irresistibly suggests the red-nosed Shepherd of Pickwick notoriety. Aunt Henderson is excellent,—a downright, determined, independent old lady, who calls a spade a spade without any peri-

phrasis, and whose kindly benevolence is of the most practical type. Miss Sampson, too, the hard-featured, strong-minded sick-nurse, who "takes no easy cases," and whom the doctor describes as "a woman who goes through the world choosing to eat drum-sticks," strikes us as intensely real, and doubtless very necessary. And the sub-heroine in this book, Glory M'Whirk, is a far better conception than the impossible Hope Devine of *Hitherto*. One of the very best chapters of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood* is that relating to poor Glory's struggles and trials, long endurance, and final despair, under the yoke of Mrs Grubbling; though, surely, a more repulsive character than that of Mrs Grubbling has seldom been transferred from real life to a novel. Glory's rise and progress, too, are much more gradual and natural than Hope Devine's; and her final settlement in life is a very "happy thought" on the part of the authoress. Old Mr Rushleigh is a charming old gentleman; and the eccentricities of Mis' Battis render her a most amusing specimen of Yankee "servant-galism."

I can only, in conclusion, express a hope that these remarks, disconnected and superficial though they be, may lead some of my readers to make personal acquaintance with the works of this very talented and original American authoress.

DIDO.



## My Resting Place.

I KNOW not when, I know not where,  
I shall lie in my dreamless sleep;  
If on earth's wide space be my resting-place,  
Or in ocean's sounding deep.

Perhaps this very day my feet  
All carelessly have trod,  
In needless mirth, on the dark-brown earth,  
Where my grave waits under the sod.

Perhaps where I wandered this very morn,  
I have seen from ocean's shore,  
Where, under its wave, shall be my grave,  
Till time shall be no more.

The hungry waters may be my bed,  
Or the quiet graveyard's slope;  
But wherever it be, or on earth or in sea,  
My flesh shall rest in hope.

And if where her weary children strive,  
I lie on earth's troubled breast.  
Nor grief nor fear shall reach my ear,  
For He shall give me rest.

Nor ocean's self shall break my calm.  
With its ceaseless murmurs deep;  
In the restless sea He will give to me,  
To me, His beloved, sleep.

Nor care I whether my body lie  
'Neath the waves, or in churchyard sod;  
For in heaven above, through the Father's love,  
In my spirit I shall see God.

LIEBCHEN.



### A Christmas Party.

BILLS and bells, parties and presents, carols, annuals, and holidays immediately rush into the mind at the mere mention of Christmas time; to say nothing of frost and snow, yule logs and plum pudding, holly and mistletoe.

But all these things have been written upon so frequently, that it would be next to impossible to speak of them in any new and interesting way. However, we may perhaps be allowed to give a description of a little Christmas entertainment which is not likely ever to have been made the theme of an article before. It was not a dance, nor was it a dinner, nor could it be called a family gathering; it was as unlike a musical soirée as possible, and there was certainly nothing of a theatrical character about it. It was merely a tea-party, given to about forty poor and aged widows.

The place of meeting was a large and cheerful kitchen, which was prettily decorated with holly and laurel, and well lighted by gas and an immense fire. The guests began to arrive about four o'clock, and when their bonnets

and cloaks had been removed by some kindly attendants, they entered the room with pleased smiles and old-fashioned curtsies.

The costumes were useful and picturesque rather than elegant and fashionable. Instead of wreaths and chignons, there were large white caps, with coloured handkerchiefs tied over them, and short gowns of dark stuff or lilac print, took the place of long-trained silks and tarlatans. Nearly every one wore also a small woollen shawl over her shoulders.

But the faces formed a more interesting study than the dresses. Some were certainly weak and expressionless; and others, it must be owned, had those unpleasant lines about the mouth which tell of discontent and a sour temper. Many, perhaps the majority, had care and trouble written unmistakeably upon them, but not a few wore that gentle, peaceful look which can conquer all plainness of feature, as well as the furrows and wrinkles of old age. Those women who desire to be "made beautiful for ever" would do well to learn that, after all, kindness makes the prettiest, softest eye, and a sweet temper the best-shaped mouth.

When all had assembled, a sort of short service began. The 90th Psalm was first read, and many a sigh and mournful shake of the head told plainly that the mention of "labour and sorrow" had come home to the hearts of the poor hearers. Then came a hymn, the first two lines of which were—

"And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?"

It was sung to a tune called "St Plungent's," a "short measure," which is not to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," nor indeed in any recently-published tune-book that I know of.

This was a trying time to some of the young tea-makers. It might be difficult to say at what precise age the singing voice fails, but it may safely be asserted that after seventy, high notes should be avoided as dangerous. The effect of forty cracked voices all giving way at once is startling, remarkable, and not a little absurd. It would be impossible to describe the extraordinary trills, turns, jerks, and shakes in which the old ladies indulged, but to the singers themselves the harmony seemed perfect. They shut their eyes, and swayed slowly backwards and forwards like trees moved by a gentle breeze. When a short prayer

had been read, the tea began. The long tables were loaded with hot toast, buns, and what in the south of England would be called "cake," but what in Cheshire and Lancashire is spoken of as "currant bread," and eaten with butter. And now every one looked supremely happy and comfortable, and even those who had seemed shy at first began to talk unrestrainedly.

Need I say that not a single guest shrank from her cup? To balance a saucerful of hot liquid in one hand is by no means an easy accomplishment, but our old friends were all adepts in it from long practice.

When the tea was over (it was by no means a hasty meal), and a pleasant chat had been enjoyed around the great fire, the widows began to prepare for their walk home. The cloaks were brought out, long garments, black, brown, and red, fastened with large brass clasps; also the bonnets, which were merely black satin tunnels closed at one end, and ornamented with one or two enormous bows.

A very old woman was observed to be struggling vainly with her heavy wrapper. Age had dimmed her fine black eyes, and her trembling hands seemed almost as powerless as an infant's. A young lady came to her assistance. "Thank you, my love," she said; "you're very kind. This is my wedding-dress, love." (Here she gave a funny little laugh, and held up a scrap of that venerable garment.) "It is, for sure. I've been careful on it, love; it's more till fifty year old."

Another ancient dame was as full of fun and frolic as a young lamb, and kept all her neighbours in a state of continual merriment. "I hope," observed a girl who was helping to find her bonnet, "that if I live to be eighty, I may be as cheerful and contented as you are." "Eh! bless you, child," she answered, "it does na mak' things better to be allus fretting o'er 'em, and nought can hurt me for long now."

When every cloak and tunnel had found an owner, each widow received a loaf and a half-crown, and gave a blessing and good-night in return; and then home they went, facing the snowy evening with a good courage, the stronger ones giving a supporting arm to those who were the most infirm.

M. S. S.



## Puritan Heroes.

HISTORY hands us down the portraits of the men who lived and died, who fought and suffered in bygone centuries, coloured by the passions and affections of their contemporaries. The same character which appears stainless and noble when drawn by a favouring hand, loses all its better qualities, and becomes dark and repulsive when we see it as it seemed to an enemy, or perhaps to a mere political opponent. And at no time have the strongest passions in our national nature been more strongly roused than at the period when Cavalier and Puritan, Royalist and Roundhead, were ranged in fierce conflict, when the love of liberty, the very backbone and stay of the British character, was opposed to the loyalty, which is the life-blood of the land. The Puritans have painted the Cavaliers for us, and the Cavaliers have done the same good office by the Puritans.

Certainly the Cavaliers have, on their side, the romance of what the French would call the "situation." We have treasured in our minds an ideal Cavalier, perhaps very wide of the reality; still I would fain hope that such were not wanting among the men in whose veins flowed the oldest blood of England, and who arrayed themselves for the defence of king, and, as they thought, country, as to a solemn duty, as to a glorious festival.

My ideal Cavalier, as to his outward man, I picture to myself like a portrait of Prince Rupert which I once saw at Wilton House, near Salisbury. The long loose love-locks, the great dark mournful eyes, which seemed to follow one, as the eyes of all good portraits do, the clear-cut, refined, noble features, formed altogether an impersonation of the supporter of a forlorn hope, of a failing cause. We know that Prince Rupert was the wild, reckless leader of a plunder-loving band of German mercenaries, but I maintain that if his character had matched his face, which I fear it did not, he would have made a model Royalist, one of those who took up the cause of their king as calmly and sacredly as the best of the Puritans took up the opposite side, and fought for it to the death with clean hands and a pure heart.

Of course, many will deny that there were any such on the side of the king. Some people seem to imagine that a good cause must necessarily be a magnet which

draws to itself all the good men of a country, but I think we find in reading history, that it is not so. I do not for a moment deny that the Puritans were on the right side, *not* because they were on the winning side, but because their victory was also the victory of truth and purity and freedom; but I think that where men see eye to eye in "the palace of eternity," many of the brave and true who shed their blood on both sides have met in peace and gladness long ago.

After all, this is an essay dealing with Puritans, not with Cavaliers. And I think the best of the Puritans presented to the world a type of character singularly noble. They "loved not their lives unto the death." They knew, what in this ease-loving century we are apt to forget, that there are better things than leading a comfortable untroubled life; they were taught "That a country's a thing men should die for at need,"—still more that justice, liberty, and religious toleration were things to suffer for, to bleed for, and even to be killed for.

They struck off the chains that were being stealthily wound round the civil and religious freedom of their country, and we have to thank them for it to this day. They gave us three men who stand out clearly against the back-ground of trouble and confusion, when men's hearts failed them for fear, and households were torn asunder, and friends and lovers were parted by the fierce dissension which clove the country in twain,—Cromwell, Milton, and Bunyan.

Cromwell is fiercely abused by some, and strenuously upheld by others. He is "a bloody minded and hypocritical usurper;" he is "the saviour of his country, the upright, brave defender of her liberties." He is to one a pitiless regicide, to another a military saint. But whatever friends or enemies may say, no one can deny that he was "the right man in the right place," the man whom God appointed to take the rule of the bleeding, struggling country, the "still, strong man in a blatant land," whom Tennyson describes. Whether we regard him as a saving angel or a destroying scourge permitted to arise for the punishment of a sinful land, it is the power in the man that we admire, the tremendous energy that brought the son of the Huntingdon brewer to take the seat of princes, and to make the country, as all allow, greater and more terrible than for centuries before, or centuries after his time.

I believe Cromwell to have had a higher end in view than his own elevation ; nothing but the conviction that he was the destined ruler of the distracted people who were suffering such miseries, could have raised him, even in that seething tumult, to such a height. He proved himself fit for his high vocation. He did the work God gave him to do, and though some heavy errors defaced it, among others, and chief of all, that which Milton sternly justifies in his brief translation from Seneca,

"There can be slain  
No sacrifice to God more acceptable  
Than an unjust and wicked king ;"

yet, desperate evils demand desperate remedies, and he has answered for them to Heaven. Certainly the execution of Charles I. roused such a storm of sympathy with the ill-starred prince, dying as his beautiful ancestress had died before him, and of rage and horror against his murderers, that the king's errors, and the usurper's merits, were both forgotten. The mists of death hid Charles' faults, and the ineffaceable stain of his blood fell like a curse upon Cromwell, never to be removed in the eyes of the English people, even by years of patient labour for his country's good. Had Cromwell been guided by his usual wisdom in this matter, not to mention any higher considerations, he would never have given Charles the part of a martyr to play, with the eyes of the world looking on at the slaughter of a king by his subjects.

In after times, when royal blood was poured out like water in Paris streets, men grew inured to such doings ; but in England, in the seventeenth century, they still clung to the doctrine of the divine right of the Lord's anointed, still pointed to David sparing his royal enemy as an example, to Jehu and Zimri as warnings of what would befall those who broke the holy bond of loyal duty between prince and people. In thinking of the Sixteenth Louis who fell in the French Revolution, we are prone to forget his weakness and incapacity, his inability either of yielding or ruling, and only to remember the calmness with which he met his last hour, amidst the hideous uproar and blind fury of the thousands of tyrants who had so lately been slaves. And in the eyes of many, Charles I. atoned for his life by his death.

Let us turn from Cromwell to his immortal secretary, to the man whose blind eyes saw such glories as are not

given to mortal vision. Surely he would hardly have exchanged such darkness for

“the light of common day.”

One poet, and one alone, stands with him on his Alpine height of stainless fame, and to him, Milton looked up with the noble and ennobling admiration of one great soul for another. Dante Alighieri, patriot and poet, trode insoul the same path where Milton went, but, though Milton equalled him in purity and magnificence of idea, it seems to me that, as a man, the English poet was inferior to the Italian. Beneath all Dante's sternness and horror of corruption and vice, there was a warm heart full of such tender sympathy as only pure and noble hearts can know. He, as Browning says,

“Loved well because he hated,  
Hated wickedness that hinders loving.”

Would Milton, even in fancy, have felt his blood freeze and his eyes grow dim, and swooned from pity, when Francesea told her tale of guilt and misery, and the shade who “nevermore was divided from her,” wept hopeless tears over the short-lived joy and the eternal sorrow? I think not. Milton's poetry is

“Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,”

but it is more poetry of the head than of the heart. Still there is no grander vision of olden times than that of the Puritan poet, mixing freely in the strife of men as long as sight was left to him, and then shut in by cloud and ever-during dark to a temple, whence such strains of consecrated melody arose as have never died away. A temple of patient waiting and glorious revelations, lit by a clearer light than the sweet light of the sun,—even the light “which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

Milton's mixture of the lore of heathen mythology with the truths of the Christian religion gives scandal to many, while for others, it has a distinct charm of its own. His was a classical mind, and though his powers were heightened and hallowed by his faith and love, his scholarship remained with him. His muse, though nightly visiting

“Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath  
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,”

could not forget the sparkling spring of Helieon. He saw to the heart of the old Greek traditions, he felt the human spirit throbbing through them to reach the truth of which they held out the dawn and the foreshadowing,

and so we find them twining and blossoming about his poetry everywhere.

A few words about the third Puritan whom I have mentioned, and I shall conclude. John Bunyan was widely different from both the Proteetor and the poet, and yet his name will last as long as theirs. He had neither the administrative genius of Cromwell, nor the cultivated intellect of Milton, but his book, of whose merits he was so very diffident, has immortalized him. The world is the better that he lived in it. And he may stand for a type of the humbler Puritans, of those men who filled up the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides, and heard the preaching of the military ministers, who fought, and prayed, and worked, and strove against the Royalists and the Devil in the field and in the closet. Their faults have been censured, their peculiarities caricatured, many a time. But in the main, they were faithful, just, and wise. Let them rest beneath the turf at Naseby and Woreester, within the sound of solemn chiming from church bells, in many a green "God's acre." Their fighting is finished, their work is done. And over their graves rises another conflict, not fought with swords, but with pens. Round their rest swells an alarum, as of coming terror; men whisper that the faith they lived and died for is shaken to its foundations, that false creeds are creeping in among us, that belief and truth have deserted England.

"The corpse is calm below our knee,  
Its spirit, bright before Thee,  
Between them, worse than either, we,  
Without the rest or glory,  
Be pitiful, O God!"

Yet between these graves and that sky, who can really fear that all our forefathers valued more than life will ever be trampled beneath our feet? "He sitteth between the cherubims," be the earth never so unquiet, and in his own good time, will bring light out of dimness, and faith out of doubt.

O. M.

### *The Westminster Stage.*

OUR politicians, born to vex the age,  
Like players, "fret their hour upon the stage;"  
With bickerings, not alone *behind* the scenes,  
They ask what this one said, or that one means;

Their manager, his projects somewhat crost,  
Compels their parts, in case the piece be lost ;  
His well-filled house contains the germs of war,  
Failure, lean phantom, eyes him from afar,  
And sullen victory, crouching at his feet,  
Proclaims herself twin sister to defeat.

ELSIE STRYVELINE.

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### Re-appearance of the Frog.\*

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot ?"

IN these days of spiritualism, when "familiar" abound, and even our articles of furniture become eloquent, surely no phenomena in the way of sound should startle us ; and yet I must confess to a feeling of apprehension and timidity, when, sitting alone in my room, in the twilight of a December afternoon, I heard a voice saying—"Here I am." It seemed to come from the region of the door, which was slightly ajar, and the tone was gentle, almost apologetic, as if the speaker feared intruding. Whilst wondering if I should reply to this polite spirit, the voice spoke again, this time nearer me. "Good afternoon," it said, and then I became aware it was not a spirit, but the Frog, who addressed me, for there, in the firelight, he was plainly visible, sitting on a stool on the rug.

Perhaps I may as well state here, for the benefit of some of my readers, that this strange little creature had honoured me with previous visitations, and had then told me about a certain palace, which he called the Palace of Attemptation, built entirely by the lower animals. (I don't think he intended any disrespect by that term, but used it by way of distinguishing them from the superior animals, or "lords of creation.") Amongst these he made particular mention of the Stag, the Horse, the Bat, and the Bulldog. I felt much interested in what I heard of these noble, industrious creatures. The Frog insisted on calling them "our *mutual* friends ;" and though I could see no reason for this, need I say how honoured I felt by the import of the word ? But it was now long, very long since I had seen the Frog ; indeed, I had begun to despair of seeing him again. I had thought it was not impro-

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\* See April No. 1867, and February 1868.

bable that some of the animals had prohibited his reporting to me their sayings and doings; or what if they had ceased their toils! What if some pitiless storm had beat upon the noble edifice and laid it low! Ah, that was a thought I could hardly bear to entertain.

My readers will therefore understand how glad I was to see my little visitor once more. I told him he was very welcome; and entering at once on the subject which interested me so deeply, I enquired if the Palace still existed. The Frog did not reply for several seconds; a quiver seemed to pass through his frame, which I thought expressive of strong emotion, and then in a truly awful tone, in which there was a volume of rebuke, he said, "My friend, can you ask such a question?"

Now, I thought this touch of indignation was highly commendable; indeed, I was glad to see it, for I had thought my little friend had not the pride and interest in the Palace which he ought to have had, especially as he had the very great honour of being associated in some degree with the builders. I was about to say as much to him, and to tender an apology to his injured feelings, but the next moment I perceived he was *laughing heartily*. He was very fond of laughing, and indulged in it sometimes unseasonably, I thought. "Ah, yes," he said, recovering gravity, "it exists; it prospers; the sun shines kindly on it, and in future may shine still more brightly, and that wind, that sharp, cutting, remorseless wind, that blows with such cruel vehemence on many fair buildings, has, as far as I know, been gentle and temperate towards ours."

"What wind, Froggie?"

"Oh, don't you know?" replied the Frog; "they call it *criticism*, I believe."

"And what have you to tell me about our mutual friends? Do they still play at their game of *debating*?"

"Oh, yes; very often, with great skill and zest."

"And does the Stag still superintend the affairs of the Palace; and are the others as industrious and energetic as before?"

"Yes; I am glad to say the Stag maintains his important duties with unceasing vigour and strength. He has at present an excellent coadjutor-in-office, namely, the Beaver."

"Ah! that's a very intelligent animal, I believe."

"Precisely so," said the Frog.

"I don't think you mentioned him to me before."

"Probably not; but during the years that have elapsed since I have had the pleasure of conversing with you, several other animals have joined the builders. I am going to make special mention of one of these this afternoon, I refer to the Eagle." Here the Frog paused, and drew a long breath. My expectation was raised as to some wonderful announcement about to be made, but nothing came but the following, as it seemed to me, meaningless sentence,—

"An eagle is an eagle."

"Well, what of that?" I said. "Ah yes! I think I know." I continued. "He will build too high for some of you;" and I laughed to think of the poor little Frog, straining his eyes to follow the proudly soaring eagle.

"Nay," replied the Frog, "as regards that matter, should not *all* have height in their aim as they build?" Here my little friend paused, as if doubtful of my comprehending his meaning, but finding I did not speak, he continued, "The higher you ascend, the further you see, and in the *far-off* vision much beauty may lie. It seems to me that the *true* builders will ever think of the benefit to be conferred on those who may visit the palace; sometimes giving them entertainment, at others affording subjects of interest to their aim, or again, building so as to give them that far-off vision I have just mentioned. These chambers they will build with care, placing in them large windows framed with truth, and formed by some magic crystals, such as hope, faith, love. *These* can purify the vision, can dispel intervening mists, and so the viewer can behold light and beauty, where he saw but darkness and deformity. Doubtless you can recall the great builders who have built thus, one I think of now, from whose windows the beholder has seen, breaking through the dark cloud that bounded the horizon, a flood of glorious light!\* But pardon this digression, I was talking of the Eagle."

"Does he build as you have been describing?"

"He does," replied the Frog, "but," with a little laugh, "I was thinking of his ambition in another direction, as you will see presently. One day when the animals were met together to discuss the affairs of the palace, this noble creature begged leave to call their attention to an error connected with the building, which he thought might

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\* See "In Memoriam," Stanza LIII.

and ought to be corrected, that was *the name it bore*. An electric thrill passed through the assembly at this announcement, perhaps there was a small degree of bristling and ruffling, but the animals are not given to much demonstration in their fellings of disapprobation; nor did they all disapprove of the Eagle's view of the subject, some were much pleased with it, and hailed with joy the prospect of having this grievous wrong removed. Such being the case, it was appointed that a battle should take place between the opposing parties."

"Another battle!" I exclaimed; "I am afraid our friends are rather of a belligerent nature."

"But is not warfare good in a good cause?" returned the Frog.

"True, but ——" I was about to ask if he thought the cause was really a good one, but seeming to divine what I was going to say, the Frog begged I would not discuss the point with him.

"Well," I said, "you will perhaps allow me to say that I cannot see why such importance should be attached to the name of the palace."

"Ah! my dear friend," replied the Frog, "it sometimes comes to be a very serious matter; for I have heard it asserted as a fact, that certain persons have actually refused to enter within the palace walls, purely because of the name inscribed over the door."

"How very absurd!" was my indignant exclamation.

"Yes," said the Frog, gently, "but I suppose there will be absurd people as long as the world exists. However, I must tell you about the battle."

"I presume it was just a '*strife of tongues*' like the last; no injuries received on either side?"

Kind concern prompted me to ask this question, but to the Frog it appeared an excellent joke; he burst into a fit of laughter. "I have yet to learn that a strife of tongues may not be injurious," he said, "but I daresay I may assert no injury was sustained by the members of either party."

But to proceed. Considerable excitement and interest were felt by the animals as to the result of this second contest about the name. Hopes began to revive in the breasts of the reformers that their cause, overthrown as it had been in the last struggle, would now prevail. At length the auspicious day arrived. The Stag and Beaver of course were present, also the Bull-dog, Peacock, Turtle-

dove, Horse, Hare, and many others. The signal having been given by the Stag, the combat commenced, and with breathless interest, the assembled animals listened to the flow of eloquence which proceeded from the lips of the Eagle. He had a good deal of wit and humour, and these are nice accomplishments in a combat of words. Then, too, he had a very efficient supporter in the —, can you guess who?"

"I don't think I can, but I should suppose it would be a strong animal, the Bull-dog, perhaps?"

"No," replied the Frog, laughing, "that worthy individual was of the opposite party, and he confined himself to sundry low growls, inaudible to all but myself. No; the Eagle's firm and faithful ally was no other than the gentle-toned Hare! and he was well fitted to be so. He had all along protested against the retaining of the odious name, and now he entered heartily into the struggle for its abolition. His eloquence was different in kind from that of the Eagle's, yet each was excellent in its own way.

Such were the leaders of the reformers, and it was well they were such talented and skilful ones, for they had a very formidable enemy to encounter in the leader of the opposite party, the illustrious Bat! With that attractive and forcible eloquence which is his peculiar forte, this noble animal pled for the preservation of the name, which he deemed was not at all detrimental to the general welfare of the palace, and to which I presume he, and many other of the builders, had become attached, since it had borne it from the date of its commencement, and that was not unnatural, was it?"

"I think not," I replied; "and now pray tell me about the banners borne by either party. You remember you told me about them when describing the last battle, and I have since discovered the meanings of the emblematical trees and flowers, which you told me were traced on them."

"I will willingly oblige you," said the Frog, "but you must bear in mind, what I think I stated before, that it is not an easy matter to discern these emblems accurately. Still I think I am wrong in ascribing to the Eagle's banner, the *Mountain Laurel*, mingled with *Hawthorn*,\* and to that of the Bat, the *Mountain Ash*, and, I daresay I may add,

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\* Ambition and Hope.

the *Violet*,\* for one is ever reminded of this sweet flower in the presence of the Bat."

"And who had the *Mulberry Tree*?"† I asked, laughing. "I suppose, as in the last combat, both parties would declare they had it."

"Ah!" said the Frog, with a troubled sigh, "that was a very difficult point to decide. I think each had a branch of it; but you must pardon me if I decline venturing to state who had the largest. And now I must proceed to tell you about the noble position which the Horse assumed. Being conservative in principle, he, of course, testified his great dislike to changes, but yet he declared that if any advantage might be gained for the palace by the change of name, he would be willing to sacrifice his own feelings for the sake of that advantage. I think that was highly commendable. I am sure, my friend, had you been present"—(I think it was cruel of the Frog thus to remind me of such privilege, lying, as it did, beyond my reach)—"you would have felt admiration for him, and would hardly have forborne patting his proudly arching neck."

"And now, what of the Stag?" I enquired. "Of course, he would take a very important part in the proceedings." My little friend did not immediately reply, but at last he began, in a very low mysterious whisper,—*"Ah, my dear friend, you will be surprised to hear that a tremor was actually visible in the limbs of this most noble and sagacious animal"*—a pause. "The antlers had not that proud bearing which they have in general." Here the Frog made a longer pause, I suppose to give more emphasis to his final sentence; then, in a still lower tone,—*"he confessed to weakness!"* As my companion sank his voice, I leant forward in order to hear his words better, and the reader may fancy how shocked I was to perceive, as he made the latter painful announcement, that his eyes were twinkling with an expression of mischievous delight!

Resuming his usual tone, he continued,—*"However, the Stag had strength enough (weakness, some would say) to pronounce himself to be on the Bat's side, and he appealed to all the animals to make their decision with due conscientiousness."* Again the Frog gave vent to a troubled sigh, as he added, "Ah, was that not a hard matter for small weak animals like myself? And then, if you had only heard the contradictory statements which

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\* Prudence and Modesty.

† Wisdom.

were made by some of the animals. One declared that the palace had ever been a strong substantial building, capable of enduring storms; whilst another spoke of it in such a way as would lead one to suppose its walls were formed of pasteboard or some such material, which the change of name was to transform into solid masonry! But now I must tell you how the battle ended. Conservatism won the day! The followers of the Bat numbered more than those of his opponent, so the victory remained with the former."

"And how did the Eagle bear his defeat?"

"With the grace and dignity that became an eagle."

"And may I know on which side you were found? I feel pretty certain you would follow the example of the Stag and the Bulldog."

"Pardon me, dear madam," said the Frog courteously, "for I must decline answering your question; but (if you don't despise a frog's advice) I would bid you not be *too* sure of anything. I fear I must now be bidding you adieu," he continued, "for though I have permission from our mutual friends to converse with you, our conversations can only be of a certain duration."

This appeared to me to be rather singular, but, of course, I could not be so ungrateful as to utter any complaint, since these amiable animals had so kindly conceded to the Frog's giving me intelligence concerning their affairs.

"I wish, my dear Frog," I said, "I could make our mutual friends sensible of the gratitude I feel for the honour they have thus bestowed on me."

"Make yourself quite easy on that point, dear madam, I shall be sure to convey your thanks to them; and now adieu." So saying, the Frog hopped off the stool, and went towards the door; then, once more addressing me, he said,—"Shall I also tell them that the issue of the battle met with your warm approval?"

"Nay," I cried, "I must have a little time to think the matter over."

But the Frog had already left the room, and no answer came back, but his low mocking laugh.

FRUCARA.



## Pedestrianism for Ladies.

### CHAPTER I.—THE BURN.

“Foot it fealty here and there.”

EVERYONE travels now-a-days, but the oldest ways of travelling, namely on horseback or on foot, remain, and ever will remain, the pleasantest. About them still lingers the aroma of adventure and romance that has quite departed from our wanderings by machinery; and crowds of English gentlemen on the Swiss mountains, in deserts, and in prairies, testify to their superior delight. The ladies are sometimes rather left out; too much limited to high roads, carriages, or even mule-back, which, to one who can walk, is contemptible and unpleasant; so, on their behalf, I set down a perfectly true and unexaggerated sketch of some of Marjorie's (let us so call our heroine) wanderings on foot. They are within the powers of any fairly strong and healthy lady, and as enjoyable in their way as the very newest, highest ascent to the most enthusiastic member of the Alpine Club. Marjorie's usual companion was her brother Martin—a delightful travelling companion. First, he was so cool, that no weather or country, in Europe at least, was ever too hot for him—so cool, that he was never worried or flurried, never lost baggage or temper; and if he was rather too cool for some fiery enthusiasts at times, declined looking at the moon on the ridiculous plea of having seen it before, had been heard treasonably to call a glacier “dirty ice full of holes,” and thought being at the foot of a mountain no sufficient reason for going up, these qualities made him a better companion to a sister than an ambitious mountaineer would have been.

Then Martin worked so hard at home that he enjoyed everything; he enjoyed a good inn for its cooking, a bad inn for the joke of it; fine scenery for its beauty, dull scenery for its novel-reading privileges; he enjoyed *table d'hôtes* of Yankees only, and things hackneyed to the Giesbach point; he even enjoyed French railways. Indeed, he had a rare natural gift for knowing all about railways. He loved reading *Bradshaw*, and, it was whispered, took it in as a magazine on the same principle that people take in the *Cornhill*. Foreign *Bradshaw* he

thought less of, as being too disursive, too flippant, with too much letterpress for its hieroglyphies. No one, however, needed to have a railway anxiety of any kind when he was there; and when I add that he had a remarkable facility in mastering varieties of currency, and always knew what and how much to pay, I think it will be allowed he was a pleasant travelling companion.

Marjorie enjoyed the delights of travel more perhaps than Martin; but she was less equable as to its discomforts; a bad inn depressed her, and an extra good one, which was rather contradictory, depressed her more; such an inn, I mean, as the *Three Crowns*, *Vevay*, or the *Three Kings*, *Basle*. Then her enjoyment of the little comfortable Swiss ones, of the out-of-the-way French hostels, where you have such delicious coffee and dinners; of the lonely Highland ones, where pink trout and small mutton are served by a host, as hospitable as if he were not paid for it—was the more intense. She was always making friends among landladies, boatmen, guides—who not, and knew them again after years. Finally, she was an enthusiastic mountaineer, a strong walker, a steady climber, with secret aspirations, held in check by friends, but encouraged by guides, to go over the *Col de Géant*, up *Monte Rosa* and such like expeditions.

There is no use going on mountains unless you are fairly sure-footed, and have a good head. You are otherwise a vexation to yourself, and a terror to your wretched friends, who in those places where *Murray* says,—“Here a single false step would precipitate the traveller, etc.,” will be in constant expectation of your making that very unnecessary false step. As to distance, long walks should be avoided by ladies two days running; but they will probably soon find that twenty miles in a day is not more than pleasantly and wholesomely fatiguing among the Alps. Every alternate day should be an easy day, and fatigue should never be felt in the back, but only in the feet, like weary shoes.

Our travelling companions were brought up within reach of the moors, and early used to rough walking; one of their favourite pleasures being to go up the stream of a burn—a walk we recommend to all lovers of natural beauty. You propose as an object not to wet your feet, and sometimes leaping from stone to stone, sometimes scrambling along the precipitous bank, you work your slow way

upward, finding new beauties at every turn. In the great moor above, all is open and known, at least to the shepherd, the keeper, and the sportsman; but what lovely secrets the burn hides in its deep channel, what exquisite little cascade of brown water, slipping swiftly over the edge to dissolve in a cloud of foam, whitening above the dark yet clear pool, where the trout swim round and round, deeper shadows in the shade; what fairy islets covered with tender wild flowers, looking the more fragile for the strong swirl of water round; what delicious brakes loved by the deer, where the great ferns, thriving in the damp, grow six or seven feet high; what fair rowan trees, hanging their bunches of bright coral berries over the brown stream; and what a sense of remoteness and solitude, as if one was "the first that ever burst into that silent" land. I believe that is sometimes the case; but a native or even a habitation sometimes surprises you.

One such I remember, and the contrast it presented to the loveliness outside. An old feeble, nearly sightless, woman lived by the great burn-side in a ruinous hut. A neighbour *did* for her, but usually she was alone, and she was very poor. Bad health, want, loneliness, and life with a drunken husband, then dead, to look back upon—how did the day pass for old Chirsty? Could it have been the mere pleasure of seeing company that made that old woman smile so sweetly, that gave so cheery an inflection to her pretty Highland voice whenever we saw her? We never left her without feeling, that in spite of squalor and pain, there was no such contrast as at first appeared between her and the rejoicing creation round her. If she was well enough to sit on her hard wooden chair, with the Book open before her, she wanted nothing more—if she was not, she would say, "It's no ill to wait." So she went on waiting till she died, and then the friends, who had not thought of her living, gave her, in the Scottish fashion, a grand funeral, with black plumes and a horse to draw her, for the first time, probably, since that far-off ill-fated wedding day, and the little hut became a grassy ruin.

Before leaving the moors for the Alps, let me beg once more to recommend to all ladies who love wild beauty, that best of moorland guides,—the burn.

E. J. O.

## “Will there be Whips in Heaven?”

“WILL there be whips in heaven,” said  
A prattler at my knee,  
With earnest eyes and flaxenhead  
Uplifted anxiously.

I had been telling of a land  
With streets of golden sheen,  
Where walk the white-robed angel band,  
Fair pearly gates between.

A land where a living river  
Flows amid pastures green,  
Where cloud nor tempest ever  
Shadow the radiant scene.

And “Will there be whips up yonder?”  
Is the question he asks the while;  
With blue eyes wide with wonder,  
I pause e’en while I smile.

The answer seems so simple, yet  
When I meet the anxious eye,  
And see the small hand fondling it,  
His toy bought yesterday;

I cannot tell the little child  
That amid the glories given,  
To bless the ransomed undefiled,  
There are no toys in heaven.

For what were heaven to baby-mind,  
Without his whip to-day?  
“My darling, all you want you’ll find  
In that bright land,” I say.

And he clasps his new whip fondly,  
Close to his little breast,  
And the blue eyes brighten gladly,  
And the little heart’s at rest.

But the simple childish wonder  
Wakes many thoughts, and deep,  
And I sit me down to ponder  
When the little one's asleep.

“Will there be whips in heaven?” why  
Smile at the childish prayer,  
At the eyes so blue and anxious? My  
Whips can I then spare?

Methinks God smiles on my treasures, even  
As I on the blue-eyed boy,  
He knows that heaven would scarce be heaven,  
To each without his toy.

And He answers my own wild yearning  
“Will the joy I so cling to here,  
My nature's rest and crowning,  
Be mine in yonder sphere?”

As I answered the child's quaint question,  
“When babes are grown to men  
Their playthings are forgotten,  
You may not wish it then.

Peace, foolish heart, by a Father's hand,  
There shall all joy be given,  
If whips you want in yon bright land,  
There *will* be whips in heaven.”

JEANIE MORISON.



### Farewell to 1871.

“The years that were, the dim, the gray,  
Receive this night with choral hymn  
A sister shade as lost as they,  
And soon to be as grey and dim.  
Fill high : she brought us both of weal and woe,  
And nearer lies the land to which we go.”

*From the Spanish.*

THE shade of 1871 glides from among us with a yet sadder aspect than that usual to the dying year. Its shadow, thrown athwart Time's dial, is one which will be gloomily reflected on the page of history ; and even in our narrow retrospect of its course, personal regrets are

swallowed up in a sense of national griefs and world-wide troubles. The life of this year has indeed been sad from beginning to end. It began with a change of national destinies, which, through the operation of all the horrors of war, siege, famine, plague, and anarchy, perfected the humiliation of the bright, gay, impulsive Gaul, and the triumph of the more sober, steady, calculating Teuton; and its close has been darkened by a cloud of calamity impending over Great Britain, the lightening of which leaves her now in an attitude of trembling thankfulness that a nation's prayers have been answered. The brightest spot in the picture, indeed, is that which shows Britain, distinguished as she is by her ministrations to all in distress, whether on the battle-fields of one continent, or the homeless, burned hearths of another, receiving, in her turn such an overflow of sympathy from all quarters of the globe, as proves that now, as in the oldest times, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The nations of Europe are now living ostensibly at peace with each other; but who can attempt to describe the evil results of the late unhappy war, which are now everywhere working with baleful effect on trade, politics, society, and even religion? The direct national consequences are striking enough. A second-rate monarchy has become the centre of a great confederate empire; the quondam supreme potentate of Christendom, though still the "Pope *at* Rome," is no longer "the Pope *of* Rome;" and the man who, for so many years held the threads of all European schemes in his own hands, lives an almost forgotten exile in England, where he received a welcome, the reasonable warmth of which was sufficiently explained and justified by a comparison of the well-known Paris of the Empire, with the miserable spectacle of Paris under the Commune.

Many of the general national tendencies of the present time may be traced the slow but deadly influence of a poison which was subtly infused into the European system more than a century ago. The effects of the leavening process appear in the levelling disposition, which so frequently shows itself in this age, sapping religious principle, speaking evil of dignities, and aiming at the destruction of all mutual confidence in society. So has originated that mistrustful, discontented feeling on the part of the various classes of society towards each other, which has organised an International Society, and Trades Unions, and

produced the present gigantic irreconcilability between the claims of capital and labour.

The Republican spirit has received a salutary check in the display of loyal feeling so spontaneously evoked by the severe illness of the heir to the crown; which, as a trial shared alike by Queen and nation, has been the means of strengthening that bond of sympathy which renders impregnable the hereditary British attachment to the throne, by increased devotion towards our beloved sovereign and her family. Let us trust that the salutary influence of this communion of sorrow will lead to a higher and more enduring appreciation of our own national benefits in the season of prosperity; and that, on the other hand, the knowledge of the affection and confidence cherished by the people for him, will strengthen our prince for the discharge of his difficult duties.

Another happy link between sovereign and people was knit in the late royal alliance with a member of our own aristocracy. There was always something of regret to the nation in parting with its princesses to foreign aspirants; and the Queen has been held in high honour for having freed her daughter from the trammels of an exclusive royalty, in favour of the nobler ambition of a union, not merely of hands and fortunes, but of minds, tastes, and sympathies.

The war-like dispositions of the Continent necessitating some examination into the efficiency of our own military resources, the result has been an extensive mimic campaign, which displayed, with usual English frankness, the prowess of our troops, under the immediate observation of the foreign powers from whose less amiable attentions they aimed to protect us; and the re-purchase, at an enormous expense, of the stores which were sold cheap under the economical dispensation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose last matchless device proved of such an explosive nature, as well-nigh to make

“The engineer hoist with his own petard.”

Army reform also engaged the attention of the Legislature, especially with regard to the law of promotion; and the Abolition of Purchase Bill was carried by a *coup de force* on the part of the Premier, which effectually abolished the House of Lords for the time being, though he mercifully promises to think thrice before doing so for good.

The length and barrenness of the last session of

Parliament has helped to give additional strength to a cry for "Home Rule," which, raised as usual by Ireland without any reason at all, might have reasonably enough been taken up by Scotland, considering the nature of the attention which her most important business receives in the House of Commons. A necessity having been acknowledged to educate the masses, in order to prevent abuse of their increased political power, a bill for Scotland was introduced, which, ~~critics say,~~ proposed to accomplish this end by banishing the Bible from schools, which should be taught by under-paid men, and managed by a London Board. But this proposal has not been accepted, and hopes are held out of a three-fold amendment in the next.

Such agencies as the British Association, whose late visit to Edinburgh must be noted as one of the most important events of the year, when they devote themselves to investigating the laws of nature, health, and ethics, are invaluable to civilisation. Not the least wise, and certainly the most graceful act of the philosophers while here was their bowing before the shrine of the grand genius of modern literature, whose influence is all pervading and immortal, because it is at once great and good. The Edinburgh demonstrations at the Scott Centenary were somewhat ridiculed by the London press, and doubtless a "feast of reason and flow of soul" is a Barmecidal banquet to English taste; but a Scotchman's appropriate tribute to the great Scot whose spirit is knit with his country's, was one of the heart and mind, and not of the senses.

The remarkable preponderance of female population in Edinburgh revealed by the census lends additional weight and interest to the gallant struggles of a little band of intrepid women, to secure for themselves the means of conferring lasting benefits on the whole sex. Except in the chivalrous middle ages, when the distinctions between nurse and doctor were less finely drawn, and women *cured* as well as *endured* with impunity, it seems fated that the study of medicine should be a lasting source of persecution to the sex. Now that the very inveteracy of a prolonged opposition has raised up so many friends to the cause, all old objections seem merged in the consideration, that the education of medical ladies would ruin the University, both in prestige and popularity; but we may well doubt whether a failure to perform distinct obligations undertaken by the University, may not be

equally unworthy of its high honour, and yet more withering to its celebrity.

Edinburgh is left by the defeat of the St Mary's Loch Bill, which, however, was thought by many an unwise proposal, without any decided scheme,—a defeat which should be speedily mended, as the help of all sanitary measures and charitable agencies is needed, to stem the course of the sickness which prevails around us to an almost unprecedented extent. The vaccination mania of last winter has now its value and significance unhappily proved; and the necessity of many sanitary reforms is acknowledged in the common dread of threatening epidemics.

A new era in our street travelling was marked by the adoption of the tramway system, which, notwithstanding the recommendations afforded by the cars of superior height, airiness, and smoothness of motion, has already proved itself a dangerous one. It is to be hoped that the better management that comes with time and use will soon do away with all risks.

We have to record the loss, during the short twelve months of the past year, of a great historian in George Grote; of a noble warrior and patriot in Sir John Burgoyne; and of a true friend to both science and literature in Robert Chambers; besides the quenching of the hopeful spirit of the great geographer and geologist, Sir Roderick Murchison, while his sanguine expectations of the return of his friend Dr Livingstone are yet unrealised.

The present publishing season seems unusually rich. We have new poems from four of the greatest living poets; another Idyll from Tennyson, an historical drama by Robert Buchanan, two new poems by Browning, and a sacred piece by Longfellow; besides two volumes of Forster's Biography of Charles Dickens, and the beginning of a new novel by George Eliot.

A few words are now due to *The Attempt* itself, on the occasion of its wishing its readers, a Happy New Year in a new guise, which has been assumed in deference to the wishes of many contributors and subscribers for an increase of space, such as will do better justice to the length of the articles, and so widen the sphere of the reader's pleasure, though at the sacrifice of the old familiar dress.

ELFIE.

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A Prize is offered for the Best Prose Article appearing in the February Number of "*The Attempt*."

## Miss Austen's Works.

THIRTY years ago it would have been scarcely necessary to preface any remarks on Miss Austen's works, by recalling them to the minds of our readers by name. At that time we might have relied on all fairly educated people being acquainted with her works, and so able at once to follow any discussion of the characters contained in them.

But thirty years have worked their usual changes, and new writers of fiction have sprung up, writers who busy themselves with the hard questions and problems of our age, and who naturally enough claim our sympathies. Yet we are glad to think that there are still many who reserve the chief corner of the fictional department of their library for the works of Miss Austen.

However, lest some of our readers may not at once be able to run over in their minds the names of her novels, we shall mention them. They are six in number, and fall naturally into two groups. The first of which may be called the Steventon group, being written in her early youth, when she dwelt in the parsonage house of Steventon, of which parish her father was rector. The Steventon group consists of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*. These three novels were written before she reached the age of twenty-five. The second group may be called the Chawton group, being written later in life, when Chawton Cottage had become the home of the diminished family party. It consists of *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*.

Her biographer has in a few discriminating words touched on the difference between these two groups; he says, "If the former shewed as much originality and genius, they may perhaps be thought to have less of the faultless finish, and high polish which distinguish the latter. The characters of the John Dashwoods, Mr Collins, and the Thorpes stand out from the canvas with a vigour and originality which cannot be surpassed; but I think that, in her last three works, are to be found a greater refinement of taste, a more nice sense of propriety, and a deeper insight into the anatomy of the human heart, marking the difference between the brilliant girl and the mature woman."

*Lady Susan* cannot rank among her finished works, being one which Miss Austen only considered fit to remain shut up in her desk. *The Watsons*, which has also been lately published by permission of her relatives, is only a fragment, but contains many of the true Austen touches, such as we rarely meet in any modern novels.

Miss Austen's genius is of the highest type; it is the creative genius; we do not mean to say that it is equal in degree to that of the very greatest writers, but it is the same in kind. The writer who has no creative genius may give us faithful copies of what he sees around him, he may, with an observant eye, note peculiarities and failings, and transfer them to his pages, but without some of the creative genius he cannot make characters which shall be consistent with themselves. Miss Austen's characters are not imitations, but life-like creations. In the small circle of her acquaintances no Mrs Bennet, no Miss Bates, no Mr Collins was to be found. This, her creative genius, is then what we note as the first distinguishing mark of Miss Austen.

The second is one on which Lord Macaulay speaks very strongly, it is that she is no caricaturist.\* Her characters are all distinctive, there are none put in simply to fill up the back-ground, or to help on the story, as is the way with so many novelists, each person is life-like, having his character different from all other characters,—just as in the world we live in, no two persons are alike; but Miss Austen's genius is such that she has done all this without giving us one caricature.

In the third place, we must note, as a special charm to many minds, that in Miss Austen's works there are no wearisome descriptions, a few short paragraphs at most tell us all that, at setting out, it concerns us to know of the circumstances and surroundings of the actors. She trusts to their future conversations and actions telling us all that is necessary. In real life we study character for ourselves, and need no showman to interpret to us what we may not at once understand. It is just so in Miss Austen's novels, we are at once ushered into a small community, and gradually by mixing with its members we know them as thoroughly as we know our every-day acquaintances, we soon laugh with them, and at them: having arrived at which stage we need no descriptions.

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\* See Macaulay's *Essay on Madame D'Arbly*.

It is the same with scenery, by accompanying her actors in all their daily occupations, we become almost as much at home in their favourite haunts as they themselves can be. How easily we set out with the Miss Bennets on their trips to the small garrison town of Merriton; or with Emma Woodhouse and Harriet Smith, in their frequent visits to Highbury; and how clearly we see Hartfield, with its lawn and shrubbery with the gravel path, which just sufficed for the winter walk of the amiable valetudinarian Mr Woodhouse. Donwell Abbey, and Pemberton, the future homes of her favourite heroines Emma Woodhouse and Lizzie Bennet, are dwelt on with more minuteness, but no tediousness.

The fourth distinguishing mark, and that which is the chief charm to most of her readers, is her keen sense of humour. It cannot be said that there are any "jokes" in her pages, yet every paragraph runs like the stream, sparkling in the sunlight. The humour, though keen, is so delicate as almost to elude the very vulgar mind; but we can remember no novelist who has afforded more genuine amusement to ordinarily educated people.

The fifth and last excellence in her writing, on which we must dwell, is the high finish of her works; she has not left us one slovenly sentence. It is true that writing came naturally and easily to her, but, instead of letting this tempt her to send forth her works hurriedly to the world, she kept them by her, adding yet one more and one more touch till the whole was as perfect as the paintings of some of the greatest artists. "Miniature painting," she called her performances, scarcely aware of what perfect paintings she was producing.

Some clumsy critics complain of a want of strength in her works, meaning by this that there are in them no striking incidents, no tragic scenes, nor any stronger emotions portrayed than those of love and friendship. It seems to us that, in this fact, lies the peculiar strength of Miss Austen, in that, without touching on any of the passionate longings of the human heart, without placing her people in any exciting situations, which may bring out rare phases of character, without any adventitious aid whatever, she has given us a set of novels which, standing merely on their own intrinsic merit, can challenge comparison with any yet written. It surely needs a greater genius to invest scenes of everyday life with such an interest that we return again and again to the study

of them, than it does to paint with tolerable correctness, strong emotions, and trying circumstances, which of themselves call forth our sympathies, let the artist be more or less skilful. A novelist is not great in proportion as his subject is great. Shakespeare would have stood above all other dramatists, though he had never written "Othello" or "Macbeth"; such dramas as those of "Much Ado about Nothing," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would of themselves have testified to his surpassing genius. Miss Austen's genius is as great in creating her favourite half-county, half-village society, with all its accompanying troubles and joys of everyday life, as is that of writers who deal in the tragedies of occasional life.

Let us now glance at the heroes and heroines of Miss Austen's novels. In her heroes she is peculiarly successful, she has succeeded in what most novelists have failed, she has portrayed *gentlemen*. It is strange that it should be so, but it is an unquestionable fact, that but few novelists have managed to make their heroes gentlemen. Some have aimed at making them such paragons of excellence, that they have ended in making them "snobs;" others have tried to imbue them with all that is heroic and Byronic, and have produced uncouth bores, such as would not be tolerated in good society; while many others, less ambitious, have given us mere "walking gentlemen," on whom they hang all manner of virtues of mind and graces of person, but who never show by their conversation that they really possess what their kind authors have so lavishly bestowed on them in their introductory descriptions. But Miss Austen's heroes stand out in clear, though well toned colours; all are gentlemen, all moving in much the same class of society, landed proprietors, clergymen, or naval officers, yet each is as distinct from the other as would be the case in real life.

For our own part, we should place Mr Knightly, with his quiet dignity, his exceeding kindness of heart, his well-controlled temper, and his warm attachment to the wayward Emma, first on the list of Miss Austen's heroes. But there may be those who would give the first place to the somewhat proud Darcy, whose character is subdued and mellowed as the story goes on. But it is difficult to place them in any order, for different characters attract different dispositions, and we can well understand the fascination which Henry Tilney has for many readers. His extreme, though quiet humour, is such as must attract

any readers with a spark of answering wit in their own composition. Captain Wentworth, too, cannot fail to have many admirers, while Edmund Bertram and Edward Ferrars can hold their own against most modern heroes.

Lady novelists have succeeded better in their young ladies than in their young gentlemen,—and it is natural that it should be so. They know the ins and outs of a girl's life so exactly, that they can work freely; whereas when they attempt to depict gentlemen in situations where they cannot be acquainted with all the particulars, they either make blunders, or feeling themselves hampered, they write stiffly. Miss Austen's own good sense is her great safe-guard against these errors. She never leads her characters into situations where she is not quite at home, so there is an ease in her writing which gives it a peculiar charm.

Between the contending claims of the two very different characters of Anne Elliot in *Persuasion*, and Lizzie Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice*, who shall decide as to which shall receive the palm? Anne Elliot is so good, so constant, and so true; while Lizzie Bennet, overflowing with wit and vivacity of spirits, is yet so tempered by good sense and kindness of heart, that it is hard to decide which is the best. Some readers might seek to put the attractive Emma Woodhouse before either, but we cannot; there are little blots on her character, delightful as it is, which all her wit, all her candour, and even all her gentle love for her father, cannot quite efface, and which must always make her second to the equally lively but better controlled Lizzie Bennet. In Sidney Smith's estimation, Fanny Price in *Mansfield Park* stood very high. In *Northanger Abbey* Miss Austen has achieved the difficult task of giving us a heroine, who, without special beauty, with not more than very ordinary intelligence, and without the aid of any interesting situation, both attracts and pleases us. Certainly, the simplicity and enthusiasm of Catherine Moreland, are very refreshing in these days when so much false sentiment abounds in our novels.

As is proper in novels, the chief interest of Miss Austen's stories centres in her heroes and heroines, but it radiates to the very circumference of the circle she describes. There is not one superfluous sentence, not one "dull line" in all her writing, every touch is needed, no necessary touch is omitted. There is not one lay figure in all her works. Look for instance at *Pride and Prejudice*, in that

one novel we have the Bennet family, the Lucas family. Darcy, Bingley, the Miss Bingleys, the Philips, Lady Catherine de Burgh, with her patronising, interfering ways, and the inimitable Mr Collins, with his long speeches, and his pompous condescension to his "fair cousins," the Miss Bennets, and Mr Wickham, all so clearly drawn, that we can never cease to admire the genius of the girl who, at the age of twenty-one, could so discriminate character.

But it would only weary those of our readers who are not acquainted with her works, were we to go over minutely all her novels; and those who have read and re-read them, need no lengthy comments on them from us. We say read and re-read, but it is needless tautology, for one peculiarity of these books is, that to read them once involves, with most people the reading of them over and over again, there is in them so much delicate humour, that every new perusal brings out fresh matter for delight and entertainment.

We should like here to insert the testimony borne to the genius of Miss Austen by many great men, such as Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay, M. Guizot, Southey, Lord Morpeth, and several others; but we must content ourselves with that of the first mentioned author, referring our readers for the rest to the interesting little biography of Miss Austen lately published by her nephew, J. E. Austen Leigh. Sir W. Scott says in his diary for March 14, 1826,—“Read again for the third time at least Miss Austen’s finely written *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the evolvments and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any one now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!”

It seems strange that the young people of the present day should turn so little to this genius of fiction for amusement, and so much to the passing effusions of writers whose names in a few years will be forgotten, as though they had never been.

It is true that every age has its own writers, its own poets, its own novelists; who interpret for the multitude the aspirations, who seek to unravel the mysteries, with

which each age is fraught. But there are writers who identifying themselves with no peculiar phase of feeling leave marks which no succeeding tide of thought can sweep away, and whose works are therefore "not for an age, but for all time." As of such we do not hesitate to name Jane Austen.

DES EAUX.



### Many or Much?

It is rather an important question for us to weigh in our mental balance, whether it *be* really better for ordinary people to have a good general information, or a thorough particular knowledge; somewhat of many subjects, or much of one, given equal opportunities. If I assert the former, I must make my position clear before I attempt to support it.

Looking at humanity as one great unit, it is better that each member, each faculty should devote itself to perfecting itself in one subject, for thereby greater things are gained and retained, and *these* more clearly defined. But the mystic philosophy that holds each soul a part of one great individual reason, and the unnatural disinterestedness that would sacrifice individual interests to what seems that of the race, we must equally oppose. For we hold that there can be no true good for the race that does not grow out of individual good. The claim of independence, of individuality, of personal responsibility, natural to every heart, is supported by all true philosophy and religion. The great German philosopher, Kant, says that every intelligent being is an end to himself, and that only by completing that end does he aid to elevate humanity; the rights of every other member being meanwhile respected as an end in himself. The Bible, too, is full of proof that the one man is of more value to himself than all the other ninety and nine; though also full of counsel to love and help these neighbours. Neither (though we hope to prove that what is best for one is also best for others) must we look at man here as a social unit. The division-of-labour system is immeasurably more profitable to society as a whole, and to man as a mere member of society, than a general intelligence would be. A pin-maker provides better pins than any of us could make

with much greater outlay of time and trouble. He has gained his skill from practice, thereby permitting others to devote their time to gaining skill in making gloves, boots, etc., and society as a whole is more skilful. But supposing our present state to change so that the pin-maker needed neither food, shelter, nor clothing, or the pin purchasers no longer desired pins, of what value would be his art? It was only a means to an end, to attain the money that represented all his gains of comfort and support. Thus it is with all practical training. Even the higher professional education, though dealing with the same subjects, is distinguished from the education called liberal; because the first is but a nobler means to the pin-maker's end, and the second is an end in itself, the satisfaction of human capacities.

We must also protest against the well-known lines of the poet:—

“ A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
 Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring;  
 A shallow draught intoxicates the brain,  
 But drinking largely sobers it again.”

The philosophy of the *Essay on Man* is not all philosophy. It is only an example of the conservative influence of the mere form of poetry upon what can easily be proved a fallacy. For, if learning be dangerous, it must be less dangerous to know little than to know much; and large draughts must be more intoxicating than small. Beyond the slight intoxication of delight in the novelty, there is no difference, save in degree, between knowing little and knowing more. A little learning is a precious thing, and the more we drink the better. It is *vanity* that is the dangerous thing, and that lies in the student and not in the study. For he who would be vain of a smattering of astronomy, geology, and botany, would be just as vain had he spent all his time and trouble on the last, and knew more botany and no astronomy nor geology. We must class in this sense vain people with professional students, for their learning also is a *means* to satisfy their vanity. So we must only turn to ordinary people who, with their share of faults and difficulties common to humanity, strive to conquer them and raise themselves. To one of such, it is better for himself, as an end to himself, and to his neighbours as ends to themselves (for they ever act and re-act upon each other), to have a general intelligence than a particular proficiency.

In running through his advantages, we notice 1st, he makes a better listener. A good listener is not one who can be still as at a lecture, where the lecturer can never surely know which of his audience understand him, follow him, sympathise with him. A good listener must speak just so much as to show that he follows with interest, and desires to benefit by the conversation without breaking its thread, or turning it away to another subject more familiar to himself. Such a listener kindles new power and pleasure in the speaker, and increases his own knowledge. But he must know something of the subject, however little, and must wish to know more. An ignorant person may sit silent, but cannot listen; a man, learned on some other subject, feels ashamed of ignorance on this point, and forcibly turns the current of the conversation into regions where he is more at home, where he may shine, not absorb; speak, not listen. And his neighbours often drift away also from his subject, finding it heavy, for they too, perhaps, have also their pet proficiency.

The good listener, however, is, 2nd, a better talker. That may seem but an inversion of the last, but it is more. General information, we have seen, gives general interest. It also provides a wide vocabulary, a thing not to be despised, for, beyond its other merits, it gives great facilities to men to fit truly words to their thoughts; and thus, in a reflex manner, it aids the cause of truth, and tends to peace,—for many a war reigns and rages through misfitted words and thoughts. Look at the clear and exact expression, the rich and full diction, the forcible illustrative figures in the speech, spoken and written, of the widely intelligent man. He approaches the universality in sympathy and speech of the poet, whose power lies in speaking to every man in his own tongue (and all know how much sweeter to his ears are the most stammering accents of his native speech, than the most fluent harangues in a language that conveys no meaning to his mind); and in one sense, there is such a difference in language peculiar to each study, each profession, each rank in life.

Professor Masson, in his noble criticism of Shakespeare and his works, claims for him a crown, not as the greatest artist, the greatest philosopher, the greatest poet even, lest that might be disputed, but as the greatest *expresser* the world ever saw. He had attained this by being a

good listener, learning from all; and thus the plough-boy, the soldier, the courtier, the philosopher, hear him speaking in their very tones. The history of literature and of society gives innumerable further instances. Perhaps our own Sir Walter Scott may also exemplify how a good listener becomes a good talker, a master expresser.

What, on the contrary, is more painful than to see a great man, after having spent his life and energies in one train of thought, find himself almost unable to reveal the long-sought, now discovered secret, in language intelligible to man. For not in the sentiments of poetasters alone, but in the discoveries of the sage, are there often "things inexpressible to common ears." They have learned deeply, but not widely; they "talk like a book" sometimes, and at other times not at all, and the world is left the poorer.

3d. He becomes a more useful member of society. Without resorting to the crucial experiment of turning men adrift, myriads of Robinson Crusoes on separate islands, to see who could best do the best possible for himself; we may easily notice that, in the common conduct of life, men of general intelligence are most useful. One cannot have professional assistants ready at his beck every moment of his life; and how far a little knowledge can go in directing willing hands, one knows not till he tries. How many little economies, comforts, amusements may be devised by the application of a little knowledge of mechanics, for instance, or some other science; how much pleasure in the development of the rudimentary principles of some art! Great men are seldom prompt, quick-witted, beforehand with appliances; indeed, they are generally set aside as useless by their friends (except in their own pursuit) and this depends, not on their knowing too much, but on having spent all their energies on some one aim, to the detriment of other subjects that might have aided better to complete their life. The great Sir Isaac Newton himself forgot that, though a cat could not get through a hole too small for it, a kitten could go through a hole too big for it, and made two holes in his door for them, when the larger would have served for both. And how much pleasure is often given by such general intelligence; for a little music, a little drawing, on a rainy day in the country go a long way; and the giving of pleasure is a grand utility. Not to be forgotten under this head is the development of the sense of humour. The recognition of relations, analogies, contrasts, which is induced by

this general acquaintance, in mirthful hours shows itself as humour, in serious hours as interest; a quality, we believe, not to be possessed by the devotees of special studies.

4th. His knowledge increases more rapidly. Let us learn the meaning of a new word, and we smile to ourselves, to see how often we meet it in books or conversation. We have no recollection of it before the period of our regular introduction, though we know we must have met it. Let us learn but a fragment of information regarding mathematics, or physical science; of history or philosophy and it seems as if it were a magnet to attract round it innumerable kindred particles, that without it would have floated away unrecognised on the outer air. Our minds love order, and to keep their possessions tidy, they classify their perceptions with their memories, and gain the more by reflection upon both. Nay, our little odds and ends are more than magnets; which, at best, can only increase by *addition*; *they* grow by *vegetation*, they have *life*. They are as seeds cast into the soil of the mind, that, by merely lying there, come to germinate under the atmospheric influence. What fell on us erewhile, as the rain-drops upon granite, unimpressing and unabsorbed, lifeless and unproductive, now falls like the same rain upon ploughed soil through many a little channel, down to feed the seed. Nowhere is there so powerful an illustration of the proverb, "Unto him that hath shall be given even more than he hath." Doubtless the special student also shares in this blessing; but he has planted only one seed. The harvest he expects he values more than the harvest from many seeds; but he forgets that there are chemical elements in soil and atmosphere that suit differing plants; and if they be not naturally appropriated, they clog the action of the other elements, so that the same growth too long on the same soil necessitates some times of lying fallow—a double loss.

5th. His mind enlarges itself thereby. He is better educated who has seen one other country, than he who has not travelled at all; but he who has spent his "Wanderjahre" in roaming far and wide, than he who has dwelt in one place till he has learned thoroughly its manners and its tongue, and has become, as it were, naturalised. Because travel is the corrective of that narrowness of mind that makes a man think his own island, his own province,

his own valley, the centre of all truth and perfection; and if he only include within it the merits of one other spot, he doubles the number of the objects of his attention, but does not widen his mind. Whereas, if he travelled over the face of the earth, he might discover the unity in variety of nature and humanity. He would find that truth and happiness are nowhere complete, nowhere wanting, and a liberality of opinion, and catholicity of sympathy would be induced. To study other men's thoughts is travel intellectual, and its expansiveness produces similar results. Objectively, our mind finds itself in a larger sphere; subjectively, it becomes larger in its sphere. And what is the true end of education but to enlarge the mind? That is an end in itself.

6th. He reaches nearer Truth. Though a line of so many feet is of equal length, whether measured perpendicularly or horizontally, it occasionally acquires an extra value by its position. And this value we claim for the horizontal line of general information, over the perpendicular one of special proficiency. Creation is the volume God has presented to us; and who are we to choose a paragraph thereof and say, "In this we are content;" or to open a page and say, "This will we spell out until we master it, and in our choice deem ourselves wise," unknowing that further on may be many a chapter as good, if not better. Were it not wiser to know somewhat of the contents of the whole; of the title and argument of each chapter; that thereby we might more nearly grasp the meaning of the writer, and conceive his plan. For no one science can satisfy the soul, no amount of special learning complete the man; and it is only when in the All we seek the One, that we truly learn anything worth knowing: and the *many* seems at last transformed into the *much*. For we learn more of ourselves, of our Cause and of our End; we have not pursued a fragment of truth, and gained but a fragment of that, but we have reached out unto all truth, and our daring hands are left the fuller. We have not attempted to perfect a part of ourselves, but our whole humanity. Is it given us to choose which of our talents we shall put out to usury, and which bury in the ground? If the man of the five talents had traded only with the two, would not both his master and himself have been left the poorer? Further, what means have we of choosing which talent we should put to profit? Not that which has fewest

difficulties, for that is most likely to draw interest on its own account; not that which is most congruent to our natural disposition, because it is not the things that please us most that we need most—*these* we already have. It is rather their opposites—the things difficult and even distasteful to us—that we have the *more* need to acquire; to round our being to completedness. Thus each special choice is fronted by a question—"Wherefore thus chooseth thou?" on the answer to which depends our right or wrong.

After all, we have been somewhat Quixotic—tilting against a giant, and it is only a windmill. Is there any such thing as studying a single science? What is navigation and astronomy without mathematics; geology without natural history and chemistry? Even if one tried, could he exclude all knowledge from his mind but the one he seeks? And though he should admit only so much as he finds he cannot possibly do without, this admixture is the mortar that binds together the mighty blocks of stone he would pile into a tower whose top should reach to heaven. Without that cement, how could it withstand the storms and earthquakes? when with it, it shakes throughout, for its base is narrow. But the pyramids have resisted the combined assaults in the ages, for their base is broad and their material firmly welded. They begin with the many, but they seek after and end in the *One*—and this figure would we take to symbolise our idea of the Intelligence that reaches out to as many subjects as it can, thereby to admire more, and to learn more of the *One* that crowns them all.

LUTEA RESEDA.

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## Pedestrianism for Ladies.

### II.—ALPINE PASSES.

Thou glorious land!

With all thy snowy peaks and emerald valleys,  
Thy thundering torrents, passes dark and grand,  
Pine forests hoar, and verdant chestnut alleys,  
And dark brown chalets.

ONE fine summer afternoon, several years ago, two travellers might have been observed slowly wandering up one of the most hacknied of Alpine passes, the Wengern Alp, between Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen in the Bernese Oberland.

They incongruously followed their horses instead of riding them, while the man in charge of the horses again followed them. So on they plodded, past the little inn near the summit, where pretty carved toys distract the attention from indifferent food, and past the view where everyone expects to be enraptured, and halts for the purpose; when the horses, weary, doubtless, of having had no riders since the first start, sniffed each others noses in consultation for a moment, and then darted off at a round pace to make their way to Lauterbrunnen. After them rushed their responsible owner, and Martin and Marjorie remained looking at each other, for the first time alone on the high Alps.

"I want to know," said Marjorie, why "we have been following those animals like cattle-drivers all this way?"

"Because," said Martin, "other people do."

"Do you know," she answered, "I never thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing till now; first, let us leave the beaten track, and turn so, hap-hazard down the hill side. Now here is romance and uncertainty, and expectation to add spice to the scenery. What matter that thousands of tourists have gone over here—to us it is now strange and mysterious. Away with hack-horses and mercenary natives that take the gloss off everything."

"Very well, if you can walk and find the way, it will be both cheap and cheerful," said Martin. Will it be believed possible to lose the way, or at least to go in a very round-about-way, from the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen. Emphatically we affirm that it is; so Marjory and Martin, confirmed by the delicious walk in the resolution to forswear horses, were deterred by their wanderings, which, later in the day, might have been unpleasant, from dispensing with the services of mercenary natives. So they engaged a gay young guide to carry their modest packs, show the tracks, and cheer the way with German talk. This youth had many good qualities, but not much experience; he had evidently never been able to make out what brought foreigners to his native mountains. He took great pains to point out new barns, and exclaimed, *apropos* of the rapturous remarks of the travellers on *the* point of view on the Grimsel, "I know what you are saying—'what a fine new house!'"—meaning an eyesore in stucco in front of them. Their first expedition was over the Great Scheideck, and

Marjorie started, with the solemnity suitable to a great occasion, on a walk of eighteen or twenty miles, her first essay of any such distance.

Who that has sauntered up that sweet mountain path can forget it! Shadowed by the great snowy mass of the Wetterhorn from the morning sun, it winds up and up through the delicious dewy pastures, all fragrant with flowers, and musical with cattle bells; the cattle themselves showing like mice under the huge crags that soar up straight from the green valley. Ah, what a breakfast that was on a little bench in the open air at the highest point of the pass, where the delicious cream atoned for the bad tea, and the bread and cheese were so good! And so down through the pine woods to Rosenlau, where a halt was made to view the glacier, shown by a number of natives to the last degrec mercenary. Some carried stones to toss into the torrent, some torches to light the glacier caves, some chairs to carry the light-footed travellers, some crystals for them to carry away: all expected to be paid. Downwards still, through the narrow pastoral valley; on either side foaming water-falls flashed, half-seen, half-hidden through the shadowy pines and brighter foliage. And now Marjorie became aware how easy and pleasant walking was to her; merrily the little party swept past the slower travellers who had preceded them, and when they reached the brown village of Meyringen, after a walk of twenty miles, and had feasted on cutlets and strawberries and cream, they were so fresh that they went out again to see the great cascades, and stroll in the picturesque streets. Then arrived at the inn eighteen school-girls—six on horseback, twelve on foot, commanded by a master, who had no small trouble in finding quarters for all; and the clatter and chatter which ensued were not considered by Marjorie, as Martin put it, sublime enough for the scenery; while he cautiously sat at his open door with his coat off, to prove possession.

The degree in walking being won by the ease with which the Scheideck was crossed, Martin and Marjorie walked at different times over the following Swiss passes; all delicious walks and not too fatiguing. The Grimsel, Furca, Brunig, in the Oberland; Tête Noir, and Col de Balme, at different times from Martigny to Chamonix, Col de Voza, St Gervais to Chamonix; passes between Chamonix and Courmayeur (three days

needed); Visp to Zermatt (two days needed, or a horse half way); and some others less easily designated. Most of these passes bring you from rich vegetation and a warm climate up to barren regions where only the lichen and the moss can thrive, and where the slowly wasting snow lingers the summer through in patches, till the first storm of autumn wraps all in white again. Often in the same day you descend into summer warmth towards evening; though sometimes two or three days are required to pass the mountain barrier. This wonderful change of climate in a small space constitutes, perhaps, the chief charm of Switzerland; the variety and excitement are so far beyond what the loveliest scenery can give that has not the element of perpetual ice and snow.

Let us follow in imagination our travellers over a pass, which, if one of the least beautiful, is the most historically interesting of all, the great St Bernard; soon we fear to lose its time-honoured characteristics from the railway communication now established through the Alps. It was early June, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the heat in the lovely Val d'Aosta. Happily the trellised vines and the lordly chestnut trees give a great deal of shadow, but it needed much resolution and a rush, to cross a patch of sunshine,—the cook was said to do the frying on the wall outside; even Martin called it warm, even Marjorie grew too lazy to aspire to the ascent of the *pic de Paradis*, the object of former hopes. They started very early and drove as far as the road goes to San Remy, where they halted for luncheon. It was not good, but everyone's hopes were fixed on some foaming beer which looked delicious. Martin first tasted it and smiled, that he might lure the others on, and enjoy the exclamations of horror with which each in turn put down the fatal glasses. After this Spartan refreshment, some of the party mounted their mules, and Martin and Marjorie clambered up alone by the little steep foot tracks. They won their way upwards, till they came to a great sterile basin or amphitheatre among the mountains; barren, desolate, strewn with fallen rocks and great grey stones, and streaked with drifts of snow. A place where all the winds of heaven might meet and wrestle, and rave round the traveller overtaken there by bad weather. They passed the refuge, a strongly built hut, daily visited by a monk in winter, that travellers may be guided thence

across the worst of the pass; they gained a tall cross rising out of the snow, which now lay thickly round, and stood on the frontier of Italy and Switzerland. Before them lay the little steel blue lake, and beyond it, dark against the snow drifted up to the second floor windows, the two grey buildings of the hospice.

Here they received a kindly welcome from the pleasant monk who entertains guests, and were soon cowering over the wood fire in the hall waiting for dinner. No other party had come that day, which wonderfully enhanced the mediæval flavour of the whole situation. The monk dined with them, conversing with the most pleasant courtesy, and then they wandered across the deep snow to the black lake, and to the little Morgue, where Martin peered through the small grated window.

"Oh!" he said, with a long, slow emphasis, that made Marjorie ask to see too. "Better not," said Martin, but of course she looked, and saw the little dusky vault full of strange figures, stiffened as they fell—some with arms extended—some leaning forward with drooping hair—most of them long dead, and fading, rather than mouldering, out of human semblance into formless horror. Back to the ruddy lights of the genial convent, to attend the sweet church service in a freezing chapel; then later to try to sleep under piled duvets, and long be kept awake by the cold, while the wind raged and the snow beat at the small windows, as if furious at not getting in. The cold, after Aosta, was indeed wonderful; the monks cannot withstand it many years, they have to be sent down to the milder air of the other convent often only to die, after a term of service at St Bernard. But they do good service there. As the shortest pass to Italy, it is the most frequented by foot travellers; and all are lodged and fed and helped on their way out of the resources of the convent, which, though large, are inadequate to meet all demands without the help of those who can well pay. Even in Roman times this pass was much frequented; St Bernard found it in the tenth century notorious for banditti and storms, and he founded the convent, which has proved the safety of countless travellers.

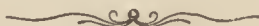
Next day, Martin and Marjorie walked off early through deep snow, accompanied by some of the dogs—noble fellows—but at that season very shaggy, and unlike the smooth specimens generally seen elsewhere. Gradually

as our travellers descended by the side of a wildly foaming river, the scenery softened in character; first the snow, then the bare rock was left behind, then the little hospice farm, where the climate is about the Scottish mark, and thence they wandered down through the rich woodlands that extend to the valley of the Rhone.

Soon, probably, there will be no call for the hardihood which dared the St Bernard pass in all weathers, and at all seasons; no demand for the hospitality that for centuries has cheered thousands on their way; and the self-denying charity which has dispensed it, will take some other form. For a few pence all will be able to burrow through the mountains, untouched by their sublimity, blind to their grandeur, aware only of a railway carriage like any other. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,"—much may be gained, but something too is lost; and among the losses will be, we fear, a beautiful link to the charity and zeal of the past, in the hospice of the Great St Bernard.

E. J. O.

*(To be continued.)*



## S i l e n c e.

### I. IN JOY.

SHE stood with white hands softly clasped,  
 As he had left her there,  
 In early spring-time's golden gleam,  
 And lost in a delicious dream,  
 With sunshine on her hair.

Her fair head drooped as if to hide  
 The love-light in her eyes,  
 While on her cheek there dawned a rose,  
 Like that which at the day-break glows  
 Far in the eastern skies.

And there she stood, remembering  
 The sweet things she had heard,  
 A living picture, motionless,  
 Silent for very joy's excess,—  
 She never spoke a word.

## II. IN SORROW.

She stood, her hands pressed close in pain,  
A note beside her lay,—  
There, in the centre of the room,  
Wrapt round in sad autumnal gloom  
One dim November day.

There is no sunshine on her hair,  
No love-light in her eyes,  
And on her cheek the roseate hue  
Fades fast, as dies away from view  
The light in western skies.

And there she stood, remembering  
The tidings she had heard,  
A marble statue, motionless,  
Her heart knew its own bitterness;—  
She never spoke a word.

MELITA.

**How we got up our Private Theatricals.**

## PART I.

I OUGHT to mention at once that our theatricals were of the very humblest description, and that no one need expect to obtain useful hints or directions from reading this account of them. My reason for writing it is my recollection of the amount of amusement which we, the actors, enjoyed in preparing and performing them; and also my very grateful remembrance of the kindly forbearance of our audience, which leads me to hope for similar indulgence on the part of my readers. Our theatricals were the result of a very sudden idea occurring simultaneously to ourselves and our friends, the Smiths, let us call them.

On Christmas Eve last year, my sisters and I—our Christian names are Jane, Ellen, and Mary, and our patronymic is Brown—went to call on the Smiths. and mentioned in the course of conversation that our brother Charley had just returned from school, where the boys had a grand breaking-up party. with private theatricals, in which

Charley had sustained, to his own great satisfaction, the part of "Box." "Dear me!" said Maggie Smith, "how curious! our Willy came home last night, and they had private theatricals at *his* school, and he acted "Cox." A momentary silence ensued, suddenly the idea above-mentioned flashed into existence in each of our minds, we all looked up, our five pairs of eyes met, we started to our feet, and with one voice exclaimed, "Let us have private theatricals!" It was settled from that moment.

However, when we came to arrange preliminaries, we found it was one thing to resolve upon private theatricals, and quite another thing to carry that resolution into effect. First of all, we had to obtain the sanction of the parental authorities, which we did with a high hand, informing our parents of the projected entertainment in a tone of cool indifference, as if their consent was a matter of course. Hypocrites that we were! When our hearts were beating like sledge-hammers as we spoke, in terror lest a decree should go forth to nip our plans in the very bud. Happily, however, both our father and mother, and Mr and Mrs Smith took up the project very warmly; and Mr Smith, in particular, displayed so much interest in the affair, that we resolved to make his drawing-room the scene of action. But after thus obtaining license to act, and a place to act in, we were met by a series of difficulties so appalling, that we often repented engaging in a scheme so ambitious. Willy Smith and our brother Charley were delighted to have the opportunity of figuring as "Box and Cox," before an admiring circle of friends and relations; and Charley secured the attendance of the boy who had performed the landlady's part at his school. So "Box and Cox" had a fair prospect of success. But our horror almost amounted to despair, when Charley and Willy flatly and persistently refused to act the smallest part in any other play. In vain we entreated, implored, scolded, cajoled, nay wept—they remained obdurate. In vain we assured them, that had we not confidently expected to benefit by their experienced assistance, we should never have aspired to act at all; they replied that their experience was at our service in the form of criticism (and I am bound to say it was, in abundance), but that they must distinctly refuse us any more active kind of assistance. They told us that they had with the greatest pains and labour, with days of rehearsal and nights of study, acquired the parts of "Box and Cox;" that they had succeeded in completely

identifying themselves with these characters; that "Box and Cox" had, so to speak, become their second selves; that, in short, they could not, should not, must not, and would not make any dramatic appearance, save in the parts of "Box and Cox;" and that the inevitable consequence of their attempting any other character, would be the interpolation of "Box and Cox" upon that character, whatever it might happen to be. We were reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that such a result was too horrible to be contemplated; and leaving Charley and Willy to concentrate their energies upon "Box and Cox," we looked around us for some more versatile assistants.

The Smiths possessed another brother, so did we, and our brother possessed a very obliging friend, whom I shall call Mr Jones. On the day that we finally give up hopes of Charley and Willy's assistance, Mr Jones happened to call at our house; we laid our case before him, and had not much difficulty in enlisting his services for our *corps dramatique*. We next turned our attention to securing our elder brothers—a task attended with the utmost difficulty. After mature consideration, it was agreed that bribery was the best, if not the only means of conquering their objections to the stage, and our parents kindly enabled us to carry on our operations on a more extensive scale than would otherwise have been possible. So when, on the morning of New Year's Day, our brother Henry woke to find himself the happy possessor of a new pair of skates, a large microscope, an illustrated copy of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, a set of shirt studs and sleeve-links, a knife with a perfect tool-shop in its handle, and a knitted waistcoat,—and when we, striking while the iron was hot, there and then humbly entreated his aid in our dramatic representations, he had not the heart to refuse, and graciously consented to join our company. We hurried off to tell the joyful news to Maggie and Katie Smith, but met them at the corner of the street, on their way to inform us that their brother Fred had succumbed to the combined influences of a breast-pin, a couple of silk neck-ties, six pairs of white kid gloves, an opera-glass, and a cigar-case; so that we might at last consider ourselves ready to begin rehearsals, could we only fix upon a play to rehearse.

That difficulty proved the least formidable of the whole. We went, on the morning of the 2d January, to a book-

seller's shop, to look at several plays recommended to amateur performers, and in a very short time decided upon one, entitled the "Game of Romps;" as being much the most suitable to our capacities. I am sure all, who have any experience of amateur theatricals, will agree with me that one of the chief points—I might almost say *the* chief point of the performance—is the dress. It is the one thing which is almost always good; and it is the thing which above all others rivets the attention of a drawing-room audience. Now the "Game of Romps" offered a first-rate opportunity for this kind of display. The scene was laid in France, in the middle of the last century; and visions of hoops, powder, patches, toupees, buckles, rosettes, and clocked stockings swam before our delighted eyes. Moreover, one of the "persons represented," was a *Marchioness*! a character subject to an almost endless amount of bedizenment! Clearly the "Game of Romps" was a most attractive play.

I fear it would be totally uninteresting to the world at large were I to give a detailed account of the plot of this play; and indeed "plot," strictly speaking, it had none nevertheless, it was really a lively little composition, and quite capable of being made, in action, a very amusing performance; so, without much difficulty, we decided to commit our fortunes to the "Game of Romps," and we all met at Mr Smith's that same afternoon to organise our rehearsals and allot our parts. The *dramatis personee* were as follows:—A *Marchioness*, her daughter, her niece, her nephew, her lawyer, her nephew's tutor, her maid, and her daughter's confidential friend; the *Marchioness* being thus, as it were, the pivot of the play—the centre round which the other characters revolved in nearer or further proximity.

