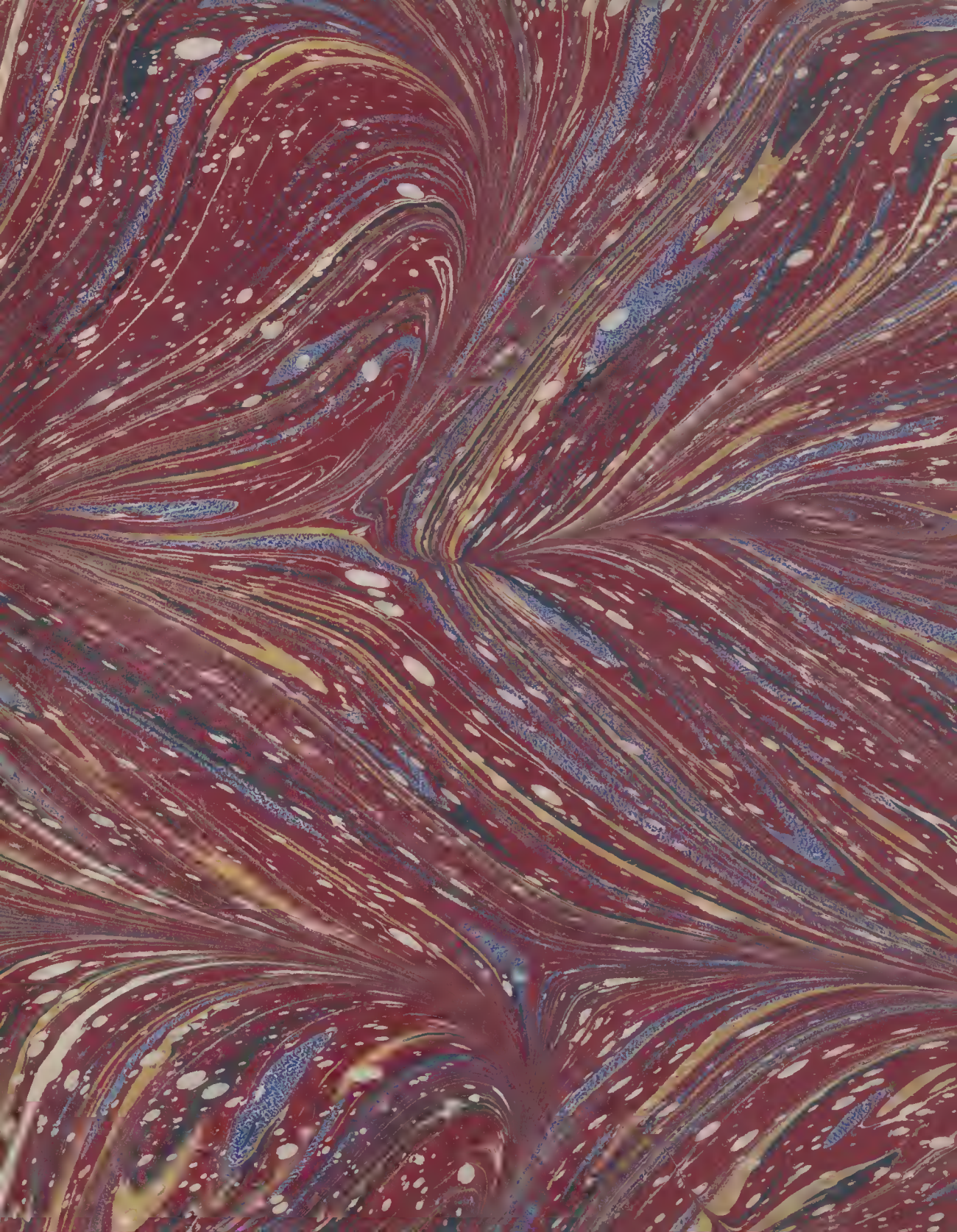
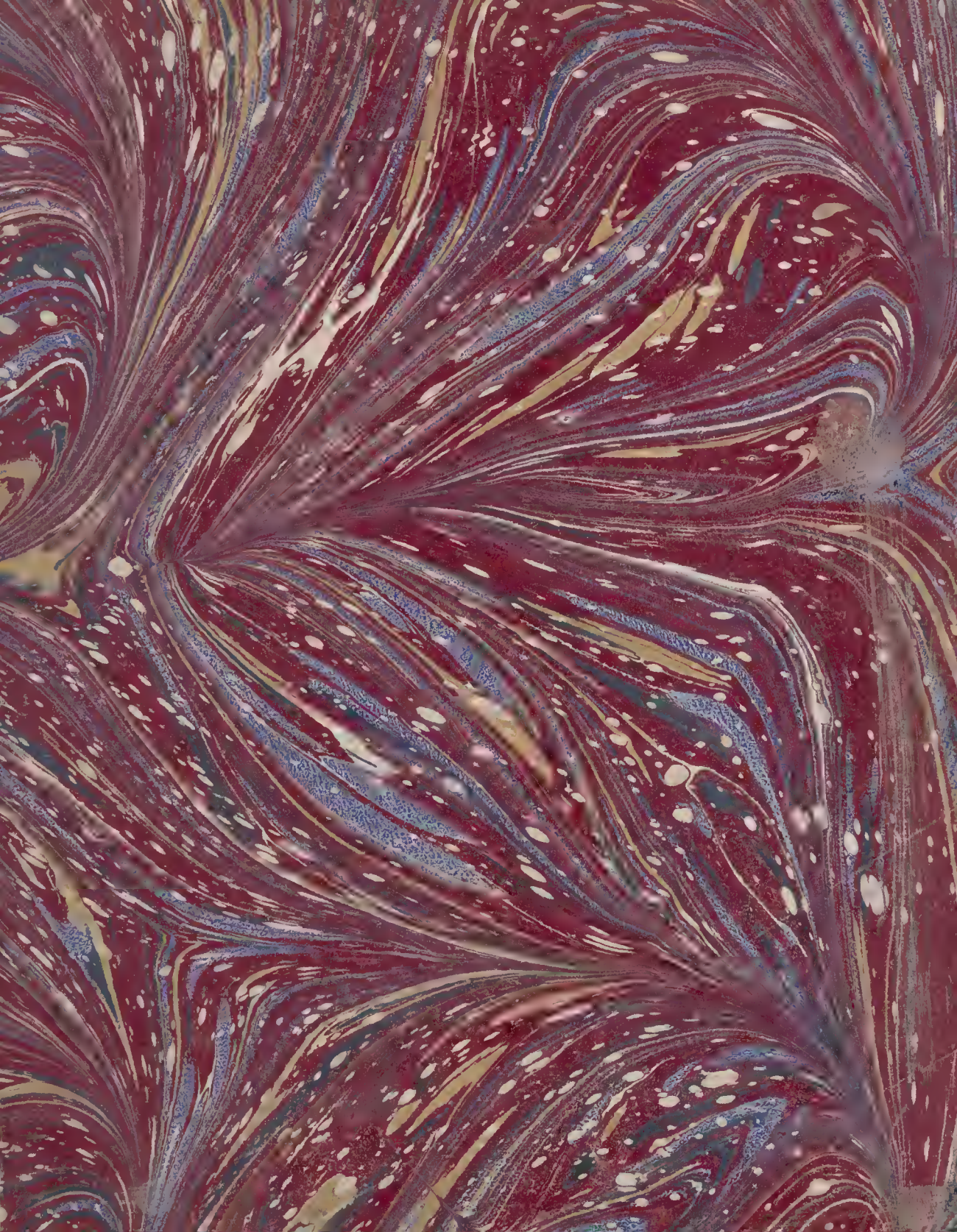






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THE ATTEMPT

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THE ATTEMPT.

Something about Everything.

Romance.

Few things are so easy as to criticise after the manner of common-place critics; and certainly nothing is easier than to jeer at what we do not understand; an off-hand manner, a flippant phrase or two, appealing alike to the general sense of the ridiculous and the self-satisfaction of the listeners—and we may bring contempt on the best feelings of our nature, or throw doubt on matters which have seriously occupied and perplexed graver minds. It is an old truth that to be wise we must know our own ignorance; and it is equally true that in order to form a correct judgment we must be independent of all shallow prejudices: habit makes our matured opinions second nature, and probably there are many beliefs both important and trivial which we all hold, and which, on reflection, we discover to be founded on nothing more than the bare assertions that run so fluently off the tongue of society. Among such we class the contempt that is bestowed on what is usually termed romance, a contempt, which if it owns any other cause than custom, probably arises from a non-perception of the differences between the various kinds of the sentiment condemned.

There has, we are bound to suppose, been an original at some time or other for a type of romantic womanhood which should be relegated entirely to weak novels and second-rate plays, and which has been finely caricatured in "Lispings from Low Latitudes;" but if these beings do exist, who, looking through their curls, proclaim that romance is *so* nice, we can only say it has never been our misfortune to meet them.

Perhaps it may be in part from the consciousness that the confession would be

roughly greeted, but few care to *say* that they are romantic ; the higher form of the feeling, indeed, shrinks from observation or comment ; only the lower proclaims itself, involuntarily sometimes, but almost always in a manner more or less hurtful to the person chiefly concerned, if not to others as well. Both forms are equally ignored by men, and considered in the light of feminine weaknesses, for it is rare indeed that in the hurry and struggle of life, a man can resist the systematic training in selfishness, everywhere so liberally bestowed, sufficiently to retain the fresh sympathy and generosity that are the groundwork of a noble romance. Accepting this fact, and refraining from comment thereon, we will confine ourselves to the subject as it affects our own sex, and we may say broadly that not only is many a womanly charm derived from the presence of romance, but its entire absence must indicate either a most exceptional character, or one that has been educated and hardened in a bitter school.

To feel instinctively what does or does not constitute a given quality is a far simpler thing than deliberately to analyse it ; in order to do the first we would recall the old Romaunt, with its mingled fantasy and truth, its straining after the heroic and impossible, and its underlying recognition of the beauty of self-devotion and the power of faith ; in order to attempt the second, we would say that Romance is a comprehensive word for the numberless and ever-varying moods and ideas produced by the following causes, either singly or together—first and chiefly, association ; secondly, sympathy ; thirdly, the faculty of idealization with which women are largely gifted, and to which the neglect of solid educational training gives undue prominence. Romance in which this last influence predominates is of the kind we have termed harmful, because it is in some degree false ; it belongs to extreme youth, and partakes therefore of the charm which surrounds the spontaneous and uncontrolled ebullitions of a simple and inexperienced mind, but its chief characteristics are impetuosity and unreality.

Its first development takes place in early girlhood, under the form of friendship ; and to onlookers there is something very pathetic in the unbounded faith and enthusiastic partisanship with which its object is regarded ; it is an evidence of the awakening in the child's heart of a craving instinctive in every woman, a craving which, while the strength and energy are still unworn, desires scope rather to give love and devotion than to receive them. To such sentiment one ending is almost inevitable, though while a callous mind sees merely the ludicrous side of the catastrophe, it appeals strongly to one capable of the higher romance. Sometimes the friends differ widely in age, and circumstances prevent the elder from continuing a

one-sided intimacy; more often it is mutual, but springs from an erroneous estimate of character; each girl is worshipping what, did it exist, would rightly merit her reverence, but the beauty that has won her is a perfectly ideal thing, and in time she must make this fatal discovery; she will be slow to realise it, and will lay the blame in every quarter but the right one; then follow accusations, recriminations, silences, and final farewells, in which each retains a sense of her own rectitude and injury: probably, after a short lapse of time, neither could correctly describe the cause of separation; and an enduring tie might be woven with the broken threads, but it most frequently happens that meeting in after life, the *ci-devant* schoolfellows can in no wise discover by what process they attained the semblance of sympathy.

This, then, is the first chapter of many a life's romance; the second is similar, but more lasting in its consequences, for it hovers on the boundary of that world of love which cannot be crossed without permanently affecting the whole life. Some accident of companionship, some fascination of manner, some similarity of taste, attracts the fancy of the girl, now treated as a woman, though a child in the world's ways, and she undergoes a second time her previous experiences, but with this difference, that the result depends less on herself, and almost entirely on the character of the man who has impressed her imagination, far more than her heart.

These histories, too, like the first, have commonly a bitter termination; there is something of the world's talk "so ready to give blame"—so powerful to gall a high spirit; something of thoughtless amusement on the part of the man; and then, when the circumstances which brought about the flirtation, bring also its conclusion, there follows, on the part of the woman, the awakening which destroys her childishness for ever. Fortunately, the shock aids her to perceive how widely the reality differs from the knightly hero of her dreams, and enables her elastic nature to recover itself, and form, in time, maturer attachments, which contrast vividly with her girlish fancies. If, unhappily, as sometimes happens, the wound has been deeper, it will leave an ineffaceable scar, and will be the means of warping or destroying much in her that is most gentle and endearing. It has been well said, that a heart driven back upon itself, whether it belongs to man or woman, is a fatal possession; and the better it was originally, the worse is likely to be its eventual fate. In the grave of a dead romance, other precious things are buried, and for them there is no resurrection.

We must look upon these early instances of the feminine capacity for idealisation as on the first efforts of a child to walk—full of uncertainty, and resulting in many falls, but, nevertheless, needful to the full development of its strength. The power

itself, when duly controlled and balanced by the other elements of romance, notably sympathy, which renders it unselfish, is among the best gifts bestowed on woman by Providence. By means of the halo thus thrown around them, she goes through a hundred daily duties, which, but for this, would be a hateful drudgery,—she invests with a sacred character much of her work that is in itself distasteful,—and it is by one or other of the various manifestations of romance that new sources of delight are opened up to her, her lesser pleasures enhanced, and a peculiar charm given to the words of those she loves.

Certes, those who have "been in Arcadia," would never have entered the beautiful region had they been destitute of the faculty which qualifies them to appreciate it. Memory, too, that boundless storehouse of a woman's treasures, owes half its loveliness to the presence of Romance; a fact that one of our great novelists has been quick to perceive in the touching passages that describe the cynic, deprived of the pleasures and pains of remembrance, and the softening influences which finally bring him to his knees with the quaint old prayer, "Lord, keep my memory green."

The more romantic a woman is, the more completely does she live in the past, and that this should be so is a melancholy proof that only during a very limited portion of her life can she obtain full scope for her natural healthy joyousness to spring up; the shadows chequer her path far more frequently than the gleams of sunlight, but over each of these she lingers with a fond intensity of feeling very pathetic to witness. There are few of Adelaide Proctor's sisters who cannot echo the cry that fills her beautiful little poem, "A Dead Past:"—

> "Spare me the Past, see, you have taken from me
> The Present, and I murmur not nor moan;
> The Future, too, with all her glorious promise,
> But do not leave me utterly alone."

Utterly alone, indeed, without this silent companion; the present, too, grows precious when time has softened or obliterated its pains, and lighted up its joys, but while passing it pales before the recollection of some sunny period when life was young and beautiful; the Future is dim, and promises, as years roll on, rather increase of cares than increase of happiness; but the Past is our very own; she cannot be changed or marred, but will wear, as long as our eyes can gaze upon her, the same deathless smile, that smile that is near akin to tears.

Rightly looked at, Romance is not to be derided as an acquired folly, but accepted as a primary instinct, and, as such, necessarily of some use; it is to be treated

as we treat the delicate flower, that with careful training is a fitting source of pleasure, but which must become a rank weed without the gardener's pruning knife. Subject to such judicious control, it will pervade a woman's life like an under current of music, and as we know that "love does not make all things easy, it makes us choose what is difficult;" so Romance, which merges in love, makes the difficult part easier, and goes far, by lightening many a burden, to render existence more harmonious as a whole.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.

The Three Sisters.

IN the bosom of the Christian lowly,
Ransomed by his Saviour's precious blood,
Dwell three sisters, pure, and true, and holy,
Making it a temple of all good.

One with radiant features ever smiling,
And with eyes of Heaven's own joyous blue;
From each danger all the stings beguiling,
Throwing over all a golden hue.

One with face in darkness as in lightness
Ever calm, unruffled, and serene,
Gazing upwards to Heaven's changeless brightness,
Oft through shadows darkly spread between.

One with face aglow with light from Heaven,
Shedding brightest sunshine all around:
She, the highest grace to sinners given,
Sitteth queen o'er these three sisters crowned.

Would'st thou know their names? 'tis *Hope* that ever,
Gazing far beyond this world of woe,
Dreameth of a glory fading never,
And of joys that everlasting flow.

And thus gazing past earth's sin and sorrow,
Catch her eyes the radiance of Heaven's blue,
Gaining glimpses of the joyful morrow,
And of glories hid from mortal view.

Faith her name whose gaze serene uplifted,
Through the cloudland piercing, dwells above
And that regal sister, highest gifted,
Call we, as we bless her, holy *Love*.

Christian ! with life's thorny journey weary,
When the pathway to the heavenly goal
Seem to lead through desert lands and dreary,
Still let heavenly Hope possess thy soul.

But should shadows press so dense before thee,
That Hope, trembling, spreads her wings for flight,
Still let Faith, serene-eyed, hover o'er thee,
Till she guide thee on to perfect sight.

But perchance, so deep the floods of sorrow
Faith herself may seem thy grasp to flee,
And, forgetful of the cloudless morrow,
Nought but rayless night thine eyes can see.

Then, though angry floods roar ever near thee,
Cling thou still to all-subduing Love ;
She will bid back Faith and Hope to cheer thee
Till they leave thee at the Home above !

MEIGEAG BHEAG.

Ladies' Sales.

I DO not know a more glaring and flagrant mode of doing evil that good may come,—a more open and shameless system of swindling,—a more wasteful and expensive institution,—an employment more wearing to the body, or more injurious to the temper,—than the fashionable mode of raising money known as "a ladies' sale," or "fancy fair." How the evil continues so general, and of such frequent recurrence, baffles my comprehension. I have seldom indeed met an individual who *enjoyed* the practice; most people are heartily weary of it; and many thoroughly detest it. (I belong to the last class with all my heart and soul.) No doubt a large sum of money is frequently obtained; but I am sure no one who has had experience of fancy fairs will deny that it is dearly earned. The hard labour (for seriously, it *is* hard labour); the waste of both "the raw material," and the completed manufacture; the inevitable expense; the mortifications and vexations (and these are neither few nor small!); the fatigue, the disappointment, the humiliating repulses which are the lot of every saleswoman;—it would be difficult indeed to obtain pecuniary compensation for all these evils. But even without calculating all these, I feel very sure, that were the cost of all the work-materials added up, some slight addition made for the manufacture, and this sum subtracted from the total proceeds of the sale, the balance, in nine cases out of ten, would be next to nothing. If people would only have the common sense and economy, when interested in any particular object, to give at once, in hard cash, what they can afford, they would find it a better plan both for themselves and the charity in question, than to spend their money in silks, and wools, and braids, and variegated garments, their time in manufacturing articles which are *occasionally* useful, *generally* ornamental, but *frequently* neither the one nor the other, and their strength in acting as unpaid shopwomen to a very phlegmatic and unthankful public, often a very suspicious and depreciative one. But although this view of the subject, when propounded, is generally admitted to be true; although five-sixths of society vote ladies' sales an unmitigated bore, and the remaining sixth will not deny the charge; still the evil exists, and flourishes, and spreads on all sides. Few, I am sure, of the lady readers of this Magazine have not been engaged, at some part of their lives, in promoting more or less actively a fancy fair; and those who have been so fortunate as to escape this portion of the social treadmill, may expect that their turn will soon come. Few of us have not experienced the tumult of preparation, which for weeks before the great day, con-

vulses the household whose mistress has, in an unguarded moment, consented to preside over a stall at a ladies' sale. Few are ignorant of the Herculean labour, the unremitting diligence, the quenchless energy, and the amount of time, necessary to bring matters to a satisfactory result. Letters must be written to friends, far and near, containing requests for assistance, and assurances that "the smallest contributions will be thankfully received;" mingled coercion and entreaty must be judiciously employed to obtain aid from every likely and unlikely quarter; every handbook of ladies' work must be studied for suggestions; every brain racked for new ideas on the all-important subject, every member of the household pressed into the service, every spare moment employed in the construction of some contribution to the stall. The house is turned into a workshop; every room is strewn with ribbons and silks, wools and canvas; ingenuity is tasked to the utmost to devise new and striking combinations of colour, startling slipper-patterns, astonishing tea-infusers, and cardboard articles which baffle all attempts to discover the purpose for which they are intended. Every talent is utilised for the work in hand; are you an artist? then you must employ yourself upon water-colour drawings, resplendent illuminations, and fashionable caricatures; are you musical? appropriate airs must be selected and arranged for the guidance of the band; do you dabble a little in poetry? you are expected to compose verses in laud and exaltation of the bazaar and its moving cause, which will be printed and distributed among the stall-keepers; are you tasteful and ingenious, with quick eyes and nimble fingers? then hard indeed will be your task, and various will be your occupations. Potichomanie will demand your attention one moment, dressmaking the next; in the morning you must arrange the colours of a sofa-blanket, in the afternoon assist in manufacturing paper-flowers, and in the evening prepare a children's scrap-book, in the midst of which latter employment, while your fingers are covered with paste, and your lap full of paper-cuttings, you will be summoned to put the finishing touches to some fabric of delicate-coloured silk, and requested to "be very careful not to soil it." One member of the family is generally told off to the responsible work of dressing dolls, which are to be arranged in every variety of costume, from the lady in the last extreme of fashion, with *fichu*, *panier* and buckled shoes, to the interesting infant in a scanty garment of white cotton. Once engaged in the all-absorbing round of occupations, you may just as well make up your mind to resign all hopes of freedom until the bazaar is over. If, after an afternoon of diligent and energetic furtherance of the mighty work, you venture to take up a book, or to open the piano, the eye of maternal vigilance is immediately upon you. "My dear! don't you think you should

make haste with that piece of braiding? or stay—I wish you would sew ribbons upon these book-markers that Polly has finished; and if you would chop a little flannel to stuff my silk pincushions, it would be a great help." Resistance is useless—down goes your book, and the chain is round your neck again.

As the great day draws near, contributions from charitable friends begin to come in, and the house is besieged by messengers bringing bags and boxes, parcels and bundles, of every shape and size. With eager expectation, and not a little anxiety, you examine the first half-dozen consignments, but the excitement gradually wears off, and you begin to be tired of the often-recurring arrivals, especially as in many cases they bring you nothing but disappointment. Much of the work is good, and beautiful, and acceptable; but alas! much of it is eminently the reverse. Many of your friends seem to have selected, with labour and pains, the most awkwardly-shaped patterns, and the most hideous combinations of colour which ever offended against the rules of taste; some articles are composed of material so dingy that even a Quaker would not be attracted by them, and others seem to have been planned by the lady who declared her preference to be for "nane o' your flaunting colours, but jist plain red and yellow." Half-soiled cushions, dingy slippers, and badly-made pin-cushions, abound; and one or two large parcels, which raise your hopes high on their first arrival, turn out to be nothing more than—paper matches! This is a most exciting period for the little ones of the family, who take a lively and sometimes very inconvenient interest in the whole of the proceedings; their valuable assistance is proffered at every turn, their curiosity knows no bounds, and numerous indeed are the disasters which their energy occasions. On returning from a short walk, you will find, to your consternation, that the juveniles have opened and unpacked a box of contributions which has arrived during your absence—and direful are the consequences of their industry. A rose-coloured sachet, lined with white, bears three distinct imprints of Harry's thumb; Jack has completely smashed an elaborately painted fan; while Cis and Polly are weeping over a doll which, but a few short hours before, nodded its head, winked its eyes, and squeaked when violently compressed, and which will now perform none of these feats, in consequence of having executed them all by turns, without a moment's intermission, for an hour and a-half by the clock, in spite of all the eloquence of nurse, who *now* assures the delinquents that "they have killed poor dolly quite dead, and she won't never come alive any more!" Great are the lamentations, and many the promises of amendment, but before the day is over, Cis has ransacked your work-box, Polly has pulled out mamma's knitting-pins, and the boys have put the large black doll, whose

toilet has just been completed, into papa's shower-bath, "to try and make its face clean."

At last the preparation is at an end, and the consummation of the sacrifice approaches. On the morning of the bazaar, if you are to be among the saleswomen, you must be up with the lark, and hasten to the scene of action, to arrange your wares, and prepare your spider-webs for all unwary flies. If you have not had previous experience of the process, you will soon discover a hundred omissions in your preparation. You have forgotten to bring a tablecloth, and twine, and pins, and scissors, and wrapping-paper, and above all, change. You have no money-box, no raffle books, no pencils; but at last all these mistakes are rectified, your various wants are supplied, your stall is put in order, your corps of assistants stationed at their posts, the public pours in, and the business of the day commences. And what a business it is! I do not know a more trying, humiliating, thankless, and fatiguing task than that of a saleswoman at a fancy fair. It won't do to wait like an ordinary shopwoman, till you are asked for some article, and then produce it quietly and civilly; a *fancy* saleswoman must obtrude her wares upon the public, and force them upon reluctant customers; she must have a ready tongue to puff her goods, a quick wit to parry all objections, a mind undaunted by repulses, rebuffs, and even impertinence, a fund of persuasive eloquence, and a considerable amount of coolness. All these she must have, if she wishes to be successful; and the unfortunate apprentice who is too shy, too slow, too stupid, or too plain looking (it sounds coarse, but I am afraid is a fact), to prove attractive to the public, will soon find herself quite out of place at a ladies' sale.

It is not very long since I had the misfortune to assist at one of these bazaars, and from a combination of the above causes, was speedily pronounced by my fellow-apprentices to be utterly unfit for active service. I was therefore requested to sit down in one corner, and devote myself exclusively to counting out the change, and wrapping up the parcels. With the greatest joy, I obeyed; and in the intervals of my employments obtained considerable amusement from observing what passed in the busy scene before me. I need not describe the stalls; everyone knows what they were like; glittering many-coloured masses, composed of the most varied and dissimilar materials; a lofty room, with flags waving here and there, evergreen wreaths and coloured calico, a mingled odour of flowers, fruit, and scents, and the strains of a band softened by the distance,—such was the framework apparent to the various senses. Then the sellers, in their bright dresses, becoming head gear, jaunty aprons, and little badges worn on one shoulder, their faces sparkling with ex-

citement, looked very gay and pretty; certainly, it was, in all its externals, a very attractive scene. But looking a little longer, the faces seemed too eager, too bold and self-confident; the voices were too loud, and the words too daring and frivolous; but I did not mean to moralise, and prefer to dwell on the comic side of the picture. Assuredly the comic element was there in abundance! One tall middle-aged gentleman first attracted my notice; he had been apprenticed to one of the stalls, and sent forth with instructions to raffle a large baby doll. He held the doll in one hand, clutching it with a despairing grasp, which was not to the advantage of its well starched robes; he was evidently very shy, and I could see that in the raffle-book, which he held open, there was but one name entered. I suppose it was his own. His chances of success were small, and he evidently thought so himself, for he stood gazing around him with a look of tragic despair, which under more favourable circumstances, would have been sublime, but which in his position was merely and purely ridiculous. Poor shy gentleman! he was sadly out of place at a ladies' sale, and I am sure it will be long before he again enters one.

Near him was an old gentleman—stout, rosy, and good-humoured-looking—in the centre of a knot of girls, bent upon victimising him. One was extolling the beauties of a pair of worsted slippers; another entreating him to purchase a pair of fire-screens; a third, with beseeching glance, drew his attention to a collection of dried ferns; a fourth flourished a cigar-case; while a fifth sternly demanded his name and address, and entered them in a raffle-book. Bewildered and astonished, anxious to oblige, but dumfoundered at the multiplicity of rapacious demands, he gazed from one to the other with a puzzled smile and a deprecating expression of countenance; but his tormentors knew no mercy, and in five minutes he was completely fleeced. In strong contrast to him was another old gentleman, seated at the refreshment stall, and partaking of a substantial lunch. Not a word nor a look did he deign to grant to the clamorous suppliants who besieged him on all sides; vain were their blandishments, useless their entreaties, unavailing their arts; not the most attractive goods in the bazaar could tempt him, nor the most fascinating saleswoman touch his flinty heart; he sat unmoved amidst the noise and bustle he occasioned, eating sandwiches as calmly as if in his own dining-room. Near him a distracted materfamilias in vain endeavoured to reconcile her ideas of economy and her desire to oblige her friends and help the bazaar, while her children besieged her with clamorous demands for sixpences, and the stall-keepers at once tempted her with attractive specimens of work, and horrified her by exorbitant demands. A small brother and sister with their little all clenched tightly in one hand, went prowling round the stalls in,

search of a judicious mode of investment, with faces grave with anxiety, and eyes and mouths open in amazement. Here, the belle of the bazaar reaped a golden harvest by telling fortunes; there, the "funny man," who is never absent from such scenes, displayed conjuring tricks to an admiring audience at twopence a-head. In one corner stood a most amusing group, consisting of two fashionable-looking young men who had volunteered to assist in the sale, and who were doing their utmost to persuade a stout elderly countrywoman to take shares in a raffle for a resplendent fender-stool, whose beauties they extolled in glowing terms. The honest woman, half shy, half amused, evidently delighted with the fender-stool, but thoroughly bewildered by the mixture of fun, familiarity, and flattery poured forth by her aristocratic petitioners, was no proof against their blandishments; her leather purse was in her hand, and she was just about to impart her name and address, when loud demands for change interrupted my observation of the scene, and I saw her no more. Thankful indeed are you, when, at a late hour of the evening, you are released from your post; but your labours are not over, for a second day, nay, sometimes a third, the bazaar continues open, and each day the labour grows harder and more thankless. The work begins to get soiled and dingy, the gorgeous garments of the dolls have lost their first gloss, and the most attractive of the goods have already been disposed of. Fatigue begins to tell upon the sellers; their spirits flag, and their energy abates; while the customers have grown wary and economical, and will take nothing that is not "a bargain." Alarming reductions of price are made upon all sides; and, trying though it is to see work, which cost you hours of patient labour, going for next to nothing, this is one of the evils incidental to ladies' sales, and you are obliged to "grin and bear it;" while, often after you have reduced some article to a price under the cost of its materials alone, a chilling, "Oh indeed!" is the response, and the customer passes on in search of some more tempting bargain. This is especially the case on the last evening of the sale, when prices become, generally speaking, a mere farce, and all hope of fair and reasonable traffic is at an end. Sale by auction is generally commenced at this stage of the proceedings, and though it contributes much to the mirth of the evening, it does not produce any great pecuniary result, as the goods are generally knocked down at less than half their value. In fact, on the last evening of a bazaar, raffles, and similar speculative amusements, are the only sources of income worth speaking about; and ingenuity is tasked to the utmost to devise new modes of gambling in a small way; one of the last inventions being a large tub filled with bran, in which, at long intervals, half-crowns, lockets, scent-bottles, and the like lie *perdu;* upon payment of sixpence, the customer is

allowed to thrust his hand into the bran, bring out a handful of it, and take his chance of a prize. The last evening is a great time for the juvenile relatives of the stall-keepers, who all appear "to join the dreadful revelry," and after getting rid of their little fortunes, proffer their valuable services as assistant shopkeepers. Cis and Harry go out to try and make money with a lucky-bag; Jack drives a roaring trade in matches at a penny the bundle; Polly prefers to remain behind the stall, and after half-an-hour's strenuous endeavours, triumphantly presents you with a sixpence; you receive it with thanks and applause, but, on inquiring further, are somewhat startled to find that Polly's customer has received, in return for the sixpence, a collection of dried ferns worth fully half-a-guinea! but you cannot find it in your heart to damp Polly's exultation by reproaches, and are, besides, too completely wearied to care much about the matter. The heat is overpowering, the noise is deafening, the crowd excessive, and turbulent withal. At last the band strikes up the National Anthem; never were sounds more grateful to your ears! and after a little trouble in clearing the room, a good deal of ingenuity in collecting and packing up, in the smallest possible amount of time and space, what goods remain, and a final surrender of the money-box into the hands of the treasurer, the bazaar is over, and you are free to accord to mind and body the repose so ardently longed for, and so much required.

DIDO.

The Force of Simplicity.

Amongst the causes and results of genius and success, we are too apt to overlook the force, which, for want of a better name, I have designated simplicity. In our compound, and ever-drifting language, words arise, grow, and alter as they grow, with a power that is *almost* life. Many entirely change their meaning, even within the tethering line that binds them to their roots; some prune their growth, and slip their cuttings into other words; while others, unable to stop the growth of a double idea, and unable to find a substitute or a synonym to bear the burden of either, are forced to carry two meanings on one branch, that can only be distinguished by a light borrowed from surrounding circumstances. Such, to a great degree, is the fate of this word, whose root is "sine plica," without a fold. The root explains the meaning—it has no folds laid on to hide under-layers of things evil or more mean; no convolutions or crevices to conceal lurking secrets; no wrinkles to throw shadows on

the rest ; no plaits to mingle materials unequal or unfit. But there is a vast difference in the way men accept this rendering. Its worst form is only an exaggerated guilelessness—as incapable of suspecting evil as of planning it. It is sad to see how much it is sometimes made to suffer, but though I would look reverently and tenderly upon it, as on the spirit of a little child, I would not desire to dwell in the simplicity that consorteth with ignorance—the nature is more rich that striveth to "be wise as serpents, but harmless as doves."

The nobler meaning of the word may be found in us in two ways—first, in the simplicity of aim ; second, in simplicity of character ; which two are not in all cases necessarily conjoined.

First, the simplicity of aim generally proves its own value by the success which it generally commands. How frequently, indeed so frequently as to be considered almost a certainty, does any one, setting out in life with a determination to do any one thing, attain his desire, if health and life be granted, over the issues of which he has comparatively little control. Let the end be what it may, let the man be who he may, he follows after it determinedly, always in the nearest path possible to him, keeping his eye upon it, treading down obstacles, or driving round them, as the stream, calm-flowing until rocks come in its path, leaps over them in boiling wrath, or eddies round them in conquering impetuosity, or mayhap carries them along with it, to serve but as excitement what meant to be an obstacle.

The possession of a simple aim implies certain qualities—first, a certain degree of discernment to compare and select, amid all possible aims, this chosen one ; second, firmness to resist distractions therefrom ; third, perseverance to follow it unto the end, for the pursuit of a single aim is never given up. It is the man of many aims who has time to look at his own comparative perseverance ; the man of a single aim lives unto it continually, no other love intrudes to break its force.

Does one give up honour and happiness, rest and peace, yea, all good things earthly and heavenly, in order to win his idol—gold ? Will he not die rich in the possession of his desire ? Alas ! that he must flee from the wealth that fled not from him. If any complains, or endures, without complaining, the consciousness that the fortune and success permitted to other men are denied to him, he may generally very easily discover for himself some disturbing element, some distraction or division of his aim—making it not simple, but complex. How many of us have seen some hard-working honest youth, the only support of a widowed mother, chained to his desk in a dark room, in a dull town, for a pittance small but sure, quenching the burning day-dreams and aspirations of his youth, at the altar of what he calls fate ;

while he sees his equals and his school-fellows drinking up the spirit of learning, and thence pouring forth their burning souls to a recognising world, or wandering abroad in search of the riches that make rich. He sometimes sadly sighs that no success or sunshine has come to lighten his hard and heartless work, at which the best part of his youth *seems* vainly spent. But he has laboured with divided aim. He set his duty and affection first—and every drawback from the perfect satisfaction therein, lay in the strain of each distracting desire, reaching out after other noble things and good. He sought his mother's happiness, and gained it; and he should almost be himself content though a smaller measure of worldly success should flow unto the aim his heart set second in his life. He, too, might have dwelt in books to satisfy himself, had he cared to leave his mother to waste slowly through years of pinching poverty. He, too, might have left her lonely, and gone abroad to win the gold of eastern shores, had he risked the chance of coming home laden therewith, too late to close her eyes, when they had shut hopelessly upon the life that held no light for her.

Neither should the hard student, nor the poet, mourn greatly and wonder, though their labours should bring them neither fame nor wealth. Was the glorious muse they worshipped and sought after, only, after all, Queen Money? If not, if they wished both their inner treasure and a gilded show, their aim is also divided, and their powers dispersed; the union that is strength deserts their faculties, and they neither fully satisfy themselves with their high hopes, nor the world, with its changing whim, though they should lower their muse to the level of the minds from whom they would win applause; or spend their learning in extravagance, upon base gold that perisheth.

Men are not always the happier or the richer in their own natures, when they thus yield up themselves to their Idea—in fact, it is generally otherwise. Had it been *happiness* they sought, that also might they have attained. The student who makes himself thus perfect in some one branch of learning is seldom so happy or so generally interesting as the one who has learned enough of the language of all, to be able to speak, though with stammering lips, to every man who passing by saluteth him. The one seems to have built for himself a tall upright tower of many storeys, each but a step wherewith to reach a higher step, in never-ending breathless toil. True, from the pinnacle the view is grand; the air is fresh and pure so far above the heavy mists of the dull gross earth. But the solitude is saddening and oppressive—he has left behind the earth, but he is no nearer to the sky than he was before. Though he towers above some clouds, the eternal heavens stretch out above him just as far

away, and more unfathomable than ever they seemed before; his learning gives no key to the cipher on their brow. And his yearnings grow to pain in a solitude not meant for man; and when the winds come, and the storm, and the tempest, and he feels his foundations tremble beneath him—he looks down almost with envy on the long low buildings near, with firm foundations and broad base, that feel not the shock, and that open their many chambers to the passer-by, so that cheerful mirth within shuts out the outward gloom. But he should not murmur, comfort was not his aim, nor society, nor mirth, nor safety.

Charles Fourier, I have seen quoted, announced that "the attractions of man are proportioned to his destinies, in other words, that every desire predicts its own satisfaction." To that I would add "every desire," if so be that each *one* man has but *one* desire!

Each ancient Roman merged his will in the Roman thought of the pre-eminence of the Roman name. Each deed he did was for the good of Rome, each hope he had was in the Roman power. Did not the nation win its hope? did not its single-aimed, unscrupulous generals wave o'er the world the Eagle Standard of the "Senate and the People of Rome?"

Did the First Napoleon permit aught to interfere with his gigantic schemes of self-aggrandizement? So entirely simple was he in his aim, so gifted by nature and his times to reach unto it, that he absorbed a nation into his will, and made it work with him and for him. He said of himself "nothing has been more simple than my elevation;" nothing was so. Born in the time, he caught the tide at its flood. Daring, unhesitating, unscrupulous—he knew what he wished to do, what he resolved to do, what he *would* do. He knew no impediment to his will, no hindrance to his purpose, but like Acestes' arrows, caught fire as he flew towards his high-set mark. Hills sunk before him, and river-beds grew dry; ice melted from his path, and armies vanished as the morning mist; locks sprung without a key, hearts opened at a word; his talent was King-ship, and he became an Emperor, though he could never have made a knightly noble, or a thorough gentleman;—many of his deeds would have stained a scutcheon of a long descent. Well has he been named by Emerson, Jupiter Scamin or the Scamp Jupiter—so much power, so much unconcern for the means power used to win more power. Yet even he fell. The impetus of past success urged him beyond his aim; he went too far; his "vaulting ambition overleapt itself, and fell on the other side." Or rather one came against him with an aim more simple; and a further power of which I yet have not spoken—whereby the Duke of Wellington could conquer the hitherto Invincible Napoleon. Did

Palissy the Potter suffer one intruding aim to hinder him in his out-reaching after his brittle desire? or, if he did, was it not that one which caused all the discord and difficulty in its pursuit, when he allowed love to interfere with labour; and the food for his family, with the fuel for his china?

Let all make sure that theirs is a single insistent and consistent aim, on which no other longing has a weakening power; over which the love of rest, or peace, or luxury has no ascendancy; in pursuit of which they give neither rest to their soul nor slumber to their eyelids;—then, surely shall they see their desire and shall be satisfied. No wonder then, that St Paul spoke hopefully of the attainment of the high mark he ever set before his eyes; for his life proved that somewhere beyond it he *must* have gained the desire he set beyond this life. He never strove to "serve two masters" here!

Second, simplicity of character. This, unlike simplicity of aim, does not command worldly success, yet from the same reason, that it does not often seek it. It often finds itself impelled to spend its power on *many* little duties, which together make up the sum of a worthy life. But, whereas each one who has a single aim, must be more than conscious thereof, as of something that lies somewhat external to itself; this simplicity of character is almost necessarily unconscious of itself, and thinks not its deeds great things that naturally flow, nor reckons itself high, when it knows no worse. But very frequently the simple soul doth choose a simple aim. And when our nature and our aim draw our whole heart in one direction; when our outer desire springs from our inner being, when all our forces gravitate upon one point, when our sun and our moon conjoin their attractions; then have we the floods, and the spring-tides in our life, "that, taken at the full, leads on to fortune." Every one who lives always in, and up to his idea, when he has an opportunity, *must become great.*

What first gave power to the British name in India, but the simplicity of soul and aim of our great Lord Clive, who opposed to the artful and deceitful policy of men like Omichund, his fair and honest truth? More bewildering to them was this than the deepest duplicity and art of a very Machiavelli, whose plots they might have expected, and whose plans they might have undermined. But they could neither expect nor understand a man like this, who loved his country more than private gains, his honour rather than a falser fame; who preferred to be a good servant rather than a faithless despot, and to deserve success rather than to pilfer it; who loved the truth more than gold, and his good name than diamonds. No wonder that he overcame them all. Yet is it in the nature of such artful men to distrust

and to malign the simple soul, whose workings they cannot comprehend, and thence would trace to deeper arts than even their own.

Herein also lay the secret of the power and success of the man Cromwell, when, in troublous times, he stretched out either hand to arrest an avalanche, and saved the people of England alike from slavery and anarchy. No one can read his own utterances without being struck by the simplicity therein, nor look upon his life and aim without seeing the consistency necessary to simplicity. Yet had he many adversaries then as now. Too great to be spanned by their feeble grasp, too simple to be understood by their more tortuous and complex minds, he stood against many of his day and generation, as Clive stood afterwards before the dispositions of Hindostan. No wonder they sought to find the greatest duplicity in the most simple. Had they not been brought up to calculate on the changes of the words and the plans of the faithless king, who "wavered like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed?" Yet even this Charles had a simple end in view, and had he had more power, more wisdom, and more simplicity, doubtless he would have enforced his notion of the royal prerogative upon that generation of the English people.