My sister Jane, who was indisputably the tallest, handsomest, and most dignified of our would-be actresses, was unanimously selected to sustain the part of *the Marchioness*; and we also agreed, without much discussion, to allot the parts of the daughter and the niece to myself and my sister Mary; and those of the maid and the confidential friend to Katie and Maggie Smith. Then came an argument, long and loud, on the subject of the gentlemen's parts. Katie Smith nearly shipwrecked the whole affair by informing Henry and Fred Smith abruptly, and without any diplomacy, that knee-breeches and powder were indispensable,—but we succeeded in waiving that part for

the present, until they could make up their minds as to their parts. Mr Jones, with gallantry and self-denial really beyond all praise, at once volunteered to take *any* part we should assign him; and we took advantage of this to tell Henry and Fred, that if they could in the first place agree which of the three gentlemen's parts was the *most* objectionable, it should at once be handed to Mr Jones, and the matter would be in some degree simplified. Even this cost them a world of doubt and discussion, and to each of the three parts they raised the most original and extraordinary objections; but at last they agreed that the *lawyer's* part was upon the whole the worst, and Mr Jones withdrew to the further end of the room to study it. After this it was soon settled that the marchioness's nephew (the lover of the piece) would be far better represented by Fred than by Henry; and Henry, of course, had to take the only remaining character, the nephew's tutor, and "comic man" of the company.

It was only then, I think, that we realised our utter inexperience and ignorance. Here we were, eight individuals who had never even performed in a charade, who had seen no amateur acting, and but little professional; who knew neither how to enter the stage, nor how to leave it, much less how to conduct themselves when there; who did not even understand how to study their parts; it would have been difficult to find a more thoroughly incapable set of performers. But we "were in for it now," as Henry remarked to Fred, and banishing the thought of failure, we set vigorously to work. Our stage was the top end of the drawing-room, which was to be curtained off on the night of the theatricals; we entered the stage by a door opening from a back-room, which was to serve as green-room; and as the exigencies of our play demanded two other doors, the curtained recess of a window served for one, and another was extemporised out of two folding screens placed in a corner. The entire action of the play being confined to the drawing-room of the marchioness's *chateau*, no change of scene was required, and the furniture was very easily chosen. Before we separated that afternoon we made one attempt at walking through the play with our books in our hands (as none of us, Mr Jones excepted, knew a word of our parts yet), but the confusion that ensued really baffles description. We ran up against each other, we got behind tables and could not get out again, we entangled ourselves in groups

in the corners, we addressed ourselves to the wrong people, we went out at wrong doors, and came slap against the person we should have avoided, and we invariably delivered our speeches with our backs turned full upon the audience, or at least the place where the audience was to be. And when we had stumbled on to the end, and when, instead of forming ourselves into the orthodox half-circle, the *Marchioness* in the centre joining the hands of the lovers, and *Doctor Rhododendron* (the tutor) uttering the final witticism, when instead of this we were promiscuously scattered over the stage, Fred Smith and I at opposite ends of it, the *Marchioness* wringing her own hands instead of joining ours, the niece, the confidential friend, and the maid huddled together in a corner, *Dr Rhododendron* warming his hands at the fire (with his back to the audience, of course), and the *Lawyer* in the foreground in a frenzy of despair,—our incapacity was so palpable, our disorder so utterly absurd, that we one and all went into shrieks of laughter, which pealed forth again and again till Mrs Smith looked in at the door, and innocently said, “My dears, I’m so glad to hear you laughing! the play must be getting on capitally!”

On consulting Charley and Willy as to the length of their holidays, we found that the 20th January was the latest date that our performances could take place; and that day was accordingly fixed, with the understanding that rehearsals were to take place daily, from four till six; to which Henry and Fred agreed with a better grace than could have been expected. But the labours of the actresses were far more arduous than those of the actors. We dined with the Smiths that night, and the moment dinner was over, we plunged into the question of toilette. Whatever forebodings we might have with regard to other parts of the play, in this department we felt ourselves sure of success. A large book of coloured historical engravings was of great use to us; our recollections of the last fancy ball, and our own ideas of the artistic did the rest; and before we separated, we had not only satisfactorily arranged all the costumes, but had planned their manufacture from old dresses of our own, so that only a few very trifling purchases had to be made. This of course, involved an immense amount of cutting, contriving, stitching, trimming, etc, etc., but we were all tolerable seamstresses, and grudged no trouble in the cause. We were greatly encouraged too, that evening,

by our success in reconciling Fred Smith to the powder, knee breeches, laced cravat and ruffles, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes necessary to his part; he also promised to procure for himself a rapier, and volunteered to persuade Henry to wear the much plainer dress, suitable to *Doctor Rhododendron's* part. This relieved our minds of all anxiety on the score of dress, for we knew well that Mr Jones would wear, without a murmur, any costume we might choose to describe, from "the Garb of Old Gaul," to that of the Emperor of China. And we retired to rest, feeling that we had done a good day's work towards the fulfilment of our desire for dramatic laurels.

DIDO.

(To be concluded in our next.)



## Faith and Reason.

*Suggested by reading the "Lines" on Faith and Reason in November Number of "The Attempt."*

"All reason and natural investigation ought to follow faith, and not go before or infringe upon it."—THOS. A KEMPIS.

SIR NOEL PATON has painted us a picture of Faith and Reason. Faith as soaring above the world, seeing beyond the clouds, while Reason wanders on the earth, but ever holds fast by Faith. And this picture is the subject of the "Lines" which have suggested this paper. Alas! that the world has so much need at present of a picture such as this, to remind it that faith ought ever to go before reason, and reason follow after faith. Too often now-a-days do people forget that

"Reason's sword alone  
Cannot divine God's way."

So much is judged by reason, so much is given up to reason, that the world almost seems to forget that reason is not the only faculty of the human mind. Its relations with God and another world, its articles of faith and belief, its religion, in short, does the world put under the dominion of reason. Such or such a doctrine, it says, cannot be believed, for it is against human reason. Let us glance for a moment at what people mean by "reason," as opposed to faith and religion. All our reasonings are

deduced ultimately from certain primary principles, which we accept as true, and which cannot be proved. We know them and believe them intuitively. Of these primary principles, there are two kinds, namely, those of the material world, and those of the spiritual world. And men, taking the reasonings deduced from the primary principles of the world of matter, apply them to the world of spirit, and say, "this doctrine of belief is against human reason, it cannot be accepted." Human reason appearing in their estimation to mean, the laws of the material world. They do not apply the *methods* of reasoning to the spiritual world, but the results obtained by those methods as applied to the physical world. Given the first principles of faith, we can apply the methods of reasoning to our religion, and all is easy. The two worlds of matter and of spirit are so entirely different, that the laws of the one cannot be made applicable to the other; therefore, if we use reason as a help to religion, we must accept the primary principles of faith and reason from them. For that reason is a help to faith and religion we cannot deny, though we must by no means let it supersede or infringe upon faith. Reason is the highest of our intellectual faculties, but faith is higher still. It is something more than mere intellect, for it sees and grasps at once what reason cannot comprehend. It is greater than reason, great as reason is. Faith is one of our conscious states, and it appears to be in us by intuition. We all seem to have it in a greater or less degree of one kind or another. In some it is matured from childhood, in others it gradually awakens like the dawning of the day. Others again receive a great gift of it in after life. But still we all have a portion of *some* kind of faith bestowed on us at our birth; for through our daily life we exercise faith, faith in those around us. We have faith in the love of our friends, we have faith in the uprightness of those we trust. But the highest and the purest kind of faith is that which passes through the material world, and, entering the world of spirit, fixes itself firmly there. The differences of the two worlds do not distress it, it does not try to put them under the same laws, it feels itself secure. Through all the distresses, the sufferings, and the pleasures of this life, he who possesses this kind of faith keeps fast his belief in things unseen, and which he will never see in this world. Peacefully, hopefully, trustfully he leaves it, and his soul,

winging its flight to heaven, sees there in the reality the greatness and the holiness of the gift of faith. There also it sees and understands the weakness and obscurity of its intellect while it was in this world, for now "darkness has melted from before it. Weakness has fallen off from it. Time has vanished that cramped it so. There is no ignorance. It sees the Eternal."

But do not suppose that we wish to cry down reason, because we say so much of the necessity of faith. On the contrary, we count reason as one of the greatest of the gifts that Almighty God has bestowed upon us. He has given it to us to help us on our way through this weary world. It teaches us to know right from wrong; it assists us in the work we were sent into this world to do; it helps us to moderate our evil passions, and to cultivate the good that is in us. Oh would that men did not turn this gift against the Bountiful Giver! Clouded, cramped, dulled, as our understanding is during this life; was it not given us by God? Is it not to be used for His glory? It guides us well through our worldly affairs; it is when we apply it, unassisted by faith, to spiritual things, to the revealed truths and to the wonderful works of God, that it fails us. It seems to obscure them, to prevent our seeing them aright. "And therefore," says Bacon, "it was most aptly said by one of Plato's school, that 'the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun, which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then it again obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe: so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.' "

Oh why should men have given themselves up so much to the dominion of reason? If we look through the history of the world we shall see how many great and learned men have fallen from faith and religion, because they have trusted to their own frail and unaided reason. First, they would give up one doctrine of faith, because they said it was contrary to reason; and then another and another, all must go. In order to be consistent, if they set reason in opposition to one article of faith, they must set it in opposition to all; if they bring it to bear on one point in their belief, they must bring it to bear on all; and no religious belief is kept but what can be accounted for by their own reason. The belief in the doctrine of the Most Holy Trinity, in the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, and even in Almighty God, fall away in time

from those poor benighted souls who have made reason their idol. Deism, Rationalism, Atheism, follow one after the other whenever reason is set above faith. And so they wander on in their darkness, those poor unfortunate ones, who have set up reason as the standard by which they are to judge spiritual things; missing their grasp of faith, losing their sight of heaven, filled with pride in their own poor, weak, dull, human reason, with which they think they can understand the wonderful works of God. They cannot see up to heaven, for faith is not there to pierce the veil; they stumble on through the dim world in their blindness, all hope is gone since faith is lost.

Let us then hold fast by faith, and not trust in pride to our unassisted intellect. Oh the greatness and the blessedness of the gift of faith! Who are we that we should try to fathom the marvellous works of God? Faith admires, adores, believes, let it then go before, reason follow after. "If the works of God were such that they could easily be comprehended by human reason, they could neither be called wonderful nor unspeakable."

MARIA MARGARITA.



## A Soldier's Reminiscences.

### CHAPTER I.

As I look back into the days of the past, a picture rises up before me, gorgeous, but misty and dreamlike, for years have rolled over it. I see an old château, with tall trees on one side and a lake on the other, a still quiet lake, over which the trees bend and hang lower and ever lower; and everywhere are flowers, roses, red and white, splendid purple *fleurs-de-lis*, and others that I do not know, for we have no flowers like those now. And I see my mother with smiles in her eyes, and a fresh bloom on her cheeks, and my father, dark haired, grave, with brilliant eyes,—of him, alas! I have no farther recollection. How we were forced to leave our home, how my father was imprisoned, and afterwards executed, murdered by a tyrannical government,—my mother has told me, but of that I myself know nothing. My next recollections are connected only with our little village of Mouens; games of play with Pierre and Jacques, and little Suzanne, my special friend; lessons with my mother and with the

Curé; summer evennigs in the place, where we children gambolled in the sunlight, and the women knitted, and the men loitered about and chatted. My mother, however, seldom joined those village gatherings; it was hard for her, a lady born, to mix with the common people, for though she had lost husband and home, she could not lose her birthright,—a pure and refined mind, a generous and elevated soul. Often in the evenings she wandered down the hill-side, and strolled through the fields of standing corn, or under the shadow of the trees, and we watched the golden sun rays flash through their dusty green, and caught in the distance the sparkle of blue water. Then my mother told me the stories of her heroic husband's life, of his brave goodness, of the battle he fought against tyranny and oppression, of the death he died, when justice and truth had become to him a forlorn hope. And my soul was fired by stories of deeds like these, and my heart burned to take up the cause for which my father shed his blood.

So the golden years of childhood rolled by, a summer without a cloud, but they passed so quietly their flight was scarcely noticed. I grew up a quiet, studious lad, with a craving for learning of all sorts, which in our village it was difficult to satisfy. My father's Republican sympathies had descended to me. I revelled in some odd volumes of J. J. Rousseau, which had found their way into our house; also in our Curé's library, which was so much waste paper to him, was some food to satisfy my hunger,—a few books of divinity, a few of rationalistic and materialistic philosophy to counter-balance these, several Latin authors,—that was about the sum total. With the village lads, formerly my playmates, I was not very intimate, they regarded me with respect, I them with a little contempt. Yet we were poorer than most of our neighbours, who rejoiced in the possession of small portions of land, their "*propriétés*," and I was glad to work under one of these small farmers. But then they, those peasants, had no future; before me it lay unfolded, half-veiled in its brightness, for me there should be nothing impossible to do, nothing impossible to win.

I had reached my twentieth year, when a stronger, more powerful motive was added to all the others,—then I first learned what it was to love. Distinct among all days that day stands out, when Mademoiselle Elise Gautier, for the first time since her long sojourn in Paris, strolled with her father through the village.

It was the evening of a burning, day and the little breezes stole shyly over the hills, as though still dreading the power of the great sun-monarch; the houses east long eool shadows on the place, and there was a soft murmur among the leaves of the chesnut trees. Moving about among our women, with their weather-beaten faces, great black hats, and bright kerchiefs, she in her white garments, with delicate, pure face, and soft dark eyes seemed a being from another world,—I gazed entranced. Ah, this was indeed loveliness! I envied the very wall on which she rested her hand, how much more the old woman on whom she was bestowing her sweet words, her sweet smiles. In a moment I learned what life might mean, what life could be. *Not* a weary monotonous toil from day to day, not a perpetual striving to rise higher in the scale of humanity; here, suddenly unfolded before me, lay the highest good, the *El Dorado*, not toil, nor struggle, nor pain; but love, joy, happiness.

I started, M. Gautier was speaking to me,—he had known my father. “Bon jour, mon ami,” he said, “it is long since I have seen thee, thou hast been busy this summer!” Mademoiselle Elise came softly up and laid her hand on her father’s arm. “Oh Elise,” he added, “I saw thee speak to Madame de Villeneuve—this is her son.” She raised her dark eyes to mine, then bowed. I stood as in a dream, not daring to utter a word; but she suddenly said, “It is so long ago M. de Villeneuve, you do not perhaps remember, but I have not forgotten the day when you found me sleeping in the wood, and carried me all the way home.”

It was true, I had forgotten for the moment; but was it possible that little sobbing girl could have changed into this beautiful young creature! I know not what I answered, but she smiled on me, on *me*, a poor village lad, with no good thing on earth but a noble name. Oh! she did not know, she could not tell how much she had given me, how dearly prized was the gift.

That night I could not sleep. The question of my whole life was in agitation. Rise I must, become great I must, but how? I could not leave my mother; since my father’s death she had almost merged her being in mine, to me she had given all her love, I was her one earthly good. No, it would be cruel to leave her even for a few years; now, when she had no longer the strength of

youth to support her, when all her life she had tasted so little happiness, had endured so much sorrow, it would kill her if we were separated. I longed to get to Paris, the city of my dreams, but how could I take her with me there, where her husband had been executed, every street would seem to her blood-besprinkled, the very stones would remind her of her agony. How could she endure the sight of gaiety and pleasure, how could she bear to hear the sound of laughter, there where my father has shed a man's burning tears upon his son's infant head, where he had spoken to his wife the last strong words of encouragement, of high-minded patriotism—the last sad farewell.

At last I made up my mind we would go to England. My mother herself was English, though all but the first few years of her life she had passed in her adopted country, she still remembered the language, she had taught it to me. Yes, we would go to London, there I would become clerk in an office, something, anything. I would have opportunities for study, I would make my way. True, my mother would feel leaving France for a country whose language she spoke, indeed, but where she had no friends; true, when hitherto I had talked of England, she had ever silenced me, trying to avoid the subject. But I knew she would not permit me to give up all my life even to her.

All that summer I worked perpetually and spent nothing; my mother had acceded to the plan with less difficulty than I expected; we saved up money for the journey, and to give us a little to start with. Sometimes I saw Mademoiselle Elise, sometimes she stopped to speak to me; doubtless she pitied me, knowing of my lost birthright. Ah, those were blessed days indeed—when the gentle “*Bonjour*” fell upon my ear, when the large dark eyes met mine; but how I loathed my coarse dress, how hated my rough hands! What could she think of me when she saw me work in the fields the of peasant “*propriétaires*,” a common labourer; while she with her delicate beauty was almost too fair for the winds of heaven to blow upon; yet my love dared to leap the gulf; and how I loved her, she was to me as an angel from heaven!

So the summer passed away, and my mother and I said to each other, “Before winter is over we shall be in England,” and we laughed, for she had begun to be eager with my eagerness.

But one morning terrible news convulsed our little village. The women went about with seared, frightened faces; the men forgot their work, every mouth quivered as it uttered the terrible word—"the conscription," and with the news of the intended conscription had come tidings that the long-expected war had broken out.

That curse of our country! I had almost forgotten the doom that hangs over every poor Frenchman, for the rich can buy off. Here was the overthrow of all my hopes, here was that which could overcome all energy, which was stronger than the strongest will. My mother sat still all that day, heart-stricken; in her white face I read the confirmation of my own fears; neither of us had any hope of escape from this great trial.

In the evening she said to me, "Henri, thy father held it wrong, wicked to fight, thou also thinkest thus, *n'est ce pas?*" My heart beat fast, my tongue refused to move, I could scarcely articulate the one word "yes." "Then my son," she said, coming close and putting her arm around my neck, "Is it not possible for us to go now to England in some way, to save ourselves from this evil?" I felt a wrench at my heart; how it rejoiced at the bare possibility of carrying out the plans which, but yesterday, did not seem so very bright; but then, to fly! that would be to give up the end of all my aspirations, for how should I ever dare to ask Elise to give her hand to one who had fled, to one whom she would consider a renegade, a traitor? No, it could not be, anything rather than to be despised by her.

"No, mother," I said, rising and shaking off her hands, "it is impossible, impossible!" and I left the cottage.

Hurriedly I went down the hill, across the stream that rippled gaily in the rays of the new-risen moon, down the little ravine, till I stood in front of my loved one's home. How white it shone in the moonlight! How calm and peaceful was the murmur of the dark pine branches as they swayed to and fro in the night breeze! How softly moved the leaves of the vine that was trained up by the door! All nature whispered rest. Oh, earth! thou art but a false deceiver when thou tellest of peace, a cruel mother, who, when thy children cry, answerest them with a smile. "Ah, Elise!" I sobbed, for the bitter tears would come, "how is it possible for me to leave thee, how can I, how can I give thee up!"

A. M.

(To be continued.)

## Pedestrianism for Ladies.

## III.—GLACIERS.

They wind with speed their upward way,  
An icy path o'er rocks of ice.

SOUTHEY.

HITHERTO we have only spoken of passes, where, though there may be real climbing in the short cuts, the dangers of falling may be classed with the perils of tumbling down stairs. But with ice a new element enters, a little spice of possible danger, and slipping becomes a chance to be carefully guarded against. However, those who know nothing of the delight and excitement of walking over glaciers lose, we think, the most exquisite pleasures of mountaineering. "*c'est dommage*," remarks M. Topfer, apropos of Alpine excursions, "*que le danger soit chose au fond si dangereuse*," for a slight degree of it is a very exhilarating sensation, and people often like to imagine it where it does not exist. The Alpine literature of some thirty years ago bristles with dangers and terrors evidently exaggerated; now, the athletes of the Alpine Club, who tell us so lightly of their feats, err perhaps in the opposite direction; at any rate, their standard of ease and safety is not one to be accepted by ladies. Marjorie even must not serve as a Will o' the Wisp, luring travellers to their destruction. Yet the dangers of ordinary climbing are mostly in imagination, though not the less real; the ice is granulated, and *for ice* not slippery; the guides take care that you are not offered a jump too wide for you, and that you have room to put your foot, but you have very frequently not *more* than room, and it is the desire for more that is the true difficulty.

The guides are pretty good judges, and, as a rule, will not take incompetent people on glacier expeditions; but there is a peculiarly dangerous class of tourists who may easily get into a scrape, those, that is, who have more spirit than real nerve or strength, and who go on not confessing their fears and difficulties till they are in a predicament. Such a young lady once wished to go over the Straleck, but happily, in a trial expedition, when she and Marjorie mounted an ice-slope at the foot of the Grindelwald glacier, behind a guide cutting steps, it was

discovered that though she went up with great pluck, when they turned to descend she dared not move. She put first one then the other little foot helplessly out in the air, and needed to be half lifted down by the guide, and extra steps cut, before she could be landed below, cured of glacier aspirations. Such a gentleman Marjorie once met on the passage of the Glacier des Bossons, between the Pierre de l'Echelle and the Grands Mulets. The party, who were not all previously acquainted, had met at the last hut called the Pierre Pointue, some 4000 feet above Chamounix. Some were going up Mount Blanc, others, Marjorie among them, only going to explore the wild Glacier de Tacconay. One French-speaking gentleman, who wore a well conceived and point device "*toilette de montagne*," rope and axe complete, and posed himself effectively whenever he had the opportunity, told Marjorie that he had never been on a glacier before, but was enchanted with its grandeur. She could not help thinking this glacier a bad one for a first essay, as it soon becomes exceedingly fissured and needs a steady head. The track was made and steps occasionally cut by the leading guide, then came two or three active gentlemen and guides, then Marjorie's special guide; the Frenchman, herself, and his guide brought up the rear. As they went on, and the way became more difficult, the Frenchman's chatter died away, and except for an occasional query as to whether it was not becoming too dangerous for ladies, he became quite silent. Meanwhile the path grew worse, and at the junction of the Glacier de Tacconay its ice rocks seemed to crash upon those of the Bossons, interrupting all regular cleavage, and forming a scene of the utmost magnificence. It was as if some ancient massive city had been ruined by an earthquake, and then changed into ice; such wild likenesses of overthrown towers and castles and bridges rose white out of the sombre blue gulf below, into the deep blue sky above, sometimes poised threateningly over the heads of the travellers, as if a touch would bring them crashing down.

Suddenly the Frenchman stopped and refused the jump in front. Marjorie was sure it was nothing difficult, as the men before them had taken it in their stride,—nor was it,—but a fine example of those imaginative perils before mentioned. They were to cross a long and wide crevasse, where a sort of pyramid rose from its depths and formed a kind of stepping-stone, wide enough for one but not for

two persons to stand on; quite firm, an easy stride from the edge on one side, an easy spring on to firm ice on the other. It was only looking down the sheer walls of ice into the blue darkness below that could make it formidable; but the Frenchman looked, stopped, and murmured "impossible!" Marjorie's guide, who had turned to hold his pole across to the last man to give her a balustrade, said, in a tone of some contempt, "Let the lady pass at least," when the leading guide turned quickly back, and clearing the crevasse at a bound, asked to see the Frenchman's shoes. "I thought as much," he said, "you are ill shod for ice, not the proper nails. I am very sorry, but must request you to go no further with those shoes; they might cause you to slip. Will you let Jean guide you back? Madame can pass," with a glance at Marjorie's boots. The Frenchman, again quite talkative, and profuse in expressions of regret, turned back, evidently much relieved, and Marjorie crossed. It is curious that though she would not in general have looked twice at the place, it now needed a certain exercise of resolution to step over,—so potent is imagination on the nerves. Her guide remarked later to the leader that the Frenchman was well shod. "Possibly," was the reply, "but he had vertigo,—and you to try and make him cross by showing that a lady could do it! and he a Frenchman!—bêtise!"

To sum up; on a glacier, a lady has two responsibilities; she must not be dizzy, and she must be sure of her own endurance, for it will not do to knock up in the middle of an icy wilderness. The guides have the responsibility of guarding against concealed crevasses, sometimes necessitating the use of the rope, and of avoiding avalanches and falling stones. No precautions can, however, entirely avert the latter risk; there are places always liable to a discharge of stones, and the only remedy is to go over them quickly. But walks on a glacier will be best understood by a detailed account of one from the lady's point of view. So we will relate how Martin and Marjorie crossed the Mer de Glace to the Jardin, a charming expedition, and one involving no serious difficulties.

It was their first long day on ice, and they rode early from Chamounix to the Montanvert to breakfast, and by 8 o'clock were ready to start on foot. They had each a guide; Martin's they called the doctor, as he was always sentimentally talking of "*la santé*," prohibiting rest and food and drink, except at proper times. Marjorie had as her guide

Peter, a handsome, powerful youth, daring in aspect but gentle in manner, a man of few words, and not many ideas, but a pleasant comrade in several excursions. They climbed along the rock ledges for half-an-hour before taking to the ice. When there, what atoms they felt to the enormous proportions all around. The head must be strained back to see the sharp points of the aiguilles that surround the glacier. The Mer de Glace widened to a sea indeed, and what had appeared from above mere unimportant cracks in its surface were now azure crevasses, broad, deep, and long, perplexingly crossing and recrossing in an icy labyrinth. Sometimes they were gaping and wide, with fantastic peaks and blocks of ice rising up in the centre, sometimes quite shallow, or again sinking to a blue depth awful to see; blocks of rounded ice sometimes rose up like large waves frozen as they curled over to break; here slender snow bridges crossed the blue gulfs, there huge icicle spears flashed back gleams of sunshine from the cold caverns below. There was no sound of life, and yet no continued silence. Under the intense sunshine you heard the ice crack and shiver with a muffled subterranean explosion; now and again from the circling mountains came the boom of an avalanche, repeated in thundering echoes to right and left till it died away at last into the stillness; then perhaps a sharp rattle like that of musketry would announce the discharge of stones and shattered ice from some overhanging crag. Each day at this season new fissures yawn and old ones disappear, so the track across a glacier is constantly changing.

The various difficulties on the travellers' path were met by the guides in various manners. Sometimes they led their charges carefully over narrow ice bridges between crevasses, sometimes cut footsteps up ice slopes, but generally they skirted the fissures till they found a good place for jumping over them. Marjorie enjoyed all intensely, and only once "refused," at a place where the walls of the crevasse fell away so below that nothing but space could be seen; here she declared she dared not spring without hold of the "doctor's" hand, instead of merely his pole from the other side; as the crevasse was too wide for that, Peter took her by the waist and supported her slanting over the abyss till she could take the doctor's hand, saying,—"*Náycz pas peur, c'est moi qui vous soutiens.*" But they soon acquired a confidence in their

guides that left no room for anxiety; experience has given the superior Chamounix men not only wonderful sagacity about ice, but also a quick apprehension of the capabilities of travellers.

The finest point is perhaps where the Glaciers de Lechand and Talefré meet. Here the great ice-crags and towers of the Talefré seem to beat back as it were the serried masses of the Lechand, like a combat of ice giants. There is a strange feeling of vitality about glaciers, the lines are so entirely those of motion that you half expect the movement to become visible. Those tumbled crags and rearing masses of ice glittered under the glowing August sun, as though strewn with diamonds, darkening in the shadows into lovely emerald greens and transparent blue; the forms were so startling, the colours so pure, the scale so enormous that the whole scene was magnificent beyond words. It brought that over-powering sense of the beauty which reveals itself through nature, as a message to the soul from its own true land, whither all its best aspirations tend in the exile of this confused and blighted world.

The August sun felt hot when they left the ice for a hand and foot climb up rocks well named Les Egralats; and hotter still when they waded upwards through deep snow, till they reached the so-called Jardin, where Marjorie at least was very glad to rest after her five hours' walk from Montanvert. The Jardin is a rocky slope where snow does not lie; mosses and flowers even, grow there scantily. It is in the very heart of the mountains, and, save the shattered peaks too steep for snow to rest on, nothing but ice and snow can be seen all round. Mount Blanc rises on one side seen from the glacier to the summit; the horizon is everywhere bounded by sharp aiguilles or crests of ice, and the valley below is filled with sparkling glaciers descending in three mighty divisions to the Mer de Glace. With an appetite that can be imagined, our travellers discussed their dinner, then Peter and the doctor fell asleep behind a stone. Martin and Marjorie were too excited to do more than pass from one mood to another; for there are several generally experienced during a long day on the mountains—at times the over-powering sense of sublimity and beauty, before-mentioned; then secondly, a wonderful exhilaration of spirits from the delicious air and excitement, which turns all *couleur-de-rose* and makes a

small joke go a great way. There is also the much lower form of delight of a ravenous appetite for the dainty little feasts spread on a stone, while the wine cools in the glacier behind you; and lastly, a curious phase that Marjorie at least often experienced in the sleepy afternoon of a long day, a feeling as if one had been walking on and on, almost ever since one could remember, and as if one would go on walking till, as Kingsley says, "the coming of the *cogcigrues*." This may result from the re-action of keen excitement, the sated mind refusing to entertain more than the present impression. In the highest spirits, then, the companions slid down the snow-slopes and stepped swiftly back to the Montanvert, over the glacier in about three hours; after that they entered the last-named mood. In a waking dream they walked down through the dark pine forest, now lighted by a rising moon, and when at last, after eight o'clock, they reached Chamounix, it seemed weeks since their start thence early that same morning.

Various days since on glaciers, some perhaps more difficult and awful, none more beautiful, have not dimmed the glory of that expedition. The glaciers leading to the Grands Mulets on Mont Blanc, the Eis-Meer on the Straleek Pass, the Tschlingel glacier, the Gorner and Teodule glaciers were visited by Marjorie; but as to their general accessibility to ladies, it is difficult to give an opinion; each can soon ascertain by a little practice on a glacier edge whether she is sure-footed and has a good head. But let all go high who can; the glacier where it debouches on the valleys, dingy with soil, and heavy with moraine, gives little idea of what it is where its glittering spires rise from the eternal snows.

E. J. O.

(To be continued.)

### Footsteps on the Wind.

FOOTSTEPS on the wind—  
 While I go and while I stay,  
 All the night and all the day,  
 Footsteps slow, and sad, and dreary,  
 Footsteps travel-worn and weary;  
 Sounds like rain-drips from the eaves,  
 Sounds like fall of Autumn leaves;  
 Childish footsteps gay and glad,

Old age feeble, slow, and sad,  
Youth and beauty treading past  
Passionful unto the last,  
Crowding each on each behind—  
Footsteps on the wind.

Footsteps on the wind—  
Footsteps merry, gay and light,  
Once kept measure dancing bright  
To my own ;  
But in noon's full flashing tide,  
One by one they stopped beside  
A churchyard stone :  
And I went my way alone,  
And the footsteps came behind  
On the wind.

Footsteps on the wind—  
There was one,  
Louder, dearer than the rest,  
That for ever forward prest,  
Waking throbbings in my breast ;  
Bringing still a martial tread,  
From the chambers of the dead,  
Which was wont to make me thrill  
With a tremble of delight.  
Now—nothing wakes the long, long night  
With deep-wrought memories entwined,  
But footsteps on the wind.

Footsteps on the wind—  
There is one  
Though he rides upon the blast,  
Yet no sound mine ear doth greet,  
Though his steed  
Is the fleetest of the fleet ;  
There is darkness in the air,  
And I fold my hands in prayer,  
And the sound of steps is lost  
In the music of a choir,  
Which is drawing up my soul  
In a longing, wild desire ;  
And the heaven come nigh and nigher,  
All the darkness left behind,  
And hushed for ever, ever, ever,  
Are the footsteps on the wind.

LA MAURICE.

## The Heroines of Tennyson.

It is always an interesting task to follow the development of character presented to us by various authors, whether in prose or in verse. The heroines of Shakspere, for instance, have been criticised, eulogised, "taken to pieces" as it were, by divers essayists, till Lady Macbeth, in her mingled strength and weakness, and Rosalind, true and tender, are as familiar to us as the friends of our daily life.

I by no means wish to claim for my imperfect remarks the dignity of a "review" on Tennyson; a duty which has been performed by many hands worthy of the task; but I would draw attention to some of the feminine characters portrayed by our great Laureate, who assuredly has scarcely been surpassed in this branch of delineation. Many, which I will pass over, are little more than graceful pictures; beautiful, it is true, and drawn with a master's hand, but otherwise possessing no special significance. In this class may be mentioned "The Gardener's Daughter," "Edith" (Aylmer's Field), and pre-eminently "Maud." About this last, lightly touched as she is, there is a charm almost irresistible, so tender and delicate is the colouring of this perfect portrait; but it is only a portrait.

"Dora," though the poem is but a sketch, possesses a more distinct character than those in the other shorter pieces. Her love for her cousin, unspoken, yet none the less true, has a pathos of its own, nowise modified by the simplicity with which the story is told. That love transferred to his child, her meek submission to the old man's anger for that child's sake, are very touching, and the last words of the poem have a sad significance:—

"As years  
Went forward, Mary took another mate;  
But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

That touch completes the story. William never loved Dora; moreover he is dead; but she is loyal still. Mary, who had the treasure for which Dora pined in vain, can bury its memory, and turn from it, nothing loth. Dora loved hopelessly, but the grave of her buried love is green with sacred tears to her life's end. A true story all the world over, but no less sorrowful for that.

But it is time that I should turn to some which possess a fuller development in description, and, therefore, merit a more careful scrutiny.

I will begin with two who may be taken as examples of the author's power in delineating the baser side of character,—“Ettarre” and “Vivien.” Of these, the former is, in many ways, the more repulsive. She is the embodiment of vanity, and that of the lowest order. Everything must be subservient to that one passion. Pelleas, the young knight, “but lately come to his inheritance,” who loves her with all the fervour, the reverence of a first love, is only interesting to her, so long as he can minister to that vanity, as thus:—

“And while they rode, the meaning in his eyes,  
His tenderness of manner, and chaste awe,  
His broken utterances and bashfulness,  
Were all a burthen to her, and in her heart  
She mutter'd, ‘I have lighted on a fool,  
Raw, yet so stale!’ But since her mind was bent  
On hearing, after trumpet blown, her name  
And title, ‘Queen of Beauty,’ in the lists  
Cried—and beholding him so strong, she thought  
That peradventure he will fight for me,  
And win the circlet : therefore flatter’d him.”

She does not and cannot appreciate the true young heart which is laid at her feet; the chivalrous devotion which, even if hopeless, would so deeply touch a true woman's heart, is only wearisome to her. She does not even manifest much pleasure in her conquest for its own sake. He must win for her the circlet, and then—he is cast off like a worn-out glove. It is easy to give him promises, if, by so doing, she can win glory to herself; and so Pelleas, brave, yet a very child, is plunged into a wild dream of happiness. What does it matter to her if the awakening for him therefrom prove a very rending of the heartstrings? There is something most sad in that blissful ignorance of his:—

“His face  
Shone like the countenance of a priest of old,  
Against the flame about a sacrifice  
Kindled by fire from heaven : so glad was he.”

And all because of the promise of a woman fair, yet most false, lightly given, and destined to be as lightly broken. Powerful as is the whole description of Ettarre, it is nowhere more so, than where, finding that he whom she disdained had at last learnt to give back scorn for scorn—

“ Her ever-veering fancy turn’d  
To Pelleas, as the one true knight on earth,  
And only lover ; and thro’ her love her life  
Wasted and pined, desiring him in vain.”

It is the true and fitting retribution. Vanity is life to her ; and through her wounded vanity her cold heart is at length touched, too late.

Vivien, undoubtedly the least popular poem in that first series of the *Idylls* in which it appears, nevertheless merits attention. Vivien herself is a character of far more interest than Ettarre. Vivien may be feared, Ettarre can only be despised. There is something almost terrible in the steady perseverance with which the former holds her end in view. There is no effort that she will not make, no duplicity to which she will not stoop, there is even a certain grandeur in the recklessness of her endeavour ; we feel dimly a sort of fascination. Pitiable as is the defeat of Merlin, the enchanter, the sage, yet we cannot marvel that this beautiful woman, with all her passion, her sweetness, her thousand charms, should so enthrall even him. Power, absolute power, is the end at which she aims ; she gains it, and at last the fatal secret is yielded to her. Beautiful still, but with the beauty of a Pytho-ness, of a Medea, she instantly avails herself of the charm “ of woven paces, and of waving hands.” Merlin is chained in deathless sleep, and she goes her way pitiless, triumphant, with a bitter intensity of scorn that lays bare her whole nature before us.

Over Guinevere I will pass briefly. She figures in most of the *Idylls*, and there is always an interest attached to her name. But, matchless as is the poem which takes her for its especial heroine, pathetic beyond description, the character of Guinevere herself presents little field for analysis. A beautiful, wilful woman, proud and impetuous ; loving wildly and fatally ; with a passion always sorrowful, as if with the foreshadowing of its doom ; and at length repenting with that fervour and eagerness which always mark her.

Can anything so express this as the cry, unutterably sad, unutterably despairing—

“ Now I see thee what thou art,  
Thou art the highest and most human too,  
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none  
Will tell the king I love him, though so late ?  
Now—ere he goes to the great battle ? None ?

O shut me round with narrowing nunnery walls,  
Meek maidens, from the voices crying ‘ shame.’ ”

And there follows the piteous clinging to the one light left her in the gathered darkness—

“I must not scorn myself; he loves me still.  
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.”

Then the end eomes; the tempest-tost life lays down its burden, and the wayward, passionate heart is at rest for ever. She is followed to her grave by Lancelot, who, like her, has sought place for repentance in a cloister—

“So groaned Sir Lancelot, in remorseful pain,  
Not knowing he should die a holy man,”

says Tennyson, and the old romance tells us that when the body of the abbess-queen was brought from Amesbury to Glastonbury to rest with the dust of the “blameless king,” on that sad journey “ever Sir Lancelot and his fellows went about the bier.”

Guinevere’s hapless, yet in one respect more fortunate rival,—for she has not the sting of remorse to add to her other woes,—Elaine,—is, notwithstanding this, less interesting, sad as her story is. True, it is small marvel that a simple, impressionable girl should, as it were, dream herself into love with such a paladin as Lancelot; but we cannot sympathise with one who suffers her hopeless love to kill her outright. The noblest hearts suffer and are still; and, if they cannot live down their sorrows, at least, bear them manfully; but Elaine succumbs at once.

The picture is so perfect, so intensely graceful, of the girl’s death, and the journey to Camelot, that it is hard to recollect this, that she dies for love, and for nothing else. Let me recall those peerless lines, though they do not exactly bear upon the subject in hand :

“The dead  
Steer’d by the dumb went upward with the flood,—  
In her right hand the lily, in her left  
The letter,—all her bright hair streaming down,  
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold,  
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white  
All but her face,—and that clear-featured face  
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead  
But fast asleep, and lay as tho’ she smil’d.”

“Slowly past the barge  
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat  
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.”

Beautiful it is, beautiful the whole story; sweet and touching the great knight’s sore sickness, and Elaine’s tender and watchful eare, but that one weakness spoils her, though not the poem. We cannot altogether admire

one who, whatever may be her feelings, can say unasked—

“‘I have gone mad. I love you : let me die!’  
 ‘Oh, sister,’ answered Lancelot, ‘what is this?’  
 And innocently extending her white arms,  
 ‘Your love,’ she said, ‘your love—to be your wife.’”

This is surely plain speaking, if ever such were, and scarcely consistent with one's ideas of maidenly dignity.

A fairer character, though the poem is scarcely as beautiful as that of which I have just spoken, is Enid. She, indeed, is a very pearl of womanhood; pure, noble, tender, patient to the uttermost; forgiving, unmurmuring under all the suspicion and cruelty of her mistaken lord. Infinitely touching is this picture—

“Enid heard the clashing of his fall,  
 Suddenly came, and at his side all pale  
 Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his arms,  
 Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye  
 Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,  
 And, tearing off her veil of faded silk,  
 Had bared her forehead to the blazing sun,  
 And swathed the hurt that drained her dear lord's life :  
 Then after all was done that hand could do  
 She rested, and her desolation came  
 Upon her, and she wept beside the way.”

Not till she has tended him, not till she has done all in her power for the healing of his wound, does she suffer her tears to fall; and yet no more tender heart than Enid's was ever portrayed. But strong by virtue of that very tenderness, she can control herself, and minister to Geraint;

“Then *after* all was done that hand could do,  
 . . . . . She wept beside the way.”

And this after a treatment which would have exasperated and estranged a woman who loved one whit less loyally; a treatment the more galling, because unexplained; yet meek Enid asks no question, makes no moan, only—

“Ever in her mind she cast about  
 For that unnoticed failing in herself,  
 Which made him look so cloudy and so cold ;  
 . . . . .  
 Then thought again, ‘if there be such in me,  
 I might amend it by the grace of heaven,  
 If he would only speak and tell me of it.’”

The loving heart is sore wounded, yet she never accuses him, even to herself, of the hurt, but believes humbly that the fault is her own, though she knows not how. It is consistent with all the rest, that, when at last

Geraint's confidenec is restored, Enid exacts no penitence, utters no reproach, but greets the happy change with silent though unutterable joy. Truly is Enid a noble story, and its heroine a noble one. Misty legend though it be, springing first from the brain of the old *trouveur* of the Middle Ages, yet the genius which in modern times has presented it to us, with all its fair companions of the Idylls, has invested it with a great significance. It has made this "fayre ladye" of far back ages a type of fair and glorious womanhood, fulfilling the purposes of her life sweetly and tenderly.

One more example and I have done. This is, it seems to me, a very remarkable one. "The Princess" is in some respects an unsatisfactory poem, nevertheless, it contains passages of such beauty as none other of the poet's works possesses. On the merits and demerits of the work I will not now enlarge, but will simply take from it one, and that the most prominent character.

Ida, the Princess herself, full of imperfections and contradictions as she is, bears the stamp of greater genius than any of Tennyson's other heroines. Weak, yet imperious; self-opinionated, yet easily led, she exercises a strange fascination over the reader. She is throughout such a thorough woman in all her flights and extravagances, that we cannot choose but follow the example of the enchanted Prince, and love her. Nature peeps out even at the first, in spite of all her self-enforced disdain of everything outside her college walls. She learns that the supposed students have come from the unknown prince's country—

"Are you ambassadors  
From him to me? We give you, being strange,  
A licence: speak, and let the topic die."

She hears of him with contemptuous pity, as it were; still she listens. Everywhere the womanly nature rebels against the self-imposed rules: even when deeply offended, when she would fain do violence to her own tender instincts, and cast forth Psyche's child, she cannot do it—

"For this lost lamb, . . .  
"Our mind is changed, we take it to ourself."

And as we pursue the story, most pathetic is that renunciation of all that has become so dear to her, the yielding up of her golden dream, her fancied Utopia. The proud heart is breaking, but she submits, knowing herself to be but very woman after all—

"Some touch of that  
Which kills me with myself, and drags me down  
From my fix'd height, to mob me up with all  
The soft and milky rabble of womankind.  
Poor weakling ev'n as they are. Passionate tears  
Followed."

It is the breaking down for ever of her grand design, to which she must perforce consent. She knows it, and does not spare herself, but lashes her own weakness with bitter scorn in her agony, burdened with the "night-mare weight of gratitude." That debt is paid, but the wound is not yet healed—

"Sadness on the soul of Ida fell,  
And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame."

Nevertheless, her sacrifice is not in vain; a new happiness is born of the resignation, though she is slow to believe and accept it. The tender heart, under all its armour of defiance, is touched at last—

"Out of hauntings of my spoken love,  
And lonely listenings to my mutter'd dream,  
And often feeling of the helpless hands,  
And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek—  
From all a closer interest flourished up,  
Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to these,  
Love, like an Alpine hare-bell hung with tears,  
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first,  
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,  
But such as gather'd colour day by day."

And then follow those wonderful words, infinitely expressive:—

"Out of languor leapt a cry,  
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death."

The love that has long worshipped her is victorious; the old mistaken life is left behind, and the perfect woman, nature, is triumphant.

"All  
Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,  
And left her woman.  
Repentance comes,

Repentance comes,

"She said,  
Brokenly, that she knew it—she had failed  
In sweet humility; had failed in all;  
That all her labour was but as a block  
Left in the quarry.

Her great heart thro' all the faultful past,  
Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break."

But she is not now ashamed of her repentance, only of that which needed it. Transformed by the might of the

new love within her, she turns, fairer and nobler in her weakness than in her fancied strength, to that love in all-confiding trust.

Truly, looking at this "Dream of fair women," to borrow the title of one of this same poet's works, of all the succession there seems to me to be none whose character is so deeply significant, so strongly yet delicately drawn, as the Princess; and it is for this reason that I have devoted more attention to her than to the rest. She is not the first, nor will she be the last, who has striven after an impossible ideal; yet the endeavour, hopeless as it is, is what makes her all the nobler. It is something to have an ideal, even if it be only a golden dream that vanishes when the magic sleep is past. The eagle may not quite reach the heavens, but at least he rises above the earth into the purer air beyond.

YOLANDE.



## How we got up our Private Theatricals.

### PART II.

NEXT morning we spent partly at our needles, partly in studying the play; and punctually at four o'clock we assembled for rehearsal. The result of our studies was, alas! far from satisfactory. Mr Jones was as usual equal to the occasion, he was thoroughly acquainted with his own part, and was tolerably well up in all the others; he had also most carefully studied what may be called the topography of the play, and knew exactly at what doors we should make our various entrances and exits, and how we should group ourselves in the principal scenes.

But as the rest of us had totally neglected the topographical part, poor Mr Jones,—what with acting, and prompting, and pushing, and shoving, propelling us towards the right doors, and intercepting us as we were trying to escape by the wrong ones,—was, by the time we had gone once through the play, utterly exhausted, dishevelled, hoarse, and panting.

Katie Smith was the second best; a bright lively piquante girl, the part of the saucy waiting-maid exactly suited her; and she was much quicker than the rest of

us at comprehending the fitness of things with regard to the grouping. But her memory was very bad, and she was most deficient in her part. The same remark applied to Jane (*the Marchioness*), and she was not so quick as Katie at comprehending the stage "situations;" however, she also was remarkably well-suited to her part—could she only remember it.

Maggie Smith had learnt her part with the utmost accuracy, and had repeated it, as she assured us, three times over without a mistake, before the rehearsal began; but she had unfortunately quite omitted to notice her cues, and could only deliver her part as an uninterrupted soliloquy, without any regard to the dialogue of which her sentences formed a portion. It was, no doubt, a great triumph of memory over meaning, but not exactly the thing we wanted; so poor Maggie had to resume her studies on a different principle altogether.

Mary's little part of the *Marchioness'* niece, *Blanche*, was carefully learned; but she and Maggie both found the difficulties of sitting, standing, and walking on the stage well-nigh insurmountable. The tables and chairs seemed to have entered into a league against them; they could not move without treading on some one's toes; they eluded every effort of Mr Jones to keep them away from the wrong doors, and nothing would induce them to face the audience. The fault of my preparation was just the reverse of Maggie Smith's; her study of the play had been too particular, mine too general. I really felt as if I knew everybody's speeches better than my own, and was with difficulty restrained from appropriating various scraps of dialogue, the rightful property of my cousin *Blanche*, and my confidential friend *Thérèse*.

But our acting was absolute perfection, compared to that of Fred Smith and Henry. Fred, who was always rather a puzzle-headed fellow, had apparently studied his part just enough to involve himself in the wildest confusion as to the names and relationships of the different characters. The *Marchioness*, his aunt; *Violet*, his cousin and innamorata; *Blanche*, his sister; and *Thérèse*, his and *Violet's* friend; were all jumbled together in his mind in hopeless disorder, and the havoc he made of their respective identities was really terrible. He did not even attempt to distinguish between *Blanche* and *Thérèse*; and with *Violet* he was but little better. When Mr Jones had succeeded in hustling him into the proper position, and he himself had suc-

ceeded in stammering out an ardent declaration of his feelings towards me (*i.e. Violet*), with the aid of considerable prompting from myself, and various surreptitious glances at his play-book, the next moment he would come flying back and address me as his "venerable aunt," in the belief that I was personating the *Marchioness*. I really think had it not been for the thought of the rapier, (which had already arrived), poor Fred would have thrown up his part in despair.

As to Henry, his appearance as *Dr Rhododendron* was simply disgraceful. He had not even opened his book since the previous day, and walked through the play reading his part. It was utterly impossible to get him into the right place at the right time; and the disorder he occasioned in the final tableau put the finishing stroke to the distress of Mr Jones, who sank down exhausted, as I have already described. Upon recovering, he gave it as his opinion that we were attempting too much at a time; and entreated us to concentrate ourselves upon the first scene, and go over and over it till we felt sure of our ground. We agreed to do so, more especially as the *Lawyer* (Mr Jones) did not appear in the first scene, and was therefore at leisure to direct and marshal us. So over and over that first scene we went, Mr Jones applauding, remonstrating, advising, flying hither and thither like a Will-o'-the-Wisp; dragging the *Marchioness* on to the stage, warning the maid *Jeannette* off it; forcing *Blanche* into a chair, and hemming in *Thérèse* behind it; bringing *Violet* and *Julian* together in the foreground, and imploring them to "get on;" and never for an instant losing sight of *Doctor Rhododendron*, nor omitting the warning, "Look out now, Doctor!" when his turn to speak came round.

Thanks to the energetic drill of Mr Jones, by six o'clock we had performed the first scene with a considerable degree of success, and began in some measure to see our way. We adhered to Mr Jones' plan of learning scene by scene at our succeeding rehearsals, and found it an excellent one for performers so inexperienced as ourselves. The amusement we obtained from those rehearsals was immense; and we all, even Henry, agreed that, whether the play turned out a failure or not, the preparation for it was the greatest piece of fun we had ever enjoyed in our lives. The thrill of anxiety that sometimes crossed our minds at some inexcusable blunder

only added a pleasing excitement to the affair; but as the days passed on, our anxiety became less and less, and our hopes rose higher and higher.

*The Marchioness* and her maid *Jeannette* both promised to be a triumphant success, as Jane and Katie grew familiar with their parts; and *Blanche* and the *Lawyer* were also very good. *Thérèse* was very accurate, but that was all that could be said. Maggie Smith had no more idea of *acting* than I have of flying; and if she repeated the words correctly, and sat and stood at the proper times, she was abundantly satisfied. She would come up to me and say, "*Oh, Violet, Violet! all is lost! a convent is your only refuge!*" her rosy good-natured face beaming with smiles, and her manner and tone the same as when, an hour later, she dispensed afternoon tea to the performers. Still she knew her part thoroughly, and there was no fear of her breaking down. My part of *Violet* was improving, but the sentimentality attaching to it was rather endangered by the erratic and fitful memory of *Julian*, who broke down at the most unexpected places. It was trying, when I had posed myself with considerable care, and exclaimed in pathetic accents—"Julian, dearest Julian! can you not trust me?" it was trying, to receive for answer—"Yes—oh no—stop a minute—what comes next? by Jove, I've lost the place!" and to see poor Fred wildly fumbling the leaves of his play-book, in search of his answer to my pathetic demand. He improved very much, however, as the rehearsals went on, and we confidently expected that the inspiration of the rapier, knee-breeches, &c., would bring him quite up to the point on the night of the play.

*The grand difficulty* was *Dr Rhododendron*, who, on the 19th January, one day before the great day of action, had really not improved one whit. Still he read his part from beginning to end; still he turned his back on the audience; still he was invariably missing from the semi-circle at the end. As to the doors, he had announced at an early stage of the rehearsals that unless he was allowed invariably to go out and come in by the same door, he would relinquish his part. Remonstrance was unavailing; so Mr Jones and Katie Smith went into committee on the subject, and the result was that one of the three doors was set apart for the exclusive use of *Doctor Rhododendron*.

He was indeed a very serious difficulty; and the

importance of his part became more and more evident to the rest of us as the 20th of January drew near. The *Doctor* was the leading comic character of the piece, and we were well aware that by its comic side our play must stand or fall. Besides, the comic character among the ladies, poor little Katie, had the effect of her really good acting sadly marred by want of co-operation on the *Doctor's* part; for her crack scene was one in which *Jeannette* made burlesque love to the *Doctor*, to draw off his attention from *Julian* and *Violet*. And on the 19th of January, as I have said, he was still so ill-prepared, that Mr Jones announced a morning rehearsal on the 20th to be absolutely necessary, in consequence mainly of the *Doctor's* inefficiency. Henry, with the blandest of smiles, assented, merely remarking that he hoped we all saw *now* what folly it was to ask him to act.

We were depressed in spirit that evening, for our pleasant rehearsals were nearly over, the coming ordeal was very near at hand, and *Doctor Rhododendron* was a source of deep anxiety; but when we met at twelve next day, what was our delight to see the *Doctor* take up his usual position, *without* the play-book in his hand! With breathless anxiety we listened for the opening sentences of his part—they were correct and fluent; we watched for his first exit—it took place exactly at the right moment; for his re-entrance—we were not kept a second in suspense. We came to his crack scene with *Jeannette*,—he took up every point; to his hunt for a suspected love-letter—he did not miss one of the places it was his duty to search. In short, when we had gone through the play, and the *Doctor*, in his proper place, had delivered his proper valediction, we all acknowledged that the part was at last correct; and though decidedly rather stiff and lifeless, it was better than we had ever dared to expect. It was just as well that we had this drop of comfort, for all the rest of us, partly from excitement, partly from the intensity with which we were watching the *Doctor*, acted very badly that morning; and the criticism of Charley and Willy, who were looking on, made our ears tingle as we thought of the evening.

Our performance was to begin at nine, but before half-past eight we were all shut into our green-room ready for action, and listening with beating hearts to the laughing and talking in the drawing-room, where the audience was rapidly assembling. Fred and Katie rushed from time to

time on to the stage to peep through a hole in the green curtain, and at ten minutes to nine they announced that every seat was occupied; in five minutes more the overture began (Miss Jones at the grand piano constituted our orchestra); we took our places for the first scene; and after an interval, apparently endless, the green curtain drew up, or strictly speaking, drew asunder, and the play began.

Our first feeling was that Fred was right; there was inspiration in the dresses. Conscious that we looked our parts to admiration, we found it infinitely easier to act them. The glare of light, the crowd of listening faces, the hearty laughter which greeted our first witticisms, all excited us, and raised our hopes; we talked, laughed, moved with an ease and spirit that astonished ourselves. *The Marchioness* was hailed with a torrent of applause before she opened her mouth, and no wonder;—for her dress had cost us hours of work, and she was laden with jewellery on every part of her person. Her acting was as good as her dress; and Katie's rendering of *Jeannette* fairly brought down the house; but the triumph of the evening was *Doctor Rhododendron*. He had not uttered three sentences when we saw that Henry had been playing with us all along, and that he had a better idea of acting than any of us. His face, his voice, his manner, his gestures, his gait were all alike admirable; he made ten times more of his part than we could have believed possible. He took snuff, he sneezed, he groaned, he hobbled about the stage, he adjusted his immense horn spectacles, and the simplest action brought shrieks of laughter from the audience; the scene with *Jeannette* was applauded to the echo; and, at the end, when the whole *corps dramatique* had been called before the curtain to receive a farewell round of applause, there was a second peremptory call for the "The Doctor! the Doctor!" who thus turned out the very pillar of our play, instead of its overthrow, as we had at one time feared.

We all found seats among the audience to witness the representation of *Box and Cox*, capitably performed by Charley and Willy; after which we adjourned to supper, where one of the guests, in a neat and complimentary speech, proposed the health of "*Doctor Rhododendron* and his company." The Doctor replied, and had the grace to acknowledge that had it not been for his friend Mr Jones, the play would have been a

complete *fiasco*; upon which we drank the health of Mr Jones with three times three. Then we dispersed, I saw Fred Smith glance mournfully at his rapier as he handed me down stairs; and we were all rather dull that night as we took off our *robes bouffantes*, and brushed the powder out of our hair; for humble though our efforts had been, and numerous as were our difficulties, there were few things that had given us so much genuine enjoyment as *Our Private Theatricals*.

DIDO.

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### "The Calling of the Sea."

'Twas a dark and stormy midnight, on a rough and rocky shore,  
And the foaming waves on the surf-lashed bay, broke into  
a savage roar,  
That mingled with the raving wind in furious gusts, that  
blew  
O'er the wat'ry waste, a stricken barque and her doomed  
and helpless crew.  
Fast and more fast before the blast the reeling vessel flies,  
And the yell of the seething billows drowns their wild  
despairing cries.  
Hope there is none, and help there is none, and escape  
there cannot be  
From the fathomless grave in the yawning depths of the  
black and demon sea,  
One mighty prayer goes silent up from each bowed and  
throbbing soul,  
"Lord, save! we perish!" but nearer the ship drives on to  
her awful goal.  
One thunder crash through the tempest's roar, one wail  
through the howling night;  
The barque shall be seen on the waves no more, when  
cometh the morning light!

A maiden sat by a dying fire, and watched the flickering  
flame,  
And listened, as sad through the blustering wind a hollow  
echo came,  
A sound as of weeping voices, and many trampling feet,  
Borne on the blast from the wild sea-shore, where the  
waves and the dark cliffs meet.

And oh! her cheek was white with woe, and her eyes  
were dark with tears,  
And her heart beat fast with the agony of sharp and  
torturing fears,  
For her love was far this desolate night, out on the angry  
main,  
Oh, would that he were but safe on shore, back to her  
side again.  
She knew how high were the waves and strong, and  
white with lashing foam;  
Alas! for the dear brave hearts at sea, that must never  
more come home.  
When would that dismal fearful sound of dread and  
terror cease?  
Say, would the morning never come, to bring her rest and  
peace?

The long dark night of tempest passed, the morn broke  
fair and still,  
And the maiden hied her to the shore, o'er meadow, holt,  
and hill;  
And there upon the grey sea sand, dark sea weeds round  
him spread,  
All 'mid the stranded spars of wreck, her own true love  
lay dead.

MAS. ALTA.



## A Soldier's Reminiscences.

### PART II.

At last dawned the terrible day when the lots were to be drawn. Our old village church was crowded, women with white faces passed in and out, and hands were clasped, and knees bent in supplication to the Virgin. To what avail? With smiles of supreme calmness, the saints throw back the prayers that have burst from quivering human lips, and human hearts may break upon the cold stone floor, and who is there that will heed, or who will give them help? Yet if their belief comforts those poor creatures, let them dream on, it may do them some good; how can I know? I, who am tossed about in the mad whirl

of rage and despair. I, who having held war as utterly abominable, am yet forced to fight. I, who am torn by the pangs of love, yet hate my fellow-men! What can I know?

Like a horrible dream that day passed; up to the Mairie I went in my turn, and drew the fatal number, then, unheeding the crowd, scarcely feeling the pain, returned straight home. I heard my mother's cry as I entered the door; there was no need for words, she read the news in my face.

Oh! mother, I could scarcely think of your sorrow, because of the sweet face that was always before my eyes, that with its smiles would have seemed to mock me had I not loved it so. The great love that you heaped upon me I scarcely heeded, for my whole soul was agonised thinking of one who had smiled upon me but once or twice, who would smile as brightly upon others, though I—*ma mère*, *ma mère*! I am an ungrateful son; unto me thou hast given all thine heart, and I give thee back so little!

There was sorrow enough in Mouens that night as the sun went down; the sound of weeping was in all the streets. Men muttered curses on the government that had brought war on the country, mothers sobbed over their sons. Ah, to the parents, the soldiers are not mere goods and chattels; to them, the lists of the slain are not arithmetical calculations. The mother can tell how precious was each lost life; she knows the pain that was borne, the prayers that were offered that her son might grow up brave and good, that he might serve God and his fellow-men, that he might do the work that never finds too many labourers, the bettering somewhat of this not over-righteous world,—she can tell how loved, how dear was the young life; to God alone is known the worth of it.

We left the village. How my heart filled as we marched through the little Place. There were the tall trees under whose shade the old people were accustomed to sit, there were the stone seats over which we jumped when children; here beside the wall was the very corner where Elise and her father had stood when they spoke to me that day I saw her first. It was hard to leave it—this little village, where so many happy days had been passed, where dear friends still remained. At a bend in the road, we got a last glimpse of the blue waters of the far distant Mediterranean, a last look at our home as its gray houses lay

peacefully under the noon-day sun ; then the encircling hills closed it in, and our backs were turned on all peace, and joy, and beauty of life, and our faces were towards the dried-up withered slopes of the hills in front, beyond which lay the land we were soon to know,—deluged in blood.

Those were weary days ; long marches under a hot sun, drill, discipline, men grumbling and reviling. My heart was almost dead in its despair, yet how I hated even my fellow-sufferers, how bitterly cursed the crowned heads that had brought this misery upon us.

As we marched onward, we came to places where war had left terrible marks ; one village near which we rested for the night had been almost entirely destroyed. From ruined homesteads, haggard women came weeping out, their children hanging about them, and begged for bread to eat. The fields that one fortnight before were covered with the ripening grain, now lay black and bare in the sunlight ; there was no hope of escaping starvation, and what had these people done that such a fate should come upon them ?

There was not an able bodied man about the village,—only women and children, with aged men. It was a terrible thing to pass on and leave them to die in their misery, but war knows no mercy either to friend or foe.

The days dragged on ; and now we were in front of the enemy, and expected fighting every hour. At last the terrible morning dawned, the last morning of some thousands. The sun rose golden, the sky was of that clear blue into which one gazes, feeling there is no end to it ; but the stillness of the autumn air was broken by the booming of cannon, and a black cloud of smoke soon lay over us like a funeral pall.

Again and again we rushed on the enemy ; I saw my comrades fall one after another, one after another. I heard the groans and cries of the wounded, yet on we pressed, and ever the ranks thinned and closed again. It was fearful work. After many hours of heavy fighting, when our soldiers were completely worn out, we retreated, slowly and in good order, but we left our dead upon the field. It was a bitter thing that retreat. I had rather have died than fight, yet, having fought, it was hard to be beaten.

I grudged the enemy their triumph. For the first time I felt hatred towards them ; they were no longer fellow-men

and brethren; victorious over our troops, the murderers of my countrymen; they were become to me as wild beasts, to be slain and trodden under foot.

As we retreated I was wounded; so far I had escaped the slightest hurt, but now an arm and a leg were carried away. Then followed days and weeks of fever, of fearful suffering. I, with several other wounded men lay in a cottage, tended by a Sister of Mercy, who did all charity *could* do to alleviate our anguish, but I cannot, I dare not recall that dreadful time.

When I left the cottage I was a maimed and helpless cripple; all my strength had gone from me; the days of my youth had departed, and I was not much over twenty. All that remained for me now was to crawl home and die there, if only such good fortune might await me. Wearily I dragged my crutch along a little way every day—such a very little way. Three months ago how easily had I traversed that road, how lightly climbed those hills; but now a *mètre* was to me a weary journey, for I was become as an old man for weakness.

The country people were kind to me. “*Ce pauvre soldat*,” they said, looking at me with compassionate eyes. But their pity was bitter as everything else, and though I ate their bread and drank their water, I had no thanks to give. The sunlight was to me become an accursed thing, for I knew the awful crimes that were done beneath it, and my own soul was bowed down with guilt.

(To be continued.)

A. M.



### III O m e.

WE two have wandered far through foreign lands—  
 Have watched the sunrise in the early dawn  
 Over the sombre sea, we on its breast,—  
 Have waited on the course of Night's fair queen,  
 As by the myriad stars, her handmaids fair  
 Attended, she her royal progress made—  
 Have strayed through forests deep, where gorgeous plumes  
 Of many-coloured birds flashed suddenly,  
 And strange wild flowers, and trees of giant growth,  
 In wild luxuriance choked the odorous air—  
 Have climbed the mountains, on whose summits hang

The everlasting snow-wreaths, unapproached—  
 Have listened to the roar of waterfall,  
 And seen the stream, loosed from its boundaries, break  
 With dreadful ravage, o'er the fair campaign.  
 We two have wandered far ; and yet our hearts,  
 Now we are home-returned, are satisfied,  
 With a content we never felt before.  
 Sweet is the valley of our highland home ;  
 Bare are the mountains, dark the lonely tarns,  
 Wild the weird plover's cry o'er purple moor.  
 But as we here together silent rove,  
 And clasp each other's hand, and lift our eyes,  
 And read in each the other's calm content,  
 In the full heart, the feeling rises deep,  
 And strong, and irrepressible, " To us  
 There is no country dearer than our own."

NOLI-ME-TANGERE.



### Mr Freeman's Historical Essays.

IT is a common practice for authors to publish in one volume articles on different subjects which they have written during a series of years ; but to few, I should imagine, can the making of such a collection have been so pleasant a task, as the preparation of this volume of essays must have been to Mr Freeman. For many years Mr Freeman has been endeavouring to change and mould public opinion on certain subjects, and almost every one of these republished essays may be called a monument of his success. In the notes to many of them he expresses a little natural exultation at the way in which, since the essay was written, his predictions have been confirmed by the course of events, or the minds of all intelligent men have come round to the views of which he was at first a solitary exponent.

Of course, Mr Freeman has not brought every one round to his way of thinking on all points. He has special "hobbies," which he rides at a pace which few persons probably would care to imitate ; and one is sometimes inclined to dissent from particular conclusions, or rather to feel that, though he knows so much more about the subject than we do that we cannot contradict him, yet he has not

proved his point to our satisfaction. Still, we always feel that he has some good grounds for his opinions, and that everything he says deserves serious consideration.

I do not mean to attempt here any criticism of Mr Freeman's Essays, but merely to give those of my readers who have not seen the book, some idea of how much instruction and interest are to be found in it.

The last essay in the volume, on *Presidential Government*, is unlike any of the others. It treats of an abstract political subject, and is decidedly "stiff," though most useful in giving clear ideas as to the essential difference between a republic and a monarchy, and between the different kinds of each. It is, oddly enough, also unlike all the others in showing an historical short-sightedness which one does not expect in Mr Freeman. It sounds strangely now to hear the constitution of the American Confederate States mentioned among a number of constitutions which have stood for generations, and are still standing, as if it were as fixed, and likely to be as stable, as any one of them. It is difficult to remember that when the essay was written, the majority of the English nation believed that by the secession of the Southern States from the Union, a new nation had been formed; and those who believed from the beginning that the North was in the right, and must ultimately prevail, must feel sorely tempted to point a moral from the fact that, in the only point in which Mr Freeman followed public opinion instead of aspiring to lead it, the course of events has proved him in the wrong.

The other essays in the volume are all historical, and naturally fall into two groups—those which relate to European, and those which relate to English history.

Of the essays relating to general European history, perhaps the most instructive is that on the Holy Roman Empire. It was originally a review of Mr Bryce's book on the same subject, and to those who have not read that book, this essay will give its main results in a clear and compendious form. Most people, at least many fairly well-educated people, think that the "Holy Roman Empire" is a sort of state name for the German Empire; why so used they do not know, unless, on reflection, they think it has something to do with the chosen successor of the Emperor being called the King of the Romans. They think that Charlemagne was an Emperor of France (though for some mysterious reason he gene-

rally lived at Aix-la-Chapelle), whose modern successor and representative was the Emperor Napoleon III.; that Frederick Barbarossa was an emperor of Germany, whose modern representative is the present Emperor of Austria. Or, if such ideas are less universally entertained than they were ten years ago, it is mainly due to the efforts of Mr Freeman. It throws a wonderful light on the history of the Middle Ages, when we come to understand how, in those days, men held that the elected king of the Germans was the direct successor of the Roman Cæsars, so that what we now call the German Empire, was considered by them the continuation of the world-empire of Rome. And it was a *Holy* Roman Empire. For the theory united the whole of Christendom in one vast confederation, of which the spiritual head was the Roman Pontiff, the chosen chief of the Church, and the temporal head the Roman Emperor, the chosen chief of the nations. It was a magnificent conception, though it was never perfectly carried out. The Pope and the Emperor, instead of acting in concert as the two heads, each supreme in his own domain, of the great confederation which was at once a universal Church and a Christian State, were constantly interfering with each other's action, and threatening, by their contention, to rend the empire in pieces. Some of the outlying nations of Christendom, such as our own country and Scandinavia, never gave in their allegiance to the so-called universal empire; and even those which did at one time or another acknowledge the imperial supremacy, were at other times rebellious and hostile. Yet, though this ideal empire was so utterly misrepresented by any actual embodiment of it which ever existed, the ideal itself had an influence on men's minds to which we of a different age and a different philosophy can hardly do justice, until we endeavour to look at the history of that past time with the eyes of the men to whom it was the present.

In the essay on *The Franks and the Gauls*, Mr Freeman has an opportunity of bringing forward several of the subjects on which he holds very strong and decided opinions. He runs a tilt at his pet aversion "the modern map," he deals some severe blows at the French nation in general and at all the individual Frenchmen who come in his way, and he indulges in more striking variations of the ordinary forms of proper names than in any other of his essays. This last is a subject with regard to which

Mr Freeman's readers must often feel inclined to remonstrate with him, though he would, no doubt, assure them that their objections arose merely from ignorance or bad education. No one could presume to ask Mr Freeman to *alter* his spelling, for spelling with him is a matter of principle, an assertion of the real truth of history against the machinations of the French, who, he declares, owe a great deal to the fact that "for 800 years past, they have been incapable of spelling any single name in any foreign language." But surely he might give some notes for the benefit of the generation who have been taught to know historical characters by the old-fashioned, though doubtless corrupt forms of their names.

Such names as *the Merwings* and *the Karlings* are intelligible, though uncouth. Since the last war every one knows where *Elsass* and *Lothringen* are; and a little reflection discovers in *Pippin of Heerstall* the well-known high-sounding *Pépin d'Heristal*. But who, without some chance explanation in the text, could have guessed that *Hlodwig* was meant for *Clovis*, *Lüttich* and *Löwen* for *Liège* and *Louvain*? And though it is plain who *Charles the Great* is, I must confess that one at least of Mr Freeman's readers is ignorant to this day to whom he alludes under the name of *William the Great*.

Every one will heartily agree with Mr Freeman's remarks on the perplexity and confusion which arise from studying the history of the middle ages with a modern map. For ancient history, the history of Rome or of Greece, there are special maps, giving the boundaries, &c., of the different states at the period to which the history refers; but when mediæval history is concerned, people "sit down to read about John and Philip Augustus either with a map of Roman Gaul or with a map of Napoleonic France." Historical geography is a science very little studied, by ordinary readers of history; and so many people fancy that there is a certain definite country, which, in the time of the Romans, was called Gaul, and now is called France, and which was ruled over at different times by Clovis and his successors; by Charlemagne and his successors; by the Capetian Kings, and so on down to the late Emperor and the present Republic. Mr Freeman shows that France, as it now exists, is a comparatively modern state, that the Franks, though they gave their name to the country of the Gauls, were and always felt themselves to be, German conquerors, and

that the kings of the Franks were always emphatically German kings, who held what we now call France as a subject province. Then, in this essay, and in the following one on *The Early Sieges of Paris*, Mr Freeman traces the rise of the present French nation and kingdom, the nucleus of which was the city of Paris, and whose kings, the first real kings of the French, in the modern sense of the word French, were the Capetian Counts of Paris. It is very interesting to see how nobly Paris won the right to represent France, as she has always done, in a way in which no other European capital represents the state of which it is the head. Paris has been France from the first moment that France had a national existence:—from the times of those early sieges when the city on the Seine held her own against the savage Norse invaders, and stood out as the one bulwark of western Gaul, which the Danes could never overthrow; through the long centuries in which province after province was added to the ever-growing kingdom of France, down to the year of the two disastrous sieges in which Paris, in her fall and degradation, has dragged down France along with her.

In the two following essays, Mr Freeman gives biographical sketches of two great Emperors—grandfather and grandson—both bearing the same name, but in every other respect, utterly unlike. Frederick the First, King of Italy, King of Germany, and Emperor of the Romans—better known to ordinary readers as the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa—though one of the most famous of the German Emperors, round whom all the romance and legend of German history clusters, and whose name “still lives in the German heart as the impersonation of German unity,” was not superior in genius or natural gifts to several of the Emperors who preceded and who followed him. But he was the representative man, and above all the representative German of his time; he possessed the faults, but he possessed also in a high degree the virtues of his age; and during his whole career he steadily and bravely followed those objects, and wisely considered those interests, which to a German of the 12th century seemed the highest and most important.

His grandson, Frederick II., on the contrary, can neither be said to have belonged to any one nation, nor, in spirit, to any one age of the world. He was “the child of a German father and a Norman mother, born and brought up in the half Greek half Saracen realm of Sicily, and the

first patron of the new-born speech and civilisation of Italy." Possessed of wonderful natural gifts, and of the highest cultivation which the age afforded, he was utterly free, both for good and for evil, from all the prejudices of his time. He was, indeed, too unlike his age, too far above it in many respects, too far below its ordinary standard in others, to be able to influence it. And so it has come to pass that the most gifted prince who ever wore a crown, the man who was called by his own contemporaries the Wonder of the World, achieved nothing, founded nothing, and has left no memory behind him.

The essay on *Charles the Bold of Burgundy* bears more traces of its original destination as a review article than most of the essays in this volume, and is therefore neither very clear nor very interesting to those who have not read the book to which it refers—Mr Kirk's *History of Charles the Bold*.

In the essays which relate to the early and mediæval history of England, Mr Freeman is treading on ground which he has emphatically made his own. It is perhaps for this very reason, that the three essays on *The Mythical and Romantic Elements in early English History*, *The Continuity of English History*, and *The Reign of Edward III.*, seem to contain less fresh and interesting matter than most of the others. Even to those who have not read Mr Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*, his views regarding that period of our history may be said to have permeated through a multitude of reviews and magazine articles, whose writers have drawn their inspiration from him. The second of these three essays, however, is one of the best written in the book, and, as one would naturally expect in an article on one of the subjects on which Mr Freeman holds most decided opinions, and has most strongly influenced men's minds, it has a spirit and a straight-onward march about it, which is wanting in some of the others. In the essay on *The Mythical and Romantic Elements in English History*, Mr Freeman points out incidentally the distinction which undoubtedly exists between the Legends of the Gods and the Legends of the Heroes—a distinction which is of great importance, and which has sometimes been too much overlooked by such writers as Mr Cox.

Of the two essays which remain to be noticed, that on *Saint Thomas of Canterbury* gives a most interesting life of the great English statesman and churchman, Thomas

à Beckett. For once Mr Freeman is more biographical than historical, and in a few pages he brings Thomas vividly before us as Chancellor, Archbishop, and Martyr. The article makes us feel what a mine of interest lies, unexplored by most of us, in the old English annals, and makes us long to get hold of the writings of those old chroniclers, and read for ourselves the accounts they have handed down of the men and events of their own times.

I have reserved to the last the essay on *The Relations between the Crowns of England and Scotland*, but shall not be able to say as much about it as I had meant to do; and it is perhaps as well that the ebullition of Scottish patriotism should be restrained by want of space, for Mr Freeman certainly gives very scant measure of approbation to our national heroes—Wallace and Bruce. On the other hand, one is constrained to admit that the Scottish nation have not done justice to the great qualities of such a noble enemy as Edward I. On one point I heartily agree with Mr Freeman, in thinking that the misapprehensions of Scottish history of which he complains, are due quite as much to the English as to the Scotch. If English people hold mistaken views of Scotch history, it is not so much owing to the skill or eloquence of Scotch writers as to their own ignorance of Scotch matters, and to their idea that everything Scotch *must* be romantic. From these two causes arises the invariable confusion in their minds between Highlanders and Lowlanders. Nothing can be more provoking to a genuine Lowland Scot—belonging to a race of purer Saxon descent than most Englishmen—than to find English people crediting his ancestors with all the lawless deeds of a race of half-savage Celts, and thinking all the while that they are paying him a compliment.

But this is by the way. With regard to Mr Freeman's strictures on those who fought for and won the independence of Scotland, I can only say that his facts, and his statements of the law of the case, are probably correct—I do not think for a moment of disputing his authority—yet the enthusiasm which moved the whole Scottish nation (I do not of course speak of the Highlanders) during the war of independence, and the belief which they have ever since held, in the justice of their cause and in the patriotism of their leaders, are also undisputed facts, which must be taken into consideration and accounted for in a full and impartial discussion of the question.

GRACE.

## A Soldier's Reminiscences.

### PART III.

I HAD travelled for more than a fortnight through desolate country; the villages were only roofless houses and blackened walls, beside which the people cowered, waiting dumbly for some new calamity. One day it seemed to me as though the scenery were familiar. Surely I knew those softly rounded hills that bounded the horizon, as they lay in the purple shadows of the evening light—surely I had seen them before. Suddenly I remembered it was beside those hills that the battle was fought, by them that the cannon's roar had been re-echoed, on them that the eyes of so many of my comrades had rested ere they closed for the last time.

My resolution was taken; I would go there. I knew my strength might fail, the country might be deserted and no food to be got, I might die on the road, but what mattered? I had loved life once, what was left me now was of little worth, so I dragged myself on. I met one or two peasants, they were almost starving themselves, yet they shared with me. Poor fellows! they gave terrible accounts of the ravages after the battle, and looked mournfully on their ruined homesteads.

At last I came to the place; how distinctly remembered was every feature of the landscape, how vividly present to me was the peaceful scene on which we had looked that morning. It was sadly changed. The ground was covered with mounds, broken bits of armour and fragments of clothes were scattered about; the air was heavy with a pestilential smell. I flung myself down, and my heart overflowed, as I thought how many brave young lives had here been offered up,—to what purpose? Only to gain some square miles of land, when there were no longer brave men to people it, no longer strong hands to till it. I am neither a Protestant nor a Catholic, but I know the doctrines they profess. I believe with them in one God above us all, and I do most devoutly believe that all war and bloodshed is utterly abhorrent to Him. Yet Christian peoples go to war, and own to no sin, and the conquerors offer up praises for victory to the God who has told them that He will have mercy and justice rather

than sacrifice. It is a mockery! yes, I said in my bitterness, let them do even this, let them sing joyful Te Deums in the churches and the mighty cathedrals, because they have made the bright sunshine to be as funeral blackness to multitudes of mourning hearts, because they have made the whole earth to ring with one bitter cry of anguish. Let them sing praises unto the Creator who made man after his own image, because they have murdered their fellow creatures by the thousand; let them give thanks unto the God of the fatherless and the widow that they have made—He knows how many such—to sit sobbing by their desolate hearthstones.

I lingered long. My heart rose in wild revolt against the wickedness of my fellow-men, against the religion by which they justified themselves, against the God who could let such things be. When I rose to go, indignation and wrath overpowered me, and I could only cast myself down once more to weep burning tears, because of the wrong and injustice that fill the earth. Night came on, the stars looked solemnly down on the world from their infinite depths above. I stretched out my hands calling unto the heavens for vengeance, then fell on my face, helpless,—for what was my prayer where thousands had called before, and no help had come? Our souls are crushed between a dead earth and a dead heaven, they beat wildly and rebel against fate, and wrong, and death; but fate and wrong are mightier than we, and death comes the quicker for our very struggles. The stars with their everlasting laws roll on, and what are men, and what is their sorrow, before the vast and mighty machinery of the material universe?

Thinking thus, I had dragged myself painfully along, and even as I said this, I saw that I had come to the cross by the wayside. It stood beneath a little clump of trees, and had been pierced by balls fired on the battle-day. I hung upon it, and embraced it, for the truth suddenly flashed upon my soul. This symbol of degradation was the only symbol of victory for the world. On it had died He who taught that right was stronger than wrong, and that good was greater than evil; upon it was given up the life which was only lived for the good of the world, which, submitting, had been greater than suffering, and dying, had been stronger than death. Yes, this was the power of the spiritual over the material; this was the keystone of the religion of sorrow, the link

between our now suffering world and the infinite calm of the God above.

Hitherto I had philosophised. I had held physical and spiritual happiness as the highest good; and esteemed the love of God and the keeping of a pure morality but as means to this end. But now I had looked round, and seen that happiness was an impossible thing. I knew that misery ever brings with it evil, and I knew too that all moral and physical laws of the world, when a man has fallen, force him ever downward. I had called for help on the battle-field, and none had come; but now, though I still bore the sorrow, I was lord of it, being the stronger; though wickedness raged in the world, I knew that the good which had once been stronger than suffering must in the end be victorious; though my comrades lay dead on the field, by this cross, sign of death, I knew that life was the stronger.

A rippling stream half hidden by the trees that hung over it, young leaves of a bright green, the voices of birds echoing through the land, all things rejoicing in spring-time—such sights I saw, such sounds I heard, as I sat wearily down on a fallen tree by the wayside. In front rose a hill crowned with old grey houses; round about were the encircling mountains; and above, the blue sky. Yes, this was the house I had left eight months ago, unchanged, looking as though we, its sons, had departed but yesterday. How changed did *I* return to it!

The cold air fanned my hot brow and refreshed me somewhat, for I was worn out with the walk, but it could not bring back to life the dead hopes of my heart. Nothing could ever more awaken them. Was my mother still alive, I wondered, as I sat looking up to the houses on the hill-top. I had written to her twice, but it was impossible for her to answer, as she did not even know where I was, nor, since receiving my wound, had I again been able to send her a line. I had neither pen nor paper—nor ability. She must have given me up for dead, I thought, for peace is made now; and, indeed, had I not been so long ill after the visit to the battle-field, I would have been home ere this. But it was weeks before I could leave the hut where I was sheltered, fed, and tended by a peasant woman, “for her son’s sake,” poor creature!

My eyes turned instinctively towards the left, where lay a little ravine. My heart throbbed. There was the grave of my dead hopes. If I could but see her; if I

could but see her once! *This* wish was gratified. Gazing down the ravine, I caught a glimpse of a black dress that fluttered in the spring breeze. Soon I saw the figure of a young girl advancing towards me. Could this indeed be Elise—she whom I had never seen but in white, and bright soft colours? Was she also to be draped in the sad black raiment? What was it that had banished all the wild-rose tint from her cheek? Could sorrow not spare even her? Would she come as far as the fallen tree? I wondered—would she stop and speak to me? My heart, despite its suffering, was not dead yet; it bounded and fluttered as she moved slowly on. Now she stops; she turns to go back. No; she turns again. Surely she sees me. She is coming my way. Yes, she did come up; she stopped even, and spoke to me.

"Bonjour, monsieur," she said, then sadly—"You have suffered much during this war, were you wounded in battle?"

I told where and how. Her soft eyes pitied me.

"I too have suffered," she said, looking at her black dress, then after a pause,—“You seem very tired, are you going much farther to-day?” “No,” I said, glancing up at Mouens, “only up there.” “You are of Mouens? I am glad you have not far to go, I hope you will find all your friends well as when you left them.” She hesitated, was she even going to ask my name! But no; with another gentle *bonjour*, she passed on, and I was left alone.

Indeed alone now! My loved one, my dearest, had looked and spoken and had not even known me. I was an outcast from the pale of human happiness, I was to taste nought but the bitterness of human love. Mine it was to desire and to covet, but never should the loved form be clasped in my arms, never should I look into the depths of those dark eyes, never feel her heart beat responsive with mine.

And Elise—she whom I loved so much, for whom I had gladly laboured all my days, for whose sake I had held life itself as a very little thing; she had seen the fire in my eyes, had heard my voice thrill and quiver, and guessed not, knew not that my soul was altogether hers, had forgotten even my name! Such is the world. One gives all and receives nothing; another gets and gives not. The smiles that to one are as water to a man that is dying of thirst are sternly refused him, and bestowed bountifully on those who want them not, with whom wine

and water alike are plenty. The poor man dies of starvation, for want of the crust that the rich man throws carelessly to his well fed dogs.

I climbed the hill and went slowly through the old familiar streets; no one knew me, was I really so much altered? I spoke to the children of a neighbour who were playing in front of the door, they gazed with amazed open eyes, and scarcely answered my questions.

I passed on; our house door was half open: I scarcely dared to look in. But yes, there was my mother in a dark corner, bending over some work. Her weary listless air went to my heart; she too had found life a hard thing, with few joys, and many, very many sorrows; to her I might still be some comfort.

I opened the door, with a sudden whitening of her face she looked up, I saw how care worn and aged it had grown, then with a burst of tears she fell on my neck and sobbed.

A. M.

(Concluded.)

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### A Spring Song.

OH, bonnie Spring morning, so bright and so breezy!  
Oh, happy wild wind in the jubilant leaves!  
Oh, glowing gold sunshine, and light dancing shadows!  
Oh, sweet singing birds in the nooks of the eaves!  
Green forest paths cool, where the blue-bell and daisy  
Laugh out from the moss-tufts like sprites in the grass:  
Long dim woodland vistas, with floating light hazy,  
Blithe troubadour bees, singing soft as they pass.  
Oh, far, far away all the noise and the rolling,  
The weary unrest of the city's vast life;  
Thank God for the hundreds of miles of green country.  
That lie between me and the roar of its strife!  
Thank God that no sigh of its trouble unceasing,  
No taint of its poisoned breath's smoke-stifled heat,  
Ever burdens the whispering breeze that is stirring  
The leaves overhead and the grass at my feet.  
Still louder, sweet blackbirds and dear merry thrushes—  
Not half loudly enough in my joy can I sing—  
You must tell it for me, as you only can tell it:  
I am here in the country—and oh, it is *Spring!*

MAS ALTA.



## Dress.

Is it necessary to apologise, in these intellectual times, for offering to a magazine written and conducted by ladies, an article upon so *un-intellectual* a subject? I suppose it is; and I would begin by offering said apology in all humility and diffidence. Still, I am well aware that dress is to many—may I not say to most?—of my sex, a deeply interesting topic, though many of those who feel it so in their hearts would scorn to acknowledge the weakness; and therefore having offered the apology which I feel is required, I go on writing the article. For myself, I am not at all ashamed of confessing that I dotc upon dress.

I am quite aware of the faults and follics engendered by an excessive love of dress, and have as great a horror of them as any quaker; but I do not intend to say anything about them here, for that side of the subject is presented to us *ad nauseam* in a thousand books and magazines, until we feel inclined, out of very weariness and disgust, to run directly contrary to the precepts so prosily set down. On the other hand, I do not mean to dilate (attractive though the subject be) upon dress as one of the fine arts, which demands from the students of its higher branches a very considerable degree of intellectual capacity. I leave that to abler pens than mine. Nor do I venture a step into the scarcely less attractive depths, where Sartor Resartus has revealed to us the Philosophy of Clothes. Scarcely did thy strong arm, O Professor Teufelsdröckh, suffice to stem that mighty flood. Forbid that mine, all weak and unpractised, should brave the rush and roar thereof! No! I mean but to disport myself on the banks of that mighty river, and haply obtain here a flower of Tradition, there a pearl of Poetry, here again a jetsam and flotsam of History, which may show the despisers of dress that the subject is not so all-trivial as to them it may appear.

"You mean the *classicalities* of dress," says some one looking over my shoulder as I write; but I dislike the word, for it irresistibly reminds one of the times we generally think of as classical, when people must certainly have been as free from all thought or care about their apparel, as the books I have already referred to say we should be; but from a reason which I have not as yet seen recommended to us in any of these books.

“The heathen gods and goddesses  
Without skirts or boddices,”

have not bequeathed us any associations with dress ; but as we come further down the stream of Time, how many dresses or pieces of dress, entire and fragmentary, are inseparably intertwined with old and tender associations.

Is this not the case with the literature presented first of all to our youthful minds, so dear to us before we had learned the difference between fact and fancy—the literature which opened to us the gates of Fairyland, and admitted us to the familiar society of knights, princesses, and magicians? Long years have passed since we first made the acquaintance of that sweet maiden whose identity is so closely connected with her dress, that she has actually no name apart from it. Long years have passed, and many changes have they brought to us mortals, but thou, sweet Little Red Riding-hood, art young and fair as ever, archly smiling under the shadow of thine immortal garment! Cinderella, too,—patient, long-suffering Cinderella,—with her name arises before us a vision of dress. Not only the wondrous glass slippers, wondrous alike in material and size; equally vivid in my memory are her three ball-dresses, as described in the *History of Cinderella*, from which I first learnt to know her. The first white and glittering as the snow; the second all silvery-shining, as if woven out of moonbeams; the third golden and dazzling as the rays of the sun! What ecstasies of admiration did they awaken in my youthful breast, and how I longed that some fairy god-mother would enter by the nursery-window, and enact upon me her process of transformation!

Green, as we all know, is the fairies' own particular colour :

“And who may dare on wold to wear  
The fairies' fatal green?”

said the “moody Elfin-King,” whose greenwood solitude was broken by Lord Richard and his fearless wife; and I think that among all the dresses and pieces of dress made famous by history, poetry, and tradition, the great proportion are of this colour. Green, grass-green, did the Queen of Faerie wear when she met with Thomas of Ercildoune beneath the Eildon Tree; green was the robe of Queen Guinevere as she rode to court with Lancelot through the sweet spring woods, with the hyacinths blossoming all around them; and how many pictures are

called to our minds by the name of "the Lincoln green." Maid Marian and the jolly Friar, and the King of Archers Robin Hood, and the English bowmen at Poitiers and Cressy, and poor Blanche of Devan and her lover ;

" Mine eye has dried and wasted been,  
But still it loves the Lincoln green."

And possibly other associations with more modern archery, which need not be noted here.

How little thought Laura de Sade, as she donned her robe of green velvet to go to matins at Sancta Chiara in Avignon, that that dress would be remembered centuries after she herself was dead,—centuries after the Pope and the dukes and princes of the day were well nigh forgotten ! We know not who preached that morning or who prayed ; we care not what weighty municipal matters were agitating the burghers of Avignon, and we have forgotten what great political event was discussed by the old men as they walked slowly to mass ; but we remember—and generations to come shall remember—that one golden-haired girl-bride (for she was then a bride) among the congregation, wore a green velvet dress, sprinkled with violets ; for her lover, by name Francesco Petrarca, has told us so, and his words are of those that cannot die.

Green is a colour shunned by the whole clan of Graham ; it is as unlucky for a Graham to wear green as for a Bruce to kill a spider ; and this superstition arises from the ill-luck connected with another green garment as famous as any I have mentioned—the green coat worn by Viscount Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie, and pierced under the left arm by the fatal silver bullet. Small wonder is it, indeed, that all of his name should attach a sinister influence to a colour reminding them of that most disastrous day, which laid low the head of their bravest and noblest :

" When, amidst the battle's thunder,  
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame ;  
In the glory of his manhood,  
Passed the spirit of the Græme !"

Returning for a moment to fairy lore, there is one of Hans Christian Andersen's beautiful fictions which may well be mentioned in a paper upon dress—I mean "The Wild Swans." This story is among the very finest of Andersen's prose poems. The clevn brothers, cruelly transformed into swans ; the tender reciprocal affection

between them and their sister, both before and after the charm is wrought upon them; the joy of Elise at finding she can restore them through long, suffering toil on her own part; her patient work with swollen blistered fingers at the magic shirts; her courageous endurance of misconception and persecution, rather than relinquish her work or speak a word to break the spell; and her triumphant rescue on the very scaffold, just as the eleventh shirt is finished, and her brothers restored to human shape; all this, told in Andersen's own matchless way, forms a story far too beautiful to be forgotten or laid aside among our childish books.

Very beautiful is the history, too, of that faded silk dress of Enid's, which cost her so many fears at first when she thought of appearing in it at Arthur's court; very tender and natural the feeling that made her keep it always, though she was decked with all that was rich and fair, and that led her to choose it for that woeful journey with her lord; and most pathetic and touching the words in which she refuses to exchange it for the gorgeous robe proffered by Earl Doorm:

“ In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,  
And loved me, serving in my father's hall ;  
In this poor gown I rode with him to court,  
And there the Queen arrayed me like the sun ;  
In this poor gown he bade me clothe myself  
When now we rode upon this fatal quest  
Of honour, where no honour can be found ;  
And this poor gown I will not cast aside  
Until himself arise a living man,  
And bid me cast it.”

Tennyson has numerous very beautiful dress-allusions and dress-episodes. Witness Lady Clare's change of apparel, so characteristic of the high-minded girl who scorned to retain even a sign of the rank and riches to which she had no rightful claim :—

“ Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,  
And lay the diamond necklace by. . . . .  
She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare ;  
She went by dale, and she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair.”

And how many dress and piece of dress has Shakspeare immortalised! Malvolio's yellow stockings and cross-garters, Katharina's debateable head gear, Sir John Falstaff's scanty supply of linen—the list might be indefinitely prolonged. Shakspeare reminds us of Queen

Elizabeth, and she reminds us of a very celebrated piece of dress, which brought a sudden turn of fortune to its wearer—the cloak of Sir Walter Raleigh. Somewhat stretched and exaggerated, perhaps, was that act of gallantry, and yet, done by Raleigh, it must have been done in his true spirit of chivalry and loyalty; for Sir Walter Raleigh, “courtier, scholar, soldier,” poet too, and true gentleman to boot, is remote even from the suspicion of self-seeking or fawning toadyism. His best was ever at his sovereign’s disposal, and when the sovereign’s ingratitude and suspicion would be satisfied with nothing but his life-blood, he laid his head on the block with a spirit as loyal and ungrudging, as when, but a simple squire, he had laid his cloak at the feet of Elizabeth.

But in history we have comparatively few incidents connected with dress; it seems generally to be considered a subject beneath the dignity of history. A mistake, surely; for how interesting to general readers, how well remembered by youthful readers, are episodes like those of Raleigh’s cloak, or Dundee’s green coat, or the few similar ones which have been preserved. Incidents like these, or relating to kindred subjects, tend greatly to help the memory and the imagination. But poetry, untroubled by ideas of dignity, literally teems with records of dress. In every style we find it introduced, from the dread and mystery surrounding the Silver Veil of the Prophet Mokanna, to the sparkling humour in which Lady Nairne has given us the details of the Laird of Cockpen’s famous toilet, ending with the triumphant enquiry, “An’ wha could resist the Laird wi’ a’ that?” Volumes might be filled with all that poets have sung on this subject—Pope’s Rape of the Lock, and some of Herrick’s very happiest efforts, and Waller’s “Girdle,” and Keats’ exquisite description of Madeline undressing on St. Agnes’ Eve, and countless others.

I should approach too near the precincts of Professor Teufelsdröckh did I say anything of the psychological effects of national dresses, like our own beloved tartans, or of symbolical pieces of dress like the red Cap of Liberty, or the white Cockade so often stained with brave Scotch blood; and therefore I shall conclude, hoping that some of my readers may admit that a subject honoured by the mention of so many mighty singers, is not in itself unworthy of our notice, though it may have been made so by the manner in which it has been treated by

DIDO.

“ *Only.* ”

SHE.

“ ONLY to listen, and watch, and wait  
For the welcome creak of the garden gate;  
For the firm, slow tread of manly feet  
On the rustling crispness of dying peat,  
When the red, red sun is setting!  
Only to hear a low-whistled tune,  
That is coming nearer,—coming soon—  
Coming through briars of crimson leaves,  
To murmur dreamily on the eaves,  
When the red, red sun is setting.”

HE.

“ Only to know when work is done,  
And I turn homewards with the sun,  
That every even there will be  
A little face to welcome me,  
When the golden day is dying!  
Only to see among the trees  
White lilies waving in the breeze,  
And sleepy flowers all dipt in dew,  
Of every kind, of every hue,  
When the golden day is dying.”

SHE.

“ Only to see a long shadow fall  
On the mossy bank of the garden wall,  
When the land is bathed in golden air.  
And God is breathing everywhere,  
In depths of rainbow light!  
Only to see his quiet grave smile  
Light up the room a little while,  
Till the sun is drowned in western waves,  
And the rosy flush on sea-born eaves,  
Is fading into night.”

HE.

“ Only to see the glad surprise  
That shines in her eager, happy eyes!  
To watch the light that, falling there,  
Kisses the head of nut-brown hair,  
And kissing, softly dies!

Only to hear the gentle voice  
 That makes my weary heart rejoice,  
 And softens all my care away  
 Like the last gleam of ebbing day  
 On the breast of western skies."

BOTH.

" Only to feel that, from above,  
 In all our joy, in all our care,  
 The blessing of a Father's love  
 Will shine upon us everywhere."

CHRISTIE.



### George Herbert's Poems.

CHARLES LAMB, in one of his inimitable essays, when speaking of some of his favourite books and their authors, beautifully says:—"Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him." Some such thought as this might well come into our minds, before taking up the poems of the saintly singer, George Herbert.

But for the preparatory music, we should not choose the organ-fugue or grand victorious march which might fitly usher in the great thoughts and stately diction of "Paradise Lost." A few sweet chants, hymn-tunes, or anthems—the "church-music" Herbert so much loved—would form the best prelude to the study of "The Temple." How pure and unearthly is the atmosphere with which this book at once surrounds you! It is so because the poems are so thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of their writer—a most earnest, devout, humble, and loving spirit.

We naturally enter "The Temple" through "The Church-Porch." In this poem (professedly didactic in its character) it was impossible for Herbert to give the reins to his imagination as he did in many others, but it has its own peculiar beauties and excellences. It is full of a ripe wisdom—the wisdom of a man who had seen much, observed much, thought much, and who ruled his own life by the maxims which he gave to others. And the good counsel is given in words of such vigour, in a tone

of such true manliness, that even a mean and sluggish spirit might be stirred by some of the verses—by this for example:—

“Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,  
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.  
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod,  
The stormy, working soul spits lies and froth.  
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :  
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.”

There is a stronger spice of sarcasm in “The Church Porch,” than is noticeable elsewhere. Here is a biting word for the slothful:—

“Active and stirring spirits live, alone,  
Write on the others, ‘*Here lies such a one.*’”

And to England it is said—

“The gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth  
Transferred a sheepishness into thy story ;  
Not that they all are so, but that the most  
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.”

Perhaps there are no words in the poem which, from their sweetness of sound as much as from their truth, linger as easily in the memory as these:—

“All worldly joys go less  
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.”

We may say of Herbert’s poems, as Lord Bacon said of the Psalms, that they “contain more hearse-like airs than carols.” From Izaak Walton’s little memoir of him (itself a poem from its exquisite simplicity of language, happy touches of nature, and loving reverence of tone), we learn that Herbert “had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities,” and this weakness of health may, in part, account for the “shadow,” rather than the “shine” of life dwelling in his thoughts.

Conscious also, as a less sensitive and less holy man could not be, of the strange contradictions, the sins and weaknesses of our nature, he struggled unceasingly to be freed from them, lamenting his every shortcoming with bitter contrition, and looking forward with earnest longing to the perfection of another life. What vehement feeling shows itself in the poem called “Home.”

“Come, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,  
While Thou dost ever, ever stay ;  
Thy long-deferrings wound me to the quick ;  
My spirit gaspeth night and day.  
Oh, show Thyself to me,  
Or take me up to Thee !”

The naturalness of a line in the sixth stanza is almost startling :—

“Hence, all ye clouds! Away,  
Away! *I must get up and see.*  
Oh, show Thyself to me,  
Or take me up to Thee!

Surely the desire to “put on immortality” was never more perfectly expressed than in these verses, and those which follow, which I have not space to quote here; and the beautiful words of almost impatient longing came fitly from the mouth of a poet who so well understood the vanity of earthly pleasures, and the depth and sad variety of this life’s woes. Of the latter he thus speaks :—

“True earnest sorrows; rooted miseries;  
Anguish in grain; vexations ripe and blown;  
Sure-footed griefs; solid calamities;  
Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,  
Fetching their proofs e’en from the very bone;—  
These are the sorrows here.”

But Herbert’s note of gladness is strong and clear, if rarely heard. Forgetting for the time all sin, all doubt and misery, he sometimes soars like a lark, pouring forth his song in a perfect abandonment of joy. In such a mood as this he must have written his “Antiphon.”

CHO.—“Let all the world in every corner sing,—  
‘My God and King!’

VERS.—“The heavens are not too high,  
His praise may thither fly.  
The earth is not too low,  
His praises there may grow.

CHO. “Let all the world in every corner sing,  
‘My God, and King!’

VER.—“The Church with psalms must shout,  
No door can keep them out;  
But, above all, the heart  
Must bear the longest part.

CHO.—“Let all the world in every corner sing  
‘My God and King.’”

As great, though perhaps more quiet, is the happiness which is shown in the first verse of “A True Hymn”—

“My joy, my life, my crown!  
My heart was meaning all the day  
Somewhat it fain would say;  
And still it runneth, mutt’ring, up and down,  
With only this, ‘My joy, my life, my crown!’”

Herbert’s great love of music crept constantly into his poems, and often with very beautiful results. In the following description of suffering and its use—

“This is but tuning of my breast,  
To make the music better,”

we at once perceive the sensitive ear to which discord is a real pain, and harmony an intense delight.

Sighs and groans are quaintly called "these country airs;" prayer is said to be "a kind a tune which all things hear and fear;" and "sing" seems the natural word from Herbert's lips rather than "rejoice." Then he complains that his soul is

"Untuned, unstrung ;"

and what another old poet speaks of as

"Bright shoots of everlastingness ;"

he describes, in a line of beautiful vagueness, as

"The sound of glory ringing in our ears."

The taste of many readers is so much offended by the strange fancies, odd expressions, and unexpected turns which abound in Herbert's poems, that their enjoyment of his book is thereby considerably lessened. It would certainly seem as if he often allowed his imagination to run away with him, and into very singular places he was occasionally carried by it! There are numerous similes which strike one as forced and unnatural, if not absurd; and who, with any sense of the ludicrous, could read the first stanza of "Doomsday" (solemn as the subject is) without a smile?

"Come away

Make no delay!

Summon all the dust to rise,

Till it stir, and rub the eyes;

While this member jogs the other,

Each one whispering, 'Live you, Brother?'"

Yet so fully assured are we of the deep reverence in the mind of the writer, that not a line in any of his poems gives us that painful shock which the awkward familiarity of language in many modern hymns has often caused us to experience.

We also naturally take into account what the poetic taste and fashion of Herbert's day—the day, as George Macdonald remarks, of—

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,"

not only allowed but encouraged. And we may surely laugh at a friend's eccentricities, yet love and admire him at the same moment. Our amusement at Herbert's occasional extravagances of thought and expression, need not in the least interfere with our hearty liking for his poems. When his wayward fancy is kept rather more in check,

what beautiful ideas and metaphors it gives us in such poems as "The Pulley," and "The Flower," two of the best known and best loved of his productions.

Sometimes he suddenly altered his rhyme or measure to suit his thoughts, as in the endings of "Home," "Denial," and "Grief." There may be a kind of affectation in these tricks of art, but there is such unmistakeable genuineness of feeling in every poem, that no falseness of tone is ever given by them. And if we are now and then half-startled by some change which we cannot altogether admire, Herbert also gives us surprises which delight us by their beauty. For example, the last lines of "The Collar" come as an unexpected pleasure, giving us the feeling of sudden "stillness after storm."

"But, as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild  
At ev'ry word,  
Methought I heard one calling 'Child !'  
And I replied 'My Lord.'"

And in the conclusion of "Dotage," we have again a strong contrast, producing the same exquisite effect. After the painful catalogue of human sorrows (a passage already quoted), comes the mention of—

"A court—e'en that above, so clear—  
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true  
Than miseries are here !"

Sweetness, rather than dignity of expression, may perhaps be considered as characteristic of Herbert's poetry; yet surely the commencement of the poem entitled "Love" is very fine.

"Immortal Love, Author of this great frame,  
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade ;  
How hath man parcell'd out Thy glorious name,  
And thrown it on the dust which Thou hast made."

For musical sound, we might choose the little poem called "Virtue" to quote from:—

"Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die."  
.  
.  
.  
"Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;—  
A box, where sweets compacted lie ;  
My music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die."

There are many poets whom we may admire greatly, without being conscious of any very warm feeling of affection for them, but Herbert we can love as a real, a living, and close friend.

M. S. S.

*John Brown of Priesthill's Wife.*

THEY shot him at his cottage door,  
An' his wife was standing near,  
But never a word o' grief said she,  
Nor in her e'e a tear.

They tied his hands ahint his back,  
An' bound his bonny e'en,  
But her face was white, an' still, an' cauld,  
As a dead man's face had been.

The heath a' purple i' the sun,  
Shone redder where he lay,  
When they had warked their wicked will,  
An' turned to ride away.

"An' what think ye o' your guidman noo,  
Guidwife?" quoth Clavers rude,—  
A flash cam i' the tearless e'e,  
To the white cheek the bluid.

She walked, wi' steady step an' prood,  
To where her guidman lay,  
She laid on her lap the shatter'd heed,  
An' she wiped the bluid away.

"Aye thocht I muckle of my guidman,  
An' far mair think I noo,  
He's died for the Lord that died for him,  
God forgie them that slew!"

"'Twere nocht but richt," quoth Clavers cruel,  
"Gin ye lay by his side."  
"Aye, wark ye're will," she answered him,  
"Was never gladder bride."

She sat there still as the gloamin' fell,  
An' they turned an' rode away,  
Still, when the heath grew mirk i' nicht  
On her knees the dead head lay.

But when the first star glimmered oot,  
I' the welkin quiet an' blue,  
Ae lang look took she o' the e'en  
She loo'd, sac sightless noo;

An' syne she shut the eyelids white,  
 An' kamed the clotted hair,  
 An' rowed him in his shepherd's plaid,  
 Wi's life bluid reddened sair.

She laid him on the purple heath,  
 Gently as babe that slept,  
 Nae word said she till a' was dune,  
 Syne sat her doon an' wept.

JEANIE MORISON.

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### “Why has this Happened?”

*[An Essay written for the Class of Mental Philosophy in connection with the  
 Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association.]*

WHILE standing near a quarry, I am startled by a loud report. On looking up, I see fragments of rock falling in various directions, and a volume of smoke rising from the shivered mass. I turn to another bystander, and ask for an explanation of these appearances. I am told that the rock has been blasted, in consequence of a train of gunpowder, laid near it, having become ignited,—(whether accidentally or intentionally, my informant is not aware, and it is beside my present purpose to inquire). This explanation so far satisfies me, that I do not then think of putting any farther questions. That the contact of a spark of flame with gunpowder is followed by an explosion, is a familiar fact of my experience; and the present phenomenon having been reduced to an instance of this sequence, I cease to wonder at it as an isolated event. For the practical purposes of life, also, the information which I have received is sufficient,—did I need a warning of the danger of allowing fire and gunpowder to come into contact, except under carefully prepared conditions.

But when I reflect on the occurrence, the rough and ready explanation which I have received, instead of satisfying me, only serves to raise fresh questions in my mind. “Why is the contact of a spark of flame with the substance which we call gunpowder, followed by a flash and smoke, by noise and the violent rending asunder of solid bodies near?” The sequence is to me an arbitrary one,—an isolated fact, though, as exemplified in a plurality of instances, one much more general than the original subject of my inquiry. Thus unconnected as

it is, in my mind, with any other series of phænomena, I do not know what to do with it. To relieve the uneasiness to which this state of mind gives rise, I go to a student of chemistry, and ask him for an explanation. He answers me somewhat as follows:—"In the spark of flame you have certain gases existing, by virtue of their combination, in a state of combustion. When these elements come into contact with those others which, combined, we call gunpowder, some are brought together by their chemical affinity, while there is so violent a disengagement of one, (or more), that its escape gives rise to those disturbances of the atmosphere and of the solid rock which you describe." (I must ask indulgence, on account of my ignorance of chemistry, for the vagueness, and perhaps inaccuracy in detail, of what precedes.)

I ponder the reply which I have now received. I know not yet whether it entirely brings me to what I desire, but I feel that it has led me a considerable way farther in that direction. It has stripped off the rude outer husks which, under the names "flame" and "gunpowder," enveloped diverse elements. It has showed me that the modes of action of these have to be separately taken account of, and, being so taken, are found to be unvarying and consistent, and to yield general chemical laws. Also, the steps of the sequence have been shown to me in their *immediate* and *entire* succession, as far as that can be traced by human scrutiny. All this, the answer to my first question, proceeding, as it did, merely on the rough data of untrained observation, failed to give me. My present informant has made me aware that the particular relation of cause and effect existing between ignited gunpowder and an explosion, is but one case of the general mode of action of certain elementary chemical substances in their mutual relation. He has shown it to be governed by a general law, and has assimilated it to many other facts of experience.

"But," I ask myself, "has he done more than move my wonder and my sense of ignorance one stage higher?" It seems, to me he has not. I am baffled no less by a sense of the inscrutableness of nature, that the subject of my ignorant wonder is a wider circle of phænomena. While in this frame of mind, I open a scientific work, which contains the results of the most advanced speculation of the present time on the physical relations of the universe. I

read of the correlation of the physical forces—that lofty generalization by which modern science has knit together the phenomena of nature, in a manner more comprehensive than could at one time have been soberly anticipated. I learn to think of the physical universe as composed finally of matter and energy. I am taught that the latter, no less than the former, is indestructible, and, while continually changing its form, exists in a definite quantity, which can be neither increased nor diminished. I learn how several of the forms of energy are mutually convertible,—the one passing into the other under given conditions, which can be determined with a considerable degree of certainty. Applying what I have thus learned to the present subject of my thoughts, I suppose that in the original event I have an illustration of this great law of nature. The application of the spark to the gunpowder was the occasion which evolved energy in the shape of chemical action; this passed into heat, heat into new chemical action, and, finally, out of chemical action was produced mechanical motion.

How does this new and extended view of physical relations affect the problem which engages me? I find that, starting from a commonplace fact of my experience. I have now reached a height whence I can discern it to be one link in a mighty chain, or rather net-work, of causes and effects, which, again, I perceive to present certain well-marked features of regularity and order. I feel all the pleasure which can result from the introduction of a great degree of harmony and simplicity into what at first seemed a bewildering maze of confusion and disconnectedness. The words of the poet seem to me realized:—

“Wie alles sich zum Ganzen webt,  
Eins in dem Andern wirkt und lebt!  
Wie Himmelskrafte auf und nieder steigen,” &c.

But still I am constrained to acknowledge that not one whit am I nearer to what I am seeking—that no better than at the very first do I understand *why* the one moment of the event follows the other, in any of the more complex or elementary forms in which it has been presented to me. I ask myself more critically, What it is that I am seeking? “The cause of a phenomenon,” I reply,—“that is, the ultimate cause, the cause of the cause of its cause, such a cause as shall manifest itself, not merely as the

actually antecedent condition of a succession of events, but as potentially containing in itself that succession. In fact, I am in search of a source of power or energy in the universe."

By this account of my own object, two lines of thought are suggested. The one takes the shape of the question—"Is this a just conception of causation? Can we understand by it anything more than that mutual relation of sequence which, with more or less of invariability between particular kinds of events, we see to hold good among the phenomena that come within our experience?" To this I must reply, that I think we may. It does not appear to me that the whole content of the notion of a cause is drawn out in the definition—"that without which we do not know something else to exist;" rather, the word seems to express a twofold idea, one phase of which is the assertion of the production of the effect by the cause in virtue of something inherent in itself.

The justification of this view of causation, however, connects itself with the second line of thought, which I now take up. It leads me to discern that the problem before me is one, the solution of which I need not ask from science,—for the sufficient reason that it is not really a problem of science at all. The object of my pursuit has led me out of the domain of science, into that of metaphysics. For why? The idea of a cause, in the sense in which I have declared myself to be seeking for it, is not one derived from experience,—and science cannot go beyond experience for the materials with which it deals.

Of the origin of our judgment of causality, I can give no better account than that it seems to be a necessary form of the consciousness of finite beings—the reflection of our own finitude in our conception of existence. Hence the aspect which, under the forms of intellectual intuition called the principles of Substance and Phenomenon, and of Cause and Effect, the universe presents to us, as an assemblage of individual things and a concatenation of particular events. But the universal averment of causation, which is developed by our experience of the *external* world into the idea of the sequence of phenomena, seems to be moulded by our *internal* experience of volition,—especially of resisted volition,—into that second and deeper idea of efficacy, of which I have spoken. Certain it is, that only from the contemplation of the phenomena

of intelligence can that idea be derived. Nature of itself offers *no* suggestion of an originating power. Physical forces seem to be nothing more than modes of motion. Even if the dream of science were realized, and all the various manifestations of energy in the physical world were proved to be the shifting forms of one elemental force, we should still be brought no nearer to the discovery of an intelligible source of power. Thus the word *explanation*, in the mouth of a man of science and of a philosopher, means two different things. It is used by the one to express the reduction of the contingent to the essential—of the accidental to the constant, and the reference of frequently recurring sequences, as properties, to substances; by the other to signify the discernment of a reason or intelligible ground of appearances.

Now we come to the question,—than which few can be more difficult or momentous,—“*Is* there such a cause of physical phenomena? Can we attain to anything which we may accept with certainty as the ultimate and conditioning ground of the vast and complex system of things which surrounds us—in which we ourselves are, to a certain degree, involved as parts?” The way in which we answer this question must depend entirely, I believe, on the theory of knowledge which we have adopted. Do we hold that all knowledge is derived from experience—that our ideas, however subsequently elaborated, have no origin but the data of sensation and empiric self-consciousness? we shall find it impossible to gain any rationally reliable ground for the assertion of an intelligent source of existence. Do we, on the other hand, hold by the reality of intuitive ideas in the human mind, which refuse to be explained (in their *origin*) by experience, and point to a more remote source? then we shall be constrained, I think, to assign to intelligence in the universe the same supremacy which we have found it to hold in the human microcosm. There is nothing else in the universe than the unexampled, physically inexplicable, facts of consciousness, which can yield the least footing in the attempt to reach to a Real Intelligent First Cause of all things. If the essential character of these is overlooked, and they are allowed to be merely the product of experience, or the manufacture of association, the logical result is the assertion of science as the only kind of knowledge to which man is competent, absolute scepticism as to aught beyond generalizations

from observed phænomena, and the denial of the legitimacy, on rational grounds, even of such a question as whether there be a Supreme First Cause.

Supposing the reality of such a First Cause admitted, the nature of its relation to the finite existence conditioned by it, remains a farther question. Such a course of reasoning as I have indicated, resting, as it does, on the distinctive nature of intelligence, would naturally lead to Theism, or the view of the finite world as the expression of the creative thought of a Maker separate from it, rather than to Pantheism, which, blending thought and existence together, represents the universe as identified with the very essence of the Divine Spirit.

Then, under the theistic conception, various theories may be held as to the mode in which the divine energy operates through nature. Whether each pulse of life and motion that vibrates through the mighty frame be the direct exertion of Supreme Power, or whether the gift of power be possible in such degree as to make it reasonable to speak of secondary agencies among the creatures,—whether evolution or separate acts of creation be the law of the divine procedure,—are questions hard and tedious to answer, and, after all, beside that which was given as the subject of these feeble thoughts, “Why (in the very end) has any particular event happened?” To that,—not, as I have said, from any evidence in the world of sense, but from the witness that, amid the silence of nature, comes from the human spirit,—I can but reply, “Because it is the will of God.”

As, in some amazement at finding whither I have been led, my mind reverts to the event from which my inquiry started, I reflect that it might have been important as having *consequences* other than physical. That reminds me of the chief interest attaching to the establishment of the priority of intelligence in the universe—viz., that thereby we secure the presence of rational and progressive order, of a *meaning*, in the succession of events. Of this, involving the transformation of the sequence of phænomena into the adaptation of means to an end, we desire, above all, to be made sure. If we get thought into the universe, we bring this with it as its necessary result. And so, resting on the intuition, however dim, of supreme intelligence as the *origin* of all things, we may be able, in spite of adverse appearances, to hold fast by the belief that all

are combined towards a perfect *end*—bound together as parts of a plan, which we cannot trace, only because it is infinitely above and beyond our powers of comprehension.

SIGMA.

---

O l d   A g e .

WHEN the little birds begin to sing  
 I' the dawning of the year,  
 When the lark mounts up, on buoyant wing,  
 And the black bird whistles clear ;  
 When the little flowers lift their heads,  
 When the buds begin to blow,  
 The primroses from mossy bed,  
 And the snowdrops from the snow,—  
 Then make my bed to the east o' the hill  
 Where the early sunbeams fall—  
 I will lie lowly—I will lie still—  
 God will care for us all !

The birds are glad to sing of the nest,  
 And the flowers are glad to grow ;  
 I will be glad to lie and rest  
 Whether it shine or snow.

Youth is glad to play i' the sun,  
 And fight with the winter storm ;  
 But age is glad when the work is done.  
 And the hearth is bright and warm.

Youth has a thousand things to know,  
 The day will be gone too soon—  
 But age has seen all the flowers blow,  
 And fade in the scorching noon.

Then let them rejoice or let them weep,—  
 Funeral be it, or feast—  
 I am weary, and I will sleep,  
 Till the day-dawn break i' the east.

R.

## Pedestrianism for Ladies.

### III.—MOUNTAINS.

#### (Conclusion.)

The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury.

BYRON.

WHILE writing under our present title, we ought to have nothing to relate about first-class mountain ascents—according to the Alpine Club standard—nor have we. Now and then a lady does scale Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Weisshorn, and even the Matterhorn, but she must be regarded as exceptional, and it may be questioned whether the risk of over-exertion is worth the pleasure of such expeditions. Marjorie, at anyrate, never imperilled her good health by any such strain, but looked with distant respect on those damsels-errant who occasionally crossed her path, and whose joy was

———“to breathe  
The difficult air of the iced mountain’s top,  
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect’s wing  
Flit o’er the herbless granite.”———

Those valiant climbers often bore traces of their toil : one would be lame from frost-bite, another fabulous and meteor-like in complexion from sun-burn ; and often they would own when asked, that though the view *was* splendid at the top, it was finest a little lower down. As to Martin, neither experience nor authority availed to shake his profound scepticism as to the delight of standing on mountain tops.

“Put the real motive strongly, and I may ascend,” he would say, “we go to say we have been there.” And once when he and Marjorie were watching with telescopes from the summit of the Brevent a party ascending Mont Blanc, “I quite see the whole thing,” he remarked ; “but for scrupulous veracity we could safely say we had been there. It is exactly what we have done already, only lasting too long to be pleasant.” Only two mountain ascents seemed to give him thorough satisfaction—probably from their sublimity being flavoured with the ludi-

crous: the Rhigi and Vesuvius. On the Rhigi at early dawn, the sounds of a harsh Alp-horn make the morning hideous; then out rush the mob of half-clad, blanket-wrapped tourist to watch the cold, slow, deliberate sunrise, and thus celebrate the most comical rite of modern Nature-worship. Of Vesuvius more anon. But there are second class mountains which give perfectly beautiful views, and should, if possible, be ascended. The Brevent opposite Mont Blanc before alluded to, the Schilthorn, and the Cramont, might be mentioned as safe mountains, not too fatiguing, and beautiful all the way up as well as at the summit.

It was early in the mountain season one year, and the weather was very unsettled. Martin and Marjorie were compelled by it again and again to retreat from excursions to Interlachen—the big umbrella, as they call it—but in a fine interval they stopped a few days at Mürren, a charming little inn above the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and at a quarter past 5 A.M. started thence, bound for the top of the neighbouring Schilthorn, 9300 feet high. A ponderous peasant served as guide, and they tramped along in high spirits through the dewy hay-fields, thence into a fir wood where the dark trees gave the snow behind a brighter lustre. Over rough ground and through water courses, till they emerged on a high, lonely pasture, dotted with a few cheese *châlets*, and musical with cattle-bells, which tinkled from all sides, as the cows and goats climbed up and down their steep feeding-ground. Onwards over short dark herbage, inlaid with brilliant dwarf flowers; latterly there seemed more flowers than grass among the scattered rocks which became wilder and higher as we ascended. The way led over snow, and grew steep and slippery; like the servant of king Wencclaus, they trod in the steps of their guide, where the snow lay dinted. The mists were now rolling wildly up the valley, the view was becoming doubtful, and they halted on a black projection of rock to consider the advisability of continuing the ascent. Then out came the sun and blazed on the thousand snow crystals that all glittered in light, while the clear sky above was dark to blackness.

So they plunged onwards up the snow slopes, and very tired was Marjorie when they stood triumphantly at the top, and richly rewarded. For below lay a sea of clouds, the sun shining brilliantly on the upper stratum,

and on peak beyond peak that surged out of the cloudy billows, like islands in some mysterious ocean in a dream; for a sudden rent would show a glimpse of green valley far below, or a fragment of the blue-spined Tschlingel glacier, or a group of fir trees, and then the mist waves would roll again over all the lower ground. Alas, that at such an elevation, in that pure atmosphere, instead of corresponding elevation of tastes, the lower one of eating becomes so rampant! Bread and cheese and *vin du glacier*, which they shared with their guide, absorbed all their attention; and when they looked round them again for the mountains, they had all vanished. "A vapour, heavy, formless, damp, and cold," enveloped them. The very sun seemed to have gone out.

They started again in half-an-hour in a changed scene. It was almost dark, the horizon of white snow was narrowed by the dense mist to a small circle, in which the guide moved before them a dim blue figure. Marjorie and Martin had no notion left of the way, and might have been wandering in the realms of the "Snow Queen," all looked so grim and wild. They had three good glissades down the snow, putting their feet together, and steering with their ice poles, shooting thus down the slopes into the unknown darkness, in pleasant contrast to their toilsome journey up. No sooner had they gained the rocks than they breathed a freer air; day seemed to be brightening. They chose for their dining-room a mossy, flowery bank, with a grey table rock in the middle, and there discussed an excellent dinner, and afterwards took a good rest, and indeed a little sleep, on the scented thyme and flowers.

There is no rest like eating and drinking, and the afternoon was temptingly fine, so they resolved to make a detour on their way home, to visit a renowned waterfall. For this no guide was needed, so Marjorie and Martin walked downwards by themselves. The waterfall was deep in a lovely fir-wood, which clothed the edge of the steep descent into Lauterbrunnen valley. Over it hung a rainbow, while a smaller fall tossed itself over the track by which they came. The wind was sighing through the fir branches, like Wagner's music; the light waned apace; the whole scene was full of lovely witchery. Long they lay spell-bound on the soft moss, when suddenly they became aware that all the heights were lost in mist, nay more, that the mist was marching down upon them like a

wall. In a few minutes it had reached them, and all but the nearest trees vanished in grey shadow. Hoping to find the light better outside the wood, and anxious above all to avoid possible precipices descending into Lauterbrunnen Valley, they struck up the hill side, but soon felt uncertain whether they were going towards Mürren, or in the opposite direction. So they plodded on a long way, seeing only each other, and a little round of green pasture.

"How cold it grows," said Marjorie; "but I do think we are coming to the *châlet* above Mürren," as they stumbled over some loose shale. There was a glimmer before them, and they almost ran up against the ice edge of a glacier. It was plain to both they had reached the Tschlingel glacier, how ever they were to get away again. All was silent around, except the tinkle of some cattle-bells, and these Martin proposed to follow.

"But," said Marjorie, "how will it improve our fate to attach ourselves to a cow? or, not even a cow, perhaps only a goat?"

"We might go home with it, you see," said Martin.

"Perhaps to an empty cow-shed," said Marjorie. "Very well, let us hope only it is not a goat."

Soon they heard the bells clinking all round them, and Martin ran up against a real hut, with a real door, out of which projected the head of a cow. Squeezing in between her and several more, they found an inner door nearly blocked up by a recumbent cow, over whose back they scrambled into a dark little room, where two large fires were blazing. There were no windows, only chinks among the unhewn logs of which the walls were made, and slits in the roof, out of which some of the smoke escaped. No floor but deep mud, no furniture but clean cheese moulds and tubs. Over each fire bent a wild-looking herdsman, boiling a huge copper cauldron. These spoke not a word; but one of them (and he had a tail, which proved on further investigation to be a one-legged stool, permanently buckled on behind him, so that he could sit down anywhere on nothing), brought them two wooden cogs full of delicious cream, in which wooden spoons were standing upright. Then a little conversation was attempted, but the patois was strange. Marjorie sat on an inverted tub, with her feet in the mire, nodding over the fire; and not till after a good rest did she feel able to start with one of the herdsmen, who engaged for a trifle to see them safe on their way to

Mürren. The walk back through the pine wood was gloomy enough; night helped the fog, and it took nearly three hours to reach Mürren and its welcome little inn, so bright and warm, though it is but a wooden box, liable to holes through to the outer air. It creaks all over when any one stirs; but what nice dinners, what strawberries and cream you have there; what a balcony there is, overlooking the opposite range of snow mountains, noble peaks surging up through the clouds at startling heights—in short, it is excellent head-quarters for pedestrians. Marjorie was not over-fatigued by their adventure, which, on a first-class mountain, might have been a catastrophe.

And now let us change the scene to a steep mountain side on a sultry afternoon; far away are the flowery pastures, the shady woods, the pure snows. The sun beats fiercely on the black lava over which our travellers are climbing; it is fissured almost like a glacier, but instead of blue ice caverns, there glimmers down below a dull subterranean fire, that will glow like a furnace when the sunlight is gone. How hot it is; how stifling the sulphur fumes; how terrible the scenery; for this is Vesuvius in eruption, and Marjorie and Martin are near the cone of the active crater; Marjorie, who has ridden wherever she can, and is exhausted; Martin, who has walked all the way, and is cool. The ascent is now in loose warm ashes, as steep as they can lie, and several excited guides push and haul the gasping Marjorie, who was never so tired in all her life, and once even stops and refuses to move, while sky, ashes, and guides seem whirling round her; but who at last does find herself dragged to the top of the cone. Meanwhile, some dozen of impish *lazzaroni* dance round Martin, entreating to be allowed to help him, assuring him he is tired, but he is not; he, and he alone, is cool.

They sit down at last, and scrape a little hole in the ground, they put in eggs, and soon take them out cooked, and eat them; Martin drives his stick into the loose earth and pulls it out on fire; Marjorie's boots are singeing. Meanwhile, from the two craters close by roll up clouds of dense vapour, shining yellow and crimson and purple in the sunset, which now and then may be seen burning over the wide-spread sea. They peer over the edge of the crater, but the suffocating fumes soon drive them back, and they are deafened by the un-

ceasing roar and rumble down below; all the senses, sight, smell, taste, touch and hearing seem assailed at once, and they scamper down the ashes with an ease and celerity very unlike their toilsome ascent.

The southern night had fallen as they made their way back, springing and climbing over the lava boulders, by the fitful glare of a torch. There was a great red glow in the sky, and at last they came to the cause of it,—a place where, as far as the eye could reach, the mountain side was scored by rivers of slowly sliding fire. Some streams poured in heavy cataracts from far above; one oozed out of a great glowing crack near where they stood, and carrying with it black stones and fragments, with a perpetual moaning sound slipped in slowly moving waves of fire downwards, to join another, which broke in red hot fragments over a steeper part of the hill. Even where they stood, the cracks below their feet glowed with the lower flame; the effect of all that burning amid the black jagged lava rocks, under the dark night sky, was indescribably awful, or rather he only could describe it, who told of the city of Dite, gleaming vermilion and flame-coloured across the vapours of the marish pool.

It was a relief to get away from the fire and the smoke to the quiet moonlight shining over the beautiful sea; although this ascent was certainly one of the most fortunate our travellers ever achieved. Seldom is Vesuvius to be seen to such advantage, the eruption being peculiarly grand, yet not unapproachably dangerous.

And now having wandered with our travellers to Southern Italy, it is in the nature of things that we should say farewell to them for the present; for no one walks in that luxurious land, who can cling on to the outside strap of a carriage, or hire the smallest donkey.

Vesuvius being one of those mountains that “none but man can climb,” ladies are frequently carried up in chairs, borne by troops of scrambling *lazzaroni*; so with Marjorie’s successful ascent on foot, we end our papers on Pedestrianism for Ladies.

E. J. O.

*R e s t.*

THE day's last glory streaming  
Thro' nave and chancel gleaming  
    Into gloom;  
And the soft choir-notes, sighing,  
Float into stillness, dying  
    At her tomb.

The dim light falleth faintly  
On her, who lieth saintly,  
    Carved in stone,  
With slender hands prayer-folded  
And lips in silence moulded,  
    All alone.

There is no place for sorrow;  
The breaking heart must borrow  
    Rest and peace;  
For Memory's burden lightens,  
And sweet hope dimly brightens,  
    And tears cease.

What if the storm was round her,  
Now, that the calm hath found her  
    Hushed and low?  
All the old griefs departed,  
She, who was broken-hearted,  
    Smileth now.

Think you she still remembers?  
Or, that the deadened embers  
    Of life's woe,  
Vex now the soul immortal,  
Who passed the unseen portal  
    Long ago?

Yet, though no sorrow lingers,  
Memory, with tender fingers,  
    Points for aye,  
To all the olden treasures  
Of earth, 'mid heaven's pleasures,  
    Far away.

The human love remaineth,  
 Though stript of all that paineth,  
     And most blest;  
 Only the perfect swcetness,  
 Only the full completeness,  
     And the rest.

YOLANDE.



## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Present-Day Thoughts. Memorials of St Andrews Sundays.*  
 By the AUTHOR of *Recreations of a Country Parson*.  
 London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1871.

THIS is another volume of sermons from the familiar pen; yet a few more interesting lessons conned by the same gentle experience which has already so often ministered alike pleasantly and profitably to the present generation. All potent as are the works of our old divines, as standard rocks to which to cling in the shifting currents of modern opinion, a good contemporary chart may contain valuable directions for steering through the ever-forming quicksands in the stream of time. There is a fitness in living thoughts for dealing with those existent conditions of society with which it has become familiar, and out of which it has grown, in these interesting and thoughtful essays, that is both sound and benign, is brought to bear on everyday thought and experience, without directly assuming to dispose of any of the great problems of the age. We recognise the keen observation, the musing strain, the simple graceful style, and the wide and tender sympathies of our old friend the Country Parson, who, though not invariably Presbyterian, is always Catholic. And if some of his enlightenment on the subjects of ecclesiastics and ritual is of the *present day*, the truth which he above all commends, is a beacon for *all time*.



The PRIZE offered for the best prose article appearing in the February Number of *The Attempt*, has been gained by LUTEA RESEDA, for her article "Many or Much?"

## Is Prospero a Hero?

THE question—Is Prospero a hero?—has been for so long a time satisfactorily answered to my own mind, that I confess to a feeling of much astonishment when I first heard this high title not only positively denied to him, but something very like contumely heaped on him, by critics who designated him a “conjurer,” a man who had indeed much need to devote his later days to expiating faults, which were so heinous as to be almost beyond the reach of pardon.

This new—may I be excused for calling it rashly arrived-at—opinion, when I first heard it, made me for a moment feel something like indignation, as if a friend long loved and looked up to had been traduced; but calmer thought suggested that, instead of being satisfied with rebutting such a charge in a few hasty words, I had better try to make my own views on the subject clear, and bring forward to the best of my abilities my reasons for considering Prospero among the noblest of Shakespeare’s creations.

We see, then, in Prospero a man, noble, learned, and with that simplicity of nature so often accompanying great learning, which made him unsuspecting, trusting, and loving. His fault (for my hero had a fault) was that he retired too much from his public duties to give himself to his private studies.

“The government I cast upon my brother;  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies.”

So he says of himself, and trusting his brother with a perfect trust, resigned too much power into his hands, and by this mistake perverted a nature far inferior to his own, implanting in it a love of power which led to the crime which banished the noble Prospero from his kingdom, and which, but for “Providence divine,” would have caused his death.

Now begins our acquaintance with this calm, dignified, and loving man. Exposed to like dangers with himself was his child, his daughter, not “out three years old.” The cherubim who infused in him “an undergoing spirit to bear up against what should ensue.” He is left with her on the island. The *enchanted* island—mark the word, for much hangs on it. He instructs her, he loves her, he lives for her, as he tells her in those sweet words redolent of a father’s tenderness and pure affection—

"Here in this island we arrived, and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful."

The result of his care, his love, his upbringing, is the earnest, graceful, pure-minded Miranda, a "thrid of his own life," only to be parted with when his unselfish nature felt that it was best for her to cease from the life of solitude, and become a denizen of the living world.

For this beloved child alone, did his heart yearn to return to a world where he had met with so much ingratitude and cruelty, although he was too much of a philosopher to lose faith in all, because he had been betrayed by some. No bitterness mixed with his consciousness of having been wronged; for the "good Gonzalo, honourable man," who had aided him in his hour of extreme peril, he felt a love and gratitude which shed a drop of sweetness even on that cruel hour when he was torn from life's best joys; and he dwells at least as much on this man's goodness as on the evil nature of his deceiving brother:—

"Some food we had, and some fresh water,  
That a noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity (who being then appointed  
Master of this design), did give us; with  
Rich garments, lincens, stuffs, and necessities  
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books he furnished me,  
From my own library, with volumes that  
I prized above my dukedom."

Then comes the hour when, by his "so potent art," he knows that his bitterest foe and dearest friend are drawing near him in company, with the King of Naples and his son Ferdinand; he raises the storm which is to place them within his power; but when Miranda expostulates with him, evidently feeling for the first time in her young life, a fear that he could do a wrong thing, she receives for answer the calm re-assurance—

"Be collected,  
No more amazement, tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done."

And so it proves no harm *is* done, "on their sustaining garments not a blemish, but fresher than before."

Now, does his project gather to a head. The child he loves meets with one pure and noble as herself; the spell is wrought which forces from his wronger the confession and reparation—

"Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs."

And this confession once made, the noble character of

Prospero asserts itself in searching, but forgiving words, addressed to this guilty brother—

“Flesh and blood,  
You brother mine that entertained ambition,  
Expelled remorse and nature, who with Sebastian,  
Would have killed your king,  
I do forgive thee, unnatural though thou art.”

Now for the charge of magic! When this deeply read and learned man was thrown on the island, which was to be for many years his dwelling place, he found it full of charms and incantations,—an enchanted island truly, but with the enchantment of evil. How did he meet it? With the enchantment of good. His first act was to free the “delicate Ariel,” that loveliest of sprites, from torments inexpressible. His next, to endeavour by kind and gentle measures, to redeem from evil the monster Caliban, whom he only coerces when he finds he cannot guide. With Prospero magic was power, given to him as the fruit of learning, given to him to meet and subdue the new world in which he was placed. It was not magic, in the sense the common term implies, used for merely selfish ends. There is no word, no hint of compact or communication with evil in any form, spiritual or otherwise. Witness these words Sebastian, convicted of sin, speaks—

“The Devil speaks in him.”

*Prospero—“No.*

For you most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth. *I do forgive*  
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know  
Thou must restore.”

It was a power given him to use for good among powers of evil, and was trusted to a mind sufficiently calm, noble, and philosophical, to use it only for right ends, and to resign it when those ends were accomplished.

“Oh, it is glorious to have a giant’s strength” when the possessor is too high minded to “use it like a giant.” The curtain falls on Prospero with all his enemies subdued by love and tender-hearted forgiveness of injuries. His supernatural power laid down humbly when no more demanded by his circumstances or surroundings, and he himself prepared to return to his beloved Milan, there to wait the final hour in prayer and hope, having taken no revenge on his foes save the godlike one of working their reformation—

“Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason ’gainst my fury  
Do I take part; the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance; *they being penitent,*  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further.”

## The Princess Ilse.

A TALE OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.—FROM THE GERMAN.

### PART I.

AT the time of the flood, when all the water in the world had run together, climbed the hills, and flowed in wild waves over the highest mountain peaks, there was great confusion among the different floods; and when our Lord at length took pity on the poor world, made the clear light of heaven shine through the gray cloudy covering, and commanded the waters to separate and find the way home into their glens, neither brook nor stream would ever have found its native bed again if hosts of good angels had not descended upon earth, and led them carefully back to the right path. Wherever the long mountain tops peeped up above the flood, the angels alighted on them, and went slowly down the valleys, driving the waters before them. And as they got deeper and deeper down, they directed the course of the rivers and streamlets, marked out the boundaries of the sea, and enclosed the lakes in pointed rocky chains, or in green woods and meadows. Then, with large brushes made of the rays of the sun, they swept the mud out of the grass, and dried the heavy foliage of the trees, working with such zeal, that the water dust which they stirred up, hung in the mountain clefts like vaporous veils of mist.

Their work had gone on for some time, and was nearly finished, when, one day, a wearied angel sat resting on one of the highest Alpine peaks. Thence he had a wide view towards north and south, east and west, and gazed pensively down on the green earth, which now rose, innocently smiling, above the vast waters of atonement. "How beautiful it is," he thought, "how radiant in its purity—but will it always remain as pure? Will all the guilt which has been now washed away, not spring up again? Will sin never again press its black finger on the blooming countenance of the purified world?"

A sad foreboding sigh stirred the bosom of the good angel, and he turned his dazzled eyes away from the morning sun which rose on the horizon in blood-red flames. He looked long towards the side where the German streams had gone down. He saw them gliding away in the

distance, the larger ones far ahead, the smaller ones behind, and, merrily speeding after them, quite a host of tiny brooks and rivulets. He rejoiced to see how well they were being led, how no little spring was too small or insignificant for an angel to go behind it, show it the right path if it happened to waver, and lift it up when it tumbled too heedlessly over the rocks. He saw the merry Rhine, crowned with grapes, hastening away, and imagined that he heard from a distance the shout of joy with which he greeted his beloved Moselle, as she, her locks likewise entwined with vine branches, blushing approached him.

Further and further the waters flowed on ; their rushing died away in the distance, and the attention of the lonely angel on the Alpine peak was suddenly arrested by another sound. There was a soft, sorrowful weeping and splashing quite near him ; and, on rising and going behind the rock whence the noise proceeded, he found a young spring lying on the ground, wrapped in a white veil, and weeping bitterly. He bent down compassionately towards it, and, raising it and throwing back the veil, discovered that it was the little Ilse, for whom a green bed was waiting far down in the Harz valleys.

“Poor child,” said the angel, “have you been left all alone up here on the rugged mountain, have the others gone away, and has nobody thought of taking you too?”

But Ilse tossed her head, and said pertly, “I am not forgotten at all ; old Weser has waited long enough, and the Ecker and Oker wished to take hold of me, but I would not go with them, no, even if I should starve to death here ! Am I to go down into the valleys, to run through the plain like a common brook, give water to the cows and sheep, and wash their clumsy feet—I, the Princess Ilse ? Look at me and see whether I am not of noble race ? My father is a ray of light, my mother is the pure air, my brother is a diamond, and the dewdrop in the bed of roses is my dear little sister. The waves of the flood have borne me aloft, I have been allowed to play around the snowy peaks of the mountains, and the first sunbeam which broke through the clouds, has interwoven my dress with spangles. I am a princess of the first water, and can certainly not go down into the valley, so I hid myself up here and pretended to be asleep, and the old Weser, with the stupid brooks which have nothing

better to do than to run into her, has been forced at last to go away."

The angel shook his head sorrowfully at the long story of little Ilse, and looked gravely and searchingly into her small pale face; and, as he gazed long and steadfastly into the open blue eyes, which were now sparkling with anger, he saw dark spots moving in their clear depths, and perceived that a wicked spirit had taken up its abode in her heart. The devilkin of pride had got in, had chased out all pious thoughts, and was now looking mockingly at the angel from the eyes of poor little Ilse. But the demon of pride has turned the head of many a foolish child ere now, and the angel, recognising the danger of the little spring, determined to rescue it at any price.

In his deep-seeing eyes the princess was nothing but a naughty child, so he did not address her as "Your Highness" or any such thing, but simply said—"My dear Ilse." "But, my dear Ilse," he said, "if you have staid up here by your own choice, and have thought it beneath your dignity to go down to the plain with the other waters, you ought to be quite content, and I cannot understand why you make such a fuss, and weep and complain so?"

"Ah!" sobbed the child, "when the waters were gone, dear angel, the storm-wind came to sweep round the mountains, and when he found me here, he got quite into a rage—he scolded and stamped and shook me, and was going to push me down from yonder cliff into a deep black gulf, where daylight never shines. I prayed and wept, and clung trembling to the rocks; at last I managed to struggle out of his powerful arms, and to hide here in this cleft."

"And as that will not always do," said the angel, "for the wind keeps strict order here, and has a good broom, you must see, dear Ilse, that it was foolish of you to stay behind alone, and you will come with me at once back to the old Weser and your young companions."

"Not for all the world," cried the little one. "I will stay here. I am the princess!"

"Ilse," said the angel, with his mild gentle voice; "my dear little Ilse, I love you, and you must love me a little bit too, and be a good child. Do you see yonder white morning cloud sailing along in the blue sky? I will call to it and ask it to stop here, then we can both get on to it. You shall lie on its soft cushions, and I will sit beside

you, and it will bear us swiftly down into the still valleys, where the other brooks are flowing. There I will lay you in your little green bed, and stay beside you, and give you bright dreams and tell you pretty stories."

But the Princess Ilse was incorrigibly stubborn, she cried always more perversely and vehemently, "No, no, I will not go down; I don't chose to go down;" and when the angel drew nearer, and tried, with gentle force, to take her in his arms, she struck at him and splashed water in his face.

The angel seated himself sadly on the ground, and the princess obstinately crept back into her hole, delighted with herself for having shown so much character, and for giving the angel, who still besought her to come with him, short, snappish refusals.

But when the good angel saw that, in spite of all his love, he had completely lost power over the little Ilse, and that the devilkin of pride had taken possession of all her faculties, he turned away, sighing, from the young prodigal, and sought his comrades, who were still exerting themselves busily below.

Princess Ilse being now alone again, resolved to enjoy her majesty as much as possible. She emerged from the rock, seated herself on a projecting cliff, spread out her airy garments in wide folds around her, and waited to see whether the other mountains would not bow down before her, and if the clouds would come and kiss her robe. Nothing of the kind happened, however many airs her small majesty assumed, till at last she became tired, painfully tired of sitting so long, and sighed softly to herself—"I could have borne a little weariness, that is only suitable to my rank, but surely not even a princess needs to stand so much of it."

When it became quite dark, when the sun had set, and the roar of the approaching tempest sounded anew from the distance, the poor little spring shed fresh tears of apprehension, and, for as much as she prided herself on her obduracy in not following the angel, yet the sweet feeling of self-satisfaction could not overcome her dread of the storm.

It grew darker and darker; heavy, benumbing vapours rose from the abyss, hollow thunder rolled in the depths, and Ilse thought she must die of fear. Her breath stood still in the heavy atmosphere, which all at once surrounded her. Suddenly a pale ray of light flashed through the

darkness, and as the little spring looked up terrified, a tall, dark man stood before her, wrapped in a wide, red cloak, and, making her a deep reverence, addressed her as "Most gracious Princess!" Such a salutation was sweet music to Ilse; she stifled her fears of the strange, gloomy countenance, and listened to the alluring words which met her ear.

The dark man told her that he had been near for some time, had overheard her conversation with the angel, and rejoiced that she had dismissed him so scornfully. He did not understand how anybody could wish to drag down such a charmingly beautiful little princess to the flat ground, and bury her in a dark valley. He spoke to her of the glowing future which awaited her, if she deigned to permit him to serve her; he described his cheerful country seat, situated on one of the fairest mountains in Germany; he would conduct her thither, surround her with a dazzling court—with all the glory and splendour befitting her high rank; she should reign there, in joy and happiness, far, far above all the waters, great and small, on the face of the earth.

Ilse's heart beat fast with joyful anticipation at all these fine promises; and when the man, unfolding his mantle, drew from beneath it a broad golden basin, sparkling with precious jewels, when he placed it before her, and invited her to place herself in it, so that he might convey her to his beautiful Brocken, where countless maids of honour were already preparing merry festivals for her, all consideration, all hesitation was over with her highness. In joyful haste she sprang into the basin with both feet at once, so that she splashed high into the air, and a few drops of water fell upon the hand of the dark man, where they evaporated hissing, and a burning pain shot through all the limbs of little Ilse.

Horried, the poor child grasped the edge of the bowl, as if about to leap out of it again, and looked timidly up into the face of the dark man. But he only laughed, seized the basin with his powerful hand, ordered the wind to blow on before, lest Ilse should have any fear of being overtaken by it, and went like an arrow through the air. And the little spring, because the pain had passed away quickly, was quiet again, and submitted patiently to be borne along. For she did not, of course, dream that she had given herself to the Evil One, when she entered the shining little ship so cunningly presented

to her. Certainly she became a little frightened as they rushed through the black night; and when the bowl shook with the violent motion, she trembled and crouched on its shining bottom, drew her dress tightly round her, and took good care that not a drop should be lost. She knew now how much that hurt her.

The night cleared, and the moon was slowly rising, when they at last reached the Brocken. Wild mirth, shouting, and whistling, resounded as they approached; a throng of strange faces and grotesque forms floated confusedly about. But the lord of the Brocken commanded silence, placed the basin containing Ilse on a large flat stone, as if on a throne, and ordered his merry vassals to form a wide circle, and pay homage to the water-princess.

That was a blissful moment for Ilse, who, at last, felt herself in her right place. She rose proudly; a slender stream of water, with grace and dignity, bowed and saluted graciously on all sides, and hung her head half ashamed, when a loud "Oh!" of admiration sounded throughout the ring. Sweet, intoxicating music was now heard, and the enchanted little princess danced and plashed up and down in the bright basin; raised and bent her curly head, and let the clear, pearly drops ripple back into the golden vessel. The good full moon, who shines on everything alike, be it good or evil, could not resist putting an elegant little crown of shining silver stars on the vain child's head, and gave a broad smile of pleasure when the sweet little one, gratefully smiling, nodded up to her.

But not every eye in the court of Mephistopheles looked with rapture and admiration on the dancing little Ilse. There was many a vain young witch in the company who considered herself the most beautiful and charming princess, and saw with bitter envy and anger so much honour given to another. Two such pert young witches approached the golden vessel, and began to mock and insult little Ilse.

"She hops and wriggles, and goes on as though she were beautiful," said one, "and yet she is so thin and scraggy that one could blow through her. I should just like to know how the pale beauty would conduct herself if she had to dance with the tempest, and be swung round and round by him as we are accustomed to do."

"Miserable," said the other, shrugging her shoulders

contemptuously. "She will never in her life learn to ride on a broomstick. But, do you hear how the kettle-drums are beating and the cymbals sounding above? We are going to have a merry dance, and shake up a deep morass for this shining Ilse to dwell in. Then all her glory will be at an end; she will need to be our obedient servant, the Princess Boilwater."

Poor Ilse, who had been listening to the wicked speeches of the young witches, lost all desire to dance. She sat down in the bottom of the bowl, saw all the wild figures betake themselves to the other side of the mountain, and arrange themselves for dancing, and began to reflect what the mocking words of the wicked witches could really mean. The taunt about the wind had offended her deeply, but what caused her most anxiety was the morass, and the Princess Boilwater. Nobody had, however, yet called her Princess Boilwater, and she, who was to reign up here, could not possibly be intended to wait on the witches! She was considering whether to ask the master of the Broeken, who was just then coming towards her, for information, but ere she had made up her mind what to say, he stood before her, and dipped his finger into the middle of the basin, so that Ilse shook with pain. But he laughed again, and said, "The night is cool, most gracious princess, you will freeze to death here. I have ordered a warm swing-bed to be made ready for you at the fireside over there. If you will turn your head towards that side you will see how busy my head cook is in stirring the fire, and laying pretty toys in the bed, so that you may not weary. Come, and let me carry you over."

Ilse looked towards the other side, and saw that a deep copper kettle had been hung over a brisk fire, which blazed up crackling from the ground; but the old woman who stood by it was so frightfully ugly, and the toys which she was throwing into the kettle looked so strange, that Ilse, who was now getting somewhat distrustful, would not let herself be taken over at once, but said she would prefer to look on a little longer. His black majesty said that he would not mar her pleasure, but would return to fetch her in an hour, and thereupon he went himself and joined the dancers.

But it was poor sport for the unhappy princess to sit there alone, and watch sometimes the wild, repulsive groups of dancers, sometimes the fire and the caldron, into

which the old woman was casting, as Ilse now clearly saw, all sorts of disgusting animals—spiders, toads, snakes, and lizards, bats, which she caught in the air as they flew round the fire, and so forth.

Horror of the wicked company into which she had fallen, overcame Ilse. It now dawned upon her what the witches had meant when they laughed at her, and called her the Princess Boilwater. In deadly fear, she wrung her tender hands, seized her veil, and pressed it against her pale face to stifle the cry of despair which was about to escape her.

“Oh!” she sighed, shedding tears, “if I had only followed the angel! *he* meant kindly towards me.” And, as she looked despairingly around, and perceived that she was alone on the mountain side, that all the witches and demons were either dancing or crowding round the fire, the idea of escape flashed across her mind. “Away, away,” she whispered, “no matter where;” and quick as thought she had mounted on the edge of the bowl, and, holding on with both hands, looked anxiously back to see whether anybody observed her.

But nobody heeded the little princess, only the good old moon stood above, and looked smilingly and fixedly at her. But the child, putting her small finger on her mouth, looked up so tearfully and beseechingly, that the moon could certainly not have had the heart to tell, if any one had asked where Ilse had hidden herself.

So Ilse, finding herself unobserved, let go her hold, and tried to glide gently and softly on to the ground; but the bowl was high, and the block of granite on which it stood still higher, and, in spite of all her care, it rocked a little as she descended. In terror lest anyone should hear, she hopped nimbly behind some large stones. She had modestly taken off her crown of stars and left it in the basin. The journey to court had brought her but little enjoyment, and now it did not matter about being a princess, if she could only escape quietly and unseen. Trembling, the little spring nestled close to the stones, and entreated them to protect her; and the old stones, who had never before felt such a youthful heart throbbing against their hard bosoms, were wonderfully touched, and pressed close together round the princess, so that no eye, not even that of the moon, could see her. Then they showed her a little hole in the ground. She squeezed through it, and found, in the soft pillow of earth which covered the

mountain ridge on that side, a long passage, which a field mouse had probably once made.

After she had groped on for a considerable time in darkness, the channel, which had been gradually descending, became wider and more uneven, leading her among loose stones and rocks, some of which gave way under her steps and rolled down before her. Presently a ray of light flashed upon her from above, and when the path, after having gone more rapidly and roughly down-hill, suddenly stopped altogether, the ground opened above her, and she saw the clear heaven, and a few little stars, which shed a dim light around, revealing to her a confused mass of stones and rocks, among which no road was visible. At the same moment, the wild music, the shrieking and whistling of the dancing witches on the Brocken sounded in her ear, and Ilse, who had hesitated for an instant, doubtful whither to direct her course, rushed, impelled by fear, over the stones, springing and leaping in breathless haste. She did not mind though she bounded against hard pieces of rock, knocked her head, and tore her dress.

"Away, away," she whispered, "far away, where the Prince of the Brocken and his wild hosts cannot spy me"

T'HEKLA.

*(To be continued.)*

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### Then and Now.

THERE was glory on the mountain,  
 There was shadow on the lea;  
 The voices of a thousand birds  
 Were jubilant with glee;  
 The lily leant beneath the dew,  
 The violet took a deeper hue,  
 And all for him and me.

There was young green moss which clinging spread  
 O'er rugged rocks and bare,  
 And stately trees, from milk-white boughs,  
 Showered blossoms on our hair;  
 And the golden censers swinging  
 Of laburnum incense flinging  
 Into the dazzled air.

Earth never oped her eyes to gaze  
Upon a fairer morn,  
And never did her flower-gemmed robe  
A lovelier face adorn;  
We, half-delirious with the bliss  
Of wandering in a world like this,  
Ne'er dreamt of our return.

Ah me! so young, so strong, so fair,  
So long ago—and yet  
I see, as if 'twere yesterday,  
The very place we met,  
The place we parted;—ah! kind heaven,  
I would it were to mortals given,  
But sometimes to forget.

We two were promised to be wed  
Upon some future day,  
But long delays, they loosen love  
And sour sweet souls, they say,  
I know not; in our little jars  
And petty mimicry of wars,  
We kissed the stings away.

We lingered 'mong the fringed lanes,  
We clambered up the hill,  
Or, wading knee-deep through the moor,  
We traced the winding rill;  
Or, filled with a hushed content,  
Two hearts in one thanksgiving blent,  
We, wandering on, were still.

And so with jest and earnest talk  
Sped on the golden day,  
And I was wilful,—both were young,  
And both would have their way;  
To think these words, begun in mirth,  
To such a cruel fate gave birth,  
And swept our love away.

A long, low sob came up the vale,  
We started at the sound;  
A cold, damp mist, with slimy folds,  
Came ereeping up the ground;  
The west, one black yet riven scroll  
That seemed to hide some shrinking soul  
Within its inky bound.

We gazed along the path where late  
 Such loveliness had lain,  
 It was as if the hopeless looked,  
 For life amid the slain;  
 And we, in many a tempest tried,  
 Broke, shipwrecked on the rock of pride;  
 And ever more were twain.

Few words were said, but ah! those few  
 Were sharp and barbed as steel,  
 And pierced such wounds on either side,  
 That ages might not heal;  
 And so, to save us future pain,  
 We both began this world again,  
 Although our hearts were leal.

And from the mountain and the lea  
 The glory had departed,  
 And where the birds of morning sang,  
 Dark birds of omen darted;  
 The blossom which gave promise sweet  
 Swept in dead leaflets to our feet;  
 And I—was broken-hearted!

We walked in silence side by side,  
 Not linkèd as of yore;  
 He turned him to the chill night wind,  
 I passed within the door;  
 And then my pride broke down, and fain  
 Would I have sued his love again,  
 But ah! I live to tell the pain;  
 I never saw him more.

LA MAURICE.

## On the Connection of Thought with Language,

ESPECIALLY AS SHOWN IN THE QUESTION OF UNIVERSALS.

[An Essay written for the Class of Mental Philosophy in connection with  
 The Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association.]

### I. OF SPEECH IN GENERAL.

“Die Sprache ist der volle Athem menschlicher Seele.”—GRIMM.

THE connection of thought with language can be treated within the limits of a class paper only by circumscribing the question as much as possible, by putting aside,

for the meantime, much that properly belongs to it, by leaving unnoticed all those questions concerning the origin of speech, which require the joint labours of the philologist, the ethnologist, and the physiologist, in order to confine our attention, as much as possible, to the relations between our individual thoughts and the words in which we express them. Were we to enter on the vexed question of the origin of speech, we should speedily find it to be one of the obscurest and most disputed problems in the whole range of science, leading us far into the study of the comparative natures of man and of animals. For, since man contains, summed up in his nature, all the degrees of lower forms of being, and since the impulse to utter musical sounds expressive of emotion, is an impulse which he shares along with other animals, we should most scientifically enter on the discussion by carefully studying the nature of the vocal utterances of brutes, before inquiring what has to be added to these, in order to elevate them into human speech. In so brief an essay it would be vain to attempt to determine such a question.

Let us then confine our attention to speech as we have it, to speech not as invented, but as acquired by us ready made. At this stage of the world's history, when the individual share of each in the formation of the common instrument of thought, is so infinitesimally small,—limited, as it is, (in the vast majority of cases), to such assistance as we may each individually lend to the lexicographers of our time, by careful precision in the right use of words,—it seems quite allowable, in a psychological essay on language, to start with speech as a possession of the human race, instead of inquiring in what way the creative imaginations of our unlettered forefathers did, out of a very limited series of vocal signs of sensible perceptions, construct the symbols of innumerable abstract ideas.\*

Were we to begin at the very beginning, we should have to inquire into the amount of meaning which there is in the cry of a brute, before we could so much as decide at what point a cry becomes a word. No easy task this,

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\* The case of Ethics is a parallel one, and affords a good precedent, since we learn by experience and by education what is the difference between right and wrong, and are able to decide according to the contemporary standard of their laws, long before we attempt to discuss the origin of moral consciousness.

for who that has heard a well-educated parrot first summon the house-dog by his name, and then when it is responded to, give a mocking laugh at his expense, can deny that beasts can learn to associate words with things, and also with their own desires respecting things? There was some truth in Archbishop Whately's remark, that "man is not the only animal that can make use of language," (of one kind or another, articulate or inarticulate, we suppose he meant), "to express more or less what is passing in his mind." Who that is well acquainted with dogs, but knows how to distinguish between the eager bark of joy and the sharp yelp of pain, between the angry snarl and the howl of distress or the deep bay of suspicious apprehension? Our very names for these various sounds mark our understanding of their significance. The recent theory that, the wild dog being mute, the domestic dog has learned to bark from the endeavour to imitate human speech, is rendered probable to me by those evident efforts to speak, which result in the peculiar loud murmur, so often uttered by the more affectionate and sagacious Scottish terriers. This canine peculiarity may, along with others, have suggested the doubt in Coleridge's mind, whether dogs do not possess an analogon of words, and it certainly did not escape Scott, (who knew most things about dogs), for he notices it in his *Guy Mannering*.

Taking up human speech rather as the inheritance, than as the construction of our race, the first thing that strikes us is, how wonderfully well the primitive word-builders did their work. To us the marvel is, that words should contain as much truth about the nature and relations of things as they do, and how often the penetrative imagination of earlier times seized on those very characters of things which, with painful toil, science has at last ascertained to answer to the most important facts in their nature.

True, the skill with which language was constructed, has not been without a baneful influence on philosophical speculations. Men, when they began to reflect, were so amazed at the perfection of the instrument of thought, that they rashly concluded language to be a divine gift; not, as *we* would say, because God gave man the capacity of inventing speech, but as though the god Hermes had taught men, word by word, the very language of the immortals. But, since speech was neither sent down from

heaven to earth, nor yet made by philosophers, the conclusion that the meaning of words contained in itself the truth of things, was but a misleading fallacy. Against such theories, when maintained by a later school of thinkers, Loeke argues only the more strongly, because he lets us see that he felt how needful it was to deliver even his own mind from their empire—"I endeavour, as much as I can, to deliver myself from those fallacies, which we are apt to put upon ourselves by taking words for things. Names made at pleasure, neither alter the nature of things, nor make us understand them."

It seems that, without attaching undue importance to the philosophy that lies fossilized in words, we may yet profit by the lessons of etymology. The men who built words for our use, were in a certain sense better off than we are. They had indeed no books, no traditions even; but at the same time they had no foregone conclusions, and no errors to unlearn. Their minds were kept in a state of wholesome activity by continual observation of nature. Free from that second-hand knowledge which cumberes, while it enriches and develops, our intellects, they were less under the rule of other men's imperfectly apprehended thoughts. They did not ask what other people had said about a new object, they rather allowed the delight of discovery to concentrate attention on its prominent qualities, and the laws of association to suggest unhindered, when and where such qualities had been seen in other things.

This, no doubt, explains how some particular and highly characteristic peculiarity of a natural object was able so to rivet their attention, and so to excite their imagination, as to lead them to associate with the object possessing it, the word originally framed to express the sensation excited by such quality (see J. Mill, *Analysis*, p. 135.) Thus "rose," which is referred to the same root as "red" (compare Gk. *ρόδον*, *έρυθρός*, with German, *roth*, Lat. *rutilus*), meant "ruddy flower." The builders of language lived with external nature, with phenomena, rather than with the occult causes of phenomena. To use the words of Leibnitz. "the soul of primitive man was a concentric mirror of nature, in the midst of whose works he lived." In the inner consciousness of the earliest observers, the action of things seen and felt created at once the want of speech, and the impulse to supply that want. Bunsen considers that the "action of mind is capable of producing

language, by a spontaneous repercussion of the perceptions received." However this may be, certain it is that these men possessed an activity of the appellative faculty commensurate with the task which was theirs, an activity which has ceased to be ours, along with the necessity for its exercise. They were poets too, and, if the quick and unerring recognition of likeness under diversity be any mark of poetic genius, or if the ready discovery of appropriate symbols be the fittest work of imagination, we may well look for genuine poetry in the most every-day words we use, since they were made by men, whose ideas worked with a freer swing than they do in our more sophisticated, though better cultivated, modern minds.

Speech expresses at once more, and less, than thought.

More than thought, for it is the expression not only of thought, but also of feelings and of emotions, too subtle and delicate to be put into words, and which can only be conveyed by the variations of tone and of manner. An instance of this is, when a great orator imparts to his hearers far more of the passion which stirs his own soul, than his very words, if read in cold blood, could ever express. More than thought, again, is expressed by words, when words are ranged by a poet's fine sense of harmony in the balanced order of rhyme and rhythm. Take a sonnet of Keats, and translate its assertions into plain prose, and you will feel that a subtle meaning has departed from it, so that you can no longer, at the poet's bidding, enter into the feelings of

"Some watcher of the skies,"

"When a new planet swims into his ken ;"

or into those of

"Stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Yet less than thought is expressed by speech ; for human words can never convey more than a part of the speaker's mind, can never, save approximately, excite similar ideas in another intellect, and but inadequately serve to register our own thoughts. The more we study language in its relation to thought, the greater does our wonder grow, not that speech serves us so badly, but that it serves us, imperfect as it is, one half so well as it does, that so incomplete an expression of thought should yet be so sufficient an instrument of reason.

Much of the advantage of oral instruction rests upon the confessed inadequacy of written words to rivet attention on the main fact of the matter in hand. Spoken emphasis may well take its place among the possible sources of logical fallacy, for it has a significance beyond italics, beyond capital letters, or any other devices appealing to the eye only of the reader.

This insufficiency of speech as a vehicle for thought, leads us right into the heart of our subject, for it brings before us the reciprocal action of thought and of language. If words be thus inadequate, thought must suffer not merely in its passage from one mind to another, but also in its very birthplace within the mind of the thinker. For if it be true that speaking is thinking aloud, it is no less true that thinking is speaking to oneself, and the clearness and swiftness of thought are dependent on the readiness with which we clothe our ideas in the right words.