It would take volumes to discuss fully all I fain would prove. I can but bid you watch how this simplicity shines forth in literature, joined, not to ignorance, but the wisest mind, for as Emerson says, "It is the last lesson of modern science, that the highest simplicity of structure is produced, not by few elements, but by the highest complexity." We might speak of simple manners, the result of simple minds, or of simple tastes which render men more independent of fortune, and therefore more free to live; for our riches increase to us as our desires or necessities decrease. But there is a simplicity of aim that makes the character simple; there is a simple character that can have but one single aim, as God is one. In such simplicity have men of all ages, counted all things but loss if so be they might win Christ—the early Christians, the German Reformers, the Wycliffites, the Albigenses, the Huguenots, the Covenanters. What a glorious galaxy has history recorded for us—whose simple aim seemed, to their simple souls, more dear than wealth, or friends, freedom, or life; yea, a bright group that shall shine as the stars for ever, reflecting the light and the image of Him who, from His own nature, must necessarily be all pure simplicity. It is long since it hath been written by Thomas à Kempis, "The more a man is united within himself and interiorly simple, the more and higher things doth he understand. For with two wings a man is lifted up above earthly things; that is, with simplicity and purity. Simplicity must be in the intention, and purity in the affection, and they both aim at God." LUTEA RESEDA.

"The Harp without the Crown."

Oh Erin! long gone are the days of thy glory!
Thy splendour, thy happiness, live but in story;
Where once there was joy, now is weeping and wailing,
Where gladness once reigned, now is sorrow prevailing;
In the dust low thou liest,—how sadly fall'n down!
Still thrills thy sad harp, but oh, where is thy crown?

Where is the crown that once shed its brave splendours
O'er the brow of thy chieftains, thy kings, thy defenders?
Where is thy palace, thy Tara the Proud,
Its courtiers, its princes, its gay thronging crowd,
Its fair bright-eyed ladies, its minstrels, whose lays
Told nobly of Brian's high prowess and praise?

All past, and for ever—thy glory is vanished,
From thy harp the blithe joy-notes are echoless banished,
Thy Tara is ruined, thy chiefs are long dead,
"*Requiescat*" has over thy power been said;
And the race of thy princes has died from the land
That groans 'neath the weight of the Sassenach's hand!

Yet still through the darkness, thy harp's mournful numbers
Awaken strange dreams in thy sad restless slumbers,
Dim visions of days in that shadowy time
When thy proud head rose free in thy liberty's prime;
And as the dream thrills thee, thou stirrest in sleep
And the bondage-chains check thee, and powerless keep.

Oh Erin, my own darling Erin! I stray
Far, far from thy lakes and blue mountains away;
I hear foreign voices, strange faces I see—
But my heart ever clings, my lost country, to thee;
And my eyes fill with tears, on this lone distant shore,
To think that I never may look on thee more.

Yet first in my love, 'mid thy bondage and pain,
Oh land of my life, thou shalt ever remain !
When I wake at day's dawning, my thoughts to thee turn ;
For thy green shades I long when noon's throbbing fires burn ;
And my last prayers at eve, ere sleep falls, are for thee,
Sweet sorrowful Erin, far over the sea !

MAS ALTA.

A Sketch of an Election.

DURING the general election that has just been causing so much interest, we happened to be staying in a quiet English town, which was roused from its usual condition by the excitement of a contested election. There were two seats, and three candidates—one "blue" and two "yellow." The old town divided its favours equally, and had always before returned one of each party to Parliament ; but the "yellows," looking to the new voters, were not content with their share, and determined to try for both seats. For some weeks, the talk had been of nothing but canvassing, and the chances of success of each party, and every one was glad when this part of the election was over, and the eventful day that was to decide the matter arrived. By the kindness of some friends, we had secured a room opposite the hustings, with a good view, but unfortunately just out of car-shot ; however, we considered that on an occasion like this, to see was better than to hear, and as both combined were unattainable, we contented ourselves with the first.

Enthusiasm for the cause induced us to display our colours, and we put on as much blue as we could, but prudence told us that it might be as well not to expose ourselves, so arrayed, to the "roughs" of the other party, so we left home very early, and reached our destination before any considerable crowd had begun to assemble. We found ourselves in a snug little room, with a roaring fire, and so many glasses of water provided for us, that we thought the good woman of the house must have fancied that we meant to harangue the mob from the window, and had made provision against possible hoarseness. As the hour approached, the crowd rapidly increased ; many of them were women, and they seemed even more eager than the men.

At last a great noise of tramping and shouting announced the approach of one or other of the candidates ; yellow handkerchiefs and ribbons waving from the win-

dows, and cheers from the "yellow" part of the crowd, told unmistakeably which were coming. They walked up with a steady regular step, accompanied by the members of their committee, three abreast, and followed by what the newspapers call "a large body of their supporters," very rough supporters, I should say.

When the cheers had somewhat subsided, and the two candidates had bowed their acknowledgments several times, counter-cheers were heard from the "blues,' and a movement in the opposite direction told us that the other candidate was on his way.

We got out our blue ribbons and handkerchiefs, and prepared to wave, and the gentlemen of our party, by the help of the afore-mentioned water, prepared to cheer. The "blues" had to come round a very narrow corner, just before entering the square where the hustings were put up, and as they were very much jostled there by their too enthusiastic friends, their first appearance was perhaps not quite so imposing as that of their opponents. But when the candidate presented himself at the front of the hustings, he received (I must again have recourse to newspaper vocabulary) an "ovation." Our arms ached, our handkerchiefs were handkerchiefs no longer, but mere remnants of their former selves, when at last the cheering subsided, and the business of the day began.

I have neglected to mention the arrival of the Sheriff, but as all he did was to read the writ in a perfectly inaudible voice, the omission is not of much importance.

As we could only catch a word now and then, I cannot be expected to give a very intelligent account of the speeches which followed, (the mover and seconder of each candidate, and then the three candidates themselves.) However, this little drawback did not prevent our waving whenever our candidate or his friends were applauded by the crowd. If we did not *hear* the sentiments they uttered, we could easily *imagine* them, and we knew quite well that the bursts of cheering were called out by references to "our glorious constitution," or to "those principles which the electors of this city have always maintained, and will always continue to maintain," and waved accordingly. The few sentences we did catch, or rather only scraps of sentences, were rather amusing. For instance, all we heard in the speech of one of the "yellow" candidates, was his asking, sarcastically, in reference to the "blues," "Where are they now?" which elicited shouts of applause, and cries of "nowhere," and nearly the only thing we heard the "blue" candidate say was, "I stand here."

When the speeches were all over, the Sheriff called for the "show of hands." It was really a most singular sight, more like a forest of peeled oaks than anything else I can think of. To our anxious eyes it seemed almost equal, indeed we even

thought the "blues" had it, when the Sheriff, for once audible, declared it to be in favour of the "yellow." We then comforted ourselves by saying that the poll almost invariably goes the other way. After a few more rounds of cheering, the crowd dispersed, large numbers accompanying the candidates to their different committee rooms. We went home rather down-hearted in spite of ourselves, the show of hands weighing pretty heavily on our spirits.

Next day was even more exciting, though the excitement was more prolonged, increasing every hour, and culminating at four o'clock, when the poll was closed. The only thing we could do was to look as "blue" as possible, showing our feelings by our dress, as we could not by our votes.

It is curious to observe how men, who probably never in all their life before drove in a carriage, seem quite unable to walk when they are going to vote. Nearly all the voters of the lower orders had to be driven to the poll; and gentlemen's carriages, lent for the occasion, were seen driving back and forward, full of "free and independent electors," of a class that one would rather not see sitting in one's carriage.

By two o'clock the "blues" had so far outstripped their opponents, that success was certain, and it only remained to be seen by how many hundreds they would be ahead.

At four o'clock the successful candidate was to speak from the window of his committee room, so about half-past three we stationed ourselves in a window opposite, and from it watched the singular scene in the street. It was growing dark, and the narrow street was filled with an eager crowd, waiting for the clock to strike four, and for the hero of the day to appear. They were far too excited to be quiet, and every now and then they raised a great shout or a storm of hisses, as cabs belonging either to their own side or to their opponents tried to force their way through the crowded street. A diversion was made by some street boys, who, I am afraid, are always ready to go over to the winning side, bearing aloft an effigy of the defeated candidate, which was soon lost to sight, and, when it re-appeared, was so torn as to be scarcely recognisable.

It was getting late, and we were growing impatient, and hoping he would soon make his appearance, when a great shout from the crowd announced that he had done so.

"England expects every man to do his duty," and I think I may say, on that occasion, we did ours. For fully ten minutes we did what we could to assist the triumph of the conqueror, scarcely pausing for an instant, and then listened eagerly to what he had to say. We could, alas! do anything but hear, and as the growing

darkness almost prevented our seeing, we were obliged reluctantly to leave while the speaking was still going on. The election was concluded, on the next day, by the formal declaration of the poll, but it would be mere repetition to give any account of this, as the proceedings were very much like those at the nomination.

ESTHER.

On the Cliffs.

I STAND on the cliffs, above the waves ;
I hear them roll through resounding caves—
God's organ-music, His minster-naves.

Memory opens her scroll to me,
Tales of the wild and the cruel sea—
Things that have been, and again may be.

Of the Hellespont, and the lover true
Who nightly baffled the cold sea-blue,
To tell the old story that still is new.

Of the Norseland heroes, who roved the seas,
Seeking their prey over waves like these,
Restless and fierce as the rushing breeze.

And through the mist and the sea-born spray
I strain my sight o'er the ocean gray,
And a prayer goes up from my heart to-day.

To Him who tuneth the sea's wild song,
For all brave hearts that have striven long,
Tossing the perilous seas among.

For loving eyes that watch and wait
At early dawn, at evening late,
For the precious ships that bear their fate.

For children playing beside the door,
While the mother's heart is sad and sore
With the thought of him who may come no more.

For the human want, and pain, and woe,
That trusts its best where the billows flow,
For the hopeless yearning that none can know.

O eyes that watch ! O hearts that sigh !
As weary day after day goes by,
With a faithful love that can never die,—

Trust and be strong. The pearls lie deep,
Where the sea-weeds toss and the surges sweep—
He who keeps them your pearls will keep.

And give them back to your love at last,
Though it should not be till the trumpet blast,
When the waves of this troublesome world are past.

See, the white wings flash through the whiter foam ;
The sea-bird seeking his rocky home,
Over the breakers will fearless roam.

So fleet our souls over life's wild sea,
Through the storms that darken so suddenly,
Unto the heaven where they would be.

Yet bring the wanderers home again,
O Thou who rulest the restless main,
To the hearts that are waiting in doubt and pain.

And bring us all, when our day is done,
To the waveless sea, and the cloudless sun,
Where the central calm of Thy rest is won.

O. M.

The Paradise of Golfers.

Reader, has it ever been your lot to dwell in a place where the whole population seemed, to an unprejudiced observer, to be hopeless monomaniacs? and not only so, but all possessed with the same mania? a place where business and recreation, manners, customs, and conversation, were guided and controlled solely with reference to one great occupation, one subject of surpassing and absorbing interest? then, and only then, can you form an idea of the state of society in a Scotch seaport town, whose name will be patent to most of my readers when I call it the Paradise of Golfers. It is possible that a similar condition of monomania may exist for a time under the pressure of some great local excitement, such as a contested election, a mysterious murder, or, in remote and rural districts, the arrival of a new minister; but these are temporary and transient fits of insanity, while the golfing mania which infests the seaport aforesaid is constant and unchangeable; like Tennyson's brook, "men may come, and men may go, but it goes on for ever;" and neither the snows of winter, the blazing suns of summer, the most copious deluges of St Swithin, nor the "storm-wind of the equinox," can quench the ardour of those whom the fatal passion has seized.

And do not suppose that it is in the absence of all other sources of celebrity and attraction that the town has selected golf for its one absorbing occupation, and has attained honour and renown for the facilities it affords to the devotees of the game. Many and varied are the facts and fancies, the sources of interest and occupation, which render the town attractive to those with whom the golfing-fever is not all-potent and absorbing. It possesses a University of no mean celebrity, buildings interesting alike to the antiquary and the artist; it boasts the ruins of one of the noblest of Scottish Cathedrals, and the crumbling remains of a Castle whose history is interwoven with some of our country's most stirring remembrances, among whose gray, ivy-covered walls stories of battle and of blood, of tyranny and revenge, crowd thickly on the mind, and where the very sea, as it washes up on the rocky foundations, seems to sing the story of the past. Then there is the harbour and all its picturesque and interesting adjuncts; the rocks, where scrambling walks and *very* primitive pic-nics may be obtained in the most easy and enjoyable manner; and finally, the sea itself, an unfailing source of enjoyment, both active and passive. And yet these distinctions and attractions are thrown into the shade, neglected, ignored, for the one all-important, all-entrancing pursuit; and many individuals

have lived in the town for months without ever seeing the rocks beyond the harbour, exploring the Castle dungeons, or entering the Cathedral gates.

It is not my intention here to give any description of golf, or to express any opinion regarding it—the first undertaking would be uninteresting and unnecessary, the second presumptuous beyond expression. I mean simply to shadow forth, in some degree, the state of unanimity which the inhabitants of the Paradise of Golfers maintain with regard to this one great subject. One remonstrance, however, I would in all humility and hesitation venture to set down; and it concerns so deeply the female portion of the community, that I trust I may be forgiven for expressing my feelings on the subject. I allude to the utter exclusion of all subjects of conversation (save those bearing upon golf) which prevails in the Paradise of Golfers. At the domestic hearth, at the family dinner-table, in the ball-room, on the promenade, vainly do you seek to elude the subject; everywhere it pursues and haunts you, and save in utter solitude you can find no place of safety. O golfers of Caledonia! husbands and fathers! brothers and sons! will it not content you that, in order to accommodate your ardour for the game, all household arrangements have been broken in upon, all domestic comfort curtailed? will it not suffice that the dinner-hour is first altered and then neglected, that the hours of repose are shortened, breakfast hurried over, and reading and singing with your unfortunate female relatives totally given up? is it not enough that we sit alone in the house, and walk alone upon the sands, that we explore the most precipitous rocks, and the most obscure recesses of the Castle, without a single cavalier to aid or protect us, that we go pic-nics with no one to carry the baskets, and practice archery with no one to find our arrows for us? is all this not enough to have done and suffered for golf, that you embitter the small allowance of your society which you vouchsafe us during the golfing season by incessant harping on the one eternal subject? Have you nothing further to impart to us in the way of table-talk than the particulars of that match between Brown and Robertson, the reason why Smith's putting is so very uncertain, and the precise length of that extraordinary drive Thomson took at the high hole? When darkness has put an end to the labours of the day, and the family is assembled for half-an-hour's social converse, why, oh why, continue to discuss the "ifs" and "buts" whereon the matches turned, to confuse our understandings with such terms as "dormy," "the like," "the odd," and "the one off two," and to lavish abuse on your partner, who has an unfortunate peculiarity of invariably "topping his balls." Grant us but this one request—condescend *sometimes* to speak and hear facts and fancies which do not bear upon golf—and all else shall be forgotten and forgiven!

The universal mania spares neither age nor youth, neither the high nor the low, the grave nor the gay ; all sorts and conditions of men are alike possessed by the engrossing passion. Small children scarcely emancipated from the nursery, boys of all sorts and sizes, young men, middle-aged men, elderly gentlemen, and hoary patriarchs,—all these may be seen, any fine autumn morning, in the Paradise of Golfers, sallying forth with clubs in their hands, balls in their pockets, excitement on their faces, and mingled hope and fear in their hearts. Grave and reverend signors, with large families and anxious minds, whose demeanour in Edinburgh is guiltless of the slightest alloy of levity or frivolity, are transformed by the atmosphere of the Paradise of Golfers into noisy, rollicking, reckless athletes. The gambols they execute on the putting-greens, the extravagances they commit, the execrable puns of which they are guilty, the extraordinary hats in which they figure, the roars of laughter at each other's play which they send echoing over the links, combine to render this class of golfers one of the most interesting and remarkable to be found on the green ; though they are also among the very worst sinners in the way of confining their whole conversation to golf. Two rounds of the links *per diem* are generally sufficient for golfers of this denomination ; and in the evening they may be seen by dozens strolling along the links, surrounded by their families, fighting their battles o'er again for the edification of their admiring and delighted wives, and imparting the results of their experience to their younger sons. On Sundays, of course, there is a lull in the excitement, and decorum requires that for the day golf must be suspended, so far as *actions* are concerned ; but as regards *thoughts* and *words*, the universal mania prevails with its usual intensity. In the afternoon walk on the links, in vain do you seek to turn the conversation into some channel of greater depth and interest than the ordinary one ; the *genius loci* is too much for you : "the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game" rises and sweeps away all other topics ; or if a few moments of silence give you a respite, you can easily perceive, by the downcast eyes and *distrait* air of your male companions, that they are studying some difficult "put" near which you happen to be passing.

A fearful impetus has been given to golf and golfing conversation by the institution, in the Paradise of Golfers, of a round of eighteen short holes for ladies. And here, again, I must remark that I do not intend to express any opinion as to the suitability or the enjoyment of golf on the ladies' course ; I wish to confine myself to a simple statement of facts. There can be no doubt that the mania has increased infinitely in ardour since the Ladies' Links have become an institution in the Paradise of Golfers, and all qualifications, mental and bodily, all gifts and graces, talents and

capabilities, of both male and female members of society, are estimated and appreciated according to the possessor's skill or want of skill on the golfing-course; this, and this alone, is the standard by which all qualities and acquirements are measured. No better proof of the complete state of mania prevalent in the town could be obtained than by seating yourself near the starting-place on the Ladies' Links some fine August evening, watching the different groups scattered over the course, and connecting the scraps of conversation which reach you every now and then. In the evening the gentlemen, for the most part, appear upon the Ladies' Links, the elder ones to rest on the benches and contemplate the gay scene before them, to chat with the matrons and discuss the golf-matches fixed for next day, and the younger portion to "coach" their lady friends and acquaintances, with a view to distinction in the coming contest for the Ladies' Medal; so that in the evening the course is always full, and there are generally five or six parties waiting their turn to start. The excited faces, the anxious and solemn expression of some of them, the hopeless dejection of others, the trembling eagerness with which the foursome players watch the performances of their partners, will give you an idea of the fierce intensity of the mania which possesses them. Listen to the disjointed sentences which reach you from the groups scattered round the starting-place, and you will hear how the most ordinary watering-place gossip, the most common every-day remarks, are all tinged with the prevailing sentiment—all alike redolent of golf. "What splendid weather." "Yes, but the links are getting quite burnt up—I hope the rain may come in the night," or, "How far is your house from the church?" "Oh, quite close, about the length of a cleek-shot." "There's a splendid put! what's the match?" "Have you seen the new Professor?" "Yes, and I don't think much of him; he missed a teed-ball three times yesterday, and after that." "Mr Leslie is going to marry Miss Johnston." "Yes, I wonder what she can see in him; I never knew a worse style of play than his." "Is she a nice girl?" "Oh, charming! can do the round in forty-seven." "What a delightful man Mr Morton is! they say he is the longest amateur driver on the links ——" "What a waste of time it is for him to coach that little Miss Sinclair, she holds her club like a rake, and her dress trails the balls about;" and so on, *ad infinitum*. It is my fixed belief that, for a fortnight before the Ladies' Medal was competed for, several of the fair enthusiasts neither ate nor slept. I do not mean that they existed entirely without either nourishment or repose, but they partook of both at long and irregular intervals, in the most homœopathic quantity, and in a hurried and indifferent spirit, which greatly interfered with the benefit to be derived from them. From dawn to dark, and indeed

considerably after dark, the Ladies' Links were crowded with the industrious and persevering competitors practising for the coming struggle. Very amusing was it for those who, having no golfing reputation to keep up, had no reason for nervous agitation—who, having no chance of success, were troubled with neither hopes nor fears—very amusing was it for them to watch the flutters and falters, the agitations and tremors, of the "favourites" for the medal; to see them anxiously examining each other's scoring-cards, and commenting on each other's putting; to hear Miss A., in the seventh heaven five minutes ago at having accomplished the round in forty-eight, receive, with a hysterical giggle and a toss of the head, the announcement that Miss B. had scored two consecutive forty-sevens; to hear Miss C. proclaim, almost in tears, that she has "got quite out of her game," and means to withdraw from the competition; to watch Mr D. marching round the starting-place, and announcing, with exultation, that his wife can give Miss E. a stroke a hole, and beat her; to see Mrs F.'s face of delight as her daughter informs her that she has just defeated Miss G. by four holes; and to behold the scorers of Miss H. and Miss I. scowling at each other over the heads of their respective demoiselles, who have a slight difference of opinion about the last hole. Certainly no one who has watched the scene on the Ladies' Links can doubt the enormous increase of the golfing mania which this institution has brought about; and those who were present on that day of culminating glory and excitement for the Ladies' Club, when their medal was competed for, must have been convinced that, whatever might be the intrinsic merits of the game, it had in this, its stronghold, achieved boundless popularity and undisputed sway. The unfortunate outsiders, who happened neither to understand the game nor to be acquainted with the competitors, must indeed have heard *ad nauseam* the various facts and *on dits* of the competition; but when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do, and when in the Paradise of Golfers, you must make up your mind to golf or inaction—golf or silence—golf or solitude and desolation, and you may be thankful when a celebration like the Ladies' Medal Day gives some variety to the eternal subject.

DIDO.

The Hound of Peel Castle:

A Legend of Man.

The night was cheerless, and dark, and cold,
And the wind blew chilly o'er hill and wold,
And moaned in the ivy-boughs, that clung
To the castle walls, and shivering hung
From the battlements of the keep so high,
Looming out dimly against the sky.
Over the heavens, grim and dark,
Scudded the clouds, as some tossing bark
Driving before a winter blast
Flies over the billows, far and fast.
And here and there, through a rift between
The cloud-banks, a star might be faintly seen,
Twinkling and glittering, small and bright,
Like a tiny gem on the veil of night.
Darkly and heavily broke the sea,
On the black rocks beating constantly,
Tossing aloft the gleaming spray
As it hurried on in its perilous way;
Roaring, and trampling, and foaming in might,
Echoing wild through the desolate night.
Ruddily over the waves below
From the guard-room fire falls a wavering glow,
Streaming athwart the tossing tide,
As trails through the midnight a meteor wide.
And wild and weird, on the shrill night blast,
Sweeps a sudden echo of laughter past,
And a loud fierce burst of boisterous glee,
The sounds of drunken revelry.
For the tables are drawn in the guard-room old,
And a merry carouse the troopers hold;
The fire roars hot in the chimney wide,
And the flames leap up with fantastic stride,

And glow on the faces bronzed and scarred,
And the strong rough hands, so brown and hard,
And flash on the helmets upon the wall,
And the burnished heads of the halberds tall;
And gleam on the flagons passed about
'Mong the noisy drinkers, who madly shout
A chorus fierce, and deep, and long,
To every verse of an ancient song
That one of them trolls, till the rafters shake
With the surging swell that their voices make.

The song is ended—and slowly then
Silence falls over the hall again;
But only a moment—for one starts up,
Holding aloft a massive cup,
Filled to the foaming brim with wine
From far-off vineyards beside the Rhine.
His bold eyes glitter, and flush his cheeks,
As loudly the reckless soldier speaks:

"Aye! yes! you can all of you roar and sing
Till the strong walls shake, and the broad beams ring;
And there's never a one of you, I'll be bound,
That misses his pull when the jack goes round;
Or would scruple this moment to draw his sword,
And ride to his death, at our captain's word.
But, however true in camp or fight,
There's not one here of you all to-night
Would follow the Great Black Hound, and see
Whither he goes, and what he may be!
See! it's good Rhein-wine that this cup doth hold—
Wine that is worth its measure of gold,
And such as you seldom taste, I trow!—
Now, this cup thrice filled, to the man will go
With the dark Mauthe Doog, and come back and tell
If aught of marvel to him befell."

Then one on another did turn and look,
And faces grew pale, and strong hands shook;

For who would follow, alone at night,
That dreaded spectre, that fearful sprite,
That demon hound, that some awful power
Sends forth on his quest at midnight hour?
Oh, loudly laughed the challenger then:
"Ye are coward women, and not true men!
It is as I said—there is none will dare
To beard the fiend in his unknown lair.
What! are you soldiers, and do you fear?
Can there never one brave stout heart be here?"
He gazed around—with a scornful shout
A trooper steps from his comrades out;
His dark cheeks glow, and his blue eyes burn,
And his teeth are set, and his face is stern.
"You shall not taunt us in vain—it's I
Will follow this devil, and win or die.
Men say—and 'tis true, by St Peter's beard,
That I never yet saw the thing I feared.
I'll prove it once more, for I'm proud of the boast—
Hugh Redpath cares nor for man nor ghost.
Aye! see you shall, when the time comes round,
That I'm twice a match for this spectre hound!"
A sudden "Hist!" and a lifted hand
To silence the whispers among the band—
For there, in the fire-flame gleaming red,
With footstep swift, but with noiseless tread,
With head bent low to the shadowy ground—
There was the fearful midnight hound!
Blood on his muzzle, and blood on his paws,
And blood dropping slow from his dark heavy jaws;
And around his neck, all torn and stained,
A fragment of cord there still remained.
But, as quickly he passed the still hall through;
No panting breath that deep chest drew;
No echoing bay from those gory lips
Breaks forth, though faster the red tide drips.

Silent as death he speeds him past,
On his awful errand, sure and fast.
The glow is fading from Redpath's brow,
And his heart beats thickly and throbbing now ;
For the dog is crossing the rush-strewn floor,
And nearing the open guard-room door,
And the time has come to do the deed—
How will the daring trooper speed ?
He rises, and draws a gasping breath,
The stake is a heavy one—life or death !
And honour the glorious prize to be won—
He grasps his sword-hilt,—and then is gone !

. . . . . .

Long in silence the troopers wait,
Marvelling what is their comrade's fate ;
The song and the jest are hushed and stilled—
The empty flagons remain unfilled—
The fire sinks down on the hearth-stone wide,
Yet the logs lie untouched by the chimney side.
The wind has lulled, but it weeps and moans
In sobbing gusts, and in stifled groans ;
The owls in the ivy hoot and cry
As the pall-black clouds sweep the white moon by ;
And ever upon its rocks, the sea
Wails out its dirge incessantly.
A shiver runs round—a fearful dread—
But not one word by any is said,
For far in the distance a sound they hear—
One piercing shriek of mortal fear,
Then a burst of laughter—a bloodhound's bay—
And the echoes die in the wind away.
This silence is awful—it cannot last—
Will this night of horror be never past ?
Where can the gallant Redpath be ?
Will they never again the morning see ?

An hour passed on—then a step was heard—
They gaze at the doorway, but speak no word.
Can that be their comrade, brave and gay,
The same Hugh Redpath of yesterday?
Those glaring eyes, so fixed with fright,
That pallid visage, so drawn and white,
The brown hair clotted with ruddy gore
That in heavy drops falls to the floor,
The strong, buff jerkin rent amain,
The good sword fairly broke in twain,
Wide quivering nostrils, and gasping breath,—
He is a picture of living death.

But not one sound from those lips so white
E'er came, to tell of that woful night;
Dumb was the tongue that so late had told
Of a fearless heart, and a spirit bold.
They never knew where Hugh had been,
They never could tell what Hugh had seen;
But, burnt as though with an iron brand,
On his throat was the mark of a strong right hand,
But, whether the grasp of man or devil,
Knoweth the awful powers of evil!
Three days and nights, in mortal pain,
While used the leech his skill in vain,
Speechless, yet conscious, Redpath lay;
Then, the stout heart was called away.
Life was lost, but the deed was done,
And the prize of honour was nobly won.

But never more, from that night of pain,
Did the Mauthe Doog come to the hall again;
The spell was broken, the spirit at rest—
And the turf grows green on Redpath's breast.

MAS ALTA.

Something about Everything.

Managers.

There is an instinct with which some women are, and some are not gifted, one not to be entirely taught though it may be educated and improved, one which it is difficult to define otherwise than as a combination of knack, common sense, invention and energy, commonly known under the name of management. When we see a small child who is thrifty in the matter of dolls, clothes, and toys, extracting the greatest amount of amusement from the poorest materials,—when we see her a few years later always ready with the needful strings, nails, and other requirements of younger brothers; when, later still, Mamma says of her that she manages the children capitally, when her face is well known in all parish committees, and the old Rector, (for *she* does not need the incitement of a young curate's presence), delights to see her take the most turbulent class in school, then we may be sure that we have got hold of a woman in whom the instinct is irrepressible. If she remain an old maid, she will be one of those who make themselves work until their hands are full; if she marry, she will be the cohesive principle, the centre link by which everything in the house hangs.

But there are managers and managers as there are eggs and eggs, and according to the rest of the character, the instinct will be well or ill used. Is there anyone who has not at some time or other suffered from being over-managed, and is there any process more thoroughly irritating to the victim, not only from its inherent unpleasantness, but from the total impossibility of offering any successful resistance. You may be very determined, oh man, that you will be the head of your own house; you may be very sure, oh maiden, that you will marry your present lover, and no one else; you may be very positive, oh friend, that you will brook no interference in your private affairs, but if you are in the hands of a thoroughly managing woman you will give in, all three of you, before long. You may soothe your pride by thinking that you retire from the contest for peace sake, or that circumstances have altered the case since you made your resolve, but depend upon it, it is nothing of the sort; you were beaten, only you have not the honesty to confess it; you need not have been ashamed,—there is a constant dropping that wears away the strongest heart. The over-managing woman always knows what everyone wants better than they do them-

selves; has any little arrangement been made for the day, she has some excellent reason for substituting another; to do her justice, her way of doing things is often by no means a bad one, viewed in the abstract, but the mode of attaining her ends entirely destroys the possibly good results. We wanted to pic-nic on the hill, and settled matters accordingly, but she finds the glen is better and we must go there; she may be right, the ground and the water may be undeniably better, but then it is not what we wanted, and human nature must be excused if it feels rebellious.

We incline to think that the only way to render this dangerous individual harmless, is to consult her on every occasion, but even this plan is not always successful, for while trying to lead her to your way of thinking, she may still take up her own, and whether or no, the necessity of such consultation constitutes a tyranny that is little short of unbearable. There is one especial line in which she is incalculably baleful, that of match-making. How many couples have, with the best intentions, been managed out of their happiness or managed into misery we would not venture to think, for the meddler never remembers that love is a coy sprite and will not bear her fussy handling; perhaps in her own case she never realised it, for no doubt having accepted an eligible offer, she immediately began to manage her trousseau and her wedding breakfast, and accorded but scant time to love's young dream.

What a contrast she is to the good manager, the queen of her home, respected by her servants, loved by her boys, trusted by her girls, and appealed, to as a constant habit, by her husband on all sorts of matters. She is seen in perfection in that class, where money requires to be carefully distributed, though it is never painfully scarce, and where the mistress bestows a good deal of personal surveillance, not disdaining to do also a good deal of actual work. Higher in life the same character would expend much of its power on outside objects, not indeed less well, but in a manner less easy to grasp and study; lower in the social scale the wear and tear would be so great that some of its sweetness must be almost necessarily destroyed: it is impossible for a woman, who is always cogitating household problems, the result of which is a financial deficit, to retain the quiet grace and equanimity which make the whole nature in the happier instance seem so full of fitness and harmonious beauty.

Everything in the house of the good manager is well arranged, from her own tasteful clothes, which she knows how to wear, and her pretty rooms, where there is the due admixture of use and ornament, to her kitchen and storeroom, where the frequent presence of the ruling eye and hand is detected at once. Her dinners are never expensive, for she cannot afford to pay high for things simply because they are out of season, but they are always well chosen, well cooked, and neatly served;

her children have learnt the happy medium between shyness and forwardness, and her restraint of them, though complete, is invisible to a stranger's eye ; she can indulge them at times with safety, and has the wisdom to know when it is good *not to see*, a certain blindness being of much worth in training ; to her servant she is perfectly kind, perfectly just, perfectly firm, she can interest herself in them without losing one whit of her own dignity, and they treat her with deference accordingly. No one is readier in helping forward schemes of amusement, but unlike the hostess who manages *for* people, she is quick to manage so that their wishes shall be carried out, her native tact smoothing all difficulties and reconciling incongruities, so that no party is complete, no fun enjoyed without her. We are describing a paragon, but we believe she exists, and her faults are of a kind not apt to our subject ; she may cherish some pet heterodoxy, she may be slightly bigoted, she may have some peculiar tenets as to her social position, some little follies which, by the side of her gracious qualities at home, are readily excused ; they do not hurt the children, and the husband can afford to be lenient to them, for she is a being made to shine at home, thus reversing the too common code that forms a woman for society but not for the fireside. Perhaps the best excuse that can be found for the first housewife we have sketched is, that however wearisome she may be in her too great carefulness, she is better than the woman who cannot manage at all, and at whose door many a sin may be laid among the poor, and much want of the fitting comfort and confidence of home among the rich. She never knows exactly where anything is or how things are being done ; her ideas on money are vague and confused, and while she wastes even more than she spends, she wonders helplessly why the two ends do not meet ; there is an impalpable something in the air of her house of which one is immediately conscious, a something of discomfort present, and good taste and care absent, which mars alike her hospitality and the peace of her family. She never has good servants, and her lamentations are endless respecting their shortcomings, for she does not realise that, if it is too much for her to look after her own affairs, a hireling cannot be expected to do it for her. These are the extremes of our subject, and between them lie endless shades modified by training or circumstances. That it is immensely more difficult to some women to learn the secret of good housekeeping and management than to others is certain, but they should none the less make the attempt ; with average brains, health and self command, every woman may at least succeed in making her rule respected and obeyed, and in infusing system and thought enough into her household arrangements to ensure an ordinarily comfortable result. She who does not endeavour with all her might and motherwit to attain this, is

wanting in due comprehension of her natural worth and rightful honour; even if she be an old maid, with no one but herself to care for, and only her maid of all work to rule, still her little kingdom should show, in every corner, evidence of the neat hands and tasteful mind of its mistress; she and the maid will be all the better for the daily care and pride in their work that helps to keep the dust out of the heart as well as out of the room. No mere prettiness, and even no popularity makes up in the long run to a woman's self for the want of these housewifely qualities, and though it is true that, with a large class of men, prettiness, fun, and a "gift of the gab" do induce a popularity denied to more sterling merits, a girl possessed of the latter will also in all probability be able to discriminate between what is and what is not worth gaining in the world, and will feel in her own quiet self respect more real satisfaction than falls to the lot of the butterflies whose restless vanity excludes graver thoughts.

Just now, when the nature and capacities of women are being so freely canvassed, it would be well if they would turn their energies somewhat more to the acquirements of the homely skill we have described; a good manager is of more use in her sphere than a woman who, despite feminine weakness, covets masculine employments, and the favourable opinions of a household are of more moment to the "house-mother" than her solitary vote is to the nation. Let her be wise in politics as in everything else which can widen her sympathies and educate her brains, but let her beware of deserting her own post for one the duties of which she can hardly understand; let her remember rather that she who is a traitor to her own cause will scarcely be chosen by any sensible mortal as the champion of another. Want of occupation is at the bottom of much of the confused jabber about woman's rights, but if the talkers would look well first to their ordinary duties and develop the powers that are in them for womanly usefulness, they would not burst so rudely on the "divine silences," with unaccustomed shrill voices, proclaiming impracticable or undesirable schemes. Both talent and science are required to make a good manager, and a woman who knows how easy failure is in that line, will have more humility and less overweening self-assertion than those who deem the wide world their field for exertion to the exclusion of such minor matters as the comfort of their dependants and the happiness of their home.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.

Grumbling Peter.

EVERYBODY grumbles, and so far as our neighbours are not made miserable, nor our own happiness seriously endangered by the practice, there is not a more delightful recreation than grumbling *in moderation*. This statement may be regarded by some as extremely reprehensible, inasmuch as it may be supposed to encourage discontent and to discourage patience, which, even more than other virtues is a virtue, as a well-known saying testifies. But every one who has conscientiously tried to bear up against, for example, the miseries of a small country lodging in wet weather, will know the relief that a reasonable amount of grumbling affords when all other cures fail. There are, however, some persons who wofully abuse this precious gift of grumbling, and to this unhappy class belonged our friend Peter. Peter grumbled morning, noon, and night, and rarely did a day pass on which he did not exclaim, "Oh! that I had the management of things, how differently I should order matters." His infirmity was so well known that he went by the name of Grumbling Peter, and it came to be a sort of saying among the neighbours, when the perfections of any article were discussed, "Why, it would even please Peter." This may seem an unpromising hero for a story, but as Peter's adventures may prove instructive, we hope the reader will kindly overlook our friend's little faults, in consideration of any degree of benefit he may derive from a perusal of his misfortunes.

One fine morning Peter sat in his garden reading the newspaper. It was May, and even Peter derived some little enjoyment in observing the boughs weighed down with blossom, the grass fresh and glancing in the sunlight, and in listening to the dull hum of the bees as they balanced themselves on the flowers. But his enjoyment was not of long duration, The day wore on, and the sun poured down his ardent rays on Peter's head. The heat soon became unendurable. It penetrated through the thickest foliage. The wind was like the breath of a furnace, the flowers drooped their heads, and the very bees seemed to feel depressed, so heavily they moved their wings. Wiser men than Peter would have grumbled, and Peter quite excelled himself.

"Upon my word, this is dreadful," he gasped, wiping his shining head over and over again with his handkerchief. "I am not going in, though—I believe it is worse in-doors. No—— I say such weather is shameful, and there, three months ago, I was almost dead with cold, and now——"

The remainder of his speech was lost in a succession of heavy groans.

"I never did see such a world," he resumed, "nothing as it should be. Everything going wrong. Upon my word. Oh! dear me—I wish I could have the management of things for a month."

"You have often wished for that before, Peter, I think," said a gentle voice. Peter turned hastily round, and standing beside him he saw a lovely creature, whether angel or fairy he could not tell. His first impression was awe and amazement, but just then a faint breath of wind arose, shaking the blossom from the trees and parting the branches overhead, allowed a sunbeam to dart into Peter's eyes. This infuriated our friend still more.

"This is terrible," he said, making an ineffectual clutch at the sunbeam. "A man can't say a thing without people taking him up. I should like to know, Miss or Master, who you are, and what you mean by standing there listening to what I say, and making me roast only to look at that yellow hair of yours."

We must here remark that our friend Peter must have spoken these words under great excitement, as he was usually the gentlest of men to any small or helpless creature.

The beautiful being smiled and replied, "I am sorry I have annoyed you Peter, but I have heard your complaints. My name is Nature, you have often abused me, and now I intend to grant your desire and allow you to take my place for a month. The whole world is now under your control. Do whatever you please. In a month's time I shall return to claim my own."

Peter thought he must be dreaming. He closed his eyes tightly, and on opening them he was alone.

"Yes, *I have* been dreaming," he said. "There is no one near. Well! it *was* a queer dream. Pretty little creature that was, to be sure. I might have spoken civiler though, but a man's not answerable for what he says in a dream. I declare this is fearful. I wish that sun was not so hot. I wish the dream *were* true, then I should hold out my hand like this and say,—'Clouds cover the sun, cool, west wind spring up.'"

In a moment a breeze, fresh and gentle, rustled among the trees, fanning the hot brow of the astonished Peter, and covering the grass with cherry blossom. At the same moment little white, fleecy clouds arose in the west, and scudding merrily before the wind, overspread the burning sky and intercepted the piercing rays of the sun.

"Extraordinary!" cried Peter, "that really looks as if it were true. Well!

I'll try. I don't think a shower would be amiss. Let us have one, if you please." And he stretched his hand out in a commanding attitude towards the clouds.

The gloom deepened. Masses of purple clouds hurried from the horizon. An expectant silence reigned over the earth, broken only by the gentle moaning of the wind, and then, with a soft pattering sound, large drops fell, first in twos and threes, and then in a continuous shower, penetrating to the very roots of the drooping grass, reviving the flowers, washing the dust from the leaves, and rushing in little streamlets down the walks and into the fish-pond.

Peter sat triumphantly under a large green umbrella, which he had brought to shield him from the sun.

"First-rate!" he cried, "Rain away, fine big drops. That's quite delicious."

Just then hurried steps were heard, intermingled with little screams, and Peter, on going to his garden gate, perceived a number of young ladies armed with croquet balls, hoops, and mallets, dashing wildly along the road, their petticoats splashed with mud, their dresses dripping, and their feathers limp and spoiled. Now, Peter was a polite old fellow, so he opened the gate, and stepping into the middle of the road, bowed and said,—

"Pray ladies what is wrong? Can I be of any use to you?"

The girls drew up suddenly.

"Oh, dear, this dreadful rain," said one, "pray, could you direct us to any place where we could get shelter? We were playing croquet down in the meadow. It is near a mile from home (the ground is so bad there). It had just grown so delightfully cool, when this tiresome rain came on, and we are almost wet through already."

In a moment Peter stood by his gate, hat in hand.

"This way ladies, this way—deign to grace my humble dwelling. My housekeeper (most worthy woman), will attend you. Lunch in half-an-hour. I am most sorry about this rain. Had I known of your game, it should never have occurred. I'll make it stop in a moment."

To Peter's astonishment, the young ladies, who, at the beginning of his address, had pressed eagerly forward, drew back with screams of horror at his concluding remarks, and with a general cry of "He is mad! He is mad!" rushed tumultuously along the road, scattering in their flight mallets, balls, and even cloaks and hats. Poor Peter looked rather crest-fallen, but he did not lose his presence of mind, so, looking upwards, he exclaimed, "Stop raining."

In a few moments a blue patch appeared, and rapidly spreading, the sun soon

shone out, displaying everything beautiful and refreshed, but dripping. Peter was in despair.

"How provoking!" he cried, "I have spoilt the pleasure of those lovely girls. Oh! sun shine forth in majesty, ten times more fervently than ever, and repair the damage I have done."

And in the earnestness of this impassioned apostrophe, Peter gazed heavenward, and waved his arms.

Suddenly a merry peal of laughter, half smothered, but still very audible, aroused our friend to a sense of his absurd position, and turning round he saw, peeping over the hedge, three or four of the bolder young ladies, who, on the return of the sunshine, had ventured to return to the meadow, and who, attracted by a voice in earnest declamation, were now watching, with much interest, the absurd freaks of Peter, whom they evidently imagined to be an amusing, old madman.