Words, by their capacity for storing up judgments at which we have arrived, enable us to put these aside, and thus to attend to the main line of argument. An illustration of this function of words, and of the way in which, in scientific thought, this packing away of ideas is effected, either by means of newly-coined technical terms, or by means of a larger or more precise meaning attached to names already in common use, occurred to the writer, while waiting at a large and busy railway station. For the continued shunting of coal and goods waggons into the sidings, in order to leave the line clear for the through traffic, recalled vividly the action of the mind, when ridding itself, by means of words, of all previous ideas not directly necessary to the precise end which it seeks to accomplish by thought. Much of the depth and comprehensiveness of German thought is due to the extraordinary power of word-building which their language contains within itself. Returning to our illustration, we may say that any sidings which shall represent German scientific or philosophical terms, must be long ones indeed, and capable of accommodating very many trucks. The endeavour to construe a page of really hard German reasoning, teaches that thought moves freely through those long sentences, so heavily weighted with ideas, only because these ideas are stowed away in words so significant, that an entire phrase of English is needed to translate one of them. The student can regret neither

past exertions nor past failures, if they have taught a practical lesson of the influence of words on thought, and aided him to realize how potent an instrument of thought is a well-constructed and rich vocabulary.

The above argument may easily be reversed. We may say that no race but one whose mental faculties were highly developed, and whose physical fibre was tough enough to stand hard mental discipline, without paying the penalty due to over-strained nerves, could ever have evolved or constructed, out of its own modes of consciousness, such a language as German. Those who seek in language for the signs of national character, may well bid us measure the future influences of Teutonic thought by the capabilities of the mother-speech of Germany.

Enough has been said of language as a whole. The title of this essay indicates that its connection with thought must be traced in the subject of universal or general names.

Names, we are told, are marks set on things, by aid of which we might speak of them to our neighbours, or recall the sensations which we ourselves had experienced at sight of them. And, since objects are so infinitely numerous, that each of them cannot receive from us its own private and peculiar name, it became necessary that some device should be found, in order to make a limited number of signs serve for an unlimited number of objects. This was achieved by making the greater number of such marks representative, not of single objects, but of groups of resembling things assembled together in classes. To poverty of invention, therefore, and to feebleness of retention would, if this theory be true, be due the great discovery of general terms and the origin of classification. Far from being true, it is confessedly meagre and inadequate as a theory of universals. If every object had its proper name, and if we could remember and apply these names aright, we should still be unable, either to think of the relations of congruence and of confliction between things, or to appreciate and express their resemblances and differences, without words to describe the facts which they have in common.

True, there may be a logic of images,—verbal signs, though the most perfect, are not the only possible symbols; but, since of such a logic we know very little, and since we have no grounds for assuming that it can go far towards abstract thought, we are constrained to reason

concerning thought and language, very much as if it did not exist at all. This much we know, that the only logic which we can reduce to rule or system, is entirely dependent on words as the spiritual connecting links between things.

Neither can this theory cover certain other facts of the case, and these, facts of a totally different description. It does not account for that eager inquisitiveness about names, of which we are all conscious, and which we see working in the minds of children. It does not account for the instinctive feeling that, however closely and repeatedly we may look at a thing, or even handle it, we do not *know* it, in the full sense of the word, until we hear its name. Neither will a name of our own invention appease this curiosity. Even a child's instinct protests bravely against a merely subjective standard of truth in nomenclature. It seeks to know what the thing is called by other people, and thereby manifests an evident desire to connect its own idea of this new marvellous something, with the universal thought concerning it. So strong an instinct, that everything has its name, if we could but find it out, must have its roots deep down in our nature. It suggests man's consciousness that, in one sense or in another, nature was made for him, and that much of the true purpose and significance of things lies hidden in their relation to man, and in his need of them. For, if we reflect, we shall find that even savage and noxious creatures are not without use in the development of man's ingenuity, since they force him to protect himself and his flocks from their ravages; nor without influence on his ethical nature, by those moral teachings which he finds in meditation on their natures and fierce instincts. Take the lion and the adder, the wolf and the scorpion, out of this world, and ethics and poetry will suffer, and not suffer alone.

Since giving a name is a sort of taking possession, may we not say that the instinct of nomenclature is an echo in our nature of those abiding moral lessons taught, in the Mosaic cosmogony, to those by whom it is rightly pondered? May we not say that, if we take that history rather in the order of its ideas than in the order of time, we shall find it teach us how inorganic matter was first created by Divine wisdom, that it might be ready to receive living plants, how plants were next created, to be the sustenance of animals, then animals, to

be the food of man, so that each lower degree and form of existence is created that it may serve the higher, through the whole uninterrupted sequence of the universe, from inorganic, inert matter up to highest spirits in the right place and function of each, as related to all the others, may best be found the end for which it is and was created? The subjective side of this universal fact manifests itself in our instinct to name everything, an instinct springing from man's consciousness of his lordship over nature, and pointing to that continual craving to connect thought and things, subject and object, himself and nature, which the philosopher shares with the peasant. Words are at once the result of such instinct, and the nearest approach to anything like a satisfaction of the desire which prompts it; because, by association with a class of objects, a verbal sign itself, whether written or spoken, a purely objective phenomenon, becomes representative of the universal, as it is conceived in the mind.

Launched, by means of its association with a word, on the wide stream of human consciousness, an object is brought within the realm of the unextended, within the compass of the universal thoughts of mankind. By means of such association, the chasm between thought and things is bridged over. By means of such association, sensible ideas are incorporated with ourselves, and as it were enclosed, within the mould of subjective action. On the other hand, the forms of thought are themselves exhibited to us by means of words, since we discover or infer their existence from their share in our own thought concerning sensibles, and in our construction of universal terms.

If, like the dove sent out from the ark, the spontaneous forms of mental action, be they what they may, go forth alone over the wide waste of unknown waters, in quest of a resting-place, they also, like Noah's dove, return again to us who sent them forth, bearing an olive token of the real existence of a world of things, outside the ark of our own self and of its sensations. Words are such a token; for surely in that olive leaf there lay hid much silent predication.

RUSTICA.

*(To be continued.)*

## A Morning at Villa Reale.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF C. W. BOTTIGER.

I went one day, all 'mid the leaves' light sighing,  
Along the shore, and out where Virgil lies;  
And with ne'er lessening joy, saw round me lying,  
Oh! such a glorious sea! such glorious skies!  
Before me rippled soft the bay's blue water,  
Under the wind's light spirit, fresh and sweet,  
Behind me lay earth's loveliest city-daughter,  
And great Vesuvius rose up from my feet.  
The song birds sang, contending for the prize,  
With fullest trill, amid the fig leaves' night;  
And all was health, and all was joy and light,  
As on the first fair day in Paradise.

As by the curving bay I passed alone,  
Gladdened with song, and sea, and day's sweet grace,  
With book in hand sat, leaning on a stone,  
One with the south's imprint upon his face.  
His features changed with every line he read,  
In mimic game; I saw how wrath was speeding  
Now through his brain—now was he proud, now glad,  
He read, delighted—lived what he was reading.  
For all that nature round was scattering,  
Sunk in his book, he had nor ear nor eye;  
Except that drama's passion, low or high,  
He saw not, heard, nor eared for anything.  
But cloud and sunshine o'er his forehead flew,  
His eyes by turns were filled with tears and laughter;  
He sat, one page swift turning other after:  
He looked not up, and scarce his breath he drew.

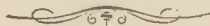
"This man," thought I, "lets the hot sun lie burning  
The chambers of his brain; and surely look!  
A fool he must be, who, on such a morning,  
Can earth and heav'n forget—all for a book!  
And yet—the shining fire, the genius glowing  
From out these eyes, these features' changing play!  
To the book's fault, not his, the charge I lay;  
Therefore the book's name doubtless is worth knowing.  
Surely, of bards no lack has Italy;  
From Dante down to Monti, what a troop!  
Yes! 'tis o'er one of these this man doth stoop.

But which? let's see—the greatest, certainly.  
 Now seem his feelings to be strong and deep,  
 And," thought I, "surely Dante's self reads he.  
 But then again, he almost seems to weep;  
 Then," said I, "no; 'tis Petrarch it must be."

So yet uncertain, on my way still further  
 I passed, these joyous hours still to promote;  
 And, between Cape Messina and Minerva,  
 I marked how Capri on the gulf did float.  
 Two headlands, beautiful alike to see!  
 Towards which now shall she steer her course to-day?  
 She, wavering between them seems to stay,  
 As I 'twixt Dante and Petrarca be.

But now, the sun the carriers' road was burning,  
 To Osteria's inn; the shepherd drave  
 His flocks from Puzzuoli, gladly turning  
 To rest in Pausilippen's shady eave.  
 The sea lay heated in the scorching noon,  
 And not one flow'r could raise its languid stalk;  
 And beasts and plants, one after other, soon  
 To slumber sank; I homeward turned to walk.  
 But as my steps I thus retraced, that I  
 With all things else might their siesta share,  
 Where reading sat the man, in passing by  
 A glance I cast, to see if he were there.  
 The man had vanished, but the book remained,  
 And now to take it up I was not slow;  
 Not Dante's verses,—not Petrarca's—no!  
 'Twas *Frithioss Saga* that the book contained!

MAS ALTA.



## A Few Popular Delusions.

I HAVE a very tender feeling towards many of the little observances and beliefs which are generally held up to derision under the name of popular delusions, and would not for the world add my testimony to the overwhelming mass of wise writings that have been devoted to showing us the absurdity of these beliefs. I fear I

must acknowledge to a very great dislike of sitting down thirteen to table; I am convinced that no good will ever come of a marriage which takes place in May; and if I am so unfortunate as to spill salt at dinner, I am restless and uneasy until I have performed the traditional ceremony for turning the evil consequences aside. The mystic rites of Hallow E'en retain all their solemn importance in my eyes; and dreaming upon wedding-cake I consider a very grave and important ceremony. Therefore it is with no intention of running a tilt against these time-honoured observances, that I begin to write upon popular delusions; for there are many delusions much more popular than these in the present hard-headed, matter-of-fact day and generation.

There is one which at once occurs to me, and which I do not hesitate to characterise as not only a delusion, but a snare;—and that is “love in a cottage.” O my dear young friends! my confiding, unsuspecting friends! who are about to begin housekeeping upon small means, and are most rightly and properly resolved to begin in a small way, beware of this popular, *too* popular delusion! Try love in lodgings—love in a common stair—love in a two-pair back—love in a garret—love over a fishmonger’s or under a dancing-master’s—but don’t, I implore you, stake your chances of happiness upon love in a cottage! It looks beautiful upon paper; it sounds beautiful as Edwin describes to Angelina the clustering roses, the twining honeysuckle, the diamond panes, the rustic porch, the tiny rooms, so vaunted by the specious house-agent. But there are carwigs in the dining-room press, Angelina, and black beetles in the kitchen; the rustic porch is crumbling to decay, Edwin and the roses, honeysuckle, and diamond panes between them make the house as dark as a cavern. Edwin can *just* stand upright in the parlour, and Angelina’s piano cannot be got into the cottage at all. Every chimney smokes; none of the bells will ring; and though it is generally believed that “love laughs at locksmiths,” Edwin will find it no laughing matter that the locks and bolts on every door of the cottage are so ingeniously constructed that not a door will remain shut for five consecutive minutes. It is doubtless very delightful to have your cottage situated on a level with the garden, and to have no doorsteps, arcas, or other similar town-trammels; but as the season advances, you are pretty sure to be unpleasantly re-

mind that your "lodging is on the cold ground;" for I never yet knew a cottage that was not damp to the last degree. The rain will wash in under the door; large ominous wet stains will appear on the new drawing-room paper; and when Edwin is racked by rheumatism, and Angelina's head splitting with neuralgia, they will rue the day that they yielded to the popular delusion of "love in a cottage." Beware of it, my young friends, I beseech of you: it is one of the very severest tests to which you could possibly subject your mutual affection.

I fear that poets and poetry are to blame for the extraordinary tenacity of this delusion; and there can be little doubt that they, and they alone, have created and supported the delusion of "sweet sixteen." Sweet sixteen, indeed! the delusion has not a leg to stand upon, save and except the asseverations of these much-mistaken bards. Whether it is meant that a damsel of sixteen is sweet to other people, or that the fact of being sixteen is sweet to herself, the idea is an utter and total delusion. Let us look first at the supposition that "sweet sixteen" is sweet to the surrounding world. Let us go into the street, reader, or into the fields, or into the nearest boarding school, or wherever you please, and set apart the first dozen young ladies who will own to being sixteen. I will answer for it that eleven of them will either giggle or turn fiery-red on being asked the simplest question; that their hands will be very red, their elbows curiously prominent; that they will be angular all over and over; and that they will either slouch and stoop, or else carry themselves as stiffly and ungracefully as drill-sergeants; that their dress will look either ridiculously childish, or absurdly womanly; that they will stammer, blush, fidget, and tread on each other's toes; and that, in short, their whole appearance and manner will proclaim that they are in the most unbecoming stage of transition—of female hobbledohoyhood—and that they are painfully conscious of it. Yes, painfully conscious of it, for sweet sixteen is quite as much a delusion to the poor girls themselves as to the outside world. I once was sixteen myself, a considerable time ago, I admit, but still I remember it; and oh! how unhappy I was. I knew I was ugly and awkward, and that my hands were red and my neck bony. I was for ever and ever in somebody's way, I could not cross the room without knocking something down, and I tore my dress, upon an average, three times a day. A sense of awful isolation, too,

oppressed me. I was not a child, and could not keep company with the children, nor join in their games; but neither was I young lady, and I felt that a great gulf separated me from the happy beings of seventeen and eighteen, whom I used tearfully to admire as I sat mending the last-made hiatus in my unhappy dress. I remember it all vividly, and I am not to be deluded into believing in "sweet sixteen." No, no; my governess was much nearer the truth when she used to comfort me at that sad period, by observing, "Never mind, my dear, you are no worse than other people; only, just now, you're at a *very awkward age*."

There is a very popular delusion daily gaining ground, which I cannot well express in a single phrase. It concerns what is popularly called "a taste for music," and consists in the belief that it is the duty of all mankind, not only to have a taste for music (which I deny), but to have a taste for the same kind of music (which I deny emphatically). Now, in the first place, why should a taste for music be exacted from every one, irrespective of his natural gifts or deficiencies? People are allowed, without remark, to express themselves uninterested in painting and sculpture, to confess that they cannot read poetry, that they don't appreciate good acting; all these natural defects are readily excused. But woe to the individual who has the courage to confess that he has no natural "taste for music!" During the present prevalence of the musical delusion, he will be considered as an outer barbarian, a social Pariah, an outcast and an alien from the world of good taste. And yet, there are many excellent people—there are many among my own acquaintance—who are utterly unable to distinguish one tune from another; but, under the influence of the strange delusion, that it is the duty of every man and woman to acquire a "taste for music," they dare not confess the truth; and at every musical party, at every classical concert, you may see their faces heroically enduring agonies of boredom, and making a ghastly pretence of appreciation and enjoyment. It is to me an instructive but melancholy sight to watch these victims of a popular delusion thus struggling against the laws of their nature, like the hapless man whose pathetic history is recounted by Mark Twain, the unfortunate possessed by "the dreadful insanity that moves a man to become a musician in defiance of the will of Providence, that he should confine himself to sawing

wood." I need not enlarge upon the awful results to society, when these deluded individuals attempt to become performers. I need only say, that *then* they take ample vengeance for the many agonising hours they have spent in acquiring what they call "a taste for music." As to the second part of the delusion, that every one must like the same kind of music, it appears to me even more visionary than the first. O learned and highly cultivated fanatics, worshippers of Beethoven, adorers of Mendelssohn, idolaters of Handel, Mozart, and Bach! far be it from us to interfere with your enjoyments, if you will allow us, humbler disciples of Euterpe, to partake of ours in peace and quiet. We bow with submission to your superior judgment, we question not for a moment your infinitely better taste; but we would humbly submit that it is a delusion and a mockery to force us to sit beside you in mortal weariness, while a symphony in four movements crashes on to the bitter end, to struggle vainly with our yawns during sonatas, fugues, and impromptus, when we might have been listening with thorough enjoyment to a lower, we admit a *lower*, but more congenial style of music somewhere else. Why should we be afraid to say we prefer *Il Barbiere* to *Fidelio*, the Tyrolese Singers to an organ recital, and the regimental band to a classical concert, if such is really the case? Because this extraordinary delusion, that everybody is bound to like the same kind of music, is every day taking deeper root in the British mind, as many an unhappy school girl, gifted with slender musical abilities, knows to her cost; when, in spite of an inner consciousness that she might perhaps achieve with credit a composition of Brinley Richards, she is compelled by her teacher to maltreat Mendelssohn, and blunder through Beethoven.

Another very popular, nay, almost universal delusion, occurs to me; the idea that all gossip is a sinful and pernicious thing. Surely a very mistaken, a very melancholy idea! Scandal is a sinful thing; slander is a diabolical thing—I do not think that is too strong a word; and without being exactly scandal or slander, there is a kind of low malicious gossip which may be termed simply "evil speaking," and which is wholly reprehensible and bad. But apart from all these is a genial, kindly, bustling sort of gossip, which can do no harm, which, on the contrary does good, by calling forth a neighbourly warm-hearted interest in the affairs of other people; and which.

to the honour of human nature, is far commoner than the baser species which only delights to chronicle evil and sorrow. Let me quote the words of an authoress of talent,—"Gossip has its noble side to it. How can you love your neighbour as yourself, and not feel a little curiosity as to how he fares, what he wears, where he goes, and how he takes the great life tragi-comedy, at which you and he are both more than spectators? Show me a person who lives in a country village absolutely without curiosity or interest on these subjects, and I will show you a cold, fat oyster, to whom the tide-mud of propriety is the whole existence." So surely even citizens of a metropolis need not be ashamed that they feel interested in the affairs of their neighbours, and that they occasionally, nay frequently, enjoy discussing them. Depend upon it, gossip is a good thing; if only, like other good things, it is partaken of in moderation. It was an immense comfort when I stumbled upon the above reflections, for though utterly unable to control the impulses of my nature, so far as to refrain from gossip, I was yet possessed by the popular delusion that it was a sinful enjoyment, and indulged in it with many scruples of conscience—which are now scattered to the four winds.

There is a delusion—in every sense a *popular* delusion—which affords so keen a pleasure to its victims, and is so thoroughly harmless to boot, that I would never say a word as to its delusive character, did I think there was the slightest chance of convincing anyone thereof—at least as regards themselves. It is the fond idea cherished by the numerous class who cannot buy new clothes whenever they want them, that their old clothes, when dyed, turned, re-trimmed, and otherwise re-modelled and disguised, are believed by the world at large to be brand new and fashionable articles; while in reality, the world at large, if it notices the garments at all, is not deceived for a moment as to their identity. The curious part of this delusion is, that although we penetrate with the utmost ease into the secret of all the best-devised adaptations of our neighbour's attire, it never occurs to us that our own little subterfuges can possibly be detected. We see quite well that Mrs Smith's Easter bonnet is the one she bought last year for Mary's wedding, with maize and black trimmings replacing the pink and white ones; we all noticed that little Fanny Smith had fallen heir to Mary's striped dress, and that Fanny

Brown's new silk petticoat was just her last silk dress dyed and quilted; and yet we confidently expect that the Smiths and Browns will never discover that our spring hats have been re-trimmed for the fifth time, and that little Maggie's grey suit has been engineered with infinite pains out of the skirts that Kate and I wore all last autumn. Surely this is a pleasurable and a harmless delusion, my readers! for the garments so constructed and reconstructed, with care and labour, with immense fore-thought and planning, afford gratification and pride to their wearers immeasurably beyond any that is known to those who, when they want a new dress, have nothing to do but—order it! And so many are the beneficial effects of this delusion—so greatly does it tend to increase the contentment, the ingenuity, the industry, the prudence and the forethought of those who are subject to it, that, as I have already said, I should never have hinted that it is a delusion, did I think it possible to convince any one that such is the case, with regard to their *own* masterpieces of reconstruction. But I know well that the large class to whom such plannings and piecings are familiar, have in their own performances in this line a faith which cannot be shaken; and I need only mention, as one instance out of many, that I, the writer of this article, will immediately, upon finishing it, don a garment which has been once dyed and twice turned, and walk forth arrayed in it serenely confident that it is irrecognisable by friend or foe.

This delusion does not in general affect the sterner sex, possibly because it is infinitely more difficult to disguise or renovate their articles of attire; but that it occasionally takes possession of them with extraordinary vehemence, is proved, I think, by the following axiom laid down by Professor Holmes in one of his delightfully chatty "Breakfast Table" papers. It is on the subject of hats, a point on which the masculine mind is generally peculiarly sensitive. Says the Professor:—

"A hat which has been *popped*, or exploded by being sat down upon, is never itself again afterwards. It is a favourite illusion of sanguine natures to believe the contrary."

Now I have experienced in my own person, and seen among my own sex, many extraordinary instances of this kind of delusion, but I am bound to say that the above example of the Professor's—and observe he calls it a

*favourite* illusion—transcends anything I ever met with, and argues an extent of delusion amounting nearly to monomania. But could there be a more striking exemplification that “where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise?” and could any one but a confirmed misanthrope have the cruelty to blight the happiness of one of these “sanguine natures,” by rudely proclaiming to him the fallacy of his hopes?

I cannot pass without notice another delusion, which will appear to citizens of Edinburgh absurdly strained and improbably, but which, nevertheless, is largely prevalent in many large towns, and is all but universal in rural districts,—I mean a dread, mistrust, and horror of lawyers. It is an extraordinary thing how large a class, even of the educated population, bases its conceptions of the legal character mainly upon second-rate novels, and upon the traditional stage lawyer, and persists in regarding all individuals connected with the law as a race of monsters dead to every instinct of humanity, whose only pleasures are distraining for rent, foreclosing mortgages, and drawing up iniquitous wills. I have conversed with many victims to this delusion, whose only idea of a lawyer was a species of ogre, clad in rusty black, speaking with a nasal whine, and corresponding in personal appearance to Mr Sampson Brass; this being they pictured seated in a squalid den half-full of mouldy papers, busied in concocting schemes of villany, and entrapping into his snares the widow and the orphan, “to grind their bones to make his bread.” In vain did I attempt to combat these sensational ideas; in vain did I assure them that I knew lawyers who could sing a better song, tell a better story, give a better dinner, make a better partner in a dance, than would easily be found in any profession; my statements were received with an incredulous stare; and when I advanced to higher grounds, and boldly declared that in no profession was there a higher standard, or a higher average of honour and manliness, and that they were the best and most effectual protectors of the weak and helpless, I was met with utter derision. I doubt if even the moderate assertions of equality in Shylock’s celebrated apostrophe on behalf of his countrymen, would be assented to with regard to lawyers by the numerous class which labours under this delusion. A lawyer from a domestic point of view appears to them an utter anomaly; and I have often been forcibly reminded of the sensation

excited by Sir Henry Harcourt, in Mr Trollope's novel *The Bertrams*, when he went to church with his betrothed; for, says Mr Trollope, "a solicitor-general in love is a sight to behold." But that, of course, was an extreme case; and really, from the astonishment I have heard some people express at the idea of a lawyer having domestic ties of any description, they must have had some vague notion that lawyers came into the world about forty years old, that they never had either fathers or mothers, and that they lived in a ghastly seclusion from the rest of man and woman-kind, nourished exclusively upon parchment, wafers, and ink.

But time and space, and the patience of my readers would fail me were I to enumerate all the popular delusions that occur to my mind; and besides those common to a large number, nearly all of us have our own little cherished delusions, which we cling to with tenacious affection; let us not, then, be too hard upon the credulity or infatuation of our neighbours, lest we should find some day that we ourselves have been putting our faith in ideas quite as chimerical.

D D O.

### Orpheus.

BEFORE men lived in guarded towns,  
 Before they forged the sword,  
 Lived Orpheus, singer half divine,  
 And touched the magic chord;  
 So all the mingled tide of life, for him would ebb and flow,  
 In the immemorial ages past, so long and long ago.  
 The nymphs of all the fountains came,  
 And hushed their waves to hear him;  
 The shy wild forest things grew tame,  
 The gay birds fluttered near him;  
 The very trees were thrilled with life, the flowers with  
 warmer glow,  
 In the immemorial ages past, so long and long ago.  
 The Powers that ruled the dreadful shades  
 Were tranced in blissful wonder;  
 The gates of Hades heard the song,  
 And crashing rolled asunder.  
 Oh, music, in thine early dawn, so powerful wert thou  
 In these immemorial ages past, so long and long ago.

E. J. O.

## On the Connection of Thought with Language,

ESPECIALLY AS SHOWN IN THE QUESTION OF UNIVERSALS.

[An Essay written for the Class of Mental Philosophy in connection with  
The Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association.]

### II. WHAT IS A UNIVERSAL?

THE subject of general terms and their signification has two aspects, the one historical, the other philosophical. Reversing what at first appears to be the more natural order, we shall consider the psychology of notions before entering on the history of the long dispute concerning Universals. We do this, because, on this subject, the opinions of thinkers have been so various and so conflicting, that the help of recent philosophy is needed to enable us to classify or arrange earlier speculations.

Much of the living interest which still belongs to the ancient controversy concerning universals, centres round the fact that, long after a system of philosophy has gone out of fashion among thinkers, its theories survive, because they are bound up with the meaning of words in daily use; thus often teaching obsolete metaphysics to the unreflecting. Were we, then, to enter unprepared upon the discussion of this, the great central controversy of the Middle Ages, we could not fail to be misled by the strangeness of the terminology. Like Dante, we should speedily find ourselves lost in a vast and tangled forest land, full of fierce beasts (fit emblems of the angry zeal of polemics), from which there would be no escape, unless, like Dante, we invoked the aid, if not of his master Virgil, yet of those *our* masters in philosophy, into the results of whose labours we have entered.

It will be safer, before we attempt to judge the opinions of men whose very words are so strange to us, to try and gain a clear idea of what thinkers of our own time, and we ourselves, really mean, when we speak of a universal.

Text-books of logic define a universal term to be the "verbal expression of a notion." Let us ask, What do we mean by a notion? A notion may be defined to be the idea of a cluster of attributes which constitute the essence of an object. It must be borne in mind that, although these clusters of attributes are always accompanied by other individual attributes (which vary indefinitely), when we employ a general term, we are supposed

to fix our attention on the cluster of class-attributes, and to leave individual peculiarities comparatively unnoticed. The former constitute the sharply defined and brightly coloured foreground, the latter the vaguely tinted background, of the mental picture.

Two questions rise immediately out of the above definition:—

1. How do we come to have notions?

2. What are those attributes which make up the essence of a notion?

1. We shall take up the first question as we find it in the biography of the individual mind. Now, here the difficulty is, that we cannot divest ourselves of those notions which are the furniture of the mind. We cannot think ourselves out of a world of thought made up of notions, and of their relations to each other, for notions enter not only into our representations,\* but into our perceptions also. We cannot realise what a dim, blurred thing the outer world would be to us, if sense-ideas and their copies were the sole occupants of our minds. Our first mental state is, of course, one purely subjective, in which the sensations form part of the subject, and are, in fact, not realised as separable from it. For it must be a state in which “the skirts of self are truly fused,” and in which individuality has not as yet begun to emerge from the general soul of the universe. Through emotions of pleasure and of pain, through aids to energizing, through hindrances to action, do we begin to possess our souls. Comparison is first made possible by the transition from one state to another: I suffered pain, and I have ceased to suffer; let me compare this pair of successive states, and analyse them into their similar and dissimilar elements. Pain, and freedom from pain, are unlike each other, but I myself, as present in each, am the similar element in both. Thus, through feeling, memory, and comparison, I pass into self-consciousness, *i.e.*, into the recognition of a Self as the permanent something amid a series of ever-changing states. In thus learning to bend back thought upon itself, so as to discriminate subject from object, Self from sensations felt by Self, we begin to define and limit the Ego, and to recognise its existence, before we have any sense of externality proper. Self thus becomes the first notion, because it is the earliest conception that we

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\* By representations we mean the acts of memory and of imagination.

are able to construct, of a something always the same, yet, for the time being, embedded in a mass of sensations which continually vary.

Let us take the case of an infant whose appetite has been satisfied, perhaps for the first time. Its consciousness of having passed through two different states, hunger and repletion, would be the dawn of self-consciousness. Such a notion of self would be a true and perfect universal, for it would be compounded of the similar elements belonging to that series of ever-changing states which is the soul's life. Without memory, the materials of such notion could never have been presented to the mind, nor without comparison could it ever have been constructed. Were the youngest child capable of language, all his names would at first be proper, or rather singular names, save the name Self alone. This word, so often held to be the very type of a singular, is thus, from its very birth, a true general term. All other names, as first used in the infancy whether of the individual or of the race, are proper names; for they are nothing but marks set upon particular objects, to enable us to suggest them to other minds, as well as to ourselves when we desire to recall them. Gradually they are extended from one object to another and another, till they serve for a group, and become class-names. On the other hand, by a strange return of the circling wheel of word-history, genuinely significant names, connecting, it may be, clusters of attributes (as Margaret, Lucy, or John), come in their turn, to be used as proper names, perhaps by nations ignorant of their original meaning.

Let us return to the case of a being aware of Self, and of its changing states, but as yet unconscious of externals. Each successive state of consciousness, as it is experienced, helps to develop the sense of individual existence. True, we are as yet supposed to be conscious of Self only as of something which passes from one state of feeling to another. But this consciousness grows in definiteness, because each successive change exercises us in the habit of self-recognition. Self, as the subject of sensation, is that moment of each total state which we know best, because we have realised it oftener than any of the varying moments which accompany it. The next step is to connect the bodily conditions with their accompanying mental states, so that, when we see other beings like ourselves, we infer that they too have souls like our own. The impression gains strength among thinkers, that it is

with such recognition of kindred organisms that a true knowledge of the external must begin. Mr Mill asserts that such externality as this is all that we can ever hope to prove—an assertion not very strange to readers of Berkeley. It is a fact that small children notice living beings, and are engrossed by them, before they notice things, and that their sense of their own individuality, or of its relation to circumstances, has in it a freshness, and a surprised sense of novelty, to which grown persons are strangers. They seem, as it were, to be making acquaintance with themselves, as with a new friend.

To sum up,—a purely subjective state, in which everything were Me, could give but a very imperfect idea of Self. Such a state would pass out of vagueness into a true self-consciousness, only when determined by that which is not Self. “The baby new to earth and sky,” can learn its first lesson—“This is I,” only by becoming conscious of something which is not I, and by discriminating between these two. The important matter for us to keep hold of is, that Self, as the earliest notion, obeys in its development general laws of growth, is both an *a priori* and an *a posteriori* cognition. What is at first a dimly felt spontaneous sense of life is afterwards framed and moulded by action from without, and re-action from within. It may, doubtless, be argued that we cannot explain the process of growth; it may be asked: Since you cannot interrogate the infant of a week, what right have you to talk of his mind as containing *a priori* and *a posteriori* processes of cognition? Granted that we cannot have historical evidence of what has actually taken place in an infant mind, there is yet no reason why, when we subject our fully developed notions to the after scrutiny of psychological analysis, we should be held unjustified in endeavouring to explain the acquisition of our earliest notions by analogy with other kinds of development. For instance, nature teaches us the general laws of growth nowhere better than in plant life. We have the germ of life in the seed, but it would for ever lie dormant were it not acted on, and its life stirred up by the sun’s heat and by the dews of heaven. Let us compare this with the growth of the ethical sense, of the moral consciousness, and we shall find that it also is due both to an impulse from within (of pain or of pleasure), and to the action of circumstances from without (such as intercourse with other persons). Now, since there can be no doubt that

the feelings of duty and personal responsibility have a large share in giving us the distinct consciousness of Self as an independent being, may not an analogy which holds good in the formation of one part, also apply to the remainder of the notion of personal essence? May we not infer that our knowledge of Self, as distinct from not-Self, is developed from a subjective germ, according to the general laws of growth?

We have gained the first universal notion, *i.e.*, Self. From this notion we go on, by analogy, to infer the existence of other animated essences.

Probably the infantile idea of these would be that they were all one; but the growing sense of individuality would ere long be transferred to the external world, and the perception of differences would lead to the construction of other notions, while the need of marks to discriminate these would call forth speech. An infant summons its mother by the easiest form of utterance that tiny lips can frame, by the simple vowel "ah." To this sound is next added a labial movement, forming a consonant, because it is easier to close and unclose the lips than to control the muscles which move the jaw and throat. In this way we get the vocal utterance "ma," and, since it is easier to repeat a sound once emitted, than to frame a new and untried one, "mama" becomes the infant's first word, uttered, in all likelihood, without any expectation that the act will be followed by any consequence. But the mother responds by her care to supply the wants which she knows have suggested the infant's wail, and the child learns to associate her responsive action with its own act. In this way, its little plastic mind, susceptible to new impressions to a degree unknown in after years, learns to connect the person with the name.

As long as this word remains the child's only form of articulate sound, it will be bestowed indiscriminately on every living thing. I have heard a pet dog affectionately invoked as "Mama" by a very small philosopher, whose sympathies with the brute creation had greatly stripped his vocabulary. Gradually as the child learns to discriminate between his mother and the dog (I select these two most interesting animated organisms on excellent *a posteriori* grounds), a second easy sound will be invented to denote the latter. Our first word was due to a purely spontaneous effort, but possibly this time influenced from

without begin to make their effects felt, so that this second name may have a mimetic origin. Who has not heard a dog called a "bow-wow?" Once in possession of this new term, it will be handed on to all other animals, until a growing intelligence finds it to be a universal of inconveniently wide application. Thus, a cow is sometimes called a "big bow-wow" by a much older child, if one unacquainted with cattle, just as, we are told, the Maories called a horse by the name pig, the only appellation of a four-footed beast which their language possessed.

We have spoken of the recognition of other existences by analogy with our own, and we have noted how the reiterated perception of such beings, in its turn, reacts with a strengthening influence on the consciousness of our own individuality, just as, again, the increasing clearness with which we apprehend our self-conscious Ego, and its relations to existence in general, furnishes us with a more vivid and definite conception of other individual essences. To reach, from this point, the recognition of inanimate, inert matter, needs only a step further in the same direction, one which, like the former steps, has to be marked with appropriate words, to fit each successive notion as it emerges from the mass by individualisation, and by aggregation of its essential attributes, into an independent whole.

2. Our second query may be stated thus:—How are we to know which are the essential attributes of a notion? At the outset of this discussion we spoke of the notion as a cluster of attributes; we must now look at it under a second aspect, as a conception which may be applied to any one of a group of objects. In cases where the conception fits only one object, we speak of an individual notion; where there is a class of such objects, the conception becomes a general notion. We cannot doubt that consciousness of a cluster of attributes is earlier in the biography of an individual than any consciousness of resemblance between the members of a group, in virtue of their possessing similar attributes. But, nevertheless, when we come to ask, What are the essential attributes or essence of such or such notion? we find that we naturally enquire, What are the objects to which we are in the habit of applying the general term? Practically, it is by a careful comparison of objects which, in popular usage, bear the class-name, that we usually hope to discover which of the total number of their common

qualities form the ground of their association in a class. Such ground is, properly speaking, the essence of the notion, and its right determination is one of the toughest questions in philosophy.

"Language," says Mr Mill, "was not made by philosophers," and we shall find, in the course of our enquiry into the essence of notions, that many objects are popularly included under one group which ought properly to be classed under another. For instance, a bat was reckoned among birds, and a whale among fishes, until science stepped in and decided what was the essence of a bird and of a fish; and in every-day talk, certain actions are often called just or generous, cowardly or base, simply because the essence of these ethical terms is nearly as much an open question at this day, as it was when Socrates stood disputing in the market-place. We must, therefore, refer to the definition of a notion by its essential attributes, in order to find a standard by which to limit the group; for to suppose that our spontaneous unreflective notions are necessarily right notions, corresponding to the counter-thoughts of the Creative Mind, would be to assume that in human speech there lies packed up a perfect system of philosophy. Far from this, our task rather assumes the contrary, *i.e.*, that the thinker has to do his best "to mend a language which he did not make." We must, by a judicious limitation as well as by a timely development of the extent or content of notions, endeavour to adapt popular terms to scientific use. We must not, on the one hand, be too ready to disregard time-honoured usage, nor, on the other, must we be too unwilling to admit new. Thinkers are as much too prompt to coin new words as the outside world is too slow to adopt them. It is part of man's instinct of nomenclature to look with suspicion on such usurpers as brand-new technical terms. A strange word is most readily accepted when it is introduced as an obsolete term, newly revived. "Conative," as used by Sir W. Hamilton, and "connote," by Mr Mill, are cases in point. The truth is, nobody values a name except as a guarantee that a fact has been universally taken into the sphere of objective things, and not merely that it has been excogitated and has received a mark in your individual mind or in mine.

Nomenclature is one of the gregarious instincts of humanity, and the presumption will always be rather in

favour of an author who knows how to clothe new thoughts in language as familiar as that of Descartes or of James Mill, than in favour of one who coins new words. Language, like living things, follows the laws of development, and is acted on by the external influences which condition its evolution; and if we let words take their chance with the unlettered, they will so inevitably degenerate, that better service is rendered to thought by those who carefully watch over the use of current speech, than by those who invent new terms. This enquiry into the right meaning of words is no light task, for it leads us deep into the nature of thoughts and of things, and on the very threshold of the discussion stands the great question of essence, warning us to proceed no further till it be duly solved.

Of essence, then, let us speak. When we first begin to use language thoughtfully, we find ourselves in possession of an assemblage of words of various kinds. Some of these are names of natural substances or attributes, others are names of abstract qualities, others perhaps of articles made by man. The question arises:—Can we so define essence as to apply the definition to the essences of all these various terms? Can we find a rule for determining in all cases, which attributes are to be accounted essential or which accidental? No doubt the naturalist feels that he is indeed groping after an idea which is not of man's devising, but is something objectively real, and that, when he seeks to determine what particular cluster of attributes makes up the essence of a natural Kind, he is trying to reach the purpose of Creative Mind. No doubt the ethical student knows that when Socrates asked, What is Justice? or when Aristotle sought to define his magnanimous man, each sought a real something, each knew he was no more at liberty to decide off-hand what was to be called just or magnanimous in human speech for evermore, than is the naturalist free to settle that a whale is a fish because it lives in the sea. Most people will allow that piscinity and justice are not mere subjective notions. But how about the essences of tables and chairs? Here the schoolmen would have stopped short, and would have found their definition of essence inapplicable. For the Realists of the middle ages taught that there were certain second substances which inhered in every natural object, and made it to be what it was. They called the properties of this second substance the essence of the thing,

and thought that all its other properties were only individual and accidental. These universal substances could not be perceived by sense, and yet they were believed to be so much more important and permanent than the qualities that could be seen and handled, that the schoolmen held universal terms to belong to them only. This definition of essence will not cover the whole ground occupied by general terms, since it takes leave of us so soon as we quit the region of true or natural Kinds, and begin to ask how we are to define the essence of a thing made by art. But a more comprehensive theory of essence may be reached, if we reason from the conception of Self, as the earliest, and in some sort the typical, notion. Ueberweg tells us that "we recognise the essential first in ourselves, immediately by feeling, and mediately by ideas." According to this view, we form a conception of Self by the gradual appreciation of our various capacities and faculties, as these are developed in our individual life, and still more as they are exercised in our relations to others, in that intercourse of society whose laws are ethics and politics. Nor must we limit the expression "others" to human beings. We learn something of Self from considering it in its relations to animals, and also to the plant world, as dependent on these for nutriment, and as bound to them by certain obligations of protection and care, in accordance with that first law of Eden, "Thou shalt dress and keep this garden." Gradually, in this way, we reach a developed notion of self, as a being set in a particular position, hemmed in on every side by relations of duty and of dependence, whether to its organism, to other persons, or to the living world, and thus fulfilling, in the order of things, a definite end, towards which all the powers of our nature, mental and bodily, are means.

Now, this theory, that essence depends on place and function in the universe, as discovered by the analogy of ethical relations, is easily applied not only to other human beings, and to animal and plant life, but also to those things made by art, which the schoolmen were forced to leave out of their theory of essence. The place and function of a table is to support articles laid on it; therefore I may assert that a plane surface, resting on some species of support, constitutes the essence of a table. There is no real difference between the way in which I fix upon these attributes as essential, and the way in which I should determine those which are essential to the

notion of a fish or of a mountain. Further, it may be asked, How does this theory apply to such purely logical or unscientific classes as are made by dichotomy (such as white and not-white), or to such as are made for some special purpose, as the farmer's division of animals into such as are fit for food, and such as are fit for tillage or for burden? To this it may be replied, that when the end in view is not to expound a purely scientific classification of things in their relation to the universal organism, but only to arrange them for a special purpose in hand, so that they may be conveniently brought before the mind for comparison in respect of certain facts, we hold those attributes to be essential which are of most importance for such special ends. The sportsman and the farmer are entitled each to his own classification of animals, and, in accordance with it, each may select his own series of essential attributes. The general principle that essence is to be defined by place and function in the order of things, will apply equally well to all such relatively formed notions, as to those philosophical conceptions, which are founded on the essential qualities of objects as they are in themselves, and in relation to the universal organism as a whole, not merely to one particular class of facts. The sportsman defines a dog as an animal which assists the hunter. The farmer defines the dog as an animal which guards the flock and keeps watch in the barnyard at night. The man of science defines a dog as an animal possessed of certain peculiarities of structure and habit, which determine its place in his classification of carnivora, etc., as being, for example, more highly organised than the class immediately below (*i.e.*, the seal family), and less highly organised than that immediately above it (*i.e.*, the feline family). Each definition is perfect in its way, and yet they are quite different, so that we are led to ask: How can essence be a certain assemblage of attributes, if definition, which declares it, is so variable? To this it is replied: If essence, in the absolute, be found by discovering the place and function of a thing in the universe as a whole, by ascertaining its position in the total series of means and ends, and also by determining the particular end which it serves by its existence, we may expect to find a reciprocal dependence among all the possible relations of every object in the world to every other, so that, if one such relation be rightly determined, all the others will be

implied of necessity. Let us test this reply by reference to our example. From those attributes of form and structure which make up the scientific definition of a dog, we may infer the capacity for hunting game in intelligent co-operation with man, as well as the capacity for keeping a flock of sheep, etc. Reversing the process of reasoning, we may, from the definition of a dog as man's four-footed associate in the chase, or as the guardian of his flock, infer those very attributes of structure and development which form the essence of the scientific notion *dog*. This last is the one perfect and complete definition, because it alone is declaratory of the essential attributes common to all the animals contained in the class *dog*, and because it rests on a true appreciation of the place filled by the canine race in the order of nature. In every such notion there is an *a priori* element, for we arrive at a knowledge of the essence of things only through a knowledge of our own essence. But this *a priori* element must not usurp more than its due share in the construction of notions, for it is impotent without the *a posteriori* element, without the conditioning facts brought to bear upon it by experience. There is, in the growth of notions, a perpetual action and reaction between subject and object, not unlike the action of two battledores, between which, like a shuttlecock, the notion incessantly flies backwards and forwards. The parallel would be an exact one, if, under the process the shuttlecock, instead of becoming worn out, grew larger and more developed.

RUSTICA.

(To be continued.)



## Persian Sibyl.

### I.

THE ship is drifting, drifting down apace,  
And she sees where its evil fortunes tend ;  
The equal steeds are straining in the race,  
She sees the end.

### II.

The poet's crown, and fame, and victory,  
And lover's pledge, and hand of trusting friend,  
She sees them all with calm far-gazing eye,  
She sees the end.

## III.

Write not, oh Sibyl ! close the fatal book,  
 And let the unpresaged thunder bolt descend,  
 Better hope's wildest visions than that look  
 That sees the end.

E. J. O.



### A Solitary Hour in an Old Library.

THE party had all dispersed in quest of out-door amusements, and I was left alone; and with a sense of relief and hope of enjoyment, I repaired to the old library, and shutting the door, went forward to the bay window, which commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

The scene calmed and elevated my mind. I felt more in unison with the great ones around me, and advancing to the quaint carved shelves on which their works were placed, I examined their names, and felt humbled that my knowledge of them was so slight.

As my eyes traversed the shelves, I recognised Plato, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Bunyan, Quarles, More, George Herbert, and Izaak Walton; and remembering that I had only one hour to spend in their company, I resolved to hear a word or two from each, and from these flowers of intellect to cull a small nosegay with which to refresh myself for the time being.

I opened Shakespeare, and read the passage—

“The quality of mercy is not strained,  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;  
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown.”

And so on. Yes, thought I, it is not the circumstances of life that make even kings great; it is the possession of divine qualities, royal gifts from the King of kings. I will carry away a little of this “sweet mercy” with me. It is the most sovereign balm for the miseries of life, this practical application of “Be ye therefore merciful;” and at the same time deal stern justice only to myself, aye, even to the cutting off of a right hand, if need be. But

it will be difficult to exercise mercy to others and justice only to myself. Had it been mercy only to myself and stern justice to others, that would be much easier.

Here my eye fell on Spenser's "Fairy Queen," and his words—"It made a sunshine in the shady place"—echoed in my memory. Yes, that will be the result of exercising mercy to others. I will place this next—a sweet forget-me-not.

At this, methought I heard Francis Bacon say, "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have one's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth." I took up his essays and began to read—"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not wait for an answer." Alas for poor Pilate, he threw down the sceptre of justice, trampled upon mercy, and turned his back upon the Truth. No wonder, then, that his path through life was so dark and clouded. Plato, from a much greater distance, discerned the divine similitude, when he said—"Truth is His body, and light His shadow."

I will strive then to follow Him who is the Light and the Truth, and whose tender mercy is over all His works, and my path will be plain and easy. Here now is one who found it a pleasant way—and with a smile, I saw Izaak Walton, and, opening at the beginning of his "Complete Angler," I accompanied the trio on that sweet May morning to the thatched house in Hodsden. The air around was fragrant with the scent of new made hay, and Anceps, after asking us to listen to the sweet song of birds' exclaimed, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music upon earth." At this the travellers passed on before me, and I remained behind to listen, and my spirit travelled upward to that innumerable choir, where the various voices all blend in one grand harmony.

I thought of Bunyan's glowing description, "Now I saw in my dream that these men went in at the gate, and as they went they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on them that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, the harps to praise, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rung again for joy, and it was said unto them, 'Enter into the joy of your Lord.' Now, just as the gates were opened, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun, the streets also were paved with gold, and after that they

shut up the gates, which when I had seen, I wished myself among them." As I was gazing at this glorious scene, I heard the sound of voices from the lawn, and knew that the party was returning. What an interruption! I had no choice, however, but to leave the society of the great and good for the small talk and frivolity of the party below.

In my disappointment, I was forgetting the small bouquet I had gathered from their rich *parterres*. I seized it, remembering the words of good Sir Thomas More, "Variety is not always interruption; that which occasionally hinders our accustomed studies may prove to the ingenious no less profitable than their studies themselves," and carefully concealing my small treasure, I descended to the party; and if I was more kind, considerate, and forbearing to all that evening, more humble and watchful over myself, I attributed this to listening to the oracles during that solitary hour in that old library.

ELSIE.



## Sir Walter Scott as a Poet.

### HIS SCHOOL.

It seems a remarkable omission that the centenary celebration held in honour of the greatest writer of this great nineteenth century, and one of the noblest men of genius who ever lived in any century, should have been left, till now, unrecorded in the pages of a magazine professedly literary, and conducted by members of the sex ever supremely honoured by the great man whose name it should be every Scotchwoman's delight to honour in return. The name of Sir Walter Scott is indeed a talisman, all-potent to thrill every feeling heart with appreciative sympathy, and bow all intelligent minds in enthusiastic admiration; for, as no hero, real or imaginary, ever existed with qualities better fitted to inspire sublime devotion around him, so no writer, ancient or modern, has ever, alike by his personal character and mental genius, awakened such an overwhelming amount of enthusiastic admiration, drawn forth such overflowing ebullitions of sympathetic acknowledgment, or raised such towering columns of invincible belief and faithful adherence.

Notwithstanding all this loyalty to the general supremacy of Sir Walter Scott, as the *Grand Monarque* of modern literature, a formidable inquisition has been instituted for the separate analysis of the various claims on which his distinguished position as a man of letters was founded; and the critical acumen of modern taste has discovered such flaws in his poetry, that its right to be considered as such has been doubted, and its author's title to be ranked as a great poet utterly denied. On the present occasion, therefore, it seems fitting that we who are so deeply impressed with the value and beauty of those poetical compositions, than which we acknowledge no truer, more heart-stirring music in the history of song, should offer some vindication of their claims to such pre-eminence; and that after the great Master's memory has been crowned with the bays of the world's united eloquence, our humble centenary tribute should be the dropping of a chaplet wreathed with his own immortal flowers of poesy. Eschewing the easily gabbled language of vague eulogy, characteristic of those learned critics who invariably preface their unfavourable commentaries with the urgent assurance,—“Nobody can admire Sir Walter's genius more, or like his poetry better, in a general way, than we do; but yet”—till we have felt fired, with the impatience of Cleopatra, to exclaim,

“I do not like ‘but yet;’ it does allay  
The good precedence: lie upon ‘but yet:’—  
‘But yet’ is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor;”

we shall admit Shylock's plea of “Justice,” and in that stern vein, endeavour to prove that Sir Walter Scott occupies a place in the foremost rank of poets, from three points of view, viz.: 1. What he did for poetry; 2. The manner in which he did it; and 3. The recognition awarded to his labours by the world.

Our first step should be on some manner of understanding of what is meant by the term poetry, which, at any time difficult to define, seems especially so in these indefinite days, when all meanings have their old corners rubbed off and become shaded into each other with a perplexing closeness, and we can associate no more tangible essence with the modern poetic ideal than its own very vagueness. We Scotch, veritable Children of the Mist, not satisfied with mist on our mountains, must have mist in our philosophy, mist in our politics,

and above all, mist in our poetry. The only way of clearing the atmosphere, and arriving at some idea of the nature of true poetry without collision with warring terms, seems to be to glance at its origin. As a necessity of man, which is its primal characteristic. What is poetry, and how did it originate? It was born of a Necessity for the Expression of the thoughts, feelings, and actions of nations and individuals, by a genius capable of softening and beautifying the Real by the impressive discovery of its affinity to the Ideal. So poetry arose in the ballad, which connects the real lives of the heroes and heroines of early ages with a high ideal standard of chivalrous right and tender and manly truth. We cannot doubt the soundness and grandeur of a principle which inspired the whole tribe of ancient bards, scalds, minne-singers, and troubadours with the theme of

“Ladye-love and war, renown and knightly worth.”

So too sang Homer, the Great Father of all poetry, and Chaucer, the no less gracious fountainhead of “the pure well of English undefiled.”

But poetry is no mere stagnant pool.

“From Helicon’s harmonious springs,  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take,”

till the whole world is watered by a greater number and variety of streams of poetic thought and feeling, than geography’s division of lakes and rivers could supply us metaphors for. So developing with man’s history, and affected by all the world’s revolutions, the Progress of Poesy becomes, in itself, a complicated study; and not one short paper would suffice even to mention, much less to examine and discuss, the varied schools whose disciples have thronged the Temple of the Muses, and erected monuments there. Sufficient for our present purpose merely to refer to the influence of history upon our English poetry, which budding in Chaucer, culminating in Shakespeare, soaring with Milton, degenerated with the national step downwards in the reign of Charles II., towards the coarseness of Dryden, the artificiality of Pope, and the didactic prosiness of Hayley and Darwin, to bloom again, fresh, free, natural, and luxuriant, in the heart-stirring song of Walter Scott. Only great writers leave the broad mark upon the history of our poetic literature which divides it into epochs for the study of posterity. Shakespeare reigned in the Drama, representative of the golden glory of the reign of Elizabeth; and the Puritan spirit

found its expression in the silver-trumpeted, sublime epics of Milton. The reactionary influence of the Restoration restored the drama in a depraved form, and Dryden's genius was desecrated through contact with an impure and scurrilous court. The spirit of morality tried to re-assert itself in the classical school of Johnson and his admiring disciples; but his muse was too cumbrous for high eminence, and her wings too feeble for Pegasean flights. The reign of Boileau and French criticism found its English parallel in the polished diction of Pope, whose poetry, great as it is, lost in life and energy what it gained in exactness and finish. Yet more dispirited and enslaved, poetry languished in a conventional prison, when her mighty deliverer arose and freed her from her classic chains. At the touch of the enchanter's wand, the slumbrous muse awoke,

"As in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!"

Only a writer of the highest genius could have effected this glorious emancipation. The wild harps of Gray and Collins did not disturb the supremacy of the well-tuned piano of Pope; even the elegant simplicity of Goldsmith and the gentle sincerity of Cowper had failed to convince a world that was "still deceived with ornament." Wordsworth's first homely efforts on behalf of nature were known only to the few; and Coleridge's first exquisite lyric music served but to furnish the key-note on which the Mighty Minstrel pitched those strains which were to rouse the world.

"He sings, and lo, Romance  
Starts from her mouldering urn,  
While Chivalry's bright lance  
And nodding plumes return."

This is what Sir Walter Scott did for poetry. He reverted to its original principles, and reproduced them to the world, adorned with the magnificent impress of his own genius. He drank of the Castalian dew, and refreshed the world with the same refreshment that had served bygone ages. He revived the dead, he resuscitated the Past, so as to throw that halo of glory upon the Present, which in poetry, politics, religion, and national history ever comes from the influence of the Past.

The success of the revival was complete, and this grand passion for the Past reigned triumphant; but though in itself an undying principle, its ostensible sovereignty has declined with the complex influences of time. At the

period when we are called on to judge this poetry of the past, a new era is in progress, and in common with all other traditions and, ancient beliefs, the time-honoured systems of poetry are put into the crucible of public opinion. and the smelting tests are by no means likely to discriminate the true ore. For we live in a hard, realistic, material age, which, disdaining the influence of the Past upon the Present, doubts the correctness of the connection between Romance and Poetry, and is so imbued with the influences of science, that a poet is hardly a poet unless he is a member of the British Association, and poetry is not poetry unless it is metaphysics. With this remarkable creed we should have nothing to do, but that it interferes with the acceptance of those principles on which Sir Walter Scott founded the Gothic or Romantic school. As it is, the lofty persistency of its disciples forces us, in self-defence, to quote a few remarks from a lively illustrator of the characteristics of this new psychological school which teaches the science of internal consciousness, and calls it poetry. "Delta," says:—

"Simple utterances of feeling—with a mystical commentary on such utterance—is all that the purest disciples of this newest of our schools aspire to. Fine images, allegorical symbols, hieroglyphic meanings, speculative thought, we have in superfluity, but no apparent aim, and seldom any attempt at composition. Tares and wheat are allowed to grow up together to one unweeded harvest, and often the bugloss and the poppy scattered plentifully throughout the field, look very like flowers in their respective blue and scarlet jackets. But who would term this either agriculture or gardening? . . . . Mysticism in law is quibbling; mysticism in religion is the jugglery of priestcraft; mysticism in medicine is quackery—and these often serve their crooked purposes well. But mysticism in poetry can have no attainable triumph. The sole purpose of poetry is to delight and instruct, and no one can be either pleased or profited by what is unintelligible. . . . The poet springs to conclusions, not by the logic of science, but by intuition; and whosoever, as a poet, acts either the chemist, the naturalist, or the metaphysician, mistakes the object of his specific mission. Philosophy and poetry, may, in most things, not be incompatible; but they are essentially distinct. Metaphysical analyses cannot be accepted as substitutes either for apostrophes to the beautiful, or for utterances of passion.

They are as different as principles are from products, or as causes from effects. . . . To make such the main staple of poetry is a vain attempt at constructing what would be all spirit and no body—a mere twisting of the sea sand into ropes—for even ghosts would be invisible without the semblance of corporeal form; and yet these things are selected to form everlasting themes of profitless speculation, to the exclusion of all pictorial effect, and all exercise of the practical understanding.”

To this trenchant criticism we have only to add a single remark (in apt illustration of which we refer to a spirited paper on the subject of “Little Poets” in the December number of *The Attempt*), viz., that the selfish and morbid tendencies of a poetic system of introspective analysis, which finds in the study of one mind the highest ecstasy of poetic rapture, brings the genius of poetry into imminent danger of being prostrated by obscurity and exaggeration in the present century, as, in the last, by dullness and conventionality. What a relief from such a stifling atmosphere, to turn to the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, which has been well described in a comparison with the scenery of Scotland itself, as being “Bold and romantic as the mountains; bright and picturesque as the floods; healthy as the brown heath; verdant as the shaggy woods,” and, may we not add, pure as the dew, and refreshing as the mountain breeze?

The other grand principle on which Sir Walter Scott's poetry is founded, is equally in opposition to a cherished belief in the present day, which fairly amounts to this, that the uncommon is the excellent, that eccentricity is an indispensable mark of genius, and that what the select few understand is not only the superior, but the only kind of true poetry. It is surely not necessary to spend time in demolishing this narrowing theory by any lengthened disquisition on the mission of poetry to mankind at large, but enough simply to point to the grand truth uttered by him who is the acknowledged Head of all poetry—“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” Yes. And it is the poet's mission to make the “touch of nature” a sensible bond of kinship. This is the grand principle of objective poetry; and if it be put out of fashion, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton must be banished with it, as well as Sir Walter Scott; for the broad, humanizing catholic school of which Scott's poetry was a noble scion, has trained the greatest poets, and

won for them, and for them alone, the highest kind of fame. Even Germany, to whose example we owe much of the mysticism of modern poetry, passes by its great disciple Goethe, and confers her faith, her affection, and her representative honours on the memory of Schiller. And it was a comparison of first-rate national merit which suggested the complimentary interchange of titles between the "Southern Scott" and the "Ariosto of the North," as the two great Italian and Scottish

"Minstrels, who called forth  
A whole creation, by their magic line."

ELFIE.

(*To be continued.*)



## Two Voices.

THE sunlight falls on hoary trees,  
Whose young leaves whisper in the breeze.  
Falls flickering down on golden flowers,  
And purple-crested violet bowers.  
The ferns are waving in the air,  
Waving in drops of diamond dew,  
Rough bracken leaves and maiden-hair,  
Under the shadow of the yew.  
The hawthorn tree and sweet wild rose  
Are living both together,  
And there the fairy harebell grows  
With gorse and purple heather.  
The leaves are falling red and gold,  
Red and golden on the mere,  
The sheep bell tinkles from the fold—  
Tis the only sound I hear.  
The only sound, for all is still,  
So still that I fear to move,  
Lest I disturb the Holy Will  
That sends a calmness from above.  
The twilight shades are creeping round,  
Long shadows flicker on the ground,  
And mounting upwards, nearly reach  
The warm, sweet red of the copper beach.  
A solemn silence everywhere,  
Like calm intercourse with heaven,

When a weary soul is free from care,  
And all her sin forgiven.  
A solemn silence everywhere,  
The shades are growing dark  
And then a song falls on the air,  
The song of a sweet wood lark.  
It rises, fresh and full and clear,  
A joyous happy song,  
It echoes on the silent mere,  
And chants the leaves along.  
It goes away and murmurs, where  
The withered aspen, lone and bare,  
Weeps silently in widowhood  
Upon the outskirts of the wood.  
It comes again and tunes its lay  
To those who answer joyously,  
And lingers by the little spot  
Where grows the blue forget-me-not.  
A loving song for all to share  
Is the song the wood lark sings,  
But it is only to prepare\*  
Our souls for higher things.  
Ah me! e'en now 'tis growing faint  
Already it is done,  
The song that's worthy of a saint  
Who lives beyond the sun.  
The night has come, the clear sweet night,  
With its dew and silver sky,  
And in the East a tiny light  
Is burning tenderly.  
It is so still that I can hear  
The lilies floating on the mere,  
When a little breeze comes stealing by  
And stops to fan them lovingly.  
From out the dewy silent air  
A sweeter voice is singing,†  
It finds an echo everywhere  
And sets the woodland ringing.  
Its saddest notes are sweeter far  
Than the wood lark's tender lay,  
Its saddest notes—that cannot mar  
Its perfect harmony.

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\* ST. MARK 1st Chap. 3d verse.

† ST. MARK, 1st Chap. 14th verse.

It rises low, and sad, and elear,  
 That plaintive tender voiee,  
 It swells in triumph on the mere.  
 And makes the stars rejoiee.  
 It eheers the faded leaves that lie  
 Washed in night dew, tenderly,  
 And hovers near the little spot  
 Where grows the blue forget-me-not.  
 It thrills through earth, and sea, and sky,  
 The solemn hills make glad reply,  
 It comes again, and lingers near  
 The lilies by the moonlit mere.  
 But other voices, weird and loud,  
 Stifle its perfect strain,  
 Like thunder from an angry cloud,  
 After the elear sweet rain.  
 It murmurs sweetly like a rill,  
 Amid the angry eurrent's roar—  
 I hear it eeho faintly still,  
 Among the lilies as before.  
 Then louder voices drown its lay,  
 And mournfully it dies away.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

There is no darkness or no pain,  
 Long shadows fade away—  
 The voiee breaks forth to sing again,  
 In the light of eoming day;  
 It sings a glad triumphant song,  
 That tells of Life and Love!  
 Whose very sweetness must belong  
 To a better land above.  
 We do not know what it is like,  
     We cannot hear its sweetness,  
 We may not feel its purity  
     In all its pure completeness.  
 Until in golden Eastern skies,  
     The great Archangel sings,  
 To see the Son of God arise  
     “With healing in His wings.”

CHRISTIE.

## The Princess Ilse.

A TALE OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.—FROM THE GERMAN.

### PART II.

THE approaching daylight gave her great uneasiness. "The night is quiet, and will not betray me," she thought, "but the chattering day will be sure to let out where I am." And she slipped under the stones, and came up only now and then to catch a mouthful of fresh air.

Between high wooded mountain ridges, a deep dark green defile sloped gradually down to the valley; into it had little Ilse blindly fled. Innumerable stones had erumbled down from the mountain, and rolled over each other in the bottom of the cleft. They lay there, embraced by pine roots, and overgrown with moss, looking very gloomy and venerable, nor did they seem at all disposed to move out of the way of the little brook which came springing so hastily and heedlessly against them. The good God took pity on the poor little Ilse, as she darted over the stones in her terror, and allowed the forest to open his green doors to her, and take her under his protection. The forest is a holy place of refuge for lost children, who have done or thought evil in the world. None of the small demons which are apt to enter youthful minds can accompany them into the peaceful stillness of the wood—the demon of pride least of all. How, indeed, can he hold his ground against the grave, lofty king of the forest—the pine tree, who with his sublime head turned immovably towards heaven, stands firm and unchanging on the spot which God has appointed for him,—a true king by the grace of God.

The child Ilse did not, indeed, understand that. She thought that the pine-roots were making hideous faces at her, and she shuffled timidly past them, and fled deeper and deeper on through the wood. She did not know that the demon of pride had floated away in the tears of repentance and anguish which she had shed, any more than she had been aware of his entrance into her heart, but she felt freer and safer in the green shades of the forest, behind the golden railings which the sunbeams stretched slanting over the turf. The further she went from the Broeken, the better and more at home she felt. She thought the fir-trees did not now look so darkly and reprovingly down

upon her, and very soon grave venerable oaks spread their powerful arms proteetingly above her, and fair friendly beeches nodded smilingly to her from among the dark pines, and tried to catch the sunbeams with their long arms, and throw them at each other like golden arrows.

Ilse, who, ehildlike, had soon forgotten her sorrows, ran merrily splashing between them, and when, in the merry game, a sunbeam fell on the ground, she caught it up and held it exultingly in the air, or fastened her veil with it, and then threw it teasingly at the flowers and grass which stood by the wayside, looking curiously after her. She was again a happy, frolicsome ehild, and the green wood took quite a pleasure in the young fugitive to whom he had given shelter. As for the stones, which lay dozing on the ground, wrapped in their soft mossy coverlets, all their peaceful dreaming was at an end since Ilse sprang dancing and sparkling over them, yet they were good friends with her. When the clumsy ones placed themselves awkwardly in her way, and would not let her pass, she stroked their rough cheeks with her soft hands, and murmured soft entreaties in their ears; and when that would not do, she got angry, stamped impatiently with her foot, and pushed so vigorously against them that the old fellows began to totter. Then, if they left open the smallest possible cleft, Ilse rushed into it with all her might, pushed them away from each other, and shot wildly and impetuously on. It was really beautiful to see how gracefully the little princess hopped from point to point of the steepest clefts. She had put on for that purpose a white cap of foam, and whenever it was knocked against a hard rock and got torn, she had always a new one ready before the next time, white as Alpine snow, and freshly crisped.

On the sunny mountain slopes, where grass and moss grew softly and luxuriantly, the large trees had separated from each other, in order to make room for their little ones, who were learning to be trees. There they sat, the children of the fir-trees, their stiff, bushy little frocks spread round them on the turf, moving their pointed heads ponderingly, and wondering that Ilse did not get tired of running and leaping. But the very youngest little springs, who had scarcely learnt to walk, were not so full of wisdom as the fir children. They came, when they heard Ilse singing her sweet song, dropping

down from the cracks in the mountain wall, and slunk secretly away through the moss, always nearer and nearer to Ilse. Ilse heard their soft trickling, and saw them coming, and beckoned to them to make haste. And when the springs saw the princess hopping over the stones far below, they remained timidly standing, not daring to jump down, yet unable to find any other path. Then Ilse encouraged them with her ringing voice, and placed mossy footstools for them, over which they might climb down to her. And the springs took courage, and sprang quite boldly from one stool to another. Ilse caught them up when they tumbled somewhat awkwardly into her lap, took them by the hand, and said, "Come, now you shall run with me; look how I do, and spring with me, I will hold you, lest you should fall." And they did as they were told, hopped, supported by the hand of Ilse, over the largest stones, did not hurt themselves, and were not afraid, and learned to jump so well, that soon, if they had put on white foam caps, they could not have been distinguished from Ilse herself.

Meanwhile, the lord of the Broeken, who had now become aware of the flight of the princess, was very wrathful indeed. He knew perfectly well that such a clear little fountain was no booty for him, and that the devilkin of pride, the most secure handle by which he was enabled to catch youthful minds, had taken his departure. How could he then set about seizing the merry child again? He thought of the tempest, at which the princess had been so frightened; he called the north wind, and bade it blow up the valley directly in the face of Ilse. "That," thought he, "will make her turn round, and drive her back to the Broeken."

The north wind took great pains to execute the commands of the devil. He blustered and howled and crashed, shook the trees till they staggered from their very roots, and hurled their broken branches to the ground at Ilse's feet. He pushed a young pine which had not yet taken firm root, right across her path, seized her floating veil, and was going to carry it off with him. But the princess tore herself loose, not caring how much of it remained in his hands. She feared nothing for herself, she thought only of the distress of the poor trees, and would gladly have helped them, had it been in her power to do so. She threw herself, weeping, upon the fallen fir, overflowed it with her tears, and washed its

wounds compassionately. She rocked the little green beeches and the twigs of oak, which the north wind tossed into her lap, tenderly in her arms, kissed their withered leaves, and carried them a little way along with her, putting them at last to bed in the soft moss on the bank.

And the devil stood on the Broeken, and gnashed his teeth with rage, when he saw that the north wind's efforts were in vain, and that he could do nothing with little Ilse. "I will send out the winter," growled he, "he will gag her and put her in chains. The bleak, grey winter, with his hunger and cold, his long dark nights, in which temptation and sin are awake, has brought me many a young soul, and will doubtless be able to manage this slender water-princess. Bestir yourself down there, you north wind, shake the leaves from the trees, and prepare the way for winter,—you know that he will not come till he can rustle with his heavy steps through the withered leaves."

And the north wind, like an obedient servant, blew twice as wildly and keenly through the valley. The beeches stood trembling and shivering, and let their yellow leaves fall on the ground, with fright; the tops of the oaks became red with cold; at length they likewise strewed their last leaves from their branches, and awaited with dread the approaching winter. The fir tree alone stood calm and unmoved, wearing as usual his royal dark green mantle. The little Ilse at his feet could not understand what all this was coming to, and scolded quite crossly up to the trees. "But, but, you breezy trees, what is the matter with you? why do you throw all these dry leaves into my face? Have you lost all love for the little Ilse, and do you mean to scratch out her eyes with brown acorns and hard beechnuts?" And she sprang angrily away, shaking the dry leaves from her hair and the glittering folds of her dress.

Meanwhile, the winter had arrived on the Broeken, and was being clothed by the hands of his black majesty in a thick cloak of mist. Then he moved slowly away over the heights, and rolled heavily into the valley. At first he did not behave so badly, and wishing to ingratiate himself with the trees and shrubs, gave them sparkling little coats of hoar frost, so that Ilse, dazzled by all this splendour, did not know where to look. Then the snowflakes came giddily whirling down through the air, and the princess thought at first that they were the clouds

themselves who had come to visit her in the valley, wishing to renew the acquaintance begun on the Alpine heights. But at length, when every thing, stones and moss and shivering blades of grass, became completely buried under the cold white covering, she began to fear that her turn would also come.

Yet, she was so sorry for all the dear green things which she could no longer see, and tried to wash away the snow from the stones which were within her reach, and to set free the tender little mosses again. Suddenly, to her horror, she felt sharp icy spikes run through her and perceived that winter had fastened hard glittering chains to the stones and roots of the trees past which she was running, and that he was preparing to bind her fast with them. He now came and seized the poor child in his sharp icy claws. A cold shudder passed over her, and she clung trembling round the knotty roots of the pine tree, and besought assistance from the lofty king of the forest.

"O, fir tree," she cried, "let me learn, like you, to bid defiance to winter, and remain fresh and living in his icy arms. How can I do so?"

"Because I am founded upon rocks," spoke the fir tree, "and turn my head towards heaven, the Lord has given me power to remain green throughout all seasons. You my little Ilse, come likewise from the rocks, and reflect the light of heaven in your clear waters; if then the true life which God gives, is in you, the power of overcoming winter will likewise not fail you. Therefore trust in God, my child, and be of good courage."

"Dearest fir tree," said Ilse, "I will try to become good and pious, like you; the winter shall do me no harm."

And with a strong jerk, she freed herself from the icy arms which were encircling her, struck the rough hands which detained her dress among the stones, and shot wildly down the valley, bursting asunder all chains and spikes. The old winter could not keep pace with such a spirited young rover, so he sat grumbling in the snow, and was forced to confess himself incapable of overtaking her.

The next day, as the little princess was still springing along in the joy of victory, driving before her the splinters of ice which she had detached from the stones, the mosses by the wayside called to her, "Ilse, dear Ilse, help us; the snow lies so heavily on our heads, that

we cannot stand upright; *do* help us, the winter hurts us so." And the princess bent down compassionately towards them, raised a corner of the heavy snowy covering, and whispered to the mosses the wise words which she had learnt from the fir tree: "Because you are founded on rocks, little mosses, and the good God lets you remain green under the heavy snow, do not forget that divine life is in you; try to be strong and to grow a little under your wintry covering,—God will help you if you ask him." And the mosses began forthwith to bestir themselves, and became quite warm with the exercise, and in a short time they called out joyfully, "Ilse, Ilse, we can stand, we are really growing, and the snow gives way whenever we grasp it."

Thus Ilse taught her playmates, the grass and moss, to use their powers, and to brave winter. She revived the little grasses with her fresh waters, encouraged them to grow, and to welcome spring, when he at length came again into the dale, swept the snow carpet away, and drove winter back to the Brockcn. The fir tree had also thrown off his white veil, and lighted bright green tapers on all the tips of his dark branches; the oaks and beeches put on their green robes again, and the little Ilse lived happily for many, many hundred years, in the still, noble forest. Winter returned, indeed, every year, played his terrible game with the flowers and plants, and laid glittering traps for Ilse. But the active, vigorous child would not be caught; nimble as a lizard, she slipped through his rough, icy fingers. The trees grew green again every year; they were never so fresh nor so beautiful as in spring, and, as if the hard struggle with winter had invigorated her and given her new life, Ilse was likewise brighter and lovelier, when the snows had melted on the mountains, and she dashed through the forest rushing and foaming in all her glory. Snow is sweet milk for little mountain springs; the more eagerly they drink of it the more splendidly they thrive.

THEKLA.

*(To be continued.)*

## On Prejudice.

LET us look for a moment at the original meaning of this word. It is simply "forejudging." But as it walks our earth now-a-days, it bears token of a fallen nature on its forehead; and by our present use thereof, we acknowledge that *all* "forejudging," nay, that all our judgment is evil and not good. We only speak of "prejudice *against* some one;" the word cannot be made to smile.

Does it not prove painfully the wisdom of the warning, "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" for He who inspired it, knew that "the imagination of man's heart is evil continually," and that he would "turn judgment to wormwood, and leave off righteousness on the earth." Even in our New Testament, how often the translation renders the same Greek words, at different times by "accusation," "judgment," and "consideration," as if these three were all but synonymous.

The Inquisition was a black example of "judging" and "condemning" whoever was "accused," without giving him a chance of any defence.

But have we not in various degrees, in all of us, rather too much of this inquisitorial nature? Have we not all some need of the Psalmist's prayer—"Teach me *good* judgment and knowledge, for I have believed Thy commandments." We may smile almost scornfully at so solemn a charge being laid against any of us; but it is not a question of *degree* now to be discussed. Do none of us ever form, or ever maintain what we know of old, as a prejudice? It is so easy to form impressions; but why should "forejudging" often be so hard? Do we ever fully realise the injury we do any one against whom we maintain a prejudice? We will not permit ourselves to be proved wrong; so we give him no chance to "improve on acquaintance;" we *will* not know him, nor permit him to know us. We have fixed a type of character for him; and if he commit actions inconsistent therewith, we are very apt to seek an explanation in some greater fault, and in no nobler virtue. And we can do much to induce a certain phase in some one's character, if we always seem to expect it. Have we never heard sadly such expressions as these: "There is no use trying to please him—he won't believe me! I may as well be as bad as he thinks I am!" Or the opposite: "He thinks me so much better than I am, that I must keep up my character with him!" I do not say it is altogether wise or right in others to be so much affected by our

opinions of them; but it is a fact, that we are so moved by one another, and therefore we should act according to human nature, and not beyond it.

We forget also the unconscious influence that constantly radiates from us, like some magnetic power, which must convey somewhat of the spirit of our minds to other minds, and thus create anew a spirit of prejudice, and repeat our own failings in others near us. At the same time, we forget the injury that prejudice does to ourselves. It is no health-giving inhabitant of our heart, and it brings with it a long train of other evils. It acts often as a cloud to keep back much of the pleasantness of our sunlight from us; or as smoke to dim the torchlight, thrifty nature kindleth in us, and so prevent it shining forth, clear, and brightening those around. Truly the advice "to think every man honest till you *prove* him guilty" is much safer and wiser than its converse. From how much freedom and happiness, from how much simplicity of soul and confiding trust of heart, do we wilfully debar ourselves by submitting to the sway of prejudice. And, surely, even were this earth our all, would it not be more beautiful by far, and more satisfying, more joyful and more ennobling, to copy in *all things* the life He lived as an ensample to us? May we live the lovely *life* of the righteous, and then we may leave our "latter end" safely unto its own time, and it will be like unto his.


Sometimes we satisfy ourselves by saying we have grounds for our judgment. But even then, is not that very "judgment" only another form of "prejudice?" How often do we permit a partial truth, heard in some casual conversation, to flash like lightning into loose grained sand, and fuse into a solid, vitreous mass the fragments of our precious thoughts? We hear some one has done something, spoken some word we blame; our "prejudice" is formed "*before*" we hear the defence we never permit him to make. We *will* not open the matter to him; we give him no chance to right himself; we only turn coldly away from him, and leave him perplexed and grieved at our coldness, the more so, because often all ignorant of its cause. It is not the spirit in which we should act when we see our brother err.

How many misunderstandings, ay, how many sore hearts and blighted lives would be spared, if we all suspended such judgment awhile, if we frankly "did to others what we would wish them to do to us;" if, instead of silently and sullenly reserving our judgments in our

hearts, and keeping apart from the offender, we should go forward frankly and say, "Can these things really be so?" How often would one word of explanation take away all cause of anger. How often would a tear of repentance wash away all our indignation, and melt our "fore-judging," transforming it into charity crystalline. Even were no explanation forthcoming, no sorrow expressed, the very fact of having waited thus far, would have made us calm; the very fact of dressing our wrongs in words would have made them seem so small, that we should, unconsciously, be guided towards learning how to weigh our neighbours in the same balance as ourselves. If we were only to practise this great lesson more, we could bear faults with patience, remembering how many of *our* faults others have to bear. And if we strive earnestly to do all right things aright, we shall ever find the Hill Difficulty in our path: then, should not common justice as well as generous sympathy teach us, that if we cannot make ourselves what we would wish to be, we have no right to exact that others should, in all points, fulfil perfectly our ideal.

I have not spoken of the greater members of this family of "judgments," the subject is too deep for me; but if I can startle any one into consciousness, and induce him to throw down the wall of partition that prejudice has east up between him and others, I shall have done all I wished, and more than I had hoped.

LUTEA RESEDA.



### S o n n e t.

HER eyes will not unclose to any gaze,  
Her quiet hands are folded on her breast,  
Hushed is her sad heart's fathomless unrest,  
Still the tired feet that trod such stony ways,  
Her lips have no reply to blame or praise,  
Silent from all the weariness of speech.  
No pain can wake her now, no trouble reach  
The long still night closing the toilsome days.  
She hath no dreams to vex her slumber deep,  
Nor any memories of time gone by,  
Nor hope, nor dread, nor any more desire.  
While passing thro' the purifying fire,  
She never murmured, never questioned why,  
But when death came, she smiled, and fell asleep.

MELITA.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

• *Our Adventures in the War of 1870.* By EMMA M. PEARSON, and LOUISA E. MACLAUGHLIN. 2 vols.

WE can recommend this book to any of our readers who wish to read an interesting and true account of the work, adventures, and trials of lady nurses in the late war. Miss Pearson and Miss MacLaughlin, joint authoresses of the above volumes, went out under the Red Cross, and under the auspices of the British Society, to nurse the sick and wounded; and, though avowedly French in their sympathies, are still quite fair to the Germans. The two volumes are written in an unconstrained easy style; and though here and there we come upon rather an obscure sentence, yet the interest is well kept up throughout. The ladies show the utter inefficiency of our British Society, and its incapacity for supplying its nurses, and dispensing its stores and money at the right time, and in the right place; and they also hint at what a good thing the Germans made of it. There is an amusing account of some Protestant Sisters with whom they had come in contact, who are contrasted, not to their own advantage, with the real Sisters; and a funny description of the selfishness, greediness, and uselessness of the Johanniter Ritter, or Knights of St John. The first volume is mostly taken up with a chase after King William's head-quarters, and it is not till near the end of it that they get into a little work at Sedan. But the more interesting of the two volumes is decidedly the second, principally a description of their life at Orleans, which they entered when the French retook it, and they made their head-quarters, through the German re-occupation, till peace was proclaimed. They offered their services to the Bishop of Orleans, and were sent by him to the Sisters of St Aignan, at the convents of St Marc and St Marie, with whom they formed a large ambulance for French and German wounded. Miss Pearson and Miss MacLaughlin also went out to the villages and farm-houses round Orleans after the fighting, to carry succour to the wounded, and take into Orleans such of them as they could. Whoever reads *Our Adventures in the War of 1870*, cannot fail to be pleased and interested.

## Sir Walter Scott as a Poet.

### HIS GENIUS.

So much having been advanced for the soundness of the principles on which Scott wrought a noble revival in the history of poetry, we must next consider the fitness of his own genius for the task. A great poet must be a great artist. Of course, with heterodoxy in everything else, there is also heterodoxy in regard to art, but here we venture to doubt if the incorrect creed will readily become the popular one. On the late occasion of a celebration in honour of our great national poet,—who, we doubt not, would himself have repudiated such ignoble doctrine,—we have been told that it is a task worthy the artist's skill to represent nature in her grossest forms equally with her highest; that there are no moral distinctions in art, and that conventionality, in the garb of morality, cloaks art's highest efforts. If this were true, the artist, and especially the poetic artist, were indeed a poor slavish creature, imprisoned in a miserable hut of clay, with all the glorious revelations of nature in her most ennobling, soul-quicken- ing aspects, shut out from his gaze. Not so a true artist, and not so Sir Walter Scott. His conceptions were bold and vigorous, but pure and noble; and the deft executions of the hand of true genius never absorbed the enthusiasm which he reserved for his grand model, nature. His colours were nature's own; his harmonies, though not always perfect, were original and thrilling; his delineations, correct and glowing; his painting, spirited and forcible; and his most telling effects, honestly and generously produced, without flaw of trick or exaggeration.