Peter, with a conciliating smile, advanced towards the hedge, but on his approach the girls shrieked and fled laughing away. This was rather hard for Peter. He perceived his mistake, and determined in future to keep his wonderful secret to himself.

He began slowly to walk towards the house, when he found that the heat, which had for some time been steadily increasing, was becoming almost unbearable. Remembering his admonition to the sun some five minutes before, he hastened to countermand his order, but the words stuck in his throat, and with a moan, he fell senseless to the ground.

When he returned to himself, Peter found it was evening, but the sun shone with unabated and almost tropical splendour. He was lying in bed, and bending over him was the old doctor and the housekeeper.

"Oh! sir, this is awful," said that worthy woman, clasping her hands in terror. "We found you lying like dead, hours ago in the garden; and that fearful sun, and there it is shining away the same as ever."

"It is certainly a most extraordinary phenomenon," said the doctor, "I never had so many cases of sun-stroke before on hand. Yours, my dear sir, is a most miraculous escape, but I hope my treatment may be successful, and that you will be all right in a few days."

"I declare, yes; to be sure," exclaimed poor Peter, "it was really very stupid of me to give such an order; yes, I must put things to right, of course."

The doctor felt his patient's pulse, and tapping his ample forehead slightly, frowned thoughtfully.

Peter paid no attention to the doctor's movement, but said decidedly—"Sun set, dew fall, moon rise, stars shine out, things go right till morning," adding, with a pleased smile, "There, I think that's all right."

The doctor look compassionately at poor Peter, who had a second time displayed his power so foolishly, but at this moment a wonderful occurrence drew the physician to the window. The sun, which a few moments before had been almost overhead, suddenly appeared in the very act of setting with great splendour, behind a bank of crimson clouds. Through the waving branches of an old oak gleamed the pale crescent moon, and soft glistening stars stole out, one by one, in the faint-blue sky. Every leaf, every flower, was bathed in moisture, and a blackbird sang on the cherry-tree. To paint the amazement of the doctor would be vain. Fear, astonishment, and bewilderment, chased each other over his expressive countenance. At last he gasped, "Most extraordinary, altogether unprecedented. Peter, my friend Peter, what can this mean?"

"All right, doctor," replied Peter in a sleepy voice, "it's all right, never fear."

"But, Peter," persisted the astounded physician, "it is altogether contrary to nature."

"I daresay it is!" cried Peter triumphantly, sitting up in bed. "Yes, the little yellow-haired minx. She finds, no doubt to her surprise, that other people can manage as well as she."

"Yellow-hair—people—manage—what do you mean," exclaimed the doctor. "The man is undoubtedly gone mad, mad as a March hare."

"That's what the girls said when I said I'd stop the rain, ha! ha! ha! Very good! it's really funny. But I want to go to sleep, so good-bye old fellow."

The doctor slowly left the room, and Peter, as he turned on his pillow, smiled and said, "I wonder what *she'll* say. Pretty well, I say, for a first-day's work."

AGNELLA.

The Violet.

Translated from the French of Dubos.

See la Lyre Francaise, by Gustave Masson.

Hail! gentle daughter of the Spring,
Low hidden 'neath the greenwood tree;
Sweet incense thou dost o'er me fling;
And yet wouldst from my homage flee.

The secret hand and open heart,
Unseen, unknown, the poor relieve;
So thou dost generous gifts impart,
Nor wilt my meed of thanks receive.

No garish hues attract the eye,
Obscurely nestling in the shade;
Thy flower were passed regardless by,
But by its perfume 'tis betrayed.

Perchance, none shielding thee from harm,
Some ingrate foot may on thee tread;
Thus Innocence 'neath tyrant's arm,
Crushed in her meekness bends the head.

Nay come, these modest hues disclose,
And to the light thy charms unfold;
Dost fear thee that the queenly rose,
Might deem thy rivalry too bold?

Ah! think not so! the peasant may
With simple grace a court adorn;
And we,—tho' loving gladsome day—
Yet hail the gentle beams of morn.

Come, dwell where radiant flowers allure,
For ever quit a home so drear;
And, trickling from its fountain pure,
I'll bring thee water fresh and clear.

Yet no, beloved flower, remain!
Like thee, in some sequestered spot,
A silent minister in pain,
In grief a solace—blessed lot!

Echo.

Social Bores.

It is wonderful how many bores we meet with in the world, and to what an extent they fret and irritate us, though no doubt we ourselves are often regarded in a similar light, but then we are happily unconscious of it. There are bores of all classes, all ages, and both sexes, and it is hard to say which is the worse, a masculine or a feminine bore (we believe it is incorrect now to talk of male and female). To begin with the children. No doubt there are some unhappily constituted people who regard all the little darlings in this light, such as old bachelors and similar

misanthropes, but then we never think of caring for what they say. No, children in the main are delightful and refreshing, and even a little bad temper, or a fit of idleness, can be borne without making the small individual a nuisance to everyone it approaches. One class we would draw attention to, is children who have the reputation of being clever, and whose sayings and doings are therefore constantly quoted by admiring papas and mammas. There are no such keen observers as these little people, and you may be very sure the praises addressed to the parents are carefully noted, and eagerly drunk in by the small phenomena. Conceit, which is insufferable at all times, is especially intolerable in children, but people often seem to forget that they have ears to hear as well as their elders, and talk about them in their presence without any thought of the mischief they may be doing. Naturally, the child gets an inflated idea of its own powers, puts in its word on all occasions, thereby interrupting conversation, and proving itself a fine example of the genus bore. Ten to one, it turns out an ignoramus or somewhat of a donkey in after life; indeed, it would be worth while taking a census of the number of clever children who are considered stupid when they grow up.

Then there is the affected child, with a ridiculous consciousness pervading all its actions, and manifesting itself painfully in society. You cannot look at it but it thinks you are admiring it, and simpers and puts on a sweet expression, which would make you laugh if it did not provoke you. It cannot forget itself for a moment, and consequently loses much of the natural grace of childhood whilst aping the manners of its grown-up friends. It is wofully disappointed if you do not take notice of it, and will generally hit on some plan to attract your attention, till you feel inclined to wish it at the other end of the world. To advance further on in life, we have the young lady who is troubled with mock modesty—that is to say, who has an excellent opinion of herself, and is anxious others should have the same, but who thinks it necessary to ape shyness, and to refuse to make herself useful and agreeable when she is wanted, as it looks more interesting to pretend to be incapable of doing anything. She is asked to play or to sing, but has a cold, or has not sung for a long time, or has forgotten her music, or wishes you would ask some one else, and so on, till you feel inclined to box her ears, and tell her the accomplishments she has learnt are meant to be useful to others, not alone for her own gratification. If, however, you take her at her word, and leave her alone, she is terribly vexed, as she probably only wished for a due amount of pressing to enhance the value of her performance. A little wholesome neglect is the best cure for this complaint. Then there is the gushing young

lady, who goes into raptures over everything, and is always appealing to others to do the same. She is always meeting with some dear creature, masculine or feminine, and is prepared to dilate on their excellencies by the hour together; or she has read some book which has taken her fancy, and instantly she begins a course of persecution to induce you to follow her example; for peace sake you get the work in question, and probably find it very trashy, false in sentiment, and weak in execution, with perhaps enough of stirring adventure and romance to carry away a vain excitable imagination. Or else she has a pet parson—worst delusion of all—sets him up on a pinnacle, falls down and worships, and is surprised to find sober-minded people judging her idol as an ordinary mortal. He is quoted on all occasions, his dictums are infallible, his power absolute. Probably he regards the young lady in the light of a bore, as well as her other acquaintances, but finds her devotion useful in many ways, and submits to the infliction.

Perhaps the worst bore among young ladies is the kind who do nothing, who take an interest in nothing, whose life is a weariness to themselves and their friends. When any of this class go to the country to pay a visit, they become perfectly intolerable; they take no pleasure in pastoral pursuits, and sit listless and idle in-doors, not to be tempted forth to a little exertion even by all the sweet sights and sounds around them; education has been utterly thrown away on them, as the only use they make of their reading is in the perusal of silly novels; their playing is restricted to strumming quadrilles and waltzes, whilst dressing, paying visits, and shopping, constitutes the aim and end of their lives. What an incubus they are to their friends, what a weariness to themselves. So many shafts have been aimed at young men who excite derision and contempt by their folly, vanity, and idleness, that it is unnecessary to add anything here, for fear of being voted a bore oneself.

The bores of middle life and old age are also many and various. There is the man who is always talking, and moreover talking about himself. He is fond of boasting, and if you show him anything you are proud of, will immediately depreciate it in favour of some superior article of his own. At a dinner party he is fond of leading the conversation, and will neglect the lady at his side to talk to a neighbour across the table. But he is never so happy as when he has secured the attention of the whole company, and in a loud complaisant voice tells his stories, laughing at his own jokes, confident of the admiration of all. These men belong to the class of habitual diners-out, and constantly get invitations from their well known power of keeping up a conversation; but though the hosts may feel great relief in the pre-

senee of such a guest, who is supposed to provide amusement for the rest, half the company vote him a deeided bore, as no one likes to have his little toreh-light put out by a shower of eloquenee of unlimited duration. A most thoroughly disagreeable class of men and women is that devoid of tact. What trouble they eause, what heart-burnings they give rise to, what dissentions they spread. Very often this arises from no bad feeling, perhaps quite the contrary, but at the same time it proceeds from eulpable want of thought. Tact may be cultivated. Let the person speaking reflect beforehand on what he is going to say, or rather on the manner of saying it, and not think he is making sufficient exeuse, when blamed for his thoughtlessness, by exclaiming "oh, you know I have no tact." Some people delight in dwelling on their shortcomings, as though they were positive virtues, and feel quite astonished and rather hurt if you suggest the possibility of overcoming them. But true tact comes very near that "quality of mercy" that "is not strained," for what does it not do? Does it not strive to hide the defects of others, and to bring out their good points, does it not avoid all that can wound, or grieve others, as far as possible, does it not say a kind thing in the kindest way, does it not appear to receive a favour when really conferring one, does it not, in fine, require a loving heart, a thoughtful mind, and a sweet temper! What a world it would be if we were all gifted with tact; but no, it would be almost heaven. Let those, however, who constantly err in this particular, and are always rubbing against some sore, always stirring up some fruitful source of strife, be well assured that by friends and foes alike they are ranked in the large army of bores.

A much more misehievous class is that of tattlers, who are largely represented by the female community. People whose delight it is to talk about their neighbours, who are ready to invent when they cannot speak from certain knowledge, who insinuate where they are afraid to bring forward open statements. To such, gossip is as necessary to their existence as their daily food, and a piece of well authenticated scandal is like a drop of water to a thirsty soul. This proceeds, in many cases, from a want of regular occupation; time hangs heavy on their hands, and as they must find something to do, and are not burdened with affairs of their own, they kindly concern themselves with those of others. We suspect it is chiefly this class who have given rise to that terrible bugbear and truly awful female, Mrs Grundy, especially obnoxious to British homes. If everybody was busy and well employed, where would the tattlers be? And if there were no tattlers, there would be no gossip, and if their was no gossip, what a delightful society we should form. We are afraid, however, that as long as the world lasts, "Tattlers, busybodies," will hold their own, and con-

tinue to constitute themselves, "a terror to evil doers," if not "a praise to them that do well."

We cannot possibly class old maids in our list of bores, although for so long the term has been one almost of reproach. Some of the most agreeable people we know are old maids, unselfish, large-hearted women, a blessing to all who come under their influence. There are some, to be sure, who have been soured by disappointment, and who perhaps revenge themselves after the manner of the busybodies we have described above, and no doubt the failings of this unhappy section of the sisterhood have given rise to the accusation of their acerbity of temper, but this quality is by no means confined to the unmarried, or as we lately heard them elegantly and chivalrously termed, "unappropriated blessings." No, the world is beginning to do honour to old maids, and they must, as a rule, be excluded from the catalogue of bores. We are not by any means so sure of bachelors, who are apt to become as crusty as their port, and fidgety and fastidious to an uncomfortable degree; they find children a plague, a feeling returned with interest by the youngsters, cannot bear to be put out of their way, and grow self asserting and opinionative. Their interests are centred in self, till self becomes an idol, and is petted and pampered and encouraged till society can stand it no longer, and straightway the old bachelor is set down as a bore, and will find it difficult to lose the appellation. Much more might be said, and additional examples brought forward, but the limits of this paper warn us to bring it to a conclusion. At the beginning of a New Year, everyone is supposed to lament over the shortcomings of the previous one, and to determine to turn over a new leaf, so if, at the end of 1869, we find peace and goodwill reigning among men, no one living in fear of his neighbour's tongue, and a disposition to believe the good, and reject the evil, we shall have great pleasure in retracting all that has now been said on the subject of "Social Bores." ALMA.

The Prize offered for the best Prose Article appearing in the January Number of "The Attempt" has been gained by ELSIE STRIVELYNE *for her article on "Romance."*

Reading.

"Neither the hand nor the understanding, left to itself, can do much; the work is accomplished by instruments and helps, of which the need is not less for the understanding, than the hand."—*Bacon.*

Such an instrument is reading, and surely its importance, as a means of self-culture, can, in the present age, hardly be over-estimated. An old writer tells us that books are some of the signs and figures by which God speaks to man; and looking on them in this solemn light, it becomes our sacred duty to apply ourselves to gain from them all the benefit they are intended to impart. The most profitable course to pursue, with regard to study, is to adopt some systematic plan in our reading; this does not necessitate any fixed rule with regard to what is to be read, but to endeavour that a certain method and order should ever pervade it. Without this, the mind is apt to become like a confused library, well-stocked it may be, but of little available use to the owner. These remarks refer only to those who are bound to no prescribed routine in study; to those, or such as those, who form this society, who are free to follow their own will and inclination with regard to their intellectual culture. For such it is wise to choose some particular branch of study, in which they feel interested, and to pursue it perseveringly. They need not fear that it will make their knowledge flow in a narrow path; if conscientiously followed, it will widen of itself; as a writer of the present day tells us, "every track in the forest steadfastly pursued, leads into one of the great highways." But above all, read *earnestly*, remember—

"Better far
Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means,
Than a sublime art frivolously."

In this age of books, the privileges are great, but the responsibility is equally heavy; and that superficial tendency, which is just now weakening everything, appears also in our manner of reading. To read with profit there are two essential qualifications, viz:—to read *thoroughly* and to read *sincerely*. The *thorough* reading of a book requires not only that its main tone, but that its general features be reprinted on the mind, so that at any moment, by the aid of a practised memory, we may be able to recal them accurately and faithfully. To do this, we must read with atten-

tion and digest with eare. And here we mark the differencc between the two kinds of reading; the studying of a book, whieh is the getting into the author's mind, making his experience our own, and allowing our thoughts to go with his; and the superficial glaneing over whieh is ealled reading, but which is not only profitless but dangerous, even as reading a passage without the eontext, we get but half of the writer's meaning, and eonsequently reeeive a false impression of the whole work. There are, of eourse, some books whieh do not merit a careful reading, but in that ease we may pretty generally eonclude, that though the reading of them may be harmless, it is useless; if a book is worth reading at all, it is worth reading earefully; and apart from the evil effect whieh such reading is ealculated to have on the mind, it seems hardly fair, that what has eost the writer long thought and deep researeh, should be glaneed over carelessly, or reeeive from us but a partial attention. Sineerity in reading involves thoroughness, but goes also to the motive power. Reading, to be sincere, must be undertaken from an earnest desire for knowledge. If we read because others read, or seeking information merely in order to display it, we shall be none the richer; it will never penetrate into our mind; it will be kept, so to speak, in an outer chamber of the brain, and this over-exereise of the faculties of observation, whilst the powers of reflection lie dormant, eannot but have a pernieious influence on the whole mental system. Next to sincerity in reading, sineerity in judging of what is read, is requisite. Let us eome to a book, free from bias and prejudiee, divesting ourselves, as much as possible, of any preconeeived ideas with regard to it, eondemning nothing merely because others eondemn it, and ealling no passage beautiful until its beauty has penetrated our own soul. An American writer tells us that "we can make a book our own, just in proportion to its resemblanee in essenee or in form to our own experienee." But there is a danger to be avoided in this, viz:—an egotism in reading which too surely leads into want of sineerity. If we look too mueh for what will exactly suit our eireumstances, or state of mind, we shall get to value a book only in so far as it puts into words, or enforces some pet sentiment or feeling of our own; and this is a danger especially to be avoided, as there is a class of literature at the present day which tends to eneourage this intellectual egotism. Very pleasant and soothing such books are, but too much of their gentle insidious flattery has a weakening influence.

Next to the eonsideration of how to read, eomes the question of what to read. Of eourse, any rule with regard to this must be a eomparative rule, and the appliance of it must be left to eaeh individual; but let us see that our reading tends not only to eultivate the intellect, but to enrich the mind. Let us choose

books that can bear careful study and after-reflection, books that give our highest faculties something to exercise them, that give us a feeling of how little we know, and how much there is to know. Let all that we read of this wondrous earth and sky be such as to open our minds more to every inherent beauty, whether small or great; let all we read of the world and our fellow-men have the effect of widening and enlarging our sympathies, for the mental and the moral must go together; love must illumine youth, and the mind, equally with the heart, can never reach its fullest development unless guided by loving sympathy.

In the commencement of study, we must naturally be guided by the advice of others, for feeling our way alone through the labyrinth of literature is a dangerous experiment, and though there may be a few strong spirits like one we read of, who "read books, good and bad," and who, though she says, "I lost breath sometimes in my soul," adds,—

> "Being dashed
> From error on to error, every turn
> Still brought me nearer to the central truth;"

yet it is a perilous path, and one which no one would advise, at least to women.

To lead the mind, while pliable, in the right direction, is then most necessary; and instead of the strict prohibition used to children, with regard to certain books, and then withdrawn at the most dangerous age, would it not be better to educate the taste, to guide the mind to the knowledge of beauty and truth, so that, when left to its own discretion, it may instinctively avoid the false and turn to the pure and healthy? When choosing our own course of study, we should do well to take into consideration Carlyle's words, "To each is given a certain inward talent, a certain outward environment of fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these, a certain maximum of capability."

The first essential is therefore to discover our intellectual capability—to attempt nothing which we feel beyond our comprehension, and though in all things to strive after the highest knowledge individually possible to each of us, yet never vainly to attempt to grasp what we shall not understand, and cannot retain. Let our reading be such as necessitates thought, and we shall find, apart from mental benefit, that it will make us stronger to meet the small trials of daily life, we shall be more independent of the world, and therefore its little slights and disappointments will have less power to wound and vex us. Sir John Herschel says, "If I were to pray for a taste, which would stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a

shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading ;" and with respect to women, this is equally, if not more forcibly true ; and a well-balanced mind can be none the less fitted for household duties, that it has been breathing a high intellectual atmosphere. Domestic duties are rarely so numerous as to engross the whole of a woman's time, and surely the attention brought to these duties, would be none the less likely to be serious and careful, that the leisure, instead of being occupied with frivolous pursuits, has been spent in what required earnest thought.

But reading, to be profitable, should give pleasure—not mere temporary gratification—but lasting pleasure.

If, after the pursuance of a study sufficiently long to have overcome all obstacles, which want of habit or custom might put in our way, we yet find it yields us no pleasure, and is but a strain on the mind, it is better to give it up, and betake ourselves to some higher and more congenial literature; but, above all things, let us see that all we read has on it the stamp of truth, for this is as necessary in fiction as in facts. A lie in history is but a lie against one man, but a false view of life, a narrow estimate of our fellow-men, is a lie against humanity. There is a class of literature, of the present day, false alike on moral and æsthetic grounds. A strong mind may, for a time, yield to its fascinations, but will in the end turn from it in disgust—but to a weak or young reader, it is as poison. It presents a distorted view of human life, confuses the ideas of right and wrong, and tends to subvert the judgment, mislead the sympathy, and deprave the taste. These writers seem sadly forgetful that their Master has given them this great influence as a sacred charge, when, for mere temporary popularity, they lower their standard to pander to a corrupt taste. At all times there has been unwholesome writing, but, with this great difference, that this is the first age in which it has been allowed free circulation amongst the young. But let us beware of too sweeping a condemnation of modern fiction, for there are novel writers of the present day, who, for truth, artistic perception, and beauty of diction, stand unequalled in any age. They write of life as it really is, they make us feel that there is yet nobility in man ; that there are still some pure spirits striving for right and truth, and when they tell of sin and suffering, it is not to excite our imaginations, and harrow our feelings, but to make us more forbearing and long-suffering, and to make us go forth among our fellow-men, not hard and suspicious, but with a humble, loving faith, that God will save, what "seems remediless." They make us distrustful of ourselves, lenient to others, feeling how very little we know of their inner

lives, of the temptations that may have assailed them, the trials they may have undergone,—and so following the divine command, we may withhold judgment, and deal merey. Such works raise the moral tone of society, even as the others lower it, and we cannot be too careful, in an age when reading has such a wide and distinctly traceable influence on every class.

Another point to be considered, is, that our reading be not too engrossing; and that brings us to the second part of Mr Carlyle's advice, viz., with regard to "Environment of Fortune." This consideration of social position and circumstances must be ever most essential to a woman, if she would have her moral keep pace with her mental, for the moral consists practically in fulfilling faithfully the duties which lie nearest; and no true woman, valuing mental culture at its highest, but will feel it must ever be kept subservient to moral obligations. And if, at any time, as often does happen, they seem to jar; if from lack of time or individual circumstances, the much-loved study must be abandoned; let us give it up ungrudgingly and without a murmur, remembering that, at best, it is but a means to the end. It may seem a bitter deprivation, but it is but for a time. Then, let those who enjoy the privilege of uninterrupted study, use it earnestly, receive it as a sacred responsibility, and let those to whom it is denied, give it *up in faith*, assured that God will no more suffer our mental than our spiritual faculties to fade for want of food, and that whether in this world or not, yet in His own good time, and by a way we know not, He who has planted those longings and desires within us, will amply satisfy them.

ENAI.

Spanish Soldiers at Mass.

The breath of the morning was fresh and free,
And a breeze was blowing from over the sea,
Curling the waves in their rippling play,
As they washed the foot of the sea-wall gray.

A trampling was heard in the silent street—
A heavy trampling of chargers' feet—
The scabbard's clank on the stirrup of steel,
And the ring of the spur on the horseman's heel.

Onward they came—a noble band,
Faithful in heart, and ready of hand;
The Cid's warrior-spirit in each dark eye—
Ready to fight, or ready to die.

They rode up the street with a steady pace,
They rode through the ancient Market place;
They passed through gateway and under arch—
Yet paused not then in their measured march.

They passed by our Lady's image tall,
High in a niche of a convent wall;
Each bared head bent to the saddle-bow—
Each man said an Ave, deep and low.

As the church-clock struck, with a heavy clang
On the Plaza pavement the horse-hoofs rang;
And the church-bells pealed the hour of prayer,
As slowly they crossed the sun-lit square.

Where the shadows fall from the church-tower tall,
At the great arched doorway, they halted all.
Rattled the scabbards, the rowels rang,
As down from his saddle each trooper sprang.

The soldiers were marshalled four by four,
And in they marched by the massive door;
As each man entered, his helm he doffed
To the carven cross raised high aloft.

They passed up the aisle, and the low sweet strain
Of a chant was heard—then silence again.

"Halt!" was the order, clear and loud—
And, hark! like the burst of a thunder-cloud,
A thousand carbines came to the ground
With a clash would have made your heart to bound
Like a stricken deer—then to lie as still
As that deer when the arrow has drunk its fill.

Slowly the echoes died away
In the dark old aisles, 'mong the shadows gray;
And silence so deep on the church there fell
That the sound of a sigh you might almost tell.

A moment's pause—and then, full and grand,
Burst the glorious hymn of the choral band;
The pealing tones of the organ strong
Blending its notes with the choir's glad throng—
Now rising, now falling, now mounting higher,
The heavenly song of that high-voiced choir!
Louder and louder! magnificent voice,
Making the dim old pile to rejoice!
Louder! still louder!—Ah, no! it falls,
And thrills no more through the sounding walls.

The hymn had ceased—not a breath had stirred,
Till the muttering sound of a voice was heard;
Each eye at once towards the altar turned,
Where seven tall candles dimly burned.
A rich-robed priest with his missal stood
In rapt and worshipping attitude,
And slowly the solemn words he spoke—
The only sound that the silence broke.

Now he pauses—now speaks again—
And the choir chants softly the grand "Amen!"
And the heads bend low, as he turns about
And loudly reads them a Pater out.

Silence a moment—and then a sound
Like the first great storm tears that beat the ground;
Then stronger, louder, as every one
Joins in the psalm, by the priest begun;
Then it dies into stillness, slow at last—
As the rain-drops cease when the storm is past.

And once again, on the quivering air,
Trembles the organ's liquid prayer;
Then comes the benison, soft and low,
And forth to the Plaza the soldiers go.

Pass on, brave hearts! for the time is nigh
When death may darken each glorious eye,
May still the life in each thrilling vein,
And send to its Maker the soul again!

Pass on, but still, in your fitful life—
In the clamour and rush of the battle and strife—
When the soul is passing through Death's dark gates,
And the Angel of Death for the spirit waits—
Forget, oh, forget not your murmured prayer,
But breathe one more as you shiver there!

Mas Alta.

Grumbling Peter.

(Continued.)

For about a week the world went on pretty much as usual, and Peter felt very triumphant, although a little oppressed by the weight of responsibility which rested upon him. Another thing which kept him from becoming too much at his ease, was the tremendous excitement and alarm attending the sudden setting of the sun. Several people went completely mad with fright, and the rest of the world went wild with amazement. Meetings of philosophers and astronomers were held everywhere over the civilized globe, and several very learned gentlemen published books, with very fine Latin names, and containing a good many Greek and Hebrew quotations. Peter procured one of these books, hoping to find a few hints as to the management of the heavenly bodies, but becoming bewildered and alarmed, he soon threw the book into the fire, and strolled into the garden to recruit his jaded intellects with a mild cigar, and his morning newspaper. No sooner, however, had he unfolded its damp columns, adjusted his spectacles, and glanced down the page, than a deadly pallor overspread his countenance, and his heart leapt to his mouth.

And what was it that so disconcerted our friend Peter?

Let us look over his shoulder, and read as he reads.

From Our Correspondent in Timbuctoo!

Horrible Occurrence!!

Extinction of a Whole Tribe!!!

"A terrible occurrence has just taken place in the centre of Africa, resulting in the extinction of a whole race of Hottentots, with the exception of one man who escaped to bring the news. A great cannibal feast was about to take place. The victims were brought forth. The executioners were in readiness, when a sudden sun-stroke fell simultaneously on the whole assembled nation, cutting off in a moment the unhappy people, from the king on his throne to the wretched victims who were anticipating another doom, with the single exception we have just mentioned. This sad calamity has spread the deepest consternation among the surrounding nations, many of whom have suffered, though in a less degree, from sun-stroke."

The writer then went on to state the day and hour of the catastrophe, and Peter, with deep horror and poignant despair, perceived that the consequences of his rash act were not confined to his own immediate neighbourhood. All Peter's triumph vanished, and willingly would he have resigned his fatal power. Beating his brow

in violent agitation, he called loudly upon Nature, but no Nature appeared, and Peter's heart sank within him as he reflected upon the days that yet remained, in which he must direct and guide the universe. He gave way to a paroxysm of grief, from which he was at length aroused by the voice of Jacob, the old gardener. Peter composed his countenance as well as possible, and said in a melancholy yet calm voice—

"Well! Jacob, how goes the garden?"

Jacob grunted, and replied in surly tones—

"It goes to wreck and ruin, sir, I think." Then after a pause he repeated, with renewed ill-humour, "To wreck and ruin. And in all *my* mortal days I—never—did—see—such—a—world."

Jacob had caught this last expression from his master, and Peter sighed as he answered.

"Ah! Jacob—we ought to be thankful for our mercies, for they are indeed numerous."

Such language had never before proceeded from Peter's lips within the memory of man, and Jacob stared open-mouthed.

"If *you* say so, it must be," he said at last with emphasis; "but I would say nay. Such things as a man has to go against now-a-days. No dew for five nights running, no rain through the day. Such things as these. And then just look at—that—blossom. It ought to have been off a week ago. Forty years I've been a gardener, and I never knew such a thing as blossom that wouldn't fall off the trees. Never an apple, nor a cherry, nor a plum will you have at this rate, and it's the same everywhere. It—is—the—very—most—extraordinary—thing—ever—I—heard—tell—of."

And Jacob beat the ground impatiently with his stick.

Peter's first impulse was to command the blossom to fall instantly, but experience came to his assistance, and he merely bent an attentive ear to Jacob's grumbling. When at length he was left alone, he lazily shut his eyes, and with a smile of conscious power he said:—

"Leaves wither and fall."

Instantly a change took place. Not only the blossom, but the green leaves turned first yellow, then red, then brown, and fluttered sadly to the ground.

Peter opened his eyes about five minutes later, and aghast, quickly corrected himself, calling over and over again, with frantic vehemence, "Blossoms, I mean, not leaves—only blossoms." The shower of leaves immediately stopped, while the

blossoms fell thick and fast; but what a change was there in the space of five minutes!

Peter's blooming garden had become a perfect wilderness. The hawthorn hedge, the admiration of the village, which had delighted the eye with its mass of fresh, bright verdure, behold it now, in early summer, despoiled of its beauty. Thick lie the leaves on the grass beneath, and only here and there in russet patches appear a few autumnal leaves. Under the oak the turf is invisible, and beneath every shrub and tree are heaps of leaves. As far as eye can reach, hedges and trees are equally bare. The gentle breeze of early June plays with withered leaves, and rustles, strangely out of place, among branches on which the leaves might almost be counted.

Peter's distress may be imagined. It cannot possibly be described. Although a less fatal mistake than his first, it was almost as painful. How sad to have autumn usurping the place of summer! how melancholy to see roses, only half blown, lying withered before their time, and young buds standing on naked stems unprotected by a single leaf!

Peter rose, and shaking the blossom from his coat, strode in perfect despair through the leaves, which lay thick on the ground. He opened the gate and walked forth into the village, more because he saw Jacob approaching than from any other motive. He walked along the village street. Here all was consternation and amazement. In every cottage garden, perplexed and wondering men walked to and fro in eager examination. At every cottage door-way stood women, with babies in their arms, talking and exclaiming loudly in accents of surprise. The children coming out of school pelted each other with the leaves, and, never troubling their unphilosophic minds with any other feeling but perfect enjoyment, continued their wild play, heedless of the ejaculations of their elders. At the door of the village inn was a group of men engaged in earnest debate. Two or three gigs and carts stood in the court, and their owners brought intelligence that all over the country the phenomenon was universal.

Peter could hardly help feeling amused in spite of himself as he thought how little the real cause of the wonderful event was suspected. He drew near to the talkers and listened to their conversation.

"Perhaps," said the tailor, a little sandy-haired man, unversed in agricultural matters, "perhaps it was the want of rain."

"How could that be," retorted the schoolmaster, "we have often been without rain for a much longer space of time than a week, Snipes, and nothing of this

kind has ever happened. It is much more likely to have been caused by some atmospheric contraction of the air attendant on the late extraordinary heat."

Whether the schoolmaster was speaking sense, or the reverse, remains a question for the consideration of the intelligent reader. Certain it is that this speech made some impression on the crowd, and the butcher nodded and said, "Something of the same kind, I take it, sir, as killed them niggers away in Africa; extraction of the hair you said, sir."

"I don't see how that would cause a negro's death," said the hair-dresser, who was a bit of a wag.

The audience not being remarkably quick at perceiving the drift of a pun, this fell rather flat, and the hair-dresser was discomfited.

"Well!" said a burly farmer, "you grand people talk a lot of nonsense now-a-days, I think, or I'm not so clever as I once was; at any-rate I don't understand a half of what I hear. There my wife took me off to some meeting t'other night at our town, and I'm blessed if I could make head or tail of it. T'was all about that sun setting an hour or two before its time! as if it mattered a pin one way or t'other."

"I'll tell you a queer thing," said another farmer, "as you seem to be talking of queer things. It should have been full moon last night, and there was no moon at all."

"No, nor hasn't been for three nights," rejoined the blacksmith. "T'is a queer world this, I say. And it seems to have gone queerer lately. What with niggers melting up one day, and the moon going amissing at night, I wonder what we're coming to."

"And a stranger thing still," said a sailor who had just joined the group, "the tide hasn't come in for about a week. There's my sloop, the 'Betsy Jane' (as fine a craft as ever sailed), left high and dry this day week, and never got into the water again. The whole shore's covered with women and children and men, carting sea-weed, and as nothing's doing, I'm going a little cruise to see my old aunt, beyond this a bit."

Peter looked very uncomfortable as these remarks were made, and he inwardly said, "Full moon appear to-night. Tide come in this instant."

At this moment the miller sauntered up, "Hulloa, Grinder," cried one, "are you idle too?"

"Yes," was the answer, "the stream's gone down to nothing. Wouldn't turn a cork. Won't be any better till we have some rain."

"We shan't have good weather," said the sailor, "till we have a regular good thunder-storm."

"A good hint," thought Peter, "and a good way of dispersing these chattering fools."

Just then a few ominous growls were heard, and in ten minutes a terrific tempest raged, bending the stoutest trees, and changing the smallest rills into foaming torrents. Lightning flashed across the lurid sky, and tremendous peals of thunder crashed among the hills. Peter ran home terrified by his own success, and as soon as he collected his wits sufficiently, commanded a cessation of the thunder, at the same time ordering the rain to continue all night.

No sooner had he seated himself by his parlour fire, book in hand, than Mrs Dumpling, the housekeeper, appeared.

"Goodness, sir, how wet you are. Now, you'll change, won't you. Oh! sir, oh!——"

"Thank you, my good woman, very good," said Peter, politely leading Mrs Dumpling to the door. "Law sir, have mercy on my bones and my new cap," gasped Mrs Dumpling, as Peter gently but firmly pushed her outside the door. "Oh! dear, oh! sir, I'm sure I never meant no intrusion, oh! dear." And Mrs Dumpling continued to groan and sigh outside the door till she heard a sharp click of the key turning in the lock, and heard her master poking the fire, putting on the kettle, bringing out the whisky, the sugar, and other things necessary for the manufacture of toddy. Then, indeed, Mrs Dumpling's pride overcame her feelings, and with a haughty sniff she muttered—

"And never to think of offering me a drop." AGNELLA.

(*To be continued.*)

Lines on a Monument in Wimborne Minster.

THERE is the effigy carved in stone,
In the minster old and grey,
The knight and his lady; all alone
They are resting day by day.

And as I look on the figures twain,
Reposing side by side,
Thought wanders back through the years again,
To the time when they lived and died.

This knight in stone, was he brave and true?
This dame, was she sweet and fair?
The aisles are silent; they rest, these two,
Nor for censure nor praise they care.

Yet mark the warrior's mailéd grasp,
Still holding the sculptured hand
Of his lady-love in its moveless clasp,
Though his soul's in the Spirit land.

As though he would say, "All else is gone,
Castles, and lands, and pride,
My fame is dead, but my love lives on,
And my truth; they never died."

Does he still remember that evening fair,
In the summer long ago,
When the little hand that is sculptured there,
Like the heart, could thrill and glow?

When he pressed it in his, and vowed a vow
That should never be broken more,
To keep it safe all his life, and now,
Having passed the grave's grim door

Still he holds the hand that was given to him,
"To have and to hold" for life,
When life throbbed strong through every limb,
In its restless struggle and strife.

Did he hold it gently, that gentle hand?
Did he prize it more than gold,
Houses, and serfs, and fame, and land,
That he clings to its marble mould?

Was it a help and a stay? though weak,
Was it strong in its trusting love?
Was it gentle and patient, tender and meek,
And soft as a nestling dove?

Was it ever to him with its cool calm touch,
A balm in life's fever-pain?
There are few such hands; but blessed are such,
And their memory shall remain.

To my heart the dead knight speaks from the tomb,
"I have lost my earthly home;
With its storied splendour, its haunted gloom,
It has melted like ocean foam."

"Melted away from my grasp," quoth he,
"As the shadow from the hill,
But this hand, this love, that were given to me,
I have and I hold them still."

O. M.

Mediæval Chivalry.

Chapter I.

A Knightly Youth.

In the history of every nation that has had power to advance itself beyond the state of barbarism, there has been an era which in some degree corresponds to our times of chivalry, when the noblest type of manhood was followed, admired, and copied; when the bravest deeds were set in remembrance and glory. We find it in the Hindoo legends; in the true foundations of the Grecian fables, where heroes are raised to demigods; in Roman history; in the tales of the Affghan conquerors; in the Sagas of the Norse, or the wild tales of the brave forefathers of the North American Indian. But in all these, there is an element awanting, that gave a grace and glory to chivalry, not to be attained by the mere perfection of sinews:—the element of religion, and of the love that grew forth as a natural blossom of that religion. This it was, that raised our European chivalry to a higher place than that of other

times and other civilisations. But I am not at present about to compare its advantages and disadvantages—its beauties and its faults ; but simply to endeavour to draw an unprejudiced and abridged sketch of its principal features—to restore habits that have departed from us, so as to judge the spirit that gave them life.

The education of a noble youth generally began about seven years of age, when he was sent to the castle of some friendly feudal lord. For the first seven years, his chief duty was to attend on the person of his lord, as his page or valet, or he might be the attendant and messenger of the lady, the damoiseau ; or the "little foot-page" of many a ballad. Interspersed with these duties, however, were those relating to his own education. He must make himself acquainted with the "mystery of woods, of rivers, and the air," or hunting, fishing, and hawking ; for it was considered an essential to knighthood to be an adept in all these. He was also taught, in prospect of some future field, to blow the trumpet, to leap over trenches, to throw spears and darts, to carry a shield, and to fight with light staves against his equals. He sometimes even followed his lord to the field, carrying his helmet ; and was in comparative safety, as it was considered unknightly to wound a page. There his young soul was stirred by the bravery he might not yet emulate, and his desire was kindled worthily to serve out the twice seven years that must elapse before he won the liberty to prove his power. An interesting description of this period of training is given in Hardynge's Chronicles.

"And as lordis sons been sett at four year age,
At school to learn the doctrine of letture,
And after six to have them in language
And sit at meat, seemly in all nurture.
At ten and twelve, to revel is their cure,
To dance and sing, and speak of gentleness ;
At fourteen year they shall to field I sure
To hunt the deer, and catch at hardinesse
For deer to hunt and slay, and see them bleed
An hardiment giveth to his courage,
And also in his wit he giveth heed,
Imagining to take them at advantage.
At sixteen year to warry and to wage,
To joust and ride and castles to assail,
To skirmish also, and make sicker sewage
And set his watch for fent nocturual."

For the next stage was the Armiger, Scutifer, Escuyer, or Esquire, which nomi-

nally extended over the next seven years, from the age of fourteen to that of twenty-one. His duties were partly personal and partly military. He prepared the morning refection for his lord ; and then went out to engage in chivalric exercises. He perhaps practised along with his fellows at the Quintain, which was a half-figure of a man, armed with sword and buckler—elevated on a post, and so fixed on a pivot, that, if the assailant, with his lance, did not hit it in the very centre, the figure turned round and struck him sharply. Or he might hang a shield upon a staff fixed in the ground, and endeavour to strike it so skilfully, as to detach it from its ligatures. But no exercise was so important, or so much practised, as horsemanship, without which he could never hope to attain to the dignity of knighthood.

At dinner he waited, with the pages, on his lord, and presented him water both before and after meals, to wash his hands. He never sat down with the knight, though the relation should even be that of father and son. After dinner, however, the Esquire took part in the general amusements. He sometimes learned the minstrel's power from the harper, and by this attainment, deemed most worthy of a knight, he rendered himself more interesting and amusing to all, particularly to the ladies. His last service for the day, was to present his lord with his cup full of the "vin de coucher," and then he also might seek his rest.

His dress ought to be dark or sad, but he seldom kept it so—in those days of pageantry. He carried his lord's shield and armour to the field. In France, where armour was strictly the emblem of rank, Esquires were only allowed to wear a coat of mail without hood or hose ; but in other countries they were not so strict, and he was sometimes well armed. Though always different from his lord, he wore silver spurs, while his lord's were golden, &c. But, though he could not lead in the wars, he often did noble service, and in Maturin's Romance of the Albigenses, a fine description is given of the bravery of the Squires, that secured the victory of Bovines to Philip Augustus, when he fought with Otho. Having gone through the duties of page and squire throughout his youth, during which time obedience was strictly enforced, and its dignity upheld, he became eligible for knighthood, the immediate preparations for which, however, are worthy of more particular and separate notice.

LUTEA RESEDA.

The Siege of Roxburgh.

KING James II. of Scotland was killed by the bursting of a cannon while besieging Roxburgh Castle, in 1460. The Scottish army, greatly discouraged, was about to raise the siege, when Queen Margaret, the widow of the slain King, appeared in the council, leading her little son, King James III., then eight years old; and, by her heroic words, so animated the nobles, that they at once led their men out to battle, and Roxburgh was taken.

THERE was fear and doubt and trouble among all the Scottish host,
For brave King James was lying dead, their glory and their boast;
His strong right arm was powerless, his hero-heart was cold,
And Scotland mourned her monarch, and the troops their leader bold.

The chiefs were met in council, there was doubt in every face,
And each man talked of prudence, unmindful of disgrace;
Then spake the oldest warrior, "'Twere best to quit the field,
Our king is dead, the walls are strong, the townsmen will not yield."

The others praised his caution; "We cannot match the foe,
And ere to-morrow's dawn," they said, "we'll raise the siege and go;"—
The heavy doors flew open—a lady stood between—
And the warriors inly wondered as they rose to greet the Queen.

Queen Margaret of Scotland came slowly through the room;
She marked the rugged faces, o'ercast with doubt and gloom,
She heard the craven whispers of retreat and of disgrace,
And a flush of shame and anger lit up her lily face.

Her sweet blue eyes were dim with tears, her golden hair streamed down,
Her little son, half-frightened, was clinging to her gown;
But proudly then she raised her head, and spake in accents clear,
"How now, my lords and gentlemen! what words are these I hear?

"The King my lord and husband is lying cold and dead—
And will the knights of Scotland allow it to be said
That a woman and a widow, in the first hour of her woe,
Was the only one who urged them again to face the foe?

"He died a soldier's death, my lords; he died as fits a King;
Then wherefore stand aghast and pale, as 'twere a shameful thing?
Behold your youthful monarch, the heir to Scotland's crown!
Fulfil his father's dying wish—go forth and take the town.

"Up! for your country's honour! up! for your knightly fame!
Let Roxburgh be a memory of glory, not of shame!
Let not the Southron tongue repeat with scorn your ancient names,
Or say that Scottish valour departed with King James."

Then martial ardour all around in place of fear was seen;
"God save King James the Third!" they cried, "and Heav'n protect the Queen!"
Then buckled on their trusty swords, and hastened all away
To bid their squires and men-at-arms prepare them for the fray.

A bloody fight in sooth it was—the walls were high and strong—
The Englishmen gave battle both manfully and long;
But nought could stay the Northern powers, and ere the west was red,
The Scots were lords of Roxburgh, the English leader dead.

The din of fight was over, the daring deed was done,
And Scotland's banner on the keep proclaimed the castle won;
While fast the news of battle to the royal pavilion sped,
Where Margaret of Scotland was sitting by the dead.

She faced the knights and nobles without a sigh or tear,
And as she gave them thanks and praise, her voice was calm and clear;
Till all had left the tent, her high and stately mien she kept;—
And then she laid her weary head upon the couch, and wept.

"Forgive me, love!" she murmured, "they shall not call me weak"—
And fast her burning tears flowed down upon his icy cheek—

"By none of all thy subjects my anguish shall be seen,
But still I am a woman, although I am a Queen.

"Thy country's honour has been saved, thy dying wish fulfilled,
Thy flag is on the castle, the noise of fight is stilled;
At last, at last, my aching heart in tears may find relief,
The Queen forget her dignity, the widow own her grief.

"Alas! the years of happiness that passed so swiftly by!
Alas! the sudden storm that overcast the sunny sky!
And thou hast left me lonely, my King, my lord, my love!
Cold is the world around me, and dark the heav'n above.

"Alas! the dark and lonely lot that mine must henceforth be!
The weary time, the boundless space, that sever me from thee!
God grant me strength and courage to bear these years of pain,
And bring me safe, my trials past, to be with thee again."

DIDO.

A Tour in North Wales.

IT was in the beginning of July 1868, that we made up a party for the purpose of undertaking a tour in North Wales. We assembled at Chester, that charming old city, so well known that any description of it would be superfluous. There we formed our plans, and decided to take the Ruabon and Llangollen route.

Leaving Chester about two o'clock in the afternoon, we journeyed by train through a rather uninteresting country, past Wrexham and Ruabon, near which latter place is Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Wynne, celebrated for its beauty and magnificence. We were rather disappointed with Llangollen, which must certainly be indebted to its "fair maid" and its two old ladies of renown for the interest it excites—the scenery being pretty, but decidedly tame. The "maid of Llangollen," was, I believe, Myfanwy Fechan, a beautiful girl who flourished in the year 1390, and who excited the admiration of Hoel ap Einion Llygliw, a poet of fame, whose name

I should be very sorry to be obliged to pronounce. Llangollen churchyard contains the remains of two romantic ladies, the Honourable Miss Ponsonby, and Lady Eleanor Butler, who lived together apart from the world in a small cottage near the town, until death separated them, though only for the space of three years. The journey from Llangollen to Corwen was certainly exciting, inasmuch as the train proceeded on its way with a noble disregard of steam, the usual means of progress, and contented itself with a very rapid descent of a steep gradient, for most part of the route. A fall into the river Dee would have been the result of any obstruction in our headlong career, and consequently the relief of arriving at the stupid and ugly little town of Corwen was great. Here we remained that night, and the whole of the next day, taking advantage however of our kind host's offer to drive us to Bala Lake. On our way thither, we saw the only woman wearing a bona fide Welsh hat that it was our good fortune to fall in with during our entire tour. It was of black beaver, with a broad brim and high crown like a sugar loaf. She told us that it was twenty years old, and then running into the toll house, of which she was proprietress, she returned with her Sunday one, declaring it was thirty years. These hats are almost totally discarded in North Wales, as the younger generation found the advantage of straw ones with low crowns, and adopted them universally. The river Dee flows into the Lake at Bala, which at certain points presents a pleasing picture, but loses considerably on a nearer approach. The Dee is celebrated in many an old song; one of the Welsh bards writes of it poetically in these words:

> "I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water,
> The waves, as I passed, rippled lowly and lone;
> For the brave on their borders had perished in slaughter,
> The noble were vanished, the gifted were gone!"

On the second morning after our arrival at Corwen, we watched with much interest the approach of the stage coach which was to carry us on to Bettws-y-coed. The day was unclouded, and the sun shone out brilliantly, indeed the heat was intense, as many will remember was the case all through the month of July in last year. Mounted on the box seat, my face protected by a blue gauze veil, and over my head an umbrella whose dimensions tried the temper and obstructed the view of my companions, but which was an absolute necessity to prevent an attack of sunstroke, I felt as comfortable as could be expected when one is broiling. The coachman, Mr Brooks, a fine old man, with beautiful white hair, and a flow of conversation, took excellent care of me, and almost enveloped me in a thick rug, to keep the dust and

heat out. The scenery was not remarkable until we arrived within a few miles of our destination, with the exception of a fine arch, named Pont-y-glyn, spanning the river at a height of sixty feet, and resting on precipitous rocks. We never realized the beauty of Wales till we came within two or three miles of Bettws, above the Conway Falls, and there a scene of most exquisite loveliness opened upon us. Below us flowed the river Llugwy, in many places almost dry from the intense and long continued heat, and on the other side rose hills, one mass of foilage, whilst behind these appeared chain upon chain of mountains, all alike green with trees of every variety.

Far beneath lay the "Fairy Glen," dear to the hearts of artists, who indeed are never weary of frequenting these lovely spots. Bettws-y-coed is a sequestered little village, possessing however very comfortable hotels, and we recommend the Waterloo, with its pretty hostesses, the Misses Williams, to all who like clean, comfortable quarters. From these young ladies I learnt all the Welsh I gained during the excursion. It has a strange effect to hear a perfectly foreign language spoken on all sides, one might as well be in France or Germany, indeed on the whole one is more likely to hear English in these countries than in some districts of Wales. One evening, as we were walking along the high road at Bettws, we passed two men sitting on the bank, one of whom was reading from a newspaper, and on a nearer inspection we discovered that he was translating from English into Welsh as he went on, a task by no means easy, especially to one who appeared likely to gain his bread by the labour of his hands. On quitting this sweet little place we came to one of the lions of Wales, about two miles from Betws-y-coed, known by the name of the Swallow Fall. In general this has a noble volume of water, descending in three distinct falls; and dashing down between dark rocks and overhanging trees, is an impressive sight, but alas for us, no rain had fallen for many weeks, and a burning sun had aided to reduce this fine effect of nature to a very ordinary affair indeed. Rather disappointed we mounted again, and were rapidly driven through the vale of the Llugwy, till we reached Capel Curig, an insignificant little place, commanding a most exquisite view, resembling the Swiss scenery. Two lovely lakes lie at the foot of the mountains, and here the whole Snowdon range is seen to the greatest advantage. From this point, all through the pass of Llanberis is indescribably grand. You leave the vistas of smiling valleys and chain upon chain of jagged mountains, whose peaks seem to pierce the sky, and then turn into the terrific gorge of Llanberis, which we thought rivalled Glencoe in its sublimity.

The great dark rocks frowned down upon us, as if at any moment they might fall

upon us and crush us, whilst enormous blocks strewn in every direction showed that such things did sometimes happen. At length we reached the two lakes of Llanberis Llyn Peris, and Llyn Paderu, only a quarter of a mile apart, and known to be of great depth. The scenery is very magnificent at this point. The two beautiful lakes, with mountains grand in outline rising from their banks, the picturesque old castle of Dolbadarn standing out on a rocky promontory, and the valuable slate quarries, which extend along the mountain on the north east side of the lakes, glowing in the evening sun, fairly hushed our expressions of admiration, as too grand for words to do it justice.

We did not stop at the village of Llanberis except to change horses, as we were anxious to get on the same evening to Carnarvon, which is only eight miles distant. About six o'clock we rattled through the streets of the old town, up to the door of the "Sportsman" Hotel, an establishment containing the largest coffee room it was ever my fortune to see.

Carnarvon is situated on the south east side of the Menai strait, and is chiefly remarkable for its ancient castle. If I here venture to quote from Black's Guide-book, it is because I feel that his words convey a better impression of this noble pile than any I could use. "Carnarvon Castle is one of the noblest and most magnificent ruins of its kind in the empire, and externally it is still entire. It occupies a strong position at the west end of the town, and before the use of cannon, must have been impregnable.

"The walls, which enclose an area of about three acres, are seven feet nine inches thick, having within them a gallery, with slips for the discharge of missiles, and are flanked by thirteen strong towers, all angular, but differing in the number of their sides. The entrance is very imposing, beneath a vast square tower of prodigious strength, having grooves for four portcullises. In the front appears a mutilated statue of the founder, with his hand upon a half drawn sword, as if either menacing his newly acquired subjects, or sheathing the weapon to indicate the termination of the war. The towers are all admirable, that distinguished as the eagle tower is decidedly the finest, more lofty, and more substantial than the rest, and having the addition of three angular turrets rising above the roof, formerly surmounted and adorned by sculptured eagles, of which shapeless fragments alone remain."

The sight of this castle would have been sufficient of itself to repay the fatigue of the journey.

We determined to enjoy a day at Beddgelert, and accordingly hired a conveyance, and set off on an over-powering hot morning on our long drive. We had a very

fair view of Snowdon on the way, and certainly the ascent did not seem so appalling from this side as we had fancied it, but the tremendous heat deterred us, and indeed almost every one, from attempting it, especially as our chance of a clear prospect from the summit was very dubious. I am well aware what is thought of people who go to Wales without ascending Snowdon, but I resolved to brave the ignominy of the confession for the great comfort of remaining at the foot.

We were not sorry when we drove up to the door of "The Goat," the well known hotel at Beddgelert. The scenery here is very fine, the Snowdon range and other mountains completely shutting in the little village.

Everyone is aware that this is the scene of "Gelert's Grave," a story somewhat mythical, but not the less affecting. The poem on this subject by the Honourable Mr Spencer is familiar to all, and needs no repetition here.

The walk through the pass of Aberglaslyn is very romantic, though it did not bear out the extravagant eulogiums we had heard pronounced upon it. The view however from the bridge is really fine, looking up the gorge, with the clear stream underneath, and the verdant banks refreshing the eyes, and producing a very lulling effect. By the time we got back to "The Goat," we were ravenous, and totally regardless of everything but chops and potatoes. The children about Beddgelert are a perfect plague, teazing everyone to buy their specimens of copper ore from the mines in the neighbourhood, which nobody wants, and only buys in the end to escape from their importunities. In the cool of the evening we drove back to Carnarvon, passing Llyn Cwellyn, whose placid depths reflected the bold crags above, while a gorgeous setting sun glowed in the deep waters like a sea of fire, and the cattle standing, some in the water, others grazing on the banks, seemed to enjoy a *dolce far niente* of happiness after the scorching heat of the day. It would have furnished a glorious scene for a painter, as a breathing idyll of rest and peace.

ALMA.

(To be continued.)

My Sister Minnie.

Part I.

"I don't like these handsome men, Jack," said I, "I never did; and I mean to take care of Minnie." And I shut down the window with a bang.

Jack is my husband, reader; and he is the very ugliest fellow you ever saw; which perhaps accounts for my dislike to handsome men. Minnie is my sister, and no more like me than moonlight is like lightning, or than a rippling, murmuring, lowland brook is like a noisy tumbling highland burn.

We were the only girls among a large family of boys; and, while I was the ringleader in all mischief, and never out of a scrape, little Minnie seemed to have absorbed and concentrated in herself all the softness and gentleness which should have been distributed among the rest of the family, and which made her Papa's pet, and Mama's darling, and the pride and plaything of the boys and myself. We were a terrible family, the rest of us, and I was the most terrible of the whole! I am perfectly ashamed of myself now, when I think of the way I used to behave to Jack, when he first came to Edinburgh to study medicine, and win the hearty goodwill of my father and the other Professors, by his steady diligence and perseverance. How I teased him, and laughed at him, and talked him down upon all occasions! for besides being very shy, Jack always was a man of few words, and rarely attempted to stem the torrent of my talk; but used to sit with his mouth and eyes wide open, staring at me with all his might. However, he forgave it all; and, at last, one evening towards the close of a Christmas party at our house, Jack waxed suddenly eloquent, and I found myself engaged to him before I knew where I was.

Very soon after that, we were married (and my only sad recollection of that day is little Minnie in her bridesmaid's dress, clinging to me, and crying not to leave her) and Jack brought me to this pretty Warwickshire village, where we have lived ever since, and which I hope we shall never leave. Jack has a capital practice, steadily increasing, and he is a favourite with everybody for miles round; and I am quite sure I am the most fortunate woman between John o'Groat's House and—(oh dear! what *is* the name of the most southern point of Great Britain? I must wait and ask Jack)-in the meantime, let me speak metaphorically, and say, from Dan to Beersheba.

Minnie was fifteen when we were married; but that is four years ago now, and she is a beautiful girl of nineteen (I may say beautiful without any vanity, though

she *is* my sister, because she is so very unlike me), and she is visiting us at Barden—Barden is the name of our village. I have left off all my wild tricks, sobered down into a matron and a housekeeper, and no longer forget to order dinner, or give Jack tea that tastes like chopped hay and water, as I used to do. (Poor dear Jack! I shall never forget how patient he was towards all my many sins and shortcomings!) And now, to return to the place I started from, Jack and I have just had a long conversation on the subject of my sister Minnie, and the young squire of Barden, Harry Wyvill.

Young Wyvill is (Jack tells me) a universal favourite. He is no favourite of mine. Jack says an exception proves a rule. Very well. Then no one need be displeased if I make myself an exception from the rule, and so prove young Wyvill a universal favourite. Only I won't say he is a favourite of mine; I don't trust him, and I won't like him. "Jeanie," says Jack, "listen to reason." And then he proceeds, in a slow, deliberate, *most aggravating* manner, to enumerate the various perfections of Harry Wyvill, while I indulge in a running commentary upon them, and the whole forms a sort of conjugal duet something like this:—

JACK, *andante cantabile.*	MYSELF, *con brio.*
"He has a fine estate and £4000 a-year."	"Mere fortuitous circumstances that tell neither for nor against him."
"He has an excellent temper."	"So long as nothing crosses him."
(Crescendo) "Good abilities."	"They have never been tested."
"He is musical."	"That's nothing," *(amoroso)* "*you* don't care for music, Jack!"
"Fond of poetry."	"*You* only like poetry when I read it to you, and *then*," *(molto tremolo)* "you sometimes fall asleep."
"He's a first-rate shot and a splendid horseman."	"Because he has been at it all his life."
(Allegro vivace) "He can spar, and wrestle, and fence, and swim, and play cricket."	*(Dolcissimo)* "You can beat him at them all, dear, and you know it."

"And then," says Jack, by way of a convincing argument, "he's such a handsome fellow!" and at this I grew very impatient, made the statement with which my story started, and, as I think I said before, shut down the window with a bang. Jack was leaning on the window-sill *outside*, and I was sitting at my work *inside*, so this politic step on my part prevented all further discussion.

Now, reader, as you may have guessed, the cause of all this argument was the very evident partiality of the young squire for my sister Minnie. I had noticed it myself for some time, with such a feeling of repugnance as made me unwilling to mention it to Jack, until this afternoon, to my horror and astonishment, *he* mentioned it to me, and in terms of high delight and approval, too. Now, the fact of Harry Wyvill's attentions to Minnie having become apparent to Jack, was a proof that the said attentions were of a most determined character; for, to all ordinary things of the kind, Jack was as blind as ten bats, and as deaf as twenty adders; and, in great perturbation of spirit did I begin to consider the subject after I had shut the window. I had an instinctive feeling of strong mistrust towards Harry Wyvill. In spite of many good qualities, he united the most inordinate wilfulness to the most unreasonable fickleness. His father died soon after he was born, and "the young squire," the only son of a foolishly fond mother, took his own way from his childhood upwards; and, as he never was crossed, he had the reputation of an unruffled and amiable temper; but, upon one occasion, I had seen the waters troubled by some slight *contretemps*, and had been half-frightened at his violence. I was meditating over this, when I heard voices in the garden; and looking out, saw Minnie, Jack, and—no!—yes!—(O Jack, it was really too bad of you!) the young squire was there too and, before I could compose my features to a smile, he was in the drawing room, and had seized my hand.

"A beautiful afternoon, Mrs Somers! Your garden is far beyond anything we can do at the Hall. I must send Dixon to you for some hints. I met Miss Cunningham a little beyond Barden brook, and have had the pleasure of bringing her home" (I'm afraid I looked very fierce). "Dr Somers met us in the wood, and, in pity to my present forlorn and lonely condition at the Hall, has asked me to dinner," (Jack looked awfully guilty); "so, you see, here I am."

I managed to bid him welcome after a fashion, and hurried Minnie off to change her dress. I was wicked enough to wish that I could stain her with walnut juice—put a patch over one eye, extemporise a hump on one shoulder—anything, anything, to set Mr Wyvill's fancy free again; but the provoking monkey came back in smiles and blushes, curly brown hair and sparkling eyes, floating blue and white muslin and ribbons to match; looking prettier than I had ever seen her. I had a moment's conversation with Jack in his dressing-room, but I made very little of *that*. "Couldn't help it, really, Jeanie," said the culprit. "When a fellow stands at your very gate, talking of being lonely and uncomfortable at home, what can you do but ask him to walk in? And if you had only seen how happy Minnie looked!"

I suppose Jaek intended the eoneluding sentenee to be eonsolatory and eheering; but it was the worst of the whole; and, with a smothered groan, I rushed down stairs to aet duenna. Dinner passed pleasantly enough; and eertainly Harry Wyvill was very intelligent and agreeable, and talked well—very well; and my prejudiees had onee or twiee hard work to maintain their ground—nevertheless they triumphed. "Jaek," I kept saying to myself, "is a model husband; Harry Wyvill is utterly different from Jaek; therefore, Harry Wyvill eannot be a model husband." (I am quite sure this is logie, or something very like it.) O, if Jaek had only had a twin brother, I thought; perhaps just the least bit handsomer, for Minnie did not hold my opinions on the subjeet of handsome men; but what was the use of wishing?

Just as Minnie and I were leaving the dining-room, the village saddler's little boy eame asking me to go down the Reetory Lane and see his granny, who was very ill. (Our Reetor's wife is very delieate, and I help her as mueh as I can in the village.) I went to the poor old body, of course, and sat a good while with her; she was sinking fast, so I looked in at the Reetory on my way baek, to ask the Reetor to go down and see her; then I stopped at the groeer's to send something baek to the Cottage with the little grandson; so it was late when I got home—a lovely evening, though, soft and balmy, with a glorious June sunset tinting the western sky. The drawing-room was empty—so was the dining-room. I heard Jaek's voiee in his eonsulting-room—but where, oh where, were Minnie and the Squire? I went to the end window of of the drawing-room, and looked out; oh, horror! horror! down at the far end of the garden, under the lime trees, I deseried a fluttering vision of blue and white muslin and blue ribbons; and, towering above the topmost blue streamer, yet in suspiciously elose neighbourhood to it, was Harry Wyvill's hat with its bright elub ribbon!

I gazed transfixed! when Jaek entered the room, and burst out laughing at my faee of dismay. "Jeanie, you're eheckmated! fairly beat out of the field! Come here, and I'll tell you all about it." I obeyed in silent despair. "You had searcely left us," said Jaek, "when Wyvill began to speak to me—about Minnie, you know."—I nodded—"and, ha, ha! Jeanie, you won't guess where he was all last week, when we thought he had taken a run up to London! In Edinburgh, with Professor Cunningham." "My father!" I almost sereamed. "Yes, I thought you'd be surprised" (I should think I was) "and he gave me a letter from the old gentleman, who seems delighted with him, and so is your mother—here's the letter—and upon my word I think they're right. So, Jeanie, neither you nor I have anything more to do with it, and so I told him. I wished him good luek, though, and he went off to speak to Minnie, and they have been walking up and down the garden ever sinee."

It was all over, then; I was checkmated, as Jack had said, and Minnie was going to marry a passionate, headstrong, fickle ——; but I must keep all that to myself now. "O Jack!" was all I could say, and then I began to cry. "O Jeanie!" and Jack tried to imitate the doleful tone of my voice, "I really do believe that you're jealous because your sister will be the Squire's lady, and visit all the county families, while *your* husband's only a country doctor." This, as Jack had foreseen was such an excellent joke, that I laughed in the midst of my tears, which very soon stopped altogether. "Only a country doctor," indeed! To say that Jack is worth twenty Harry Wyvills, is to give a very faint idea, indeed, of his extraordinary excellence. I am perfectly convinced that, if the Queen would only take it into her head to appoint Jack Prime Minister to-morrow, the country would be governed in a style very superior to anything that has been seen since the days of William Pitt; and we should hear no more of the Rinderpest, the Fenians, or the defective state of the Poor-Law. (I think it is the Poor-Law, but if there are no defects in it, any other law will do just as well to finish the sentence.) And, of course, it was too much to expect that Minnie should be as fortunate as I had been; so, all things considered, I saw that my best course was to accommodate myself to circumstances, and receive Harry Wyvill with open arms; after all, perhaps,

"For ane she'll get better, it's waur she'll get ten;"

and just as I had made up my mind to this magnanimous course, in walked Harry Wyvill with Minnie on his arm, both looking so supremely happy, that my way was smoothed for me, and my congratulations came from the heart. I longed for a talk with Minnie, and hurried her off immediately after prayers. What a talk we had! while I folded away the blue-and-white muslin, and put on Minnie's dressing-gown, and brushed her pretty curly brown hair! She was in a subdued, gentle, unresisting mood, as she always was when very happy; though, indeed, her wildest moods were gentle. So different from me, on the evening of that Christmas party I have mentioned, when I successfully parried and returned the cuts and thrusts, hints and inuendoes of papa and the six boys, not only for myself, but for Jack, who, after the one remarkable burst of eloquence I have referred to, relapsed into silence, and sat grinning and blushing, till I was perfectly ashamed of him, and fought his battle as well as my own. My little quiet Minnie would have sunk under such an ordeal; but, luckily, she was not subjected to it. And when I had seen her fairly laid to rest, I went and sat at my window, and watched Jack and Mr Wyvill pacing up and down the terrace. And watching them so, not hearing their voices,

but seeing their faces distinctly by the bright moonlight, my prejudices returned upon me with tenfold force; and with immeasurable relief did I glance from Harry Wyvill's handsome face to that of my husband (though I told you what an ugly fellow Jack is), and then looked back to Harry Wyvill with a sigh of anxious apprehension for my sister Minnie. DIDO.

(*To be continued.*)

Mediæval Chivalry.

CHAPTER II.—KNIGHTHOOD.

"He seemed
The fresh-ope'd flower of Christian Knighthood, born
For feats of holy daring." —*Spanish Gypsey.*

IN the middle ages, the profession of arms was considered an honourable office above all others, except priesthood, which, of course, could not suit the taste of all the stirring spirits in these troublous days; in fact, it was the only profession in which a man of honour might hope to win honour.

No wonder then, that so much importance was attached to the preparations for the state, in which he was considered fully qualified to enter on this noble profession.

As a man's chivalry died with himself, each youth had, in a great degree, to win his own knighthood; and, consequently, was obliged to cultivate for himself the knightly virtues—fidelity, liberality, valiancy, humility, kindness, gentleness, courtesy. Through uncommon valour and virtue, a man might rise from a lower degree; but there was a strong prejudice against intrusion, among the higher orders; so that we rarely hear of any, except the sons of knights, being made knights. According to Don Amador,—"Are you ready then to listen, if I finish the wholesome extract from the Seven Parts, wherein the wise King Alfonso hath set down the reason why knights should be of gentle birth? Will ye now be silent? . . And this nobility cometh in three ways,—first by lineage, secondly by science, thirdly by valour and worthy behaviour. Now, although they who gain nobility through science and good deeds are rightly called noble and gentle,—nevertheless, *they* are with the highest fitness so called, who are noble by ancient lineage, and lead a worthy life as by inheritance from afar; and hence, are more bound and constrained

to act well, and guard themselves from error and wrong-doing; for, in their case, it is more true that, by evil-doing they bring injury and shame, not only on themselves, but also on those from whom they are derived." A squire was seldom made a knight before he was twenty-one; but if, at that age, he desired the honour, and had passed through the time of his probation satisfactorily, he might repair to the court of the king, where he did him some service, in token of fealty and obedience. Certain knights were chosen as his governors, who arranged everything for him. They took him to the room assigned to him, where he was left alone, fasting till the evening. Then he watched all night with his governors, and made confession in the morning. He passed through another vigil alone, dressed in a cope of black russet, with a hood like a hermit. His head should have been shaven like the ecclesiastics, as a symbol of servitude to God, but very few cut off more than a lock of hair. The night before his inauguration, they put him into a bath, and, while he was in it, instructed him in all the duties of chivalry. He was then dressed in armour, and accompanied to chapel by a joyous company of knights, where he was left to his lonely "vigil of arms." That whole night, he prayed and watched in the silent church, with a single taper burning before him; and we may imagine what a feeling of solemnity must have thereby been thrown around the vows he was about to take. What hopes must have arisen in his young and ardent breast! What prayers and vows must he have proferred! What visions must have risen on his imagination! What revelations must have been disclosed to his own conscience! A dreadful test must this have often proved; for, to the timid, the superstitious, or the guilty conscience-stricken ones, no slight courage would be required, to bide alone with the dead, through the long, dark, lonely hours of the searching night that imprisoned them in its inexorable grasp. No wonder that George Eliot powerfully recals this time to the noble youth that broke the vows he once had made so solemnly; when, a second time, he would have sworn his oath, and a second time goes through a lonely watch, not in a chapel hung with ancestral trophies, but under the blue vault of heaven, common to all men; with no priest-blessed taper burning on the altar, but the lurid light of the Zincali watch-fires flinging shadows round his steps; with no echoes of departed hymns breathing up the aisles, but the low-chaunted curse of the Zincali—

> "In wild notes
> Recurrent like the moan of outshut winds,
> The adjuration they were wont to use
> To any Spaniard who would join their tribe."

How strongly must the contrast have risen on his memory, as he thought—

"But the third day, though Silva southward gazed
Till all the shadows slanted towards him, gazed
Till all the shadows died, no Juan came.
Now in his stead came loneliness, and thought
Inexorable, fastening with firm chain
What *is* to what *hath been*. Now, awful Night,
Ancestral mystery of mysteries, came down
Past all the generations of the stars,
And visited his soul, with touch more close
Than when he kept that younger, briefer watch,
Under the church's roof beside his arms,
And won his knighthood."

How the memory of *that night* must have thrilled him, as he recognises the fact that *this night* must for ever blot it out.

"Now the former life
Was present in one whole ; and that great trust
His deed had broken, turned reproach on him
From faces of all witnesses who heard
His uttered pledges ; saw him take high place,
Centring reliance ; use rich privilege,
That bound him like a victim-nourished God
To bless ; assume the cross, and take his knightly oath,
Mature, deliberate : faces human all,
And some divine as well as human."

The candidate for knighthood having thus solemnly passed the night, at the dawn of the morning the priest entered the chapel and proceeded to shrive him. They sang the Matin Hymn, celebrated the mass, and next he received communion. His governors then carried him off, and put him into a bath, and then to bed, to symbolise the purification of the soul, before it reached the Rest in Paradise. He was allowed some time to sleep ; then a company of knights went to his chamber and awaked him, each of them claiming it as a privilege to invest him with some article of dress. A white robe was put on, as an emblem of his spotless intentions, and a red upper garment, to show his resolution to shed blood for heaven and the right. They placed him on horseback to be conveyed to the church or hall where he was to be inaugurated. He was preceded by a young esquire, who carried by its point a sword in a white scabbard, with gilt spurs hanging upon the cross hilt, which he reverently presented to the king or presiding knight. The candidate knelt with

clasped hands before his Lord, answering every question put to him. Varieties of questions must have been asked in different lands, as well as varieties in the oath demanded from him. The following is the form of the Scottish chivalrie oath :—

I. I shall fortify and defend the Christian religion to the uttermost of my power.

II. I shall be loyal and true to my Sovereign Lord the King, to all orders of chivalry, and to the noble office of arms.

III. I shall fortify and defend justice according to my power, and that without favour or emnity.

IV. I shall never flee from my Sovereign Lord the King, nor from his lieutenants in time of affray or battle.

V. I shall defend my native land from all aliens or strangers.

VI. I shall defend the just action and quarrel of all ladies of honours, of all true and friendless widows, of orphans, and of maidens of good fame.

VII. I shall do diligence wheresoever I hear that there are any murderers, traitors, or masterful robbers, who oppress the King's lieges and poor people, to bring them to the law at all my power.

VIII. I shall maintain and uphold the noble state of chivalry, with horse, armour, and other knightly habiliments, and shall help and succour all those of mine own order, at my power when they have need.

IX. I shall enquire and seek to have the knowledge and understanding of all the articles and points contained in the book of Chivalry. All these promises to observe, keep, and fulfil, I oblige myself; so help me God, by my own hand, and by God Himself."

Having sworn thus before the priest, the king, and the people,—the king gave the right spur to one of the noblest lords, who knelt on one knee; and placing the foot of the candidate upon his knee, affixed the spur to the heel, then made a cross upon his knee and kissed it. Another noble lord affixed the left spur in a similar manner. He was then armed by the assembled knights and ladies. Last of all, the king buckled on his sword, and smote him on his shoulder with his right hand, dubbing the esquire knight; after which he threw his arms round him, and kissing him, said "Be ye a good knight."

It was not necessarily the king alone who could perform this office. Every approved knight could dub another of his own degree. But all preferred to receive the honour from noble and worthy men, arguing that if the knight who dubbed another were not virtuous, how could he make another so; for how could he give

what he had not himself? He always looked with filial piety on the one who had knighted him, and never could be induced to take him prisoner. Immediately after the ceremony, he went again to the chapel, where he and his brother knights renewed their vows, and the priest consecrated his sword. On his departure thence, he generally displayed his horsemanship, and distributed largesses among the meaner sort. When he returned to the place of his abode, his spurs were taken off by the master cook who received them as his fee, while he bluntly reminded him, that if ever he should act unworthily of his new knighthood, he would hack off his spurs with the large knife he used to dress meat. A great feast was prepared for the occasion, which commenced as he entered the hall, but he generally found himself too modest to eat on this day, for the first time, in such company.

LUTEA RESEDA.

Our Ragged Schools.

PART I.

TWENTY-THREE years this March have elapsed, since the Rev. Dr Robertson, minister of New Greyfriars, preached in St George's Church, Edinburgh, a sermon on "The Christian's Duty to the Poor." In this sermon, there was some account given of the parochial operations then taking place in the large and very needy parish of the Grassmarket. Notwithstanding much that had been done for the alleviation of misery, and the palliation of crime; still, in 1846, there remained more distress and profligacy in that district than many of us can even imagine. A few statistics, borrowed from the Missionary's Report for 1849, will give some idea of the state of matters then existing in the Grassmarket; and will enable us more fully to understand and appreciate the need of the exertions then made for its amelioration:—

One room, 15 feet by 13 feet, inhabited by 40 individuals, no bed.							
One	...	6	...	9	...	9	... no bed.
One	...	12	...	16	...	27	... one bed,

To this we may add that, in another room, were living from 30 to 40 women with only one gown among them. In fact, crammed together in four *lands* or stairs, were to be found 685 persons. Wretched enough all this for the grown people, but think of the children! What could we look for but crime from these offsprings of

misery? Brought up in holes, where we should shrink from placing a cat or dog, how could we expect anything that was good to be found in their young hearts? Apparently, for many centuries, the rulers of the land did expect that miracles should be worked, and that the neglected little ones should turn out respectable members of society. At least, by their laws, it seemed so; for hundreds of these outcast children, who knew not that there were such things as good and evil, were thrown into prison, for breaking the laws which they had never been taught to respect. But, in 1846, when the sermon above-mentioned was preached, wise men were beginning to find out that prevention was better than cure; and that, in many cases, where cure was impossible, prevention was still attainable. Thus it was, that, though not abandoning the old people, they turned their thoughts more especially to the rescuing and training of the young. It was the wretched fate of these little ones that so excited the compassion of the Rev. Dr Robertson, as to induce him to become the leader in Edinburgh of the Ragged School System. In his sermon, he explained to his hearers, the plan which he had formed for rescuing the poorest children of his parish from sin and misery. He purposed opening, in the Grassmarket, a Ragged School, into which the totally destitute should be received, but the rule was to be for each child to pay the sum of 2d. a-week, in all cases where such payment could be forthcoming. After giving some details of what he proposed should be the work of his school, he added these words—"There are no fewer than 250 of my young parishioners betwixt the ages of four and fourteen, who are left unprovided with the means of the humblest education, growing up in ignorance, idleness, and vice, without hope and without God in the world. Oh! if there is a case of misery on earth sufficient to melt a heart of stone, surely it is that of these unhappy children, born in a Christian land, yet born to heathenism;—living in one of the most enlightened cities of modern times, yet living in gross darkness; perishing hopelessly, as it were, at the very foot of our Saviour's cross!" This was the state of affairs in the Grassmarket in 1846. Let us now look at the same district in 1869, and see what appearance it presents. There is still sin and misery; but in what a different degree! In the Vennel, there is now a refuge for all the little outcasts of the parish—no child knocking at the door for admittance is turned harshly away. We visited this school, a few weeks ago; and, for the benefit of those who may not yet have gratified themselves by a like visit, we shall mention something of what we then saw.

Opening the first door from the entry hall, we found ourselves in a large room, devoted to the use of the infants; but the teacher only was present, having just dismissed her little pupils to their mid-day meal. This teacher is a woman, and one

apparently well fitted for her important post in the school; for her kind, cheerful countenance bespoke love for the little ones, and spirit for her work. We next entered a large, well-ventilated room, occupied by the elder children; here all was order and cheerfulness. Classes were arranged in groups, some standing to be examined in their lessons, others sitting on benches preparing sums or conning their spelling-books. One master, with an assistant female teacher, has the whole charge of this department, and certainly the method visible everywhere, and the intelligent looks and answers of the children, betrayed no need of a larger staff of teachers. We were pleased to find that, among the older children, the girls ranked as high as the boys in intelligence and learning; the more so as, in other schools for the poorer classes, some partiality seems to exist for the superior education of the boys. This second class-room opens on an airy play-ground, where, for an hour or two each day, the children amuse themselves with tops and skipping ropes, learning even in their play to avoid the rough selfishness which a life in the streets and gutters cannot but produce. Looking into the kitchen across the play-ground, we found our friends the infants seated in rows, happily engaged in emptying their large bowls of their steaming contents, and those whose appetites could stand it returning them for a second supply. As the children finished, and were passing out into the play-ground, they were each given a hunch of bread. The elder children dine half-an-hour later in a different room. In the sewing room, we examined the work of the girls; and must report most favourably on the stitching, hemming, and knitting of the pupils. As regards the girls, the school is to a certain extent an Industrial School; for they are instructed in the useful arts of scrubbing, washing, and sewing—thus at least commencing their training as domestic servants.

The good which this school has worked in the parish, is not confined to the children; for the habits of order and cleanliness which they have there acquired, are carried by them to their homes,—there working a change for the better, such as could scarcely have been looked for, and having an incalculable influence on the parents. Looking at the clean hands and faces of the children, their well-brushed hair and tidily patched clothes, we could scarcely fancy them to be from the same class to which those belonged, who, twenty-two years ago, congregated in the school. At that time a strange appearance must have been presented by the little roughs called in from the closses of the parish; they were so dirty, that the woman engaged to superintend their morning ablutions,—could scarcely screw up her courage sufficiently to continue her task. In about a year, a most encouraging change was observable; the parents began to wash their children before sending them to school in the morning,

and gradually the official washing was able to be given up, with only this proviso, that any child appearing unwashed within the bounds of the school should be sent home to perform the omitted ceremony.

The Vennel School has done, and is doing, its work so quietly and unobtrusively that many persons are unaware even of its existence; and but few recognise it as the true Original Ragged School in Edinburgh. Its founder has sought not to glorify himself in his good work, but so to labour that the naked may be clothed, the hungry fed, and that "the poor may have the Gospel preached unto them." At first, the Vennel Ragged School was intended only for the destitute children of Dr Robertson's own parish; but, gradually, it has so done its work in reducing the poverty and suffering in this parish, as to enable it to throw open its doors to strangers from other parishes, whose destitution may give them a claim on such an institution. The school opens at eight o'clock in the morning, when the children are all given a good breakfast of oatmeal porridge, then lessons, with a certain amount of play, pass the time till one o'clock, when the elder children dine, the younger ones as before mentioned having had their dinner a little earlier; after that, there is about an hour more of study, and at three o'clock the children are sent home with some lessons pointed out, in preparation for the next day.

No large class of children turn out all well in after life, and it cannot be expected that those who have for the most part spent their early years in the midst of debasing influences, should prove an exception to the rule; but a very large number of these ragged children in the Vennel school grow up to be respectable members of society. Many an honest tradesman owes his success in life to the asylum opened to him in his youth; and there are now many young men and women earning for themselves an honest livelihood, who, in all human calculation, would have trodden the downward path of misery and vice, but for the lessons of virtue taught them under the kindly roof of the Vennel Ragged School. From time to time, these men and women educated in the school, and now doing well in life, are gathered together by their friend, Dr Robertson, in some sociable way, and thus a tie of gratitude and kindly feeling is kept up between the school and its scholars, the pastor and his parishioners.

We rejoice to say, that but a short time elapsed between the opening of this the first Ragged School in Edinburgh, and two others of which we hope next month to give some description. The good which these schools have worked on the morals, manners, and health of the poorest class has been incalculable. The blessing of God has rested upon the efforts of their founders to such a degree, as must surely

overthrow all the objections first raised against them, by men who theorised on the subject in their studies, but who never penetrated the dark abodes of misery, or visited the prison cells, to judge practically what was needed for the rescuing of these children of vicious parents. They spoke of the breaking of the parental tie, of the error of taking from parents the obligation of providing for their children, of the encouragement we should give to idle and drunken people to leave to us the care of their children. All this had a certain grand sound about it, but what was being the result of this reasoning? Sin and crime were doubling at a fearful rate; each generation left to itself was propagating more vice in the world; we were fostering in the hearts of our towns a class of vicious men and women, who, separated from us in interests and understanding as much as the wild beasts of the forest, might, like them, turn upon us at any moment and destroy us. The law in vain exercised its rigour; it only hardened the ignorant in their crimes; we use the word ignorant advisedly, shrinking from calling them the wicked; for what had we done for them that they could know vice from virtue? The hardened criminal sentenced to death had once been a little child, with feelings impressionable; and a heart that might have been tempted to love the right, but Society had stood aloof, leaving him to be trained up in vice; and then, when following the trade he had been reared in, perhaps that of the thief or murderer, the law stepped in, and took the life it had never even tried to save. Could good men stand by, and see such injustice done in the name of law? No, it was impossible longer to refuse to stretch out a saving hand, and to let the love which hopeth all things try what it could do to stem the tide of vice and misery which was rising every day higher in our city, and which the law was unable to subdue.

Next month, we hope to give some account of the progress of the ragged school system, and of the rapid rise and steady work of two other large institutions of the same general description, though differing in detail, which were shortly opened as blessed asylums for the destitute, ragged little ones of our city.

Since writing most of the above remarks on "Our Ragged Schools," an article on the same subject has appeared in the "Sunday Magazine," from the pen of its able editor, who is himself one of the foremost in the good work in our city; yet we have determined still to contribute our weak words on the subject, as a small testimony of gratitude to the great scheme which has done more for the improvement of Edinburgh than any decorating on the most extensive scale could have accomplished.

(*To be continued.*) DES EAUX.

Lines Written on a Cloudy Day in England.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GABRIELE ROSSETTI.

How dark the night and drear!
Nor moon nor stars appear,
And hark! that dismal wail—
The sea moans, and the gale—
As if in council grave
Had met the wind and wave.

Hail! sky of Italy,
Fair Venus smiles in thee;
And the Idalian star
Beams o'er thy plains afar;
Thus nourished from above,
Thy very breath is love.

Alas! my heart oppress'd,
Can find in thee no rest;
While groans thy troubled land
'Neath tyranny's fell hand;
Ah! 'mid such woe how vain,
Blue sky and verdant plain

Hail! island of the brave,
Great Empress of the wave—
Tho' mist may thee enshroud,
'Tis no grief-laden cloud;
Blest thou, tho' thrice bereft
Of light—thy freedom's left.

But thro' that shadowy night,
My thoughts descry the light
Of glorious truth revealed,
From scoffer's eye concealed;
Let me that light explore—
I ask, nor wish for more.

Freedom! of Truth the nurse,
Of human weal the source;
Thro' these dull fogs thy fire
Doth heart and brain inspire.
Storm tossed, I hail thy shore,
And bless thee evermore.

ECHO.

Grumbling Peter.

(*Continued*).

A CHEERFUL fire burned brightly in the kitchen that Mrs Dumpling fondly called "*my* kitchen," with the peculiar emphasis common to all cooks who take a pride in the whiteness of their floors and dressers, and the brilliancy of their "tins." The tins on this particular evening of rain and storm reflected back, not only the dancing fire-light—but an oblong wooden table covered with a table-cloth, rivalling the floor in whiteness, plentifully spread with what is called a tea-dinner for three persons. These persons were, Mrs Dumpling, whom you now see holding her saucer in the palm of her hand; Betsy Jane, her young assistant, a fresh, fair, laughing girl, who is pressing buttered toast of her own manufacture with laughing hospitality on a

third person, who presents a strange appearance, being enveloped in Mrs Dumpling's large, old-fashioned dressing-gown, and displaying at the same time a brown, manly face, and speaking in a deep, bass voice.

Some consideration will enable the reader to recognize our young sailor friend who announced to the group of talkers at the village inn, his intention of visiting his aunt. Some time later he arrived in a half-drowned plight at his aunt's abode —this relative being none other than Mrs Dumpling. That worthy lady, foiled in her attempts to coddle her master, was descending the kitchen stairs in no good frame of mind, when she heard a loud, hearty voice in friendly conversation with Betsy Jane. With matronly and zealous vigilance Mrs Dumpling stole along the passage, confident of entrapping Betsy Jane wasting her time with the baker, the postman, or some one or other of those daily visitors, whose lingering attentions to Betsy Jane it was one of the greatest of Mrs Dumpling's pleasures to cut short.