As an artist, he is thus great. How is it with bardic inspiration, that divine afflatus which is the poet's special distinguishing gift? Here again, some misconstruction is liable from the circumstance of this power being associated, by Byron and Burns, two poets on whom it was most prodigally bestowed, with such moral excesses, that its grandest effusions have been made to seem those of the passions alone. How dangerous is such a poetic creed, the consequent establishment of a varying standard of morality for strong and weak minds plainly shows; how untruthful, the absence of any incongruity between the great and the good in the Creator's universe yet more

clearly demonstrates; how fallacious, is at once evident in our common experience of the feelings with which one rises from the perusal of the different works of the poets thus compared; in the one case, refreshed and strengthened, in the other, wearied and oppressed. The poetry—

“That bids the alternate passions fall and rise,”

“Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess beyond the muse’s painting,”

is a study to remind us that, as Pope sagely says,—

“Works may have more wit than does them good,  
As bodies perish through excess of blood.”

Sir Walter Scott was none the less an inspired poet that he was a moral poet. His impulses were regulated, and his imagination chastened, with that happy self-control which he exercised so remarkably and beneficially that his works, with all their originality, vividness, and masculine vigour, are sincere, pure, graceful, capable alike of amusing the mind that has reached its maturity, and delighting the ingenuousness of youth. It is doubtless some people’s best acknowledgment of this attractive power that Sir Walter is accused of “never being in earnest,” and writing “merely for amusement,” as if earnestness must show itself in some form of tragie desperation, and good wholesome instruction must be disagreeably administered to be efficacious. Our poet’s works are not indeed remarkable for that exaggerated travesty of real earnestness which from intensity degenerates into immoderation and ends in bathos, but rather for a genuine, healthful manliness, and fresh generous enthusiasm which brace the spirit as the free air of the hills braces the physical frame; and if they amuse, they instruct in amusing, which, in poetry at least, may surely be acknowledged as an improvement upon amusement without instruction, or even instruction without amusement. The author’s skill is striking, in thus fashioning a perfect whole out of disjointed fragments. His “spirit is so finely touched, and to such fine issues,” that the happy combination is reached naturally, and without effort, and the various ends

“To amuse, instruct, delight  
To please both grave and gay,”

so harmoniously accomplished, that the corresponding result is

“By turns, we feel the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined.”

This is the best way of judging of Scott's inspiration. Let his great heart speak to yours, O reader! in those "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," which make his a "living page." The interest of the incident and continuity in construction of Sir Walter's poems, would make them suffer from indiscriminate quotation; but we cannot but refer to a few passages from the greatest of his works, in further illustration of the special characteristics of his genius.

We think he himself was correct in ascribing the great charm of "The Lay" to its style, as in it, a happy blending of his manifold perfections in that particular are most conspicuous. The beautiful verses which open each canto are key-notes, so to speak, to the chords which are capable of vibrating most powerfully in the human bosom. What patriot could desire any more ringing response to the feeling of his soul, than

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand!"

For our part, we hold that such words are testimony and safeguard sufficient against the passion of patriotism dying out, so far as Scotchmen are concerned, notwithstanding the proud prophesyings of Utilitarianism and Cosmopolitanism to the contrary.

Again, according to a master-critic's remark, how is the sense of the beautiful in its association with true sentiment ministered to, in the lines beginning—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;"

and the supremacy of the "heaven-born passion" vindicated, when the minstrel in his touching self-reproof for the insensibility of age to

"The dearest theme  
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,"

sings,

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above,  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

It is with difficulty that we can summon patience to follow the drift of a hypercriticism which disparages the value of the foregoing passage, because it identifies and connects the love which rules on earth with that

which reigns in heaven. It is true that our heathen forefathers called the Sabbath Sunday, after their god Apollo, but for all that, there is nothing heathenish either about the sun or the day; and in like manner, Love has been represented as a "blind, rascally boy," without affecting its Christian character as the holy bond of the universe. The base, earthly, counterfeit passion which is a mere animal-like instinct in man, is not the true love of earth any more than it is the love of heaven, and could never have been referred to by Sir Walter in the glowing terms of the text, as it is throughout his works branded with the severest reprobation.

The art of contrast exercised throughout the poem is strikingly exemplified in the well-known lines:—

" Sweet Teviot, on thy silver tide,  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and willowed shore;  
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,  
All, all is peaceful, all is still,  
As if thy waves, since time was born,  
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,  
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,  
Nor started at the bugle horn."

This, as a wail of the "Last Minstrel," epitomizes the vivid contrast which is presented between "the aged man," shorn of all the glory of his past save the memory of it, and the active manly life of border chivalry whose scenes and actions he commemorates. The Minstrel himself, as a poetic creation, is unique; the way in which his feelings and manner are described, and his character brought out, in the graceful interludes between the cantos, being placed by Lord Jeffrey "in the first rank of poetic excellence," and acknowledged as a triumph to be expected of painting rather than poetry. It would be idle to attempt to analyze in a short paper the excellencies of this exquisite poem; but we have sought to point out the connection in which, to our mind, it specially excels, viz., with reference to the feelings of the human heart.

"Marmion" possesses, in greater proportion, the qualities of a grand epic. Its vivid portraiture, its historical connection, its heroic action, its martial tone, awaken an interest which hurries the reader on with impatience even of the interposition to the current of the story of those beautiful introductory epistles, in justice to the intrinsic merits of which we cannot refrain from quoting at least

the opening lines of that early favourite and familiar passage:—

“No longer Autumn’s glowing red  
Upon our forest hills is shed,  
No more beneath the evening beam,  
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;  
Away hath passed the heather bell  
That bloomed so rich on Neidpath Fell,  
Sallow his brow, and russet bare  
Are now the sister heights of Yair.”

Nor when comparing the familiar picture with the yet more familiar original, and

“Looking forth,  
We view yon Empress of the North,  
Sit on her hilly throne,

can we pass, without notice, the immortal tribute paid to her sovereignty, as Lord Marmion

“Marked the distant city glow  
With gloomy splendour red;  
For, on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,  
The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town!”

But *the* passage in “Marmion” is undoubtedly the description of Flodden Field, which, including the account of the battle, interwoven with the tragie episode of Marmion’s death, and the pathetic tribute to woman’s value as the nurse of suffering well deserves Lord Jeffrey’s well-known eulogium:—

“Of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer downwards, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation, for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect, with this of Mr Scott’s. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember.”

“The Lady of the Lake” is a picturesque drama, wherein the beauty of the scenery and romance of the situations seem appropriate to the movements of the characters, in a way which reminds us of “As you like it,” with this difference, that Ellen’s is a warlike, and Rosalind’s a peaceful Arcadia. This is the most popular of Scott’s poems, and familiar almost to every one, from the opening music of the huntsman’s horn, as

"The stag, at eve, had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;

to the farewell cadences, when—

"Receding now the dying numbers ring,  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell,  
And now 'tis silent all ! Enchantress, fare-thee-well."

The even profusion of beauties in the poem is such, that it would be a somewhat equivocal task to select one particular illustration of the author's skill in depicting nature from the varied descriptions of scenery with which it abounds, making the Trosachs enchanted ground to the traveller.

"The Lay," in its poetic feeling, "Marmion," by its energetic action, and the "Lady of the Lake," with its picturesque beauty, are acknowledged to be Scott's three greatest poems, and of his other works, even including the interesting "Rokeby," and the graceful "Bridal of Triermain," there is not here space to speak ; but we cannot pass over that patriotic effort, "The Lord of the Isles," without a reference to its noble portraiture of Robert the Bruce, even in his desolate exile, "every inch a king," whom—

"Such divinity doth hedge about  
That treason dares not peep at what it would ;"

and the unsurpassed description of the desolate grandeur of Loch Coriskin, Skye, where it]

"Seems that primeval earthquake's sway,  
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way  
Through the rude bosom of the hill ;  
And that each naked precipice,  
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,  
Tells of the outrage still.

So far, our remarks have only touched that form of Sir Walter's poetry which goes by the name of the descriptive epic, but he is equally great in another line ; for, though Burns is undoubtedly the great master of the Scotch lyre, Scott's songs are only second to his ; as for example,—  
"Rosabelle," "Young Lochinvar," "Bonnie Dundee," "The M'Gregor's Gathering," "Pibroch o' Donnail Dhu," "Roderick Vich Alpine's Boat Song," and "Joek o' Hazel-dean." If Sir Walter's epics, like those of Milton, are liable to the imputation of being translatable into good prose, his songs are capable of no such levelling transformation. The inimitable spirit, the thrilling power, the exquisite grace, and the tender pathos of these noble

lyrics are qualities untransferable, which prove their own and their author's title to a place in the ranks of the aristocracy of poetry. And who that, along with this, remembers the admirable mottoes which this great poetic genius originated for many chapters of his novels, and the facility with which he produced them, can fail to acknowledge that he was gifted with a ready and powerful poetic inspiration? Let any doubting spirit turn to Longfellow's perfect little poem, "The Singers," and in a sense of its exquisite beauty overlook not its wholesome lessons, when in rebuke of a disputed comparison of the merits of the "youth with the golden lyre," the bard with the "bearded face," and the "gray old man," who "sang in cathedrals dim and vast,"—

"The great Master said, 'I see  
No best in kind, but in degree ;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of night,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony.'"

ELFIE.

(To be concluded.)



### Waiting.

OVER the God-given path of my life  
Fear-sprinkled shadows and sunny lights fall ;  
Patient in trustfulness onward I press,  
Waiting in faith for the Heaven-sent call!

Oh, gloriously fair is this wondrous world !  
And rich—golden rich are Thy blessings down poured ;  
And sendest Thou gladness, or sendest Thou woe,  
For each as for all Thou art meckly adored !

But fair though the world be, it is not my home,  
And rich though Thy gifts, there are richer in store,  
When, Death's valley traversed, and Heaven's shelter won,  
At the foot of Thy throne we shall rest evermore.

Oh weary, oh weary, my soul looketh up,  
Dim through its shrouding veil woven of sin,  
Waiting and watching to see the light stream  
Through the pearly gates opening to welcome me in !

MELNSA.

## The Princess Ilse.

A TALE OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.—FROM THE GERMAN.

### PART III.

The green wood was proud of his amiable foster-child, and, as she thought no longer of herself, but only of her beloved trees and plants, and had quite forgotten that she was a princess, all the others thought of her, and the trees and flowers, the stones and the slender grass and moss, honoured and worshipped her in their silent, devout way.

Wherever the princess Ilse flowed through the wood, herbs and flowers crowded round her feet, kissed the hem of her robe and her floating veil; the tall slim blades of grass stood whispering on the path, and waved their plumed hats. The musing bluebells, the loveliest of the forest children, loved her most of all. They came quite near her, bent above her forehead, and regarded her pensively with their earnest eyes like pious thoughts. They even ventured upon the wet, slippery stones which lay in her arms, and the little spring kissed them tenderly, and spread a moss carpet for them, that their tiny feet might not slip on the dangerous ground. So the bluebells lived a happy, fairy life, in peaceful companionship with the grass and ferns, as if on an enchanted island. And the ferns too, wherever there was room for them, mounted on the wet stones, waving their splendid green fans, teasing the sunbeams and preventing them from kissing their beloved Ilse. But the sunbeams were fond of the child, and came to play with her under the trees whenever the old grey clouds on the mountains allowed them.

The clouds themselves, being too stout and helpless to move from their places unless driven by the storm-wind with his broom, could not join their bright, light-footed protégés in their merry dances with Ilse, and sat often for days on the top of the mountains immoveable as walls, refusing to let the smallest possible ray of sun get out. Besides that, they sent rain down into the valley, and rejoiced in their hearts when they saw Ilse going sadly away by herself. The sunbeams became quite wild and impatient under the treatment of their ill-humoured guardians. They crowded, full of indignation, behind the backs of the old ladies, mocked them and made them

so hot by means of their cutting sareasms that the poor old things could not stand it any longer, but were forced to retreat from the places which they had chosen. Then the passage was free again, and the sunbeams slipped down into the wood, swung themselves in the raindrops which were still hanging from the trees, and chased each other along with Ilse, often for a whole day at a time. One day, as they were thus engaged, a white strawberry-blossom approached them by stealth, and began to survey her round little face in the shining dress of the princess. but Ilse saw her, and, holding up her finger menacingly, cried, "O, you conceited strawberry-blossom, you are vain of the golden button on your forehead, and you wish to see and admire yourself here!" The startled strawberry flower let all her white leaves fall to the ground, and fled hastily back under the green foliage. But the sunbeams sprang laughing after her, and sought her out under her broad leaves, and the poor blossom was very much ashamed of being caught. Each time that a sunbeam looked at her, she blushed more deeply, and at last she stood, purple-red, behind the leafy screen, and hung her head almost to the ground with shame. The good full moon, Ilse's old acquaintance, came often to visit her, and stood above the "Ilsestein," the most beautiful cliff in the whole range, which the people in the valley had named after the princess, looking kindly down on her little favourite, who was rippling away in the shade of the mountains, and playing her pretty game with the silver stars. The fir-tree had great trouble at first in persuading Ilse to make friends with the human beings who lived in the valley. The first who came were a few charcoal burners, who built huts for themselves, felled trees, made piles of them, and set fire to them. The little Ilse shed many many tears for her beloved trees, which now lay dying on the ground, and it pierced her heart to listen to the wailing of the grass and flowers, when the people made a path through the wilderness and trod on their heads. The smoke and flames which rose from the charcoal-kiln reminded her of the dreadful night on the Brocken. But the fir-tree had told her that man was the lord of creation, whom God had made after His own image, and that all other creatures were destined to serve him, that every tree could only live as long as God had appointed, and must at last fall by the hand of man, or by the lightning of heaven, or by decay. He told her,

moreover, that fire was a holy power, which, when wisely used, did much good in the world, that she would soon learn not to be afraid of him, but go near to him, give him her hand, and work along with him quite willingly.

The princess did not certainly look forward with much pleasure to the time when she should work in company with the fire, but she had great respect for the fir-tree's judgment, and trusted implicitly in all that he said.

After a considerable space of time, a number of people came into the valley with axes and spears, bringing cattle and goats with them, which they drove into the green pasture on the mountains. A short way below the "Ilsestein," where the valley widens, they came close up to Ilse, felled many of the neighbouring trees, cut them into boards and beams, and dug out a large hall for the princess, lining its walls with stones and turf, and leaving above, towards the valley side, a wide door, well protected with wood. They had likewise built houses for themselves and settled there with their wives and children; and now, as everything was ready, they came to the princess and requested her to descend into the large hall. She declined, however, with thanks, and tried to hop past, but they blocked up her path with stones and earth, and forced aside a large rock which had protected her. So, as she was running at full speed, there was nothing for it but to rush through the opening into the hall, which the men called a pond, with all her strength, spreading herself out over the whole surface, and beating angrily in foaming waves against its walls. After a time she became more composed, collected her thoughts, and looked inquiringly up to the fir-tree, who was standing beside the new house. The fir-tree smiled mournfully, and said, "Now comes Civilisation, dear Ilse; the peace and freedom in our beautiful wood will soon be very limited." "Civilisation!" sighed Ilse, "heaven forbid! Anyone who cuts down so many of God's beloved trees, tears off their bark, and cuts them in pieces, can surely have no good intentions." "Poor child," answered the fir-tree, "what would you say if you knew the grandchild of Civilisation, Industry, who buries treasures, digs through the ground in search of gold, and does not spare a single tree if it happens to be in her way. She roots out whole woods, and builds large stone houses with long tiresome chimneys. Wherever she enters there is an end to

poetry." At this Ilse clasped her hands, and looked so dismayed, that the fir-tree continued—"Do not disturb yourself, my child, it will be long long ere Industry can approach us. It suits her better to remain on the flat plain, and we will ask God to protect our peaceful vale from her. But Civilisation is a faithful servant of God, and brings blessings and prosperity with her wherever she enters in peace."

Ilse understood all this, and soon began to have more confidence in human beings. She pressed against the door of her prison, and peeped through it at the house standing below. There she saw close below a strong, newly made mill-wheel, and the miller's curly-headed boy stood on the path and called "Yes, look down, little princess, the doors will soon be opened, and the dance will begin, and you shall swing merrily round the wheel." "Am I, then, to be broken on the wheel?" thought Ilse, and she looked down with a beating heart on the gigantic machine. But it began to creak in every spoke, and whispered to her, "Do you not know us, Ilse? We are wood from your dear trees, do not be afraid, we will not hurt you." And when the miller now came out, and prepared to draw up the bar, calling, "Now come down, little Ilse, you have been long enough in the pond, come and help us to work," she did not feel the least shy, but ran quickly on to the wheel, and trod nimbly and carefully, first on one spoke, then on another, and when the wheel began to move under her light step, she grew bolder, took wider steps, let her veil flutter, and put on her foam-cap, and finally shot foaming and rushing along the channel of the mill-stream, while the wheel turned in mighty swings, the mill beat time for it, and bright strings of pearls, which the princess Ilse had lost from her wet hair, dropped from every spoke of the mill-wheel.

The little Ilse was now fairly installed in the service of man, and supplied the valley and its inhabitants with as much water as they required for their welfare and prosperity. She worked with the men in the mills and iron works, where she formed the much-dreaded acquaintance of the fire, and found, to her surprise, that he had quite as much respect for her as she had for him. They did not therefore approach each other nearer than was necessary for the progress of their work, preferring to view each other from a distance. Ilse helped the mothers and daughters in their household work, washed the children, watered the

flowers and vegetables, and was not ashamed to do so, for her high rank did not suffer by the most menial service which she performed among the children of men.

Many hundred years had again passed since Ilse first set foot on a mill-wheel. The monks, when Luther's religion spread in the valley, had forsaken the old valley on the hill, and a noble race of counts reigned there instead. The little Ilse served them and their vassals as she had served the monks. When, however, the castle fell in ruins, and the Stollbergs chose another residence, they took good care that the princess Ilse and her beloved valley should suffer no harm from this change. They engaged a number of busy men to settle in the neighbourhood, and to labour with her in bringing the noble marrow of the mountains, the strong iron, to the day-light, and in making it available for the use of mankind.

There Ilse might be seen busily working, late and early, without seeming ever to weary, or to find her hard work distasteful. But whoever met her in the valley, as, beaming in all her purity, she emerged from the wood, could not but recognise in her a princess of the purest water, and a daughter of light.

In the course of time, as civilisation advanced, there came, to Ilse's grief, a broad "chaussée" creeping up the valley, in company with the stone-cutters carrying spades and other tools. They dug up the green soil, cut down a number of magnificent trees, and forced their way along by means of sharp weapons. "I cannot stand that! I will not suffer it!" cried Ilse in a great rage. "Is this tiresome person with a French name to crawl beside me like a snail, play the governess, and call crossly to me,—'Not so fast, Ilse! do not go too near the flowers, do not jump so, Ilse! see how properly I walk along.' " And in wild wrath the little princess pushed and foamed against the blocks of stone which supported the high-way, as though she would knock it down. "Ilse, Ilse!" said the fir tree, looking reproachingly down from the rocks above, "What mad, hoydenish tricks are these? Do you not comprehend that we must suffer anything which is for the benefit of mankind? We do not rejoice to see the dusty creature trailing her dress up the valley either, and it is more for us than for you. For shame, Ilse! just hear how the witches up there are laughing at you."

The proceedings on the Broeken had in fact come to an end, since Christian people had come to dwell up there.

and the scattered witches and demons went through the country in various disguises, assuming the loveliest and most alluring forms, that they might the more easily entrap unfortunate souls. A number of young witches who still bore a grudge against Ilse, because she had, by her beauty and attractions, cast them into the shade on the Brocken, came down into the valley every summer to watch her, and alienate her friends from her, if they could do nothing worse. They stood clothed as splendid red foxgloves, in groups on the declivities of the mountains, making signs to the ferns, and calling the pious bluebells to them, in order that they might explain to them how closely related foxgloves and bluebells were. But the bluebells saw the drop of deadly poison in the bottom of the calices, shook their heads, and went down to Ilse, begging the ferns to spread out their broad fans before them, so that they might not see the spiteful creatures any more. The princess Ilse looked timidly up and prayed softly, as she went past. The faithful bluebells and ferns were praised and caressed by her, and when she saw that the wet stones looked up too beamingly at the witch-flowers, she threw her silver veil over them and blinded them with sunbeams, which she caught and threw into their faces.

With the highway she preferred having as little to do as possible. She tried, by means of bye-paths and circuitous windings, to keep entirely out of sight; but sometimes, when running in mad haste over the cliffs, believing that she had escaped her dusty companion, she came suddenly face to face with her, and the high-road threw a bridge over her, forcing her to glide under it, and pocket her wrath as best she might.

But her anger never lasted long. Lower down the valley she now goes peacefully by the side of the high-road, and kisses humbly the foot of the "Ilsestein," on which the holy cross stands. She lives still, and goes every day into the mills and ironworks, pursuing her humble occupations. When, on Sunday, the mills are stopped, and the industrious inhabitants of the glen, in their festive garments, ascend the Castlehill to hear the Word of God in the little church, then the silvery voice of the little Ilse mingles with the chimes of the bells and the organ peals which resound from the old castle walls, far, far over the mountains and up the vale.

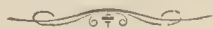
Ilse has, moreover, ceased to fear the demons and

witches, and even ventures at times to become the Princess Boilwater. When summer guests wish to make coffee on the mossy bench under the "Ilsestein," she steps fearlessly into their little kettle, and claims, as her sole reward, that those who have had the honour to drink coffee made by means of her services, should supply the field mouse with a portion of sweet-cake. The field-mouse lives in the crevices of the mossy bench, and is a lineal descendant of that very field mouse who dug the passage from the Brocken through which the Princess Ilse fled in olden times down into the valley. The privilege of seeing the small head and bright eyes of the pretty little animal peep out from the mossy pillow is certainly not granted to every coffee party, for the field-mouse is exclusive. But whoever sees him is bound, "upon pain of the wrath of Ilse," to feed him with sweet-cake or anything else which human beings like to eat with coffee, and mice to nibble in crevices of rocks.

The treaty was concluded on a beautiful day in August, in the year 1871, and lies sealed under the "Ilsestein," and in the Harz memories of the coffee party who fed the field-mouse on that day.

Here let us leave the bright little Ilse, who, charming and beautiful as ever, still dwells in the fragrant shades of the hazy forest, pursuing her useful career, and a thousand times happier than if she had reigned in selfish magnificence on the summit of the Alpine mountain.

THEKLA.



## On the Connection of Thought with Language.

ESPECIALLY AS SHOWN IN THE QUESTION OF UNIVERSALS.

[An Essay written for the Class of Mental Philosophy in connection with  
The Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association.]

### III. OF UNIVERSALS (HISTORICAL SKETCH).

THE history of the inquiry, What do we mean by a Universal? goes as far back as Soerates, who set himself the task of investigating the nature of Universals and of classification. His conclusion, that he found everywhere a large persuasion of knowledge, with little reality to sustain it, shows how profound was his dissatisfaction with the popular use of terms founded on the association of one

object with another on the ground of mere superficial likeness. When Socrates asked, What is the good? or the just? he did not merely inquire how a notion happened to be applied—(he showed that such a course involves us in contradictions)—his inquiry into the meaning of the term was in fact an inquiry into the essence of the thing, pursued in the full persuasion that, since the mind of man was created capable of conceiving ethical notions, realities corresponding to them must exist. But Plato is the first great Realist. He shook himself quite free from the applicability of notions, and declared that the reality was an idea or eternal law of things, separate from sensible objects. These ideas were as distinct from the Creator as from man and from things; their peculiarity was that they were not subjective, like the abstract ideas of modern philosophy, neither did they enter into things, any more than the original pattern of a design can be said to form part of the finished work of art. Aristotle changed all these theories, even while he adopted much of their language and ideas. Unlike Plato, whose Realism he opposed, he held that the Universal must be sought for *in* things, and maintained the trustworthiness of sensible phenomena.

Aristotle considered Plato's theory of Ideas to bear the same relation to philosophy that mythology bears to history. He protested against the idea that substance can be separated from that of which it is the substance, or essences of sensibles from things sensible. He placed complete reality in the Singular, which results from the combination of the Universal and the Particular. His idea was that we find the Universal in the Particular, in contradiction to Plato, whose chief doctrine was the entire separation of the two.

Coming down, with these ancient speculations in our hand, to the Middle Ages, we find that much obscurity is cast over the question of Universals, by the fact that Plato, and even Aristotle, were very imperfectly known until after the Renascence. We have to put ourselves into the position of a thinker of the Middle Ages, and to ask, not what Plato and Aristotle taught, but what they were supposed to teach. Porphyry, in his *Isagoge*, had asked the questions:—

1. Have genera and species a substantive existence, or are they mere mental conceptions?
2. Supposing them to have such existence, are they corporeal or not?

3. Are they *a parte rei* or *in re*?

Too wise to answer his own questions, he was, perhaps, not far-seeing enough to know what dragon's teeth he had sown! So long as thinkers were employed in completing the doctrinal system of Latin Christianity, the question slumbered in a few minds. It started into life only when paganism had been finally extinguished, and when philosophy entered into the service of the now dominant Church, to perform the task of systematizing the heterogeneous mass of dogma, and of decretal by the help of the wisdom of Plato and the logic of Aristotle. Truly a strange task to be accomplished by such a mind as that of the one supremely great thinker of the ninth century, John Scotus Erigena! For by this time the teaching of our Lord and of His apostles, the teaching even of Clement and of Justin, had begun to undergo that penalty, so strangely attached to success, which every system in religion, in morals, or in human polity, must surely undergo, so soon as it becomes the system adopted by the majority—the dominant creed of the day: men had begun to incorporate with the new spiritual teachings of Christianity much that was in reality the old lessons of a vanquished paganism, they had begun to offend against the simplicity of the gospel by large admixtures from heathenism. Side by side with the faith in a spiritual world had arisen, in the cloisters and in the hermitages of the desert, a truly heathen demonology. Room was found for priestly incantations, and for deification of symbols, in the most sacred rites of Christian worship, while a virtual Polytheism was admitted under the specious veil of a more than Athanasian orthodoxy. Truly, Erigena's task of verifying the assertion of St. Augustine, that Religion and Philosophy are one, was not easy, if it meant that he was to prove that the dogmatic faith of the ninth century was to be reached by one travelling the path of Reason and leaning on the staff of Greek Philosophy. He began, as became a thinker who was persuaded that truth was indeed one, by a bold preliminary attempt to reconcile Plato with Aristotle. He revised the doctrine of Universals *a parte rei*, and yet he held that Universals were *in re*. With this very composite philosophical creed, of which, however, Realism was the dominant article, Erigena faced the dogmas of the church, with all their pagan interpolations, just as he found them, and strove to bridge over the chasm between his own stand-point and that of the

theologians of his time. Transubstantiation and predestination did cruelly exercise alike his skill in dialectics and his metaphysical subtlety. The first of these doctrines he expounded in a spiritual sense, by the aid of the realistic doctrine of Universals. The substance, he said, is spiritual, the accidents alone are corporeal. Here his Platonism stood him in good stead. But in those days, the second was yet more perilous ground, for it trenched on the question whether, if the one key of St. Peter be that of the kingdom of heaven, the other must not be that of the bottomless pit. Hincmar, Bishop of Rheims, held that such was the case, and, as became a great churchman, was averse to any views which involved the direct operation of God, by irreversible decree, upon the individual soul of man. A poor priest, Gottschalk, had ventured to preach election, and to quote St. Augustine against Hincmar. Erigena was called by the prelate to his assistance. The metaphysician sided with neither disputant, and, being denounced as a heretic, is said to have fled to Oxford, there to meditate on the doctrine that Truth is one.\*

Deep in the teaching of Erigena, all Realist as he was, are yet said to lie the germs of that school of thought which was to supplant Realism. "If this be true," says Ueberweg (*Geschichte der Philosophie*, II., p. 110), "we must seek for such a germ of Nominalism in the fact that his system, through its manifold self-contradictions, invited opposition to his own doctrine of the substantial existence of Universals, and helped to suggest that they were subjective forms after all." But we should go beyond facts, did we trace Nominalism in his writings. All that history warrants our affirming is, that Roscellin of Compiègne first gave shape and system to ideas which may possibly have been suggested to the scholars of Erigena by their master's words. Roscellin maintained particulars to be the only realities, genera and species to be merely groups of similar objects, held together by a class-name, and his formula was *Universalia post rem*. He taught that only in names is there anything universal. Such doctrines were, after all, a natural reaction, certain to arise in reflective minds,

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\* History repeats itself; and, although the late Bishop of Exeter did not, as Hincmar would have done, summon Professor Maurice to his assistance in his controversy with Mr. Gorham, yet the voice of the philosophy of that day was not unheard, testifying that "a larger truth can absorb two extremes, and annihilate their respective errors."—(See *Life and Letters of the Rev. F. W. Robertson*, p. 334.)

when the theories of extreme Realism were proclaimed to be the only foundation of orthodox belief. Nominalism, in its nascent shape, was a species of mediæval Rationalism, more favourable to intellectual progress than the imaginative philosophy of earlier times with its mythic second substances. And although extreme Nominalism, when tested by time, was found inadequate to explain the existence of notions, there can be no doubt that such men as Roscellin struck off many heavy fetters from contemporary thought, and paved the way not only for Descartes, but also for more recent inquirers into the origin of knowledge. In the eleventh century, however dangerous it was to deny the existence of universals, for the Church had taken second substances under her protection, and it was a habit of the mediæval mind to bring each new scientific hypothesis instantly to the touchstone of religious dogma. For if individuals were the only realities, then were the Three Persons of the Trinity three individual Substances, nay, they were three Gods. Roscellin was accused of Tritheism by St. Anselm, the prophet of Realism, who had just written a treatise of much learning, to explain the faith of the Trinity on the hypothesis that, as all individual men are *in specie homo unus*, so is each Person in the Godhead but one God. Against the man whose motto was *Credo, ut intelligam*, what chance had Roscellin? Arraigned before the Council of Soissons, he was offered the choice of recantation or of martyrdom. Need I tell which the philosopher chose? To use the words in which Dean Milman records the parallel story of Reginald Pecock:—"Faith makes martyrs, fanaticism makes martyrs, logic makes none. With his temper of mind, conclusions were not convictions." In defence of Realism, an Anselm would have marched to the stake, but Roscellin, though he knew his to be the better cause, preferred to recant.

Between these two schools of thought a sharp contest continued to be waged all through the Middle Ages. After the Renaissance, we find in Conceptualism a new form of Nominalism. On this view Universals are subjective. They are abstract ideas constructed by the mind, and existing in it, free from all individual characters, and containing only those qualities that are common to the group of objects denoted. Between Conceptualism and such moderate Nominalism as allows names to possess meaning in virtue of the thoughts which

they express, there is no real difference. The weak part of the doctrine lies in the impossibility of its ever being proved that the mind can form an abstract idea, free from individual peculiarities. Against this vulnerable point Berkeley directed his aim, maintaining, in opposition to Locke, that "the universal idea means any particular idea, considered as representative of all others of the same sort." The proper characteristic of Nominalism, in either form, is the thoroughgoing subjectivity of the Universal, whether it be a word or an abstract idea. To Berkeley, such subjectivity was made tenable by an Idealism which, if carried out fully, annihilated it, and which could only end in the virtual Realism of a universe of minds, whose only external objects were the Divine Ideas.

In our own times the question of Universals is still debated. Mr Mill differs from Locke on the same point as Berkeley did, denying that we can hold in our minds an abstract idea denuded of all individual peculiarities. In one remarkable passage he even seems to draw near to a modification of that very realism which, he tells us, "is now wholly exploded." He says, "There is a connection between one objective truth and another, which makes it possible for us to know objective truths which have never been seen, in virtue of others which have." (*Examination of Hamilton*, p. 461). Again, in his adoption of the Aristotelian doctrine of Kinds, he reduces man from the position of the orderer of classification (which Condillac would give to him) to the position of a discoverer, yet groping among the shadows on the walls of Plato's cave. Still, Mr Mill's principle of classifying objects according to their most important qualities, *i.e.*, according to those which point to a natural relationship, and lead to the greatest number of interesting properties, leaves us asking, in what way shall we try to connect objects naturally, and which are the most interesting properties? We are not much nearer than before to any principle by which, among many common attributes, we may discriminate those that are essential. On the whole, Ueberweg's definition of essential attributes (as those on which depend the existence, the value, and the significance of an object, when its ends are considered as determining its place in nature) seems the best. Which those attributes are, inductive logic must discover; and we look forward trustfully to a future fusion of inductive with formal logic to provide us with an unerring instrument for the discovery of truth.

The study of the long dispute concerning universals teaches many lessons. It teaches, for one thing, how, in the progress of thought downwards through the ages, truth never lingers long with any one party or sect. Human schools of thought are, at best, but stepping-stones, never resting-places, in its majestic march. The seeker after truth is a Realist with Erigena in his struggles with the materializing and semi-pagan tendencies of his time; yet a Nominalist with Roscellin, in his revolt against an authority that sought to bind philosophy to maintain the existence of corporeal second substances, on the plea that Christianity needed such support for its doctrines. He may be a Conceptualist with Locke when he opposes Nominalism with the assertion that words are general only as the signs of general ideas. But, again, while he is a supporter of Nominalism, in refusing, with Berkeley, to make all philosophy rest on abstract ideas, he rejoices to detect in the writings of Mr Mill himself certain indications, perhaps resting on an Idealism akin to Berkeley's, of a belief in objective reality independent of us, even if such indications do occur in the same volume with denunciations of "ontologists who know not Bacon, and who have neglected the warnings and the example of Locke."

RUSTICA.

*(Concluded.)*

## The Norna.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"LOVELY maiden," sang the Norna,  
 "Trust not thou the treacherous waves,  
 Though they look so calm and tranquil  
 Yet I warn thee, they are graves."

"Nay, I see my happy future  
 Pictured in the glowing west;  
 Like a golden crown, the sunbeams  
 On the purple waters rest."

Joy there was throughout the castle  
 When upon the eager tide  
 Came the ship that bore the maiden  
 O'er the seas a royal bride.

Gaily waves the flag of England,  
Midst the sails the breezes play,  
While the princess smiling weaveth  
Happy visions all the day.

Yet ere night before the tempest  
Helplessly the vessel swings,  
O'er the wide expanse of ocean,  
Death has spread his gloomy wings.

Then she wrings her hands despairing,  
Gazes o'er the foaming sea,  
"Scarce begun, already ended  
Dream of love so sweet to me.

"Bear, ye winds, a message tender,  
Bear, oh waves, a message sweet,  
Bear a hundred thousand greetings,—  
Lay them at my bridegroom's feet.

"As the roses in the meadows,  
As the stars that shine above,  
Greetings many, greetings tender,  
Swiftly bear to him I love."

As she spoke the storm grew fiercer,  
Yawned a chasm both deep and dark,  
Then the wild and angry waters  
Closed o'er the ill-fated bark.

From the cliffs the king stood gazing,  
Gazing o'er the foaming tide,  
"Still she lingers, still no token  
Of the long-expected bride."

See upon the wild waves floating,  
Comes the maiden fair in death,  
While the waters echo clearly  
What she sang with dying breath.

"Bear, ye winds, a message tender,  
Bear, oh waves, a message sweet,  
Bear a hundred thousand greetings,  
Lay them at my bridegroom's feet."

And the Norna's song of warning  
Still is heard across the waves,  
"Though they look so calm and tranquil,  
Yet I warn thee, they are graves."

VERONICA.

## A Taste for Music.

WHAT do we mean by a taste for music? Do most people possess it? Is it possible to have a bad taste in music? Such questions often occur, and may the more interest some of us from a recent article in the *Attempt*, noticing certain delusions on the subject. When, however, we wish to consider principles of taste, we can do it best by speaking first of Art generally, as the analogies of other arts help our thoughts about music.

What, then, is the meaning and aim of Art? What do we require from painting, sculpture, music, architecture, poetry? The answer comes in concurrent testimony from the artists of all times and places—The revelation of the beautiful. Art may be defined as the expression of ideal beauty under a created form. Man is here the creator, forcing matter to express his mind; and the artist is a man whose ideas are pre-eminently beautiful, and who has also an exquisite appreciation of physical or natural beauty, or the raw material of his art.

But what is beauty? Is it not just what pleases? we hear sometimes asked by those who would allow no objective validity to our ideas of truth, or goodness, or beauty. Beauty, indeed, ought to please, ought to give the greatest delight, but whether it does so or no quite depends on the person to be pleased. The beautiful and the agreeable are not equivalent terms; and as falsehood dogs the steps of truth, and vice is present with us as well as virtue, so all degrees of absence of beauty, down to absolute ugliness, exist to mislead and to lower the souls of men. Beauty is, indeed, one of those three mysterious strands that, welded and twisted together, hard to analyse or separate, form the ideal which has in all ages attracted and inspired humanity. Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, the especial province, respectively of the philosopher, the saint, and the artist, cannot be wholly separated, for any negation of one involves imperfection and incompleteness in the others. No wonder, then, that great artists sometimes rise a step higher in answering the question as to the *final* ends of art. They have declared them to be the glory of God, and the elevation of humanity. Haydn wrote on all his scores—*In Nomini Domini* or *Soli Deo Gloria*, and at the end *Laus Deo*. "We elevate men by attracting them towards noble things."

writes a great painter. "We seek to attain the ideal or principle of universal beauty, beyond all transitory and passing beauties," says Michael Angelo. St Augustine gives a noble definition of beauty, which may serve as a guide to our thoughts, when he calls it *splendor ordinis*, the splendour of order; that is proportion, symmetry, unity, variety, harmony, grace, not merely present, but as it were luminous, compelling admiration from all in whose minds those qualities find an echo.

Let us descend from the abstract first principles of art, to art as we find it here in our daily life, in our native land. And first, I think we may acknowledge that we are not an artistic people. In one direction only have we done great things, and shown that our northern imagination can, indeed, be fired by ideal beauty, and that is in poetry. It is curious how widely diffused a good taste for poetry, nay, a power of writing creditable verses, is among our Scottish people. Sometimes I have wondered whether our progress in other arts has not been even hindered by the power that poetry has to cast a glamour over the most homely and humble efforts in other lines. Something of this may be traced, I think, in Sir Walter Scott's delight in second-rate architecture, and indifferent painting; much of it, in the joy that many people have in the bag-pipes. Are they really pleasant to any one's ears when heard quite distinctly, apart from all association? It is hard to believe it; a child fond of music said to me the other day, when three pipers struck up together, and we all tried to look pleased, "What is that hideous humming?" But they are Scotch—at least considered so, though I believe three centuries ago they were called distinctively *English pipes*), they are linked with a hundred associations, and their wild strains coming from afar over the hills, have a charm all their own,—poetical, I maintain, not musical.

Scottish architecture, a once healthy daughter of French architecture, died about the time of the Reformation. Though the circumstances were suspicious, I will not ask for a verdict against the said Reformation, for fear of rousing the ire of some stern disciple of old Knox. Scottish painting is in its hopeful youth, but shows, as well as sculpture, signs of being in a land alien to art, and needs to draw inspiration, counsel, and delicate feeling for beauty from foreign study. The atmosphere is utilitarian, the common surroundings of our daily life are depressing

to the artist; whereas, in many parts of the Continent, besides the advantages of climate, "everywhere he sees around him rise the wondrous world of art;" and it is difficult to describe the continual sustained exhilaration felt in such circumstances by those who have an instinct or a trained eye for the beautiful.

To come to our special subject. Scottish music, after a hopeful infancy, seems to have stopped growing at the time of the Reformation; our Scottish music, or rather our Scottish style, is old, and has an affinity, like all European music of that date, with the old Church tones; and may be classed with the undeveloped pre-Reformation music of other countries. The Reformation, which in England, and above all in Germany, gave an immense impulse to music, did nothing and worse for us—it broke our organs, and spoilt our choirs, and we have not yet recovered from its zealous extremes.

But now music is very much studied, and, as "Dido" reminds us, we ladies, at anyrate, seem generally expected to have a taste for it. More people do really seem susceptible to music, than to any other art; Mr Hullah considers that only ten per cent. of our population are incapable of being trained in it; at the same time, the average of taste in this country seems decidedly lower in music than in painting and architecture. People will tell you that fine music is dull, and claim your admiration for namby-pamby little tunes, meaningless in structure), perhaps even false in grammar, saying triumphantly,—“There is something simple and clear and sweet, just the style of thing that I like, not your involved, incomprehensible sonatas and symphonies.” But they do not venture to turn from, say a grand portrait by Titian, saying, “I prefer greatly this style of art, something easy and really sweet, like this coloured print of a smiling ballet girl, or that Queen of Sheba in bright blue, going to Solomon in bright red, on that charming tea-tray.” “Strange,” writes Mr de Quincey, of a man who declares he prefers a simple song to some elaborate work of Beethoven’s, and defends his position, “strange that the analogy of other arts should not show him his delusion—a song, an air, a tune, that is, a short succession of notes revolving rapidly upon itself,—how could that offer a field of compass sufficient for the development of great musical effects? A hunting box, a park lodge, may have a forest grace, and the beauty of appropriateness;

but what if a man should match such a bauble against the Pantheon, or against the minsters of York and Strasburg? Let him who finds the maximum of his musical gratification in a song be assured by that one fact, that his sensibility is rude and undeveloped."

These crude opinions may exist partly because music, of course, needs more special training than the imitative arts, which appeal more to general intelligence; and partly because the born aristocracy of music is a very limited class; the great majority are only susceptible of an education in taste which in this country, as a rule, they do not get, and therefore to them music remains a mere physical sensation, a nice tickling of the ears, good for idle amusement, good perhaps for rest; but so poor, so low, so soulless an enjoyment, compared to what it might be, were they to cultivate their powers, that those who know something of music and love it much long to say to them, come up higher.

Here, again, we are met by critics (I quote and abridge from a recent work on music), who ostentatiously avow that they don't understand high art. and are entirely ignorant of grand critical principles; still they know what gives them pleasure, and are not sure whether this, after all, is not as good a test as another of artistic success. They thus modestly veil a profound conviction, that though not learned in the pedantry of the academies, they have a fine natural insight into the true and the beautiful, worth more than all teaching; in short, that the pleasure they derive from a piece of music is the standard of its worth. . . . "But everything depends on the sort of people to whom a piece is fit to give pleasure. The jovial song which transports a beery clown in an ale house, may not be very admirable in ears polite, and there may be light-of-nature critics as little able as the beery clown to appreciate one of Beethoven's sonatas or Mendelssohn's *Lieder*. The incapacity which in the one case comes of beer and dulness combined, is in the other the simpler fruit of dulness and no beer."

Who, then, is to judge between good music and bad; what is to guide the public taste? To answer that question, we must recur to the original or acquired endowments of different people. I, let us suppose, have a certain sense of unity, symmetry, harmony; a formless succession of notes wearies me; a false accompaniment hurts my ear. But there are those who know by nature every note

and every key as they hear it; can name any chord that is sounded by an orchestra, and detect a false note amid a crash of sound. As my ability is to theirs, so, be sure, is my musical appreciation to theirs, which is to me the unknown quantity. It is a rule-of-three sum, and I may safely work towards their standard. Such natural endowments are, however, rare, and we come rapidly down to the people with average musical susceptibilities, for whom great things may be done by training. Below them we find a residue, who seem absolutely without an ear for music. Would that, as "Dido" recommends, they would all acknowledge it; it is their misfortune, not their fault. Oh that stern mothers would allow girls who never show a preference for one thing over another, to stop that weary practising, and turn to some pursuit where they may excel! We would go a step further than "Dido," and say that if the "slenderly endowed school-girl" cannot like or play Beethoven's little sonatini,—easier to play and pleasanter to hear, we believe, than anything Brindley Richards has written,—let her not play at all; the root of the matter is not in her.

Natural talent, both in music and drawing, may be infinitely improved by the habitual contemplation of good models, and the converse holds good. It is, indeed, most visionary to expect every one to like the same kind of music; it would be equivalent to expecting every one to have an equally good taste; but a love of classical music does not infer distaste for any sort which is good, characteristic, and true. A., who finds far higher beauty in "Fidelio" than in "Barbiere," yet appreciates the bright tunefulness of the latter more thoroughly than B., who knows no more of "Fidelio" than the deaf, but enjoys, after a fashion, the spirited rhythm of Rossini. C., who delights in classical music, is probably far more awake than D., who cannot bear it, to the rustic characteristic melodies of D.'s favourite Tyrolese. The root of E.'s preference of a regimental band to an orchestral one, which is the ideal band, is likely to be found in the liberty of walking about, and above all, talking, without a breach of good manners, and is, like the other instances, simply owing to caring little instead of much for music. All those people, indeed, probably do not care for pure music at all, only for music with something else, and very likely it is the "something else" which they prefer; drama, spirited words, pleasant associations, dancing, or marching.

Their taste, if they have any, is undeveloped ; but what we would venture to urge is, that should they have any natural taste at all, and opportunity to cultivate it, let them do so, and they will be richly repaid. A whole world of innocent, refined, and intellectual pleasures, of which they were unaware, will open to them ; at the point where formerly they thought the music dull, only because they were left behind, they will very likely find the interest most intense, the beauty most exciting. We would not undervalue music in its very lowest forms, such as an organ-man grinding out "Slap-bang," and, let us hope "Ah che la Morte," more or less discordantly, in some squalid London street. The street children dance, the weary debased-looking men, the poor drudges of women, pause in their toil, and listen with a brief sense of rest and pleasure. But far purer the pleasure, far truer the rest of the German craftsman, sitting with his wife at the little rough table under the linden trees ; the measure of beer is before him, his beloved pipe not far off—but something raises him beyond the mere beer and "backy" enjoyments of many here, into a higher order of intelligence. It is the music—the band plays maybe a little roughly, but with feeling and mind ; and it plays noble music. How these people enjoy their familiar symphony—the *andante* was so well brought out, they demand it again ; the newer overture rouses their spirits, the tender wistful strain of Schubert refines and touches them. When they sing, it will not be some coarse, noisy, vulgar tune, only too well suited to the words, like most of the street songs which drag down the mind and taste of our people, but some sweet "Volkslied," artistic in form, and rich in harmony. The whole tone of the public is raised by constant opportunities of hearing good music ; and so it ought to be with us ; if the art is to do anything for us, it must be treated as an art, its rules observed, its standard respected.

But we are improving ; most people now suspect at least that there is a standard ; and to an increasing number among us, good music becomes more and more a delight and a necessity. "In how many," says Mr Maurice, "has it awakened the sense of an order and harmony in the heart of things which, outwardly, were most turbulent and confused ; of a spirit in themselves, capable of communicating with other spirits ; of a union intended for us on some other ground than that of mere formal and visible association, yet justifying, explaining, and

sustaining that. For these and other reasons, sages have spoken of music as the most important instrument in forming men, and in building up societies."

E. J. O.



### Old England.

WE are all proud of belonging to the nineteenth century, which has done and witnessed so much that is remarkable. We appreciate to the full all the great discoveries that have been made; and pay our tribute of admiration to the noble lives, the worthy thoughts, of its most honoured sons. Only here and there a few are found to whisper that something is gone—something which had its own value and its own charm. We have no time now for "ease with dignity," for contemplation—scarcely for memory; we live fast, and we live almost entirely in the present. The age is like a hot noon-tide, in whose intense and brilliant sunshine we lose all thought of the dewy freshness of morning, or the cool evening shadows. Some periods seem to glide naturally and easily into the times that come after, but surely our day of railways, of science, of searching enquiry and pitiless publicity, is separated by a great gulf from all that has gone before.

While I was travelling of late, however, through some of the midland counties of England, many things made me feel that this forcible separation of the past and present is far from complete. The spirit of the past yet lingers under the grey church tower, by the sign of the village inn that creaks and swings on the great elm tree, in the fields, picturesquely innocent of high farming. But, alas! even as I write, the change has begun; and whatever may be the justice of the cause, or the ultimate result of the movement, no one, I think, but must regret to see that some of these sweet rural spots have gained the notoriety of a place in the *Illustrated News*, and that their names are in the mouths of agitators.

We were staying in the neighbourhood of Oakham, the county town of little Rutlandshire. A very sleepy town it is, a town where it seems "always afternoon," where you see on an average about three people passing along the streets, where we tried in vain at the principal book-

seller's to get a copy of Tennyson's "Idylls," but were assured by the woman of the shop that she "had had one at Christmas!" Here are the remains of an old castle, built by Walkeline de Ferrars about a hundred years after the Norman Conquest, a most interesting building, showing how the round Norman arches were just then giving way to what the policeman who showed us over it called "*Hearly Henglish*." It is now used as the Town Hall. Inside, the walls are lined with horse shoes! Horse shoes great and small, horse shoes of iron, and horse shoes of gold, horse shoes old and new, from the great iron one, about four feet long, given by Queen Elizabeth, to the smart little gilt and coronetted affair, placed there last year by Lord Huntley—such a collection can certainly be seen nowhere else. And what is the meaning of all this? Once upon a time, says tradition, Queen Elizabeth, with a goodly retinue, was riding through the green fields of Rutland, when her horse cast a shoe. Far and near they sought for a smith, but one could nowhere be found, till she, her patience exhausted, began to rate the lords who were with her, and vowed that henceforth every peer of the realm who passed through Oakham should leave a horse-shoe behind him, to amend the scarcity. I suppose that this story is "*ben trovato*;" but no other origin of the custom is forthcoming, and it is certain that Queen Elizabeth's shoe is the oldest that adorns the walls. It is certain, also, that the custom is most rigorously carried out, and should an unwary peer come no further than the station, he is forthwith pounced upon by the town-clerk, and expected to leave a sum sufficient to provide the horse-shoe, and something over.

Our next move was into Gloucestershire, where the country looked very charming in its early spring dress, though, if you ascend the high grounds to the Cotswold Hills, you find yourself in a very different region, bleak and bare, a land of stone walls, large square fields, and stiff fir plantations. But what can be more lovely than the rich vale of the Severn, bounded by lines of low blue hills, stretching away on one side towards the Forest of Dean, and forming a back-ground to all the pretty way-side pictures which you meet at every turn. Here stands an Elizabethan manor-house mantled with ivy and shaded by two or three tall elms, a moat, and hard by, all but under the same roof, the tiniest of churches, low-roofed, with a modest belfry; all so old and grey, and moss-grown. I

never discovered the name of this place ; it is now a farm house, but it is a genuine bit of Old England. Milton may have seen it, and indeed everything here suggests lines from his *Allegro*, and from others of the descriptive poets. How they loved the spring-time, those old writers,—such a spring as we see around us here, all sunny and genial, when—

“The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet ;”

the apple-trees in sheltered nooks are beginning to blossom, there is a wealth of wild flowers everywhere, and great bunches of mistletoe hanging with strange and fantastic growth from the trees in the park contrast well with the fresh and varied green of the early foliage. Round us are the “hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,” that Collins speaks of; and should the air be suddenly filled with a musical peal from the bells of a village church, it would leave nothing to be desired. There, too, are the “russet lawns and fallows grey ;” there the “shallow brooks,” (but I must observe in passing, that I cannot admire the same brooks, and think it decidedly a disadvantage to the country to possess streams which cannot make up their minds which way to run.) There, too, is the “cottage chimney” that

“Smokes

From between two aged oaks.”

And what a picturesque cottage it is; a framework of black wooden beams filled in with plaster, with beautifully neat thatch, and the quaintest corners; and a little bow-window, that looks like a glass beehive. These cottages, of which we saw many, are very fascinating; and we were sorry to hear they are no longer built, owing to the scarcity of timber.

How much might be said of Gloucester Cathedral, if one had the skill to put one's impressions into words. It is in itself quite an epitome of architecture, beginning with the wonderful crypt, so immensely massive, one feels as if it could scarcely have been built, but must be hewn out of solid rock. The first stone was laid in 1089; at the same time was built the nave, with its Norman columns, and heavy round arches; and this part of the cathedral was consecrated in 1100. Certainly the Normans were a wonderful people; fresh from their little duchy of Normandy, and still having by no means entirely conquered their new possessions, they were, at the end of twenty-three years, everywhere beginning to raise churches, and

to leave memorials of their presence, more enduring, I suppose, than those of any other nation, the Romans always excepted. An interval of more than a hundred years separates the nave from its southern aisles, where the ornamentation is very much richer, and more elaborate; and not till 1457 was the building crowned by its central tower, and the beautiful Lady Chapel added at the east end.

The cathedral is particularly rich in stained glass; here and there a fragment from some early window flashes out upon one like a gem, then there are some heavy and gaudy, belonging to the days of bad taste, and many exquisite modern windows, with pure transparent tints. One of the small side chapels, which has lately been restored, is painted in fresco by Mr Gambier Parry, who painted the roof of Ely Cathedral, and has also built and decorated a very beautiful church at his home at Heynsham, near Gloucester. This chapel is dedicated to St Andrew; the finish and expression of the saint's figure are most admirable. I was struck by the way in which one apparent difficulty had been turned into a beauty. One of the flying buttresses of the main building is carried across the entrance to the chapel, so that as you stand within, you see an apparently meaningless bar slanting upwards. On this the artist has illuminated the appropriate verse: "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The course of our wanderings next brought us to Cirencester, which, with great pride and some difficulty, I learned to call Cisseter. We were much attracted by this old town, which is the centre of a very pleasant society, chiefly drawn there by its hunting facilities. It is, in fact, a kind of quieter Melton. And here I must certainly say something about the "sport of kings," which ought, indeed, to have a foremost place in my sketches, if I wished to convey a due idea of its importance. It is the subject in every one's thoughts, on every one's lips. If you are not interested, woe be to you! you are more to be pitied than an unmusical person in a society of ardent amateurs. But then you have the remedy in your hands; get interested; and it is soon done; if even you are not one of the happy fraternity who follow the chase on horseback, it is quite impossible not to be keenly impressed by the spirit, the gaiety of the whole thing.

A meet which I saw from Cirencester was, in some respects, unique. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds were

to meet about three miles from the town, at a spot called the Ten Rides, in Lord Bathurst's beautiful place, Oakley Park. Four noble avenues met in a large open circle, and there were six lesser rides through the tall trees, each vista leading the eye to some object, a church spire, perhaps, or a gateway, which worthily closed in the view. Hither from all sides came carriages, ladies beautifully mounted and faultlessly turned out, men in pink, and men in black, besides a sprinkling of other sorts. Anything so picturesque as the different groups emerging from the shade of the trees and joining the gay throng in the centre, could not easily be met with; indeed, as some one remarked, it was more like a picture of a royal hunt in the forest of Fontainebleau, than what one generally sees in this country. At length a sort of subdued excitement told that the hounds were in sight. There were the pretty creatures, sure enough; and with them Lord Worcester, who hunts the hounds himself, and quite a large party of whips and attendants, all in the dark green plush coats and caps worn by the servants of the Beaufort Hunt. The gentlemen wear dark blue coats with yellow collars, which is not so gay as the scarlet; but I thought the dress of the servants particularly smart and neat. And now they turn to go, and in a very few minutes the spot is left deserted, we only linger on in hopes of seeing something more. For, be it known, this meet, though so pretty to see, is not considered good for sport, and the day is generally spent in riding round and round through the miles of woodlands, and often people lose sight of the hounds almost immediately in the thick covert, and never find them again. We were not disappointed however; ere long a fox was viewed crossing one of the avenues, and soon the whole hunt came tearing back in full pursuit. And here my story must end, like an overture without any opera to follow, for our own proceedings came to an unexpected conclusion. The horse in our waggonette, an old hunter, was quite maddened by these exciting sights and sounds, he began to kick, and with two little bounds, which really seemed as if they were done in play, the trace snapped in two. So we had to get it patched up as best we might, and drive quietly home. It is perhaps fortunate that I should be spared the temptation of describing a run, which no inexperienced pen should attempt, but if any want to be fired with enthusiasm while sitting quietly in their chairs, let me refer them to *The Brookes of Bridlemere*, and to other hunting descriptions by the same master-hand.

ENNA.

## Sir Walter Scott as a Poet.

## HIS FAME.

UNDER this head we have first to notice, briefly, the acknowledgment won by Scott's poetry from his contemporaries. The arch-critic Jeffrey's dictum we have already quoted; and of his brother poets, Campbell was so inspired by these poems, that he was unable to refrain from repeating them in the street, with the hurried stamp and emphatic shake of the head which strong pithy poetry excites, so that the whole fraternity of coachmen on the North Bridge knew him as he passed; Wordsworth congratulates Scott on having "attained his end, though it is not the end which he would have him propose to himself;" Ellis places "Marmion," irrespective of its author, on the very top-shelf of English poetry; Southey contributes similar expressions of opinion; and Byron acknowledges, "Sir Walter reigned before me, the Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," and hopes that his own claims will not be set up to rival Scott's, "as I like the man, and admire his works to what Mr Braham calls *entusymusy*."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the estimation in which Scott's poetical fame is held by the literary men of our own time, with all the expressions of last year's centenary celebration fresh in mind,—Gladstone and Tennyson placing him "above the fluctuations of time, in the band of the Immortals;" and Dean Stanley proclaiming, that in his poems, we see, for the first time, the spirit of Homer revived in a form and with a freshness unseen amongst men since the death of Homer, or whomsoever Homer represented, adding, by way of proof, that it had been said in his hearing, by a great judge of ancient scholarship, that nothing, since the time of Homer, has ever been written so Homeric, as those well-known lines that have made the house of Buccleuch for ever immortal in English literature,—

" Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall."

As regards general popularity, no further proof is needed than that Scott's poems are so placed in the ranks of English classics as to form standard text-books in our schools; and their influence throughout society, whether felt or not, recognised or not, is all-potent and universal.

An amusing instance of this transpired at the centenary celebrations, where every different meeting put in some separate claim for a special proprietorship in Scott, founded indiscriminately on allusions in his poems and novels, as well as his personal connections, city vyeing with city, county with county, country with country, till Sir Walter's title to fame seemed to rest on his being "the glory of the civilised world!" In closing this branch of the subject, we would suggest to our readers to consider how the many thousands of pilgrims who come from all lands to visit the shrines of his genius in the enchanted Borderland, the Highland fairyland, the romantic solitudes of Argyleshire, and our "own romantic town" itself, with his four great poems for their guide-books,—how these deluded enthusiasts would answer, in the event of the greatness of that poetry being questioned in their presence?

We have now more immediately to deal with the faults of Scott's compositions as urged by the critics, though, to those who find them to be merely "spirited rhymes," we can have little to say, further than that they miss some of the noblest and sweetest influences of poetry, which, when really appreciated, awaken a rare enthusiasm for the inspiration of their author. He has faults, we acknowledge. There are specks in the sun, Homer occasionally nods, Shakespeare has his forty winks, and, as Byron writes to Murray,—

"No poetry is generally good—only by fits and starts—and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight all stars, as rhyme all perfect."

The formidable exception which has been taken to our poet's carelessness of diction, inequality of execution, and the general objectionableness of his measure, seems to us considerably exaggerated in its real importance, from the mere fact that no poetry is more easily committed to memory than Scott's, or with such enduring effect, which surely argues an appropriateness of expression to the meaning, to say nothing of originality of thought and brilliancy of idea sought to be expressed in "sound that seems an echo of the sense." An anecdote quoted in the "Life," with reference to this point, is equally conclusive:—

"M. Falconet, the celebrated sculptor, in lecturing at Rome, shortly after completing the model of his equestrian statue of Czar Peter, now at Petersburg, took for his subject the celebrated horse of Marcus Aurelius in the capitol, and pointed out as many faults in it as ever jockey did in an animal he was about to purchase. But something came over him, vain as he was,

when about to conclude the harangue. He took a long pinch of snuff, and eyeing his own faultless model, exclaimed with a sigh, '*Cependant, Messieurs, il faut avouer que cette vilaine bête-là est vivante et que la mienne est morte.*'"

Similar must be the experience of those whose eyes, only open to classic forms of beauty, are blinded to that expression which comes nearer the heart; and who, in their eager search for critical inaccuracies in Scott's poetry, undervalue his sterling poetic qualities, his brilliancy of imagination, gracefulness of fancy, and tenderness of feeling; his insight into human nature, and dramatic power in presenting character, his unequalled eye for the picturesque, his felicitous description, his graphic narration, his poetic force, fervour, and fire which kindle such a kindred inspiration in the hearts of his readers as responds to the force of his own eloquence when he pleads the love of nature herself, *versus* his friend Erskine's systematic cultivation of exotic poetry,—

"On the wild hill  
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still,  
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,  
But freely let the woodbine twine,  
And leave untrimmed the eglantine."

Sir Walter's claims to a high rank among poets are, however, mainly resisted by professedly friendly critics, on the plea that his fame rests on those immortal prose productions which have the advantage of being the fruit of his matured mind, while his poetical career, ending as it did at the age of forty-three, represents the dreams of his youth. At that crisis, his poetical reputation was such that none but his most intimate friends thought of identifying Walter Scott the poet with the "Great Unknown;" and posterity has a more perplexing task than his contemporaries in having to judge of these two claims together. We may easily compare him with other poets, but he has given us his most gigantic rival in himself, illustrating the shrewd remark of a contemporary, that he was like the elephant who was the greatest elephant in all the world, except himself. The possible combination of the twofold qualifications of poet and novel-writer is instanced by George Eliot, George Macdonald, and Bulwer Lytton in our own day; but so far from there being any irreconcilability so far as Scott is concerned, a perfect unity distinguishes the manifold coruscations of his genius. Lord Cockburn says of his novels that they were rather the outpourings of old thoughts than new inventions, and certainly Walter Scott's qualifications as a

poet made Walter Scott a great novelist. Only a great poet could have originated those glorious creations, which, poetizing the prose-form in which they appeared, emanated from the same poet-mind which animates all his works, as it did his life and character.

For this brings us to the final point in our case, viz., the inherent poetry of Scott's nature, which has been doubted, because he happened to associate with his poetic gifts a small share of common sense. His connection with trade, if proving a business turn of mind, unusual with the poet, in its success, equally proved a becoming amount of poetic heedlessness in its failure. The aim of his life in regard to family distinction has been censured as great weakness, but it was rather an amiable ambition, with nothing mean, sordid, or selfish about it, by which he hoped to benefit others rather than himself, with such a reference to the past and the future as gave it the semblance of a poet's dream, rather than a worldly man's covetousness. In his modest yielding of the bays to Byron, when that brilliant luminary blazed out upon the literary horizon, we recognize no want of attachment to his calling, but merely another instance of that stern self-control which bent his impulses to suit his practical view of dealing with existing circumstances. That something was missed out of his life when he thus forsook the muse, we may believe, from the touching farewell lines addressed to his minstrel harp,—

"Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
Through secret woes, the world has never known,  
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,  
And bitter was the grief devoured alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own."

Poetry was, indeed, the true solace of his life, in itself a beautiful poem, a grand epic, and, alas ! a sad tragedy. Nurtured amid the scenes of Border chivalry which he afterwards commemorated, his early youth imbibed that love of the wonderful, the romantic, and the adventurous, which, fostered by the companionship of Percy's "*Reliques*," the "*Castle of Otranto*," and Arthur's Scat, moulded his poet-character. In his early attachment, he found what he thought the realization of his poetic ideal, and he loved with all the ardour of a poet's fancy ; but, when disappointment came with its crushing blow, instead of wailing and despairing after the Byronic model, he followed the nobler advice of the truly poetic line:—

"To bear is to conquer our fate ;"

and from that time forward, digging in the treasures of his mind, found some recompense for the sorrows of his heart. And yet how constant he was to these early impressions is proved, not only by repeated portraitures of the lady of his love (of which Margaret of Branksome is one of the sweetest and most winsome ever drawn by poet's pen), but from the allusions of his diary in his later years, and the fact of his having, within the last ten years of his life, when a grey-haired man, transcribed from memory a copy of early known verses whose authoress was no other than his own first love. After the brilliant career and tremendous misfortunes of this great man are alike past, can we wonder to find him in the twilight of his life longing to return to the poetry of his youth, which even could associate the beauties of classic Italy with such a touching memento of the past, as—

“It's up the craggy mountain and down the mossy glen,  
We canna gang a-milking for Charlie and his men.”

Can we wonder that the strong poet-yearning to return to lay his bones in the sepulchre of his fathers wrought its own fulfilment, and that the torpor of hopeless illness should, on the banks of Tweed, be overcome by the patriot feeling which, recognising familiar landmarks, and murmuring—“Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee!”—found its triumphant expression in a scream of delight at the sight of those familiar towers, the return to which was endearingly commemorated in the satisfied repetition—“My ain house, my ain house; I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house.”

So this grand genius passed away, this child of fame, this antiquary, this man of the world died, as a poet, in a hushed silence of nature and a world of mourners. So, too, he was fittingly laid to rest in a minstrel's tomb, where his requiem is sung in the sighing of the breeze through the branches of his friendly trees and the soft murmur of his beloved Tweed; for, in the sweet solitudes of Dryburgh, the musing pilgrim is reminded of his own beautiful lines:—

“Call it not vain; they do not err,  
Who say, that when the poet dies,  
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies;  
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone,  
For the departed Bard make moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill:  
That flowers in tears of balm distil;

Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave."

Such is the tribute of nature. That of mankind is an immortality of fame such as will outlive those noble ruins whose hoary age looks down as if in mockery of the short-lived span of the career of genius.

"The last of all the bards was he,  
Who sang of Border chivalry;"

and, as standing over his grave, it may be said that, if to flood the world with noble thought, and leave it better than he found it; if to ally genius with sincerity, morality, chivalry; if, to use a great poetic faculty for the benefit of humanity at large, and, on dying, leave not a line that he might wish to blot; if to win the respect and interest of the world for the scenery, national history, character, and even prejudices of his native country; if to surround a womanly ideal with the most tender devotion of chivalrous belief, because—

"Faith in womankind  
Beat with his blood, and trust in all things high  
Came easy to him;"

if to do those works and wear that character be the work and character of a great poet, then Sir Walter Scott was a great poet—without the passionate fervour of Burns and Byron, the serene, contemplative humour of Wordsworth, or the idyllic sweetness of Tennyson, his genius was Homeric in its action, and Shakespearian in its spirit, so that his place in poetry seems to us correctly indicated in the following final apostrophe:—

"Brother of Homer, and of him  
On Avon's banks, by twilight dim,  
Who dreamt immortal dreams, and took  
From nature's hand her storied book,  
Earth hath not seen, time may not see,  
Till ends his march, such other three."

ELFIE.



### *Sleeping and Waking.*

CALM through the long night  
Still my darling lay ;  
Drowned was the trouble  
Of the weary day.

Cold the tears lay on her cheek,  
Like a child's, so soft and meek,  
So she lay and slept, my darling,  
After I was gone.

Sweet through the long night  
Shone her loving eyes,  
Waiting to greet me,  
Till the day should rise.  
All around her was asleep,  
On the land, and o'er the deep;  
Yet, she waited, oh my darling,  
Waking till the dawn.

Softly the long night  
Fell upon the sea,  
Softly her last words  
Spoke my love to me,—  
“I shall dream of you, my own,  
Through the night so cold and lone.”  
So she fell asleep, my darling,  
And the days go on.

O. M.



### Cat Friends and Acquaintances.

“THERE is a dull sameness in the characters of all cats. Their worthless affections are bestowed upon places rather than upon persons, and they show little or no intelligence, except for the art of stealing.” This is the kind of language one is accustomed to hear from the lips of those who have no true fondness for the feline race. But are not indifference and dislike as often blind to talents and excellences, as love is to faults and imperfections? and if so, surely we, the cat-admirers, have some right to be heard in defence of our frequently abused friends.

I may say that exceptionally good opportunities have been afforded me for the study of the habits and eccentricities, the virtues and failings of cats. Our old parsonage home in Cheshire was once called “the cats’ paradise,” because of the care and attention bestowed upon the numerous Toms and Tabbies which were born and reared and led happy, peaceful lives beneath

our roof. "Some cats are *kicked* up, ours are *brought* up," I once heard a friend remark, and certainly this might have been said of all the cats nurtured by us.

They were far too much respected to be merely addressed as "Puss." I have noticed that strangers seemed surprised to see a cat appear when "Edward" has been called; that they looked startled when "Mrs Jonathan's" kittens were referred to; and that they smiled somewhat derisively when two other cats were introduced as "Alice Maud Mary," and "Mr John Bright." But we seldom gave these names thoughtlessly, or, as our enemies might express it, "there was method in our madness."

Some names were given after certain peculiarities of appearance and character had been observed. Thus one cat was called "Greedy Jem," because of his insatiable appetite; another, "Patience," owing to her meek and subdued expression of countenance, and a third, "Cinderella," from her unwashed look. Being great admirers of the works of Charles Dickens, we have had Mrs Lirriper, Pickwick, Snodgrass, and Winkle among our cat names; and I may mention that Sam Weller, a kitten of tender age, is at the present moment an inmate of our house.

We have also had a "Hodge" to keep Dr Johnson's pet in remembrance. How delightful, as a bit of grave nonsense, is the story told of this creature. It is related that upon one occasion the doctor was somewhat thoughtlessly praising another cat in the presence of the favourite, when observing his "countenance to fall," he added, "But Hodge is a very fine cat, sir, a very fine cat."

My list of names would be scarcely perfect without the mention of Thomas Goodchild, who earned for himself both respect and affection, by his rare amiability and uniform steadiness of conduct.

Finding that three meals a day were certain to be provided for them, our cats wisely troubled their heads little about such low pursuits as the catching of rats and mice, but gave themselves up to much sleep and quiet thought. Understanding, however, the importance of healthy exercise, they often took strolls in the garden, or extended their walks to the neighbouring woods and fields, where they could study in peace the habits of birds and rabbits. Occasionally, also, they enjoyed an in-door game. From end to end of the house there ran a long

passage, which was divided near the kitchen by a door covered with green baize. When this stood open, our cats evidently regarded it as their gymnasium, and as placed there solely for their use and benefit. They scrambled up and down it, swung from the top, and performed other feats with surprising agility and much delight. Of course the green baize suffered, but that could not be helped.

I strongly deny the truth of the opinion already alluded to, that there is no variety in the characters of cats. Only six months ago we possessed two cats who were as opposite in nature as—well, suppose we say Tom Sayers and William Wilberforce. They were exactly the same age, and had had precisely the same advantage of training, yet Kitty was gentle, lady-like, affectionate, and in every way estimable, while Mrs Jonathan was vulgar, bad-tempered, lazy, heartless, and hypocritical. Kitty's sweet and loving disposition shone so brightly in her face, that a discerning visitor, after a single glance at her, remarked, "What a kind expression that cat has!" and cruelty and meanness were no less clearly written on Mrs Jonathan's plain features. Whether it was jealousy caused by Kitty's superior beauty or not, I cannot tell, but Mrs Jonathan's spite against her innocent and peace-loving companion knew no bounds.

I have several times witnessed this scene:—Kitty enters the room, soon followed by Mrs Jonathan, who chooses a place on the hearth-rug rather near her. Kitty looks uneasy in mind, but seems unable to move. Mrs J. now edges along gradually, winking and blinking all the time as if half asleep, until Kitty's side is reached. Kitty is still rooted to the spot by fear and horror. And now mark the utter baseness of Mrs J.'s character. She gently washes the face of Kitty, who submits to this act of her treacherous enemy with shut eyes and scared expression. Then follow Mrs J.'s furious attack and Kitty's piteous screams. I rush to the rescue. Scene closes.

In the same deceitful way Mrs Jonathan would jump on my knee, apparently in the most affectionate of moods, and after purring for some time in order to disarm all suspicion, she would give me a sudden bite or scratch, and then dart off to escape the expected and richly deserved chastisement. Now, Kitty never gave a scratch in her life, even under the severest provocation, except, of course, in the defence of her kittens.

But the difference between the two cats was, perhaps, most noticeable when each had a family to look after. Two baskets, lined with hay and flannel, were provided as the respective nurseries, but, upon one of these occasions, Mrs Jonathan's apartment was discovered to be empty, for, the kittens having been deserted by their unnatural parent, Kitty had, in her pitying motherly kindness, carried them off to her basket, and was bringing them up with her own little family. In strong contrast to such noble benevolence appeared the conduct of Mrs Jonathan, who has been known to make a fierce attack upon Kitty's kittens if they happened to be left unprotected for a few moments.

And yet, I believe, we all had a certain fondness for the malevolent creature, which was, perhaps, simply owing to the fact that we saw her, spoke to her, stroked her almost every day for seven years. If there is truth in the ugly old proverb, "familiarity breeds contempt," may it not also be said that familiarity breeds affection? We noticed that Kitty's children were far more amiable than those of Mrs Jonathan, but certainly the cat-mother's disposition is not always thus seen in her progeny. I heard lately of a bad-tempered, but highly intellectual Scotch cat, who had a kind-hearted but almost idiotic son.

Unlike either Kitty or Mrs Jonathan in character was Scamp, a cat whose acquaintance I made a few years ago at the house of one of my friends. Very beautiful she was both in colour and form, and extremely graceful in all her movements. But there was a wild, almost fierce look in her brilliant eyes which spoke of the tiger in its natural state—the untamed monarch of the jungle, not the despondent, sleepy-looking animal we study in a menagerie.

I liked Scamp, but she received my friendly overtures with a coldness which at last grew into positive hatred. That she *had* affection I knew, and it vexed me not a little to see it freely bestowed upon some who did not take half the pains I did to please her. But there was all the waywardness and caprice of a spoilt beauty about her—and the jealousy also, for she showed the utmost rage if another creature was petted in her presence by any one for whom she cared. It was a singular proof of her unreasonable likes and dislikes that, although both the daughters of the family were equally fond of and kind to her, she would bite and scratch one when out of temper, but invariably softened her paws for the other.

We sometimes see how the sprightly changeful manner and fascinating prettiness of some wilful girl may be transformed into gentler ways and calm matronly beauty—beauty which is yet occasionally disturbed by flashes of the old wild nature. Some such change as this I observed in Scamp, when, after some time, I again visited my friend's home. (It is really remarkable to notice how maternal cares and anxieties at once alter the faces of even the most uninteresting cats). I made no second attempt to win Scamp's regard, for it is unpleasant and humiliating to have one's affection thrown back upon one's self even by a cat, but this time it was she who made the advances, and we soon became most excellent friends.

"Cats unintelligent!" I deny this also, though I admit the superiority of *dog* wisdom.

I was one day sitting in the cottage of a poor rheumatic woman, who was quite unable to rise from her chair without help, when I heard, as I thought, a sudden knock at the door, but before I had time to call out "come in!" it opened, and greatly to my astonishment there appeared a cat, elinging cleverly to the outside handle. This wise animal having discovered that her poor mistress was unable to let her in, always entered by springing up against the latch in such a manner as to press it down, and then in she swung triumphantly, as I had the pleasure of observing. I wish I could add that she always had the politeness to shut the door afterwards on cold days, but of this I heard nothing.

"Music hath charms" for some cats, but torments for others. I have known a cat who would perch herself upon the piano the moment it was opened, and listen to singing and playing with the most lively pleasure. Others, at the sounding of the first chord, will retreat to the door, and if not permitted to leave the room, immediately begin an accompaniment of most inharmonious cries.

It occurs to me that it may be useful to some people to know, that in London there are doctors who devote their attention exclusively to cats. One of these men was called in to see two pets, who were suffering under a severe attack of influenza. A proper medicine was administered, but before this was done they were tied up in two bags, their heads only remaining visible, which, of course, rendered a scratching resistance impossible. In

the corner of the card left by the doctor at our friend's house were the words, "Patients attended at their own homes."

Let it not be suspected that I have secret Darwinian sympathies, when I say that I am continually observing resemblances between the faces and ways of cats, and these of human beings. I have no wish to dwell upon my own particular fancies, but everyone can see how perfectly well suited a reckless frolicsome kitten and a happy blithe young child are to each other, both living

"As if life's business were a summer mood ;"

both

"Over wealthy in the treasure,  
Of their own exceeding pleasure!"

And the cat who moves her tail about to afford her kitten ecstasies of delight, and allows herself to be maltreated with positive pride and pleasure, bears no mere imaginary likeness to the human mother, who permits baby-fingers to tear down her hair and thrust themselves into her mouth and eyes with such remarkable equanimity.

I believe some of our friends and acquaintances look upon us as cat-crazy, but supported by each other's sympathy, we are not ashamed of this family weakness, if a weakness it be. Our most extravagant thoughts and words concerning our favourites, have never, I fancy, reached the height of affectionate respect shown in the following speculative remarks made by "the learned and ingenious Montaigne." "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for, doubtless, cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? And who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her when we two play together?"

"Thus," says Izaak Walton, who quotes the passage with evident delight, "thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats."

M. S. S.

## A Stranger's First Impressions of Edinburgh.

My earliest longings have been at last gratified. I have seen in reality those places made so familiar to the imagination by the pen of the great novelist, and have stood upon the very spots that have witnessed the most eventful deeds of Scottish history.

The ideas entertained with regard to Scotland, by one whose sole acquaintance with that land of legendary interest had been derived partly from its history, full of romantic adventure, but in greater measure from the *Waverley Novels*, were, it may be imagined, of a somewhat elevated nature; they were not, however, doomed to experience the fate of most exalted expectations,—disillusion and disenchantment.

Crossing the Border, we felt as if we were leaving behind us the prosaic domains of the present, with its busy factories and smoking chimneys, and entering upon the sacred land of the past; such names as Berwick and Dunbar arousing in the memory tales of Border fights, and the patriotic heroes whose names are associated with them. Alas for romance! if we will dream now-a-days, our dreams must needs be short-lived.

“O, Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child,”

do we not carry our chimneys, or rather, do not our chimneys carry us into the very heart of thy time-hallowed scenes? and our knights of the round table, do they not appear to us in the guise of railway directors, their quest no longer “the rosy flash of the Holy Grail,” but “the yellow lustre of sordid gold”? Pounds, shillings, and pence,—let us confront the fact as best we may—are the death blow to sentiment; and there are few regions of historical or natural interest that do not now suffer from the destructive invasions of modern science.

The light of day had now faded into a dim twilight, which invested all we saw with a gloomy and mysterious impressiveness, and which greatly heightened the interest of this historical region, from the fact that we could see very little, but imagine a great deal. Proceeding further, we caught a faint glimpse of the sea, with the white waves breaking against the dark rocks, and in the gloom we pictured to our fancy many a ruined

Border castle frowning from the cliffs in lofty solitude. At length the warning *resonance* of our "steam eagle," as Mrs Browning would call it, aroused us from our dreams, whether of an imaginative or a slumbering nature, and the glimmering of lights in tall, high-storied houses, announced that we were entering Edinburgh. Passing Arthur's Seat, rising in wild and lonely grandeur above the bustling city, we found ourselves at last upon the soil, for whose independence a Wallace and a Bruce had struggled with such heroic and patriotic ardour; and in a city, around which there hangs such a dark interest, as the scene of one of the most mysterious and tragic dramas ever played out in history, and to which the eyes of historians have been turned with speculative interest and differing opinions ever since Mary Stuart held her court here, and by her unfortunate charms earned the fame of a Helen or a Cleopatra.

On the way from the station, the effect of the peculiarly high houses, lighted in every storey, was at once novel and brilliant, presenting the appearance of an illumination. It is the custom of families in Edinburgh frequently to live on flats, something after the manner of pigeons in a cote, but unluckily, the unfortunate inhabitants of the top storey cannot avail themselves of a pigeon's speedy method of exit.

When Princes Street broke upon our view, the brilliancy of the scene was quite dazzling, with its blaze of lights,—their reflection half-revealing the surrounding beauties of the place from out of the obscurity of night. It is seldom that an after sight equals the first view of a place, when it bursts upon us with unexpected novelty—for it is almost certain to be precisely the contrary to what we anticipated—and our imagination colours it with a kind of interest that too frequently wears off upon closer acquaintance. Although, when seeing Princes Street by daylight, I was enabled to gain a better and more detailed knowledge of its beauties, yet it hardly came up to my ideal so much as upon that first rapid *coup d'œil*; when we felt, rather than distinctly saw, the great Castle rock lowering over us like a vast, shadowy phantom, with lights like a crown of stars gleaming from its lofty summit; while all around, that, in the glare of day-light, might appear too harshly modern to harmonize with the spirit of the place, was softened in the magic light.