She entered the kitchen, and had just begun—"Well! I do say Bet—" when a huge, damp figure rushed at her from behind the door, and, embracing her fondly, danced up and down the kitchen in a kind of barbaric waltz, till Betsy Jane leant against the wall, and gave herself up to hopeless shrieks of laughter, which were echoed by screams of real alarm from Mrs Dumpling. But to waltz with Mrs Dumpling was no joke, and the sailor soon stopped from sheer fatigue. Mrs Dumpling, now released, turned savagely to Betsy Jane, when her nephew rushed up again—this time taking the precaution to say—

"Why, auntie, don't you know me?"

"Jim, my dear, dear boy," cried Mrs Dumpling, laughing and crying both at once. "To be sure I do—my dear Mary's child, of course I know you."

And Mrs Dumpling and her nephew met in a hearty embrace, while Betsy Jane went out of the room on pretence of getting a clean table-cloth.

A quarter of an hour saw Jim seated at the hospitable table of his aunt, ministered to by Betsy Jane. Mrs Dumpling, much against his will, had succeeded in wrapping him up in her dressing-gown; and his own jacket now hung on a chair before the fire, sending up a wreath of steam to the very ceiling.

They were a very happy party. Jim drank ten cups of tea, and Betsy Jane had to make three more platefuls of buttered toast. Mrs Dumpling beamed all over, and said a great many sentimental things about her youth being renewed; and made some other remarks that passed very well, as nobody had time to ask what they meant.

Jim was particularly struck by the similarity of the names of his sloop and his

aunt's assistant. He recurred to it frequently in the course of the evening, and always with a roar of laughter, that was exceedingly infectious.

"To think of *you* being Betsy Jane, and *her* being Betsy Jane—I declare it's a good joke. Ha! ha! ha!" And they all laughed, till the tears ran down their cheeks.

At length these repeated peals penetrated to the ear of Peter, engrossed as he was by weighty matters of stars and planets, dew and rain, moon and tides, volcanoes, earthquakes, waterspouts, cyclones, and a hundred other things he had to manage and control.

At first he fancied it might be the wind or the rain dashing on the window, but at length a tremendous ha! ha! ha! convinced him that it was genuine human merriment he heard, and neither howling nor moaning of the tempest without. These sounds were so unusual in the quiet dwelling of our hero, that he sighed, pushed aside his papers, globes, and calculations, and finally rose. Peter walked along the passage and proceeded down stairs. Every step he took the noise became more uproarious; and, as he paused before entering the kitchen, he fully expected to find that Mrs Dumpling had invited half the village to tea. He knocked. All was silent. He entered. There was Betsy Jane demurely washing up the tea-things, looking as if she could hardly have laughed to save her life. Jim sat quietly, stroking an ancient tabby cat, and stealthily watching Betsy Jane's nimble fingers. Mrs Dumpling, who had not forgotten being turned out of the parlour—looked severely and sternly respectful, as in a voice of exaggerated meekness she enquired—

"Was you wanting anything, sir?"

Peter was aghast. He stared round. Where could they be? In the oven? In the flour barrel? In the china closet? Up the chimney?

All these questions he rapidly put to himself, but Mrs Dumpling was waiting for an answer, so he said faltering—

"Where is Jacob—I want to speak to him about something I want done to-morrow."

"Jacob is in his cottage, sir, *as usual*," replied Mrs Dumpling, with a touch of irony in her voice. "Jacob never comes into the kitchen. I must say that for Jacob, sir; he may have his faults, sir, but coming spying into the kitchen, sir, ain't one of them."

Peter felt exceedingly uncomfortable, but he only coughed and said—"Oh! indeed."

Mrs Dumpling perceived her advantage, and, like a good general, quickly

followed it up by another stroke, equally effective. She coughed slightly, put her hand on her side, and continued—

"Should you like to see Jacob, sir; I dare say a step over to his cottage would do my cough no harm, though it *is* a coarse night. Or perhaps Betsy Jane could give your message, sir, if she wrapped up very warm for fear of toothache, which she *is* rather subject to, sir."

Jim here started up. "I'll be very happy to be of any use, sir," he said respectfully.

"I beg pardon sir," continued Mrs Dumpling, with an air of ceremony, "this young man, sir, is my nephew. I should have told you so before. I hope you haven't been disturbed, sir. I once thought of sending up to tell you not to be alarmed if you did hear a little noise; 'but,' says Betsy Jane, says she, 'O, don't trouble yourself, Mrs Dumpling, for,' says she, 'master's so good-natured, you might scream yourself hoarse and he'd never think of enquiring what it was.' Many a master's particular that way, you know, sir. Why, in my last place I remember—"

Peter, who had been eyeing Jim keenly during this speech, and knowing by experience what "*in my last place I remember*" might lead to, interrupted Mrs Dumpling by saying—"You are the young man I saw at the inn, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I should like to speak with you for a short time, upstairs, if you can come up with me. I should like to hear the particulars of that strange occurrence about the tide not coming in."

"Yes sir," said Jim, preparing to follow. (I should mention that Jim had discarded his aunt's dressing-gown by this time, and was clothed in his own dry coat.)

"What about Jacob, sir?" screamed Mrs Dumpling, as Peter strode along the passage, followed by Jim.

"To-morrow will do, Mrs Dumpling," replied Peter, feeling that he had had the worst of the battle. Alone with Jim in his parlour, Peter questioned the young man closely with regard to this interesting phenomenon.

"And what do people say about it?" he asked at length.

"Well, sir, some says one thing and some another; but so many things has been going wrong lately, that they are beginning not to be surprised at anything."

"What sort of things have gone wrong?" enquired Peter.

"Why, sir," answered Jim, "such things as the leaves falling off, and no moon, when it should be full moon. But this about the tide, sir, was rather an advantage, as the poor people get great lots of sea-weed, and sell it to the farmers; and then

they are building a pier, too, next town to where the Betsy Jane is lying, and they haven't half the expense they would have with that, owing to seeing where they're going, and not having to work under water."

Peter was silent. At last Jim said, "It's a terrible night, sir. If the rain keeps on like this much longer, 'twill work some mischief."

"How long do you think it might go on without damage?" asked Peter, starting.

"From what I saw of the rivers coming along, I think they might stand another good two hours of this; after that, I'm afraid the banks might give way."

"Then, after midnight it shall stop," said Peter decidedly, "I want no more mischief done."

"Eh! sir," cried Jim, staring. Peter immediately saw his mistake. "Oh! I forgot. Never mind; it is nothing," he stammered. "Good night."

Jim took the hint and withdrew.

"That's a rum un," said he to Betsy Jane that evening, before departing for the inn, "what do you think he said to me?"

"How can I tell?" replied Betsy Jane.

"Well," said Jim, "he said we weren't to have any more rain. He said he wasn't going to have no more mischief done. Is he all right in the upper storey?"

"Who? master? of course," cried Betsy Jane indignantly, "and a very nice pleasant-spoken gentleman he is too, and I won't have you speak against him."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Jim hastily, "but, really, it is rather queer. I took a squint at some of them papers on the table, and, as sure as I stand here, on one was written, rules for the direction of the moon. Now, I am sure no man in his senses would think of directing the moon."

"Perhaps it is a man called Moon," suggested Betsy Jane, "or a beast, or a boat."

"Very likely," said Jim, "and now, I remember, there was a craft a-lying beside the Betsy Jane called the Moon, but I didn't know your master had anything to do with her."

"More people have to do with these things than you would think," replied Betsy Jane. To which intelligible sentence no answer was given, as Mrs Dumpling suddenly appeared, carrying off Betsy Jane in triumph.

Meanwhile Peter sat by his fire meditating. "Precisely at twelve that rain must cease," said he aloud. And then he went on to think of Mrs Dumpling, and he sighed as he said, "I might some day come to manage the world,

but I *never* could manage a woman." At this moment he noticed a red-hot coal which had a singular resemblance to Mrs Dumpling in her Sunday cap. Soon it changed into a castle on fire. Peter gave a great nod, and looking up, the castle was gone, and a monkey sat grinning in its place. Then the whole room seemed full of monkeys, mouthing and jabbering. Peter shook himself, and found it was the clock striking, Too tired to notice the circumstance, our hero leaned back in his chair. Some one seemed singing sweetly; some one he had heard long ago. Then it was a choir of voices, then it died away. In five minutes Peter was fast asleep, but the sound went on; not the sweet voices of choristers singing, though such it had appeared to our dozing friend, but the rush of many waters, mingled with the howling of the wind.

Outside, in the silver moonlight, the river was foaming down; the rain poured in torrents; the garden was a lake. On the water came, driven by the fierce wind —up to the house, up to the window. Voices were heard in the village, cries of distress mingling with the waters' horrible gurgling. The clock struck three, and Peter woke with a sudden start, to find the flood rushing in at the window, and in at the door.

AGNELLA.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

A Tour in North Wales.

PART II.

ON the following day, we decided to leave Carnarvon for Bangor, and a consultation on the best means of getting thither resulted in our hiring a small sailing boat, and lazily gliding along the Menai Strait, past the fertile Isle of Anglesea, until we drew near the wonderful tubular and suspension bridges, which are seen to the fullest advantage from the water. The Tubular Bridge, as everyone knows, was the invention of the celebrated Robert Stephenson, and is composed of hollow square tubes, of great breadth and height. It is supported on each side by towers, one in Carnarvonshire, the other in Anglesea, whilst the Britannia Tower rests on a rock in the middle of the Channel. Though conveying an idea of great strength, it is totally wanting in beauty, and acts as foil in this respect to its elegant neighbour, the suspension bridge, about a mile nearer Bangor, a most fairylike structure, combining solidity and grace in a truly wonderful manner. The effect when passing underneath is very fine. So delightful was the cooling breeze on the water, and the succession

of beautiful and interesting objects on our way, that it was with great reluctance we quitted our little boat on arriving at the George Hotel, Bangor, a very magnificent house of entertainment, overlooking the straits, and the Isle of Anglesea. The next day was the only rainy one we had during our tour, and we were therefore unable to make out an excursion to Penryhn Castle and slate quarries, which had been planned the evening before. There was a beautiful drawing-room for the ladies, furnished very elegantly, and a piano for their recreation ; but though condemned by the weather to seek amusement indoors, not a word was exchanged during all those long hours, each party kept to itself, and avoided the extreme impropriety of hazarding a remark to the general company. Had a foreigner entered the room, he could not but have admired the rigour with which the British female carries out her ideas of decorum, preferring inexpressible dullness to any attempt at breaking through her rules of etiquette. The next day dawned bright and clear, and gladly we steamed away for Llandudno, a fashionable watering-place, passing Beaumaris on our way. How fresh the breeze seemed on the Irish Sea, we drank in new life after the baking we had endured inland.

About four miles from Llandudno are the old town and castle of Conway, the latter having been erected by Edward I. A more beautiful ruin I never saw. It is situated on a precipitous rock, and must have presented a magnificent appearance in its palmy days. "The walls were of great thickness, and flanked by eight vast, circular embattled towers, each of which was surmounted by a slender watch-tower, singularly graceful and elegant. The two at the sides of the grand entrance were called the King's and the Queen's towers ; and in each there was a beautiful oriel window. The interior of the castle was divided into two courts. The great hall was one hundred and thirty feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty feet high, lighted by nine windows—six lancet-shaped, opening upon the creek, and three larger and pointed, looking towards the spacious court. The roof was supported by eight massive arches, four of which remain, overgrown with ivy. Beneath were extensive vaults for ammunition and provisions. Edward, accompanied by his consort Eleanor, and attended by many English nobles, spent a Christmas here, indulging in all the festivities of a luxurious court."

I must now give some account of our visit to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth.

From the west coast of Wales to the centre of Derbyshire is a pretty long journey, and involves many changes, and it seemed like a dream when we found ourselves, on the evening of the day we left Llandudno, at Buxton, a very fashionable, but extremely dull watering place, celebrated for its natural tepid baths. Our

reasons for paying this city a visit were however not sanatory, but purely to enable us to see Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, two remarkable places in the country. We hired an open carriage one fine and intensely hot morning, and drove through a succession of rich and fertile scenes to Haddon Hall, which is situated on the east bank of the river Wye, and is in the possession of the Rutland family. It is a most romantic building, and in this instance distance does *not* lend enchantment to the view, for its interest increases on a nearer approach. It is quite a relic of byegone days, as although not yet a ruin, it seems in a fair way to become so, and the gloomy old rooms give one the idea of desolation and decay. After passing under the large archway and courtyard, we entered the Chapel through a Gothic arch. Here is to be seen an old Norman font, also remains of stained glass windows, representing the Crucifixion and the twelve Apostles. There is not room for a very large congregation, but probably there was quite sufficient for those who attended. The great Hall is a very remarkable room, and is deeply interesting to the antiquary. Here the Vernons used to hold their feasts, and the long oaken table where they sat still remains in its old position. A wainscotted gallery occupies two sides of the hall, with stags' horns at intervals. At the doorway there is a terrible iron hook, to which the hands of those who found themselves unable to swallow a certain quantity of liquor, were fastened, and cold water poured down their sleeves! The dining-room is a curious apartment, and is enriched with quaint carvings, amongst which are to be found portraits of Henry VII. and his Queen; also of Will Somers, the King's jester. The entire room is wainscotted, and contains strange old furniture and portraits. The great ball-room is 110 feet long and 17 feet wide. Queen Elizabeth is said to have danced at a ball given in this room, which is covered with carved work in the shape of boars' heads and peacocks, the crests of the families of Vernon and Manners. Balls are still held here, though the dancers of the present day are of "lower degree" than in the old times.

There is a charming little romance in connection with one of the ante-rooms, to the effect that a certain fair Dorothy Vernon stole through it whilst the family were entertaining some friends, and eloped with her lover, and there is Dorothy Vernon's door, and Dorothy Vernon's walk to heighten the interest and vouch for the veracity of the story. There is abundant evidence of hospitality, but not much appearance of comfort, which indeed was a small consideration before the Elizabethan era; but no doubt noisy merriment reigned where there is now the silence of the grave, and the terraced gardens, groves of trees, lawns, and courtyards, now so deserted, once echoed with light footsteps and happy laughter.

"Haddon, within thy silent halls,
Deserted courts, and turrets high,
How mournfully in memory falls
Past scenes of antique pageantry."

From Haddon to Chatsworth, is only a distance of four or five miles, and is a very delightful drive. This "Palace of the Peak" is the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and is a truly regal residence. It was like awaking out of some dream of the past, to quit old Haddon, with all its historical associations, and find oneself in a fairy land of beauty, most emphatically belonging to the present day. Everything that is beautiful in art and nature is to be found here, and the task of describing it is hopeless. The park is more than eleven miles in circumference, and is varied by hills and valleys, forests of trees, streams, and gardens, with the magnificent house rising like the jewel in a gorgeous setting. The state apartments are gained by the grand southern entrance, and are adorned by rich allegorical paintings on the ceilings by Verrio and Sir James Thornhill. The floors are of mosaic work. In the state bedroom is the bed upon which George II. died. The suite of rooms extends for nearly 200 feet, and they are filled with exquisite articles of vertù, amongst which the malachite clock and vases presented by the Emperor Nicholas to the Duke, are very noticeable. The galleries contain an unequalled collection of paintings by Titian, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Raphael, Claud Lorraine, Correggio, and others. A rich feast of art is to be found in the sculpture gallery, which contains exquisite groups by Canova, Bartolini, Thorwaldsen, Rinaldi, and others. On one side is a sleeping Endymion, on another a wounded Achilles, here, a graceful Venus, there a Cupid or a Hebe. The walls of this gallery are of polished gritstone, and light is admitted at the top. The Orangery alone is 108 feet in length, and is always gay either with blossoms or fruit.

Nothing can be more charming than the gardens, which cover an immense extent of ground. The fountains are the great attraction at ordinary times, but unfortunately when we were there, it was an extraordinary time, as the long continued drought had caused such a scarcity of water, that it would have been a wicked waste of the precious fluid, to expend it for our gratification. The grand conservatory, by the late Sir Joseph Paxton, is 277 feet by 123 feet. The roof required 70,000 square feet of glass to complete it. Everything that is beautiful and rare in the way of plants and shrubs is gathered together here; palms, plantains, and bananas flourish luxuriantly, and suggest a very different climate from ours. There is a carriage drive right through the centre.

There are various objects of interest in the grounds, such as cascades, huge rocking-stones, and a singular model of a tree, called the "Weeping Willow," which sheds copious streams of water through the thin tubes which so successfully represent branches. The unlucky individual who is near this piece of deception fares badly when the water-works are suddenly turned on, as I was a witness to, though not a sufferer from the trick. Edensor village adjoins the park, about half-a-mile from Chatsworth House. The church is being rebuilt, whilst care is being taken to preserve the old monuments. In the open churchyard lie the remains of the late Duke of Devonshire, the builder of the greater part of the "Palace of the Peak," and, I think I cannot do better than conclude this paper by quoting a verse from the poem by Holland, on this celebrated man:—

"Concordant with his humble wish—
In this grave's narrow room,
Lies an illustrious Cavendish,
Beneath a nameless tomb."

ALMA.

Our Own Place.

THE verdure bright that clothes the fields
Is not one mass of brilliant green;
Each little blade, not singly seen,
Its quota to the landscape yields.

The sunbeam, that with joyful ray
Gilds the glad earth with glorious light,
Is not one ray of perfect white—
Seven blended hues their tints display.

The broad sea-beach, on which the tide,
With giant gambols woos the land,
Holds myriad tiny grains of sand—
Each helps to form that expanse wide.

Thus, each small particle its place,
By God appointed, silent takes;
And of the whole great earth, each makes
One perfect part of strength and grace.

So, our own place, however low,
No one so well as we could fill;
Our work, by God's wise ordering will,
Fits us more surely than we know.

Of trifles, life is ever made,
As is the field of blades of grass;
When o'er this world God's breath doth pass,
We sway in waves of light and shade.

Let us, then, each his own place take,
In still obedience and content;
Knowing that we to earth are sent,
A record of our lives to make

That shall withstand the searching light
Of that great day, when he shall read
To heaven and earth, each humble deed
Of good, once done through His great might.

MAS ALTA.

My Sister Minnie.

Part II.

Next week was a time of consultation as to the how, when, and where of Minnie's marriage; and, after mature deliberation, it was agreed that the time should be November, the place Edinburgh, and that Minnie should remain with us at Barden till October, as Papa and Mamma were this year to accomplish a long-talked-of trip to the Continent, and would be absent from Edinburgh the whole of August and September. Meantime Minnie (Mamma wrote) was to be by me "initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping," and for ten days I kept her hard at work; but, during housekeeping hours, Minnie was liable to fits of absence of mind, most detrimental to the accuracy of my account-books and the neatness of my store-room; she entirely ruined a "boiling" of raspberry jam, by leaving it to take care of itself, while she was out walking with Mr Wyvill; and when, at last, this amateur housekeeping began to have a visible and painful effect upon our dinner-table, I felt that, in justice to Jack, it could go on no longer, and I resumed the keys of office. Poor Minnie! she was deeply penitent for all her errors, though; and if the Hall had only been six miles off, instead of five hundred yards, I daresay I might have made something of her after all; but Harry Wyvill's presence was utterly incompatible with housekeeping, and Harry was a circumstance over which I had no control.

The country began to be gay about the beginning of August; the houses were filled with visitors; and pic-nics, and croquet, and archery parties abounded. Mrs Wyvill arrived at the Hall on her annual visit to her son (she was nervous and fanciful about her health, and generally resided in Cheltenham, in the neighbourhood of a favourite physician); and we had our share of visitors too, for my brother Davie, who had just passed M.D., came to us for rest from his labours as soon as the ceremony of "capping" was over; and Dr Irwin, a friend of Jack's, joined us on the fourth or fifth of August. Mrs Wyvill took a violent fancy to Minnie (oh! how could I use the word "violent" when talking of Mrs Wyvill, the most languid, placid, and inert of created beings?) Minnie's soft voice, gentle manner, and amiability of disposition, exactly suited Mrs Wyvill, who soon treated her in all respects like a daughter. She introduced Minnie to all her country friends and neighbours, who about this time, as I have said, began to appear in the country; so that Minnie,

and in consequence Davie and Dr Irwin, came in for a large share of the rural gaity, in which I sometimes took a part; but Jack's professional duties, of course, prevented him from joining us, and I myself could seldom find time for any lengthy excursions. Minnie was thus generally confided to the chaperonage of Mrs Wyvill; while on the days unoccupied by any pleasure-party, Harry seized the opportunity to instruct her in riding; and, altogether, I felt very clearly that Minnie no longer belonged to me: but she was as happy as the days were long, and Harry's evident pride in her, and affection for her, *almost* reconciled me to the change in my sister's position with regard to me.

It was about the middle of August, the 17th or 18th, I think—that we were all invited to a large dinner-party at the Hall. I remember the evening so well! oppressively hot and sultry as the weather had been for some time, it had that day been fierce and fervent beyond anything we had before experienced; and though the intense glare of heat had of course considerably abated by the time we were walking up to the Hall, it was still sufficiently oppressive to spread over the party an air of very unusual langour, speedily dissipated, however, on our arrival in the large, cool, fresh drawing-room at the Hall, which was soon ringing with laughter and talking. I had not much time upstairs to notice the component parts of the company; but I had scarcely taken my place at the dinner-table, when my attention was riveted by the face of a young lady opposite me, whose very remarkable beauty held my eyes captive from the moment I first looked at her. She was (my next neighbour informed me) a Miss Caroline Tyrrel; and certainly, never before or since have I seen so faultless a face, or so magnificent a figure and bearing. I never could describe a face, and explain the style and shape of the features, as you would the cut and texture of a dress;—and I shall not begin with Miss Tyrrel,—so just take it for granted that she was "beautiful exceedingly," and you will know all that I can tell you. Davie had the honour of conducting Miss Tyrrel down stairs, and for the first time in his life, he appeared to have lost his self-possession and his powers of conversation; but he speedily recovered both, and seemed quite at his ease, though I was glad to find that it was still *possible* to put Davie out of countenance, even for five minutes.

In the evening we had music and singing; and, wonderful as was Miss Tyrrel's beauty, her voice was still more wonderful. That glorious voice!—but it is as indescribable as her face. I never heard a voice that gave such expression to every line, to every word she sang. The deepest pathos—the wildest joy—the fiercest anger—the most melting tenderness—she gave them all by turns, and all with equal

fervour and effect. And it seemed to me that even *her* beauty increased as she sang, and her face glowed as if inspired. But I am growing sentimental, and I am sure Jack would call these last few lines "bosh," though I saw Jack himself that evening,—unmusical, unpoetical, unimpressionable Jack—very suspiciously red about the eyes at the end of one of Miss Tyrrel's songs. Towards the end of the evening, I had gone out on the balcony with Dr Irwin, to show him the "lie" of a stream which he and Davie intended to fish next day; but the moonlight fell unfavourably, and the part of the landscape we wished to see was shrouded in darkness. Harry Wyvill came out to us, the bearer of Mrs Wyvill's entreaties that I would "come in from the night air;" so we turned to re-enter the drawing-room. But just opposite the window, at the far end of the drawing-room, was a "tableau vivant" so beautifully grouped, that we all three paused to look at it before we entered. Miss Tyrell was kneeling on a low ottoman, looking up with a smile at my sister Minnie, who was adjusting some flowers that had slipped from their proper position in Miss Tyrrel's hair; and the two figures, for grouping and colouring, would have delighted the eye of an artist; but alas! alas! my eye was that of a sister—and the picture was spoiled for me. Caroline Tyrrel, with her majestic figure, her grand, calm face, her lustrous eyes, and (pardon the feminine observation!) her magnificent dress, looked, in spite of her kneeling posture, "every inch a queen;" while my little Minnie, small and slight as a fairy, with laughing blue eyes, a flexible, ever-changing face, a plain white dress, and a blue ribbon snooded among her brown curls, looked like the handmaid to the princess, honoured by rendering her a service—happy in wreathing flowers in Miss Tyrrel's hair! I looked up at Mr Wyvill, and by the expression of mingled wonder, curiosity, and disappointment on his face, I saw that his thoughts were something like mine, and, mortified beyond expression, I dashed into the room, caught hold of Jack, and begged him to come home—thus breaking up the tableau, and partially relieving my feelings.

Harry walked home with us, and everything seemed just as usual; but I could not forget that look,—and when I fell asleep, I dreamt that Miss Tyrrel was Bloody Mary, and had ordered Minnie to be executed for plaiting her hair too tight.

Next day began a period of terrible anxiety and grief for us all at Barden; a fever broke out in the village. When Jack came home that night, he told me there were two cases of fever in Barden, and next morning one of the grooms at the Hall, and the lodge-keeper's little boy were taken ill. This terrified Mrs Wyvill nearly out of her senses, and she left that very day for Cheltenham. Misfortunes never come single, and two days after the first case of fever in Barden, Dr Carleton of

Sutton, the only medical man (besides Jack) for miles round, broke his leg, and the entire medical work of the district devolved upon Jack, for a time. It was well for him that Davie and Dr Irwin were with us at that juncture; for the ravages of the fever in Barden were terrible, and it spread to Sutton and several of the other villages round about. Jack worked literally night and day, sleeping and eating anyhow and anywhere, and the other two were most efficient assistants. I helped where I could with the nursing, for I had never any fear of infection, and many of the women were terribly careless of the doctor's instructions about food, medicine, and above all, air. There was a family of orphans in our village, who lived with an old decrepit grandmother; three of these children took the fever, and as the old grandmother was quite unfit for night-nursing, Davie and I sat up with them night about, and two of them came through, I am glad to say. But of course all this labour and anxiety kept my eyes and my thoughts away from Minnie; we did not allow her to take any part in the visiting or nursing, and except at our hurried meals, I scarcely saw her. She was much with the Rector's girls, and I supposed with Mr Wyvill, until she told me one day he had been for a week at Hartley Manor, but was to be back in a day or two. Still my mind was quite easy, till one morning at breakfast, after I had returned from nursing the little Carters, Dr Irwin said, laughing, "Mrs Somers, you are a wonderful woman! After sitting up till nearly five o'clock, you are as fresh as paint at eight again! Any one would think Miss Cunningham was the nurse, and not you."

I looked at Minnie, and was perfectly shocked at her pale cheeks and heavy eyes; but she vehemently disclaimed all indisposition, and I did not think of mental maladies. But, when I left the dining-room, Davie ran after me. "Jeanie," said he, "Wyvill's still at Hartley Manor." "I know," said I, "but he's to be back to-morrow or next day." Davie whistled incredulously. "We'll see! but, Jeanie, Miss Tyrrel's there too; I met her riding with Wyvill yesterday." My heart was in my mouth, but of course I tried to talk Davie down. "I knew Miss Tyrrel intended to pay a visit to Hartley Manor, and it is very natural that she should ride with Harry Wyvill. I don't know what you mean by telling me all this, Davie." (But I *did* know—I knew quite well, and felt very miserable in consequence). "Oh, very well," said Davie, "then, of course, it doesn't matter; it is all right, I suppose. Only that's what ails Minnie, if you wish to know," and off he went. My first move, of course, was to rush for advice and consolation to Jack, but Jack had already started on his rounds. I searched the house and the garden, but he was not to be found, and I entered the drawing-room in no enviable state of

spirits or temper. Minnie sat at her work, and Dr Irwin was busy at the writing-table. I took up my work, and we sat almost in silence till Dr Irwin had finished his letter; then, just as he was folding it, he remarked, "What a very beautiful girl Miss Tyrrel is!" (I knew what was coming, and hadn't presence of mind to say a single word.) "I saw her yesterday," continued Dr Irwin, in a slow, deliberate tone, "when I was coming down Hartley-Lane with your brother, Mrs Somers." (Minnie turned round sharply. The mischief was done, there was no use stopping him now.) "She was on horseback," the doctor went on, more deliberately than ever, "and really, Mrs Somers, she looked most beautiful! An excellent horse-woman she appears to be, too. She was riding with Mr Wyvill." Before I could say a word, Minnie had thrown all her work upon the table, and stepped through the open window into the garden. O, Dr Irwin, Dr Irwin! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done! but I fear if I had apostrophised the doctor at that moment, my language would have been less philosophical and more energetic than Sir Isaac Newton's. However, I restrained myself, and Dr Irwin shortly afterwards departed for Sutton in the gig. In the course of the day I asked Minnie, as carelessly as I could, when she expected Harry home? "I don't know," answered Minnie, wearily. "When did you hear from him, dear?" said I. "Not for a week and two days," and Minnie sighed. I tried to laugh. "You little goose! a week and two days! how you would have laughed at such a speech from any one else three months ago! I've no doubt he'll come to-morrow." But my spirits were very low, notwithstanding; and the whole day I scarcely saw Jack, for the fever was spreading among all the adjacent hamlets; Dr Irwin reported several new cases of it in Sutton, and all thought of private grief was set aside by the general sorrow.

DIDO.

(*To be continued.*)

Our Ragged Schools.

Part II.

About a year after the opening of the Vennel Ragged School, described in our last paper, a zealous champion in the cause came to the front rank in the person of the Reverend Dr Guthrie. Bringing the energy of his character and the eloquence of his pen to bear on the subject, he soon gained the sympathy of the public, and its ready co-operation with the work which he proposed to undertake. Having under his own charge a wide, and, in many parts, wretched parish, Dr Guthrie had frequent opportunities of observing the misery and want caused oftentimes by the ignorance and vice which were sapping the vitality of our city, and undermining its industry and prosperity. Nor did he rest satisfied with studying the condition of his own parish; but, by frequent wanderings through other of the lowest localities of the city and by visits to the gaol and the police office, sometimes by midnight, he saw enough of the sorrows of the young to induce him to become a leader in the war waged by good against evil, and a party to the truce then forming between justice and mercy.

In 1847, Dr Guthrie opened his school in Ramsay Lane, under the name of "The Original Ragged School." The system pursued in this admirable institution is, in its leading features, similar to that followed in the Vennel School, but in many details they differ. Whereas the Vennel School has kept more to the original plan sketched out for Ragged Schools, namely, the gathering in daily of destitute children for education and food, the Original Ragged School has superinduced on this first more simple plan many improvements. The Vennel settled what was the work required for it to do, and is doing it most efficiently. The Original Ragged School has taken to itself a wider range of work, and is fulfilling equally well the duties thereby entailed. The word "Industrial" might be more fittingly applied to Dr Guthrie's School than Ragged; as within its precincts no rags are to be seen, and the children are so instructed in industrial pursuits, as to fit them for being apprenticed to trades on their leaving the school; but the special adoption of this designation was left to another excellent institution, of which we shall hereafter speak.

The school in Ramsay Lane deserves commendation as regards the manner in which its rooms are laid out. The kitchen is well-sized, and fitted up with all conveniences for the cooking required for the hungry inmates of the school; and is pre-

sided over by a cook, whose countenance indicates good humour, and whose soup seems excellent. She not only cooks breakfast, dinner, and supper for the scholars, but also a capital dinner for the apprentices, who, though having left the institution, are, for a small sum, provided with dinner during their apprenticeship: thus keeping the eye of the school upon them during their first years of self-dependence. The laundry arrangements also are admirable, and we are pleased to find that learning to wash and do up clothes forms one of the most popular occupations of the girls. The sewing-room is light and well ventilated, containing among other conveniences a sewing-machine, so that the girls may be instructed in the many mysteries of dress-making, in a manner that enables them to fill useful situations at the expiry of their school course.

So far we have only spoken of the industrial training of the girls, but that of the boys is equally thorough. In a large, cheerful room, box-making is taught in a most masterly style. All the suitable machinery for the work is to be found there, with an experienced box-maker for the teacher. As may be expected, this trade is popular with the boys, and not only is it profitable in the way of training them in a useful art, but it is of real substantial profit to the school, as the finished style of the boxes there manufactured brings many orders from the best shops in our city. Opening off this room, is a smaller one, dedicated to the use of the tailors. This we could have wished a little larger, but apparently there are not so many young tailors in the school as box-makers. Off this, again, is another small apartment for the use of the shoemakers; so that every facility for learning these three trades is afforded to the boys, who, but for this or some similar institution, would have inundated our streets with mendicants, and filled our gaols with criminals.

Several large rooms are furnished as dormitories, as in many cases the children must be housed all night, or turned out on the cold streets to seek refuge on some stair, or in the police office, as was their custom before such hospitable asylums as our Ragged Schools were open to receive them. The bathing arrangements are admirable,—there being several baths of the plunge description, besides the shower-bath, in which children of all ranks so much delight.

The teaching given to the children is such as enables them to fill most respectable situations on leaving the school; and we have the testimony of Dr Guthrie that many who have crossed the ocean in quest of work, and who have there found it, are able to keep up an intelligent correspondence with friends at home—being much cheered in their far-away dwellings by the comfort and counsel constantly sent them by those interested in their welfare during their school days.

All honour is due to this noble institution, which has worked such peace in our most wretched districts, and to its founder, who has strenuously and successfully exerted himself in the good cause. But it is now time to give some account of the third institution of this kind in our city, and of the reasons which led to its existence.

Dr Guthrie published, in 1847, his first "Plea for Ragged Schools," a pamphlet setting forth in the most Christian spirit, the wants of our wretched little brethren in the Old Town, the "little Arabs" of our streets, as he touchingly termed them, and calling upon all denominations and sects to stretch out a saving arm, and join in the work of rescuing the children of the lowest class, by means of Ragged Schools. As at the blast of a trumpet, the citizens of Edinburgh rose, and flocked to the standard now raised in the name of universal charity. Unfortunately it was but a short time before this work, the basis of which appeared at first sight broad enough to include men of all religious views, added another of the many proofs of how hard a task it is to join all sects in any one work. When it came to electing those who should be on the Committee of management, and who should regulate the religious instruction to be imparted to the children, it was found impossible to satisfy all parties. It appeared that Dr Guthrie, in his call to all denominations in our city to join in the work, had not included the large body of Roman Catholics residing amongst us. At least, this class was virtually excluded by the arrangements made for the religious teaching, which were, that this instruction should be entirely free from all Protestant denominational spirit; but the Bible as read by the children, and explained by a Protestant teacher, should form part of the daily exercise of all the children. This being the case, it was not to be expected that Roman Catholics would join the work, knowing, as they did, that a large proportion of the poorest population was at least nominally of their religion. We say nominally, for Dr Guthrie was right in asserting that many of them were practically heathens; yet others were not so, and though sunk in poverty, and oftentimes neglectful of their religion, still the faith that their parents had bequeathed them was, in their belief, the true road to heaven. Nor was it only the Roman Catholic community who objected to the plan laid down for the guidance of the new institution, for many staunch Protestants could not reconcile the system to their consciences. When this division first arose between those who would not tolerate any Roman Catholic teaching, and those who were desirous of respecting the religious opinions of all, many attempts were made to conciliate the parties, and compromise the matter. But the attempt proved abortive. Men may, and do frequently, relinquish their wishes to each other, and give in to the majority in matters of mere opinion; but no man can be asked to go against his conscience: therefore,

painful as it was to split into parties in this good work, a division was unavoidable; so Dr Guthrie, with his followers, worked according to their plan, and the opposing party went its way, and did its work bravely according to its views of Christian charity.

This work was the founding of "The United Industrial School."

This school was opened within a year of the Original Ragged School, and is situated in South Gray's Close, in the midst of the poverty it seeks to overcome, and the ignorance it strives to remove; but, though thus situated, the air is rendered tolerably fresh, by means of a large play-ground between the school proper and its dormitories. A detailed account of the working and internal arrangements of this institution is unnecessary here, as in its industrial and secular departments, it resembles the plan followed in the school just described. But what endows this, the third Ragged School in our city, with a special interest, is the example it affords of a work carried out in an entirely impartial spirit; for, within its walls, sectarianism is unknown. The system of religious teaching is simply this. At nine o'clock in the morning, after the children have had a good breakfast, those of the Roman Catholic persuasion are collected in one large room, where, under the guidance of a Roman Catholic teacher, they read and hear explanations of the Douay Version of the Bible, besides such other instruction as their church may appoint. At the same hour, in another large class-room, the Protestant children are gathered together, and instructed in a like manner by a Protestant teacher. At ten o'clock, the children meet together for general instruction, not to be parted again at lessons, play, or meals. It is pleasant to learn that no bitterness of spirit is ever engendered by this plan, either in the breasts of the children or the teachers; and that the gentlemen of the Committee, selected impartially from the Protestant and Roman Catholic communities, meet together harmoniously month after month, to look after the interests of the school.

The trades here taught are those of carpenter, brushmaker, tailor, and shoemaker. The carpenter's or joiner's work-room is fitted up with the proper machinery for giving thorough instruction in the trade, all worked by means of a small engine. The brushmaking is also well carried out, and able to be made of some profit to the funds of the school.

As regards the funds of this admirable institution, we are surprised and vexed to find them so far behind those at the command of The Original Ragged School. We are willing to believe that the eloquence and popularity of the Rev. Dr Guthrie may, in part, account for this difference; but we fear there is also an unconquerable dislike in the hearts of our fellow-citizens to contribute to the maintenance of Roman

Catholic children, however great may be their need and sore their distress. It is strange that this institution, which seems, by its comprehensive charity, to be one to which all denominations ought gladly to contribute, should be supported by the beneficence of a few. Indeed, if it were not for the merciful Dunlop Act, which sends many a little prisoner to the United Industrial School, as to a reformatory, there would be difficulty in keeping this refuge for the destitute of all denominations open. Another reason for the deficiency of the funds, may perhaps be found in the strange ignorance which exists in the public mind regarding the difference between these schools. The general public does not trouble itself to visit them, and so judge for itself which it should support, or whether indeed all the three Ragged and Industrial Schools in our city, may not have crying claims on its liberality.

Whilst advocating liberality in the management of our Ragged Schools, we must not lose sight of the need of charitable feeling between all the institutions of the kind; which, though working in different paths, are nevertheless aiming at the same goal—the rescuing of children from misery, vice, and it may be death. All we ask of our readers is to spend a few hours in visiting the three institutions of which we have endeavoured to give a slight sketch, and to judge for themselves, to which, if not to all, they will lend their aid; knowing that to whichever they give, they give to a righteous cause.

DES EAUX.

Translation from Heine.

LORD Ulrich rides through the good green-wood,
The leaves are rustling low,—
He sees a lovely maiden's face
Through the tender branches glow.

The youth he says—"Full well I know
This blooming, glowing face,
That weaves its spell about me still,
In the crowd and the lonely place.

"Twin roses are the tempting lips—
So lovely, fresh, and rare;
Yet many bitter, cruel words,
Slipped through them unaware.

"Therefore, these sweetest lips of thine,
Stained with thy falsehood's sin,
Are like a rose-bush, rich with scent—
Where snakes creep out and in.

"And that deep dimple, dinting soft
The cheek so wondrous smooth;
That is the grave where my longings wild,
Have driven me in my youth.

"I see a tress of golden hair
Stream from the fair young head;
That is the mesh in which my soul
Was tangled and misled.

"And that blue eye, so still and calm,
Clear as a crystal well:
I thought it was the gate of Heaven,
And it proved the gate of Hell."

"Oh, might I dry thy wet sad eyes
With the glow of my sorrow's smart,
Oh, might I redden thy pale pale cheeks
With the best blood from my heart."

Further he rides through the good green-wood,
The leaves are shivering still,
And he sees another face, as white
And sad as a wintry hill.

And onward rides Lord Ulrich still,
Through the gloom of the forest ground,—
And the evening wind it whispers low,
And strange voices rise around.

The youth he sighs—"Ah, mother mine,
Who loved me best of all,
Whose life, with evil words and deeds,
I troubled, and filled with gall.

He hears the sound of his own sad words,
Echo around his way;
That is the merry woodland birds,
That sing from branch and spray.

Lord Ulrich sings a sweet old song—
A song of remorse and pain;
And when he has sung it unto the end,
He must sing it over again.

O. M.

Mediæval Chivalry.

Chapter III.—The Knight's Armour.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."—*Sir Galahad.*

We see how much was demanded from a knight in the way of training, and all the virtues, without which strength or any other personal advantage was thought to profit little or nothing. The elevating effect of this opinion on personal character can hardly be rated too highly.

But while we turn our attention to chivalry, we must not forget to take some notice of the armour, offensive and defensive, that belonged peculiarly to knighthood. The "thrillant spear" of Spenser has been often sung in song. The staff of the lance was generally made of fine flexible ash-wood, and its head of the iron of Poitou. From this union of material arose the frequent accident, told in many a

ballad, of the lance-head breaking in the wound. It was impossible to permit this to remain, and yet, upon the removal of its large head, so great a flow of blood took place, that the life of the wounded frequently ebbed away. So we need not wonder at the anxiety of young Lavaine, when, serving as esquire to Sir Lancelot at the Diamond Tournament, he was asked to perform this office for his wounded friend; nor at the long illness that ensued, when, hovering between life and death, Sir Lancelot was carefully tended by the sweet Elaine.

The lance was made very long, and required great skill to wield it well. At the top of the wooden part was an ensign of silk, linen, or stuff, which bore a cross or a piece of heraldry, so that, when fixed in the ground before a tent, it served to designate its owner. This ensign was originally called a "gonfanon," latterly a "pennon," and might be made of various sizes, and with either one or two indentations.

"The dagger of merey" was the long, thin, sharp blade, which could enter between the plates of armour, and was the only means of destroying a full-armed knight. But this was seldom used, except in cases of deadly hatred; because chivalry obliged the victor to spare the vanquished, should he "yield, rescue or no rescue."

The martel or maule was only occasionally used by knights, and that in early times. Charles Martel won his name from this weapon. A giant is always fabled to be swaying it; and ecclesiastics, if they ever went into action, wielded it, as the next best weapon to the sword, which the Church forbade them to use.

The bow was an honoured weapon; but, being unsuited to close combat, and not advantageous to horsemen, it fell to the use of a class of men, still honourable, but lower far than knights,—bowmen or archers.