The light of morning revealed the Castle eminence

rising in rugged grandeur before our windows, its warlike towers frowning sternly over the modern city, and contrasting strangely with its aspect of peace and prosperity, each presenting types of two very opposite times. Indeed, Edinburgh manifests these contrasts everywhere, retaining as she does so many architectural relics of past ages, while modern taste has revived the classic style in many of her public buildings, thus uniting the typical architecture of many ages and different nations. Princes Street, for example, resembles a succession of historical dissolving-views. Beginning at the west end, a fine Gothic church first strikes the eye. Farther, a giant rock rears its dark form, a fortress crowning its precipitous heights, with sentinels in their Highland uniforms, lending a picturesque air of nationality, pacing the battlements—a monument of sterner and more troubled times than these, telling a dark history of its own in strife and bloodshed, and in the memories of the illustrious prisoners who pined in its dungeons. The moat at the base of the rock, now no longer used as a means of defence, but converted into a garden filled with trees and shrubs, presents a perfect picture of our own times, when the peaceful arts are cultivated, undisturbed by the rude hand of strife. Indeed, upon a day of public promenade, when the military band plays here, the contrast between this pleasure ground, crowded with a gay throng, and the grim old castle above, produces an effect both striking and suggestive, the whole scene being one of which a philosopher or a poet would make the most as a fit theme for moralising. Beyond, the Royal Institution and the National Gallery, with the Calton Hill, surmounted by the columns of an unfinished monument in the background, add a classical appearance to the series of pictures; while the row of hotels and shops on the left, the passers-by attired in the unpicturesque costume of the day—not in tartan and kilts—and the cabs and omnibuses, speak only too forcibly of the present.

Sir Walter Scott's Monument also forms a striking feature in the grand, long vista of Princes Street, presenting in its graceful and harmonious outlines a pleasing change from monuments of the tea-urn style, obelisks and towering columns, the surmounting statues of which, instead of being the central point of interest, are almost lost in the clouds. But the design of this is the most beautiful and appropriate that could have been chosen to

commemorate one whose genius was so combined with the romantic spirit, of which Gothic architecture has been considered a type. How small the figure of the man looks in comparison to the magnificent superstructure raised above his head; yet, how could a memorial, however vast and splendid, measure the mental greatness of one whose works will outlive all such monuments.

From the comparatively small size of Edinburgh, the public buildings are grouped in closer relation to each other than is usual in larger towns, contributing greatly to its general completeness and imposing effect; and there can be but few cities in the world where nature lends such generous assistance to the efforts of human art,—the combination of the two producing a magnificence of result scarcely to be surpassed. For nature here reigns with a glory undiminished by the hand of cultivation, or the sordid touch of the speculating builder, in the wild, native sublimity of rock, crag, hill, and rugged steep; and under the shadow of Arthur's Seat you might almost forget, in the midst of that solitary wilderness of boulder and cairn, what a turbid stream of human life is flowing unceasingly so close at hand. But if the contemplation of life is preferred, instead of barren desolation, and

“Tower'd cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,”

the stranger can have no better opportunity of viewing Edinburgh than from the heights of Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags, or from the Castle or the Calton Hill, where the city nestles beneath the shadow of these guardian hills. The Castle, particularly, commands a wonderfully extensive and comprehensive view, being situated in the centre of Edinburgh, between the Old and the New Town. Looking down from either side of the courtyard, the scene presents pictures of two phases of human life, diametrically opposed to each other in external appearance, the one, as in the Grassmarket and its neighbourhood, revealing its worst features of squalid poverty, dirt, and misery to the gaze with unvarnished significance; the other presenting its best features most prominently, and concealing the worst under an external aspect of brightness and beauty.

Beyond, the eye still ranges over a wide expanse of buildings, with spire and tower rising everywhere out of the sea of roofs, all softened and subdued into harmonious outline by the light gossamer veil of grey mist and smoke that shrouds all northern cities, and gives them a certain

mystic, shadowy beauty of their own (but for our climate, we might not have been enriched with the genius of a Turner), when the harshest looking objects, melting under the soft influence of the haze, are blended into vague forms of aerial lightness; while spire and furnace, alike spiritualised, loom like phantoms out of their misty surroundings. And, finally, the sight loses itself in penetrating into the broad expanse of the Frith of Forth, stretching out into the boundless reach of ocean, or in roving over hill and headland melting away in the purple distance. But, for the sake of truth, it must be confessed that the atmospheric influences before alluded to very frequently condense themselves into a heavy fog, so that a complete view of Edinburgh is a rich and rare enjoyment. Nothing that I saw made a greater impression upon my mind than the first view of Holyrood, obtained from the Calton Hill one dark and foggy day, when, looming out in the mist, it seemed to be no thing of the present, but rather a ghostly fabric of the past emerging out of the shadowy mists of Auld Lang Syne, only to melt away again and vanish into gloom. The ruined chapel, the antique portal and towers, so historically familiar, so darkly and sternly characteristic of their times, seemed haunted by recollections of dark interest, and associated with the memory of one,

“She, the bright sun of all her sex,”

whose life was a tragic problem which shall not be solved till chivalry, with its warm impulses, and history, with its cold scenting, shall have ceased their struggles here, and when,

“In presence of the countless hosts  
That have been, are, and are to be,”

the story, not of Mary Stuart only, but of the universe, shall be told and understood. This palace is the very realisation of gloom; the gloom of history pervades it, the gloom of nature surrounds it, for it stands in silent loneliness, overshadowed by the desolate heights of Arthur's Seat, apart from the noise and confusion of the hurrying world, the tomb of Scotland's buried kingdom, a monument of the days gone by.

Where a large mass of humanity congregates together, there must inevitably be a corresponding accumulation of evil, and Edinburgh is no exception to the rule. Although she is rich in charities, and vigorous efforts are made to improve the moral and physical con-

dition of her poor, yet idleness and intemperance, with all their concomitant evils, lie like a serpent amid the flowers, and mar the perfection of this beautiful city. But even this melancholy side of human life here possesses many features of interest, for its quarters are situated in the most ancient and historical part of the town, where are still to be found numerous records of domestic life in the earlier centuries, in many of the dwelling-houses, quaintly and picturesquely gabled, some still retaining over the doorway the arms and coronet of some Scottish noble. For though a policeman may now be looked upon here in the light of a guardian angel, yet this was once the richest and most fashionable part of Edinburgh, and what are now dens of wretchedness, were once palaces of the great.

The title of the Modern Athens, by which Edinburgh is so frequently designated, seems equally applicable to its intellectual and learned character, as to its natural resemblance. The facilities for instruction here afforded place the highest education within the reach of more than the privileged few who can afford to pay highly for it; thus opening the doors of knowledge to all classes of both sexes. Here, also, the question of woman's education, or woman's rights or wrongs—whichever they are, for they all seem to have got inextricably mixed together—is agitated in a most lively manner, and the members of the fair sex seem to enjoy many of the same privileges and advantages of education which those of the opposite,—in many cases may they not be called the opposing sex?—have hitherto almost entirely monopolised; and the former have proved themselves worthy of better things than what they consider mere domestic drudgery and insignificance. But yet it is not astonishing that the chivalry of the students of the Edinburgh University should fail, when put to a test so unlooked for, and for which there is scarcely a provision in their code; and that instead of the cry "*place aux dames!*" a resistance should be offered to this feminine invasion of grounds, such as the dissecting room, of which they had possessed the exclusive enjoyment.

The University is a fine classic-looking building, but lacks that time-hallowed air of scholastic dignity and gravity which (although completely defied by the students) one is accustomed to associate with collegiate buildings, as exemplified in the ancient and monastical-

looking courts and cloisters of the greater number of the colleges of the two leading English universities.

The High School is a characteristically learned-looking edifice, its Grecian style of architecture associating itself with the idea of classic learning.

A stricter religious spirit undoubtedly pervades Edinburgh than London, especially in the observance of Sunday, but it is not carried to such an almost Jewish extreme of punctiliousness as formerly, when to whistle an air on Sunday was almost considered a crime ; and we found that our landlady had no objection to supply us with our meals as usual. Sunday here, although it may appear to a foreigner a "sad day," is nevertheless pre-eminently a day of rest, with every shop closed, and scarcely a single vehicle to be seen in the streets ; moreover, it is anything but a "sad" sight to see all classes—the working man with his wife and bairns in their holiday attire, although it does sit somewhat uncomfortably upon them, and the richer classes, with their wives and daughters lending brightness to the scene, together wending their way to their respective places of worship. And although the droning of chants in the open air may flavour somewhat too strongly of the days of Puritanism to be agreeable to some, yet surely it is better to listen to what, to employ the harshest term, might come under the denomination of canting, than profane swearing in the streets.

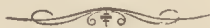
The greater number, and the most important, of the churches here are naturally Presbyterian, though there are places of worship for those of every form of opinion. Although the Presbyterian service might reasonably be called cold and unimpressive by those accustomed to a more ornate ritual, yet there is something pure and almost sublime in its conception—in that naked appeal to the spiritual and metaphysical element within us, that would fain disregard all assistance offered through the senses. A suggestive service it may be called, for, without exciting the feelings through the medium of aught that speaks to the eye or the ear, it just touches the chords of the inmost depths of the heart, leaving each one, according to his or her respective individuality, to catch the strain and

"The confessions of its secret thought,  
The joy, the triumph, the lament,  
The exultation and the pain."

Though the rich roll of an organ, winding through pillared nave and aisle up to the arched roof, may thrill and inspire the soul with lofty feelings by its mingled sweetness and grandeur, yet there is something exquisitely simple and sweet in a body of modulated human voices, unsustained by any instrument, floating heavenwards, when the sound of the words is lost in a vague murmur, dying and swelling like a breeze—like the melody of an *Æolian* harp touched by the breath of the wind. It would be impossible for the more impulsive, impressionable, and passionate Southerner to accept the doctrines of religion in the same way as the more reflective, cool, and phlegmatic Northerner, for people interpret them differently according to their nature, customs, and associations; and the Presbyterian form of worship seems the reflection of the Scottish nature exemplified.

To conclude, in summing up this account of my first impressions of Edinburgh, I can only remark that they were of such a nature, that I feel sure no second sight or experience could disenchant me.

BARBARA.



## The White Rose.

A.D. 1715.

THE white rose blows athwart the window here,  
The throbbing wind comes softly from the west,  
The sunset fades into an opal sphere,  
And all things living welcome night and rest.

I lean from out my window : to the North  
I look, and dream, and drink the sweet night dew.  
And think of him, this day gone riding forth  
To battle, with the loyal and the true.

I gave my love a White Rose for a pledge  
Of truth and fealty to his king and me,  
And watched him, leaning from my window ledge,  
As he rode forth across the sunny lea.

My love, my love, gone from my sight to-day ;  
What if he come to me no more again ?  
Fearless, I bade him God-speed on his way,  
And now could weep my heart away in pain.

Ah, faithless heart, no longer doubt and fear,  
My White Rose, as an amulet of strength,  
Such as I plucked, and gave it to him here.  
Will bring him back again to me, at length.

\* \* \* \*

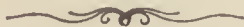
No more, no more :—far in the stormy North  
He lay, as evening deepened into night,  
Dying : and at moon-rise his soul went forth,  
There on the red field of his latest fight.

Fast to his lips a withered rose was prest,  
Memorial of his love, and loyal faith,  
Remembered duty, ere that final rest,  
And carried with him to the gates of death.

Oh, sad White Rose, for ever faded now,  
And rooted from thine ancient pride of place,  
So many a head for thy defence laid low,  
So many a heart bled for thy kingly race.

Forgotten, though thy fair leaves once were red,  
Red with the blood of thy most true and brave ;  
No more remembered than the noble dead,  
Who found for thy sake a forgotten grave.

YOLANDE.



### How we went from Bigorre to Luchon.

WE passed part of the summer and autumn of 186— in the little town of Bagnères de Bigorre, in the Pyrenees, and meeting some friends who were anxious to join a party and make an excursion to Bagnères de Luchon, it was left to my uncle and brother, the only gentlemen of the company, to make the necessary arrangements.

At the time of which I speak, there was no railway even to Pau, and the transit to the different watering places in the Pyrenees was both more difficult and more expensive than it is now ; being either accomplished by diligence or posting, both of which methods of conveyance lose in various discomforts what they gain in romance.

Our party consisted of my uncle and mother, my brother, who was about eighteen years of age, two sisters and

myself, all younger; three timid and elderly ladies, and a young lady considerably older than ourselves.

It was beautiful weather, about the middle of September, the intense heat of a Pyrenean summer was somewhat tempered by pleasant autumnal breezes, and we had anticipated such pleasure from our contemplated trip, that the young ones especially were in a high state of expectation. Accordingly, the day before the one fixed on to start, my uncle and Charlie set off to go the round of the different stables, and choose the fleetest looking horses and most substantial carriages for our journey, or rather, I should say, the least broken-down-looking of both.

Each had a most profound faith in his own powers of oratory in a foreign language, a faith in which we could not conscientiously join, and when any more than ordinary difficulty arose, and our offers of help were indignantly rejected, they eked out the poverty of their words by a number of extraordinary gestures, calculated, in my opinion, and I think also in that of their hearers, rather to obscure their meaning than otherwise. My sisters' and my own home-taught French was not much better than theirs when we first came to the Continent, but by dint of study and conversation we flattered ourselves that we were at least intelligible; but as a rule, on such occasions, men will not accept woman's help until they find they absolutely cannot get on without it; so, as I said before, our two cavaliers set off alone to complete our arrangements.

They returned in about an hour and a half, looking rather dejected and crest-fallen, and were met by a chorus of questions as to whether we had been too late in applying; were all the carriages engaged, or were they demanding an exorbitant price?

Rather reluctantly, after many preambles and a great deal about the "confounded patois these 'voituriers' spoke," the truth came out that they had neither understood themselves what was said nor had they succeeded in conveying the very faintest meaning of what they wished; so, very laudably repressing a little excusable feminine triumph, my eldest sister and I put on our hats and accompanied them in the capacity of interpreters.

We had a good deal of bargaining to do, and after agreeing to give the man a sum exactly one-half of what he originally demanded, we were assured with great volubility that his carriage and horses were the very best

in all Bagnères ; the others were—well, it was'nt for him to say what they were—but *he* had never failed to give satisfaction, and so monsieur and madame would find. He promised that if we were willing to start between five and six o'clock in the morning, that we should be at Bagnères de Luchon, *parole d'honneur*, by eight that evening; that was allowing two hours' rest in the middle of the day, and if he didn't keep his word—*eh bien!* monsieur could keep the money.

At five o'clock next morning the carriages were at the door, and after a hurried scramble of a breakfast, we deposited ourselves and our belongings in them. I cannot say that, judging from the appearance of the steeds, one would have concluded they were fast goers, nor should we have much relished driving at home in such a turn-out, for the dust of many journeys had coated the panels with a sort of a dull grey, and the harness was very freely supplemented with rope ; the driver gleefully produced a coil of the same from below the seat, telling us complacently to set our minds at rest, for if we did by any possibility come to grief, behold, he had wherewith to repair all damages !

Unpromising as some of the details appeared, we were determined to make the best of everything. On a lovely morning, to young eyes everything takes a rosy tint, and in high delight we took our places, the drivers cracked their great long whips like so many pistols going off, gee-hee'd, yelled, and sacré'd their horses, and with that noisy clatter, without which no French postilion ever made his entry into, or exit from a town, off we set.

It was a glorious morning. The air was just sufficiently keen to raise one's spirits to a delightful pitch, the dew was sparkling on every hedge, the rosy tint had not yet died off the snow-covered mountains, and as the fresh morning breeze blew back the hair from our faces, we laughed and chattered and formed a hundred excursions and plans for our stay at Luchon.

We "*bonjouré*" all the peasants going to their morning labour, and looked derisively at the lazy motion of the charettes drawn by dull-eyed, slow-footed oxen, with their long white coverings ; looks which were sometimes returned by their drivers with a sneer, intimating that we should not long continue our present delightful pace. And we did not. In about one hour and a-half's time there was a considerable difference in the speed ; the

driver being gently remonstrated with by my uncle with a "Pourquoi allez vous—so slow—so lente," appealed to our feelings, "Would these ladies like to see the poor beasts forced up a hill like that?" pointing to an almost imperceptible rising ground half a kilomètre off. From the subsequent pace, I think the whole road to Paillole must have been one long hill, though we failed to discover it as such, but further remonstrance was useless after our driver telling us that after a rest, "the best horses in Bagnères" would be as fresh as ever, but they had gone about forty kilomètres the day before.

In short, we had been "done." No sacré'ing, which together with the whip, in justice to our Jehu, I must say he did not spare, would force our pair to go beyond a foot-pace, and the other carriage, the horses of which, though breathing very hard and considerably exhausted, were not in such a wretched plight as ours, kept near to cheer us.

The fear was coming home to us that it would be very late indeed before we reached Luchon; and although the scenery began to be much finer, and we ought to have been in the height of enjoyment, our spirits of the morning had somewhat evaporated; still we fixed our hopes upon getting a change of horses at Paillole. At last we reached the village, hours after we ought to have done so, and were struck at the desolate aspect it presented. Not a person did we see but one or two old women and children, and on driving up to the little inn-door were met by a half-witted ostler, who, on enquiry, informed us there was a fair at a village some distance off, to which nearly every one had gone, and worst of all, had taken the only pair of horses with them. We angrily appealed to our driver as to what was to be done. It was he who brought us into this dilemma, and he it was who must rescue us from it, and although many hard words were addressed to him (a few of the hardest, fortunately, he did not understand, as my uncle was wasting them in English on the air), he never once lost his good humour, but scratching his head, at length found there a brilliant idea, for, clapping his hands together, he exclaimed—"I have it, we will have a pair of cows put before the horses to pull them up the steep!"

After considerable delay, four aged cows were hunted up somewhere in the village, and chartered for our service, and our cavaleade set forth. A few dry jokes were

attempted, but as they were very grimly responded to by the elder members of the party, we occupied ourselves in admiring the scenery around us. The ascent of the Col d'Aspin is carried through forests of splendid fir trees, whose dense growth and dark luxuriance give rather a sombre aspect to the scene; but every here and there, through breaks in the trees, or where the road zigzagged more abruptly, we caught glimpses of unrivalled beauty; the Pic du Midi towering above the range of mountains on one hand, and the magnificent snow-covered peak of the Maladetta towards the Spanish side. Pine forests are certainly most beautiful, but their beauty becomes somewhat monotonous, when one is subject, in the course of an hour, to twenty delays of a different nature, and when, instead of being at the summit of the Col in about an hour and a-half from the time we left Paillole, the afternoon was far advanced, and we had not half completed our upward journey. Suddenly we came to a stand-still—the charioteer in front was ejaculating madly—one of his horses had fallen. There was no help for it,—all the baggage was piled on the box and back of our carriage, half of the party set out to walk to Arcean, where we now knew we must pass the night, and the empty carriage, with the disabled horses and their bovine leaders, we left to return to Paillole how and when they might. We uttered no remonstrance in the meantime; our wrath would be none the less for being nursed a while. It was twilight long before we completed the ascent. I, for one, thought the descent would never be accomplished, for we seemed to do nothing but turn corners, and after we saw the lights of the little town twinkling just below us, and thoughts of welcome food and rest cheered our flagging spirits, we lost sight of them for more than an hour, and when next seen they seemed further off than ever.

It was dark night before we reached our destination. The walking party had arrived, and though somewhat fatigued with going across country in order to shorten the way, and lengthening it considerably by the process, they were recovering a little at the prospect of supper, which they had ordered.

I shall never forget how I enjoyed that supper! Nectar and ambrosia could never have tasted as did that ham and eggs; the very appearance of the room where we partook of it is photographed on my memory. It was a

long, low, dirty room, with common deal tables and benches running down one side from end to end, a prevailing smell of stale tobacco and garlic hung in the atmosphere, and the company collected round the upper end of the table was a very heterogeneous one. Peasants in blouses and sabots, and two or three greasy, long-haired, beer-drinking German students, one or two unmistakable "commis-voyageurs," the pomade on whose hair blended aromatically with the already odorous air, and one smart-looking young Englishman, evidently the hero of the company, who was keeping the others in peals of laughter.

Notwithstanding the noise, and the dirt, and the confusion, we made a hearty meal, and then my uncle sent for the driver to come in, to hear our opinion of his conduct, and acquaint us with his arrangements for the morrow. He came in wiping his mouth on his sleeve—the very impersonation of contentment.

My uncle had been prevailed on to allow some one else to speak for him; reluctantly yielding only on the condition that he chose what was to be said, and insisting it was to be translated verbatim. Knowing he could scarcely order one of the elderly ladies to be his mouthpiece, he selected me (as being taller and older-looking than my sisters) to conduct the case. "Tell him he's a great blackguard!" were the first words offered me for translation. "And ask him what he means by his outrageous conduct."

I confess I felt a little taken aback by the strength of the language, especially as it was to be delivered before a considerable audience; and secondly, I was not at all sure what the French for "blackguard" was, so, after mildly suggesting that he had put us to great inconvenience, I ventured rather timidly to call him a "coquin." Here I abruptly paused, having accidentally met the disapproving glance of one of the demure old ladies. "Don't you know what blackguard is? Say a cheat, a swindler, an anything!" exclaimed my irascible uncle.

The subject of these remarks did not seem at all overawed by them, and after a few more sentences of feeble threatnings of other proceedings, and forcing him to pay our hotel bill, etc.—during the utterance of which I became covered with confusion, as the noise at the upper end of the table had ceased, and every ear was bent to listen to our altercation, I retired from the combat, not certainly

with flying colours. My uncle had, meanwhile, been working himself up to a great pitch of fury, and judging by the very faint impression I was making on the criminal before me, he asserted I was not saying what he had told me, as assuredly I was not, considering the language in which he was indulging; so, taking the law into his own hands, he burst forth into such a torrent of abuse in mingled French and English, as only an Englishman indulges in on the Continent, and which would have been rather satisfactory had it done any good, but falling upon heedless ears, I know not to what extent it might have gone, had not the young Englishman at this crisis stepped forward and offered his assistance in smoothing any little difficulty.

The presence of a sympathising fellow-countryman, more than anything else, soothed the troubled waters, and after we had explained the case to him, he turned, and in a few sharp sentences informed our imperturbable conductor that he could be dismissed without a farthing, which fact did not seem at all to disturb his serenity. We were very tired, and exchanging good nights, we separated, retiring to our several apartments.

*(To be continued.)*

LA MAURICE.



### L i n e s.

THE sun in our horizon lies yet low,  
Its light streams level on our tangled path,  
And all obstructions, that may rise therein  
Cast such a long thick shadow round our steps,  
We call it night, and stray amid the thorns,  
And sit us down, and chafe, and weep, and wail,  
And doubly blind our eyes, and shut our ears,  
When both would serve us most to guide us right.  
We name these troubles, trials, griefs, or pains.  
Oh, not till we have found the path once more  
That leads us past the shadow, do we find  
The substance is a golden column, reared  
In the full radiance of the morning light,  
And on it writ, in words with precious gems,  
A message, and a meaning deep as life.

The words we read, the meaning oft we miss.  
 Full many rise, to guide our wandering feet  
 Back to "the Way," until our waking mind  
 Peers through the dim-stained glass of flesh it wears,  
 And meets their meaning. Ah then ! looking back  
 The path we came, we see their sunlit forms  
 Gleaming their rays of love, as thick as stars,  
 And their reflected light shines eastward back,  
 To clear the shadows of the coming ones,  
 As the moon lights us when the sun is hid.  
 And Patience with Experience flows from each,  
 Hope, Faith, and Love, through all, and knowledge grows  
 To temper our weak souls, that they may learn  
 To bear the full light of the perfect Day,  
 When that clear Sun high in our zenith shines  
 Above us—in us, changeless—shadowless.

LUTEA RESEDA.



## The Forest.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÄTHE VOSS.

A YOUNG girl went one day once into a forest. She was very very sad, for some one had died whom she had dearly loved.

The forest was still calm and peaceful, for it was early in the morning, and, moreover, Sunday morning, on which all nature rests from labour. The maiden went slowly along, with drooping head and down-cast eyes, and so it was that she saw nothing of the splendour of the wood around, which shone in all the brilliancy of summer. The tall trees wore their thick foliage of the freshest green, on the ground grew luxuriant ferns and mosses, out of whose protecting embrace the tiny wood-flowers raised shyly their little heads. Birds and beetles rejoiced in the glittering rays of the morning sun, while the sparkling fountain sped in busy haste to meet the rushing brook.

The young maiden had no eyes for all this, but the inhabitants of the wood saw her as she passed mournfully on, and they pitied her ; and the trees and flowers, the grasshoppers and birds, and the clear running spring

said to each other, "What ails the poor child? come, let us console her, she is very sad to-day. Once she looked joyfully around with her bright eyes, sang her little song, and took pleasure in everything here. But now she is mournful, let us comfort her in her sorrow."

Many friends at home had tried to comfort the poor young girl, she had listened to them in silence, and remained sorrowful as before. To-day her grief had given her no peace, and had driven her out into the wood, and she was now wandering half unconscious along the old familiar path, which led to her favourite spot, where, in former times, she had so often and so happily lingered. It was a meadow in the midst of the forest, thickly surrounded by old, lofty trees, which, with their dark foliage, sheltered her from sun, rain, and wind. The meadow was of the freshest green, strewn with various flowers, a rich, brightly glittering, coloured carpet, and here the hastening fountain reached the little stream which flowed quietly along, pursuing its way further and further on by the edge of the forest.

Under an ancient oak tree stood a bench of branches simply twisted together, thither the young girl went, and sat down in the cool leafy shade. She clasped her hands, let her head fall upon her bosom, and thought, "Would that I could lie down and die, life is nothing to me now, I can never, never be happy again."

"I will sing to her my most beautiful song, and bring joy and comfort into her troubled heart," spoke the little bird in the branches of the old oak. And it sang, with its clear, soft voice, a song of praises about the love of God, who takes the smallest creature under His protection; it sang of forest life; of the awakening spring after a long winter; of the warm sunshine and refreshing rain; of the shady shelter of the trees, and of God's goodness and truth. The song rang so clearly and melodiously through the wood, that the maiden raised her head involuntarily, to listen to the sweet tones.

Then the old oak rustled, shook its mighty crown, its branches and its leaves, and spoke, "I have stood here in the forest for many long years, and I have seen and experienced many things. When I was young and weak, the storms sometimes threatened to break me; the cold winter robbed me of my leaves, I stretched my naked branches into the icy air, trembling with cold, I sobbed and groaned in the wind, I thought

that I was about to die. Then the snow came, and lay warmly and protectingly on my bare branches, so that they sparkled like diamonds, and glittered in the bright sunshine. Afterwards spring lent me a new young leafy dress still more beautiful than the former one. Then I thanked God, and was glad that He had held His hand over me; and when winter came again, I was no longer sad, for I knew that the hand of God shields and protects, that a new spring follows winter, that where there is light, there must be shadow,—I learned to trust and to stand fast in affliction.”

Here the old oak was silent. The maiden bowed her head again, a feeling of shame came over her. Then her eye fell upon a simple little daisy, which was blossoming at her feet in the grass; she had nearly trodden upon it; and it began thus, “Do not hurt us! What have we flowers done to thee, that thou shouldest take no notice of us, and almost tread upon us? Once thou lovedst us, and gathered many a bouquet, and took delight in us. We live our life here in the wood, we enjoy the blue heaven above us, the warm sun, the refreshing dew. Wherefore dost thou close thy heart to all, and think only of thyself, whilst here, in eternal harmony, one lives only for another? The streamlet gives us our nourishing drink, the trees spread their shade above us. We invite the bees and beetles to our banquet; all delight in the sunshine, the fragrance of the wood, the singing of the birds.”

The little brook said, “Always onward, always further on, from the fountain to the stream, from the stream to the river, from the river into the raging sea. From the cool shade of the woods, through meadows and corn fields, past villages, through the barren heath, through large cities, without rest, without stay. My beginning is small, nay, invisible; I increase as I go on, and my end is mighty. Count the drops of the ocean—thou canst not—what is a single drop to the whole? What is a single human being to the whole universe? Everything struggles onwards, and there is no end upon earth: strive thou also, forget thy grief, think of the end, live for others.”

As the maiden hearkened to the murmuring voice of the brook, she looked into the pure clear water, and beheld there the mirrored image of the forest, the high tops of the trees, whose crowns were gently moved by

the wind, and the blue sky above, on which the little clouds were sailing. The branches of the trees on the shore hung down into the water. A few single leaves were floating gently along, on one of them sat a little brown beetle, quite still in the warm sunshine.

"Forest life and sunshine, fragrance and the song of the birds, the blue heaven, and the green meadows in their flowery dress, do we need more to be happy? These are there for the enjoyment of all, forego gloomy sadness, trust thyself to the true hand of God. Gently and safely he will lead thee. Thou shalt have confidence where thou now doubttest and art afraid, and peace until the end."

Thus hummed the little beetle. The maiden wept, but her tears were without bitterness. She was still sorrowful, but life was no longer a burden to her; she perceived that many things still remained for her, and that she had still much to do.

She arose to go home, she had treasured up in her heart what the forest had said to her of the love and truth of God, of His love which never becomes weary in healing where we wound, in truth where we are untrue, in forbearance and patience where we forget Him!

THEKLA.

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## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Life of Thomas Cooper.* Written by HIMSELF.  
London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is a curious and interesting book, being the autobiography of a curious and interesting man. Racy in style, replete with stirring incident, and above all, holding up to view and recounting the struggles of a nature of no ordinary calibre. *The Life of Thomas Cooper* is fitted to arouse an interest which many a romance is incapable of exciting.

Few men have appeared in a greater variety of characters than this Thomas Cooper. In his day, shoemaker, schoolmaster, self-taught linguist and mathematician, musical enthusiast, Methodist preacher, newspaper reporter and editor, Chartist demagogue, political prisoner,

poet, novelist, religious septic, and lecturer on subjects too various for enumeration here; he has now, for some sixteen years, set himself to a truly noble life-work—that of “preaching the faith which once he destroyed.” Aware how much in bygone days he did to injure the cause of Christianity by the propagation of theories antagonistic to its doctrines, he now constitutes himself the champion of the true faith, and has,—besides delivering in all parts of Great Britain addresses on the Evidences of Christianity,—published a book on the same subject, entitled *The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time*.

The passages in Cooper’s life, in which are described the fierce, and too often lawless, struggles of the Chartists for what they considered their rights, are full of interest, even for those of us to whom the word “Chartism” comes only as an echo from the unfamiliar past; nor can we refrain from sympathising in some measure in the evident relish with which the now sober veteran of sixty-seven years relates some of the escapades of this strange chapter of his history.

The chief blemish of the book lies, perhaps, in the too apparent spirit of egotism and vanity pervading its pages, but, by its very openness, provoking rather a smile than any harsher criticism; yet, in spite of this, we venture to affirm that one cannot lay down *The Life of Thomas Cooper* without feeling that one has made the acquaintance of a manly, generous, and noble nature.

*Real Folks.* By Mrs WHITNEY. Samson & Low.

THIS is an American book, as fresh, and real, and homely as its title. Full of notable sayings and quaint ideas, it should certainly be in every young girl’s library.

*The Soul and Money.* By JEREMIAS GOTTHELF. Translated by GUARTERICK VERE.

THIS is a religious story of Swiss peasant life. Much of it is pleasantly readable and lifelike, and it has the merit of simplicity, but the tale is spun out somewhat beyond its capacity.

## Sir Walter Scott's Prose.

THOSE of our readers who have followed "Elfic" with interest, as she unfolded to us in the last three numbers of our Magazine the beauties of Scott as a poet, will, perhaps, listen to a few words from me on his merits as a prose writer.

Sir Walter Scott has deservedly gained the laurels from all novelists of the nineteenth century. We may, in truth, substantiate the opinion Sandford gives of him, that "he was the greatest novelist any age or kingdom ever produced." But Scotland has always been remarkable for the high literary attainments gained by her children; even in semi-barbarous times she cultivated the muses with success. Thomas the Rhymer was perhaps the first great Scotch poet, and he preceded by a hundred years any English poet whose works are extant. John Barbour, the author of *the Bruce*, was no unworthy contemporary of the great Chaucer; also, about the same time flourished Andrew of Wyntown, a rhyming chronicler. James I., who reigned early in the fifteenth century, has left in his "*Quair*," or *book*, a beautiful specimen of his poetical talents. Further down we come to Henryson, Dunbar, Douglas, Kennedy, Lindsay, Alexander, Ramsay, Thomson, Beattie, Burns, Scott, Hogg, Campbell, and countless others. In history, Scotland has a bright galaxy, Buchanan, Burnet, Hume, Henry, Ferguson, Stuart, Laing. Besides many philosophical and metaphysical writers, her novelists rank high, when the names of Moore, Smollett, Mackenzie, Galt, and last, not least, but greatest, Sir Walter Scott are of the number. Holding such a high position as Scotland does, and always has done, in literature, we have not much cause to wonder that Sir Walter Scott gained such a glorious name, for, living in such a country and in the very bosom of learning, the wonder would rather be if such a man had not appeared. Perhaps his prose writings are of a higher order than his poetry, though that is so sweet and exquisitely plaintive, it would make a man a great man, if it had no prose to form a substantial background, or rather foundation, to his name and credit. If one man had written the *Lady of the Lake*, in which Scott's poetical genius seems to have reached the acme of its power, and another *Kenilworth*, or *Peperil of the Peak*, they

would both have left a name—illustrious, famous—but, when the two were produced by one brain, they claim almost a double amount of admiration, added to their individual merit, which the world in general would be too short-sighted to appreciate.

But, as we have said, it is with Scott's prose works that we have at present to do.

In the memoirs of Sir W. Scott, by Loekhart, we are told that when Sir Walter, in the presence of George IV., denied being the author of *Waverley*, the king said he was glad to hear it, for it was a higher boast to have two such brilliant writers as the authors of *Marmion* and *Waverley*, than one capable of producing both. *Waverley* was the first of his novels which appeared, and was sufficiently interesting to make the world long for something more from the same pen; then *Guy Mannering*, the *Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality* quickly followed. At that time Scott had an object in writing speedily for the press. *Ivanhoe* was the next, and one of the finest. The extreme simplicity and sweetness of *Rowena*, with all the sterling qualities which make womanhood what it is, form a rich contrast to the nobility and high courageous spirit of the beautiful Jewess, and make the reader long for two *Ivanhoes* instead of one; for the happiness of *Rowena* can hardly be thoroughly sympathised with, when it tolled the death knell to that of Rebecca. At the same time, there is this comfort to be drawn from the very sadness of Rebecca's lot, in the proof it affords of how a woman's spirit, when called thoroughly into action, can rise in spite of the most cruel blow into an atmosphere clearer and purer than that which contented it before, because the ordeal through which it passes, instead of crushing it when it is denied fulfilment, refines and ennobles it to higher ends and greater aims than the mere fact of an answering love. I do not mean by this to depreciate love; it is, we all know, the most beautiful part of life, but love lends a patience, an endurance, a higher degree of object to the mind when it is unfulfilled, if the spirit be strong enough to live in a healthy atmosphere again, than if the colour that love had given it had never been. Certainly the hues will not be so bright or so pleasing to the eye, but the intense whiteness of self will have been lost in the rainbow tints of pure disinterestedness. Such a spirit was *Rebecca's*, fully exemplified in that one scene where she kneels, in all the pride of her eastern beauty, before the

wife of her life's hero, and gives in all humility her diamond jewels to *Rowena*. A great deal more might be said of this charming book besides the actual tale; all the historial account of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, and the persecutions of the Jews, but in a cursory notice of such a great author, much must necessarily be passed over that is intensely interesting.

*Kenilworth* is a picture of *Elizabeth* and her court. Besides the actual history and wonderful insight into the character of the age, Sir Walter Scott excites an extraordinary interest in the reader, even in these somewhat *blasé* days, when he tells *Leicester's* character so vividly, the sad story of *Amy Robsart*, and all the pride and vanity of poor "*Queen Bess*." In the beginning of *Kenilworth* there is a lovely poem called *Cumnor Hall*, written by Mickle, and found in Evan's ancient ballads, and a very favourite one with Scott. The exquisite pathos in lines such as these—

"Then Earl, why didst thou leave the beds,  
Where roses and where lilies vie,  
To seek a primrose whose pale shades  
Must sicken, when those gauds are by?"

or again, such as these—

How far less blest am I than them,  
Daily to pine and waste with care;  
Like the poor plant that from its stem  
Divided feels the chilling air,"

make this ballad a fitting preface for such a tale as *Kenilworth*.

*Rob Roy* ranks high among Scott's novels; the daring adventure of *Macgregor*, and all the hazards of *Frank Osbaldistone*, tempered with the half-savage life of his cousins—the *Osbaldistones* of the *Hall*, the mysterious behaviour and spirit of *Diana Vernon*, and the marvellous achievements of the masculine *Helen*—together form a tale of no common interest. After this novel, so full of exciting midnight rides through forests infested with danger, wonderful attacks of daring robbers, and escapes unparalleled in history or romance, with the mysterious concealment of *Di Vernon's* father, and the sum up of the whole strain of excitement, it is somewhat refreshing to turn to the mournful, solemn story of the *Bride of Lammermuir*.

All the sorrows of *Lucy Ashton* and her essentially feminine character; her true, noble, womanly, love for the *Master of Ravenswood*, and the deep, mystic, solemnity

of the *Mermaid's Fountain* are very interesting and touching. Shadowy forebodings warn the lovers, in their first blush of happiness, not to seek it too greedily here, for that *here* is not love's rest. The end of this tale is happy if there is little comfort in it before, when *Lucy Ashton* lies in the arms of death, and *Ravenswood*, likewise dead, lives with his love in brighter lands, where all is sunshine with no *Bucklaw* to overshadow it.

Then we have the *Fair Maid of Perth*, not immoderately solemn or excitingly tragie, with its village history of *Catherine*, the glover's daughter, and the brawny honest *Smith*. While it is by no means tame or dull when *Conachar* and his battle, and the *Duke of Rothsay* and his effeminate father, *Robert III.*, appear.

It would be absurd, in these few thoughts on such a great writer, to attempt to mention the plots and histories contained in all his books; but surely it is a kind of novel reading to study which will give food to the mind, and raise the tone, and quicken the taste for deeper literature. A man or woman cannot read one of *Sir W. Scott's* novels without learning a good many things, and though some of the minute workings out may be a little wearisome, and the long arguments tedious, yet how much more healthy are its effects than those of the sensational 3 vol. novels, of the present day; novels with no knowledge of life or history, and merely the products of a heated imagination. Sir A. Phillips says,—"To provide books for female reading, novels were contrived; and owing to women having leisure they were multiplied, and since 1780 have so grown in number as almost to supersede all other books." If this be true, "O woman what have you done!" If it be women who brought novels into existence, it is women's work to raise their standard and ennoble their aim. This may be done by writing and studying a higher class of novels than those in general about us.

I have not space to mention all the other books Sir W. Scott has left us as a legacy. But surely most of my readers have read them often, and know their beauties for themselves. Who has not studied with delight the *Abbot* and the *Monastery*, with the vivid pictures of monastic life, and the tales of the *Avenels*, together with the sweet *Spirit* or *White Lady of Avenel*, and *Halbert* and *Edward Glendinning*, with the absurd *Piercie Shafton*?

Likewise *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *Robert of Paris*, etc.

But if there be any among my readers who have not read them, let us advise them to do so at once, for in their depths lie gold unalloyed, hidden beauties of untold value. "Scott," says Collier "was eminently a painter in words. The picturesque was his *forte*. Witness the magnificent descriptions of natural scenery—sunsets, stormy sea, deep woodland glades—with which many of his chapters open. But his portraiture surpasses his landscapes. For variety and true painting of character, he was undoubtedly the Shakspeare of our English prose. What a crowd of names, 'familiar as household words,' come rushing on us as we think of the gallery of portraits his magical pencil has left for our endless delight and study! There is scarcely a class of old Scottish life without its type in this collection."

LAURA N. SMITH.



## The Struggles of a Chaperone.

### PART I.—THE ARCHERY MEETING.

I WONDER why it is that I, one of the most hair-brained creatures living, am so constantly selected to fill the responsible office of a chaperone? It is a thing I have pondered and pondered over, and cannot understand. There never is a ball, a croquet party, an archery meeting, a pic-nic, a social gathering of any description within ten miles of Barden, but I am besieged for a week before the event by the mothers and daughters of the vicinity. "Dear Mrs Somers. I have *such* confidence in leaving my girls in *your* care." "Dear Mrs Somers, I *hope* will do me this *great* kindness, for there is *no* other lady in the neighbourhood whom I consider so *excellent* a chaperone!"—that is what the mammas say, though I am not yet thirty, and though half the girls who are placed under my care look more dignified and matronly than I do. "O, Mrs Somers, *do* take us! it is such fun to go with you! you never come away early; you don't mind the heat, or the cold, or the distance; you're not afraid of driving home in the dark; do, do take us just this once!"—that is what the girls say, and who could say "no" to them? certainly not

myself. Jack says the mammas act upon the principle, "set a thief to catch a thief;" that they know a reformed flirt makes the best chaperone, and that they have heard tales about the Edinburgh balls a few years ago,—but of course *that* is quite absurd, as absurd as the reason he assigns for the girls wishing to go with me, that they do so on the chance of his going too! But whatever may be the reason, the fact remains the same, and few matrons of my standing have done as much in the chaperone way as I have.

Generally speaking, I am very fond of the work, and I am very proud when I feel, as I generally do, that my party is the centre of attraction; and as Minnie (you remember my sister Minnie, I hope?) is generally with me, I can leave my girls with her for a few minutes while I have tea, or supper, or any other little relaxation, and that saves me the fatigue of mounting guard without intermission. But sometimes, I must confess, very provoking things do happen, and I am constrained to heave a sigh over my unavailing efforts to keep things right. When Ada Fielding went with me to the Sutton cricket-match in a sharp easterly day last year, and when neither entreaties, nor commands, nor a gentle degree of force would induce her to put on a shawl, because of the two I had brought, one was scarlet, and the other crimson, and they both "killed" her pink bonnet, and made her complexion muddy; and when she caught a shocking cold, and when Mrs Fielding went about saying to everybody, "how she wished dear Mrs Somers had taken better care of Ada at that cricket-match"—*then*, I confess, I was what Jack called "riled," and not so sorry as I should have been for Ada's sore throat and cough, poor thing! And it was almost as bad at the militia ball this spring, when Jenny Lawrence *would* dance waltz after waltz with that disreputable horsey cousin of hers, whom old Mr Lawrence won't allow to be in or near his house. In vain I introduced all the best dancers and talkers in the room to Jenny; in vain I sent her to supper with Jack, and to the ice-room with my brother Davie; in five minutes she was waltzing with her cousin again, and there has been war between her and her father ever since, and old Mr Lawrence crosses the road when he sees me coming. Happily these things are the exception; and, as a rule, I am very fond of chaperoning.

But I began this with the intention of telling you

about our archery meeting this summer, and what an amount of trouble I had there with my young lady charges. As usual, I had a very large party, Ada Fielding (for Mrs Fielding very soon forgot all about Ada's cold, or perhaps Ada confessed the facts of the ease), the two pretty Miss Wyvills, quiet, easily managed girls, the two Miss Harringtons, piquante, lively, and dashing, and the two, whom my story principally concerns, Sophia Irwin and Carrie Carleton. Sophia was a sister of that Dr Irwin whom I told you about in the history of my sister Minnie, and who was with us again upon this occasion; and Carrie Carleton was a grandniece of old Dr Carleton of Sutton, who had taken my brother Davie into partnership. The Wyvills were cousins of my brother-in-law, Harry Wyvill, and they were put in my charge on this occasion, as Minnie was too fully occupied with what Harry most unpaternally called "that inevitable baby," to attend the archery meeting and ball. Harry was with us, and Davie, and my husband, who is an enthusiastic archer, for one day left his patients to take care of themselves, and accompanied us to the scene of action. It was a great triumph to carry off Jack for a whole day, and as I reviewed, from the elevation of the door-step, the party assembled at the garden gate, I felt that it would create no small sensation on the field, and the chaperone's heart beat high. At that moment, too, there darted into my brain a scheme, an arrangement so feasible, so natural, so advantageous to all parties concerned, that it awoke within me, not only the chaperone, but the matchmaker; and I darted forward to arrange the division of the party in accordance with my sudden and brilliant inspiration.

We all started in excellent spirits, which increased rather than diminished as we neared the archery ground. The weather was beautiful, and as yet none of the party was troubled by any "secret sorrow" or annoyance. Ada Fielding had a pretty blue shawl, which exactly matched the feather in her hat, so my mind was easy about her; no one had tight boots,—Jack made it his business to ascertain that, and our party were all on the best of terms. And when we alighted at the archery field, my delight knew no bounds when I saw the individuals included in my before-mentioned brilliant scheme, arrange themselves, without any strategy on my part, exactly as I wished them to go. To let you into the secret, kind reader, I had long wished that it would occur

to my brother Davie to marry Sophia Irwin. She was a thoroughly "nice," good girl, ladylike, handsome, and accomplished; and though so sedate and demure as sometimes to be almost stiff, I thought there was enough quicksilver in Davie's disposition to make it very desirable that his wife should possess some extra discretion. Then the Irwins were very well off, and I don't deny that I gave considerable weight to that argument; and then it was time for Davie to marry—a bachelor doctor never gets on in his profession; and altogether my only difficulty was that the marriage would leave Dr Irwin solitary, until that morning, standing on the door-step, an excellent solution presented itself to my mind. Dr Irwin was such a very grave and learned personage, that the idea of *his* marrying had never occurred to me, until I suddenly saw him with an air of the profoundest interest, greasing the tips of Carrie Carleton's satchery gloves, and I at once resolved that Dr Irwin should marry Carrie Carleton. Carrie was very pretty, very poor, and when old Dr Carleton died, would be quite alone in the world; while it was well known that all the old doctor had to leave, would go to his own daughters in America, and governnassing would probably be poor Carrie's fate. She was a little butterfly of a creature, with the sweetest of tempers, and the liveliest of dispositions, always laughing, and ready for any kind of fun, but quite unfit, poor child, to struggle with hardships and poverty; and could there be a better arrangement than that she should marry Dr Irwin, a steady responsible man a dozen years her senior, who could so well protect and care for her, shield her from all care and hardship, and surround her with the comfort and luxury which seemed pretty Carrie's rightful portion? Surely the idea was an excellent one; and as I have already said, I was delighted on arriving at the archery ground to see Sophia Irwin and Davie go off together to the first target, while Dr Irwin gravely followed, laden with Carrie's bow, arrows, and etceteras, as well as his own, and Carrie trotted beside him, chattering like a little magpie.

Harry Wyvill and his consins were at the second target, the Irwins, Carrie Carleton, Davie, Blanche Harrington, Jack, and myself were at the first, along with our old friends, Sir William and Lady Ellesmere, and Ada Fielding's brother. Ada herself and Rose Harrington were spectators merely, but of course kept near us most of the

time. The meeting was a very large and brilliant one, and the shooting remarkably good; and I am sure every one who was there that day joined in declaring that (except perhaps a review), there is no prettier sight than an archery meeting on a fine day. I was especially happy. Jack was making a capital score, I myself was as usual wonderfully lucky; Davie and Sophia conversed incessantly, and though they both looked very sombre, I have often seen an "affair" take that phase when it began to grow serious. Dr Irwin devoted himself to little Carrie with an amount of gallantry which I never thought he possessed; and the other members of the party all seemed to enjoy themselves. The Wyvills were exceedingly admired, but they had very little to say; and the great attraction of my party centred in the Harringtons, who were sparkling with excitement and pleasure, and looked very well in their white and green archery dresses. Ada Fielding, who was to be married in autumn, and whose *fiancé* was absent, at first assumed a distraite and pensive manner, and stationed herself on the outskirts of the party in an attitude of gentle melancholy; but this kind of amusement soon palls upon one when it fails to create a sensation, and after half-a-dozen ends, Ada was laughing and talking as merrily as if Captain Grey had been on Sutton Meadows instead of on the overland route. And so, during the greater part of that afternoon, I was a happy chaperone.

The first of my charges who began to give me anxiety was Rose Harrington, who was not very strong. Luncheon in the tent, with speeches to follow, was in that warm weather rather an exhaustive than a refreshing process; and when we all returned to the targets for the short-distance shooting, several of the ladies, Rose among them, began to look very tired. I implored her to go to the room we had taken at the inn and lie down, and I was supported by the professional authority of Jack, Davie, and Dr Irwin; but this was far too dull a proceeding for Miss Rose's taste, and by the time the shooting was over, I saw she was tired to death,—and the ball was still to come. Then Carrie Carleton's spirits suddenly failed. She detached herself from Dr Irwin, became very silent, and I actually thought I saw tears in her eyes. Dr Irwin appeared puzzled, and every now and then tried to re-establish conversation with her, but Carrie answered at cross purposes. Davie and Sophia were more confidential

than ever, but had by this time become so portentously gloomy, that I was not comfortable about them either. Ada Fielding was relapsing into sentiment, and though the Wyvills and Blanche Harrington were still all that I could wish, I was very glad when the archery was over, the prizes distributed, and we withdrew to the inn to take tea, rest, and dress for the ball. We had taken three rooms to dress in: one was appropriated to the gentlemen, one small one I selected for myself, and took Rose Harrington and Carrie Carleton with me, that I might see that they rested; while the third room was a very large one, and easily accommodated all the other girls. Poor Rose, the moment the door was shut, flung herself on the bed, utterly exhausted; but as it was only six o'clock, and the ball did not begin till ten, I thought she might still have a chance of appearing at it; so I made her get up and take off her dress and her boots, loosen her hair, bathe her head and face with cold water, and lie down again, and try to go to sleep—which she did in five minutes. Carrie and I arranged ourselves at opposite ends of a large sofa, and for more than two hours, the anxieties of the chaperone and the fatigues of the *chaperonées* were alike forgotten in the arms of Morpheus.

I was aroused by what I at first thought was a thunderstorm, but which proved to be Jack thumping upon the wall of the next room.

“Jeanie, are you going to sleep there all night? Tea will be ready immediately, and so shall we; make haste and come into the coffee-room.” I sprang up and hastened across the passage to warn the other girls of the flight of time, and found them all resting and much refreshed. They detained me a few moments to advise them on various details of their evening dress, and as I found Blanche Harrington had, like her sister, taken off her morning attire, I told her I should send tea to her room, and that Rose would come across and take it with her, while the rest of the party were in the coffee room. On going back to tell Rose and Carrie of this arrangement, I was struck by the remarkable improvement in Rose’s appearance since she had lain down, and complimenting her upon it, I sent her off to the other room to keep her sister company. Carrie and I smoothed our hair, and hurried out, just as all the rest of the party emerged from their rooms. I was very much puzzled by the look of dismay on Dr Irwin’s face when he saw Carrie and

me come out and shut the door; and I could not understand why he so immediately and anxiously inquired, "Where are the Miss Harringtons?" nor why, upon hearing that they were taking tea together in No. 13, he should look so full of blank dismay and extreme disgust. However, I dismissed the subject from my mind for the time; and though Dr Irwin did not recover his spirits, those of the rest of the party were sufficiently high to make our tea table a very merry one. Dressing was the next business, and a tremendous struggle it was, especially for me, who had to fly from one room to another, arranging Rose Harrington's flowers, extemporising a tucker for Lucy Wyvill, who had forgotten hers, helping Blanche Harrington to don a very complex panier, deciding whether a pink rose or a white camellia best suited Ada Fielding's complexion, completing my own toilet by fits and starts, and invariably being intercepted in my passage from one room to another by Jack, who had lost his studs, torn his gloves, and couldn't tie his tie. But at last all was happily accomplished, and we made a bold dart across the High Street, and entered the assembly rooms, where the music was just beginning. But for the account of all that happened at the ball, I must begin a new chapter.

DIDO.

*(To be continued.)*


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## The Stars.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A GREAT mighty journey made the hot sun  
Round the huge world.

"May we not travel with *thee*," said the stars,  
Round the huge world?"

But the sun scolded them. "Bide here," she cries,  
"I should burn out your little gold eyes  
By my fierce journey all round the world."

To the fair moon the little pet stars  
Hied in the night.

"O thou who reign'st," they sigh, "'midst fleecy clouds,  
Bright in the night,

Do let us go with thee, for thy mild beam  
Will never put out our eyes' golden gleam!"  
So they went with her—friends of the night.

We bid ye welcome, fair moon and stars,  
In the dark night.  
All my sad heart's secrets to ye are known  
In the dark night.  
Come, kindle in me your heavenly light,  
That I with fancies,—pure, joyous, and bright,—  
May rest in sweet blissful dreams of the night.

MADGE.



### How we went from Bigorre to Luchon.

(PART II.)

THE auberge at Arrean was little more than a small rambling house; it contained very few bedrooms, but a number of long, narrow, ghostly-looking passages, along several of which my sisters and I had to go to reach the little double-bedded room we were to share. What a wretched cavern it looked when we at last closed the door, and peered around to view its dimensions. The beds were built into the walls, which sloped down to the floor at one side, while at the foot of one bed there was a low mysterious-looking door. Being the least nervous of the three, I was selected to open the door and ascertain to what it led, for our minds were stored with legends of sliding panels and trap doors, and pictures of Spanish cavaliers concealing springs which, when touched, conveyed whole chambers and their inhabitants into undiscoverable dungeons. After listening awhile to some muffled stamping of feet and heavy breathing, which sounded not far off, I, with both my sisters trembling at my back, ventured to open the door, and, candle in hand, to peer down into the darkness. A hot, stifling air met my face, and the before-mentioned noise became louder. And, after starting back to collect my forces, I looked down again to see the indistinct forms of several horses through the rafters of the stable roof. Our fear of nocturnal visitors was for the moment set at rest, though the vicinity was anything but pleasant, as in the casual glimpse I obtained of the rafters, I saw they were a black seething mass of those lively insects which prevail in most towns on the Continent, and whose attachment to the human race is indisputable.

Having half dressed, the better to withstand their

attacks, and placed some chairs against our door, we laid ourselves down to sleep, which, despite some drawbacks, we did soundly, until some hours after midnight, when I was suddenly awakened by the violent beating of my heart, and became aware that some noise had startled me. I sat up trembling, held my breath, and listened. Oh, the length of these minutes!

A horrid stillness pervaded the inn. I could not bear the notion that I was the only living creature waking, and was vainly trying to persuade myself it might have been a dream (or, alas for romance, the effects of the ham and eggs), when I saw a light flash through the room, and heard stealthy steps in the courtyard beneath the window. I thought of the stable—it might be the groom amongst the horses, but in that case the light could not have flashed through the window, and I was trying to think of another reason to account for it, when I heard a step cautiously ascending the stair.

I shook my sister till she woke; hurriedly told her the fright I had received besought her to keep quiet, at the same time entreating her to tell me what she should do if a sliding panel opened, and bandits, their faces covered with crape—for I expected nothing less—appeared. We sat up and distinctly heard the steps approaching, pausing every few seconds, while now the light appeared at the chink under the door. At length they paused at our door, and we heard the dreadful thing kneel down and deposit something (probably his dagger or bludgeon) on the floor, evidently waiting to hear if we were asleep.

We nearly died of fright during that moment. Should we cry out “murder!” or speak to each other in audible tones to let him know we were awake, and could defend ourselves? We did neither. We clasped each other tightly, and so awaited our fate. In a minute or two the midnight wanderer slowly withdrew, but ere he had gone a few paces, we heard him stop once more.

I jumped out of bed, waked my eldest sister, who heard us impatiently, and sleepily replied, as she turned on her pillow,—“Of course, you stupid children, it is Boots, who always goes round that way, leaving every one’s boots at the doors; if you don’t believe it, open the door and see for yourselves.” Glad to believe anything, no matter how the truth demolished the romance, we were satisfied without ocular demonstration, and retiring to bed once more, fell fast asleep.

The fates evidently were not propitious, for we could make no comfortable arrangement for our continued journey next day. We wished, could we have managed it, all to travel together, and so we sent messengers through the little town to see if no possible vehicle was to be had. But as the only one in the whole place was in a most dilapidated condition, and the only available horse was one which had never been in harness (those we had seen in the stable were the relay for the daily diligence), we were reluctantly obliged to allow as many as could go, to proceed in the carriage we had, so as to engage rooms for the whole party at Bagnères de Luchon, and the rest of us would trust to the chance of getting seats in the diligence, which was expected to pass through Arrean some time in the forenoon.

The five who remained behind were my uncle, my brother, my mother, my youngest sister and I, and we tried to wile away the intervening weary hours by wandering through the dark streets, going in a melancholy manner to contemplate the old church of the Templars, and dismally bewailing the complete demolition of the castles in the air we had built about our long-spoken-of journey.

When it came to be two hours past the regular time of the arrival of the diligence, and when the host of the inn shook his head, and opined that in consequence of the fair of the day before, probably all the seats would be taken, my uncle, who prided himself on his driving powers, insisted on the old vehicle being dragged out, and the horse tried in it. My mother, with a pale face, ventured,—“John, my dear, you would surely never risk our lives!” but a rather contemptuous—“I should think I could drive that beast,” checked, if not her fear, at least her remonstrances, and we walked along the road, while the ostler followed, leading the animal in question. Leading him slowly and rather timorously, for the creature, frightened at the unwonted sound of wheels behind it, jumped and backed, and flung out with its hind legs, and showed a strong inclination to go anywhere but straight forward. The female portion of us were secretly congratulating ourselves that we should not be asked to sit behind it, after this exhibition, but my uncle vowed “it would go quite quietly with a good tight rope, and a taste of the whip, once it was clear of the town,” when it took matters into its own hands, by bolting from the groom, dashing into a

hedge with such vehemence, that it left the most part of the crazy machine behind it, and set off, dragging one of the shafts along the road.

Every resource seemed to fail us, and great was our delight, on our return to the inn, to see the diligence approach. Fortunately there was exactly the number of seats wanted, but unfortunately we could not be all accommodated together. Uncle and Charlie, who were greatly addicted to smoking, mounted to the banquette, and making themselves extremely comfortable amongst the luggage and under the hood which covered the top-heavy, unwieldy machine, divided their time between sandwich-eating and sleeping. My sister, being very small, was provided with an infinitesimal portion of space in the *coupé*, tightly wedged in between an enormously stout old French bourgeois and his still stouter wife. This couple filled the *coupé* very comfortably themselves, so I did not envy her position, especially as she had no prospect of changing it for a good many hours. My mother and I shared the interior (which was seated for four) with a young French gentleman and his wife. They had only been married a fortnight, the lady frankly informed us,—were on their wedding trip, and her husband was secretary to one of the Imperial household.

The bride and I sat on one side, opposite to me was the husband, and mamma sat in the other corner,—and so we resumed our ill-starred journey. It had been a fine morning, and we quite envied our friends the lovely drive they must have had in the open carriage, amid such exquisite scenery, which I have no time to describe here, for an account of which I refer my readers to *Murray's Handbook of France*; but towards afternoon, dark and heavy clouds had come up from the west, a thick gloom hung over the Maladetta, and long before we had reached the summit of the Col de Peyresourde, to the very top of which there is a good but hollow and steep carriage-road, the fog, which had been breaking itself in a thousand graceful and fantastic shapes round the pine-clad mountains, had rolled down toward us, and we were enveloped in mists.

It was dark as midnight and raining hard before we began to descend the equally steep and precipitous road on the other side of the mountains. We went down at a snail's pace, dragging the heavy "mechanisme" attached to all French vehicles; the monster diligence swaying to and fro

as we turned the abrupt corners, the light in front by the driver's seat blinking through the intense darkness, and casting ghostly shadows on the mist creeping up the rocky sides of the hill, for the road in some parts was most precipitous, and a false step on the part of the horses or a corner missed by the driver, would have dashed us over the cliff in a moment.

We ceased keeping up the desultory conversation common amongst travellers. We looked out into the blackness and thought of our friends round a cheerful fire in the hotel in Luchon far below. We heartily wished ourselves anywhere but where we were, horrid memories of dreadful accidents came crowding into our minds. Still we tried to speak cheerfully to one another, the cheering strain generally ending, however, in a fervent, "I wish we had arrived!"

The conductor, who was a person of a most restless temperament and morbid imagination, kept jumping off and on the step behind, remarking what a fearful night it was; how that there were signs of an early winter, as there had been a great bear hunt three days before, and two bears had been slaughtered at a particular spot we should reach in a few minutes; how that the great fierce Pyrenean dogs were let loose at nights amongst the flocks on the mountain's side, armed with their iron-spiked collars, to defend the sheep from the wolves which came down from the snow regions and committed fearful ravages.

Then he would leave us to digest this pleasing intelligence, and go to have a gossip and cigarette with the driver. Presently there was a noise—a stoppage—some swearing, and our heads were suddenly thrust from door and windows to ascertain the cause. Merely a trifle! One of our horses had fallen; some ropes repaired the damage to the harness; the animal was declared to be not much the worse, and on we went more slowly than ever. Oh how devoutly I wished the night was over; how fervently I hoped my sister was asleep in the *coupé*, and not enduring the terrors we were suffering. My only satisfaction was watching the tiny ray of light from the lamp in front, when suddenly it went out, and amidst a chorus of oaths from the driver and conductor, we once more came to a halt. A few moments of suspense, and one of the men came to tell us they had nothing to replenish their lamp, not having calculated on being so long on the road; it

was so dark they could hardly see a yard before them; the driver was to lead the horses down the steepest part of the road which we had just entered on; he would not hide from us that there was some danger, but if any of us were very much alarmed, he would advise us to dismount and walk behind the diligence.

Of course we descended, extricated my poor little terrified sister from her living tomb between the stolid couple, who would not have moved, I think, had we been rushing on to certain death; and, in spite of darkness, rain, and wind, we stumbled out on the road. My uncle and Charlie, totally discrediting all idea of danger, sleepily declined to leave the comfort of the banquette.

We all kept together, scarcely daring to speak, except to convey whispered warnings not to venture too near the edge of the cliff, and keeping the dim outline of the lumbering diligence before us, we followed carefully. We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, and were about a hundred yards from the vehicle, when a hoarse barking was heard not far behind, and the voice of the conductor shouting to us "to be quick, for the dogs were on us!" Run we did. We stumbled in pell-mell, my sister regaining her place in a half fainting condition, and being, as she afterwards informed us, restored by the woman on one side having, by almost superhuman efforts, dived into her pocket, and produced therefrom a scent bottle which she applied to her nose, while her husband performed the same office with his snuff box. We were no sooner safe inside than the dogs sprang upon the wheel, barking furiously, and only desisted after repeated lashes of the driver's whip.

The Frenchman's young wife, after invoking nearly every saint in the calendar, went into violent hysterics; her husband first coaxed, then he scolded her, but to no effect. "She wished she had been left at home, and what would her mother say hearing of her death, and how awful to be killed in this way, and how fervently she wished she was safe in Paris at her own home" (and I am not sure that her husband did not for one moment, at least, cordially echo her wish), and finally she nearly choked me by throwing her arm tightly round my neck.

I endeavoured to pacify her by assurances of safety I did not feel. I had now no doubt that sooner or later we should be dashed to some fearful depth below, and I thought I should like to hold mamma's hand in our hour

of danger. I put out my hand in the darkness, and grasping one which I concluded to be hers, I commenced stroking it softly, and I was startled by a great voice saying—"Mademoiselle, c'est la main de ma femme que je cherche." I dropped the hand as if I had been shot; dark though it was, I blushed scarlet for fully ten minutes, till the ludicrous sense of the mistake so overcame me, that I shook with silent laughter.

At last we found ourselves advancing at a quicker pace; the descent grew less steep; we could see the lights twinkling in the valley below, and about midnight we drove into the courtyard of the hotel, to find all our friends gone to bed, concluding that we had remained another night at Arrean. It was some time before we recovered from our fears, and a long time before we could look back with any degree of pleasure to our excursion, which had for its beginning such a very unpleasant journey.

LA MAURICE.



## "Toute de Suite."

### I.

BABY-spring, with laughing smile,  
 Tripping daintily awhile,  
 Singing to the rosy flowers,  
 Weeping to the flying hours,  
 Bringing happiness on earth  
 With the freshness of thy birth,  
 Hear'st thou not a tiny song  
 That the west wind bears along  
 From thy sister on the hill?  
 When the noisy birds are still  
 And the twilight, soft and sweet,  
 Fades before night's gloomy fect,  
     Hark to the warning,  
 "Il vient tout de suite."

### II.

Summer of the tulip-eyed,  
 On whose breast the spring has died,—  
 Died with roses in her hand  
 By the hedge and meadow land,—

Hear'st thou not a tender song  
That the south wind bears along,  
In the happy mellow blaze  
Of thy sunlight's golden rays,  
Or in the darker shades of night  
By the silver pale moonlight?  
Recollect that song shall be  
Ever hovering near to thee,  
Sometimes weeping, always sweet,  
    Whispering softly—  
“Il vient tout de suite.”

## III.

Crimson autumn ! lovelier far  
Than spring and summer ever are,  
With the multitudinous shades  
That sweep across the summer glades,  
Claret-brown and golden-blue  
Deepening into purple hue,  
When western shadows steal away  
The brilliant colours of the day ;  
Rosy clouds that ever die  
Upon the bosom of the sky ;  
Flowers that long ago have borne  
The scent of newly ripened corn,  
That long ago have given birth  
To mellow fruit upon the earth,—  
Seest thou not that ghostly fog  
Rising upwards from the bog,  
Then, mounting on the eastern breeze,  
Whispers a warning to the trees ?  
Why does it beat with chilly feet ?  
    Comes it to tell us—  
“ Il vient tout de suite ? ”

## IV.

Grey old winter ! with thy dress  
Of cold, white, marble-loveliness,  
All thy rosy hours have fled  
To the tombs of buried dead ;  
They were bright and glad, but now  
There are wrinkles on thy brow,  
And icy tears in thy pale eyes,  
And muttered groans, and weary sighs ;

While, hark ! the warning cometh still  
 From stream and forest, vale and hill,  
 Cometh singing soft and low  
 Through drifting heaps of hoary snow,  
     That solemn warning of defeat,  
     That, muttering, says—  
 “Il vient tout de suite.”

*La Morale.*

Oh soon shall we who still exist  
 Within the veil of human life,  
 See, dawning through its human mist,  
 The final end of joy and strife.  
 Oh spring ! Oh life ! Oh happy heart !  
 Be happy while you may,  
 For bitter tears will soon succeed  
 The sunshine of to-day.  
 When spring and summer both have gone  
 To tell their weary tale to heaven,  
 And middle age is creeping on,  
 With many sins to be forgiven ;  
 Though still we live, and still we have  
 No mighty cross to take,  
 No great and holy work to do  
 Or suffer for His sake,  
 There still will be our inward life  
 To perfect and complete,  
 Ere we may dare to lay it down  
 In triumph at His feet.  
 And when Life's little day is past,  
 And Death's cool night is come,  
 We shall rest with Him at last  
 In His Eternal Home.

NAOMI S. SMITH.



*The Rose.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÄTHE VOSS.

THE dew was lying on the flowers and plants ; they drank it gladly, for it was hot summer, and the blue heaven was darting forth its glittering rays. The clear drops were

glistening like diamonds on the grass, the flowers raised their heads, refreshed and invigorated, to listen to the morning song of the birds. Nature was celebrating her happy awakening in a spacious garden, the early morning hour kept every disturbance at a distance, no foot had trodden as yet the long alleys and shady avenues. Through the green trees glanced the bright walls of a summer-house, it was overgrown with climbing roses, the sweet blossoms filled the air with fragrance. The sun shone bright and brighter over the garden, his rays fell through the thick foliage of the trees, the roses bowed in reply to his cheerful morning salutation.

"Sunshine is life!" spoke the rose, who had just opened her calyx, in all her grace and beauty. The dark green leaves which surrounded her concealed the thorns of her stem, and enhanced the delicate beauty of the flowers, whose lily-white leaves were tinted in the middle with pale red. "Sunshine is life!" chimed the rose into the song of the birds.

"Child," spoke the elder tree from the midst of the shrubs (he was an old elder tree, with knotty branches, who had seen many a spring and many a winter storm), "thou art not acquainted with life. To-day, indeed, there is sunshine, but yet a little while, and the clouds will veil it; they are now gliding gently along the sky, they will become thicker and darker, and then the rain will pour down; he indeed refreshes and restores to life, when he is gentle, but if he become violent, and enter into partnership with the storm, he will bring us ruin. No blossom, no flower can resist both—life brings not sunshine alone."

The young rose smiled, she believed not a word of what the elder tree had said. "He is old and peevish," she said to herself, "he is whimsical, who would believe him? I know better, the present is mine, and pleasure and life, who can rob me of them?"

A butterfly came flying up to her, a delicate, airy thing, his wings shone brightly and gaily, he alighted on the rose, and they played and basked in the bright sunlight, full of wanton pleasure. The rose gave forth her sweetest fragrance; they sang together, "Sunshine is Life."

It was evening. The sun had left the garden, a few purple clouds appeared through his last rays, in the faint golden light. The dew was again lying on the flowers, and again they were enjoying themselves after the heat

of the day. The birds were singing no longer, they had gone to rest, but here and there one fluttered towards his little nest. The rose, which, in the morning, had scarcely opened, was now blooming in full beauty.

Through the long avenues of the garden a gentleman and a young girl were strolling towards the summer-house, the cool of the evening had enticed them into the open air. The young girl, who was scarce more than a child, was of slight, delicate form, a graceful lovely creature. Her strong resemblance to her companion, a tall, grave man, of middle age, left no doubt that they were father and daughter. They approached the summer-house, and the place where the rose was blooming. The eyes of the young girl rested full of admiration on the precious flower.

"Oh! pray, papa, wait one moment, it is too magnificent, I must have it." A small, white hand parts the green leaves, slender fingers surround the stem, it is over with the flower.

"You should have left it, Alma, it will soon be quite gone," said the young girl's grave companion.

"Naughty flower, it has pricked me, I will take away all these ugly thorns, and then one can see nothing more beautiful."

The blood dropped from the little finger, but the slight pain was soon forgotten. The rose was stuck into the waist-band of the light, airy summer-dress, and now it was hard to say which of the two looked most like life and sunshine,—the flower in all its glory, or the almost childish form of the girl who had broken it. A smile lingered on her pretty features, like a summer morning, in her deep blue eyes, faith and innocence, peace and truth were mirrored. A grave, intellectual light was diffused over her countenance; the bright bloom of her cheek, and the clear brilliancy of her eye enlivened her noble features, and, at the same time, filled the onlooker with anxiety, the whole appearance of the maiden seemed unfitted to endure the burden and cares of life; the little foot scarcely touched the ground, and the fairy form seemed, as it were, to hover by the side of her companion along the shady walks of the garden. The last rays of the setting sun fell through the branches of the trees upon her, and upon the blooming rose which she carried in her waist-band; both were flowering in youth and beauty, two lovely sisters, beaming like sunshine, full of joy and life.

Such, probably, were the thoughts of her companion, as he looked down upon her. His features resembled hers, but were more decided and strongly marked; his stature was tall and powerful, his blue eyes had the same deep, thoughtful expression as hers, as he said, looking affectionately upon her,—“Let us go in, the dew is beginning to fall; you are lightly clad, Alma, and the coolness may hurt you.”

The bright dress shone a little longer among the dark foilage, then disappeared.

The sea is calm and peaceful, a broad mirror-bright surface, clear as crystal, unfathomable as the mysteries of God. No breath of air brings coolness, no light breeze ruffles the smooth surface of the sea. The wonders of the deep are revealed to the searching eye; gardens and forests, strange plants and fabulous flowers form fantastic groups. Between them lies, apparently immovable, a large fish, awaiting a suitable moment, in which, intent on prey, he may dart forth and swallow his unconscious booty. Likewise, whole processions of smaller fish appear inquisitively on the surface, and disappear the next instant in the depths below. The spacious blue canopy of heaven finds its shining image mirrored in the still surface of the water. The ship moved so slowly forward that it almost seemed as though it lay quite still. The sails hung loosely down, the sailors stood in idle groups together, the passengers had assembled upon deck, watching anxiously to see whether they could discover no little cloud in the sky, no breath of air which might bring the prospect of a change. Impatience was written on every countenance, they had gazed so often into the distance, and made so often the monotonous journey on deck from helm to bowsprit. “Will this last much longer?” they asked each other. Nothing moved, the sky remained cloudless, the sea like a glass.

One stood alone, and looked back into the distance, a young man of engaging, attractive exterior; he might have been called handsome, had it not been that his whole appearance was somewhat too feminine, too weak. He sees not the broad mirror of water, not the clear, cloudless heaven, his eye seems to pierce the far distance, and what he there sees, makes him happy; the brightness of his eyes, the heightened colour of his cheeks betray it. The other passengers see nothing but sea and sky,

imagination and remembrance cause the young man to forget the present. He sees before him the slender form of a lovely girl in a light summer dress, in whose girdle a freshly blown rose is fastened. Gravely and earnestly she looks up to him and listens to his words, the changing colour of her cheeks betrays her emotion. "If you will trust me, Alma," he says gently and caressingly, "and will not forget me, when I am gone beyond the sea, this thought will be my only happiness. I will work and strive, fight and labour, I will not rest till I have attained the wish of my heart. I have no other thought, no other wish upon earth. Years many pass away, I may have many difficulties to overcome, will you then, Alma, promise never to doubt me, always to believe in me?"

"I will, Edmund, for I cannot do otherwise, but you shall go hence free and 'unfettered. If your heart should one day lead you back to me, I will hail that moment as the happiest one of my life. But should time ever efface my image, or some one else."—

"Never, never, Alma! grieve me not with such doubts, to you, you alone my heart belongs; Alma, if you love me, really love me, you must trust everything to me! Give me the rose as a farewell gift, it shall lead me into the distance,—the rose, so freshly and beautifully blown, your image! I will bear it on my heart, it shall be my companion till I one day return."

Still the young man gazes dreamily into the distance. His hand has, mechanically, so to speak, drawn forth a pocket-book, he opens it, a withered rose lies within it. The leaves are rolled together, the colour is brownish, it is without form or beauty, and yet it seems to fill him with ecstasy. He closes the book again, after he has looked upon it for a while; "Life is love, love is life," he says, and the next moment the pocket-book rests again on his heart.

In a brilliantly lighted room stood a lady before a mirror arranging her dress. All the surroundings, the arrangement of the apartment, from the soft, flowery carpet, which hushed every sound, to the brilliantly shining lustre on the roof, betokened luxury and wealth. The windows were open, the soft summer breeze played with the white window curtains. The lady was clad in silk and lace. Splendid attire, pearls and diamonds glittered upon her. But her youth was gone; the hard

features, the cold eye, which is frequently seen among the children of fortune, who find their treasure only upon earth, made no pleasant impression, and appeared even more strikingly in contrast with the magnificence of her dress. She had made several vain attempts to fasten a veil to her dress, when the noise of the heavy doors opening behind her drew her attention. She looked impatiently round, a gentleman entered the room.

"You are come at last, Edmund, the guests will be here immediately, you must be ready to receive them."

With these words the lady turned towards the gentleman who had just entered. His features still bore their former expression of weakness and indecision, although he was much graver and older by ten years. He looked up with an air of indifference and weariness.

"Ah, yes, pardon me, I forgot."

"Edmund, you might fetch me the little diamond pin with the star; this veil must be properly fastened, and the pin suits my head-dress admirably."

"Willingly, if I can find it."

He passed through several brilliantly lighted rooms, which vied with each other in elegance and splendour. Costly pictures decked the walls—marble statues stood in niches and corners—rare plants and flowers in vases of porcelain diffused sweet fragrance around. He passed carelessly on till he reached a small chamber, which, simpler in its arrangement than the others, contained chiefly books and papers. A writing-table and desk stood in it; he opened the drawers, looked through them, the pin was not there. After a long, vain search, he opened the writing-table. At this moment a silk dress rustled on the carpet. "You are very slow, Edmund; let me look myself." The jewelled fingers of the lady searched through all the drawers in vain, the pin was not there. "At last!—What is that?" In a small inner drawer, carefully laid aside, was a pocket-book. It seemed old and worn out; as she contemplated it, half contemptuously, half curiously, an old, withered rose fell out of it. "What is the use of the old thing, Edmund, that you keep it so carefully? Ah, at last here is the pin in this little crevice; you are very careless, my friend, about such costly things."

While one hand grasps the lost pin, the other still holds the withered rose. Poor flower! you are scarcely to be recognised,—so crushed, so shrivelled, so small and wan!

The lady next went to the window; her cold eye rested for an instant on the little relic, then she crushed the dry leaves in her hand, and threw them out of the window.

"Come, Edmund, to the drawing-room," she said, turning towards him, "we must make haste."

He passed his hand over his eyes, as if something there gave him pain. A gentle sigh escaped his lips. Perhaps he remembered the moment in which the flower came into his possession, in which he vowed to preserve it faithfully—to bring it back again to her who was the sole object of his wishes. Did he remember the slight girlish form who had so trustingly promised to confide in him? How did everything turn out so differently? He did not know, but certainly the fault was not his; could he dictate to circumstances which were so much more powerful than he? Could he prevent misfortune from overtaking him, his undertakings from being wrecked? Had not Alma herself said to him that he was free, quite free? And could he have doomed her—her whose health was so delicate, to the life of labour and hardship which would have awaited her by his side?

Then he had met his present wife, who, rich and independent, had shown her preference for him, was that his fault, and could he thrust a blessing from him which all at once relieved him of every care and anxiety, and prepared a certain future for him? He had certainly done his best when he wrote to Alma and placed the decision in her hands, and she had answered him, saying, that she wished him all happiness in his marriage, and that her greatest happiness would always be to hear that he was well and happy.

He had then learnt that she was ill, and later, that she was anxiously so; but she had always been delicate, and had been frequently ill before, so there was nothing in that to alarm him; it was to be expected that this would occur from time to time. As for himself so many different things had occupied him—the life which he now led was so full of variety, pleasure, and excitement, that he very seldom thought of the past. Certainly, all these pleasures lost their charm in the course of time, and the caprices and whims of his wife were sometimes very troublesome. Strangely enough, in such moments the vision of Alma in all her loveliness came before him, and whatever efforts he made to drown it and forget it, again and again it appeared before his eyes. He passed then

his hand across his forehead to drive it away, as in this moment, which, by reason of the diamond which he had chosen, awakened the recollection of past times. Hitherto he had never had the resolution to destroy the withered rose, nor to let it go from him; to-day another hand, not his, had done so. "Life is to dream, life is a dream," he whispered to himself, whilst outside the night wind dispersed the scattered rose leaves.

A weeping ash spreads its green leafy mantle widely around, gravely and sadly its branches droop. The other trees around raise their leafy crowns towards the sky, the ash tree bends towards the ground, its leaves touch the damp soil.

Protectingly, as it were, it surrounds a simple grave, which has no other ornament than a rose bush, whose blossoms are partly opened, partly still in bud. They are of the most delicate white, only in the middle tinged with soft red. When the evening wind rustles through the branches of the ash tree, it moves the flowers of the rose bush, and their leaves fall on the grave of their early faded sister.

The grave bears the name of Alma. Under it is written—"Life brings death, death brings life."

THEKLA.

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## English Hymnology.

THE inferiority of English hymn literature to that of Germany, has often been remarked upon and accounted for in various ways, and yet, in looking over such a collection of our sacred songs as Sir Roundell Palmer gives in his "Book of Praise," it is probable that few readers would think of complaining either of the smallness of their number, or the poverty of their style.

Most of our best known hymns were produced in the eighteenth century, but there are some of an earlier date, which cannot be passed over in silence. The prayer for mercy, beginning—

"O Lord, turn not Thy face away,"

was written about the year 1562, but it has since been altered by various hands. To the same century pro-

bably belongs also a hymn entitled originally, "A Song, made by F. B. P., to the tune of Diana," ("Jerusalem, my happy home,") which has been frequently imitated and added to by later writers. It was at one time printed in the ballad style by a Scotchman, and became extremely popular among his countrymen. Another fine old hymn on the same subject,—*"Sweet place, sweet place alone!"* is by Samuel Crossman, and is dated 1664. Many who would turn away from Martin's "Plains of Heaven," and be tempted to ridicule the very original descriptions of the other world, given in such books as *"Heaven our Home,"* could read these unpretending verses with pleasure.

Very unlike any simple "Jerusalem" hymns, are the sacred poems of George Herbert, the saintly "country parson." Just before his death, he gave his little book to a friend, humbly asking that it should be made public if his "dear brother Farrer" could think it might "turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul;" "if not" he added, "let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." We find the oddest conceits and fancies strangely intermingled with beautiful thoughts throughout the work, but, as "brother Farrer" said, there is "the picture of a divine soul in every page of it," and such poems as "The Flower," "Sunday," "Home," and "Sin," are surely not unworthy of very high praise. Herbert's quaintness of style is rivalled by that of Francis Quarles, author of "Emblems." divine and moral, and yet, in the following verses (taken from his hymn on Job xiii., 24), there is nothing but the greatest simplicity to be found,—

"Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,  
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my way;  
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious sight,  
Mine eyes are darkened with perpetual night.  
My God, thou art my way, my life, my light.

\* \* \*

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,  
The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;  
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose thy sunbeams, elose thy wings, and stay;  
See, see how I am blind and dead, and stray,  
O thou that art my light, my life, my way."

There is much that is beautiful in the little poem on

Psalm lxxix. 15, but to quote from it would be impossible, it must be read as a whole.

Milton's grand "Hymn on the Nativity" stands alone among the sacred songs of this country. It cannot be compared with other hymns, nor be subjected to the same kind of criticism, but it need not be the less valued on this account.

Some hymns are best suited for private reading, others are for more general use. To the latter class belong Bishop Kew's morning and evening hymns, which have indeed become "familiar in our mouths as household words."

But it was not till the next century that England could be said to possess a "People's Hymn Book." Dr Watts' hymns appeared in 1709, and began at once to have a rapid sale. The mere mention of such lines as—

"When I survey the wondrous cross,"  
"There is a land of pure delight,"  
"How bright those glorious spirits shine,"  
"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

would suffice to convince any one of the popularity of some of his productions. It must, however, be confessed that the taste of this eminent non-conformist was by no means perfect. He himself said, when speaking of his hymns, "Some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced, but a more exalted turn of thought or language should darken or disturb the devotions of the weakest souls." It never occurred to the excellent doctor that this very "defacement" might occasionally prove a stumbling block to those who happened to be troubled with a sense of the ludicrous. Who would care to join in the singing of such a stanza as this,—

"So Samson, when his hair was lost,  
Met the Philistines to his cost;  
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,  
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes."

But one can easily forgive blemishes where there is much to admire and be thankful for, and in this age of better taste, strange compositions may be met with in hymn-books for the poor, which are utterly devoid of both rhyme and reason, and which Dr Watts would certainly have read with indignation. Why, with so many beautiful hymns and tunes to choose from, any clergyman

should encourage his people to sing miserable choruses, set, not unfrequently, to popular negro melodies, it is difficult to say.

Some of Dr Doddridge's hymns are not less well known and loved than are those of Dr Watts.

"Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!"

and,

"Lord of the Sabbath hear our vows,"

may be given as examples of his contributions to our sacred poetry.

Addison's beautiful paraphrases of Psalms xix. and xxiii. may be mentioned as hymns, because they are not, like those dear to all Scotch hearts, David's words put into simple verse, but rather poems founded upon a Scripture theme. Both first appeared in "The Spectator," as did also Addison's two hymns, beginning,

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,"

and,

"When rising from the bed of death," etc.

Towards the end of the century, the Olney Hymns appeared, the joint work of Cowper and his friend, John Newton. It is needless to say how truly many of them may be called a nation's favourites. The majority were from Newton's pen. Two of his best are perhaps,

"How blest the name of Jesus sounds,"

and,

"Quiet, Lord, my froward heart."

But it is to Cowper, poet as well as saint, that we owe the most valuable part of the book. All his varying moods, his hours of dark melancholy, his hours of peace and hope, are pictured for us in his hymns, and this is what makes the words come home to us.

Not many years after the appearance of the Olney Hymns, another book of the same kind was published, intended "for the use of the people called Methodists." Those who have read John Wesley's amusingly honest preface, know all that can be said in favour of this collection. But he did not give it more praise than it deserved. Its hold upon the affections of his followers is as firm as it was fifty years ago. The Wesleyan loves his hymn-book as many a Churchman loves his prayer-book. At public and private worship, at class-meetings, at "watch-night" gatherings, at funerals, the hymns written and collected by Wesley are still sung by those to whom they

were dedicated. And here it may be remarked, that all who know anything of the tastes and feelings of the English poor, cannot fail to have noticed their great fondness for such hymns as Toplady's "Rock of Ages," and Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul." The little Sunday scholar learns them willingly; the "Methodist" collier sings them in his dark work-cell, while his wife at home hushes her babies to sleep with the same familiar words; the sick love to hear and repeat them, and even the dying will often have some simple verse on their lips.

No writer of the present century has yet made a richer contribution to our hymnology than is contained in Keble's "Christian Year." His hymns can never, for obvious reasons, be enshrined in the hearts of the poor as Cowper's and Wesley's are, but they have been studied in private by hundreds of thoughtful readers, and have created a widely spread feeling of love and veneration for the author's name.

Not less dear to English hymn lovers is the memory of Francis Lyte. His evening hymn, the last he wrote, is surely one of the most beautiful of English sacred songs.

James Montgomery's hymn on prayer, and the one which begins "For ever with the Lord," are as popular as any of his productions, but none of them have the sweetness of Lyte's, nor perhaps the earnestness which touches many a heart in such a hymn as Milman's, "O help us Lord, each hour of need."

The list of living hymn-writers is a long one. The names of Bonar, A. L. Waring, Charlotte Elliott, Dean Alford, H. L. L., and C. F. Alexander are in it, and are already very familiar to most readers of hymns. In these troublous times, when the Church is torn to pieces by controversy of every kind, we can still turn to our collections of sacred poems, and find nothing but an atmosphere of peace and unity there. We can read the productions of writers who held very opposite views, and yet never be reminded of either Calvinism or Arminianism, of Dissent or of High or Low or Broad Church. This is no new thought, but it is one which it is pleasant to borrow and repeat.

M. S. S.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

## "THE SILENT PARTNER."

AMERICAN books are taking a much larger place than formerly in our daily literature; and under the title of *The Silent Partner*, Mrs Phelps has given us a volume which she very appropriately bids us, in the words of Bacon, "weigh and consider." The story is one of American factory life, and is written with the author's usual vigour and pathos. Its main object is to show how wide is the gulf between the two extremes of society,—the Mells and Mudges at one end, with large families, consumptive wives, flooded cellars, and no drains; and the Maverick Hayles at the other, careless, luxurious, and, for this is the sting, owners of the undrained houses aforesaid. It does not need a Carlyle to show that the outcome of such a state of things must necessarily be terrible. A French Revolution, a Commune, the Dames de la Halle formerly, the *petroleuse* of our own time: nay, more insidious, but if possible more venomous a Nemesis comes in an International Association, full of bitterness and unreason, overlaying the grain of reason that gives them the power of truth, when they cry that these things ought not so to be. It would be well for the Hayles of all countries, if they would hearken to the key-note struck by the deft fingers of an author, instead of delaying, in their blind ease, till a louder and harsher chord shall arouse them.

One endless difficulty must occur, however, to most readers of *The Silent Partner*. We are not all Miss Kelsos, free and wealthy, with the means as well as the will to build a beautiful bridge over, at least, our own corner of the gulf; and it is no discredit to the poor if they respond most readily to those who can practically prove their goodwill. What is to be done by those, the large majority, who would gladly contribute their mite of help, but have ties on time and purse that they cannot disregard? Anyone who could find a satisfactory solution to this problem, would merit the thanks of both classes alike.

One word more as to the writing of this book. The episode of little Bub Mell is hardly inferior to Dickens in originality and power, and remains in the memory with a clearness which testifies to its wonderful truthfulness.

## The Struggles of a Chaperone.

## PART II.—THE BALL.

JACK took me to a comfortable seat near the centre of the room, and the labours of the evening then began. When I say the *labours* of the evening, I am thinking of the part I myself had to play. I am afraid people, young people especially, very seldom consider all that their elders (and betters) suffer in their behalf in the quality of chaperones. I am a born chaperone, everybody tells me, and as I have already said, I delight in my work; but I cannot deny that it is *hard work*. Yes, my dear young friends, I often think to myself, as I sit watching the whirl of the waltz, or the labrynth of the lancers,—yes, my dear girls, make the most of your time, frisk and frolic while you may, the time will come when you, too, will be chaperones, and then you will know what it is; in the meantime, I need not tell you—“where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise.”

But upon the occasion of this archery ball, many of the difficulties which often beset the path of a chaperone were removed. I had five able-bodied men attached to my party, so there was no fear that any of my young ladies would be entirely partnerless or supperless; then most of my charges were unusually good-looking, and all of them attractive, so they were tolerably certain to dance and enjoy themselves; and finally, though the Harringtons required to be well looked after, and Ada Fielding was a born flirt, they were all reasonably good and obedient girls, and I felt I need not fear a repetition of the agonies I had endured with Jenny Lawrence. So that my mind was really very easy, and for the first five or six dances I enjoyed myself immensely, chatting to the benevolent elderly gentlemen who perambulated the room laden with small-talk, taking notes of the dresses, and enjoying Strauss's waltzes; then a few of the usual little *contretemps* began to occur. Lucy Wyvill tore her dress, and looked ready to cry about her draggle-tailed appearance; Sophy Irwin complained of a headache, and refused to waltz; Rose Harrington disappeared in the conservatory with a heavy dragoon, and her partners all came asking me—“Can you tell me where to find Miss Harrington?” (A nice question for a chaperone to answer in the negative!)

Blanche danced five consecutive dances with a very ineligible briefless barrister; Ada Fielding was quoting Moore to a poetic looking individual who capped her quotations from Byron,—but Ada was engaged, and the consequences were on her own head. Gertrude Wyvill was a great comfort to me, and Lucy soon forgot her torn dress; but the most disconcerting part of my duties arose from Dr Irwin's extraordinary conduct to poor little Carrie Carleton. After paying her the most marked attention the whole of the day, he now avoided her in a way that was almost rude; and once, when the poor child addressed a remark to him, he answered in a gruff monosyllable, and turned on his heel. Carrie did not seem to take it to heart, and she danced every dance, but she looked surprised at his rudeness, and I was dreadfully mortified that my scheme was turning out so ill.

The twelfth dance on the card was a country dance, and I had promised Jack that, if all my young ladies had partners, I would dance it with him. One by one they were all claimed, until only Carrie Carleton was left, with Dr Irwin standing with his back to her, in an attitude of deep abstraction. Davie came up at this moment, exclaiming—"Not engaged Miss Carleton; may I have the pleasure?" I thought it was all right, but poor Carrie turned crimson with confusion from Davie to me.

"Oh! Dr Cunningham, I am so sorry, I am engaged to Dr Irwin for this, he asked me this morning to keep the country dance for him; but I'm sure he has forgotten, or something—do you think, Mrs Somers, I might—

I was fairly puzzled, but Davie interposed. "Just let me settle it, Jeanie. Irwin, I say, Irwin!" and he tapped him on the shoulder, "Are you engaged to Miss Carleton for this?"

"To—Miss—Carleton," said Dr Irwin slowly, turning round, "Ah, to be sure, the country dance. I believe I *did* say something, but it's of no consequence. Miss Carleton will have a better partner in you."

"Then you resign your claim upon Miss Carleton?" said Davie, with a tone and glance which I did not then understand.

"I resign *all* claim upon Miss Carleton," returned Dr Irwin, with an equally (to me) unintelligible emphasis and glance; and slightly shrugging his shoulders, he walked away, while Davie led Carrie forward, and Jack and I followed. In another moment we were all involved in

the intricacies of the country dance, and I had completely forgotten chaperonage and its attendant cares in the intense enjoyment of the exercise, and felt as if I were back in the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms, living over again what a very clever writer characterises as "the only *violently* happy bit of life."

"Come and have some supper, Jeanie," said Jack, when dancers and musicians alike exhausted, the stewards of the ball gave the signal to stop, "come and have some supper. Never mind the girls, they're all engaged for this dance. I know—come along—you always used to go to supper with me, you know; do you remember the 20th of December? no, of course you don't; but come with me just now, all the same, to show you bear me no malice."

That was an irresistible argument, as Jack knew; for it was on the 20th of December that the Christmas party took place (which I told you about in my sister Minnie's history), when Jack took me down to supper, and broke out into such dreadful nonsense, and spilt a plateful of soup all over my nice new blue dress, and thrust a ring on to my finger by main force, without leave asked or obtained; and then we went upstairs again, and danced in the most furious manner to the very end of the card, utterly regardless of all my other partners, who must have obtained some inkling of the state of the case, for they, to a man, refrained from interfering. So when adjured by the memory of the 20th December, of course I could not refuse; and Jack and I went and had supper, and laughed, and talked, and made ourselves so agreeable over it, that I am sure no one would ever have guessed us to be man and wife of eight years' standing; and the time passed so rapidly that, when I saw them hang out "No. 15 waltz" from the gallery, I was quite terrified, and cried "O Jack! my girls! take me back to them!" in such a piteous tone that he rose at once.

"Let us go back through the conservatory," he said. "It's the shortest way, and the prettiest, and I should not be much surprised if some of the girls were there." "Neither should I," I said in conscience-stricken tones, and we entered the conservatory. It was a very large and beautiful one, and that night was most artistically lighted with coloured lamps, and had small bowers arranged here and there. Now, however, these were empty; even Rose Harrington and her heavy dragoon had left, attracted by the strains of the "Blue Danube" which came sighing

through the leaves, softened by the distance; and we seemed the sole tenants of the conservatory, until at the last turn in the winding path through the branches, a soft, but most expressive whistle issued from my husband's lips, and we came suddenly upon my brother Davie and Carrie Carleton.

Of course, the mere fact of finding them sitting together in the conservatory was nothing; but it was evident to me from the expression of Jack's countenance, that he had seen something more; and besides, two more tell-tale faces than Davie's and Carrie's I have seldom beheld. Davie evidently felt himself in a corner, for he took the bull by the horns,—that is to say, he took Carrie by the hand, and advanced boldly. "Jannie," said he, "here is a new sister for you."

I forgot my plans, I forgot the Irwins and their fortunes, I forgot prudential considerations of every kind, I saw nothing but Carrie's sweet, frightened child-face, and I caught her in my arms.

"You dear darling little pet!" said I, and squeezed her till I wonder she didn't scream. Jack and Davie shook hands with much solemnity, and then there was a pause. I recovered myself first. "But Davie!" I cried, "What will Miss Irwin say? and what does Dr Irwin mean? and what is it all about?" as my schemes, and the events of the day, and Dr Irwin's mysterious conduct, words, and looks began to come back to me.

"As to Miss Irwin, my dear Jannie," said Davie, "I do not know why she should say anything, and I do not expect she will say anything; as to Dr Irwin, I don't know what he means, and I don't care; as to what it is all about, I am going to marry Carrie Carleton, and am much obliged to you for forgetting, for the last half-hour, that you were her chaperone."

Now that was very rude of Davie, and I drew myself up accordingly. "We are going home after this dance. Jack, dear, will you find the other girls, and tell them so. Davie, please give me your arm; come Carrie, dear," and I got hold of her hand, and squeezed it surreptitiously, lest she should think I was really angry.

Of course, there was no more confidential conversation till we were on our way home, an hour afterwards, for it took a considerable time to collect my forces; and after the heavy dragoon and the briefless barrister had been captured, and Rose and Blanche Harrington secured,

Ada Fielding and her Byronic friend were long amissing; but at last we were safely under weigh. Harry Wyvill and his cousins went home to Barden Hall together; the Harringtons and Fieldings, whose houses were close together, went next; and then Davie, who was to have driven Dr Irwin in his gig, and spent the night with us at Barden, came up to me. "Jeanie, do wrap up warm, and drive home with me in the gig, there's a dear; I've a great deal to say to you, and I can't drive home alone with Irwin. He'll be quite pleased to go in the carriage with Jack and the girls, and I have explained it to Jack."

Now I was dying to have a *tête-à-tête* with Davie, and, moreover, have an especial fondness for driving in the dark in a gig; so I agreed at once, though I fear it was conducting myself very unlike a matron of my years and position. Jack drove off in the carriage with the Irwins and Carrie (who was our guest just now at Barden), and in two minutes more, enveloped in at least a dozen different wraps, I was seated with Davie in the gig, driving swiftly along the moonlit road, and soon leaving the carriage far behind.

"Well, Jeanie," said Davie, when we were fairly off, "I scarcely know how to begin. Last night was the first of it all, when Irwin and I were smoking in your garden. I don't know how we got to it exactly, but we began to talk about settling down and marrying, and so on, and I asked him why he didn't marry, and he laughed and said, "All in good time," or something like that, and by degrees it all came out that he meant to propose to Carrie before he left Barden. By George, I could have knocked him down when I saw what he meant; but, after all, you know, he had as much right to ask her as I had. And so, Jeanie, after his showing me his hand like that, I felt sort of bound in honour to let him play it out. Besides, I knew if Carrie was the girl I took her for, she would not throw me over just because Irwin was a better match. I never spoke out to her till to-night, you know, Jeanie, but we understood each other pretty well for all that. So all day at the archery I held off, and gave Irwin a fair chance,—and I wouldn't go through it again for a thousand pounds down. And poor little Carrie thought she had offended me, and by the end of the shooting she was about as miserable as I was; and so it went on till that blessed country dance. You heard what Irwin said, Jeanie? Well, nothing could be plainer than

that, so I said to myself, I'll go in and win; and you forgot your charge for three mortal dances, like a brick as you are, Jeanie, and so it's all right, and there's an end of it."

"But what is the matter with Dr Irwin?" said I. "From the moment that Carrie and I came out of the dressing-room at the inn, he behaved like a bear, and he is generally polite to a degree. What could have changed him so suddenly?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Davie, evidently supremely indifferent on this point. "Some absurd fancy or other; he's as fidgetty and partiular as an old woman; he was born to be an old bachelor, if ever man was. I must have a talk with him, though, and put things right, for he's a first-rate fellow, old Irwin, though I was beginning to hate him uncommonly to-day."

"And what about his sister, Davie?" I asked, as the breakdown of my plan suddenly occurred to me again. "You were paying her devoted attention all the morning, but it seemed to have a depressing effect upon you both."

"Ah, yes," returned Davie; "poor Sophy, I did my best to cheer her up, but I was as low myself; I doubt if I succeeded. Sophy's been engaged for three or four years now to a fellow as poor as Job, and as proud as Lucifer, and he won't marry till he makes a fortune, though she has enough to keep them twenty times over, but he won't be dependent on his wife. He's a great friend of mine, and Sophy knows that, and we were talking about his prospects. He's tremendously clever, but it seems to be the sort of cleverness that does not pay. He's writing a book just now, but I doubt the chances are ten to one against its turning up trumps. So poor Sophy is rather dull about it. Carrie will cheer her up better than I can. I say, Jeanie, *isn't* Carrie a dear little thing?"

Of course I readily assented to this proposition, which was only the first of a long string of similar remarks, more or less unconnected, which Davie poured forth with rapidly increasing fervour, and which lasted until we passed the gate of Barden Hall, and neared our own house.


"Well, Jeanie," said Davie, as he sprang down and lifted me out of the gig, "Good night. I shall be off on my rounds before any of you are up, and I must call on old Dr Carleton, too; but I shall be back about six. Did Harry tell you he and Minnie want us all to dine at

the Hall to-morrow? so if you will take me in to-morrow night as well, I shall be much obliged. Run in now, quick, or you'll catch cold, and Jack will take my head off."

And so ended my matchmaking! But still I cannot say I felt at all depressed as I reviewed the events of the day and evening. Dr Irwin's curious conduct was the most unsatisfactory part of it; but, after all, what did it matter? and having come to that conclusion, I fell sound asleep.

DIDO.

*(To be continued.)*



### A Bit of Indian Life.

IT was the hot weather of 1871. That brief sentence to one who has experienced eastern heat conveys an immense deal, while those who only know our temperate clime can hardly imagine a state of things so unlike their own experiences. Let them picture to themselves the darkened house, every aperture tightly closed from 6 A.M. till about 8 P.M., in the hope of excluding the burning air; outside, a sun whose rays are death to the heedless European, who should be mad enough to neglect due coverings for his head; glare, dust, and discomfort everywhere reigning supreme. Under such circumstances, though exertion seems almost impossible, a little excitement is hailed as a relief from the weary monotony of one's existence, and we were scarcely sorry when rumours of disaffection among the natives became our ordinary topic of conversation. The city of Amritsar, about forty miles distant from us, contains a large and rather ruffianly population, and being the centre of the Sikh religion, is the natural hot-bed of rebellion against the profane slayers and consumers of the sacred ox. Gradually these rumours spread, a Sikh regiment quartered in our station was regarded with suspicious eyes, and when a telegram announced that several Mahommedans, butchers by trade, had been murdered in one night at Amritsar, we began to ask ourselves what would happen next. What did happen was the assassination of a judge at Lahore by a native fanatic, followed by a similar crime in Calcutta. Gradually people began to speak of the Kookas in con-

nection with the matter, and while sundry English magistrates carried revolvers to Court with them, the police made active, but not very successful, endeavours to capture the murderers, and the detachment of troops in the Amritsar fort was strengthened. Residents who had been in India during the mutiny say that the state of the Punjaub at the time of which I write, and at present, reminds them painfully of the ominous mutterings that preceded that terrible outburst. So strongly were many of them convinced that mischief was brewing, that one officer who had command of our station for a short time took measures to provide against a possible rising, arranging a place of refuge for ladies, and telling off those under him to certain posts. Possibly some of those who, from their comfortable arm chairs, pronounce sentence on the officials who subsequently crushed the evil before any mischief could ensue, might feel somewhat differently were they to live for a few months in the atmosphere of uncertainty that surrounded us. It may be as well to explain that the Kookas, originally a purely religious sect, have become, as invariably happens, a political as well as a fanatical body. They were founded some years ago, and were at the outset a species of reformed Sikh, professing to return to the purest and simplest conditions of that religion. The beneficial nature of their precepts obtained them a certain amount of approval from us, though even then officials were found keen-sighted enough to recognise that their creed contained the elements of future danger. Their present leader or Guru, Ram Singh, who is, if I remember right, a smith by trade, is a clever, unscrupulous, and ambitious man, wise enough to keep on good terms with us as far as he can, while secretly plotting our downfall. That he would never succeed in his object is sure, but he might, and probably will, give an infinity of trouble. He has his *Soobahs*, who answer to a Fenian centre, in excellent order, and the speed with which his commands are transmitted over the country is only equalled by the readiness with which they are obeyed, the religious outcry against the eaters of beef being used to excite the populace who might not always care to join in the political part of his programme. The sect has increased immensely of late years, and musters now a considerable force, and though, after the manner of natives, they have quarrelled with the high caste Sikhs who were their original supporters, these again cannot

but agree with the Kookas in condemning our profanation of their sacred animal.

Time passed on, some of the murderers were hanged, and the Kookas retaliated by murdering a native in another part of the district who had given evidence against them during the trial; the feeling of uneasiness increased, and the commissioners, or highest officials in the neighbourhood, more than once expressed very decided opinions as to the unsettled condition of the native population. I may mention in passing, that at Kangra, about ninety miles from our station, there exists an old fort, which, though perfectly useless from a military point of view, is always held by a few Europeans, as there is a tradition, superstitiously believed in by the natives, that could they obtain possession of it, our reign would terminate, the holders of Kangra being the masters of the Punjab. In December, almost the whole of the troops went to Delhi for a camp of exercise, leaving only one regiment and a battery of artillery behind; this was an opportunity ready made for the Kookas, and though Ram Singh, being wise enough to understand something of the risk, hesitated to seize it, one of his Soobahs, a hot and rebellious spirit, insisted on making some attempt. Their scheme was to attack a native village, and revenge themselves on a Sirdar there, who had assisted in capturing one of the Amritsar murderers, and then to seize some arms in the native state of Puttiala, proceed to Kangra, take possession of the fort, and organise a general rising. Ram Singh to save his own credit, gave information, too late to be of any use, and there ensued the rising at Malair Kotla, which gave occasion for one of those blunders for which the English are celebrated. That it was thought necessary to despatch troops from Delhi by special train during the night proved that the authorities considered it as well to be prepared; but before their arrival at their old stations, the immediate matter had been settled by the prompt action of the deputy commissioner and commissioner, Mr Cowan and Mr Douglas Forsyth. By the aid of the Maharajah of Puttiala, a considerable number of the rebels were captured and summarily tried, those who were taken red-handed, and who had committed murder (having partially succeeded in their attack on the village), being blown from the guns on the spot. Their gleam of success had roused the country, and immense numbers were mustering with a

view to joining the original insurgents. Had they succeeded in doing so, there would in all probability have been bloodshed, as they were in sufficient force to attempt a rescue, and there were then no troops, with the exception of a small guard of natives, either to take charge of the prisoners or protect the European residents, of whom there were several. It seemed clear, therefore, that such prompt measures were needful, and they were justified by the result in the eyes of the majority. The news of the executions spread like wildfire, and panic succeeded to exultation among the Kookas. Hurrying back to their homes and concealing their weapons, every outward trace of their intentions vanished, and to all appearance nothing could be more harmless and innocent than the *Zemindar* working quietly in his little field. Such being the case, it was our turn to blunder; first an official censure was pronounced on Mr Cowan, then the Maharajah was made to feel that instead of gratifying, he had displeased the Government; and finally, Mr Cowan was dismissed the service, and Mr Forsyth removed with a rebuke. It is true that Mr Cowan exceeded his actual powers, acting on his own responsibility in what he considered a crisis, whereas Mr Forsyth only used the authority legally entrusted to him. Nevertheless, though Mr Cowan may have merited a private rebuke, the folly of publicly disclaiming the acts of two men who have manifestly succeeded in staving off what might have been a serious rising, is inconceivable.

Not only do the Kookas themselves look upon the action of the Government as a kind of triumph and encouragement for them, but the well-disposed natives view it as a perfectly suicidal proceeding; while the Maharajah, hitherto a staunch friend of the British, has been slighted, and placed in an undignified position, which an Eastern is certain to resent. Prince though he be, he shares the national capacity for what may be politely called diplomatic language; but his last attempt is a transparent failure, and it is easy to read "between the lines" his real feeling as to the nature of the rising, and the measures taken by the authorities. Most probably, as the *Courant* lately observed, the lesson will not be lost on those who serve in India, and the day may come when Englishmen will act with an eye to their own official prospects rather than to the general welfare.

Indian government works with a kind of double action,

official and unofficial, and the capture of Ram Singh was a specimen of the latter mode of doing business. Mr Forsyth was given to understand that it would be desirable to detain him quietly; so, having sent for him for the purpose of conferring on the whole affair, he ordered a guard of Ghorkas to form outside the tent. They were slow in coming, and Mr Forsyth, who had already extracted enough condemnatory evidence from his visitor, was obliged to protract the conversation to his utmost. At last the officer in command looked in to say that all was ready, and Ram Singh received the formal dismissal that terminates an Indian visit; his face brightened visibly, and he evidently thought himself well out of a scrape as he made his salaam; but his feelings must have undergone a painful change when he walked out into the very arms of the guard, and found himself carried off by train before his followers had even heard of his capture, so that a rescue was impossible.

So far, I have repeated the current talk of the time, but I wish I could depict the ludicrous aspect of some of the incidents that came under my own observation. I have mentioned that at the time of the camp of exercise, one regiment and a battery were left in a station that lay between Amritsar and Puttiala; there I was residing, my husband being absent at Delhi, while next door to me lived another lady in the same state of temporary widowhood. One morning during the cold weather, when a large picnic party was expected to come off at the house of a neighbouring official, she was busy over her household duties when the gentleman in question galloped up to her door. He was no doubt an excellent individual, but for that day at least seemed entirely devoid of common sense, for, in a frantic state of excitement, with a native *sowar* at his heels, he tore about the station, scattering panic wherever he went. He refused to dismount, but requested my neighbour to come to the door, when, in a few breathless but patronising sentences, he made her understand that something had happened, that she should not be alarmed, and should encourage people to go to the picnic, but that the —th had gone out, and that he was on his way to give further orders. Much bewildered, as he declined to be more explicit, she came over to me to ask if I had heard anything or seen the troops go, and quite uncertain as to whether our little friend was romancing, or whether there was really any danger, I being as

ignorant as she, set out to see if I could glean any information at the house of one of the officers whose wife I knew. On my way there, I saw signs enough that something was going on,—knots of officers talking in the compounds, and a general appearance of bustle, very unusual in our sleepy station. As I turned into my friend's garden, her husband in uniform dashed out, and I found her with an uneasy countenance busily employed in packing food and necessaries for camp. While the servants were present we said nothing, as we should have been loth to allow them to think that we were alarmed, but as soon as we were alone, I gleaned what information I could, and by waylaying one or two other friends, gathered news of the rising at Malair Kotla. We spent the rest of the day in watching the proceedings of the unfortunate battery who received orders and counter-orders at intervals till they must have been heartily tired of their work. First they were paraded to go, and the preparations were hastily made for a start; then they were counter-ordered, but no sooner were the horses unharnessed and things settled than down came another telegram; and finally, at five in the evening, they set off to proceed by a forced march to Loodiana in the disturbed district. In the meantime, our friend of the morning having transacted a great deal of riding and talk, returned to play the part of host at the pic-nic, it not having occurred to anybody but himself that a "row" so many miles off should spoil a day's pleasure, and though others knew that he had little or nothing to do with the matter, no doubt he imagined that he had been performing important service. It is curious to see the different phases of character that are developed under any little excitement of the kind; and while I have no doubt we should all have been terrified had we been nearer the scene of the Kooka exploits, as it was, we could not but be amused by the comicality of the thing, the utter vagueness of the statements we heard, the mysterious wisdom of some, and the profound secrecy affected by others were intensely absurd; one gentleman carried the latter idea so far, that he declined to divulge the name of Malair Kotla, having overlooked the fact, that by that time it was in the newspapers.

Such is one of the many "bits" that might be culled from Indian life, and though possibly less interesting to those who read of it than to the actors therein, it has at least the advantage of novelty.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.

## A Tale.

A YOUNG hot morning in its youth  
Marching into noon,  
• With burning breezes that in sooth  
Are coming very soon.  
Shadows on the green sward playing,  
Shadows that are lightly straying,  
For they make no long delaying  
In the morning sun.  
They must wait till day-declining  
When he is, without repining,  
In the west-land deeply shining,  
And his work is done.

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I met a stranger on the lea,  
And with these words he questioned me :—

“ Who shall be born this joyous morn  
With the sunlight falling there?  
Who shall die when the roses lie  
Asleep in the dreamy air?”

“ Many a tender baby heart  
Shall begin to beat to-day,  
And many a soul shall go apart  
To a great eternity.”

“ But where will the birds and insects be  
When their sweet day-life is over;  
Will they drown themselves in the star-lit sea,  
Or sleep in the crimson clover?”

“ I do not know of insect graves,  
Or of birds in a star-lit sea;  
Perhaps they sleep below the waves,  
When tired and sad they be.”

“ Why is the world so glad to-day,  
With its balmy, rosy weather?  
Why are the children all at play  
Upon the hillside heather?”

“ God gave the world that it should be  
No resting-place for misery ;  
But when we pick the fairest flower,  
He sends the warning of a shower.”

“ And will a shower fall to-day  
To fill some heart with misery ? ”  
“ Ah, me, indeed, I cannot tell,  
But if He sends it, it is well ! ”

“ Hear the lowing of the herds  
Upon the lowland lying ;  
I see some happy sparrow birds  
Above the high-land flying,  
And on the peat beneath your feet  
Another sparrow dying.  
Now, tell me wherefore, tell me why,  
Its little brothers sing,  
When it is doomed in pain to die,  
Poor harmless little thing ? ”

I said—“ Indeed I do not know  
Why it is doomed to die,  
’Twere better not to leave it so,  
But end its misery.”

“ Nay, kill it not,” the stranger said,  
And tears were in his eyes,  
“ There is no sin upon its head,  
’Tis but a sacrifice.”

“ A sacrifice ! ” he muttering said,  
And stooped to touch the tiny head,  
“ Oh ! sparrow-bird, I see thee lie  
And pant in thy death-agony.

Oh ! sparrow-bird, what hast thou done  
To bear such bitter pain ?  
I’ve seen thee singing in the sun,  
As thou never wilt again.

Oh ! sparrow-bird, the world is gay  
With the sun and pretty flowers,  
It never has a word to say  
To any pain of ours.”

"Stranger," I answered, "kill the bird,  
'Twere worthier of thee!"  
But I do not think he ever heard,  
For he never answered me.

We waited there, and merrily  
The summer bells rang out,  
The river murmured distantly,  
We heard the children shout.

We heard the bleating of the sheep  
Upon the breezy hill,  
The echoes that for ever keep  
Their own unbounded will.

And then the stranger, rising, said,  
"We need no longer stay,  
My little sparrow lieth dead  
For ever and for aye."

"For ever and for aye, my friend,  
'Tis a sorry thing to see  
That painful struggle for an end,  
That ends eternally."

We turned and wandered down the hill,  
Our hearts were very sad,  
And by the tiny mountain rill  
We met a little lad.

He dabbled in that pretty stream,  
He picked its border flowers;  
We stood and watched him in a dream,  
That hid the flying hours.

For his was innoeenee and love  
That cherished all it saw,  
Nor asked or questioned from above  
The wisdom of its law.

"My boy," I heard the stranger say,  
"Suppose a sparrow fell,  
And panting at your feet it lay  
In pain ineffable;  
Why should its final moments be  
Of such remorseless agony?"

“The God who made it live  
Could also make it die,  
I don't think He would give  
It sorrow needlessly?”

Simple childish words they were,  
And yet they seemed to me  
To shed a calm upon the air,  
With their fidelity.

We turned, and left the little boy  
Upon the breezy hill,  
To gather lilies and enjoy  
The ripple of the rill.

But when we parted on that day,  
And parted there to meet no more,  
We learnt a lesson, strange to say,  
We never knew before.

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A tender evening, on whose breast  
Lying far away,  
In crimson beauty of the west,  
Dies the happy day.  
Shadows on the green sward creeping,  
Shadows long, and still, and sleeping,  
For they are their vigil keeping  
All the lonely night.  
Not till earthly suns are bending  
To the goal their final ending,  
Will *our* shadows, heaven-ascending,  
Find eternal light. NAOMI S. SMITH.

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## Memory and Association.

MEMORY is that faculty by which we can recall to our minds thoughts which we have had, sensations which we have experienced, events which we have gone through, at some former period of our lives.

All human memory is imperfect; for we can never reproduce the whole of our past experience, there are

always some portions of it which we cannot recall; and again, what we do recollect is often given to us by memory quite incorrectly; we never remember anything exactly as it happens.

In the struggle which our memory is constantly making against the difficulty of fully and exactly reproducing the past, it is much assisted by that principle which is called the Association of Ideas. By this expression is meant the principle according to which any idea when presented to the mind has a tendency to call up either (1) ideas resembling it, or (2) ideas that have previously existed along with it. For instance, we pass some one in the street, and immediately find that having seen him, we are reminded of some friend whom perhaps we have not seen, nor even thought of, for a long time. This may be either because the person whom we met resembles our friend, or because the last time we saw the friend, this person was with him. In the first instance, it would be a case of Association resulting from resemblance; in the second, a case of Association resulting from contiguity—that is, the two objects which are connected by the tie of Association having been previously present to our minds in the same place or at the same time.

With regard to the first class of Association, it has been thought by several writers, that the Association caused by resemblance, might be so explained as to show it to be only one particular case of Association resulting from contiguity in time or place. According to this view, when one object, *e.g.*, a face, reminds us of another, it is because there is in the two faces one feature which is the same, and this feature, when seen by us in the second face, calls up to our minds, by the law of Association, all the features with which it was associated in the first face; and in this way the whole of the first face is brought to our recollection. This explanation may account for some likenesses, but it seems to me a very rough and unsatisfactory way of explaining all. Most of those classes of Association which would generally be classed under the head of resemblance, seem to me to differ in kind from those which come under the head of contiguity in time or space; for, in the first case, the connecting links have to do with what one may call the *idea* of an object—the plan on which it is made—while in the second case, the links have to do with its outward circumstances.

But this discussion is rather beside the subject of the

present paper, which has to do with the facts rather than with the theory of Association.

Innumerable instances might be given of the way in which memory is influenced by the associations which arise from objects having been present to our minds at the same time or in the same place. Every one knows how, on revisiting a place where we have not been for some time, events and circumstances which seemed to have altogether faded from the memory are recalled to it by the sight of the scenes with which they have once been associated. Music, too, has a very powerful influence in recalling to the mind events and persons apparently long since forgotten. But I think that this effect is produced even more vividly, though not so frequently, by a once familiar scent. The odour of a particular flower, or of a particular perfume, will sometimes bring back so vividly the past time with which it was once connected, that the present is altogether forgotten, and we seem for the moment to be actually living in the past. It seems strange that this should be the case, for the sense of smell is surely, if one may use the expression, almost the least *intellectual* of all the senses; but I think the explanation of the fact is this. The impressions made on our other senses, and the associations connected with them, are dulled by frequent repetition. We are constantly aware of things we see, hear, and touch, and very frequently of things which we taste; but we very seldom, in comparison, are conscious of *smelling* things, and so, when we perceive a scent, because it is a rare kind of sensation it is also a strong one; and because we have so seldom perceived it, it has not got mixed up with a number of different associations, and so it brings its own special set of associations more clearly and vividly before the mind.

Every kind of "*memoria technica*" depends for its usefulness on the influence of Association on the memory. It is precisely because dates and numbers of all kinds have no associations belonging to them, that they are so difficult to remember, and the principle of a "*memoria technica*" is to associate with a number some idea, which, on the other hand, links itself to the historical event to which the date or number refers. Very ingenious, and often very absurd, are the devices which are employed in order to associate the link-word with the number on the one hand, and the fact on the other; but the plan rests on a true principle, and should not be despised, if, indeed,

it is necessary to remember dates at all, which may perhaps be disputed.

It is almost entirely by the help of Association, too, that we are able to learn anything "by heart." This is not the case with children, in whom the more mechanical side of the faculty of memory is very strongly developed, and who can learn to repeat anything equally well whether they understand it or not. But any grown-up person finds it almost impossible to repeat words by heart, unless he understands them; that is to say, unless there is some rational principle of Association between the consecutive words, which will bring them into his mind one after the other.

It is not only in the working of the human intellect that the influence of Association on memory can be observed; we may notice it in all the more intelligent animals. It is by means of this principle that it is possible to train animals at all. A cat steals the milk, and is beaten; constant repetition of the offence and the punishment will form such an inseparable association in the cat's mind between the two, that she will cease to steal, from dread of the inevitable beating.

In the same way a dog is taught to fetch and carry, or to perform tricks, by being rewarded whenever he does what he is told, so that he associates the reward inseparably with the performance of the trick, and in time the principle of habit comes into play, and he performs the trick whether he is rewarded or not.

The influence of Association on the memory of horses sometimes produces very troublesome effects; they will sometimes insist, for instance, on turning up a particular road, because they did so before, years ago, perhaps, and found at the end of it an unusually comfortable stable, or something else equally pleasing to the equine mind, which has become inseparably associated with the turn of the road. It is remarkable how in this way a horse will remember a road or a turning which his more intelligent master has quite forgotten; the reason probably is, that the master has so much more to think of; the horse receives so few impressions into his mind, that the few he does receive are more lasting.

In thinking of this subject as illustrated in the minds and ways of animals, we observe, that while such mechanical principles as those of Habit and Association, are quite sufficient to account for everything that passes

in the mind of a horse or a dog, they are entirely inadequate to explain many of the mental processes of human beings; and with regard to the principle of Association itself, that we see working in the minds of animals only that more mechanical side of it, depending on contiguity in time or place, which is easily observed and simply explained; while the other side of Association, that with which the association depending on resemblance is connected, and of which one may say that its links are forged by thought and not by circumstance, is seen working in the human mind alone.

GRACE.



### *The Convent Window.*

FELICE, sister, raise me,  
Let me look forth once more,  
Oh, narrow is the window,  
And iron-barred the door,  
But sister, I'll be free, perhaps,  
Before the night is o'er.

I see the quiet cloister,  
The darker for the snow,  
On window ledges drifting,  
And through the arches low:  
How white is all the cloistered square,  
How calm they sleep below.

The cold wind stirs the cyprus,  
Our lonely cyprus tall;  
I hear the breeze in leafless trees,  
Beyond that weary wall,  
Sweep o'er the plain my memory sees,  
So well I know it all.

In spring 'twas sweet to wander  
Among the grassy ways;  
In summer it was beautiful  
To see them bind the maize;  
In autumn came the vintage time,—  
Oh golden autumn days!

But now the vines are withered,  
The waters cannot flow,  
And hushed is all the singing,  
There's no more life and glow,  
Only gathering dusk of winter,  
And silence of the snow.

'Tis well the year is dying  
In bitter snow and frost,  
All summer blooms are faded,  
All summer joys are lost ;  
And I go with the summer,  
So let my hands be crossed.

And let the priests sing requiem,  
And let the great bell toll,  
That over wood and field and plain  
Afar the sound may roll,  
And some who hear may mournfully,  
Pray for a parting soul.

E. J. O.



### *A Few Remarks on some of Shakespeare's Heroes.*

So much has been said and written on Shakespeare's men and Shakespeare's women, so much critical acumen has been brought to bear on every minute detail of his plays, that it seems almost presumptuous of me to add my small remarks on so great a subject. But Shakespeare is free and generous like nature; like her he offers an inexhaustable field of observation, to which the most humble admirer may resort, and carry away new delights. This thought strengthens me in making the bold attempt to bring once more under the notice of my readers, a few of Shakespeare's heroes.

The question is often asked—Has Shakespeare given us any heroes, equal in beauty and perfection of character to his best heroines? Whereupon visions of Portia, Beatrice, Cordelia, Queen Katherine, Imogene, Hermione and others, pass through our minds in quick succession, and we answer—No. It is, perhaps, natural that this should be our spontaneous answer, for Shakespeare has, more

than all other writers, given a high place to women. The noblest ideals of our sex are to be found in his works. He has more often made the interest of his plays to centre in the virtue, strength, and constancy of his heroines than of his heroes, and he places them in positions the most fitted to call out all that is admirable in their characters; and, moreover, he endows them with mental powers equal to those of his most able men. Having done all this, it is, as I say, natural that on first hearing the question asked, we should answer in the negative. Reflection, however, will, I think, modify our answer. When we consider the difference of the qualities we most admire in men, the difference of the circumstances in which they are placed, and of the temptations to which they are exposed, we find it hard to say there are *no* men in Shakespeare equal to his most perfect heroines.

With so wide a field before me as that of all Shakespeare's men, there is some difficulty in making a selection; but I shall first ask the attention of my readers for a few characters holding a secondary place in the drama, and then go on to a consideration of a few of the principal characters. Of the first class, I select Horatio, Antonio, and Kent.

First, as to Horatio. It seems strange, perhaps, that, in the *greatest* (may I say?) of Shakespeare's tragedies, we should turn from that wonderful character who occupies the foremost place to one in a secondary position; but the thoughtful, philosophical, deeply-interesting Hamlet, with his perplexing doubts, his yearning after truth, and yet his indecision in action, is a man who, though enlisting our deepest sympathy, cannot be held up as a character matured and perfected to so high a degree as some others. His extreme conscientiousness, verging on a state of morbid depression, his sensitive, poetical nature, and, above all, his constant affection for his father—equal in tenderness to that of the most loving daughter—all bespeak for him our sympathy, our love, in perhaps a greater degree than any other man in Shakespeare's works; but for a hero, I think we must turn to others cast in a stronger mould. We hear little comparatively of Horatio, but in him we see the true, the steady friend of Hamlet—one who, in his unlikeness, supplied the wants of his nature. Every one must remark how entirely Shakespeare follows nature, in giving to Hamlet a friend whose strength supplied his weakness, whose calm mind was such as the dreamy

Prince would choose as his counsellor, and on whose steady affection he could rely throughout all the misconceptions and difficulties to which he was exposed. But Horatio's character can only be rightly described in the very words of his friend ;—

“ Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish her election,  
She hath sealed thee for herself ; for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Has ta'en with equal thanks ! and blessed are those,  
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please : Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,  
As I do thee.”

Then, again, in the last scene, we have a touch that brings out the unselfish devotion of Horatio's character. Seeing his friend falsely murdered, dying at his feet, a longing comes over him not to be parted from him even in death, and he would fain drink the last drops of poisoned wine, and not live to mourn alone. But these few sad words of entreaty from the dying Hamlet, show him that he has yet a duty to perform on earth, a work to do for his friend,

“ Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me !  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity a while,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain  
To tell my story.”

No need for more: the friend who had ever comforted him in life, will live to defend his memory. Horatio does not spend time in long eulogiums over the dead body—it would not be Horatio if he did ; but his few words speak his love,

“ Now cracks a noble heart ; good night, sweet prince :  
And flights of angels wing thee to thy rest.”

Now, turn with me for a few moments to the *Merchant of Venice*, and look at Antonio. Perhaps it is scarcely right to place Antonio in our list of secondary characters, but though truly the hero of the play, he does not exactly hold that position in the usual sense of the word ; that is to say, he is not the lover, but the friend of the lover, and what a friend ! No need to recall the story to the minds of my readers, in which it must have found a place from their earliest childhood. In Antonio we have a man intent

on doing good, hating all crooked ways, and above all, the money-lending trade, as followed by the Jews in Venice. Indeed, so much does he wish to put down this practice which tempts men to their ruin, that he "lends out money gratis"—hence the abhorrence in which he is held by Shylock. It is necessary for us fully to understand Antonio's rooted hatred of the trade, and to look at the matter from his stand-point, in order to see how great was his friendship, in bidding Bassanio go try what money could be borrowed in his name, for the sake of enabling his friend to become one of the suitors of the beautiful Portia, whose hand was only to be bestowed on him who should choose the caskets aright. In the cause of friendship, he does not scorn to ask the despised Shylock for the needed sum. Then, when untoward circumstances have bereft him of all on which he counted most securely, when his "ventures have failed," and "not one vessel 'scaped the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks," we see him standing calmly in the open court, ready to fulfil the cruel bond of the Jew. Not one word of entreaty, not one murmur escapes him, when he sees his enemy preparing the deadly weapon—the Christian merchant is ready for death. Listen to his manly farewell to his friend;—

"I am armed and well prepared,  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
  
Commend me to your honourable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;  
Say, how I loved you. Speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;  
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart."

Not one word of reproach to any one, not one useless lament for the past; he has done his duty, he has served his friend.

In these two characters, Horatio and Bassanio, we see friendship carried, indeed, to heroism, in all that it is ready to do and to bear; but I think we have even a higher type of friendship in the staunch and loyal Kent. Horatio was respected and loved by Hamlet, and Antonio was well-nigh worshipped by the grateful Bassanio, whereas the noble Kent worked for, watched over, and loved the man who, with words of contumely, had ordered him for ever

from his presenee. It is a comparatively simple matter for men to sacrifice themselves for those who return the affection lavished on them, but it needs must be a more than ordinary love which survives harsh cold treatment, and which, through a long course of misunderstandings and injustice, loves on to the end. Such love is surely of the nature of that divine love, which will one day vanquish all enemies! The love of Kent for his royal erring master, is in degree of this kind.

My readers will all remember the treatment with which the Earl of Kent met, when he dared to speak to King Lear on behalf of his youngest, and till lately, most loved daughter, Cordelia. She, in the truth of her nature, would not vie with her fawning, false-hearted sisters, in empty protestations of affection for her father; and her simple words of love and duty so enrage the King, that she is ordered from his sight, portionless as the poorest of his subjects, while her share of the kingdom goes to enrich the elder sisters. No voice is raised in her defence, no one dares to tell the King that he is doing evil, save the manly Kent, whom no fear of personal loss can keep silent. He will speak, he will tell his royal master of the exceeding wickedness of his doings.

“Revoke thy gift,”

he says,

“Or, while I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.”

Such plain speaking enrages the poor old man, who has yet to learn to distinguish false friends from true. In bitter anger he thus dismisses his faithful attendant—

“Hear me, recreant!  
On thine allegiance hear me!

Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases of the world;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom; if on the tenth day following,  
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,  
This shall not be revoked.”

But Kent's true heart is not to be so alienated from his King. In disguise he follows him in all his wanderings. When the wretched elder daughters first turn coldly on him, and then proceed by every means in their power to abuse, maltreat, insult, and finally drive from their very doors, the father who has given them all his substance,

turning him out in the cold blast on to the open heath, it is the banished Kent who guides his "sad steps" to what poor shelter a miserable hovel may afford his white hairs. Forgetful of all former insults, he watches and guards the weary King. It is only the grateful loving heart of Cordelia, who, seeing through all disguises, recognises the noble friend, exclaiming—

"Oh, thou good Kent, how shall I live and work  
To match thy goodness?"

"To be acknowledged, Madam, is o'erpaid,"

is the manly reply of this true hero.

On passing to the consideration of a few characters holding more prominent positions than those yet named, I feel much tempted to dwell on the often misunderstood character of Othello, but, perhaps I am scarcely justified in ranking him among Shakespeare's most perfect heroes. Yet he is of the true heroic type, though his hot Moorish nature leads him further than we more cold-blooded Scotch people can quite sympathise with, but not even we can deny that he was "great of heart." Beautiful and tender as is the character of the innocent Desdemona, we cannot but remember the little weakness of her nature, (though which of us dare say that we should not have been weak in her circumstances?) still, I say, we cannot but remember the slight weakness which leads her into one or two errors, and which, when seized on by that "demi-devil" Iago, are sufficient to enrage the impetuous Moor, and to lead him on to the only termination he believed possible. "Naught," as he says, "did he do in hate, but all in honour."

Still, I do not wish to insist that the brave Othello is of so high a nature as those whom I am about to name; the first of whom is King Henry V., the Christian Warrior.

The amusements and companions of the boyish days of Henry V. were not exactly those of a hero, but as Reid has well pointed out, the mirth of the tavern and the exploits on the high road were a better education for a manly youth, than could have been obtained in the stiff and narrow-minded court, where his nature would have been warped in its stifling atmosphere, and his noblest aspirations quenched in obsequious flattery. Though Prince Harry loved a joke, and could laugh with the merriest, his nature never grew coarse by association with minds of a lower grade. Beneath all the boyish pranks of the Prince

of Wales, there beat a heart noble and true, which in good time would develop a character full of manly grace and Kingly dignity. No sooner does the death of his father, Henry IV., set him on the throne of England and so invest him with heavy responsibilities than the thoughtful side of his character shows itself. The well known description of him at this time given by the Archbishop of Canterbury bears witness to this, beginning—

“Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,  
You would desire the king were made a prelate,” etc.

Turning to the great event of his reign, his war with France, we see in what a truly Christian spirit he undertakes it, or rather hesitates to undertake it, till he has consulted the Archbishop on the rights of the case. But for the salique law, the crown of France were his as successor to Edward III.; still he would rather forego his claims, than let any personal desire of fame and power hurry him into a war which might prove injurious to his people, whom he loved so well, and whose interest she identified with his own. With most earnest words he implores the Archbishop to take heed how he “awakes the sleeping sword of war,” that not one drop of his subjects’ blood may be spilt in an unrighteous cause.

Amidst all the preparations for the Battle of Agincourt, the King does not forget to ask a blessing on his great undertaking. Withdrawing himself from the busy camp for a few moments, listen to his prayer (the prayer of a Roman Catholic, but most beautiful):—

“O, God of battles ! steel my soldiers’ hearts !  
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning if the opposed numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O Lord,  
O not to-day ; think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown !  
I Richard’s body have interred anew ;  
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears,  
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up  
Toward heaven to pardon blood ; and I have built  
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
Still sing for Richard’s soul. More will I do :  
Though all that I can do is nothing worth ;  
Since that my penitence comes, after all,  
Imploring pardon.”

With unflagging spirits he cheers his soldiers on the eve of battle. On hearing Westmoreland exclaim—

“O, that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to day !”

his manly voice reproaches such a wish—

“What’s he that wishes so ?  
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin ;  
If we are marked to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss ; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.”

I could go on for ever quoting the words of this noble warrior, but doubtless my readers will remember many for themselves. We see in him a man great as a warrior, great as a king, and great as a lover. For I hold he was great as a lover. Who would wish to be more honestly wooed, than as King Henry wooed the gentle Princess Katherine of France ?

We must now look back into the olden days, and see a hero such as we shall never see again—the noble Brutus.

In order the better to understand his character, we should look at his early life, with which Shakespeare has not so much to do. The youth of Marcus Brutus was spent in the pursuit of such knowledge as should fit him to be a just and wise leader of men ; and his inclinations were trained in the path of virtue—stern, self-denying virtue, as it was understood by the Romans during the century preceding the Christian era. The first instance we have of Brutus sacrificing all personal considerations for the sense of what he considered to be his duty, occurred in 49 B.C., when in the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, he joins himself to the latter, his personal enemy, on whose side he sees the “better reason,” and fights against his friend. When we remember that at the early age of eight years, Brutus was made fatherless through the perfidy of Pompey, we may well marvel at the perfect justice which ruled all his actions ; and though such entire freedom from personal bias be unattainable by us, it is good to offer our humble meed of admiration to one, to whom no sacrifice for the sake of right seemed impossible. The ruling principle of his life was love for his country ; to this predominating passion his affection (and he had deep affections, for everything and every person) must yield. Before Christianity had leavened the world, and taught it that men of all nations are brothers, and that the individual must not be ruthlessly sacrificed for an abstract idea, the love of country, or it might be of the Commonwealth, was the deity

worshipped by the best men of the time. To preserve the Commonwealth, at all costs, was, to a truly noble Roman, a religious duty. Such Brutus felt it to be, and such was the spur which urged him on to play the important part he did in the putting to death of Cæsar. In Cæsar he saw the tyrant (a generous, loving tyrant indeed, but nevertheless a tyrant), one who, if not checked in time, might go from step to step, till he reached a throne, and the Commonwealth of Rome be destroyed for ever. By the gentle use he made of his power, Cæsar had gained so great an influence over the hearts of the Roman citizens, that they had become as wax in his hands, to be moulded to whatever shape he pleased, and it was only a few of the most thoughtful who could see afar off to what this might lead. Foremost among those few was Brutus. Many and fierce were the struggles which he encountered in his own mind before he could determine on the one decisive act, which, while saving his country from a tyrant, would cost him his friend. We see him leaving his bed in the dead of night, and wandering sadly about, as thoughts, too agitating to admit of sleep, occupy his mind. The possibility that the liberty of Rome may be lost through some weakness of his, hangs on his mind with intolerable weight; yet to see no way of saving it but by slaying his friend, all unprepared for attack, is terrible. Such a state of indecision cannot, however, be his for any length of time. Conscious of the rectitude of his purpose, he is not deterred from duty by any personal considerations. As in his early days he aided a hated enemy in a good cause, so now in later life, he determines to frustrate a dear friend in a bad cause. The greatest proof we have of the purity of Brutus' purpose in the putting to death of Cæsar, is to be found in the fact of the friendship which existed between them. Many men could have killed an enemy, but few could have deprived themselves of one whom they loved as Brutus did Cæsar, for the sake of "the general good." Very sadly must Cæsar's "*Et tu Brute*" have fallen on the ears of Brutus, as, with his dagger, he stabbed the great Cæsar.

I need not quote here the grand funeral speech spoken by Brutus, which so beautifully explains the reasons which led him to act as he did; for it is one of the many passages from our poet which all the world can quote, though, like everything that is perfect in beauty, it can never become wearisome by repetition.

Brutus, with that strict sense of justice which marked each act of his life, permitted Antony also to address the people on the day of Cæsar's funeral, though he knew he had that to say which would move the hearts of the unreflecting mob, and so revive their love for Cæsar as to lead them to revolt against their true friend and liberator. Such was the case. Many of those for whom Brutus had sacrificed himself, turn against him, whereupon he, seeing that his work is ended, runs on his sword and dies. Then, over the dead body of Brutus, tardy justice is done him by Mark Antony, whose words are, at least, a tribute to his memory such as can never be forgotten:—

“This was the noblest Roman of them all;  
All the conspirators, save only he  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world,—This was a man.”

If my readers will refer to the May number of this magazine, they will find some discriminating remarks on the character of Prospero, who, of all Shakespeare's heroes, is perhaps the one most beautifully portrayed. With this mere mention of Prospero, I must draw my remarks on Shakespeare's heroes to a close. No doubt there are many characters which I have not mentioned, which some of my readers may be inclined to put first on their list of heroes, but those I have named, are, I think, sufficient to check a too hurried answer to our question. With Horatio, Antonio, and Kent, Henry V., Brutus, and Prospero in our thoughts, surely we shall find it hard to say that *none* of Shakespeare's heroes are equal (I do not say superior) to his most perfect heroines!

DES EAUX.

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## An Incident of the War.

1870.

“On the arrival of Colonel von Henning at Vaux, the usual proclamation was issued relative to the inhabitants surrendering arms. They were all thrown into a barn, over which was placed a guard. There came to him to day one of the villagers, an old soldier of the First Empire, one who had fought at the battles of Austerlitz and Jena.

‘Mon Colonel,’ were the old man's opening words, ‘I have a little dagger that, according to your orders, I have surrendered; it is very dear to me, and has become as a companion to me; may I have it back?’

‘Where is it?’ asked Colonel von Henning.

'It lies with many others in a barn.'

'Come with me,' replied the other, in the best French he could muster. He rose from his chair, and walked with the old relic of French glory through the village to the barn, and with his own hands picked out from the rusty pile the much prized dagger, and restored it."

From "*What I saw of the War.*"

By HON. C. ALLANSON WYNN.

It is an ancient soldier

Of the day of Austerlitz;  
Now on his brow full heavily

His country's sorrow sits.  
For he hath seen the glories

Of the old Imperial time,  
When the eagles led to victory  
'Neath many a foreign clime.

"My Colonel," saith the veteran,

"My years are nigh four score,  
But still I prize each relic

That speaks of days of yore.  
'Tis but a little weapon

That lies 'mid yonder heap,  
But when they took it from me,  
I well-nigh turned to weep.

"All of my former comrades

Are gone from out my sight;  
Ah! could we now have muster'd,  
We might have changed the fight.

For who or what could check us  
In those gallant days we knew,  
When each man marched to conquer,  
And every heart was true?

"But now 'tis past—'tis vanished—

All save that blade of steel;  
And when I grasp its handle,  
Something I seem to feel  
Of the old fiery ardour,  
And the determined will,  
That swept like flame o'er Europe,  
And sought new conquests still.

"Now years have changed the story—

Another sight they show;  
'Tis yours to ride victorious,  
While we lie crushed below.

Undone is all our labour—  
Our very fights grow pale—  
Our blood, our lives, our sufferings—  
Were all of no avail !

“Nay, pardon me, my Colonel,  
An old man’s lengthy tale,  
And grant me this petition,  
Ere yet your patience fail.  
Look kindly in your triumph  
Upon a soldier’s pride,  
And bid them give my dagger  
Again to arm my side.”

The gentle Prussian Colonel  
Loves well a worthy foe ;  
He feels such pitying sympathy  
As generous spirits know.  
So, making friendly answer,  
He bade him lead the way,  
By street well-nigh deserted,  
To where the weapons lay.

‘Mid rifles, swords, and daggers.  
They searched the rusty pile ;  
The old man flushed and eager,  
The chief with kindly smile,  
Until the veteran pointed  
Unto the time-worn blade  
That bore for him the story  
Whose light should never fade.

The Colonel, stooping, raised it—  
Himself would he restore  
Unto those trembling fingers  
The trusty steel once more.  
“Take it,” he said ; “this warfare  
Hath borne us far apart,  
But well I know, and honour  
A soldier’s faithful heart.”

Dim smoke-wreaths spread their shadow  
O’er each contending host ;  
In the red glare of conquest  
All milder tints are lost.  
But, like a glow-worm’s shining,  
With softened eyes we read,  
How the simple grace of kindness  
May do a worthy deed.

## On the Nature of Poetic Imagination;

OR THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY ILLUSTRATED BY THE POETS.

ALL men have some imagination; but all have not poetical imagination. In what, then, consists the essence of this latter, and in what does it differ from the imaginative faculty common to the human understanding?

By imagination we mean the power whereby the mind represents before itself, as an internal vision, that of which it has previously been conscious, either in a former act of representation, or through the senses. There must be also a further comparing and elaborating action, tending to reproduce, in new combinations, the materials which the memory furnishes to the mind. In this action lies what is commonly called the productive, plastic, or creative power of the imagination. But we have not yet come to the essence of the poetic imagination, as an example will show. Having passed through Queen Street this morning, I can produce its unlovely lines in my mind with tolerable accuracy, but this is not poetical,—not even if I figure to myself George Street piled on the top of it. Even the usual illustration of the combining power—the centaur—seems to trot but prosily through the books of definition; and if we descend to the new idea given us, in a pantomime, for instance, or in feats of jugglery, we may see all sorts of absurd combinations, from which we turn with the instinctive dislike aroused by a senseless apparent violation of law, and which show no particle of the quality we seek. Returning to the image of the centaur, let us see whether, after all, he can guide us into the right way. A man with the body of a horse, an impossible figure—we may say—perhaps an unmeaning term. But let us go back in thought to the ancient days when first the conception arose, when first the pride and power of the horse were subdued to the purposes of man; and the horsemen one with their steeds, impressed upon a feebler race a feeling of awe and amazement, as of a marvellous union of skill and strength, conferring power half divine. Time rolls on, and the hero ideal, honoured in those days, is degraded, in the light of Christianity, to a type of brutal force; and Dante sees the swift centaurs careering round the infernal river where the violent are punished; and Chiron has to part his tangled beard with his arrow

point before the half forgotten human words can issue from his overgrown lips. Then, again, in modern times, De Guérin, in loving harmony with the old Greek mind, recurs to the centaur as an ideal manifestation of strong, free, intelligent, physical life, and causes him to say,—

“Wandering along at my own will, like the rivers, feeling wherever I went the presence of Cybele ; whether in the bed of the valleys, or on the height of the mountains, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life, etc.”

In all this we may trace, besides a concrete emblem of the subjugation of the horse, something of the triumph of natural physical strength which was part of the old Greek creed, also of the contempt shown by the ascetic spirit of the middle ages for such triumph : there is meaning, relation, and order in the idea ; and there is an interpretation of something both in nature and morals which does not lie on the surface ; something also of mystery, which leads beyond the region of the mere understanding, towards indefinite possibilities. In fact, we come in sight of the distinctive quality we seek.

For we come in sight of Beauty, which contains something of all these qualities, besides an inexplicable magic which captivates the feelings with spontaneous power ; and in this consists the essence of poetical imagination,—that it should act in relation to beauty, that the inward vision should be keen to perceive and recognise beauty, and the elaborative power clear sighted to choose it, to elicit it and follow it till an ideal is reached, which the artist has to realise in form according to his instrument, as poem, picture, sculpture, or music.

I should define the poetical imagination to be imagination fired by ideal beauty.

I mean here, beauty in the widest sense in which the word can be employed ; including, therefore, grandeur, grotesqueness (which seems a kind of humorous or significant disproportion), and even terror, for they are like the occasional discords, needful to a succession of full harmonies. But real ugliness has, I think, no place in poetry. The dramatist may be permitted to draw a repulsive character, but so far as he is repulsive he is unpoetical. Not that an occasional lapse into prose may not be advisable sometimes in a poem or drama and enhance by contrast the beauty of the whole.

Having found our definition, let us pass on to three further questions, namely, How does this poetical imagina-

tion manifest itself, or what is the work of the poet? Then, what are the qualities necessary to the active exercise of this gift? And finally, What is its source?

First, then, What is the work of the poet? The poet should, above all, be the revealer of hidden beauty, and the interpreter of ideal beauty. Looking beyond the mere appearances to the significance and heart of things, he should kindle in other minds, something of the light which shines for him, and thus raise the thoughts and soothe the cares of those who enjoy but a lower portion of his gift. He should interpret the thought which underlies the world of nature, and reveal the essential truth and beauty which can be traced amid the varying aspects of human life. The simplest idea, if good and pure, is not too simple to win a grace from the touch of poetry,—the most complex thinking becomes the clearer and the nobler with its aid; “the solitary Highland lass,” reaping and singing, stands forth a radiant image for ever, when Wordsworth has wondered if she sang of

“Old far-off unhappy things,  
And battles long ago,”

and the deep questions of metaphysics seem profounder, yet clearer, when flashed out in the incisive brilliancy of the verse of “In Memoriam.”

We may observe as to the interpretation of the world of nature, that there are different ways of viewing this world we live in. To some how barren it seems of all but the most utilitarian suggestions, while to others it seems full of beautiful secrets and half guessed relations to ourselves, and to unknown mysteries beyond. To quote but one instance,—the fragile endurance and gaiety that belong to the first spring flowers, is thus given us by Shakespeare;

“Daffodils  
That come before the Swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.”

When we consider human life, as dealt with by the poets, one thought strikes us on the threshold. While beauty, and therefore poetry, appeals directly to the feelings (though poetry cannot be of the highest order, unless it have an intellectual side also), the feelings in turn enliven the imagination, so that the language of strong emotion has generally a touch of poetry in it. It rises above the ordinary level to a certain appropriateness, force, and clearness; or, in other words, to a certain degree

of beauty. There is a whole school of poetry which founds its claim on appeals to the passions. It is, perhaps, the most popular, because the most easily understood of all; but it is observable that the pathos of the great masters—and there is no pathos so profound—is generally, more or less, fused with the intellect, or consists of a brief expression, passing on quickly to some grander, deeper view, than the passion of the moment, however intense. Poetry merely of the affections, is usually of the subjective kind, but gives much pleasure, because its interpretation is wide, if not deep, and so little imagination is needed to enter into it. To take a good example. Longfellow describing a childless house, tells of the “nursery windows wide open to the air,” of the “Newfoundland house dog waiting by the door” for his little playmates, and adds—

“The boy that walked beside me,  
He did not understand,  
How closer in mine—ah! closer  
I pressed his warm soft hand.”

This puts an obvious idea into tender and truthful words: it may be felt by nearly all readers, and is, therefore, in the best sense of the word, popular. Let us look at another poem, which, I think, suggests that death is not after all an utterly harsh and alien fact, but is in a certain harmony with creation, as we now perceive it. I mean Coleridge's:—

“Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O’Kellyn,  
Where may the grave of that good knight be?  
By the side of a spring on the breast of Helvellyn,  
Under the leaves of a young birch tree,” &c. &c.

We have first the calm image of repose on the breast of Helvellyn. To no unsympathizing nature is that grave confided; for it, too, changes, as if in harmony with the changing, perishing, yet hopeful condition of humanity. The strong oak, after its centuries of storm and sunshine, “is gone,” but the “young birch tree” comes with new life and grace to decorate the forgotten grave: all renews itself, and Spring comes to all at last. Then at the close, the monosyllables fall on the ear with grave sweet emphasis, like old church music—

“His soul is with the Saints, we trust.”

There is a deeper suggestion here, than in the preceding poem, of the underlying problems of life. Here again is an idea which may often have been vaguely conceived,

but which has now, through Wordsworth's power of interpretation, become to all his readers a luminous and noble thought.

"Thou takest not away, O Death,  
Thou strikest—absence perisheth,  
Indifference is no more."

While speaking of the poet's vocation, I may allude to a prevalent, and I should like to say pestilent, heresy which we sometimes meet with, viz., that art is essentially sport. Art is play—its function is to please, to amuse. Art, perhaps, gives more pleasure than anything here below, and no doubt has for its sphere the sentiment or feelings; but in the derivation of the word amusement, a negation of the presence of the muses, lies a refutation of this idea, which mistakes the whole theory of art, and also confounds the pleasure found in the pursuit of a worthy object, with pleasure as a pursuit. Poets who hold such a theory must indeed give the world

"Adjusted concords—soft enow  
To hear the wine-cups passing thro',  
And not too grave to spoil the show."

But the true aim of art is, as we have found, the interpretation or manifestation of beauty; and masterpieces in art are the product of severe, determined toil, not unfrequently of blighted lives and heavy sorrows.

We now come to the second question, namely, What qualities are necessary to the active exercise of the poetic imagination? I should say ordinary imaginative powers intensified; or first, a *strong* plastic or combining faculty, which we may call inventive genius. Secondly, an *intense* power of vision or conception. A third requisite quality is mastery of the required instrument; or for poetry—felicity of language.

And first, of inventive genius. Books carefully lay down that the inventive imagination creates nothing, but only combines; but we may remark, granting it to be so, how unimportant is the limitation. Inventive genius certainly causes things to appear in the world that had no previous existence, and may surely justly be called creative. From various chemical combinations of a few unpromising elementary bodies, are evolved the glories of the material universe; and as carbon and oxygen to the diamond, so are often the underlying suggestions to the splendid products of the imagination. Music, for instance, strictly speaking, is but a combination of the

wandering vibrations that have no significance for us till the thought of the musician has moulded them into a new revelation of the beautiful. And so in poetry, the electric spark of genius transforms the rough material that is everywhere about in the world, into the priceless jewels which form the riches of the intellect of all generations. In the greater poets, we may remark how wonderfully sustained is this inventive power. Spenser creates for himself a world all his own, of exquisite beauty and purity, and Shakespeare gives us, out of the fullness of his imagination, a condensed typical history of humanity. Ariosto wandering in his enchanted forests, Milton brooding over his theological imagery, and Chaucer riding with his joyous companions, are all high examples of the free, unflinching, bright inventiveness of genius.

The second requisite—intensity of inward vision—must now be noticed. In reading any attempt at detailed description, metaphor, or imagery, if the writer's imagination is weak, we may soon detect a kind of vague blurred effect, often an actual confusion, which tells us the idea was indistinctly seen by the inward eye. Sometimes, indeed, vivid mental pictures may be found with a low degree of the poetic faculty; the mind may be filled with its own conceptions—set a-blaze with them, and yet unable to render them for want of genius, or talent for description. But the power of vision of the great poets is of a higher order. They are there, where their fancy has brought them: not only can they describe what they see, but they can flash a dazzling light into the very heart of the subject, and in a brief sentence give us its essence and innermost being. Chief in this power I think is Dante. You can never doubt of the truth of his weary journey; he shrinks from no detail that can make it plain to you; and yet nothing is more wonderful than the brevity with which a whole picture is conveyed to the mind. It may be of the utmost terror, as of the fire vermilion minarets of the city of Dite, glowing in the black abyss; or of the most exquisite beauty, as of the angelic splendour broadening over the fair forest in the earthly Paradise. Tennyson also seems specially gifted in this way—as when he describes a sunset over the sea—

“He saw them headland after headland flame,  
Far on into the rich heart of the West.”

Or speaking of a lake storm—

"In the noon of mist and driving rain,  
When the lake whitened and the pine wood roared,  
And the cairned mountain was a shadow."

Or of an inaccessible mountain—

"There rose a hill that none but man could climb,  
Scarr'd with a hundred wintry water courses ;  
Storm at the top, and when we gained it, storm  
Round us, and death."

But we must hasten to glance at the third requisite—namely, Felicity of language. This may be a lower gift, though more undefinable and unaccountable ; for composition may be clear, cultivated, and faultless, and yet utterly devoid of that peculiar charm which attends even the careless work of more gifted persons. Why does Burns say a thing so exquisitely, that many another peasant has said before him in a clumsy and unimportant manner ? What gave Byron his wonderful mastery of language, even when he had little thought to express ; and Keats that magic melody, that makes one hardly know whether one is listening to poetry or to music ? Mr Arnold suggests that this is the special gift of the Keltic imagination ; but this would only apply to the English language, and seems a hardly adequate theory for one of the strongest proofs of the saying,—*"Poeta nascitur, non fit."*

As this quality seems the chief beauty of Keats' poetry, we can look at it there apart from other beauties. For instance, in the hymn to Pan, the following lines—

"Strange ministrant of undescrîbed sounds  
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,  
And wither drearily on barren moors ;  
Dread opener of the mysterious doors,  
Leading to universal knowledge—"

What a wonderful modulation into a new key begins with "Dread opener," &c., It is simply and indescribably delicious. In speaking of Bacchus and his crew, how the bustle and reckless gait ring through the verse !

"Like to a moving vintage, down they came,  
Crowned with young leaves, and faces all on flame—  
All madly dancing thro' the pleasant valley,  
To scare thee, melancholy."

His ode to the nightingale, when he tells of the song

"That oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn,"

may well bring tears to the eyes, not from the thought or the images, but from the perfect loveliness of the language.

A very few words must be given before concluding this paper, to, perhaps the deepest question involved in all aesthetic theories. Whence is derived our notion of ideal beauty?—has it any objective validity? Is the source of the poetic imagination within the mind alone, or is it an inspiration from without? What one person asserts about beauty, may another with equal authority contradict? No doubt, this last theory, with all its consequences, is held by some. They consider that beauty is a mere matter of opinion, based on the laws of association; that tastes may be allowed to differ, and that there is no real standard by which they can be corrected. And, certainly, looking superficially at the different tastes of different nations, and at the preposterous inventions that are in turn approved by the caprices of fashion, there seems something to be said for this view. But a little attention enables one to perceive that certain standards of beauty have met with general acceptance; dullness may ignore, fashion may obscure them for a time, but they soon recover their empire. Moreover, the intuitive love of such accepted (or classical) standards, soon shows itself in those persons who afterwards become good poets or artists; showing that appreciation varies with the faculty of the observer. Education in art matters also leads in the direction of the classical standards, though here the proof is less evident, from the greater interference of the laws of association.

Not, indeed, that any standard indicates a finality in art, or a boundary to the beautiful, which opens to the soul one of the aspects of the infinite. For, deep in the nature of the poetic imagination, lies dissatisfaction with even its most successful efforts. It ever aspires to an unattainable ideal that for ever eludes its grasp; seeking beyond all known and realized loveliness, some absolute beauty, not seen, but dimly guessed, and yet felt to be true. Therefore, I believe that the mind is formed by the idea of beauty in which it participates more or less, even, as in other matters, the mind is formed by the sense-experience which it gradually accumulates through perceptions of the external universe. The poets have generally held this theory, and they should know best. In the Greek myth, memory was indeed the mother of the muses, but their father was Jove Omnipotent. And downwards in the course of time, everywhere and in all countries, poets are almost unanimous in assigning

to some idea and inspiration outside, and beyond themselves, the best they had to offer. The gift, the genius, the inspiration, the muse—under names manifold one idea is suggested, namely; that beyond the fading beauty that our senses can apprehend, there blazes the eternal Idea of a beauty of which it is only an emanation; that the instinctive efforts of the poet to shake off what is transient and imperfect, are not restlessness born of delusion but the cravings of an awakened soul for a glorious reality, of which they are at once the earnest and the evidence.

E. J. O.

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## The Kelpie's Hour.

A LEGEND OF ROSS-SHIRE.

THE sun was shining on field and brae,  
The Conan ran sparkling to meet the sea,  
And the reapers among the yellow corn  
Were singing their songs of careless glee,

When a voice came ringing from out the stream,  
That thrilled as no voice of mortal can;  
And these are the boding words it spoke;  
“*The hour is come, but not the man.*”

The song died away on every lip,  
And each sun-browned cheek grew deadly pale,  
For the reapers had heard the boding words,  
And too well they knew the Kelpie's wail.

The voice swept by on the autumn breeze,  
And the reapers had turned to their work again,  
When, lo! all covered with dust and foam,  
A horseman came spurring across the plain.

He drew not bridle, he spared not spur,  
Till he came to where swiftly the broad stream ran:  
“O, see! he is making for yon fause ford;”  
Quick! quick! or the Kelpie will have his man.”

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\* Note.—A so-called “fause ford” (*Anglicè*, false ford) lies across the Conan, “in the form of a rippling bar, which, indicating apparently, though very falsely, little depth of water, is flanked by a deep black pool above and below.”  
See Hugh Miller's *My Schools and Schoolmasters*.

The reapers they cast down siekle and sheaf,  
And swiftly they sped to the water-side.  
"O, sir, keep baek, for the ford is fause,  
And the Kelpie sits watching beneath the tide."

"Would you mock me with lies and with ehildish tales  
Let me go ! for my message brooks no delay ;  
I can swim the ford, if I cannot ride,  
And I fear not your Kelpie. Begone, I say !"

But if he was wilful to meet his doom,  
They were e'en as wilful he should not go ;  
So they gathered around his foaming horse,  
And they drew him down from the saddle-bow.

In vain he struggled within their grasp,  
They were more than a match for such as he ;  
So they led him away from the water's edge—  
*And the Conan ran raging to meet the sea.*

They led him on through the yellow corn,  
To the ehapel that stood beneath the brae,  
And they kept him there with bolt and bar,  
Till the Kelpie's hour should pass away.

The hour was past, and the reapers hied  
To the ehapel to set their eaptive free,  
For now he was safe to go his way—  
*But the Conan ran laughing to meet the sea.*

They drew the bolts, and they ealled aloud,  
"Now, sir, come forth, for the danger's o'er ;"  
But the only thing that made reply  
Was the echo ringing from roof to floor.

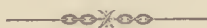
Then louder they called, "Come forth ! come forth !  
For the greedy Kelpie has watched his hour ;"  
But the only thing that made reply  
Was the seared owl hooting from out the tower.

Then each man looked in his neighbour's face—  
"We must in and see what this may mean ;  
The bolts are strong, and the windows high,  
And had he fled we had surely seen."

But when they stood on the chapel floor,  
Each man grew silent and held his breath,  
For there, with his face in the moss-grown font,  
Lay the horseman, cold and stiff in death.

The water reached not the carved device  
That round the edge of the basin ran ;  
But there, e'er the fatal hour had passed,  
The Kelpie had found and slain his Man.

MEIGEAG BHEAG.



## *The Struggles of a Chaperone.*

### PART III.—THE DINNER AT THE HALL.

As Davie had said, he started on his rounds before any of us were up next morning ; and Jaek went off upon his, immediately after breakfast, accompanied by Dr Irwin, who had resumed his usual quiet courtesy of manner, though several shades graver and more abstracted even than was his wont. Carry and Sophy did not appear till after the gentlemen had left. Their rooms opened into each other, and I had reason to believe that, after the manner of young ladies, they had conversed, after their return from the ball, much longer than was at all necessary for the hair-brushing which they made their excuse. As I expected, Carrie's engagement was no secret ; and indeed there was no reason why it should be, for old Dr Carleton arrived to lunch, radiant with smiles, and bringing his full consent. Davie had been a great favourite of his from the first. So Carrie spent a very idle day, poor little puss ! in a sort of soft flutter of excitement and happiness, which Sophy and I found very infectious ; and when it was time to dress for dinner at the Hall, we were all rather ashamed to think how little we had done, except in the way of conversation. This party at the Hall had been convoked for the express purpose of "talking over" the archery meeting ; the Harringtons and Fieldings were to be there, and the number was made up by some gentlemen Harry had invited at the ball, among whom were Rose Harrington's heavy dragoon, and Blanche's briefless barrister. I had sent a note to Minnie in the course of the day, to tell her of Davie's engagement, so she gave Carrie a most sisterly welcome, warmly

echoed by Harry Wyvill. The intelligence rapidly spread through the party, and when Davie arrived, a little late, he had to run a gauntlet of universal congratulation. I think he and Carrie were both very thankful to the baby, who was, of course, exhibited before dinner, for setting up a series of piercing shrieks, and diverting the public attention; and by the time it was discovered that the unhappy child was impaled upon a large pin stuck through its multitudinous garments, dinner was announced, and conversation had become general.

I never dine at the Hall without thinking of the party there which I told you about, before Minnie's marriage, when Miss Caroline Tyrrel, now Lady Ellesmere, began to cast the glamour over Harry Wyvill, which, for a time, diverted him from his allegiance to Minnie; and I was looking from Minnie to her husband, and thinking how much good that time of trial did them both, and how thoroughly happy they are now, and how heartily thankful we all should be to Lady Ellesmere for behaving as she did, and then marrying poor, meek, little Sir William just at the right time,—when I heard some one mention her name, and I started from my fit of abstraction. Dinner was over now, and the servants had left the room.

Young Fielding was speaking. "Lady Ellesmere is still the beauty of the county," said he, "but I suspect her reign is nearly over. She looked just a shade older last night—the beginning of the end. Two seasons more, and she *must* give place to a successor."

"No, no," said Harry, "no, Fielding, you don't know Lady Ellesmere; she is not so easily beaten. She will hold her own, as you say, for two seasons more, by her own natural beauty, and then"—

"Well?" said one or two voices, for Harry hesitated.

"And *then* she will reign for five seasons more, at least, by the aids of art. Lady Ellesmere will not stick at trifles."