But every worthy knight felt a most truly chivalrous attachment to his sword. There was a sense of personality in this, as if the sword were a part of himself; a sense of dependence,—as he felt that without it he could do nothing worthy the name of knight; a sense of pride,—as it bore witness to his knightly deeds and personal bravery. With all this, there was also mingled an element of devotion—the cross-hilt was used as a crucifix, the name "Jesus" being engraved upon it; and it was thought to give a spiritual, as well as an earthly and practical protection. It was often handsomely jewelled, and the knight's seal cut on the head. When King Arthur's sword was last waved in the pale moonlight,

> "All the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
> Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work
> Of subtlest jewellery."

Swords were generally named; and who has not heard of Orlando's "Durin-

dara;" of Charlemagne's "Fusberta Joyosa," and above all, of King Arthur's famous Escalibert, Caliburn, or Excalibur? We have a beautiful romaunt about this sword in the Morte d'Arthur. The king had fought his last battle with it, and was wounded, and Sir Bedivere had borne him away to the little chapel across the fields, beside the broken cross. His last thoughts connect themselves with his sword, and he tells Sir Bedivere how it had been given him from a hand waved in the middle of the lake, the mystic gift of Faery; and that he had taken it, and worn it like a king, well knowing that wherever he should be sung or told, there also would be named Excalibur.

"Thou, therefore, take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride. . . Take Excalibur
And fling him far into the middle mere."

It was the greatest hope of orphaned youth to win his father's sword, and wear it worthy of him. To use his sword in an unknightly deed, or to deliver it up to an enemy—were things a knight would rather die than do. Great strength of arm was necessary for feats like that of Geraint, who, faint and seemingly dying, hewed off Earl Doorm's head at a single blow, or

"Swung from his brand a windy buffet out
Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunned the twain
Or killed them."

The names of sword-makers even often became famous. Spain was the chief seat of the manufacture. Saragossa was at one time as famous as Toledo. The blades were sometimes plunged red-hot into the river Salo, near Bilbiles, in Celtisria, as it was believed that its waters had an extraordinary effect upon its edge.

The shield was also held in great esteem, and it was considered very disgraceful in a knight "to lose the badge that should his deeds display." It generally bore some insignia, heraldry, or motto, as the bearings of its owner. Besides these were the nobler dints that told of tough-fought fields. So when Lancelot journeyed forth to tilt unknown, he borrowed one quite plain, of plain Sir Torre, and left his own in keeping of Elaine. Tennyson paints a touching picture of Elaine, guarding the sacred shield of Lancelot; and working for it an embroidered case, in patterns like its own,—

"And made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
Conjecturing when and where; this cut is fresh,—
That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle;
That at Caerleon; this at Camelot;
And ah God's mercy what a stroke was there!"

The shield was originally made triangular, wide at the top, and tapering at the foot, like a kite; and so fitted as to be able to support a wounded knight when he was borne from the field.

The first direct protection for the body was a Cuirasse—from "cuir, leather;" on which flat rings of steel were sewed, with an outer row of larger rings, "macula" or "maglia." This was in use about the time of the Norman Conquest, and gave place to scale-mail, the "Lorica Squammata" of the Romans, where small iron plates overlapped each other, sewed on a wadded leather garment called a gambeson. If this suit was a simple tunic, it was called a hauberk. The lower members were defended by chausses, which, when joined to the hauberk, made it a haubergeon. The sleeves of the jacket were carried down over the fingers, and a continuation of the chausses protected the foot, where foppery first began; for it soon became fashionable to have the mail several inches in length inclining downwards beyond the toes. But this did not last long; because, when fighting with knights of other countries or of other faith, like the Moors, who did not follow this fashion, they suffered dearly for it. It was the undivided aim of a Moorish Knight to unhorse a Christian, who could not fight on foot. The back and crown of the head were protected by a hood of mail, sometimes joined to the rest of the dress, and covering the chin and mouth. The chain mail was borrowed from the Saracens, who still wear it in Asia. The Crusaders brought it to England in the reign of Henry III. It is formed by interlaced rings of mail, each ring having the others inserted in it, so that they form a garment of themselves. They were generally arranged in double rows, and proved a flexible protection, neither cumbersome nor heavy. It allowed the knight the free use of his muscles to attack or defend himself; it saved him from ordinary thrusts of sword or lance; but it proved no protection against the formidable maule.

The effigy of Edward I. in the Tower, is dressed in a hauberk, with sleeves and chausses of chain mail, and a hood with camail (the piece of mail hanging down over the shoulders.) His spurs are of the ancient kind, called prick-spurs. The kite-shaped shield of the Normans had been superseded at this time by the square-topped. Suits of mixed chain and plate-armour were introduced in the reign of Edward II. Plates of solid steel were fixed upon the breast, and other parts soon seemed to become necessary. In the reign of Henry V., the Hero of Agincourt, complete armour of plate came into use. The different parts received their titles from their position, the Pectoral, on the breast; the cuisses for the thighs; brassents for the arms; aillettes for the shoulders; the gorget for the throat; and a scaly gauntlet gloved the hand. At one time, the weight of the armour was made so great, that

knights sometimes fainted under the burden; and, when unhorsed, could not rise. Yet, to prevent surprise in time of war, it was necessary to wear it almost constantly, as it was not always fitted to be quickly clasped. Indeed, before an expected attack—

> "From the tents
> The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
> With busy hammers closing rivets up,
> Gave dreadful note of preparation."

So there must have been great fatigue incurred before a battle, by the outstretched limbs supporting such a weight; and the loss of sleep, consequent on such an exertion. Active warfare must, therefore, have been as much a trial of strength as of skill in these days. Without remembering all this, we can hardly do justice to the feats of prowess described in such books as "The Faery Queen;" and our wonder that ever women should be able, like Britomart, to endure it all, and win success, is increased tenfold.

The surcoat, cyclas, or tabard, which covered all the armour, was arranged according to the wearer's taste, and was the article of dress in which magnificence might be displayed. It was at first sufficient to distinguish a knight, saying that he wore a coat of "Or," "Argent," "Gules," "Sinople," "Sablegris," or "Ermine." But, as these became more numerous, they were cut into various shapes and adorned with devices and cognizances, which were the original of the armorial bearings of the oldest families. One knight could not give another a more deadly offence, than to wear his coat of arms without permission. Hence, knights, when they were desirous of again signalising their prowess, unaided by the momentum of a "dreaded name," entered the lists without their coats of arms, and fought unknown.

The knight's helmet was made at first conical, then cylindrical, and afterwards again conical. A broad piece of iron was made to connect the frontlet of the helm with the mail over the mouth. This was imperfect as a protection, and inconvenient to the wearer; because, if vanquished, he could be held down to the ground by it. So, cheek-pieces or bars were added; also, oreillets or ear-protections, till it appeared as the complete aventaile or iron-mask, which was joined to the helmet, leaving apertures only for the eyes and mouth. It was at first immovable, but ingenuity invented means to raise and let it fall, and it became a visor. Then plates were brought upwards from the chin to meet the upper part, which could be opened. This was called the "bever," from "*bevere*, to drink." The helmet, also, soon began to be adorned with the knight's crest, and became an emblem of his rank. It was

generally borne on the saddle of his squire or page,—the knight wearing, except in time of war, an open easque, morion, basnet, or basin.

As the spirit died, the splendour of chivalry increased, and sometimes knights who might only have been taken prisoner, were slain for the sake of their spoil. The Milanese armour was considered the best, and was often richly ornamented with gold. Many varieties of armour have been worn; indeed, each age seemed to have its own peculiar fashion of protection, doubtless dependent on the fashion of assault. In the Tower, we see fine examples of these: Richard III. is there attired in a suit of ribbed armour, with a salade helmet, furnished with oreillets; Henry VII. in fluted armour, with a burgonet helmet; Henry VIII. in armour damasquined (inlaid by gold wrought at Damascus); Edward VI. in a suit of russet armour.

The knight valued and loved his horse; and it was essential to his own safety; so it soon was also protected in the most vulnerable parts. Edward IV., equipped for the tournament, has a fine war-saddle, while a spiked chaufron defends his horse's head. The destrier, "cheval de lance," was armed or barded like the knight. Henry VII.'s horse was the first that wore a complete suit of horse armour.

The bridle was made very splendid, and covered with ornaments,—hence called Brigliadon or "bearing bells." The good steeds of Spain were prized above all at one time; but after the Crusades, when the merit of the Arabian horses was discovered, they were largely imported. Nothing contributed more to a knight's pride, pleasure, and safety, than a noble horse; and many a tale is told of the affection that subsisted between them. This concluded the personal appurtenances of the full-armed knight; and it remained only to him to keep his armour bright, and use it well. Emblematically the sword signified to him the cross, its double edge chivalry and justice; the spear stood for truth; its iron head, the strength of truth; the mace, the force of courage; the helmet, shamefacedness; the hauberk, the spiritual panoply; the spurs, diligence; the gorget, obedience; the shield, the office of a knight; the saddle, safety of courage. Allusions to such connections are made in Spenser; and even the Apostle, when he bids us put on the whole armour of God, associates meanings with each.

It is easy to see what immense sums must have been spent on the accoutrements and support of a knight, his followers, and horses,—so that, though estate was not *nominally* necessary to qualify a man for being a knight, the want of it *really* prevented him from becoming one. They had a maxim, that one had better be a good esquire than a poor knight. Liberality was *one* of the knightly virtues, and we may

well imagine how, through the applause of others, and the self-satisfaction consequent thereon, it might come to be considered chief of all. Many esquires, therefore, remained so from poverty. But they could lead their own followers to the field, under their own penoncale, or triangular pennon. Even after being knighted, they were sometimes unable to support the expense, and became poor wandering knights, travelling abroad in search of adventures—the knights-errant of many a tale. Some of these, however, only embraced a temporary and voluntary poverty, like Geraint, when he started with Enid, saying

> " 'Effeminate as I am,
> I will not fight my way with gilded arms—
> All shall be iron.' He loosed a mighty purse,
> Hung at his belt, and hurled it towards the squire—
> So the last sight that Enid had of home,
> Was all the marble threshold flashing, strewn
> With gold and scattered coinage, and the squire
> Chafing his shoulders."

LUTEA RESEDA.

The Royal Scottish Academy.

IN making a few general remarks upon the Pictures in these rooms, we intend, as before, to select those paintings which, telling their own tale, are likely, from the historical or domestic interest they possess, to interest the readers of this magazine; and in so doing we shall deal alone with the sentiment the scene is intended to convey, leaving all attempts at art criticism to abler pens than ours.

A great artist is a great poet in action. With his brush or his pencil he is able to bring home to the mind and heart of his fellow-men those high thoughts and lofty aspirations which conduct to a higher platform, and, separating our life from that of the mere animal, make us feel the soul within; and although we have this year no picture which we can, in the popular sense, term "great," there are not a few that, to the thoughtful mind and earnest heart, speak of those things that make life great in itself and for itself. And first upon our list is a picture, the sentiment of which fully corroborates our preceding remarks, for it is of the highest and noblest, and appeals to the sympathy of the spectator with great vigour and fidelity. *South Room*—No. 1. "The Parting of Ugo Bassi from his Sister," by Carlo Ademollo, an Italian artist whom our readers may remember as the painter of a strange but effective painting,

"Il Fior di Primavera," which excited so much adverse criticism in Exhibition 1867. Bassi is not alone parting from his sister, and, through her, with all life's dearest hopes and affections: he is parting with life itself. Erect and unconquered to the last, the Italian patriot and martyr stands composed, yet defiant, amidst all the discordant elements around. The suppliant yet stately girl—the stolid soldiery, soon to be his executioners—the frowning Gorgoski, who has now ordered his execution—all are by him unheeded; his cause is won, although his life is lost, and with an unmoved soul he prepares for that death, to him the opening portal of a still nobler existence. This is a great and effective picture. The most agonising and heart-rending scene is here portrayed with all the force of genius, and yet without exaggeration. The serenity of the unjustly condemned patriot, occupied with other thoughts than that of his approaching doom—the agony of the sister—the stolid yet not indifferent soldiery—the troubled and uncertain expression of the Austrian judges, all are rendered with that unerring and simple adherence to nature which it is the privilege of high art alone to accomplish. There are other noticeable pictures in this room taken also from Italian life. No. 2—"Via della Vita," in Rome, by M. G. Brennan, who, although resident in Rome, is surely of Irish extraction, to judge by the broad and farcical humour of his subject, which, apparently of a serious, if not tragic nature, being no less than the starting of a funeral procession, is, by the humorous treatment of the artist, one of the broadest pieces of farcical expression in the rooms, not exceeded even by some of the former efforts of Erskine Nicol in his delineations of Irish character. We must hope, for the sake of the poor penitents, over whom these unclerical priests preside, that they are not the universal type of priesthood in Rome. The broad fun of the picture is hardly redeemed by the expression and gait of the noble and sorrowful matron beside the bier, or by the one or two higher-class faces among the attendant priests; and yet the subject is intensely solemn,—the advancing coffin and shrouded mutes, the sorrowing stately woman by its side, bearing the funeral wreaths, and the attentive group in the distance, with the noble face of the priest in the foreground. But all this true feeling is so ludicrously mixed up with the heterogeneous throng of quizzical priestdom, and the conglomeration of strange umbrellas, that one can hardly realise it as truth, in our sober Protestant country, where the solemn and the ludicrous do not meet in such unseemly relations. No. 91 represents another phase of Southern clerical life,—"Il Bolero," by W. E. Lockhart. This is by no means so clever or successful a picture as the two preceding ones, but is still sufficiently characteristic to repay a short notice. It represents a young girl dancing the Bolero, or national dance, and a reverend body

of priests and lawyers are sitting round, to decide whether the exhibition is to be allowed, or to be summarily put down, on the ground of immorality. So potent, however, is the charm of the dance and the music, that these grave and reverend Signors are ready to join in, with the exception of one old priest, who, with eyes fixed on his beads, manages to escape the fascination of the scene before him. The story is sufficiently well told, although, we must confess, the wondrous charm is by no means apparent to the spectator,—the dancer being rather a hard and dry exponent of Spanish softness and grace, and the musicians have more the air of conspirators than of tarantula enthusiasts. But this is one of the things that no man can understand; and the tarantula madness seems, from this exposition of the disease, more inexplicable than ever. No. 8—"The Fish Auction," by Keeley Halswelle. This is an incident of fisher life at Newhaven, and is of considerable merit. The young woman, however, in the foreground, is too evidently intent upon striking an attitude, and the principal fisherman to the right is apparently unconcerned with the business he has in hand. The other personages are full of life and character. With the exception of this picture, this artist has entirely devoted himself to depicting Italian life; and although, it is to be observed, his treatment and colouring exposes him to comparison with a still abler hand now passed away, this artist possesses power and talent entirely his own. Nos. 111, 467, and 660 are all admirable paintings, rich in colouring and powerful in drawing. The last, No. 660—"Contadini waiting for Hire," *North Octagon*,—is worthy of all praise. The girl reclining in the foreground is a charming specimen of Italian beauty, and seems, from her gentleness and grace, to be almost unfit for the rough companionship and rougher toils that await her, amongst which, it is evident, circumstances have cast her lot in life.

As we have only space to describe a few among the most telling of the figure pictures, we have to eschew the Landscapes, however lovely and inviting they may be; but before leaving this room, we must deviate for once from this rule, and draw attention to No. 28—"Old Edinburgh—Night," by John M'Whirter. The old town, grey and ancient, is here presented to us under an aspect rarely seen. The pale moon overhead, breaking through the fast-gathering clouds, looks down upon the silence beneath,—almost as solemn as the silence overhead. No star is visible, only the moon and the gathering clouds; the dark bulk of the castle rock, the varied outlines of house and roof and building, are all tinted with that grey shadowy hue, like the death-shade of humanity. It speaks of the quiet midnight hour—of that silence when busy restless man is for some short hours at peace; typical, it may be, of that great eternal rest far off, yet close at hand. There is another landscape by

this artist, to which we must, for one moment, call attention, as, although depicting still life, the sentiment it conveys is as vivid and as graphic as if other voices than those of nature told the tale. 588—"The Haunted House," *North Octagon*,—is as redolent of a ghostly atmosphere as if we saw the ghost visibly from out the ruined walls. A sentiment of lonely horror pervades the whole scene—the veiled statue turning away its head, as if it even were afraid to look across the stagnant pool. The solitary stork alone stands unmoved, the one bit of life in a scene where death seems to reign, and by its lonely presence makes the still silence seem all the more eerie and intolerable to human presence. The waveless trees, the stunted flowers: nature sympathises with the gloomy horror, and refuses to shine upon so drear a scene. We now pass on with alacrity to a subject, as charming in its expression as it is in its sentiment, No. 153—"The Minuet," by John Everett Millais. We hear much hyper-criticism upon this great artist's over-attention and devotion to the mere technicalities of his art. True it is, that by no other hand do we see such wonderful perfection of details, and it is a work of supererogation to refer to them; although we cannot but examine with wondering admiration the real velvet of the tiny shoes, the wavy muslin of the frilled apron that a breath seems to disturb, and the real lace of the old-fashioned ruffles round the tender arms. Unapproachable as they may be, and shewing the perfection of the hand that drew them, still these details are not what entrances the spectator, and enchains him to the spot. It is the surpassing loveliness of the child's face that is the crowning grace of this admirable painting. Hogg's charming lines come involuntarily to one's recollection—

> "Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace—
> But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
> As still was her look, as still was her e'e,
> As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea;
> For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
> And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare."

Sweet thoughts are also with this little one; and although her attention is now directed only to the difficult achievement of making successfully the slowly descending curtsey, and the still more difficult matter of rising again to the perpendicular, still we feel and know all that sweet face portrays,—true index to the mind within.

> "Rare will she be, of goodly mould,
> Of fairest type of womanhood."

So sang some old poet of a fair child of other days. Almost ethereal, and yet of living flesh and blood, is this charming child of Millais.

We must now pass on to No. 162, *South Octagon*, by W. Douglas—"The Lady and Hudibras." This picture is full of character and humour; but we prefer to notice No. 610, *North Octagon*, by the same artist—"Left Behind," which, for genuine pathos of feeling, is a marvel of expression, and reminds us forcibly of one of Millais' illustrations, where, in like manner, attitude and figure are made to express all that unutterable grief, that complete abandonment to despair, which we are apt to believe only the human countenance is able to give expression to. The young wife, "left behind," has thrown herself against the rugged wall, and lies prone and despairing, in that utter desolation of the heart with which the stranger intermeddleth not. The accessories are all in good keeping. The cold, green sea; the fast receding ship; the long look-out,—all tell the same tale of loneliness and grief. We must now look at No. 224—"Waiting at the Cross Road," by Erskine Nicol. The sentiment of the scene before us lies in the contrast presented of comfortable well-to-do-ism, and aged, but decent poverty. In the centre stands the English traveller, buttoned up to the chin, coated and protected from the biting wind, while by his side stands a poor old woman, decent and gentle in her poverty, with her old cloak about her, protecting herself with one feeble hand from the frosty air, while she extends the other for help from the traveller. The scene is entirely Irish, and yet, without the slightest exaggeration, depicting the humour rather than the buffoonery of the country. The Englishman has evidently had so much of beggars and beggary, that, although a man of genial nature, he is tired of giving, and resolutely rejects the appeal of the plaintive old woman, buttons up his pockets, and stares right before him, in hopes that the arrival of the mail-coach will deliver him from such incessant appeals to his purse and feelings. The small post-boy to the right is a true Hibernian, and the comical air of solemn patronage that he bestows upon the blind piper, sitting on the stone, who, with wistful up-turned face, is following the air that the small but important functionary is whistling, is amusingly good. The keen out-look of the busy post-office and shopkeeper; the burly gamekeeper, with his game and snuffing hounds around him; the pretty peasant taking leave of her old father; and, in the distance, the village street and groups of Irish peasants, make up a picture of Irish life, pleasant to the eye and interesting to the feelings. Thomas Faed has two charming pictures,—336, *Great Room*; and 587, *North Octagon*. Of the two, we prefer the former, 336—"Pot Luck." 587, *North Octagon*—"Music hath Charms, etc.," is also a capital picture. The peasant girl, shading her eyes at the cottage door; the young musician, charming her to forgetfulness of all the busy life within; the rough tyke at his feet, soothed also to a contented state of mind,—make up a picture

of rustic peace and contentment that are very pleasant to contemplate and muse over. We now come to what, in the popular acceptation of the word, is the "Picture of the Exhibition," Sir Noel Paton's "Fairy Raid,"—which, however, may be familiar to some of our readers, as it was exhibited in Mr Hill's Galleries last winter. This is quite the finest specimen of Sir Noel's wondrous knowledge of "Fairyland." No poet's fertile imaginings, no long-forgotten magic lore, but has here found life and movement. Fairies, elves, mountain sprites, and woodland nymphs, are here in all their magic loveliness. Brownies and Pixies, Trolls of the cave, and Will-o'-the-Wisps of the air, all are here,—swarming, gambolling, leaping, flying, whirling, creeping, sitting, standing, riding, walking, dancing. On the left hand of the picture is a group of mortal children changelings dancing in a ring, and in the midst of all this fairy revel is the Queen of the Fairies, followed by her gorgeous train, and holding in her arms the blue-eyed babe,—the newly stolen changeling,—distinct in its mortal immortality; not amazed out of its placidity at the uncanny spirits around, yet drawing itself carefully from all elvish touch. The shrinking foot, the doubled fist,—was ever open-eyed, wondering babe, so faithfully portrayed? We deal simply with the story that the picture tells; but who would not linger over the delicate foliage, the bright yet harmonious colouring—the exquisite grouping of the heterogeneous and innumerable throng,—order springing out of disorder. But we must of necessity pass on to No. 480—*Great Room*, "Nickar the Soulless," by the same artist. This beautiful and strange picture at once arrests the spectator's attention. The lonely weird-like scenery, the strange peculiar light, the solitary star shining overhead, the luckless elf, "Nickar the Soulless."

He sits inconsolable. In the words of the original—he weeps, because for him no Redeemer liveth!—"Waiting his destiny! Nickar the Soulless." Our readers must perceive how difficult must be the rendering of the true sentiment of this picture. The result is to the spectator a mingled feeling of pain and wonder,—wonder at the skill with which the artist has accomplished this, and painful sympathy with the forlorn genius of the stream, weeping for itself and by itself,—

> "Friendless and foeless,
> Waiting his destiny,—
> Nickar the Soulless."

Our Royal Scottish Academy seems to act in the capacity of nursing-mother to the generality of our Scottish artists. No sooner do they attain a certain reputation under its fostering care, than off they fly and devote all their brighter efforts for exhibition in the Royal Academy in London. We are glad to say, how-

ever, Sir Noel Paton is not of this number. He, as well as some others of our native artists, still pitch their tents among us, and do not fail, as each year comes round, to send us worthy and more worthy examples of their labour and genius. We must now bring our musings to an end; but before doing so, we should like to call attention to the "Water-colours," which this year are particularly fine. We have often heard it remarked that Scotland is too poor a country to foster this fine and delicate branch of art to its full perfection, and that Scottish patrons of the fine arts are loth to spend sums upon water-colours, that would probably purchase a more tangible and lasting possession in an oil painting; and therefore, not finding proper encouragement, water-colours languish in this clime. No one will deny, however true or false this taunt may be, that water-colours possess a peculiar and delicious beauty of their own, that no oils can emulate or surpass; and we have more than one in this year's Exhibition that fully support us in this view. For instance, take that charming and perfect gem, No. 770—"Ruins on Inch Mahon, Isle of Monteith," by Sam Bough. It is absolutely wonderful in its effects, and perfect in every part. There is no cleverer or more perfect thing upon the walls. No. 769—"Edinburgh, from the Echoing Rock," by Waller H. Paton, and we must remark *en passant* of this artist, the lovely poetry of his landscapes, whether in oils or water-colours; they are this year finer in sentiment and feeling than we have ever seen from his hands. Also 760—"Arch of Titus, and Coliseum, Rome—Moonlight," John M'Whirter; and those two splendid figure pictures by John A. Houston, No. 678—a "Kingsman," and No. 925—"On the Walls." The former is a wonderful thing, and has a depth of colour and force of expression that oils could not surpass. No. 677—"The Gleaners," by Hugh Cameron, is as sweet a bit of child life and sunny landscape as could be wished for; and with such specimens as these,—to which we could add a whole host of names, whose pictures are in this year's Exhibition, if we had space and time to do so,—it can never be said that Scotland is no patron of water-colours, and that so delicate and lovely a branch of art will ever be allowed to languish for want of due support and appreciation.

M. E. T.

"Asounta."

MARBLE BUST OF A BRIGAND'S WIFE, CONDEMNED FOR LIFE TO THE GALLEYS.

Beautiful face, so sternly sad,
With sullen eyes, and with bended brow ;
Oh, what a tempest sweeps over thee now,
Of agonised hate, and passion mad !
The proud, strong mouth, with the haughty curve
Of the lithe, long upper-lip, cruel as death,—
The stedfast chin that is lying beneath,—
The throbbing nostrils that heave and swell,
All alive with the power and nerve
That could bid thee pluck from its jewelled sheath
The vengeful dagger's keen-ground blade,
And thrust it with force, but given too well,
And with never the sign of pause or swerve,
To the heart of the foe that thy passion had made ;—
Ah ! the tale they tell of wrath and pride,
Of merciless jealousy, vengeance fell ;
Of every feeling of good defied ;
Of womanly gentleness flung aside ;
Of pitiful whisperings stifled deep
In the burning anger that knew no sleep !
That boiling tide will never be stayed,
But will dash thee along in its downward leap,
Hopeless and helpless, till thou art laid,
Stranded upon the shores of life,—
A shattered wreck from thy self-made strife !

Mas Alta.

[*The Editors regret that in consequence of a pressure on their space, the concluding part of "Grumbling Peter" cannot be inserted till next number.*]

The Waverley Novels.

We hear on all sides that the Waverley Novels are losing their popularity,—that they are not much read in England, still less read in Scotland, and, strange to say, are better known in France and Germany, than in the country where they gained their first fame. In a certain sense, this statement cannot be denied,—another class of fiction has succeeded to the popularity these Novels once enjoyed; and we must expect that, as a taste for the new kind of literature grows, the old romances will more and more be left in the shade. It is curious and interesting to notice the difference between tales written by authors of the old school, and those which come out in the present day. Putting aside the whole stock of "Sensational Novels," wisely named, which, being devoid of literary merit, are not worth one moment's consideration, let us consider the works of the best fiction writers of the last twenty years. It must strike the most casual observer that they are, in great measure, novels of character,—that is to say, the interest of the story hangs from first to last upon the way in which its characters develope. The plot is generally simple, and in some instances, can scarcely be called a plot at all; as for example, in the writings of George MacDonald, daily becoming more popular, which gather none of their interest from exciting events or hairbreadth escapes, but are often nothing more than simple chronicles of homely lives. He will take some trifling incident, it scarcely matters what,—three children playing with a toy boat, a little beggar girl falling asleep in Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition,—and reveal a depth of meaning and poetry in it which opens your eyes for sometime after to the beauty lying hidden and unsuspected in common things. His motto seems to be—"What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." Nothing in human nature is uninteresting to him: he will engage, without any help from plots and secrets and marvellous discoveries, to write a story which shall rivet the attention of all who open it, simply by his delicate insight into character, and his wonderful power of making what he sees visible to other people.

In the Waverley Novels, there is an absence of this accurate delineation. The characters are powerful and true to nature, but they are dashed off with the touch of a master's pencil. There is none of the delicate shading and careful defining, carried almost to weariness, as we see it in the tales of MacDonald, Mrs Gaskell, and Miss Brontë. In most of Sir Walter's Novels there is a villain,—one character who is marked out from all the rest by his atrocity, who is represented as being dead

to every feeling of truth or goodness, and past all possibility of reform. Lady Ashton superintends the torture of her victim, without one touch of compassion, though the unfortunate sufferer is her own daughter. Varney watches the dying struggles of Amy Robsart as unconcernedly as if she were a pointer dog. Rashleigh Osbaldistone dies as he lived, a hardened reprobate, no word of regret or prayer for pardon on his lips. We turn from these characters with shuddering antipathy. It seems as if they were made of other flesh and blood than our own; and we console ourselves by saying that the author has trespassed beyond the bounds of possibility in depicting such wretches; or if convinced that they are not merely phantoms of an over-heated fancy, but have had their types in humanity, are willing to consider them as shut out from the rest of the world by a dreary fate, which, while it condemned them to be what they were, prevents us from falling to the same depth. Just as theologians of a certain school draw a line between the elect and the non-elect, so are we apt to separate the evil from the good, and to imagine that such characters have nothing in common with ourselves but mere humanity.

The influence of the present style of writing is widely different. When an author of this school describes a wicked and hardened character, he takes us back to the very beginning,—sketches his childhood, and shows us the influences which were at work with him from his earliest years. We are admitted into the inner secrets of his heart, and watch the struggle that takes place between innocence, a natural love of goodness, and the temptations which are too strong for him. No one can read the history of such a struggle, without feeling his deepest sympathies aroused. It touches us too nearly for indifference: we instinctively place ourselves in the same position, and wonder whether, under such difficulties, our own principles would stand firm. When at last we see the gradual defeat and falling away, and watch one virtue after another decaying, a host of fresh vices springing up to take its place,—our pity for the sinner is as great as our hatred for the sin; we look upon him not as a creature of another frame to ourselves, but a companion, a fellow-sufferer, who, by his fall, has only shown us what we, in other circumstances, and with fewer restraints, might have been. It is impossible to feel unmitigated hatred for a man, when we have revealed to us the remorse which eats into his heart like a canker; the passionate recollection of purer days, which now only adds to his despair; the moments he knows of sadness and reflection, when it needs only a hand held out, to lift him from his degradation. Hearing of all this, we pity and wonder,—but dare not condemn.

These are regions where Scott never takes us. I think I only remember one character in which something of this struggle is exhibited,—that of Brian de Bois

Guilbert in "Ivanhoe." A few more there may be: there is a feeble fight between good and evil in the selfish heart of Leicester; Nanty Ewart, in the novel of "Redgaunlet," might be considered an exception, but these are so few as almost to prove the rule. Scott is content to tell us what a man was, without describing the process by which he arrived at such a conclusion; he is satisfied by recording his actions, and does not enter into long metaphysical explanations of the motives which went before, and made him act. In this respect he resembles Shakespeare, so much is left for the reader to make out for himself. He has before him living pictures of men, women, and children, about whom he forms all kinds of conjectures, wondering what their past lives were, and what influences had been acting upon them, almost wondering what they would have done, had they lived in another time, or under different circumstances. This is why a talk about the Waverley Novels, among people who are familiar with them, seems as if it could never cease; each one observes something that the other overlooked; there is room for various interpretations, and material for endless discussions; they appear inexhaustible in their riches, and no amount of criticism impairs their beauty.

Another point the Waverley Novels have in common with Shakespeare's plays is, the interest they inspire in foreigners. There is nothing peculiarly national about them; they are true to human nature all the world over. English people lose much of their beauty by an inability to appreciate the Scotch tongue, but this difficulty is removed when they are translated into French and German. For these reasons, I cannot believe that their popularity will ever be seriously diminished; they are always favourites in early life, and it seems to me, that as people grow older, they lose their taste for such novels as are celebrated now, and return to the breezy, cheerful pages of Sir Walter Scott. They have more or less willingly studied human characters all their lives, and have generally seen enough to weary them; what they want is rest and refreshment, which cannot be obtained in reading metaphysical discussions or conversations about theology and politics. There are few people who, after a certain stage in their lives is reached, would not prefer setting out on a journey of pleasure with Darsie Latimer, than following Romola's course from darkness to light, over a path where each step towards victory is made at the cost of mortal anguish; and still fewer are they, who, after a number of years spent in the world, would not like better to dine with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, than to accompany Thackeray's heroes and heroines into the streets of "Vanity Fair."

The best way of understanding the Waverley Novels, is to take a few as types of the rest. "The Bride of Lammermoor," as a tragedy, stands alone. In order

fully to appreciate its beauty, we should consider what, in other hands, it might have been made. How easily could this story have sunk to the level of an ordinary sensational novel, fit only to rank with those yellow-covered romances which crowd every railway book-stall, and whose titles are sufficiently unpleasant to deter any one, with a natural and simple taste, from opening them. Let us thank the happy fate which gave us the story of the Bride, in all its pathos, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, and preserved it from the profaning touch of Mr Wilkie Collins and his like. In his hands it has risen from the level of a frightful tale, to rank with some of the best tragedies ever composed. Throughout the book there is a simplicity and absence of horror, for horror's sake, which gives it dignity, and adds to the pathos; there is no extravagance in the expressions used by the author; nor does he say a word too much, but gradually allows the story to unfold itself, until the awful climax is reached. Here, as I believe is the case in the Greek tragedies, we see circumstances conquering men. The principal characters seem acting under a spell; they struggle against their destiny, but, like sleepers in a night-mare, no efforts avail to deliver them. In the description of the three old women, the peculiar nature of Sir Walter Scott is shown, who, with a true poet's feeling, never liked making any of his characters coarse when he could avoid it. In spite of the loathing they inspire, there is a veil of poetry thrown over these old hags, which shields their deformity, and softens the disgust we feel in reading about them. They resemble in some respects the witches in "Macbeth." Their grim unearthly faces and wild talk add fresh horror to the tale; but though we turn from them shuddering, it is less with disgust than fear. They do not "leave a disagreeable taste in one's mouth," as Miss Brontë expressively said of some of Balzac's characters—they are too unearthly, and too far removed from human beings for this. Into the midst of the gloom which overhangs the story, comes the character of Caleb Balderston, one of the most "facetious," to borrow his own expression, that the whole set of novels contains. Yet there is no discrepancy between his fun, racy as it is, and the sombre nature of the tale. He is so well described, and his talk occurs at such opportune periods, that the most critical taste could scarcely be offended.

"Ivanhoe" may be taken as a type of Sir Walter's romance writing; "Kenilworth" as more purely a drama; and "Guy Mannering" and "The Heart of Midlothian" as the most complete specimens of novels, according to our usual acceptation of the term. An especial charm seems to hang over the romance of "Ivanhoe." It is a very sunny tale, notwithstanding the dark threads interwoven with its brightness. Rebecca has always seemed to me the finest female character Sir Walter ever

described,—the beautiful union of strength and sweetness in her actions must strike every one. She appears as queenly when about to be burnt for a witch in the lists at Templestowe, as ever she had done when decked with jewels at the tournament of Ashby. Shame and contempt do not hurt her ; flattery and homage scarcely seem to touch her. She rises above them all,—her dignity never more apparent than in the midst of disgrace ; her gentleness never so striking as when she is the envy of all beholders. Some novelists have succeeded in depicting female characters as grand as Rebecca's, but they generally fail in one point—their heroines are too hard : we miss the touch of softness which fascinates us in the Jewess. She carries her womanhood as a crown,—it is the secret of her courage. She is only brave in circumstances when a woman, if true to herself, would be brave ; in all cases where masculine courage is required, she breaks down. This is shown in the terror and disgust with which she turns from the window, where Ivanhoe is urging her to watch the fight ; in her distress during the tournament, when he is in danger (though living at a time when ladies delighted in such sights) ; and in her agonized shrieks when the Templar carries her away from the burning castle. Rowena does not show to advantage beside Rebecca,—the contrast between her acquired dignity and the natural queenliness of the Jewess is too striking. There is a curious scene between her and De Bracy, after the sacking of Front de Bœuf's fortress, in which her assumption of grand airs is very amusingly described. She is exacting, and takes homage as her due, even while she betrays the pleasure it affords her vanity. Rebecca, on the other hand, receives it with the simplicity of one to whom such attention is natural ; she takes it quietly as a queen ; but, when it is withheld, is none the less queenly. These things are like the jewels which only serve to show off beauty—they can neither enhance nor impair it. I cannot agree with those who say that the book gives a good picture of the days of chivalry ; a picture cannot be good, without being in some degree true, and the impression "Ivanhoe" leaves behind, of the times about which it was written seems to me as false as it is delightful. I remember, after reading it, when I felt very enthusiastic about the knights and their deeds of prowess, some more authentic history came in my way, containing a description of a banquet at which King Richard was present, copied from an old chronicle or ballad of the time. It is not pretty enough to repeat ; let it be sufficient to say that the account it gave of Cœur de Lion and his companions resembled more one's conception of Polyphemus and the Cyclops, than the gallant chivalrous heroes of Sir Walter's novel. It recalled a saying of Mrs Stowe's, that she believed the people who cried over Wallace in Miss Porter's story, would have been in consternation had they seen the real man. Still

one does not care to peer too closely into errors of this kind (if they be errors); the spirit of the age has been caught, and the veil of our own refinement thrown over it.

"Guy Mannering" was almost entirely written in six weeks, at Christmas time, a fact which perhaps accounts for the wonderful compactness of the story. The plot is brilliantly worked out; the characters as life-like as in any of his former novels; and the supernatural element in which he delights most delicately introduced.

But, instead of discussing the Waverley Novels, let us call to mind the days when they first opened their treasures to us,—when Jeanie Deans and Flora MacIvor became our intimate friends; when we escaped with Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle, or passed long summer afternoons in the Antiquary's study. Delightful days! when there was no reluctance to avow ourselves Jacobites, nor shame in adopting Queen Mary's cause; when conscientious scruples did not prevent us from laughing at old Mause and Gabriel Kettledrummle, even while we sympathised with Henry Morton and detested Claverhouse. Those days of enchantment soon pass, and are generally followed by a time when the new class of literature is much more inviting, until it has done its work, and people return to their first and last favourites, the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The attempt which is being made to revive Richardson's novels, though they may be welcomed as improvements upon some of the books in favour now, shows in what direction we are going. Sooner or later the re-action must come, though it may not begin until we are plunged into the abyss from which Scott rescued a former generation, and need the aid of another genius, who, by introducing purer and more healthy tastes, will sweep clean the shelves of libraries and bookstalls, to make room for fictions of a nobler stamp. The misfortune has been, that those writers of the present school who handled great social questions in books, whose influence for good cannot be calculated, were followed by a host of imitators, touching on the same topics, without the same genius, and writing merely for temporary fame. As might have been expected, they brought discredit, in many circles, upon the books they endeavoured to copy, and destroyed much of the good which would naturally have resulted from them. Like most true geniuses, Sir Walter Scott felt deeply his responsibility before God for the use of his talents. It is refreshing to turn away from the idle fiction-mongers, who are so plentiful now, and read the dying words of the great author, as Lockhart reports them:—"I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I could wish blotted out." R. N.

"The Daisies!"

"The daisies! the daisies! my little ones cry,
And their young, beaming faces are bright as the sky;
The daisies! the daisies! the winter is past,
And the flowers and the sunshine are coming at last.

No fears for the future my little ones feel,
No thought that the cold winds may yet o'er us steal;
The spring has poured forth her best gifts at their feet,
The daisies are come, and what flower is so sweet?

My May flowers! my blossoms! my birds of the spring
How sweetly, how clearly, those young voices ring.
These are greetings to Nature which He must approve,
Who gives them emotions of beauty and love.

Still, still be the sweet, simple flower their delight,
More precious than gold in their innocent sight;
They are laying up treasures of heaven-taught truth,
The blossoms of childhood, the sweet flowers of youth.

It will guard them from evil and keep them from ill,
To cherish the flower of simplicity still,
Then let us respond as their sweet voices sing—
The daisies! the daisies! are come with the spring.

E. H. S.

My Sister Minnie.

Part III.

Poor little Tommy Carter, one of the orphans I mentioned before, died that afternoon, and as his sisters were now in a fair way to recover, I was not required at their cottage after nightfall. Minnie went early to her room, but I felt anxious and unhappy about Jack and Davie, and was unwilling to go to rest till I had seen them, and heard what they had to report; so I lay dozing on the drawing-room sofa, every now and then waking with a start, and then again sinking into an uneasy sleep. Suddenly the drawing-room door burst violently open, and I sprang up wide awake. To my utter astonishment, Harry Wyvill entered the room! His dress was disordered, his hair hung wildly over his face, which was deadly pale, and he showed in his looks and behaviour tokens of the greatest mental distress. He grasped both my hands, and poured out a broken series of entreaties and exclamations, begging me to forgive him—not to let Minnie know—not to be alarmed, for it might end well yet—and so on, till I was half-frightened by his vehement and incoherent manner, and moved as if to leave the room. But he sprang to the door. "Don't go, Mrs Somers,—oh don't, don't look out!"

"Not look out? What is the matter? oh, where is Jack?" cried I; and I flew past Harry Wyvill, and through the house porch; and there, just inside the garden-gate, I saw Jack and Dr Irwin coming slowly towards the house, carrying between them my brother Davie, bleeding and insensible.

Next morning Jack told me how it had happened. Davie left, after the conversation with me, mentioned a little way back, to visit the patients at Hartley. In Hartley Lane he again met Harry Wyvill riding with Miss Tyrell, and responded rather coldly to Harry's greeting. His professional duties carried him several miles beyond Hartley, and passing through the village on his return, the idea suddenly occurred to him to go up to the Manor House, demand an interview with Harry, and "have it out" there and then. To form a plan, and to put it into execution, generally meant the same thing with Davie, and he was in the drawing-room at the Manor House before he could have had any definite idea of what he was to say to

Harry Wyvill, or what was the result to be obtained from the interview. The servant showed him into the drawing-room, and went to look for Mr Wyvill: but Davie had not been many minutes in the room when he heard voices in the conservatory, which he recognised to be those of Mr Wyvill and Miss Tyrrel. (Jack had heard the story from Harry Wyvill himself, so that this part of it was not quite clear.) But this much we understood, that before Davie could make known his presence, he had heard Harry address Miss Tyrrell in language which Davie conceived to be very far beyond what politeness and friendship required, and which had the immediate effect of sending him into a towering passion—never very difficult to do. He entered the conservatory looking black as night, and bowing coldly to Miss Tyrrel, requested a few moments conversation with Harry Wyvill, who replied that he was just about to start for Barden, but would be happy to ride at a foot-pace for some way, if the "conversation" was in any hurry. Davie consented, but preserved a "dour" silence until they were outside the Manor gates, when he broke forth with all his pent-up reproaches, and demanded an explanation. Harry said "none was required." Davie grew more and more violent; Harry lost *his* temper too, and was just going to set spurs to his horse, and gallop off, when Davie laid hold of the reins. Harry, enraged at this attempt to detain him, seized Davie by the collar, and hurled him backwards; he fell heavily, and his head struck violently against the rough stone wall at the side of the road. Harry dismounted, and found him quite insensible. Horrified beyond measure at the result of his violence, he was no less perplexed as to the best course to adopt; but they were very near the place where Hartley Lane strikes into the Sutton Road; and about five minutes after Davie had fallen, Dr Irwin came down the road in the gig, into which they lifted Davie, and drove slowly home. Jack met them in Barden Lane.