"That was what you meant, Wyvill?" said Mr Hartley of Hartley Manor. He spoke very bitterly, but I could excuse him. His father had been Lady Ellesmere's guardian, and he had known her well.

"And where's the harm?" broke in Rose Harrington, before Harry Wyvill could answer. "Why should she not have the aid of art? I don't see why we should not make the best of ourselves."

"Rose, Rose!" said I, but Rose was not easily daunted.

"I don't indeed; and, if I were Lady Ellesmere, I would never give in so long as art could do anything for me. And without being Lady Ellesmere, I give you all fair warning, that I shall do my best."

"Stop! stop! Miss Rose," cried Harry, amidst the laughter of the company, "don't reveal the secrets of the toilet table in such a promiseuous manner; at least have the prudence to wait till we turn the bachelors out of the room, always excepting Davie Cunningham, who has committed himself beyond recall."

"Nonsense," returned Rose, who was in her wildest mood to-night. "I'll tell no secrets but my own, and I've not much to tell; it's the general practice that I uphold—of helping out Nature's weak points with a judicious degree of art. I assure you I intend to do it wherever I can. I've lots of hair just now," and Miss Rose shook her luxuriant brown tresses, "but when it comes out, I'll buy false plaits; and when I lose my teeth I'll get new ones; and I'll pad my dresses, and I'll rouge, and make no secret about it."

"So you say just now," said Jack, "but when you do make these little changes, Miss Rose, you won't be so ready to own to them."

"Oh yes, I will, Dr Somers," said the incorrigible Rose, "and just to prove it, I'll tell you something before all this respected company,—I was rouged at the ball last night, and Carrie Carleton was so shocked, I thought she'd never speak to me again."

"WHAT!" shouted Dr Irwin, with a start that knocked all his glasses off the table, "YOU, Miss Harrington!" and he grew so pale, I thought he was going to faint.

"I, and no other," replied Rose undauntedly. "I was looking like a ghost, and I had brought the rouge with me in case I should want it; so I seized the opportunity when you went to tell the other girls that tea was ready, Mrs Somers, for I knew you wouldn't let me put it on. So I jumped up and put it on, and Carrie Carleton was so shocked, that she nearly cried; didn't you, Carrie? but you're a good little thing; you told no tales."

Gertrude and Lucy Wyvill were looking dreadfully shocked, and Sophy Irwin very indignant; and it was a relief to us all when Minnie rose. I saw now the secret of Rose Harrington's suddenly improved appearance the night before; and Dr Irwin's extreme agitation showed me that the key to his curious behaviour at the ball was

to be found somewhere in this episode of the rouge, though as yet I had not discovered it. There was a considerable degree of restraint and awkwardness when we ladies reached the drawing-room. The Wyvills and Sophy Irwin turned the cold shoulder determinedly upon Rose, and her sister Blanche began to reproach her most vehemently, though it was evident that the confession, and not the crime, was the cause of Blanche's displeasure. Rose lost her temper, and I feared we were about to have a scene; so throwing myself into the breach, I took possession of the culprit, and carried her off to the inner drawing-room, protesting that I as her chaprone was the right and proper person to lecture her; while Minnie ably seconded my efforts to preserve the peace, by devoting herself for the time to the indignant Blanche.

Rose, who was extremely good-natured, recovered herself at once when removed from the fire of Blanche's reproaches; but she was in a thoroughly mad-cap mood, and would not be serious for a moment; and at last, in the middle of a very neatly turned sentence of mine, upon the impropriety of falsities such as rouge, she sprang up, exclaiming—"There's Mrs Wyvill going to see if baby's asleep! I *must* have another look at him!" and off she flew, leaving the peroration of my lecture just rising to my lips.

I gathered my draperies round me with much dignity, and was rising to join the other girls, when Dr Irwin entered, and came at once towards me.

"Mrs Somers," he said "I am so glad to find you alone; I am most anxious that you should explain to Miss Carleton the reason of my extraordinary conduct last night, and offer her my apologies for my—my utter imbecility and blindness." "Now for it!" thought I, and seated myself again with a murmur of assent; and then, as always happens in real life, the romance of the interview was broken in upon by the prosaic and practical, which, in this case, took the shape of Harry Wyvill's two gigantic footmen, bearing the tea-pot and tea-tray. I helped myself and the Doctor too, to save time, my hands trembling with excitement, and then, as the servants withdrew, I looked up eagerly, and Dr Irwin proceeded.

"I daresay, Mrs Somers, you can guess my purpose in coming to Warwickshire just now. I had formed the hope—Miss Carleton—I see you understand. Yesterday all I saw of her confirmed my admiration, my—my affec-

tion; she was more winning, more engaging than ever; and, Mrs Somers, it was her extreme simplicity, her child-like character, that charmed me more than anything else."

I bowed my head, for the Doctor paused as if for assent; but he seemed not to notice it.

"Mrs Somers, I scarcely know how to proceed. My conduct appears inexcusable to myself, and yet, if I listened, it was involuntary. Your room at the inn adjoined ours."

I started as if I had been shot,—I saw it all now.

"I assure you, Mrs Somers, it was completely involuntary; I was leaning against the partition-wall, and distinctly heard a voice say,—'Rouge? Yes, of course it is, I use it often, I must put it on to-night,' or words like those. Another voice, which I could scarcely hear, seemed to remonstrate, but the first speaker insisted. I was shocked! Mrs Somers, I was horrified! I am not a fashionable man, as you know; I know little of fashionable customs, and a woman who paints her face is to me,—but I need not dwell on that. Then the voice was a little, just a little, like Miss Carleton's, you know she and Miss Harrington both speak with a slight lisp,—but *that* seemed to me monstrous. But when, a few moments afterwards, we left our room, and Miss Fielding, and Sophy, and the Miss Wyvills came from the opposite door, and then you and Miss Carleton, *alone*, from the room adjoining ours,—*then*, Mrs Somers, my heart sank; then I asked you where were the Miss Harringtons—"

"I remember, I remember," cried I, and I pointed to the opposite room.

"Yes," continued the Doctor, "and there seemed to me no room for doubt. You are so pale, Mrs Somers, forgive me for thinking of *that* explanation; I saw it could not be you, and Miss Carleton's complexion is so brilliant, in short, Mrs Somers, I believed that her's was the voice I had overheard, and my disenchantment was complete. Miss Harrington's words this evening revealed my mistake. I feel that I owe Miss Carleton an apology for my rudeness to her yesterday evening; for my imbecility in believing what I did, upon *any* evidence, however strong, no apology can be sufficient."

There was a long silence, the Doctor's voice had trembled as he finished his story, and I believe I was crying.

"But, Mrs Somers," said he, suddenly rousing himself, and trying to speak cheerfully, "since I heard Miss Harrington's explanation, I feel a very different man. Before that I felt that if Miss Carleton were artificial and false, as I believed her, I could never have faith again in man or woman, scarcely in child either, I think. But now I see I was not mistaken in her, she is as pure and simple as I believed her to be. Though my *hope* is destroyed, my *faith* remains, and my reverence for her, and for her sex through her. And, after all, Mrs Somers, I spoke the truth last night when I was so rude about that country dance. She will have a better partner in Cunningham than she would have in me for the country-dance of matrimony; and now I am going to congratulate them both; but you will give her my message, Mrs Somers? Thank you for that and your kind interest in me," and with a squeeze of the hand, which made it very difficult for me to restrain a cry of agony, the good Doctor left the room.

For the second time I was rising to return to the others, when I was startled by the sound of a suppressed sob, and to my amazement, crouched behind an ottoman near the door, was a confused heap of rose-coloured tarlatan and brown curls, which proved to be Rose Harrington, in floods of tears.

"I came back just as you were taking tea," sobbed Rose, with her head on my lap, while I smoothed the brown curls, and patted the tear-stained cheeks—no rouge on them to-night,—“and I didn't know how to go away again, and besides, I wanted to hear about it, and I didn't remember it was wrong to listen till I heard what he said.”

"But why are you crying so, Rose?" said I, "what is the matter with you, dear?" as a fresh burst of sobs stopped Rose's utterance.

"Because I see the harm of it now!" cried the girl, throwing her arms round me, "of rouge and false hair, and all these hateful things! I see the falseness, and the shame, and the horridness of it all now! O! Mrs Somers, Blanche and I have never had anybody to tell us what is right. If mamma had lived, I think we'd have been different. But I never thought about it till I heard Dr Irwin to-night; and O! how dreadful it was to hear him speak in *that* voice, about "a woman who paints her face." And what must Mrs Wyvill and all the rest of them think of me after what I said to-night? Oh! what shall I do?" and the sobs burst forth again.

"My dear Rose," said I, profoundly touched, "my poor dear girl, I am glad and thankful to hear you speak like this. My dear, it is hard for you just now, but you may put it all right before long, if you really are in earnest, and I am sure you are. And Rose, nobody can take your mother's place, my poor child! but what I *can* do to help you and Blanche, I *will*; and when you are in any difficulty, come to me. And now dry your eyes, and come back with me to the others, and we'll make a beginning at once." For I was anxious, as soon as possible, to efface the impression which I knew Rose's talk after dinner had made on those of the party whose opinion was worth most.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, trying to look jocular as I led Rose into the other room, "Miss Harrington wishes you all to know that she is convinced she was much mistaken in the views she expressed to-night upon art. She greatly regrets the use she made of art on a recent occasion, and is resolved never to have recourse to it again." "Yes," said Rose, bravely lifting her tear-stained face, "I'm awfully sorry and ashamed for what I did and what I said, and I'll never do it again, nor anything of the sort; and I hope you'll all try to forget it, and if Mrs Somers will help me, I hope—I'll try—I'll know better"—and Rose's speech broke down, but her retreat was covered by the applause and congratulations of the whole company. How kind they all were, to be sure! Minnie kissed her, and the Wyvills and Sophy Irwin were the first to press round her, and all the others joined in applauding her resolution. I never saw Jack look so pleased, and I was particularly glad to see a little sisterly hand-shake and whisper between Rose and Blanche, whose eyes were full of tears. I was a sad hypocrite for the rest of the evening; for, of course, every one attributed the change in Rose to my persuasive eloquence, and it was impossible to reveal the truth. So I had to receive, as best I could, all sorts of pretty compliments on my success as a reformer,—Dr Irwin, dear good man, being warmer than any one in his expressions of admiration and delight.

Rose Harrington kept her resolution. She had in her the makings of a noble woman, and a noble woman she has become. Blanche is much improved, but she wants strength of character, and is as much below her sister now as she was above her in Rose's "fast" days.

The book that Sophy Irwin's lover was engaged upon

*did* "turn up trumps" after all; they were married a month after Carrie Carleton and Davie, and are equally happy—I cannot say more.

Dr Irwin is still a bachelor: but I have the *very best* authority for confiding to my readers that he will not long remain so; that his intended bride lives not a hundred miles from Barden, and that her Christian name is—*Rose*. DIDO.



## The Song of the Pirate.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ESPRONCEDA.

WITH ten good cannon for her crew,  
And a wind in all her sails that blew,  
Over the water gallantly flew  
    A bark so swiftly bounding;  
A pirate vessel she was, and o'er  
All seas she sailed on, from shore to shore,  
Well known for her deeds was the name she bore,  
    "The Terrible," dread resounding!

The moonbeams are smiling upon the sea,  
The breeze in the canvas is blowing free,  
And o'er the still water, in gentle glee,  
    Wavelets of silver raises;  
On the stern does the pirate-captain stand,  
And he merrily sings as he flies past the land,  
With Asia and Europe on either hand,  
    While Stamboul before his face is.

"Speed fearlessly on, my bark,  
That neither rival vessel,  
Nor storm, nor angry tide,  
With thee may hope to wrestle;  
Nor turn thee from the course I mark,  
Nor quell thy vaunted pride.

    Twenty prizes have we taken  
    From the English, who despair;  
At my feet a hundred nations  
    Low have laid their standards fair.  
For my bark is all my treasure,  
    Freedom, my divinity;  
All my law's the wild wind's pleasure,  
    And my only home's the sea!

Blind kings, on yonder shore,  
Feroeious wars are waging,  
For another span of earth  
In battle fierce engaging;  
But as for me, what want I more  
Than this free ocean's mirth?  
There's no land, wherever be it,  
And no banner blazoned bright,  
But has felt my right hand's power,  
And has quailed beneath my might.  
For my bark is all my treasure,  
Freedom my divinity;  
All my law's the wild wind's pleasure,  
And my only home's the sea!

At cry of 'Ship ahead!'  
Ah! 'tis a sight worth seeing—  
Our tacking and our veering  
To keep our foes from fleeing;  
For oh, I am the Sea-King dread—  
My wrath is worthy fearing!  
Of our prize, so richly laden,  
Equal, I the spoils divide;  
All I ask is you bright maiden  
Passing fair, to be my bride.  
For my bark is all my treasure,  
Freedom, my divinity;  
All my law's the wild wind's pleasure.  
And my only home's the sea.

I am condemned to die?  
I laugh! could I forsake it,  
The life of chance I chose?  
Ah! that same man who'd take it,  
From his own yard I'd hang him high—  
Aye! him and all my foes!  
Even if I fall, yet, tell me,  
What is life? once it I gave  
Up as lost, when slav'ry's fetters  
Resisted, stout and brave.  
For my bark's my only treasure.  
Freedom, my divinity;  
All my law's the wild wind's pleasure,  
And my only home's the sea!

To me, the north winds loud  
 Make sweetest music cheery,—  
 The straining cable's creaking,—  
 The black sea's roaring dreary,—  
 The fluttering of the sails, wind-bowed,—  
 My cannons' thundering speaking.  
 And amid the angry tumult,  
 And the mad waves' echoing cry,  
 Deep and soundly do I slumber,  
 Soothed by ocean's lullaby.  
 For my bark's my only treasure,  
 Freedom, my divinity;  
 All my law's the wild wind's pleasure,  
 And my only home's the sea!

MAS ALTA.



### Shakespeare's Heroines.

THE question—Has Shakespeare given us any heroes equal in beauty and perfection of character to his best heroines? has been asked among us, and answered to the satisfaction of many in the affirmative; but as, like all literary questions, it will bear a good deal of discussion, and as some may be inclined to demur to that conclusion, perhaps our readers may endure, without impatience, an attempt to show cause for an opposite opinion. That is, that a higher moral standard is attained by his finest female characters than by even his noblest men; especially his ladies shine in the rendering of good for evil, and the overcoming of evil by good; and by a moral elevation that no circumstances can lower, no attacks from without tarnish.

Let us glance at the chief plays of character, as distinguished from those whose form is more poetical and remote, beginning with "Measure for Measure," and we find, as the central conception of the play, a woman who unites the greatest tenderness and affection with a simple heroism of integrity,—a purity so perfect, and so high a moral nature, that the possibility of deflecting from a noble standard seems ignored by her. Compare "Isabella" with Thackeray's perfectly virtuous woman, "Lady Castlemaine," hard, narrow, and rigid, who "never resents, nor relents, nor repents" to appreciate the tender beauty

of the former. Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing," is perhaps fairly matched by Benedict, still she maintains throughout a sort of superiority to her lover, whose chivalry is awakened by her self-forgetful championship of her cousin. Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," so sweet and stately, so learned and so full of graceful humility, reigns easily a queen among the more unimportant or mixed characters around and beneath her; for Antonio, though flawless, is but subordinate and passive; and his generous spendthrift friend, Bassanio, is "more than mated," as Jessica says, by his charming wife. Rosalind, in "As You Like It," is the focus and point of perfection of the play; its mingling of free wild-wood gaiety and courtly grace is summed up and typified in her person. And in the "Winter's Tale," we have Hermione, the ideal queen and companion, whose whole story is the conquest of evil by patient affection and goodness. Passing over the historical plays, where the women generally have subordinate parts, till we come to "Katherine of Aragon," the real queen, the moral superiority of the heroine over all the actors in that drama is undisputed, absolute, and supreme. Then comes the lady, in "Cymbeline," sweet Imogen, with her shy, reserved tenderness, her mingled grief and patience, her dainty household ways,—she is another of those heroines who conquer evil by good, as St Margaret trod down the dragon sent to devour her. Cordelia, one of those quiet, deep-feeling women who cannot protest much, especially when feeling acutely, is also, I believe, the finest character in that play; more beautifully forgiving far deeper injuries than even honest Kent, that type of rugged fidelity, one of the worthiest men in all the range of Shakespeare. There is something slight and feeble about Ophelia; perhaps because contact with a stronger woman of a nobler nature would have given Hamlet that trust in others and strength of purpose he lacked. Then, lastly, there is Desdemona, the pure, beautiful image flitting across the darkness of that evil plot, culminating in the tragedy of which she was the most sweet and innocent victim. She and her husband are both noble characters, but she, how far the nobler! trusting and loving him still, though his conduct was so much against him, while he allows himself to distrust her utterly on the first suspicious appearance. Her marriage with Othello, without her father's consent, is quoted against her; but it should be

remembered that it was often the very finest spirits that revolted against the marriages of mere convenience then prevailing in Italy. The scene in which in positive terror she comes for a moment before the storm of Othello's unreasoning passion, and prevaricates about the handkerchief, is, I think, one of the most pathetic of the play—giving a touch of human weakness to the otherwise perfect victim, and the intensest sympathy in her sufferings. Few characters so appeal to masculine chivalry, and many men besides Wordsworth have chosen as their ideal heroine

“The gentle lady wedded to the Moor.”

We count over these jewels to remind ourselves of them, not to praise them with inadequate words; whatever answer may be given to our especial question, we may assume it is admitted that Shakespeare's ideal of women was a very high one; and we may ask if there was any outer influence besides the esteem for women that belongs to, in general, a noble nature, to account for it? For in the old Italian literature from which he drew many plots, the ladies were decidedly more charming than virtuous; and after his time, the women of the plays of the Restoration were altogether bad. In the days of Pope they were sneered at as inferior, yet amusing animals, full of grotesque follies, but mostly “with no character at all;” and it is only in modern literature that they have in a degree recovered that station to which they were exalted in the Elizabethan era. Without being fanciful, we may conceive two circumstances of his time that influenced Shakespeare in this matter. *First*, mediæval chivalry, and *secondly*, the high culture of the representative women of the day.

We may say broadly, that before Christianity, one half of the human race was condemned by the injustice of the other to slavery. But when the world became Christian, that religion secured the purity and elevation of woman, who appeared invested with a new dignity. In the earliest biographies and romances of Christendom, *The Lives of the Saints*, the men and women very fairly divide the honours between them, but this equality was then quite a new thing. Then came chivalry, confirming the empire of women, an empire exercised by virtue, meekness, and innocence, over the wild but brave men who were the fathers of our modern civilisation. Let me quote a mediæval knight's remarks on women:—“All virtue lies

in women, and the health of the world. God has created nothing so good as a woman. He who can tell where the sunshine ends, may proclaim also the end of their praise. They are pure, and good, and fair; they impart worthiness to men. Nothing is so like the angels as their form, and even the mind of an angel dwells in woman."

In Shakespeare's time, the influence of chivalry had not died away, while the standard of culture was higher than in the Middle Ages. Ladies, if educated at all, were thoroughly well educated; and such women as the Countess of Pembroke, Lady Carew, and many others, must have shown very fairly what the female mind was capable of, and may well have suggested the cultured Portia, and the bright-witted Rosalind. Still, making all allowance for circumstances, there seems a great residuum due to Shakespeare himself, and we may congratulate ourselves fairly that the man with perhaps the deepest insight into character who ever lived, has assigned to women so high a place.

And whom shall we find in the plays I have not yet glanced at worthy to rank with our heroines? Not Hamlet, for with all his wonderful fascination and intellectual power, he was morally weak. Not the haughty Coriolanus. Not Brutus, a noble and interesting character, but of the relative nobility of heathendom; we may not like Dante, assign to him a place in the "*più basso Inferno*" among the betrayers of trust, we may think of him as one upright according to his lights; but there can, we think, be no comparison between his character and the absolute loveliness of those we have been considering. For is it not, even by the ancient standard, marred by a touch of treachery? Granting he was right as a citizen, —granting it was better Cæsar should die, it was not for him, who through friendship won the nearest access to his person,—it was not for him to aim the dagger that elicited the reproach that goes echoing down all history linked with the name of Brutus.

But may not a rival be found for these ladies in that princely gentleman,—that winning scape-grace,—that splendid knight and king, Henry V.? one of the noblest characters that ever shone in the imagination of a poet, or crossed the stage of history. And if he is not worthy to stand in the very first rank with the noblest of our heroines, it is because of the wildness of his youth, which he acknowledges in the play, as did the real

Henry in earnest, something of its shadow haunting even his death-bed when he called out.—“Avaunt foul spirit, I am my master’s, not yours!”—it is because of the sternness of his later years, the probable consequence of that wildness, which makes him in the play so severe to his old comrades,—which urged the Henry of history to many an act of fierce retributive justice,—which made him project the destruction of all the vines of France, to prevent drunkenness ! It may be said that women, with their guarded youth, ought to be free from the temptations which beset a young heir-apparent. Philippa, Henry’s sister, seems to have been a flawless Henry, and it may be partly owing to such circumstances that women do often seem to attain and preserve a loftier ideal than men in the life of the world, as well as, what we are endeavouring to maintain, in the pages of Shakespeare. As the modern writer, De la Motte Fouqué, does unquestionably give that moral supremacy to the heroines of his romances, I shall conclude these few remarks on a very wide subject by a quotation from his story, *Minstrel Love*.

“I have watched thoughtful children lost in their mimic games, wherein the boys are knights or monks, and the girls nuns or empresses. Seldom do boys retain their purity amid the tumults of the world, it is impossible they should in this our fallen position ; but women, yes, to them it is possible, and they may remain messengers of heaven, even as the angels are. Look upon Alearda ! She knows not what she has done, she knows not what is yet reserved for her to do ; nevertheless, her whole life is as the fulfilment of a heavenly mission to wake and cherish the flowers of paradise on earth.”

E. J. O.

## S o n g.

### I.

SOFTLY the winds came sighing, sighing,  
Darkly the shadows were lying, lying ;  
Came fainter and fainter the fleeting breath,  
Flowed faster and faster the stream of death.

### II.

A sound as of mourners weeping, weeping,  
A pale face calmly sleeping, sleeping ;  
And the soft winds bear upon their wings  
A parted soul to the King of Kings.

## III.

The dawn is slowly breaking, breaking,  
But for her there is no waking, waking ;  
She hath soared to her home of love and rest,  
And is leaning her head on her Saviour's breast.

## IV.

With joy the heavens are ringing, ringing,  
With angel-voices singing, singing ;  
From her prison home of earthly clay,  
We've brought a ransomed soul to-day.

LA MAURICE.

### Wet Sundays.

WET Sundays ! As I write, I see the shudder with which many of the inhabitants of dear old Scotland greet our day of rest, when its sky is darkened with heavy clouds which discharge themselves in deluges of rain, as though all the reservoirs of the other planets had burst their bounds.

The strong portion of the community array themselves from top to toe in waterproof, and, armed with umbrellas, make their way to church ; such independent beings can stand a wet Sunday with tolerable equanimity. My present remarks refer chiefly to those weaker members of society who cannot prudently face the inclement weather, and who, not wishing selfishly to break in upon the holiday of cabmen and their weary horses, are, perforce, confined to their homes.

To many of these a wet Sunday is a real misfortune ; they lounge, they droop, they pine, and at length, perhaps, find temporary relief in sleep, but in sleep, which not being the result of wholesome fatigue, only makes them feverish and discontented when they wake, and robs them of their legitimate rest at night. It is not that they have no interest in serious matters,—far from it, were they in their accustomed places in church, they would join heartily in the prayer and praise, and afterwards listen with attention to the discourse delivered by their excellent clergyman. Thoughtless people, heedless of religion,

would probably find their wet Sunday less dull, novels and billiards might get them through the day without a yawn. Those I speak of are steady, well-meaning persons, who have a considerable interest in those affairs specially termed religion. Such being the case, it seems strange at first sight that a day set apart for the observance of this very religion should seem to them dreary, even if passed in the seclusion of their own homes. The reason, however, is not far to seek, they simply overdo the whole thing, forgetting that, being weak creatures, their minds kept always on one subject grow weary, as their bodies bent always in one attitude become faint.

We can most of us remember Sundays when either stormy weather, or some slight illness, has kept us the whole day in our homes; but how many can look back with pleasure on those days as times of rest and leisure, times given us, as it were, specially for progression, for self-improvement?

These wet Sunday prisoners probably begin their day pretty cheerily; if in a town or its neighbourhood, they first watch their more favoured brethren passing their door on their churchward way,—an innocent little amusement this which most permit themselves, though some rigid Calvinists limit themselves to a peep through the Venetian blinds. This over, they poke the fire, and sit down to read with pleasure and comfort some chapters from the Bible, and a sermon, which, if one of the more modern school, ought to interest them considerably. So far the day has gone well, and they soon hear the measured tramp which, telling of the “scaling” of the churches, again summons them to the windows. But when the bells once more call their companions to church, leaving them again to the solitude of their hearth, they begin to feel a little weary,—the freshness of the morning has past, and they wonder what, in all the world, they are to do with themselves? It seems to me that the answer, directed alike by reason and religious principle, is, vary your occupations. Don't dishonour Sunday by hanging heavy weights on its hours which otherwise would fly pleasantly by, bearing us upwards on their wings.

Reading is an almost endless resource, if properly varied. The sermons of to-day are very different from those to be found in the dark-covered volumes in most old libraries; and opening up, as they do, many interesting inquiries, trying to solve many perplexing doubts, and

to calm many anxious minds, they afford us occupation for hours of solitude. But the earnest reader will probably not wish to reserve all such books for Sunday, nor, on the other hand, to reserve Sunday entirely for such books. The subjects with which they deal are precisely those which must always be present with us, interweaving themselves with our week-day occupations, leavening our whole lives. This being so, it is neither necessary nor desirable to force the mind to dwell on the exact letter of religion for many hours together; its spirit may be found breathing through the words of our great poets, philosophers, essayists, and philanthropists. With the works of such at hand, surely wet Sundays are robbed of half their horror.

If reading at length proves wearisome, are there not some small acts of kindness to be done for some one? Is there no sick or far-distant friend whose eyes would brighten, and whose heart be cheered by the sight of our handwriting? Will not a quiet Sunday hour be well bestowed in sharing some bit of good news, or some pleasant thought with a friend who, in the bustle of the working days, is apt to be put off with a few hurried lines, if not entirely forgotten?

Then, when evening comes, and the drawn curtains shut out the dismal scene of flooded streets, and the candles are lighted, and the fire blazes cheerily on the hearth, it is pleasant to open the piano or harmonium, and to join in singing praises to Him who has given us a day of rest, to be to us a delight and not a penance.

What authority have we from Scripture for making Sunday dull? None. The Sabbath, indeed, is given us by God, but the dull Sabbath is given us by man,—it is of purely human origin. But, some may say, we do not make it dull though we limit our reading and other occupations more than you may think necessary. Then I can only ask, why do I see and hear of so many sleepy people on Sundays? Why is so much gossip and idle conversation indulged in on Sunday, if it is not the effect of a too great restriction of our Sunday liberty?

Our Sundays here, we are sometimes told, are foretastes of our life hereafter, but the Sundays of many of us, at least our wet Sundays, cannot be typical of that glorious life to come. If heaven is to be one long Sunday, such as some make it here, can we sincerely say we wish to go there? But we trust it is not so, that heaven is no place

of mere negative pain, where departed spirits are kept safe, it is true, from even potential evil, but denied actual pleasure. If the life to come is to be a life of progression, if we are to be admitted, in some measure, into the secrets of creation, of the ruling of the universe; if we are to make progress in science as well as in holiness, or rather if the dark earthly lines of demarcation are to be withdrawn, and all is to be blended in one perfect existence, then surely our Sundays here may be days of improvement in mind as well as in spirit? Not that the day given us for rest of both mind and body should be devoted to hard mental toil, for which we have six other days, but a part of its leisure hours may be well bestowed in inquiring into the wonders and beauties which surround us on every hand, and in listening to the interpretation of them offered to us by science.

The too strict definition of what should be done on Sundays, and what restricted to week days, has done much harm to spiritual growth. It has fostered the belief that religion is a thing apart from every-day life, to be cultivated on Sunday, but which may be dismissed from our minds to a great extent during the week. It has excited an almost superstitious reverence for Sunday observances as though they were some charm which, in itself, would guard us from evil. In all classes of society its subtle poison has done its work, but it is in the more uneducated classes that its effect is most deadly. The ignorant mind is ever eager to grasp at outward forms which can be seen and touched by the senses, hence its ready belief in charms and all kinds of quackery. To such, a church with its forms, a Sunday with its laws, are apt to become in *themselves*, religion, which, if paid certain attention to, will exonerate them from whatever sins they choose to indulge in during the week.

How different is all this from the life-giving religion of many persons on whom the stricter sects look somewhat askance. To them all life is religion, every occupation, every duty, every joy is religion. The one great and all-important question with them is how to do cheerfully, and, as far as in them lies, thoroughly the will of God. They tell us truly

“ In social hours who Christ would see,  
Must turn all tasks to charity.”

Feeling as they do the ever present need of breathing the Divine atmosphere, they cannot see how one day can

be so marked above all other days. As a day of rest on which opportunity is afforded of testifying publicly to the Divine origin of their religion, they accept their Sunday thankfully; but as the one on which the forms of religion are by their weight to endanger its spirit, they can never recognise it.

Many of those who speak at times in set phrases of the joys of heaven, show, by their ordinary words and actions, that they are looking forward with no heartfelt pleasure to entering on them. They seem to shrink from death in a manner quite shocking to others, whose freedom of religious opinion has caused them to be regarded as "black sheep," but who are journeying on with tranquil steps, ready to enter at once on a higher existence when their master sees fit to call them.

To them, heaven is indeed a home, being close around them even in this life, and no far-off splendid region of chilly grandeur.

I may seem to have wandered from my starting-point of wet Sundays, but not so far, I think, as the influence of these days extends. An occasional wet Sunday may come and go, bearing apparently little impress on our characters, but who can say how much our progress may be helped as hindered by the way in which we spend on earth our wet Sundays?

DES EAUX.

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## *The Partition of the World.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"TAKE hence the earth!" cried Jove, from his high throne,  
"Ye mortals, 'tis bequeathed from sire to son,  
To you, from me, 'tis given, an everlasting loan,  
But share it fair and brother-like each one."

Then hasteneth, who hath hands, with busy speed  
Both young and old to part the fertile soil,  
The ploughman grasps the earth's upspringing seed,  
The huntsman lays for timid deer the toil.

The merchant takes whate'er his barn can hold,  
 The abbot chooses costly last year's wine,  
 The monarch bars the city gates for gold,  
 And speaketh from his throne, "The tithe is mine."

Too late, when the dividing long was done,  
 From distant realms the poet, hastening, came;  
 But oh, where'er he looked, o'er all things one by one,  
 Each from a master had received its name.

"Alas! shall I alone of all remain  
 Forgotten, Jove, thine own and faithful son?"  
 Thus sounded far and wide the poet's sad refrain,  
 He threw himself before the Ruler prone.

"If thou wert tarrying in the land of art,"  
 Replied the God, "complain not thus to me,  
 Where wert thou then, when man the earth did part?"  
 "I was," replied the poet, "close by thee."

Mine eye was fastened on thy glorious countenance,  
 Mine ear drank in thy heavenly harmony,  
 Forgive that, blinded by thy dazzling glance,  
 My spirit lost the great cosmogony."

"What then?" spoke Jove, "the earth is given away,  
 The harvest, hunt and market no more mine;  
 Wilt thou with me in heaven's high glory stay,  
 So living thou wilt, 'tis thine."

THEKLA.

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## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Thoughts for the Times.* By the Rev. H. R. HAWES, M.A.  
 H. S. King & Co., 65 Cornhill.

THIS book has, we think, eminently the merit of keeping the promise given in its title page, it does contain "thoughts for the times," answering thoughts to those earnest questions which many in this present day are constantly putting to themselves, or to any in whom they place confidence

enough to believe that they will not give them a mere commonplace conventional answer, that they will not be irritated by the expression of difficulties and doubts which arise in anxious natures, and which are often evidences of a wish, surely heaven-born, to arrive at truth.

These fourteen discourses embrace a wide field. The subjects treated of range from the highest to the simplest—from “The Idea of God,” “The Character of Christianity,” The Trinity, Original Sin, and Predestination, to “The Lord’s Day,” “Preaching,” the employment of women, and the much discussed question of the suitableness of the elements of pleasure being mixed up with a religious life, whether addressed to the senses, the sentiments, or the intellect, as large assemblies, music, the drama, sports, etc. On these points he takes a clear far-seeing view, considering that these natural inclinations are given for good, and when rightly used, are beneficial. And it is surely good for the young to have their minds cleared from the morbid sense of wrong-doing whenever they indulge in some kind of enjoyment natural to their age, for this often ends either in blunting the sense of right, or in a withdrawal, which fosters spiritual pride, and often ends in Asceticism, or in narrowness of mind.

But the book will speak for itself. Some may, proving wise, differ with it on many points; but all candid readers must find good tuition to the thoughts of this and indeed for all time.

*Letters and Journals of the Earl of Elgin.* Edited by  
T. WALROND. Murray.

OF far more interest to the general reader than most political biographies, the book being in great part made up of Lord Elgin’s own graphic and interesting letters home, from the distant lands where the work of his life chiefly lay; and many of the events with which he was concerned being of a most exciting nature. One cannot fail to be struck by the immense personal responsibility of our Governor-General and plenipotentiaries at a distance—on their almost unaided decisions depending at times the fate of the millions of the races Great Britain influences so powerfully in the far west or remote east. The book, besides, gives the picture of a statesman of uncommon ability and most winning character, who was

singularly free from the smallest touch of self-interest or ambition, and who gave his labour and his life for his country as truly as any soldier who dies on a battle-field.

In connection with this biography, we may mention the third volume of the Viscomte de Beauvoir's amusing "Travels round the World," called "Pekin, Yeddo, et San Francisco," and about to be translated into English like the others. The author gives most lively descriptions of his adventures in these strange countries of arrested civilization; China presenting all the darker shades,—the carelessness of human life, the complete absence of all noble feeling in high or low, the frightful effects of over population shown by the wholesale destruction of infant life, and the hideous misery of the lowest classes; Japan, with many points of resemblance, showing the brighter side of that strangely isolated national life. There the country seems very pretty and nice on a small scale, so are the elfin-like people, with their confiding, innocent, childish characters; so is their neat, but slight and toy-like workmanship; so are their tea-houses and fanciful gardens, with tiny waterfalls and dwarfed shrubs. But those who wish to see Japan before it is like other places must make haste; no people now show a greater eagerness to be like the rest of the world. They are getting up European manufactures, and a steam fleet; having adopted French uniforms, they have discarded them for Prussian, on hearing of the results of the late war; and the railway has been opened between Yeddo and Yokohama.

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## Marjorie's Story.

While you and I together,  
In the outcast weather,  
Toss and howl and spin.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

I AM to tell you a story, and one suited to the winter time, one to make the warm, bright hearth seem the safer and gayer by contrast; something desolate and stormy, perhaps with a ghost in it! Strange that the ghost question is yet an open one, and that, for all the world is so old and experienced, there are believers in them still. I have generally observed myself that when the story is well accredited, the ghost is uncertain or otherwise explicable; when, on the other hand, the ghost is unmistakable, the story is apt to be doubtful. There is the merest suspicion or flavour of a ghost in mine, so it quite bears out my theory.

Several years ago, my brother Martin and myself were travelling together on foot in an out-of-the-way part of the Grisons. To this day the neighbourhood is little visited, and the Alpine Club seems not to have noticed it; perhaps because the scenery, though fine, is not first-class for Switzerland. We were attended and guided by a stalwart, pleasant Chamouniard, Manuel by name, who had accompanied us for some time, and to whom we looked up with great respect, calling him, between ourselves, Mr Greatheart, and considering that he stood in the relation of that hero to us innocent pilgrims.

It was autumn, the season was nearly over, and the weather broken; we were tramping slowly over the snow towards the end of our day's work, the evening was closing early, the wind was beginning to moan, and the sky was all one dirty grey cloud, giving a ghastly effect to the snowy landscape, where the light seemed to come from beneath, instead of from above. There was a muddy, icy torrent, between two wide-sloping banks, then came a dreary expanse of snow, and a peak or two looking unnaturally near,—no beauty or splendour, only an overwhelming, immense dreariness.

Two little black specks beside the track at last resolved themselves into a man and a boy, who were setting up a rough wooden cross. Hereabouts, they

told us, a man was thought to to have wandered from the path, and his body had been found in a snow-drift below, a fortnight before. They had ascertained from his papers that he was a Comasque pedlar; he had probably got bewildered in a snow-storm on his way to the *Gast Haus*, two miles further on, where we intended to sleep; they had buried him in the churchyard of the village at the foot of the pass, and were putting his initials on this lonely little memorial to mark the spot where he perished. "And you had better get on to the *Gast Haus*," added the man, "this is a bad place in bad weather, and a storm that will not mend soon is coming."

Manuel, too, hurried us on somewhat nervously, having no notion, he said, of being surprised by darkness on an unknown path, and in half-an-hour we had reached the lonely little grey stone house that received the few wanderers to this out-of-the-way district. There were other travellers there that night, but I was too tired to consort with them, and soon we slept the sleep of pedestrians.

We woke in the morning to the dismal fact of a thoroughly bad day, a down-pour of mingled rain and snow, and though we contrived to spend it with tolerable equanimity, we were glad when evening came, bringing, as it were, the morrow within hail. All day thick white clouds had lain heavily banked on every side, never permitting a glimpse of the grand Alpine landscape to appear, but now they were darkening into blackness, and the little stretch of snow which had been visible from the windows in the daylight was blending with the gloomy sky. In the *châlet* for cattle before the windows, the only building in the waste besides our own, we had watched the men with their lanterns milking the cows, and foddering them for the night; now they too had crossed to our side, and shut the door, and there was nothing to look at but the ceaseless rain pouring from the low caves in little waterspouts.

The prospect was not cheerful, so the last traveller forsook it, and the few detained together having previously gone out and got wet, and come in and got dried, and had the best dinner the house could afford, prepared to spend as pleasant an evening as they could by the lively fire that burned at one end of the long, low room. For the aborigines had given up their inner room to the

strangers, and were congregated in an outer one, connected with ours by an open doorway, through which we could see them at their different employments, and the sleeper members slipping by degrees up the ladder in one corner to the bedroom storey above.

One of the girls having placed some milk, *kirschwasser*, and hard bread on the table, and hearing that we wanted nothing more for the evening, we were left to our own reflections and conversation. The last, as was natural at the close of a gloomy day in one of the wildest habitable regions, took a somewhat melancholy, mysterious tone, that accorded well with the rush of the wind and rattling sleet outside, and the uncertain fire-light gleaming on the dark-brown rafters within. Two more tourists had been added during the day to our party, which now consisted of a Swiss botanist or naturalist,—a man apparently steeped in science, from which, however, he could emerge for the benefit of the unlearned; an elderly Englishman, of unfailing good humour, evidently weather proof; a German student, with long, damp yellow hair, and a rather good-looking abstracted countenance; my brother, and myself,—the only lady. Manuel, who spoke little German, and therefore found the people of the house dull companions, had, in virtue of his pleasant manners, been admitted to a share of our fire, and French conversation, and his handsome Italian face gave the picturesque element to our party.

“At least,” said the naturalist, “this weather gives me time to sort out my plants, and to arrange and classify some most beautiful specimens I have picked up in this pass. Ah, sir,” to the Englishman, “little you know the pleasure, the glory of finding some strange variety, some curious species,—you examine, you dissect with an interest always increasing,—triumphantly, at last, you assign name, species, locality,—or, possibly, for you remains the glory of giving a new name to the child of your own discovery.

“Thank you,” said the Englishman, “but I don’t care to know much of those arranged and classified pleasures. I don’t like your definitions and limitations; this tying a label with a Latin name to all the ornaments of life,—keep them for business, I should say, and it is the business of you men of science to turn plants and rocks inside out, and upside down, to see which are most alike. I enjoy their beauty intensely, and wish for nothing further.”

"So," said my brother, "you admire that white flower, but don't want to know that it is called *Gnaphalium Diacium*, and would rather not be told whether the cliff is porphyry or basalt."

"No, sir," he answered, "I am not quarrelling with natural history as a business,—mine is law. What I mean is, that I doubt whether the pleasure we derive from the beauties of nature is enhanced by any scientific knowledge."

"Often the idea of people who know nothing about it," said the naturalist half aside; but the German student broke in with—"I quite agree with you, sir, this rifling of the hidden secrets of nature, this prying, inquisitive habit,—what an inferior state of mind it is to that awe, that longing, that dread pleasure with which we gaze on the undefined and mysterious."

"As to that," said the Swiss, "even granting that we stand on a higher step of the ladder than you do, the undefined begins very soon for the most learned, and the mysterious surrounds us all."

"However," said my brother, "we must allow that there are mysteries of ignorance,—a darkness that the light of science drives away before it, as surely as the morning will reveal that that black square of window looks out upon rocks and snow."

"Yes, look at that outside darkness,—what is it, and what does it mean, and what may it not bring with it?" answered the German. "The instinctive shrinking from darkness we all have,—and children so strongly,—is, to my mind, a proof that influences, unfelt in the daylight, and apart from our ordinary nature, are then to be felt."

"What, sir, do you believe in ghosts!" exclaimed our lawyer.

"I would believe in them if I saw them," he answered; "at least, I see no reason to think them impossible."

"Well," said the naturalist, "without believing in ghosts, I believe in some strange impressions, some unaccountable forebodings, which can neither be classified nor labelled with Latin names"—smiling at the Englishman, who answered, "Go on sir, go on with your story, for I see you have one. The lady and myself, whom I thought the most poetical of the party, are left quite behind; go on."

The Swiss did not immediately go on, however, for a tremendous gust of wind, which shook the house, roused

us all for a moment. "Heaven help those on the mountains!" said Manuel, raising his head and listening. At this moment a young woman stood in the wide doorway between the rooms; softly advancing to our fire, she said in French, "The fire is out, yonder," and seated herself on the end of a bench beside the German student. She would have been very pretty, but for her excessive pallor, and her hair was plaited with silver pins in the North Italian fashion. We thought her one of the girls of the establishment, and in a moment asked the Swiss for his story.

"It's hardly a story," he said, "merely an illustration of what I was saying of presentiments. More than once, while making botanical researches in the marshes of La Vendée, I have stayed a few days at the house of Pierre Brachard, a strong man of five-and-thirty or thereabouts, with a wife and two children. Last time I visited him, I observed in him a great depression of spirits—he used to be a very cheery fellow. On the evening of my departure, he begged me to be a friend to his family after his death. 'Certainly, if I survive you,' I told him, 'but yours is a better life than mine, my friend.' 'No sir,' he replied, 'I fear I am doomed; I shall not see sunset to-morrow,' and he gave me the following explanation. That time last year his family had been down with marsh fever, common enough in that district, and he had a touch of it himself. One night he awoke, feeling low and ill, and went out and looked over the marshes lying under a faint moonlight—'when I saw sir,' he said, in an awe-struck whisper, '*La Nacelle Blanche*, (the white boat); in it I saw one figure, I dared not look again, but I knew it was the pestilence boat that haunts the marshes, and is the death warrant of all that see it. Some terrible power constrained me; in spite of my horror, I was forced to the water's edge, felt myself in the boat, knew I was whirling away with a noise of waters in my ears, till all was lost in confusion, and I awoke as it were by the water side, a mile from home. But I know I shall not survive the year, and to-morrow is the last day.' It was all in vain to tell him it was a delirious dream—a fever fancy; he shook his head with an air of settled gloom.

"Next morning we parted; that evening, a dense fog came on, in which I lost my way; they are common enough in that country, and sometimes very dangerous.

The morning after, Pierre Brachard was found drowned in the river, not far from his home. It was thought that in the darkness he had mistaken the main river for a shallow branch stream, and been lost in attempting to ford it; but it was a curious coincidence." There was a momentary silence, and I own I glanced at the doorway, hoping for a comfortable view of household life and work, but the outer room was dark and deserted, and I wished there was a door between us and the dreary cavernous space.

"A fever fancy, indeed!" said the Englishman, "There is nothing to wonder at either in the first or the last part of your story. Any of us who have had a fever may know that; and by your account, your man at last was in such a state that he would have thrust his head into the first pool of water and held it there to fulfil the prediction of the goblin boat."

"It is true," said Manuel, "that a man who is afraid is in real danger where another is not; and there is nothing so enfeebling to the strength of the strongest as anything supernatural. Pierre should have stayed at home that day."

"What! have your stalwart nerves been tried in that way? I would give something for your story," said our friend, laughing; but Manuel, to my disappointment, shrugged his shoulders with an emphatic negative, and an intimation that he was "*de son siècle*."

"There must be," I said, "some mysterious ideas and beliefs associated with such wild scenes and such a wild night as this—or you Savoyards are the most unimaginative set of people in the world. In Scotland, we should be ashamed of such dulness."

"I did not say there were no ideas," said Manuel, like a true Chamouniard, accommodating himself to the last speaker. "Ideas we have, and I will tell you one. The spirit of the last person lost on some dangerous mountain is said to haunt the spot till another takes his place, and you may hear his wailing cry on such a stormy night as this—there—you heard it then! But it is hardest upon those who are lost upon a very unfrequented path, or where very few are lost. Perhaps they wait many years, and these of course long for a traveller to succeed them, and moan in his ears to terrify him: at least so they say."

"It sounds a hard case," said the lawyer, "that a poor ghost is obliged to wander up and down a glacier merely

because he had the ill-luck to leave his body there. It might suit some of you enthusiastic climbers very well, but I should not like it myself."

"Of course," replied Manuel, gravely, "if it is credible, it is as a sort of purgatory."

"Do you believe it?" said the stranger girl turning full upon him.

"Do I believe it? Well, not exactly," answered Manuel, "but listen. François Reybaz of Valorsine was to come from Piedmont home one winter day, nearly three years ago. Well, the weather changed suddenly the day he was expected, so, as of course he did not arrive, two of his friends asked me to go some way up the Col with them, in case he should have set off and should want assistance. I can tell you we were just in time—an hour later would have been too late. We found him lying on his face, nearly covered with the powdery snow of the *tourmente*, about eight miles from the village. And he told me and a few others (for to this day he does not like talking of it), that when it first began to snow he thought nothing of it—he had been out alone in far worse storms—when it came into his head how one Carini, a rascal of a Piedmontese, had lost his life there years before, and how he might now be hoping that he (Reybaz) was his successor. Then he thought the dead man's voice sounded behind him. He turned sharply round and saw a man, or rather spectre, moving close behind him, but looming dimly through the heavy snow. He crossed himself and manned himself to look again, it was gone—but a few minutes later it was there again; he ran, it glided on beside him; he stopped, it was gone for an instant, but was back even while he looked. At last, he said, the hateful thing drew near, seemed to overshadow and grasp him; his brain was in a whirl, and he fell on the snow and knew nothing more till he opened his eyes, when we were chafing him with snow and pouring brandy down his throat."

"Why, this is the very brother of the last story," said the Englishman, "with the additional spiritual influence of the brandy; for I daresay yours was not the first Cognac Monsieur Reybaz had been refreshed with that day."

"No, no," said Manuel, warming into the subject now, and feeling his credit at stake, "Reybaz was sober enough. There are many stories about '*fantômes d'aver-tissement*' and haunted passes in the country. There is

old Michel Dessalone in our village, for instance, I've often heard him tell of his escape in crossing the snow near the Grivola. It was a good many years ago and early spring. They may have been smuggling, though he does not exactly say so, he and a man, whose name I forget—say Jean. At any rate they were overtaken by bad weather, heavily laden; and one stormy evening, like this, were glad to creep for shelter into an empty chalet, half buried in snow. There they got a fire lit, and did very well. There was a window fastened by a wooden shutter in one gable, and a door at the side of the hut. And so Jean had fallen asleep, and Michel was thinking of nothing, when he heard a low tapping at the shutter. He runs and opens it—no one; but he discerns a dark figure against the snow, limping towards the door—quick to open the door. No one; but in two minutes something taps at the window again. He sees the same limping figure outside, shouts and wakes up Jean, to whom he tells all.

“The saints proteet us!’ says Jean, ‘It’s the limping muleteer who was lost in the winter, and he wants you to take his place.’ Nevertheless Michel opens the door again, and there is the black figure without, seeming to beckon him forward. Michel had, he says, the greatest longing to follow him; he seemed dragged by some invisible force, but he still had hold of the door, and making a violent effort, he slammed it, rolled a stone against it, and sat down by Jean at the fireside, clinging to him in terror. Well, they had not at all a pleasant night, and were glad to get away safely in the morning.”

“Now, had your friend Michel heard of the limping muleteer for the first time that night, or was he a well-known frequenter of the Grivola?” asked the Englishman; but he received no answer, for we were all looking at the stranger girl, who had risen, and was standing, framed as it were, in the wide blackness of the doorway. The German student, struck, as he afterwards declared, by her extraordinary paleness, said, “Are you afraid to stay with us—do you believe in ghosts?” Never shall I forget her strange expression as she looked back with a kind of fixed stare, and broke into a short wild laugh that filled me with horror; it seemed not to belong to the slight form and comely face before us,—so loud, discordant, and miserable it sounded,—and the next moment she was gone!

For a second or two we merely looked at each other, when "Prettily done, and dramatically, and a pretty girl too," said the Englishman. "But where has she gone?" I said. "Up the ladder to bed. I should suppose," he answered, "I think we had all better follow her example, one gets quite nervous telling such tales in the dark."

"I never observed that little beauty before," said my brother,—*"Nor I," "Nor I"*—was heard, till it was evident that we had *all* seen the girl for the first time when she joined our party half-an-hour previously—which was surprising, if she belonged to the little inn. The German snatched up a candle, saying "This is uncanny, I will see to it," and we all followed him into the outer room; it was quite empty, with the exception of a man lying fast asleep on a sort of shelf of hay in one corner.

"Did you see the girl pass through?" said the German, shaking him up. "The girls had gone to bed upstairs in the loft long ago," he said, stretching himself. "How many girls are there in the house?" "How many? two and the hostess—what you saw—what is it all about?" "She does not belong to the house," exclaimed my brother, "Manuel, she may have gone out, we should seek her," and he opened the door, which, as usual on the mountains, was not bolted; a wild gust of drifting snow swept in, blowing out the candle, some one flew for the other one in the next room, and Manuel shut the door.

"Much more likely to have gone up the ladder, sir, no one would think of leaving the house to-night—no one at least who had anything to lose," he muttered. By this time the commotion had roused the family, who, as their toilette merely consisted in shaking themselves, came down the ladder pretty quickly, and were soon all collected, and heard our tale. None had ever seen or heard of such a girl, and we sought every corner of the house and cattle *châlet* for her in vain. The night was fearful, yet Martin and Manuel penetrated some little way into the darkness with a lantern, feeling, as they afterwards confessed to me, exceedingly *cerie*; but they saw nothing, nor any trace of footsteps, which indeed in the snow-storm would not be long discernible. Next morning it was snowing still, and blowing hard; but, by three in the afternoon, the new-fallen snow lay smoothly all round, glittering in the sunbeams, and we left the place with most of the other travellers.

Ten days afterwards, we met the German student again at the "Three Kings" at Basle. "Have you heard?" he said, "here in the newspaper is the account of the discovery of our girl—in a prosaic style—but I was on the spot, and can tell you all about it. It was six days after you went away; the English gentleman and I were both at K——, at the foot of the pass; the body was found in a drift about an hour's walk from the *Gast Haus*, where I met you; she was just as we saw her—pale and pretty, the row of silver pins in her hair. They had seen her in the village the morning of that day that she *appeared* to us; she was quite a stranger, but had made some inquiries about the Comasque pedlar who was lost there a month previously, and she had gone to look at his grave; but observe,"—and he lowered his voice—"she was found about two miles from our inn, but between it and the village, near the pedlar's cross; she was lost, you see, *before* reaching the inn, and no one had seen her there, and when she sat at our fire, her clothes did not look damp. Even your Englishman can only account for that by saying that, no one knows why, she must have been for some time concealed about the *châlet* or the house."

"And does he account for the rest of the story?" we asked.

"Oh," he answered, "he said something about her being wretched or mad, and made worse by our silly stories, or not wishing to live,—but, for my part, I think she had done with life when we saw her." And I have no doubt the honest Bursch was honoured among his more credulous comrades as one who had sat on a bench with a spectre, for, as I heard him tell the story that evening, I almost believed it myself. Manuel, however, who held the theory that the girl was alive, but that the ghost of the pedlar had beckoned her out on the mountains to take his place, always told the story quite differently, colouring to that effect. And when I was last in Switzerland, I found that the original had split into two stories, very unlike each other, and full of love and romance. They are, however, often told on the same evening, for they alarmingly confirm each other; besides, both happened lately, and both are undoubtedly authentic, as there are witnesses to prove.

E. J. O.

### Birthday Wishes.

BRIGHT may the morn be  
That ushers in for thee  
Another year.  
And may that year be bright,  
Illumined by His light—  
Our Saviour dear.

And may that sunshine dry  
The tears that dim thine eye ;  
And blessings shed.  
Unto the blest cross eling,  
So shall the sheltering wing  
Be o'er thy head.

Say'st thou, that to this day  
More thorns in life's rough way  
Than flowers thou'st had ;  
Still let the thorns thee teach  
Some bleeding hearts to reach,  
And some make glad.

Onward ! thy motto be,  
The world hath need of thee.  
Let womanhood  
In thee most brightly shine,  
Adorned by light divine,  
Noble and good.

FRUCARA.



### A Mothers' Tea Party.

To render the title of my paper somewhat more intelligible, I must begin by explaining that the "mothers" therein referred to are women for the most part in very poor circumstances ; and also, as we should naturally expect, with few exceptions mothers of households. These poor women inhabit some of the meaner streets in the northern district of Edinburgh, and attend a "mothers' meeting," held once a week, under the auspices of a few

of the ladies connected with a church in the neighbourhood.

Here, if the digression may be allowed, I would pause for a little to refer to an incident of this mothers' meeting which occurred the winter before last, at the time of the unhappy Continental war, and which afforded a pleasing proof that the harassing cares and struggles which too often form the entire life-history of these poor women are yet powerless to extinguish in their hearts a feeling of compassion for the sufferings of others.

The lady who takes the chief superintendence of the meeting had read to the women one day a touching little narrative, probably now familiar to most of us, describing the good effects produced on the soul of a wounded soldier, through the instrumentality of some texts sewed upon a bed-quilt presented to one of the hospitals by a pious woman, who turned out to be the mother of the very man who had received such benefit from the sacred words imprinted on it. On concluding the tale, the lady suggested to her audience that such a work might be a pleasant and useful one for them to engage in. The women at once entered into the benevolent proposal, not only willingly, but most eagerly; paid for great part of the materials necessary for the construction of a "eazy" quilt, and quilted it entirely themselves, thus depriving themselves ungrudgingly of several of the valuable working hours which they had been wont to devote to labour for their private necessities.

But I have lingered long enough over preliminary remarks, and must hasten on to the proper subject of this paper—the tea-party.

Since the commencement of the mothers' meeting, it has always been customary to invite its members once a year, at the season usually devoted to festive gatherings, to a social tea meeting, held in a school-house adjoining St ——'s Church,—an entertainment which seems to be duly appreciated by the guests.

From an early hour in the forenoon of the 29th of December—the day fixed for the party—the school-house was the scene of busy preparations for the event of the evening. A company of ladies and gentlemen, numbering in all about twenty, were scattered throughout the various rooms, arranging the evergreens and other decorations, cutting sandwiches and cake, filling cream pots and sugar basins, to say nothing of the still humbler occupa-

tions of washing cups and saucers, and carrying about kettles of boiling water.

The preparations completed, the company dispersed, to meet again at half-past six, for the purpose of welcoming the expected guests. We, too, if you please, will avail ourselves of the invitation offered by the open door, to step in and see what we can find to interest us within the walls of the homely school-house. Entering first into an outer room, very slightly decorated, we find ourselves in the presence of one portion of the invited company not previously referred to,—the children of a mission school meeting on Sunday afternoons in a room below that in which they are now assembled.

There the little creatures sit, each one grasping its own “jug” or “tinnic,” the whole sixty or seventy making, when we enter, as little noise as could be heard in the best regulated private school-room, although we are told that, fearful lest any of the good things should be lost through tardy appearance, they had begun to assemble at five o’clock, (a full hour and a-half too soon), and although, as testified by the frequent hurrahs that come to our ears in the next room, during the evening, they suffer from no lack of lung power.

Passing from the children’s room through a small ante-chamber, which does duty this evening for kitchen, dairy, robing-room, and what not, we stand now on the threshold of the large school-room, the principal scene of the entertainment. Here a cheerful and pretty sight awaits us.

The apartment, grim and gaunt enough on ordinary occasion, wears for the time a smiling face of welcome. The bare, unsightly walls have been made to hide their deficiencies beneath tastefully arranged decorations. Above each window hangs a festoon of evergreens, whilst the panes of two at the end of the room are concealed by a curtain of red calico, bearing each a text of Scripture in letters of white and gold. On the one is written “Glory to God in the highest;” on the other, “Peace on earth, good-will toward men.” Above the platform is a scroll with the appropriate motto, “A Happy New Year.” On another part of the wall we read, “No Cross, no Crown;” the cross and crown being tastefully worked in holly and other evergreens.

A pink curtain, neatly looped up, behind the speaker’s platform, a pillar in the centre of the room enwrapped

with gay pink calico, and entwined with a wreath of evergreens, and a Christmas tree of modest dimensions placed on the platform table, complete the list of the principal decorations.

We must not, however, forget to notice two neatly executed architectural designs, carved in wood, the work of a humble chimney-sweeper, himself generally one of the guests, whose skill in this art we are called upon to admire at each yearly meeting of the kind. So much for the adornments of the tea-room.

Let us now turn our eyes to a more important feature in the picture—the guests themselves. Seated at three long tables, whose snowy coverings, clustering tea cups, and rows of cake-baskets and plates, well filled with tempting piles of sandwiches, cakes, and bread and jam, give them a cheerful and home-like appearance, are a goodly array of men, women, and children; for, although this is, primarily, a *mothers'* tea-party, the fathers corresponding to the said mothers are also invited, solely in virtue, be it understood, of being their wives' husbands. (An edifying example this of the new views of women's position which are fast gaining ground). Babies, too, of all sorts and sizes, are here, from the tiny, white-robed innocent, whose fragile form you almost fear to handle, lest it should suffer from the touch of unaccustomed fingers, to the sturdy armful, that looks tough enough to enjoy a "toss in a blanket." These juvenile guests have, I suppose, no better plea to offer for their presence here, than the prosaic one, that they cannot be left behind.

Perhaps the expression "home-like," made use of above, may have provoked a smile. Home-like! Are snowy damask table-linen, silver plate, and piles of cake, then, familiar spectacles in the homes from which these poor people come? Rather an ideal home this surely to most of them! Might not something plainer have served the turn? Perhaps so; but is the advantage so decidedly on the side of plainness after all? Are we not all the better for having our minds elevated at times, by the placing before us of a higher than our wonted ideal? And if one of those humble mothers carries away with her this evening the determination to emulate, not the holiday luxuriance, but the bright and tidy aspect of the tea table at which she has been present, will not any pains bestowed on its adornment be amply repaid?

The proceedings open with two verses of the Hundredth Psalm, sung to the old familiar tune. Then a blessing is asked by the minister of the church, and the grand operation of the evening—the tea—is set on foot. A procession of tea-pots and their bearers files into the room, and the former are deposited at either end of each table, in front of the ladies who have been requested to do the honours of the tea-boards.

For a considerable time, the hands both of the tea-makers and their assistants are full, for the guests have evidently come fully prepared to do justice to the good cheer set before them.

At length, however, the demands of appetite seem to be satisfied; the tea-tables are cleared, and a report of the progress made by the Mothers' Meeting during the past year is read aloud by the minister of St ——'s, who adds, at the same time, some wise words of Christian counsel, pleasantly spoken, and interspersed with amusing incident and anecdote.

This is followed by "God Bless the Prince of Wales," from the choir of the church, accompanied on the harmonium by a lady well fitted for the task. The conclusion of this song is greeted by a round of applause, actuated no less, let us hope, by the loyalty befitting the occasion, than by admiration for the performance itself.

Then another speaker rises to address the company,—a minister, well known beyond the limits of his own church and country by his valuable contributions to our treasury of sacred song. Serious and affectionate words fall from his lips, and are attentively listened to by the elder guests. But, alas! that I must record so flagrant an instance of the precocious depravity of the human race. Will it be believed that the babies have, by some tacit understanding, agreed to suppress the reverend gentleman? The happy babies crow, the unhappy babies cry. A desperate rush at the leaders of the opposition is made by some of the ladies, who, by dint of treating them to a promenade across the room, succeed in restoring a certain amount of quiet.

To this succeed a Christmas hymn, sung by the choir; a short speech from a gentleman whose lively and genial temperament makes him a favourite with all present; a touching and plaintive song, feelingly rendered by a young lady; and then what, to the younger members of

the party at least, constitutes no doubt, after the tea, the chief charm of the evening—the magic lantern.

At this point of the proceedings, the children, who have been occupied in the adjoining apartment with tea, hymn-singing, and addresses, are drafted into the large room to share in the pleasure of the exhibition.

The first series of pictures shown is said to be for the benefit of the parents, and consists of a number of photographic views of Alpine scenery, admirably exhibited by means of the oxy-hydrogen light.

The second series is for the children;—and well is any trouble expended on the exhibition repaid by the shouts and screams of merriment that greet the inevitable lady whose bonnet gradually lengthens out to dimensions surpassing the wildest nightmare of an over-wrought milliner, the never-failing old gardener whose olfactory organ, intent on inhaling the sweet perfume of a rose, is suddenly assailed by some winged tormentor of dubious contour; and the familiar castigation of the young rogue caught in *flagrante delicto* stealing the jam, with many another thrilling scene, now almost as well known to the yearly spectators of this exhibition as their A.B.C., but ever new and ever delightful to the little folks for whom they are specially produced.

What though the necessary change of position in the figures is not always effected with sufficient dexterity to prevent the startling apparition of a three-armed monster! What though in this scene, a pipe is beheld to pass through the jaws of a dog, with a disagreeable suggestion of the phantom-world; whilst in that other, a group of bees, each nearly as large as a well-to-do sparrow, slide along the canvas in front of a hive, with a lazy and melancholy motion, as different as can well be imagined from that generally attributed to the little busy bee, so famed for “improving each shining hour!”

Who can look back, across perhaps no great stretch of years, to the delight aroused in his or her own breast by the sight of a *moving* picture, and not feel a glow of sympathy with the shouts and hurrahs that greet the comic slides of the magic lantern?

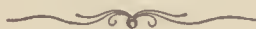
At length the appearance of a herald, bearing in his hand “a banner with the ‘good’ device” “Good Night,” announces the close of this part of the proceedings.

The gas is raised again, and now a number of mysterious-looking paper pareels are brought forward, and

distributed among the mothers by name. What may these contain? Let us peep in fancy through their wrappings, and we shall see in this young mother's parcel a clean and bright-coloured quilt for the baby's cradle, or a tastefully made "overall" for the little toddler at her side; in that busy housewife's, a serviceable working apron; while yonder old lady's heart is being rejoiced by one of more ornamental, if less useful, appearance, to set off the afternoon gown, donned when the morning's work is over, and the "wrapper" laid aside. Whilst the minister is showing these gifts among the older guests, the little ones are being supplied with a small book and an orange each.

With this the evening's entertainment closes. A short prayer is offered, and then after another outburst of loyal feeling, finding expression in the National Anthem, the company disperses, and all wend their way home, refreshed in spirits, let us hope, by participation in that friendly and pleasant season of intercourse between two portions of the great human family, who ordinarily dwell perhaps too far apart.

MEIGEAG BHEAG.



## J a m e s.

I.—MILTON.

"FIFTEEN pounds sterling—overmuch, he said;  
 Sure loss to him—ten were enough. And I—  
 I had my dreams once, dreamt of wealth and fame,  
 And listening multitudes,—a poet's name  
 With laurels round it, bright immortally—  
 Fool! fifteen pounds—and then o'er-paid, he said.  
 Fool—was I? Let me think—these fifteen pounds  
 Buzz in my brain, and drown those other sounds  
 I used to hear—Hush! they come back once more  
 As waves of ocean surging to the shore  
 Rolling adown the years. One name they bear—  
 Each wave breaks, singing "Milton"—Aye, but where  
 Will then be Milton?—Silent and heedless he,  
 Cold, dead, regardless, as those rocks where beats the sea."

## II.—CHATTERTON.

Speak not of laurels for the poet's tomb !  
They are too freshly green, too gladly fair  
To crown the dead. Living—ye grudged to spare  
One little leaf, he so had joyed to wear  
Of all those wreaths now rotting on his tomb.  
Men passed unheeding—aye, no human ears  
Heard his heart break ; none saw the hidden tears,  
The undercurrent of a misery  
Too strong to stem, too proud to ask for sympathy.  
He saw them—all those garlands on the sod ;  
Pleaded—"one tiny leaflet *now*"—no echo woke ;  
Prayed—"a little love"—no answer spoke ;  
Said—"I can wait"—but waiting his heart broke—  
Earth's laurels are too late ; for him—he is with God.  
JEANIE MORISON.

  
*The Burning Prairie.*

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

THE first three days of our exploring expedition, we—myself and two friends, by name Gabriel and Roche,—spent in traversing a country which differed only slightly from the one through which we had previously passed. The prairies were usually indented with deep water-filled hollows, but this summer's great drought had completely dried up both hollows and brooks, so that we and our horses had often been tortured for days together with an unquenchable thirst. On this occasion, however, on the evening of the third day, we were fortunate in finding a clear fresh rivulet, and after partaking freely of its sparkling waters, we encamped on its banks for the night, wrapped ourselves up in our coverlets, and finally fell fast asleep, having first taken care to make a fire to keep off wolves.

At midnight, I was suddenly awakened by the restless movements of our horses. I fancied their restlessness was occasioned by wolves roaming about in our neighbourhood, so I lay with my ear pressed to the ground, listening intently for any sounds indicative of

their approach, but I heard nothing save the sighing of the wind as it swept mournfully over the withered grass. The horses did not share my feelings of security, for they continued to paw the ground impatiently, snorting in evident dread; so once more I got up, and, looking closely on all sides, I at length noticed a faint though unmistakeable red line across the horizon. A moment's lull in the wind enabled me also to hear that distant hollow growl which in these parts proclaims the approach of a numberless herd of wild horned cattle.

Our horses grew desperate, and strove frantically to break free from their tethers, and make their escape from the impending danger. "Up," I shouted to my sleeping companions. "Get up, Gabriel! Roche! make haste, my friends, make haste! Saddle your horses, and ride for your lives! The prairie is on fire, and the buffaloes are being driven in our direction by the flames!"

Both instantly started from their grassy beds; but not a word was exchanged between us, for each felt the danger that lay in his path, and knew that by haste alone could an escape be effected, if it was not indeed already too late. One moment, and our horses were saddled; another, and we were riding with the speed of lightning along the prairie, the horses leading us according to their own instincts, for we had thrown the reins over their necks. Our flight had been so hasty and sudden, that all our wraps, with the exception of Gabriel's, were forgotten and left behind.

For a whole hour we thus rode on with unabated speed, when suddenly we felt the ground behind us shake, and soon the sounds of a far-off bellowing, mingled with much howling, struck upon our ears. The air, too, was dense and heavy, and flames of fire were blown nearer and nearer to us by the wind. Fugitive deer of all kinds shot past us like arrows; stags leaped over the ground in company with wolves and panthers. Herds of antelopes overtook us and vanished again with the rapidity of a dream, and in their stead appeared one powerful buffalo.

Although our horses exerted every nerve, our extreme anxiety to *get on* came over us with such passionate vehemence, that it seemed, in our impatience, as though we were literally standing still. The atmosphere grew heavier, the heat greater, our ears were pierced with keen, shrill shrieks, and once there was mingled with

them such a terrible yell of pain and despair, that our horses stopped in their mad career, trembling in every limb. But the stoppage was only of a second's duration, and we flew on again with redoubled energy.

An old stag passed quite close to us,—its strength was gone, and in another moment it lay dead on the ground. Presently, there came rolling towards us with the rushing noise of a mighty whirlwind, a multitude of immense and also of lesser animals. Swiftly, swiftly they came along, buffaloes and wild horses amongst the rest, and all jumbled together, one huge, dark mass, each hindering and impeding the other. And this mass was distant from us only one quarter of a mile; our horses were well nigh exhausted, and we gave ourselves up for lost; two seconds more, and we should be trampled upon by myriads of hoofs. And now Gabriel spoke, in the stern commanding tone which showed so plainly that he had long been accustomed to every kind of danger; even now, he looked death in the face with calmness and fortitude, as though scenes like this were his proper and natural element.

"Down from your horses," he cried, "one of you must hold them. Give me whatever can help to raise a fire, and quickly, for not a moment is to be lost!" Speaking thus, he kindled a piece of tinder on the pan of his pistol, and was soon busily engaged in making a large fire, piling upon it the materials which we gave to him for the purpose, which consisted principally of dried grass and other vegetable matter, besides a portion of our own clothing. Soon our labour was rewarded by seeing the flames spring brightly forth.

The huge mass of animals pressed on, bellowing louder than before; but what was our consternation on perceiving that they made straight for our fire, without the least sign of alarm or mistrust. Nor indeed was there much cause, for the flames, which gave such good promise at first, sank lower and lower, so that the beasts would, we felt assured, spring over them with little, if any, fear. On, on they came, that desperate living mass; we could already distinguish their horns, their feet, and their white foaming mouths. I could see their wild eyes glitter; they did not swerve to one side, nor make any opening in their ranks, but, like messengers of death, drew nearer and nearer still. My brain reeled, my eyes grew misty with the

terror of the moment, and covering my face with my hands, I crouched upon the ground, awaiting, as quietly as I could, my inevitable fate.

Scarcely had I assumed this position, when I heard an explosion, which was followed by a fresh bellowing, so loud and deafening as to leave no doubt that the buffaloes were not more than twenty steps distant from us. I expected every moment to be our last, but death did not come. I heard only the roaring as of a mighty wind, and felt the tremor of the earth. Quickly I raised my head, and venturing to look up, I beheld our extinguished fire once more burning. Gabriel had thrown some brandy into the dying embers, so that the explosion I had heard was occasioned by the bursting of the leathern flask in which this liquor was contained, and which Gabriel did not, he told us, take time to open, but threw just as it was into the smouldering heap; and the bellowing that had succeeded this act, was the death wail of those wretched animals, which came into contact with the blue flames of our merciless pillar of fire.

Before, behind, on all sides, we could see nothing but the shaggy hides of these great monsters. Not a gap was distinguishable in the huge mass, except the narrow lines we ourselves had left open to prevent our sharing the fate which had befallen our unhappy companions. In this dangerous situation we were compelled for the present to remain. Our life hung upon the chance of the animals not closing up this narrow line. Providence kept watch over us, and, after what seemed to me a dreary time of fearful suspense, the mass became thinner and thinner, till at length we found around us only a few weak, faint animals, and those feebly trotted on after their comrades.

This danger then was fortunately over, but there was still another equally great to be encountered. As we watched the flames gradually but surely closing in about us, and rendering our little hiding-place no longer one of safety, we became too fully aware of the fact that the great prairie behind us was one sheet of fire. Once more we sprang into our saddles, and the horses, which had now recovered their breathing powers, and were likewise inspired with this new fear, bore us, with bounding steps, in the rear of the buffaloes. Another terrible moment! The raging sea of fire, with its hissing waves,

as it rolled swiftly onwards aided not a little by the keen morning breeze, contrasted strangely with the gentle glimmer of early dawn. Had our first escape from the danger of being trodden to death by those awful beasts not been attended with so marvellous a success, we should now, in all probability, have yielded to despair, and relinquished at once this seemingly useless struggle for life.

But the thought of our former success urged us on. We galloped courageously onwards, up hills and down slopes. The fire lay dense behind us, and was creeping to our side like a wily snake. We became aware of this as we rested once in order to allow the vast herd to lead the way across a deep, wide ravine which we had reached, and down whose declivity the animals fell headlong in vast numbers, in their unbounded haste to leap over. What were we to do? The flames seemed determined not to lose their prey, but came on more rapidly than before; their fiery tongues rising high above our heads, nearly suffocating us with their hot and tawny breath.

Instantly we made up our minds as to the right step to take. Yon abyss must either save us or become our grave. Speed was life. Resolved to suffer together, whatever might betide, we drew closer to each other, and goading our horses on with the spur, plunged down the yawning chasm, and reached the bottom,—a depth of some hundred feet from the ground on which we had first been standing,—without any harm whatever, beyond the shock necessarily produced by such a sudden precipitation. In a stranger or more awful manner was no man's life ever saved, and we hastened to thank Heaven who had thus so mercifully preserved us yet a second time. We heard overhead the hissing and crackling of the flames; and increasing daylight showed them raging by the sides of the precipices,—now blazing upwards, now downwards, as though longing to spring across the space, and destroy all living things in the western prairie also.

It was not without considerable difficulty that we cleared a portion of the ground for our own and our horses' use, from amongst the poor animals which had been killed in their downward leap, and now lay thick under our feet; but after a time we accomplished the work satisfactorily, and could then look around us with pleasure. It was evident that our horses need not lack either drink or grass, for the brook was only two feet beneath us, and its clear refreshing water swept gently

through the ravine, whilst its verdure-clad banks offered tempting pasturage. But fear and exhaustion held, for the present, so complete a check on the poor creatures, as to prevent hunger being felt, apparently even for an instant. They made several efforts to rise, but in vain; and it was with a look of great pain that they became aware of their utter helplessness, and sank back into their former recumbent position from sheer weakness.

Multitudes of beasts were still speeding on, on to a far distant part of the prairie,—so it seemed to us; and as the trembling of the ground had not yet subsided, we concluded that the fugitives were making their way to a still more distant and safer place of abode. And truly, their fear was not without good cause. The wind blew so strongly, as to force the dreaded fiery element across the ravine in which we were located, to the other side, and there it continued its devastating work. How sincere and heartfelt were our thanks to the Almighty for our miraculous escape! And now, safe from any immediate danger, we kindled a fire and prepared a meal for ourselves, consisting of one of the young buffaloes lying at our feet.

Two days we remained in this asylum, in order that we might yet be thoroughly rested, and recruit the strength of our poor horses. On the second day, we heard loud and frequent peals of thunder, so knew that a storm was raging, and guessed that the heavy torrents of rain would soon quench the fire. Our expectation proved correct: for on the morning of the third day of our captivity in the earth's bosom, we could proceed on our journey with feelings of security and ease, the atmosphere being once more as clear and free from clouds of smoke, as on the first morning of our proposed exploring expedition.

We followed the brook downwards for a few miles, but its beauties were, for the present, spoiled by the ugly sight of the dead bodies of the numerous animals which strewed its banks, and dyed with blood its otherwise crystal water. Indeed, it was with considerable difficulty that we fought our way along the winding paths on which they lay so thickly; and it was only by means of much leaping and pushing, that we managed to get along at all, and we deemed ourselves fortunate in gaining by mid-day a firm foothold on the plain of the prairie. But what a comfortless sight! As

far as the naked eye could reach, nothing was visible save bare and scorched earth. Not a bush had the terrible flames spared, whilst charred bodies of red deer and buffaloes lay strewn by thousands all around.

Towards evening we passed a fine broad stream, and here the scene changed from one of desolation to one of loveliness and plenty; for the further progress of the fiery monster had here received a sudden check from the strong current of the water, and left unseathed a large and splendid prairie, clad in cool luxuriant verdure, extending far and wide, studded with clover and wild roses, alternated here and there by a plum tree with its pretty white blossoms standing out in bold relief. Animals of all kinds lay stretched on the cool green sward, resting their weary limbs after their late panic-stricken flight, and lulling themselves to sleep with the gentle lick, so characteristic of the quadruped. Some slightly raised their heads as we drew near, but the greater portion of them contented themselves with lazily opening their sleepy eyes.

The sight was peaceful beyond all description, and involuntarily reminded one of the engraving, found in very old Bibles, representing the creation. Wolves and panthers had their abode only a few yards from a small herd of antelopes; buffaloes, bears, and horses lay cradled together. But alas, we knew too well the reason of these creatures lying so happily, but unnaturally together; we knew they had fallen on these spots from exhaustion, not from pleasure, and were so weak as to be utterly unable to change their position one iota. We came presently to a jaguar; lying just below him was a calf. Upon our approach the savage brute attempted to rise and pounce upon us, but his strength was not equal to his will. He therefore contented himself with bending his head on his body so as to form a complete circle, hiding his head on his breast with his heavy paw, and uttering a prolonged and distant yell, which had in it a compound of both vexation and rage.

Had we had powder to waste, we would have delivered the graminivorous animals from many of their carnivorous neighbours. But we had entered these their lodgings like robbers, without either respect or leave, and every charge of powder wasted would make our situation worse in case of a conflict. Our horses required rest, so we unsaddled them, and left them to roam about where and how they chose. For

ourselves, we had still untouched a good portion of our yesterday's calf, and we were glad, for we could not bear the idea of destroying any of the poor, frail little creatures about us.

Close by our side lay a noble stag, in whose favour I was immediately prepossessed. The poor creature was making several futile efforts to reach a clump of clover which lay temptingly close at hand, and its dry, parched tongue plainly showed how much it stood in need of water. I plucked a couple of handfuls of the clover, and offered it to eat, but inclination was evidently stronger than appetite. A little pond was close by, so I took my cup, filled it with the pure liquid, and gently moistened the stag's lips, placing the rest of the water so that it could easily drink. I shall not readily forget the expressive look that came into its soft grey eyes as I thus ministered to its comfort.

My companions, too, became by degrees so greatly interested in the sufferings of the poor beasts, that they were induced to take as many hares as they could under their protection, and get water for them out of the pond also, so that they soon recovered their strength, and made haste to flee before the wolves should revive and catch them. When I had brought my stag its second cupful of water, the grateful animal licked my hand, and tried to stand up and follow me, but it had not yet sufficient strength, and could only follow my retreating figure with its eyes, in which was such an expression of thanks, as spoke more distinctly than whole volumes of written words could have done; at least *I* thought so,—I could perfectly read their meaning. I now began to think of seeking for my friends, who had been away from me for some time, when they suddenly made their appearance,—knives, tomahawks, and clothes all besmeared with blood. They had undertaken a crusade against the wolves, and killed so many that they were really fatigued, and their arms refused to do any more work for a time.

Perhaps the reader may not understand the absolute hatred which a prairie traveller entertains for wolves. Suffice it to say, that these beasts of prey were so odious, as to induce us to encamp amongst them for the night, with the sole purpose of destroying as many of them as possible. By reason of their extreme weakness, there was no danger to be apprehended in such an undertaking; so, placing our pistols securely about us, in case a panther or

a bear should attack us suddenly and unawares, we set out to our enemies' abodes, disturbing a few jaguars by the way, whom we thought it not prudent to stay to attack, so quietly passed them by, and presently found enough occupation amongst a congregated herd of wolves. How many of these abominable animals we slew, I should not dare to state; but we did not leave them, I know, until our hands were weak and tired, and our tomahawks blunt and useless. The exertion we had undergone sharpened our appetites, so that we thoroughly enjoyed our supper, and lay down to rest with the happy consciousness of having done a good day's work. But rest, however requisite and well earned, we were doomed not to enjoy that night, for hardly had we closed our eyes, when a heavy shower of rain came down upon us, and in less than five minutes we were soaked to the skin. At length the warm rays of the early morning sun dispersed the gloom and the dark lowering clouds, and we joyfully rose to prepare for ourselves a good and substantial meal, with which to warm ourselves a little, and do away with any bad effects of our wetting, which might, in all likelihood, ensue. We found that many of the wild beasts, having been revived by the shower, had already gone away, but others still lay stretched on the turf, doubtless only too willing to follow their companions' example, if their strength were sufficient for the purpose. Having seen to our horses' wants and comfort, we then proceeded on our homeward journey, fully satisfied with the result of our little expedition; and eight days later we arrived at our settlement safe and well.

MADGE.

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A PRIZE is offered for the best prose article appearing in the February number of *The Attempt*. Articles for competition must be sent to the Editor on or before the 1st of January.