Jack and Dr Irwin assured us that Davie was in no danger, although very badly hurt; for, besides the blow on his head, he had fallen with one of his arms doubled under him, and broken it just above the elbow; he was to be kept very quiet, and not allowed to talk.

"And what shall I say to Minnie, Jack?" I inquired.

"Tell her just what I've told you," said he, "the truth's always best, and Minnie is a good, patient girl."

And Jack rose and went out. One of the Hall grooms met him at the garden gate, and after a few moments' conversation with the man, Jack took the short cut to the Hall, instead of going down to the village. What could it be? thought I; but Minnie entered at that moment, and I forgot all but the painful task of relating

to her the history of yesterday. She heard me quietly to the end; then going to the bed, she patted Davie's head, saying, "Poor Davie, he meant to help me!" and then left the room as quietly as she had entered it,—not another word, nor a sigh, nor a tear! I was amazed! O! if I had been Minnie, and Jack had been Harry—but then Jack would never have behaved as Harry had done. Well! but if I had been Minnie, and Harry had been himself—but then I could *never* have fallen in love with *him*. How am I to arrange the hypothesis? Come! supposing I were Minnie, and supposing, by some awful stretch of imagination, that Jack had behaved as Harry had done, do you suppose I should have waited quietly as Minnie was doing. I can assure you that in a very few moments I should have made the house too hot to hold me. How I should have raged and stormed, and cried and sobbed, and abused first Harry and then Davie, and then both together! I'd have reproached my sister and insulted my brother-in-law, and banged the doors and kicked the cat, and very likely ended by letting down my back-hair, and going mad in the front garden. But then I always had a very quick temper. I can never be sufficiently thankful that I married a man like Jack, who not only never loses his own temper, but never gives me the slightest temptation to lose mine. Still, quiet as Minnie always was, there was about her to-day a quiet firmness, a dignified tranquillity, quite new to her, and, as I have already said, I was amazed. In the midst of this amaze I saw Jack coming up the garden path: he beckoned to me, and I ran down stairs.

"Jeanie," said he, "here's a bad business; Harry Wyvill's taken the fever." I felt a hand on my arm,—it was Minnie!

"Is he very ill, Jack?" said she, "tell me all about it, please."

Jack hesitated, but I remembered his words to me that morning. "Jack," said I, "truth's always best, and Minnie's a good patient girl—a brave girl too."

"He is very ill, Minnie, dear," said Jack; "but I think we may bring him through yet; he has youth and strength in his favour—we'll hope the best, Minnie."

"We'll hope the best," repeated Minnie, and went back into the house, so calm and quiet, so tranquil and patient, that I looked after her in wonder; and with a heavy heart, I went upstairs again to Davie's room. Deep emotion alone could have changed the girl thus in four-and-twenty hours; and her patience and resignation showed more clearly than any paroxysm of grief could have done, how terribly she felt the weight of the double trial that had come upon her.

I need not tell you of the weary days and nights that followed; of the ups and

downs of the invalids, their disheartening relapses, and their gradual recovery (for they both recovered, Harry Wyvill very slowly, Davie more rapidly and satisfactorily); nor need I say more of Minnie's conduct during the terrible period of anxiety, save that its uncomplaining patience and self-forgetfulness justly entitle her to the name of a heroine; but I shall pass on to the 11th of October, about five weeks after Harry Wyvill was taken ill. By this time, our village and those in the neighbourhood were almost entirely free of the fever; only a few straggling cases now remained; but Dr Irwin was still with us, as Jack found it impossible to attend both to his own and Dr Carleton's patients. Davie was himself again, and he and Minnie were to return to Edinburgh next day, the 12th of the month. Well, on the 11th, I was working in the drawing-room; Dr Irwin sat reading the newspaper, waiting for the gig to be brought to the gate, when the Hall carriage drove up, and Harry Wyvill got out, looking feeble, and very thin, but better than I had expected to see him. It was a most embarrassing meeting. After a few questions and answers as to his health, I felt utterly stranded. I ventured a few inane, and I fear contradictory remarks on the weather; but Mr Wyvill did not follow them up, only cleared his throat as if preparatory to some burst of eloquence; but his courage always appeared to fail him, and the eloquence never came. I looked to Dr Irwin for aid, but he had basely retired from the field, leaving me to bear the brunt, and he sat almost concealed behind his newspaper. Suddenly he gave a loud exclamation of surprise. "Mrs Somers! have you heard of this? Sir William Ellesmere married yesterday to Miss Caroline Tyrrel!" "Hooray!" cried Mr Wyvill, suddenly springing from his chair, and knocking my work-basket into the middle of the room. "I beg your pardon, Mrs Somers, but I am really so astonished, and delighted, and—I really scarcely know how to explain myself." Apparently he thought the easiest way to explain himself was to shake hands with Dr Irwin, which he did violently several times in close succession, the doctor submitting to the operation with the utmost gravity.

"I came here this morning," continued Mr Wyvill, when he had become a little more composed, "with only one distinct idea in my head, and that was, that I was the most miserable rascal in creation; and suddenly the difficulty removes itself! It's enough to bewilder any man." (It certainly seemed more than enough to bewilder him.)

"By 'the difficulty,'" said I, as coolly as I could, "I suppose you mean Miss Tyrrel?"

"I do," replied he, with great vehemence, "and she was a difficulty with a

vengeance! To tell you the whole truth, Mrs Somers, four or five years ago, before I had ever seen Minnie, I used to admire Miss Tyrrel very much—dance with her, and ride with her, and all that sort of thing. Well, when I went to Hartley Manor, the first day I was there, she began talking about "dear old times," and "undeveloped friendships," and all sorts of nonsense like that, till she made quite a romantic story of it. I was an awful fool not to see what a scrape I was getting into; but everybody there was wild about her, and so I felt rather flattered, and so it went on from bad to worse, till I really believe she bewitched me—it must have been that, for I never was a bit fond of her. But her eyes, and her voice, and all that, turned my head, I think; and she's so confoundedly clever, Mrs Somers; she remembered every word I said, and twisted it till it meant ten times as much as I meant. I was beginning to be uncommonly miserable, but I didn't know how to get away; and then Davie came. I knew he was quite right, but he came down on me so sharply that I lost my temper, and behaved like a brute. O! Mrs Somers, I'm awfully ashamed of myself! I've got a lesson I shall never forget. If you would only say a word for me to Davie; and, Mrs Somers, do you think Minnie will ever speak to me again?"

"I think I can answer for Davie," said I, restraining a strong inclination to get up and dance round the room, "but Minnie must speak for herself,—you have behaved very badly to her, Mr Wyvill; you must plead your own cause with her; and I shouldn't wonder if you found her in the garden just now."

I knew that would be quite enough. He was off instantly, through the open window, at a pace very unsuitable to his character of invalid. How he managed it I do not know; but when he and Minnie appeared at luncheon two hours afterwards,—the last six weeks, and Miss Caroline Tyrrel (Lady Ellesmere I should call her), seemed as completely forgotten as if they had never existed; and it would have been hard to find a merrier party than we were that day.

Harry Wyvill was right; he had received a lesson which he never forgot, and indecision and violence of temper, the two great faults of his character, he from that time set himself earnestly to correct, with such success, that if he goes on as he is doing, and lives to a good old age, I should not wonder to see his temper, before he dies, stand comparison with Jack's; but, of course, he has still much to make up. He and Minnie were married in Edinburgh in November, as we had originally fixed. Jack and I went north to be present at the ceremony, and Davie was best-man. Davie and Harry are the best of friends, which is a great blessing, on more accounts than one; for old Doctor Carleton, after his accident, never resumed active profes-

sional work, and Davie, who had found great favour in his eyes during the summer, has come to Sutton as Dr Carleton's assistant; so we shall be near neighbours to each other and the Hall.

Jack and I have been at the Hall at a large Chistmas party—Minnie's first "state dinner," at which she acquitted herself to the wonder and admiration of Jack, Davie, and myself, the great satisfaction of her other guests, and the delight of her husband. Sir William and Lady Ellesmere (or, as everybody calls them, Lady Ellesmere and her husband) were there. She is more beautiful than ever, and her voice is the grandest I ever heard. Her conversation on every variety of subject is brilliant and intellectual to a very unusual degree; and her manner is affability itself to every one but—Sir William, whom she treats with a sort of contemptuous pity. But all her spells have lost their power over Harry Wyvill, who now declares that Lady Ellesmere's beauty has been much over-rated! So I could afford to admire her, and I did it to my heart's content, and was quite charmed with the way she spoke of Davie—("So delighted to have Dr Cunningham settled near us, Mrs Somers! a young man of such talent, and *such* an acquisition to our society!")—and I was only sorry she did not bestow a few more of her smiles on her husband, whose mission in life, so far as I could see, appeared to be to carry her music-book, and to stand beside her chair.

"What do you think of Lady Ellesmere, Jack?" said I, as we were walking home that night.

"She's a regular Sultana," answered Jack, though how he could compare her to a Turk I cannot imagine.

"And what do you think of Sir William?"

"He's an unmitigated duffer," replied my oracular husband.

"She *does* manage him dreadfully, Jack."

"It's all for his good," rejoined the oracle. "The fellow's incapable of managing himself to any useful or ornamental purpose." And, certainly, that was very true.

We reached our own door, and turned to look for a minute at the frosty starlit night, only for a minute, for the cold was piercing. How different from the heavy sultry night of the former dinner-party at the Hall! and how different, too, were my feelings this Chistmas evening! *That* night was the beginning of my serious fears for Minnie's happiness—the first of many nights and days of anxiety, not for my sister alone, but for my brother and husband, and many a poor, fever-stricken neighbour. Now all that was happily over. The fever was gone, and neither Jack

nor Davie had suffered in the discharge of their duty; while, as to the Wyvills, I felt well assured that their time of trouble had not only tried, but improved and strengthened them; and that the probabilities of my sister Minnie's happiness were now such as to lay to rest my most importunate misgivings.

DIDO.

THE END.

Mediæval Chivalry.

CHAPTER IV.—SOCIAL LIFE.

"Within the old baronial halls,
Within the massy fortressed walls—
Where life alone was safe."

WE have already seen the training considered necessary to the muscular development of the Knight, as well as that which conduced to his moral perfection and knightly refinement; and we must now notice, though but very briefly and imperfectly, the effect of the social life of his times upon him. From his earliest infancy he was taught respect for all superiors, consideration and affection for all his equals,—reverence for all things great and good, high and noble, christian and pure. But we must acknowledge that whether directly taught or not, he soon learned to hold in supreme contempt, what he scornfully called the baser herd. He forbore to kill or annoy them, as a man would forbear to kill or torment flies,—because of the degradation such deeds would be to his own nobler mind—not for the sake of the flies or serfs. He had no sympathy with them, no feeling for them, seldom even pity; nothing but an indifference so complete and calm, that it required to be roused to be kindled even to contempt. But amongst his equals, or those who shared like him "the blessings of the gentle blood," his nature blossomed out in strongest feeling. Family bonds and affection were strong, but they were sometimes weak compared to the ties of love and generosity which bound him to his friend, his brother by choice. He often shared in a love like that of David and Jonathan, passing the love of woman. Sometimes it was for the son of the knight at whose house he had been trained, or for some other peer, who had been fellow-page, and squire, and knight,—rising with him through each step to promotion, and emulating him by noble example; or a

worthy and long equal combat might have ended in a hard-won victory and stoutly contested defeat,

"And the stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel,"

might have melted into an admiration that sought satisfaction in a lasting friendship and an oath of affection. Or one in dire danger, encompassed by fearful odds, sees flying recklessly to his help some unknown valiant knight, who, side to side and foot to foot, fights with him, cheers him, bears him up, until the two together make the foemen fly—and panting, turn to look upon each other's faces. Then gratitude on one side, and the joy of giving help upon the other, aid the admiration produced by the deeds each other did, and blessing the knightly laws that bid men succour the oppressed, they swear brotherhood in arms for evermore. When fair Nina had brought Prince Arthur to free her Red-Cross Knight,—

"Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bind,
And love establish each to other true—
Gave goodly gifts, the signs of grateful mind,
And eke, as pledges firm, right hands together joined."

Companionship in arms was a habit borrowed originally from the Scandinavians—who swore it in a solemn oath, drinking a goblet of each other's blood in confirmation thereof. This custom still exists among the Albanians and other people on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. The Christian knights who united their lots, shrunk from this custom, and confirmed it with other rites, receiving together the holy communion and the priest's paternal blessing. They generally divided their acquisitions, and even their honours. When a certain Robert de Oily received from William the First the honours of Oxford and St Walerius, he gave St Walerius to his sword brother, Robert de Tuery. This bond was often entered into for a specific purpose, either for a limited time or for life, and its obligations even surpassed the knight's duty to womanhood.

The advantages of this association with a worthy friend may be easily known. The high conversation, the noble emulation, the self-sacrificing affection, the satisfied trust, the constant atmosphere of all chivalric thought. King Arthur discovered its capabilities, and endeavoured to prove them on a mighty scale around himself, and train—

"In that fair order of my table round,
A glorious company, the flower of men—
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."

Were ever knights so widely famed as they? did any ever do like mighty deeds?

We have already noticed the force of the bond between one knight and that other who had dubbed him so, old or young, king or baron. To him he yielded every honour,—against him he never would lay lance in rest, though his inaction should be at the risk of his own life. But the affection that most powerfully swayed the knight, was the peculiar character of his devotion to womanhood.

In his mind, woman was a being with a mystic power, and of a nature differing from his own,—more akin to, and conversant with, the spiritual world beyond. This idea was increased by the idolatrous love and worship paid to the Virgin Mary, and through her to her sex. So when a knight learned to love, he also reverenced the object of his affection. Fickleness in him was a sin classed with impiety; disrespect a fault unprovided for. His lady was no toy to be played with, but a divinity to be worshipped, and to be worshipped through life and death. Loyalty was the choicest, the most essential quality in the "preux chevalier." No penalty was annexed to disobedience, as such a thing was deemed impossible, seeing that a knight was permitted to break the rules of his order even, at his lady's command. But she was too careful of his honour, ever to ask him to do anything that would be reprobated by the society they moved in. The high idea formed thus of her character and power, raised her almost to its level, as far as was possible to mortal. Even until this day, we find men to be greatly what we expect them to be. Great expectations plant the seeds of great results, and so it was then. In that more single-minded, even-paced age—the knight who expected his lady to be a goddess, found her nearly so. His reverence naturally led him into some absurdities. Each knight maintained, at the point of the lance, that his chosen love was the fairest lady known. To us it seems that it would have been much wiser to have insisted that she was the *fairest for him;* and then all might have been satisfied at once. But then many a pleasant cause of displaying his bravery would have been lost; and he knew how much his bravery did him service in winning his lady's affections. Indeed, in those days, it was the one thing needful; it could atone for the want of every personal grace. A damsel, who was once reproached with having loved an uncommonly ugly man, replied—"He is so valiant, I have never looked in his face!" Indeed, if bravery had no effect, the knight was at a loss how to proceed further.

We, in these modern days, might think other things as important as bravery; and that, of itself, certainly not all-sufficient. But in those unsettled and lawless times, nothing could give a woman a greater sense of security and trust than a tried and brave lover or husband, who was not only willing, but able, to defy the world

in her defence. Further, she had a certain warranty of happiness with a "brave knight," that we can hardly now realise. To be a "true knight" was of itself a certificate of gentle birth and breeding, and of all the patent virtues; while, to be a "brave knight," ensured his honour, wealth and truth. Besides, the story of a brave man's life never remained long hidden: his past deeds were fully sung, and she might judge the future from the past. It generally proved the fact that knights who were, like Bayard, "without fear," were also, like him, "without reproach." And there is no doubt that a life of continued earnest action, and of simple aim, would induce a tone of mind and feeling so high, that the test of fearless bravery would more often be proved satisfactory than the many tests by which women would now wish to try their suitors. This plan was also useful when the fame of any beauty had won for her such a crowd of suitors, that she knew not how to choose the best among so many good. The tournament, or other trial of strength, became to her a means of casting lots. Let us hope that, for the time being at least, the right one was the mightiest. That he was not always successful we have many a proof. "A fair English maiden, in the reign of Edward the First, had so many suitors, that she vowed she would only bestow her hand upon him who would keep the perilous Castle of Douglas for a year and a day. Sir John Walton did so valiantly for some months, but was slain in a sally into which Lord James Douglas had provoked him. On him was found a letter, in which the maiden, commending his bravery, declared herself satisfied, his honour complete, her heart his own, and asked him to return to her." Alas! for the sadness that must have darkened her after life!

Occasionally, however, when the lady sent her admirers into needless risks, merely to gratify her overweening pride and vanity, she was punished in the way she deserved. Froissart tells that a young knight named Claribard went to the splendid court of the Count of Foix, without having sworn faith to any lady. There he saw two beauties,—Brunissenda, a proud and haughty dame; and Isaura, soft and gentle, between whom he hesitated for a time. Brunissenda could ill brook this; and taking some trouble to attract him, she made him promise her to prove his bravery, throwing him vainly into the greatest danger. His squire told him how she had ever delighted in dealing thus with her knights, of whom many were dead, and some still roaming abroad, performing her quest. He refused her favour in public with scorn, delivering her a lecture upon her unwomanliness,—that would punish her, if it did not cure her; then, fixing Isaura's scarf upon his crest, he disclosed his motto to all eyes—"Fixed at last!" Doubtless, many other instances might have

been given us of the humiliation of the proud dames whose vaunting ambition overreached itself. To send a knight forth on any distant quest was not then the simple thing it now might be. He was beset with dangers; his path was not marked by a king's highway, but lay through the wildering forest, or over the barren moor; in peril by day and night, of nature and of man, of famine, of thirst and of disease. To the lady who had

"Emptied hearth and home
Of life's light love,"

the time of separation was still more dismal, lasting as it did often for years. Suspense, but seldom-cheered, was her lot, for the means of communication were few and not to be relied on; and many a time a knight and his whole company might have been destroyed, and not one left alive to tell the tale; and so the sickening fear might often reasonably dash her hopes when she made ready for her love's return. And the nature of her occupations did not tend to distract her mind from him. Her exercise was limited to the court-yard, garden, or castle wall; and such a thing as forenoon visiting was a dissipation of time and thought then undiscovered.

True, all the domestic arrangements were under her supervision, and cooking and brewing, and distilling herb-waters and lotions, gave her many a busy hour. Her needles were all kept bright. Her ordinary garments were very plain and simple, but she embroidered richly the gay robes she kept for festivals, adorned with intricate devices of bird and beast, of tree and flower; and as she wrought, she doubtless hoped that when her knight returned, she should seem fairer in his eyes, decked thus with the labour of her hands. Or she would work for him anew the gorgeous scarf knights wore above their armour, lest her first gift should have been frayed in war; or stitch another pennon with his arms, or put rich work upon the gauntlet, sleeve, or scarf, he yet would wear for her sake; her favour in his helmet. Or she might work a cover for his shield, like sweet Elaine; for she would know its patterns all by heart. Or perhaps, less charming task—the matron, head of all the house, who had already passed through these youthful labours, and had done them well, might be intent upon completing the more thrifty work of arras, that she might have her chamber tapestried before her lord returned; and set all her maidens down to forced tasks by her side. But through all these duties, made so easy by constant use, she could always think and dream of him who was so far away. Dream when she tripped about the silent halls; dream when she wrought for him or herself; dream while she looked into the glowing fire or up to the night sky; dream while she fed her singing birds or patted his proud hounds; dream while she

sung of other happy loves to her lone harp: and dream, while bowing before her God, she bore him on her heart in earnest prayer.

But when he came again, there was a time of rejoicing and feasting in the hall, and of gladness hidden in her heart. It was considered unmaidenly to show joy; and the signs that she could give of her interest in him, after all his toil for her, were only to be read by lover's eyes. Indeed though the knight himself might announce his love to the world, he might not descant much on the theme to his lady, until they were betrothed. There was a great reserve, the natural fruit of the reverence to woman, in all the behaviour of knights and ladies.

In marriage, though it was necessary that the parties should both be of gentle birth, estate or perfect equality was not insisted upon. It was essential that there should be an agreement in religion, though of course the only diversity possible in the reign of chivalry in Europe, was in the Catholic or Mahometan. The brave Moorish knights occasionally loved the Christian beauties, and we see, in Lockhart's Spanish Lays, the horror in which such unions were held. In the ballad of King Estmere, we see him risk his life—

> "For pity it were that fair ladye,
> Should marry a heathen hound."

The marriage ceremonies were very solemn, and the rejoicings very great; but, in spite of the love he felt for his beautiful bride, the time seemed soon to hang heavy on the hands of the active and ambitious knight. He was a great chess-player, and romantically fitted legends to the motions of the pieces on the board; especially to the knight that could alone, by his peculiar step, attack the fairy-charmed castle, or unseen protect his liege-lord the king, or the more powerful queen. But he could not always play chess; and would rush forth to hunting as to something more akin to war. Then he would come back weary and heavy, laden with his spoil, to his evening meal, accompanied by his friends. At such entertainments the knights reclined on benches round the table, and above the salt. Only one plate was set for two people, and it was considered the greatest mark of friendship or of love to share the plate of another. In spite of the want of many things that we have now learned to deem necessities, they kept up a luxurious table. Peacocks were their favourite and peculiar delicacy. These, after they had been cooked, had their plumage replaced, so that they might beautify the table. So much were these birds held in honour, that the knights often swore by the peacock.

LUTEA RESEDA.

Grumbling Peter.

Part IV.

It is not my purpose to give in full detail the lamentable history of the unhappy Peter. Enough has already been written to prove that happiness does not consist in power, and that the governed, if they only knew it, are often far more to be envied than the governors and rulers to whose functions they so often seek to attain. A few words will therefore suffice to wind up the affairs of our friend Peter. I hope the reader will recollect that we left the wretched man awakened from a fearful slumber by the sound of many waters, and that a devastating flood was pouring its murky torrents over the whole country. From the village rose shrieks of despair, and people were seen rushing wildly to and fro on such of the higher grounds as were not yet submerged.

In this trying moment, Peter's presence of mind did not desert him. With quiet decision, he at once ordered the flood to abate. Immediately the river fell, and by day-break it was confined to its own proper channel. Peter walked forth in the morning with a heavy heart. Ah! what a change was there. His garden was as the bed of a river, strewn with stones and broken branches. A few bare stumps marked the site of his once flourishing orchard. Deep ruts were furrowed out on the lawn, and scarce a blade of grass could be seen peeping above the mud and stones.

In the village all was consternation and dismay. Sturdy men stood gazing with vacant look upon what had once been a tidy cottage and a pretty little garden. Women rushed wildly after lost children, or sat disconsolately weeping. All seemed paralysed with fear and grief. A few, more collected than the others, stood talking in whispers of the flood. As Peter passed, he heard one man say to another—

"And they say that yesterday the tide came in suddenly at that seaport place, you know, and drowned more than a hundred people that were gathering sea-weed. And they say ——"

Peter turned away sick at heart. "Oh! what a fool I have been," he exclaimed, as he retraced his footsteps to his own desolate house.

With heavy step he ascended the staircase, and just as he was entering his room, Betsy Jane came out of it.

"Oh! master," she cried, "do just look at your head."

Peter rushed to the glass, and beheld, instead of the grizzled locks which had hitherto adorned his head, a shock of snow-white hair. He stood gazing in mute

despair, and was inclined to ask, with the old woman of the celebrated nursery rhyme, —"Can this be me?"

"I used to be stout and hale," he soliloquized, "and now I am gaunt and old-looking: my eyes were bright enough, but now they are so heavy that I can hardly open them. My hair is now white, my face furrowed with wrinkles, my step is slow and feeble. I used to be happy,—although I used foolishly to suppose otherwise. And what has wrought this change? My own mad, incredible folly and wickedness. Oh! that I could be released from this intolerable burden."

As he spoke, a light touch fell on his drooping shoulders, and looking up, he saw before him the beautiful creature that had appeared to him once before. A mocking smile played around the vision's mouth, and pointing to the miserable landscape, she said—

"You have managed well, Peter."

Peter writhed beneath her light touch, and groaned deeply.

"How much better should I manage such things," continued the fairy, using Peter's own words with a malicious emphasis; and then, in a graver voice she added, "Are you then willing to resign your power?"

"Yes, oh yes!" cried Peter—"Take it back, I entreat of you, and never shall you hear a murmur from my lips again. Do take it back."

"I shall do so," replied the fairy, sadly,—"but never, never can I undo the evil effects of your short reign. In due time the leaves may bud afresh, the fallen trees may put forth new shoots, and this desolate country may once more be lovely and fruitful; but never can I bring back the lives of those who have perished,—never——"

"Spare me," cried Peter, falling on his knees—"I repent. I am very miserable. If patience can atone——"

"Patience *can* atone," said the fairy gently. "Farewell."

And Peter was alone.

Of course, in a novel, any great crisis in the hero's history is followed by a brain fever of frightful severity, in which the patient long hovers between life and death. Peter was no exception to this universal rule; but as no one ever heard of a hero dying of brain fever, Peter conformed to this rule also,—and, after much nursing and doctoring, recovered.

One fine morning, as he lay, weak and helpless as a baby, but happy in the consciousness of returning health,—he heard a merry whistling in the garden, and the sound as of a vigorous arm at work in raking the gravel walk beneath the window.

"Mrs Dumpling," said Peter languidly, to his worthy housekeeper, "surely that stroke is too firm for our old gardener. Who is it?"

"Please, sir," said Mrs Dumpling, "when you were ill I did not like the idea of having nobody but that old fool to trust to,—so knowing as how my nephew Jim is a good steady lad, willing to make himself useful, and tired of the sea to the bargain,—which I must say it is an idle calling,—I made bold, sir, to fit up the little attic, sir, and if you only knew of what use he has been, sir, and so anxious about you, you would forgive the liberties took by an old servant, sir."

Peter smiled kindly. "Quite right, Mrs Dumpling," he said,—"could not have been better."

Mrs Dumpling stared. Such unqualified approval had never before been accorded to any plan of her's by her master.

"I'm afraid he's weakish in the head yet," she said to herself. "It don't look right; but I'll try him a bit."

Accordingly Mrs Dumpling strode across the floor with heavy steps, slammed doors behind her, upset articles of furniture, and otherwise did all in her power to arouse the grumbling qualities of Peter, for the space of two or three days, but all to no purpose. Peter's temper was angelic, and not to be ruffled.

"It don't look right," she again said at the end of that time. "I'll try a question or two." So accordingly she began.

"Doesn't that there light fall in your eyes, sir?"

"Not at all," was the answer, "I like to see the light, it's a pleasant thing, and does no one any harm."

"Doesn't the noise of Jim a-cutting that grass disturb you then, sir?"

"Not at all, Mrs Dumpling," replied Peter, with his sweetest smile, "'tis the pleasantest sound in the world."

"Then, sir, you would surely like that there bluebottle removed. It's noise is not agreeable, at any rate."

"Not particularly, Mrs Dumpling, but I don't think either you or I could catch it, so we must bear it. What can't be cured must be endured, you know, Mrs Dumpling."

"Did I ever!" exclaimed Mrs Dumpling, with upraised hands and eyes.

"What is it, pray, Mrs Dumpling?" enquired Peter mildly.

"Oh! nothing, sir, nothing," replied Mrs Dumpling, bending over her work with renewed assiduity, "only perhaps, sir, you'll excuse all the noise and uproar as I've been making the last few days."

"Noise and uproar!" echoed Peter, in much surprise, "I am sure I never noticed any. You have been most kind and attentive to me,—and if I could give you any pleasure, anything to reward your trouble, you know,—I should be most happy to do so."

"Dear sir, there is one thing I should like so much; but knowing as how you did not like to be put about——"

"Go on, Mrs Dumpling, if you please."

"Please, sir, might I have another servant under me?"

"Certainly, Mrs Dumpling; but I always thought you objected to more than one girl about the place."

"So I did, sir, and always shall."

"Then why do you want two?"

"I don't want two."

"What on earth do you mean, Mrs Dumpling?" cried Peter, becoming excited.

"I don't want no girl along with Betsy Jane; I want a girl instead of her. That's what I want."

"Mrs Dumpling, is it possible you want to part with Betsy Jane?"

"Quite possible, sir," was the answer, and a broad grin illumined Mrs Dumpling's rosy countenance.

"This is most unaccountable," cried Peter. "Why I thought you would as soon think of losing your right hand, as of losing Betsy Jane."

"So I should, sir."

"But you want her to leave?"

"I do, and I don't, sir," was Mrs Dumpling's enigmatical answer.

It was a good proof of Peter's reformation that he bore this mysterious behaviour on the part of Mrs Dumpling so well. He, however, gave vent to his feelings in a tremendous sigh, and renewed his apparently endless cross-examination with tolerable calmness.

"Mrs Dumpling," he began with solemnity, "where do you expect Betsy Jane to go to?"

"That depends on you, sir."

"On me! how?"

"This way, sir," said the housekeeper, grinning more than ever. "You asked me, you know, to name anything I was in particular set on. Now I'm set on Betsy Jane leaving my kitchen,—and going to live in the white cottage at the foot of the washing-green."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Peter.

"Very," assented Mrs Dumpling jocosely, "but true."

Peter sighed again, and his tormentor continued,—

"There's only one other thing I'd like, sir, and that is to have Jim kept on as under gardener."

Peter gave a long, low whistle.

"Oh, that's it," said he, after a lengthened stare at Mrs Dumpling's face, which was puckered up into all sorts of odd shapes, to prevent an explosion of laughter. This laughter now burst forth, with a violence proportionate to the length of time it had been restrained.

Peter joined in the hearty peals of the good housekeeper, and Betsy Jane in the kitchen, and Jim in the garden, or rather, at the kitchen window, wondered what could be the meaning of so much mirth, and laughed in concert.

Now, having referred to one habit of novelists and writers of different kinds regarding their heroes, I shall mention another little trick they have, and then humbly venture to use it myself. This little trick resembles an ingenious method children have of obtaining possession of some coveted sweet, such as a knot of sugar or a piece of cake. The little urchins fabricate a pretty little story of a certain naughty little boy or girl, who was forbidden under severe penalties to touch sweet things at table. At a certain part of the story, a fat little hand is put forth, a pair of blue eyes look slyly forth, and a little mouth, half smiling, half pouting, lisps—"And what do you think that naughty child did? He took it." This little incident of nursery life is always recalled to me by the tantalizing way some authors have of saying, for example,—

I shall not say how Betsy Jane was led blushing to the altar by our old friend Peter, nor describe how Jim blushed far redder, and looked far less at ease than she. Nor shall I tell of the gorgeous crimson shawl Mrs Dumpling wore, how important she looked, and how she did not grin for very dignity and profundity of bliss. Nor shall I inform the reader how Sarah Anne, Betsy Jane's cousin and Mrs Dumpling's new handmaiden, acted bridesmaid; nor how a tall young man, Jim's brother, was the groomsman. I shall leave it to the reader to imagine how Peter feasted the villagers; how he never could get the guests to eat enough, nor be merry enough. I shall not mention the future bliss of Jim and Betsy Jane in the white cottage at the foot of the washing-green; nor mention how, in years to come, little Dumplings took strange liberties with their grandaunt Dumpling.

But one thing I *will* say, and that is, that Peter became a wiser and a better man, and was known for his patience and goodness over the whole village; and how, in a wonderfully short time, people forgot the very existence of that once appropriate name—GRUMBLING PETER.

AGNELLA.

Mediæval Chivalry.

Chapter V.—The Tournament.

"To other days my fancy went;—
Called up the stirring tournament."—*L. E. L.*

Few as were the occupations or amusements of the knight in time of peace, we need not wonder at the great importance he gave to the preparation for, and action in, the Tournament.

There only could he satisfactorily display the result of his long training and knightly exercise. In its mimic strife, war was freed from all its grossness, its impetuosity, its passion; there was no mêlée of crowding soldiers of the common rank impeding his ambitious arm, no unseen archer to be feared, whose cloth-yard shaft might shorten his hour of triumph by a blind death, unsweetened by revenge: he had leisure to address himself to every point of knighthood, to display his courtesy and his grace, as well as his valour; he had no bitter feeling, he nourished no hate and no revenge against the man with whom he fought, but rather the honoured and honouring admiration men feel for their own virtues, reflected from another's face, who *are* what they *would be*. His reward was more sudden and sure; and let us not now, in colder times, depreciate the love of glory that carried him through deeds of high emprise—the very words had not then degenerated into the narrower meaning they now bear. And a knight who shone in the lists, *leapt at once* into fame and favour—and grasped his desire in the bud. There was no hearsay in the proof he gave of what he was, to the bright eyes that bent so lovingly upon him; no doubt in the satisfaction to brother or to father looking on, that this youngest one was indeed a worthy scion of their noble house. Nobles and kings looked favourably upon him, pointing the road to fortune and more fame; tried knights found he was worthy to be taken as a friend; and some fair maiden trustfully believed that it was well for her to give her life into such keeping. The nation also learned the mightiest arm to follow in the time of war—and kept that arm in strength; as King Arthur said of his own "Diamond Jousts,"—

"By nine years' proof, we needs must learn
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow
In use of arms and manhood."

How different from the fierce contest on the reeking battle-field of foreign lands; where, it might be, encompassed with treachery, and placed at all disadvantage, he saw his friends sink down one by one by his side, and those he could not help, he vowed must be revenged; so that, with head reeling with repeated blows, with weariness and angry grief, his right arm still might do undreamt-of prodigies of valour, and make all foemen fly. But there he took his rest, amid the horrors of the bloody field that cost him far too dear; his friends not won, but lost; his lady, safe afar, unwitting of his danger or his deeds; and glory, when he most deserved, eluding most, as Chaucer tells us in his House of Fame, the goddess can award silence instead of fame, not for the man's deserts, but her own will. For they were dead who might have blazoned it, and his own lips were sealed on his own deeds. So, we need not wonder that, when the time drew near that chivalry (in form) should die, the pageantry of the Tournament should have outlived the spirit thereof; and its educational value be superseded by its representative—as the safer and more easy path to fame.

But, to know chivalry—we must not judge it from its latter days; but listen to

> "What resounds
> In fable or in romance, of Uther's son,
> Be-girt with British and Armoric knights;
> And all who since, baptized or infidel
> Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
> Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond;
> Or, whom Besirta sent from Afric shore,
> When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell,
> By Fontarabia."

Originally no person was allowed to *tourney* who had not at least four quarterings on his shield, but afterwards bravery proved all-sufficient, under certain limitations. "None were permitted to tourney who had blasphemed God; who had offended the ladies; who had in any way been false to gratitude and honour; who had violated his word; who had deserted his brother-in-arms; who had, *without waring*, assailed his enemy, or *by indirect means*, despoiled his territory." In Germany, there was a peculiar clause excluding knights who had imposed taxes. But, as they often fought incognito, it was not always possible to examine their credentials too minutely; indeed, they seldom seemed to find it difficult to satisfy the constable as to their right of entrance. The sense of trust in the honour and word of a knight, that made the time so rich, smoothed their way for them. It

provided a safe-conduct even, for any knight to travel through the territories of his bitterest enemy, on his way to a Tournament. An untried knight might unquestioned keep his armour veiled, till he had done some deed that might suggest some motto, or fulfil some vow. Or knights, too long tried and well-known, like Lancelot, would desire anew to prove the truth of wide-spread fame. In such cases, a group would occasionally assume for the time the names of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, or Charlemagne and his paladins.

Their arms were duly examined by the constable, who judged if the lances were sufficiently blunted or covered with wood, called Rockets; so that there might be no accidental or intentional danger. Strangers received every preference possible under the laws, throughout the whole day.

The lists were encircled with ropes or railings, to keep off the crowding spectators. The ladies sat on an elevated dais, richly canopied and adorned; clad in their richest robes and jewels, and surrounding the Queen of the Tournament, who sat in a gorgeous chair, elevated above them all. At the hour appointed, the herald cried—"A l'ostelle, a l'ostelle! To achievement! Knights and Esquires to achievement!" and they retired into tents erected for the purpose, to don their harness, attended by their friends, esquires, and an official. After due space, the herald again cried loudly,—"Come forth, knights, come forth!" They eagerly responded to this call, and, mounting their steeds, took the place and order assigned to them; and waited in breathless silence for the next words of the herald—"Laissez aller!" Then the cords which divided them were slackened, and the cavaliers, dressing their spears to their rests, commended their cause to their ladies, and dashed forward on either side. Three esquires attended each knight, who performed their ordinary services; and carried messages to and from the ladies,—ribbons, notes, or emblems. The air rang with the clashing armour, the clanging hoofs, the shouts of excitement and encouragement. "On valiant knights, fair eyes behold you!" "Loyanté aux Dames!" "Honour to the sons of the brave!" But the knights who fought, and the ladies who watched, kept the dead silence of suspense, with clenched teeth, and straining breath, and inward prayer. To break a spear between the saddle and the helmet, was one point of honour; the higher the better. If *on* the helmet, it was considered worthy of ten points. To strike one off the saddle, reckoned three points. Good horsemanship being the first quality in a knight, it was thought better to fall with his horse than from it. To take away the rest of the lance, was the highest honour. To break a lance against the pommel of the saddle, was a great disgrace. Breaking one transversely was a proof of unskilful riding, so that the phrase—"to

break across," did not die with the use of the lance. Richard I. re-introduced tournaments into England, to increase the dexterity of his knights in the art and practice of war. In the reign of Edward I., a digest of the laws and ordinances of the tournament was made by John, Earl of Worcester, by order of the king, which we may give here completely, as they are not so minute and lengthy as those of some other countries :—

"1st. Whoso breaketh most spears, as they ought to be broken, shall have the prize.

2d. Whoso hitteth three times in the helm.

3d. Whoso meeteth three times coronel to coronel.

4th. Whoso beareth a man down with a spear stroke.

5th. Whoso striketh a horse shall receive no prize.

6th. Nor Whoso striketh a man, his back turned or disarmed of his spear.

7th. Whoso hitteth the toil or tilt thrice.

8th. Whoso unhelms himself twice shall have no prize, unless his horse fail him.

9th. Whoso breaketh a spear between the saddle and the charnel of the helm, shall be allowed for one.

10th. Whoso breaketh a spear from the charnel of the helm, shall be allowed for one.

11th. Whoso hitteth the toil twice, shall be abased thrice.

12th. Whoso breaketh a spear within a foot of the coronel, shall be judged as no spear broken, but a good attempt.

13th. Whoso beareth a man down out of the saddle, or putteth him to the earth, shall have the prize above him that striketh the coronel to coronel two times.

14th. He that doth strike coronel to coronel twice before him that striketh the sight thrice.

15th. He that striketh the sight thrice before him that breaketh the most spears.

If there be any man that fortunately in this wise shall be deemed to have abode longest in the field helmed, and ran the firmest course, and gave the greatest strokes, helping himself best with his spear, let him be adjudged victor."

When all had sufficiently proved their valour, or when the time was spent, though others should still be desiring to run another course, the Lord of the tournament dropped his warden, and the heralds cried "Ployez vos bannières." Then all

drew near to attend the judgment, which was, however, generally pretty well known beforehand, as all present had the code of laws by heart. The ladies were the judges proper; but, if any objections were made, or if they refused to give it, the verdict was pronounced by "the Knight of Honour," chosen expressly for the occasion from among the witnesses of a scene in which he had often before acted nobly his own part.

Occasionally we have seen the prize to have been the fair maiden herself, who presided at the tournament; which, of course, could not be accepted by those whose faith was plighted elsewhere—and they sometimes received instead, a crown of laurel. Sometimes a jewel of price was won, as in the Diamond Jousts, and then the Knight invariably presented his prize to his lady-love. Occasionally the reward was a silver helmet, or piece of armour, which was delivered to the kneeling knight by the Queen of Love and Beauty, who added some graceful words of praise to the valour that was above all reward. He modestly disclaimed this praise, insisting that "the victory was entirely owing to the favour of my lady, which I wore in my helmet, to her smile, or to her love!" Or, if more personal, his reply might be in Adelaide Proctor's words:—

"If in the fight my arm was strong,
And forced my foes to yield;
If conquering and unhurt I came
Back from the battle field;
It is because thy prayers have been
My safeguard and my shield."

We can but dimly imagine the pride and pleasure with which a maiden would thus honour her lover; and the intense and yet modest joy in the satisfactory feeling that beauty had been given to her, that raised her to this position of thus doubly honouring him.

The next day the young esquires fought, often in the armour of their Lords, and young maidens gave the prize. The third day there was a mêlée of knights and esquires, where ambitious youths, though yet but squires, might dare to run a course with men so tried, that it was no slight honour even to be vanquished by them—learning thus their art. A splendid feast closed the proceedings, and then, after some days' amusement in hunting or hawking together, the knights and ladies would separate and wend their way homewards—their memory filled with bright images of this Tournament, to reach forward eagerly to the next.

The Joust was inferior to the Tournament, and might be held without pomp, and

with much less expense than we hear of being lavished round such lists as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." He who had tourneyed, and given largess to the herald, might joust without any further cost. The presence of ladies even was not indispensible to the joust, which therefore became rather a preparation, than a substitute for the Tournament. There was a still inferior contest called the "passage of arms," when a company of knights would undertake to defend a road or a bridge from all persons of their own rank. Those who challenged this passage had their arms attached to the lists, and a description of the kind of arms and nature of the adventure they desired.

They soon found antagonists, who, coming up, would show their choice of their opponent by touching his shield. But this, and all such amusements, went out of use along with the Tournament, whose natural death was hastened by a Papal bull that asserted that "Tournaments were sinful, and all who were killed in them were assuredly doomed to eternal destruction."

Besides the Tournament and joust of peace, there was also a joust to the utterance, when the antagonists were enemies. There was also the ordeal joust, to prove the right of either side by might. Even ladies had sometimes to abide the issue of their champion's struggle, as when Rebecca waited for Ivanhoe to prove in the lists that she was no sorceress. It was always considered better for a youth to fight in any cause rather than his own—especially in a lady's.

"Suits it young warrior well to fight,
For lady's cause and lady's right,
'Tis just a field for knight to win
His maiden spurs and honours in."

Judicial combats were to the utterance, but were unconnected with chivalry. Sir David de Lyndsay, first Earl of Crawford, and Lord Wells, jousted before Richard II. at London Bridge, on the feast of St George. They were sheathed in armour of proof, and mounted on mighty war-horses. The clash of their assault was tremendous, but they both stood it,—Lord Crawford so firmly, that the people cried out that he was locked in his saddle. Immediately he sprung to the ground, and armed as he was, vaulted again upon the back of his charger. The endurance and skill of the Scot at length prevailed, and he brought Lord Wells to the ground, then raised him up and presented him to the Queen, saying that "mercy should ever proceed from woman."

LUTEA RESEDA.

The Viking's Chains.

I HAVE left my heart o'er the salt sea foam,
With a blue-eyed maid in a mountain home,
She hath bound it fast with her locks of gold—
My heart that was ever so free and bold!
O woe is me for woman's art!
O woe is me for my captive heart!

I have sailed the sea for many a year;
I have never known the name of fear;
My limbs have never learned to feel
The galling weight of captive steel,
And now a mountain maiden's art
Hath conquered my unwary heart.

Yet I love my victor all too well
To rue the day she wrought the spell;
Those silken fetters are light to bear,
That golden chain I am proud to wear.
I vow 'tis a kind and a blessed art
That hath tamed my haughty Viking's heart.

MEIGEAG BHEAG.

Life of Lacordaire,

BY DORA GREENWELL.

THIS book, published towards the end of 1867, is the life of a Roman Catholic Priest and Dominican Monk, written by an English Protestant lady. The subject is interesting, and the memoir ably written. It is free from those faults of egotism or partiality, which so often destroy the merit of biography. There is no striving to gain our sympathy through working on our feelings, and it is altogether more *objectively*

written than is often the case with female biographers. The language is rich in poetic taste and imagery. We feel that the author's heart is in her work, that she has a deep interest in the man of whom she speaks; and yet she obtrudes no personal opinion; allows herself to wander into no sentimental digression; but having drawn the picture from facts, and placed it in a clear light, steps aside that we may see it for ourselves. It is simply and graphically sketched,—a life little ruled by external circumstances, in which the outer accidents of life seem to have ever been made subordinate to the inner conflict of the spirit. The volume contains many quotations from Père Chocarne and other French authors, and also some beautiful passages from Lacordaire's own correspondence with Madame Swetchine; and concludes with a slight glance at his works. These are less attractive than the living record of his life. The "Lettres à un jeune homme" contain deep and beautiful thoughts; but his sermons, when written, lose much of their charm; and his "Life of St Dominic" is so grounded on the necessity of Papal infallibility, as to seem to extenuate even cruelty and oppression. It is hard to reconcile it with the wide liberal mind of the writer, and we can only, as his biographer says—"Suppose that to be a Roman Catholic and a Papist is to abrogate all power and moral discrimination." But the life is a great life, a noble life—as all lives must be, when every selfish ambition, every personal desire, is merged in devotion to one grand idea. The one thought of Lacordaire's life—the mission to which he gave himself up, was to reconcile the Church with society, to make Christian principle the mainspring of social action. This mission, (and man has seldom devoted himself to a nobler one), was difficult, more especially in France at that time (183—), whilst the mass of the nation looked on religion with distrust and suspicion; but his was one of those fearless spirits which no danger or difficulty will turn aside from an arduous, though self-imposed duty. His early life was devoted to study and thought, and his first appearance before the public was with Lamennais and Montalembert, as joint editor of the *Avenir*, a publication which, with its strong fearless cry for truth, liberty, and justice, startled all France to its foundations. They desired liberty for the church, but they desired also to reinstate it in its old arbitrary power; and France, freed from the thraldom of centuries, shrank from bowing again to the spiritual yoke; and the *Avenir*, after a short and brilliant career of bold protest, sank, feared alike by the friends and enemies of the church. These men seemed too simple, too straightforward, too single-hearted for the world around them, when strong in their own sincerity of purpose, they set off to Rome to lay their cause before the Holy Father. He received them with benign paternal kindness, like children who may

be humoured, but must be silenced—and Lamennais' proud sensitive spirit, feeling the full importance of the mission on which they had come, writhed under the indifferent and contemptuous treatment which it received. His was one of those tenderly-strung natures, whose faith once shaken, can never be re-established. He was an ideal-worshipper; and, his ideal shattered, he became a universal sceptic. He was struck with a contradiction, a want of reality, in this Rome, which had seemed to him the outer court of heaven. He had looked, he said, "for a certain analogy between the outward fact and the ideal type," and not finding this, he, who for years had been the bold champion of the Church, suddenly broke away from her, to follow ways of his own devising; and dropped silently and for ever out of the record of Lacordaire's life. Montalembert, after long doubt and indecision, submitted. But to Lacordaire, submission seemed to be easy. Born to combat and command, he had yet, with regard to the Church, the ready obedience of a true soldier. This want of individual opinion in a man whose life's cry was liberty, may seem to a Protestant unintelligible; but Lacordaire connected all light, and truth, and perfection with the Papacy, as "its radiating centre," and we must remember how different everything appears to minds "which have once accepted authority itself as a spiritual fact."

One of his strongest desires and objects of labour was, the re-establishment of the religious orders in France; and he entered into this work with all the ardour and vital energy which characterized every undertaking of his life. But as a preacher is Lacordaire best known. When he appeared in the pulpit of Notre Dame, preaching "Christianity as the one universal perfect society," all France seemed to hang on his words. It was not the eloquence alone which rivetted all hearts, nor even the wonderful power of sympathy, by which he identified himself with his hearers: it was the power of truth with which the words were fraught, the sight of a vital, practical religion, resuscitated from the dust, where it had been despised,—a large liberal Christianity, which appealed equally to reason as to faith; which, while pleading the cause of eternity, had yet hope and consolation for the present time. His hopefulness and faith were ever his strength, and sustained him not only under outward opposition, but under the far greater trial of suspicion and distrust from the very Church he so loved and worked for. He was a Liberal—a Liberal in the widest sense of the word; desiring liberty, not only for his own party, but for the party opposed to his,—not only for his own religion, but for all others,—not only for his own country, but for the whole world. "Humanity," he says, "is one, and its rights are the same in all places, though their mode of exercise may vary, according

to the existing state of manners and minds." "Such men," as his biographer says, "must always, in some degree, disappoint their friends. They are not to be reckoned on when names are called over and numbers taken. They are altogether wanting in what makes the soul and strength of the thorough-going, uncompromising partisan; incapable of the narrow hostility to all influences, however generous and admirable, which do not lie within a given circle."

It is refreshing to meet with a book written in such a large liberal spirit; where there is no palliating, no softening of differences of opinion; no attempt to compromise to gain the sympathy of Protestant readers; but where it is ever borne in the writer's mind that this is the life of a Roman Catholic priest,—everything looked at in that light, and nothing condemned which is consistent with a Christian's life as such. What strangely incongruous elements seem to rule in the nature of this man, who was at once an eager advocate of civil liberty, and a devoted Papist; whose loving generous heart says—"The Christian, even the saint, ought to look on an honest man with reverence," and in another passage, adds that, whoever loves God, "is a living member of the church, in whatever age he lives, and under whatever sky,"—and yet, who, in his life of St. Dominic, becomes the defender of one who had shared in the worst horrors of Papal tyranny.

It would be a difficult character to round to seeming conformity; but his biographer does not attempt it. She presents it to us as it is, with its apparent contradictions; and leaves it for us to judge, or rather not to judge, but to examine into and to love—even while we look with wonder and sorrow on some things which may seem to us incomprehensible in the life of a man so noble and large-hearted. But his public career ended sadly—as, alas for the world, most lives struggling for a great idea are sure to do. All the confident hopes of his youth were shattered. He had seemed to foresee his country rising into a glorious liberty, in which Christianity should pervade and illuminate society; and now, looking round him, he saw the France which through dark and terrible days had once seemed to have bought for itself a path to freedom, bowing again beneath a despotic yoke, and he felt himself standing alone, speaking to a people who heard his words, but whose heart had gone from him. For the first time his heart seemed to die within him, and silently and sadly he withdrew from public life. But even yet the strong hope which had all his life upheld him, did not quite desert him. "Lacordaire was one who never despaired for either his age or his country; his generous efforts for liberty and progress were to last as long as his life did, only he now carried them into another field of action." In his preaching, his great aim had been to raise the individual

by raising the mass; but now his influence took the direction of personal teaching, and he retired to the school of Sorèze, and there spent a great part of the last years of his life in the education of youth. Some short time before his death, he was chosen Provincial of the Order of the Dominicans, for the re-establishment of which in France he had so laboured; and here, in quiet retirement, surrounded by kind friends and devoted pupils, his life ended.

This time seems to have been the most peaceful and happy of his active, worthy life. "To read of it," says his biographer, "affects the mind with a sense of solemn repose and fulfilment, such as is apt to steal across the spirit at the close of one of those lovely autumn afternoons that are soft with all the tenderness of spring, yet warm with the sunshine of the long golden day that has gone before. A solitary bird sends from the thickets a plaintive yet cheering note, that seems to recal the thousand vanished songs of summer, and to promise yet more than it recals; the gossamer floats lightly on the air; the leaf reddens, the apple loosens its hold upon the stalk; all is peace, unspeakable peace, but the end is not far off."

ENAI.

Thoughts by the Shore.

STRIVING and restless as the days pass on,
The weary wave
Rocks itself ceaseless till the height be won,
That weary wave!
Lashing in fury 'gainst the cliffs that stem it;
Sinking back sadly where their brows contemn it;
That weary wave!

Awhile, a seeming conq'rer, it may win
A little space;
Defeated, once again it must give in
A little space;
Now hither hastened as the wind compels it,
Now backward driven as the rock repels it,
A little space!

The rapture of success is not for thee,
O restless tide ;
(Aye—whither would'st thou, e'en if thou wert free,
O restless tide ?)
Till the great quietude fill all creation,
To painful struggle ending all temptation,
O restless tide!

Perchance may'st thou some lesser fragment break,
O weary heart ;
Fret not thyself so small impress to make,
O weary heart !
A mightier power than thine shall crush resistance ;
Hear'st thou no voice that promises assistance ?
" A little while"—then, from thy long persistance,
Rest—weary heart !

ETHEL.

Glimpses of Shere Ali.

WE, in common with the rest of the Punjaub, have been spending our energies and time in seeing and doing honour to the Ameer of Affghanistan.

John Bull is curiously given to extremes. Usually the soul of economy, he even went so far, not long since, as to put the horses in his mail vans on the lowest possible rations, the price of grain having risen considerably. Perhaps it is in consequence of such care of his pence, that, when a liberal fit seizes him, he outdoes himself in reckless expenditure. So be it,—let the horses starve, and the Ameer go home a richer as well as a wiser man. Seriously speaking, the sums that have been expended on the gaieties of the last month, and the allowances paid for the daily support of the guest and his suite, are large enough to make us marvel for more reasons than one, and fancy we see the shade of Income Tax looming darkly over our heads, as among not the least important consequences of the outlay.

Of the performances at Lahore, we cannot speak except by hearsay ; but we can

vouch for everything having been done to make our own little station a pleasant resting-place for the Ameer. A road lined with troops, a good four-in-hand, with escort and outriders, a band, and a royal salute, were the preludes to his entry into a mess-house given up to him, and very prettily decorated for the occasion. A neighbouring Rajah aided in the preparations, and sent silver furniture and rich carpets, which added greatly to the general effect. Numbers of tents were pitched for the suite,—among them, two of elaborate scarlet and yellow for the head men. For days a perfect army of natives had been at work, making bedding and other requisites, chattering, smoking, and wasting time at once, as only Indians can; but certainly, the results were satisfactory. Shere Ali was received at the door of the mess by four soldiers' children, who presented him with bouquets, and were kept by his side most of the morning, receiving finally a handsome donation from him. His liking for children is at least an amiable point in his character. In the afternoon, the British regiment turned out, and gave him evidence of the power and rapidity of Snider rifles, in which he seemed to take great interest, watching first the field manœuvres, and then proceeding to see one company fire at the target. He inspected the effect of the shots himself, and, we devoutly hoped, was duly impressed thereby. Then ensued Scotch dancing, and a very picturesque scene it was. On one hand was the mess, with its decorations and sentries; in front were seated the Ameer and some of his entertainers; and at a little distance, under some trees, was the platform, with the pipers, dancers, and a semi-circle of spectators, lighted up by large torches, on which the torch bearers poured oil every few minutes, from quaint long-throated vessels.

The Ameer's personal appearance is by this time almost a hackneyed theme; but we must say both of him and his followers, that their manliness is a great contrast to the effeminacy of the natives hereabouts. Their very walk is different; they have the free, long step, which of itself suggests superiority, when compared with the mincing, noiseless movements to which our eyes are accustomed. All the Affghans had the same deep-set eyes and straight brows, which gave them a crafty look. They are not tall, but strongly made, and Shere Ali himself has a very Jewish cast of face. Only once during the time of his stay at Umballa did we see him in a different dress, and then the change was only to another of a darker shade. He invariably wears the *Choga*, or long brown dressing-gown of Cashmere (we cannot describe it in other words), and the high black cap, of curly lamb's wool, which entirely covers the forehead, and greatly diminishes one's power of estimating the character of his physiognomy. His little boy wore a beautiful aigrette of diamonds,

valued at £1000, and an emerald buckle given him by the King of Persia, and worth £600. His coat, too, was richly embroidered; and a story we subsequently heard confirmed our idea that personal ornaments are only worn by women and children in Affghanistan. A photograph was being taken of the principal personages at the *Durbar*, and the Rajahs attended in great array for the purpose. Just when the group was duly arranged, one of Shere Ali's suite, addressing an Englishman, asked contemptuously—"Is that a woman over there?" "Of course not," was the surprised answer,—the individual pointed out being of a decidedly hairy countenance,—"that is the Rajah of Kappoortullah." "Then, what does he wear all those jewels for?" This speech was a fair indication of the scorn with which the mountain race treat even the princes of this country; and, certainly, we might almost think the latter would be painfully conscious of the difference between their position,—dependants where their ancestors ruled,—and that of this rough mountaineer, fêted and courted before their very eyes. To return to the little boy. It is the fashion to laud him to the skies; but, we confess, to us he appeared much like his compeers in other countries. He is very fair, and has long-shaped eyes, which are rather Chinese in appearance. Further than this, we saw nothing remarkable about him, unless it were the *nonchalance* with which he accepted his position, and the total absence of anything like childish surprise or amusement. He is the son of Shere Ali's favourite wife, and is intended by his father to succeed him on the throne; so this early glimpse of civilisation may be to his advantage.

In a weak moment, we too thought we would see the gay doings at Umballa; and fain would we give our readers a true picture of our sufferings on the way there: but our pen fails us when we seek to pourtray the exasperation and fatigue of travelling a hundred miles by a bad *dak*, with insufficient horses. Suffice it to say, that we accomplished in thirty-two hours what might have been done in twelve; that we underwent two thunder-storms, during one of which our vehicle proved by no means waterproof; and finally, that our average pace, including stoppages, was on the first day precisely two miles an-hour. The thunder-storms deserve a further word. One passed over us as we waited disconsolately on the road, without any horses at all, and realised our notion of tropical violence. The light suddenly became a lurid yellow, the rain literally fell in torrents mixed with hail, the wind was strong enough to rock the *gharry*, startling us after the previous deathlike stillness, and many-coloured flashes of lightning succeeded each other with such rapidity, that we could not distinctly count three between two of them, while they were at the same time reflected in the sheet of water that speedily flooded the dry road. Fortunately,

the tempest was brief as well as severe, and we watched it roll away from us like a leaden curtain folded across the sky. The morning after our arrival at Umballa, we mounted our elephants at six o'clock, to see the entry of Lord Mayo. The view of the camp at that early hour was very striking. A great barren plain, ordinarily used as a parade ground, stretches on one side of the cantonments, and here were pitched tents, rising rank behind rank in seemingly endless array, backed by the soft blue of the distant Himalayas. In the centre, the British flag indicated the Viceroy's quarters, flanked by those of the Commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-Governor, &c., and thence stretched a double line of troops across the plain to the railway station; while behind surged a crowd of police, natives on foot or mounted on elephants or camels, and English spectators in great numbers. The troops included the sturdy little Goorkhas, and other native regiments, some of them brightly dressed. But the lower end of the line was in itself a sight worth seeing, for here were ranged detachments from the little armies of Rajahs who have always remained faithful to us, but whose forces are distinguished, we should imagine, more by their uniforms than by their discipline. Every oddity of costume and colour was to be seen among them; but two groups were especially remarkable. One consisted of a selection of men clad in dressing-gown-shaped garments of red, blue, and green; the others were in tight suits of scarlet, such as we remember seeing in an Edinburgh pantomime, when small lobster-like imps stormed a fairy fortress. The elephants, with the state howdahs and trappings belonging to the various Rajahs, were in some cases really beautiful; the howdahs being silver or gold, some of them with three miniature domes, while the huge cloths entirely covering the animal, were a mass of embroidery,—one, the most splendid, was a net of gold, each mesh held down with a knob of silver. In due time, when we were growing very weary of the odours and noise that indicate the presence of an Indian crowd, and our ears were deafened with the jingling of the elephants' bells, the procession appeared in sight, and we kept pace with it up to the camp. There were of course the usual escort, body-guard, carriages, bowings, and playing of the Anthem; but, excepting for the gay dresses of the Rajahs who followed the carriages, the general effect was poor. Moreover, here again appeared the incongruities that almost invariably mar any spectacle in this country. We were of course endeavouring to feel impressed with the dignity and power of the British, and the general grandeur of the scene, when we happened to glance at the rear of the procession, and there, oh hideous sight! moving at a dignified pace, between these imposing lines of soldiers, came a *dak gharry*, and two or three vehicles, compared with which an Edinburgh cab would be magnificent.

Truly in the East there is hardly even a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, though only those who have become practically acquainted with a *dak gharry* can appreciate the absurdity of such a finish to a state display. That afternoon, we were fortunate enough to witness the *durbar*; but compared with others, this one was, we were told, very quiet, being in fact, a reception for the Ameer alone, not the usual presentation of all the native dignitaries, who therefore came less brilliantly dressed than if they had figured prominently. The *durbar* tent is hung with yellow and black, and in the centre were three golden chairs, raised on a couple of steps. Behind stood native servants in the scarlet Viceregal livery, bearing hand-punkahs stiff with gold, and white yaks' tails, with which they carefully described circles in the air, to the destruction of imaginary flies. On each side of the tent were tiers of chairs for officers and ladies, this being the first *durbar* to which the latter were openly admitted: formerly, they gazed from behind screens, after the fashion of the Ladies' Gallery in the House. Outside the tent were the guard of honour and the batteries, and we may aver that, from this date, salutes were incessant. Each Rajah is entitled to a certain number of guns, and on this point of honour they are excessively tenacious; so, as the interchange of visits was considerable during the ensuing week, and the salutes from the Royal Artillery were usually followed by others from the private batteries of each petty monarch, the expenditure of powder was not small. Two rows of chairs were filled by these Rajahs and their special attendants, and we could hardly help smiling at the etiquette of their entrance; each was led in by the hand by one or two English officers, according to his rank, and deposited on his chair very much like a child at dinner. Their dresses were very handsome, some of gold, some of satin or moiré, their turbans were mostly of golden stuff looped up with jewels, and they all wore belts and necklaces of enormous value; things beautiful in themselves, but, as the Affghan thought, looking singularly out of place on men. Indeed these dignitaries did not impress me at all favourably as to expression or features, with one exception, the young Rajah of Puttiala, who has an intelligent and (for an Indian) a frank face. After some time, during which there were audible complaints of the heat, Lord Mayo appeared, and walked quickly up to his place, whence he ought to have advanced immediately to receive his guest. Here, however, a hitch occurred, for no guest was forthcoming, and for some minutes the Viceroy was kept waiting in a manner not suited to Viceregal dignity; but at last he sat down, while an expression of discomfiture prevailed on the faces of the attendant aides-de-camp, and sundry strong remarks were hurled *sotto voce* at the "politicals," who ought to

have timed the arrival of the Ameer. Finally the carriage drove up with Shere Ali and his son; and Lord Mayo, according to the programme, met them at the entrance, and placed them one on either side of his own chair. A long conversation ensued, through an interpreter, but of this no doubt the home papers have given plentiful reports; then tray after tray of presents was brought in, and laid on the floor, Eastern fashion, for the Ameer's acceptance; and after a couple of minutes removed by servants, who were sorely embarrassed by their attempt to walk backwards. The Viceroy, with his own hand, presented a beautiful sword to the Ameer, and a jewelled chain to his son, and then the ceremony was concluded. After all, the whole affair was chiefly interesting from a political point of view; for, perhaps, the day may come, when it will be a pleasant thing to say that we too saw the *durbar* from which such great results sprang. We had other opportunities of studying both Shere Ali and the Rajahs, as they came to the Viceroy's receptions and some races; but the results of further observation were in accord with our first impressions. We saw endless varieties of jewellery on the persons of the latter, and looked with some curiosity at an uncommonly fat young prince, who affects English ways, smoking cheroots and drinking soda-water, and wearing, in singular contrast to the rest of his dress, a very loud English tie duly slipped through a gold ring. It is said he intends coming to England; and, if so, will no doubt be received with infatuated adulation, whereas here he is a small man by comparison with others. Shere Ali's face certainly betrays a great capacity for evil; there are sinister lines in it, and those who saw him when a slight *contretemps* occurred during the journey, say the glimpse they obtained of his rougher mood was anything but encouraging. He is not a little scandalised at the appearance of Englishwomen in public, and especially at their riding. He is reported to have said at Peshawar, where he first saw them, "If *our* women did that, their throats would be cut." However, he observes them carefully enough, as he does everything, however minute. When he drove into our station, the Commissioner who escorted him drew his attention to a stand filled with ladies, on which he remarked that he supposed he ought to bow. He did so, putting his hand to his cap in the usual manner, and leaning forward till the carriage had passed; then he turned and said, "Commissioner Sahib, you will say whatever is proper from me to the ladies;" and afterwards, at the review, he had his son lifted into one of their carriages, as the best way of paying them some attention. Those who saw most of him were much struck with his sharpness in noting everything new. On being shown a spring bed, he examined its construction and exclaimed, "You do everything in your country with iron." The railway naturally impressed him, especially

as a means of moving troops and supplies; and he heard with evident surprise that Lord Mayo had travelled from Calcutta to Umballa in forty-four hours.

After the *durbar* some days were passed in races, dinners, reviews, fireworks, and receptions. The latter entertainment seemed rather to puzzle the Rajahs, who required the pleasures of conversation explained to them, and the songs to which we listened, translated. We wondered what idea a rendering of *Figaro* would convey to them! The heat by this time was becoming too great for life in tents to be agreeable, and we were all glad when the political purpose of the visit being concluded, the camps broke up, and the guests scattered to their various places of abode. Already, ere we left, the tide was turning, and instead of the wild praise bestowed at first on the Ameer, reports began to circulate that he is placed on the throne by Russia, and has been playing us false from the beginning. Something in the air of India must give to rumour even more than her "hundred tongues;" for life would be unbearable, did one heed a tithe of the wonderful tales that spring up with mushroom rapidity, no one knows whence or how. At least we may hope the best from this interview, since it is so far a step in advance, that no one a few years since would have imagined that an Ameer of Affghanistan would come from beyond the terrible Khyber Pass to seek the alliance or accept the courtesies of a British Viceroy.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.

Longing.

"Happy are the home-sick, for they shall go home."

WHEN the night is falling cold and gray,
Over the sea;
And my heart is sad as the dying day—
With the want of thee;
Then I thirst, and yearn, and faint, and pray
Thine eyes to see,
Shining like Hesper's earliest ray—
Down over me.

When the trees are rustling sad and low,
Round the forest stream—
That pauses and shudders amid its flow,
In a troubled dream,
Then I sigh my sigh for the evening glow,
And the morning gleam ;
And the hopes that glittered so long ago
In the sun's bright beam.

The day is dark and the night is long,
And the stars are fled.
Day—for the want of thy careless song
And thy sunny head,
Is gloomy, and Night sits sad among
Her splendours dead,
And grieves for the waning moonlight, flung
On the page unread,

Of the book that lies on the window-sill,
In thine empty room.
And oh for thy voice and thy face to fill
The silent gloom !
The songs of the birds and the winds are still,
And the rich perfume
Of the rose is faint, and upon the hill
Droops the golden broom.

All things are waiting until thou come,
Oh ! love of mine ;
Then the birds will sing, and the bees will hum,
And the stars will shine,
And the moon will scatter the darkness dumb,
With a light benign,
And my heart, that long has been cold and numb,
Shall thrill to thine.

Peace to my love, wherever her feet
May tread the ground,—
May they bless the earth with their traces sweet,
May no woe be found
Where her soft eyes shine, and her pulses beat ;
May her voice's sound
Ring blythely ever until we meet,
And my joy is crowned.

Yet oh, will the gain that shall come at last
Efface the loss,
When we stand where the shadows of boughs are cast
Athwart the moss,
In the wood's green heart, and will the Past,
With its heavy cross,
Be quenched in joy, as we wander fast
By the sea-waves' toss?

I know not yet, but to longing hearts
Sure hope is given,
When the tear of the home-sick wanderer starts,
He is homeward driven ;
And by such sore pain when from Love it parts,
The soul is shriven—
To look with eyes where no sorrow smarts,
Up to its HEAVEN.

O. M.

A Reverie.

Is it possible, in this busy round of commerce, to rest a little space, and revolve the actions of past years in my mind?

A Reverie! I scarcely know its meaning. The toiling and moiling of life have left me no leisure for thought ; and, indeed, I have even shunned such an indul-

gence for long years past. The events of these years are entombed in my bosom in dim vaults, and no grass waves greenly over their memories. But to-day, though unbidden, these sorrows and joys, long buried and nigh forgotten, come surging through my mind like waves of thought on the sands of memory. The embankments of my will are waxed weak through age, and they are giving way at last.

The glass tells me my forehead is shaded now with silvered hair, not thin and spare, but rich and gleaming. Though I feel I am going fast down the hill of life, I am yet hale and strong; I have many friends, and many a home circle opens to receive me. I cannot call myself an unhappy man; and yet to-day I can almost say it truly.

Ah! how those "memories of long-ago" rise around me! and many a lovely scene of gladness, many a happy day of youth, comes thronging in strange distinctness to my brain; and as the memory of each touches some long silent heart-string, and thrills it with forgotten emotions, I find it is a memory of pain that awakens the loudest chord.

Yes, all these past joys converged in intensity to one sacred point of bliss, and that is now the centre of deepest pain. What mysterious connection exists then between joy and sorrow? In my heart they are ever joined together in fellowship, and entwined round one gentle Christian name—Mary; the sweetest and the saddest name. And as I linger over the "soft dissyllable," I ponder the sweetness of that name, whose essence is bitterness. Sacred history first, and the world's history ever since, alike have their records of sorrow linked with the name of Mary. I am but one mourner more to swell the silent train of the past; and now, as I murmur that gentlest sound, scarce can I keep a tear from welling up to betray me to myself. What! shall I weep a wily enchantress, a faithless heart-breaker?

Ah, never again may such words break from my lips! I have learnt in long years to forgive, and to rejoice in her welfare; and shall a life-long lesson be forgotten now? I dare not linger over this heart's history, lest I forget I am a man, and weep, or give way to fiery thoughts of indignation. Farewell, then, to this brief hour of recollection; I must close for ever this heart-cemetery. It is full now,—its memories may never more awaken in this present world,—but its inmates will meet me in a world eternal.

NOLI-ME-TANGERE.

"Doña Juanna."

Oh black, black were her eyes,
And her laughing lips were red,
And glossy the soft jetty hair
That decked her graceful head.
Oh, her voice rang silver sweet,
And more light than snow-flakes fall,
Was the patter of her dainty feet
Over the dark old hall.
And who, that once has seen her,
E'er afterwards forgets
Juanna's fairy dancing,
And her merry castanets?

In the evening, when the sunlight
Had glared itself away,
And long and cool the shadows
On the quiet Plaza lay,—
While Don Alvar sat and smoked,
Doña Isabel would bring
Her gay guitar, and seat her
At her father's feet, and sing.
While blithe Juanna rests not,
But fidgets, pouts, and frets,
Till she's dancing like a fire-fly,
To her merry castanets.

Young Lancelot was only
A subaltern, in one
Of the bravest light-horse corps
That e'er gallant deed had done;
With no heavy well-filled purse,
Nor great patron, high in place,—
With nothing but his sword,
And his winning handsome face.

Yet, the first time that he sees her,
The lad his heart's love sets
On Don Alvar's child Juanna,
With the merry eastanets.

He loved the maiden dearly,
And he told her so one night,
As they wandered 'mid the olive trees,
All in the ealm moonlight;
And he said, with choking voiee,
While his dark-blue eyes grew dim—
There was nothing left to live for,
If she did not eare for him.
And one heavy tear-drop falling,
Juanna's small hand wets,—
The hand that snaps so joyously,
The merry eastanets.

She blushed, and deeply sighed,
As she drooped her veiléd head,—
"I love you, Senor Lancelot,
But we ean never wed;
Ere Easter next comes round,
I must be Don Luis' wife,—
Then, farewell to all the joys
That ean make me eling to life.
Oh, if you only knew
Of my father's angry threats!
Oh, my singing and my daneing,
And my merry eastanets!"

"Come, fly with me, my darling,
I will love you deep and trne;
By my honour! 'tis a shame
That you such a thing should do!

As my dear and and wedded wife,
You can face the whole world then ;
And not all the Dons in Spain
Could e'er part us two again.
Oh, what days of quiet pleasure
May shine upon us yet,
With dance, and song, and music,
And merry eastanet !"

Don Luis wrathful heard him,
As beside the wall he stood ;
In his grasp the dagger quivered,
As though athirst for blood.
One hasty step—one cry—
And one deadly vengeful blow !
But it was not English Lancelot
On the greensward lying low.
Juanna faintly whispers,
As the life-blood wells and jets,
" I saved you—love—*adios*—
Isabel—my—eastanets !"

* * * * * * *

On red Vittoria's field,
When the night fell still and dark,
Young Lancelot lay dying,
'Mong the corpses cold and stark.
In the morning when they found him,
He was lying pale and fair,
With the heavy blood-drops clotted,
In his shining yellow hair.—
And in one poor dead hand, grasped
By the fingers stiff and set,
Were—a lock of raven hair,
And a little eastanet.

MAS ALTA.

Mediæval Chivalry.

Part VI.—Honours and Dishonours.

"He rode
Upon a coal-black steed;
And tens of thousands thronged the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breast-plate, were of gold,
And graved with many a dent, that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.—*L. E. L.*

We cannot but notice more particularly the honours peculiar to knighthood, or, more strictly, to the virtues considered to be embodied in the knight; though we have already seen how much was awarded to him for proved bravery, even in a tournament. It introduced him to the society of the noblest in the land; to self-trust and self-respect; to fame, praise, admiration, perpetuation in song; to noble love or marriage; to future deeds of high emprise and higher honour,—for men must choose to do their toughest deeds, the toughest hearts. He might be chosen to escort the king to distant war, or to head his troops in his place; and an opportunity given him to show that it was no chance success, but that the bravery and prudence that won his own triumph, could command victory upon all his followers. New honours then awaited him. If he had had fifty knights and squires under his command, with their attendants, he who had been well-tried in battle, and signalised himself equally by his personal bravery and his wise over-sight, might aspire to be made knight-banneret. On the herald proving his claims to this distinction, his king or leader cut off the end of his triangular pennon, and it became square,—the outer sign of his advanced rank. He then fought under no other baron, nor any leader except the king, being made equal to the hereditary baron, and having, like him, his own war cry, equal bearings, and escutcheon. His wife became "une dame bannerette;" and his family a "hostel bannière."

In some old books there is given an amusing account of a young esquire's indignation, at a lawyer-friend of his claiming for his profession a position above that of a knight. Determined to make sure of a point that seemed so vital, and to meet his

disputant on his own ground, he borrowed his friend's law books; and, contrary to his usual habits, sat burrowing in them for many hours, to see if he could there find anything to settle his doubts. In an "Abridgement of Law: Cases concerning Knights," he found to his comfort that it had been decerned that "no man, *under* the degree of a knight, *except* spiritual men and sergeants-at-law, should use more cloth for a gown than four broad yards," by the force of which exception he was able to prove his legal friend really under his degree. Further, he found that the Chief-Justice says that, "If an action be brought against a knight, not naming him a knight, the suit could not go forward, because the word 'knight' is a name of dignity." In another place, "one Richard Haukford having begun a suit against another, about the presentation to a benefice, who was during the suit made a knight, judgment was given that the suit should fall to the ground." At two several times he noted that "divers of the judges were of opinion that this word 'knight' was not only *nomen dignitatis*, but parcel of his name also." Also Presot, a great and learned judge, affirmed that "If an esquire be made a knight, the name of esquire was gone from him; but if a knight be made an earl or a duke, the name knight remained, as more valuable than the other." And, turning to and fro, he found "Another old ordinance concerning matter of tournaments, in which noble exercise knights were associated with barons and earls, and one law for all." In many ancient documents the signatures of knights are placed before those of barons, who have not been expressly admitted to the order. The youth continues:—"Knights-witnesses signed *Hiis Testib' Dominus M. C. J. I. Militib'*, and yet, I know well, these witnesses were never lords. If he were a lord and a knight also, it were all one, and many knights in their own deeds did sign themselves,—*Sciant qd ego Dominus, E. F. Miles;* and their wives were called ladies as long as they lived. "Dominus" in Latin is "Lord" in English, and in French "Sire," whereby you cause me to observe, that unto this day knights are commonly called Sire J. E., &c. No judge, unless he be also a knight, can wear the Collar of S.S.; but the judges that be knights use them, as *my father* doth." And the young esquire, knight prospective, legally confuted his antagonist, and remained in his superior position. This curious incident was of the latter times of chivalry, when custom had clearly passed into law. The property in the title,—as if the word knight had become almost the man's Christian name,—we frequently find insisted on in old tales. A second and more distinguishing name was taken from the place of his birth, from the place of his admission into the ranks of chivalry, from his family, property, or from the scene of his noblest exploits. A distinguished honour was to be called the knight of the mines; which was won by victory in a sort of under-

ground tournament. The vaults were lit up by torches, a board, breast-high, divided the combatants, swords and short battle-axes were the only weapons in their protracted struggle.

They had a strong idea of a mysterious virtue which passed from the giver to the receiver of knighthood; and the refinement of feeling which this idea introduced, was strikingly marked by the value it gave honour for its own sake. As the author of his chivalrous existence conferred on him a sonship of glory, and a consequent return of duty and reverence, it was esteemed of the utmost consequence that the author of his chivalrous existence should have preserved his honour pure, and unmixed with any base or unworthy alloy. For this reason, an esquire would often remain so for a long time, that he might gain an opportunity of begging knighthood from the hands of some one whom he reverenced, and desired to emulate. Next to his zeal in performing the duties of a lover, was that of following the track of such a model. Hence many monarchs were constrained to seek knighthood from foreign potentates. Henry II. of England received knighthood from David, King of Scotland, at Carlisle; Edward I., at age of fifteen, from Alphonso XI., King of Castile; Malcolm and Alexander, Kings of Scotland, were both knighted by John of England; and Henry III. knighted at York, Alexander III. of Scotland, and Magnus, King of the Isle of Man. But it was only their knighthood, and not their royalty, that gave them power to do so. Originally, as we have seen, every knight had power to create another of his own degree. But as chivalry, like all human institutions, lost its purity, it was impossible to believe that no unworthy member could be admitted into its ranks—though only through ignorance, neglect, or misconception. The power which even one such might gain, were he inclined to be rebellious, by knighting many men, and thus binding them to his service, would be immense; so that kings found it necessary and wise to limit the right to royalty, and it became a practical part of the feudal system,—the knight who held title and lands from him under military tenure, swearing to him fealty and obedience. "The honour, indeed, which this title conferred, was of such a nature, that it seems to have been considered capable of giving an entirely new character to the persons who obtained it. Even a serf, if he had the good fortune to do something worthy of knighthood, became immediately enfranchised on receiving the order, and his base blood was accounted gentle."

And truly this honour of the knightly spirit was more high in its source, and more ennobling in its effects, than the honour we now give to fortune. It weighed what was intrinsic and inherent in the man himself, and hence became a more proxi-

mate measurement of how much a man was worth, than our modern notion of his extrinsic possessions of the current gold coin of the realm. And while the moth and the canker may consume what the robber hath spared of these external things, that having not life in themselves, may be corrupted,—no freaks of fortune could destroy the possessions of the knightly spirit—neither wounds nor weakness, neither robbery nor poverty, neither old age nor death. For he who could no longer fight could still endure ; if weak—he could wait for strength ; poverty had no shame for him, death no terrors. Was Earl Yniol less a noble knight, when old, infirm, and poverty-stricken, he was forced to suffer the peckings of the sparrow-hawk, and let his own dainty daughter serve the guest who came to crave his crippled hospitality? Were his knightly atmosphere and training not proved in her pure, womanly spirit? Brave, tender, independent of fortune, yet dependent on all kindly love and feminine feelings throughout her after life, as well as when she sang from her cheerful spirit, by her own busy wheel, to Fortune,—

"Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate!
Turn Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown,
With that wild wheel we go not up or down.
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.—
Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands—
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands—
For man is man and master of his fate."

Or even amid worse trials than all these,—amid shame and tortures and ignominious death, a knight might prove *himself*. As when Crescentius the latest Roman patriot was doomed to die—his spirit sunk not for a moment :—

"He stood—the fetters on his hand,
He raised them haughtily ;
And had that grasp been on his brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh—
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel!"

He who faced danger, did not so recklessly, but with a full consciousness of all its risks,—"He jests at scars who never felt a wound." He knew the keen pain, the burning fever, the torturing thirst, the giddiness and weakness that would ensue ; and more bitter than all, the long and irksome confinement, the weary period

of convalescence, when he lay conscious of impotent desire to rush forth anew to the field that called so loudly for him. Yet knowingly he risked this, and when it came, endured it with knightly fortitude. And occasionally, as if to reward him above all other honour, amid his bitterest pain arose the sweetest pleasure of his life. The lady was always then taught surgery, and the simple herbal medicine of the times, and she tended the wounded brave with skilful and tender hand, and thoughtful and admiring heart. She wiped the cold dews from his brow, and bound his fiery wounds, pouring in oil and wine. Her presence changed the groan upon his lips into a thanksgiving; her fingers prepared him delicate food; her lute and voice soothed him to slumber; and her smile waked him to life again. All this was no slight task for a high-born, delicate damsel; but she was proud to share with the knight the chivalry of the times; which, in the form of self-denial and endurance, or more properly fortitude, was as binding on the maiden as the youth. For "daughters give up more than sons;" and she who waited alone, dumbly to weep and pray, proved her high heart as clearly, as he who rushed excited forth to bloody fields, to clasp the golden glory floating there. And she, who after long and trying suspense, received the wounded or the dead, in the room of the high spirited knight she had sent forth, and yet bore her grief, or her anxiety and toil, as became a dame of noble race,—was as chivalrous as the enduring knight, whose sufferings she watched and soothed, or who bore her favour with him to the grave.

Faithfulness was a necessary accompaniment to the worship of truth the knight evinced. Next to religion, the first principle with him was the most punctilious respect for honour,—so that to keep his word, though it had been pledged to a thing altogether destructive of his success or happiness, was inculcated as the most absolute of duties; to break it, whatever excuse any change of circumstances might have seemed to bring, was the greatest disgrace which the genius of chivalry could receive. The refinement to which the principle was carried, affords many interesting traits of the purest and most admirable regard to truth; and some of the histories of celebrated knights inspire us with delight at the pictures they occasionally present of this devotion to the foundation principle of all that is great and good in our social nature." We have already noticed the honours that were given to the new-made knight, who had just passed through his time of probation. *In this country*, the first description we have of the ceremony was in A.D. 506, where it is expressly mentioned that at the great feast immediately afterwards, he was placed in a rich silver seat, with green silk curtains, in the centre of all the company, the king sitting on his right hand, and the queen on his left, the other lords and ladies being

seated three descents beneath the king. Yet there it is, that while honour was the fashion of the day—many followed, or seemed to follow, its maxims, that had not its spirit in their hearts. There was no searching test then to find out the true man other than what we have now. But if his nature broke forth of itself beyond chivalrie bounds, society revenged itself for his contempt most mercilessly. Everything opposed to the ideal of knightly honour, of course, became dishonour. If he instituted an action against a lady, or did not dismount to tender his services to any one he met, he lost the favour of the dames. If he refused to perform any service she might choose to ask of him, he was called "the discourtcous knight;" and this title called out against him the first of his compeers who chanced to approach.

Knights could not fight against nor kill agriculturists, and it was a great disgrace if, through any untoward circumstance, he was forced to surrender himself to one of "raskall rout." We have examples, in such cases, of the vanquished amusing his pride by there and then raising his captor to his own rank.

The degradation of a knight generally preceded any legal judgment against him. "If any knight absented himself dishonourably from the king's service, leaving his colours, going over to the enemy, betraying of castles, and such like,—or offending against the articles of chivalry,—for such offence he was apprehended, and preparation made for his degradation." Solemn as were the ceremonies of making a knight, the reversal was still more solemn. He was armed cap-à-pie by his brother knights, as if for battle, and taken to a high scaffold erected in the church. There the priests sang the burial service for him as if he were already dead—at the end of each funeral psalm, removing one piece of armour. They first took off his helmet or "shamefacedness," that his face might be exposed to public view. His sword was broken, his spurs hacked off his heels by men of low degree, his gauntlets pulled off, and his coat of arms reversed. His military girdle was taken off, then his left cuirass, and his right cuirass, the king-at-arms calling out, "Behold the harness of a disloyal and miscreant knight." A golden basin, full of warm water, was brought in, and the herald held it up, asking the knight's name.

The pursuivant told it, and the king-at-arms replied,—"That is not true, for this is a miscreant and a false traitor, and hath transgressed the ordinances of knighthood." The chaplain said,—"Let us give him his right name." The trumpets sounded an enquiry, and the king said,—"Let him, with dishonour and shame, be banished from the kingdom as a vile and infamous man that hath offended the honour of knighthood." The herald cast the warm water in his face, as if baptising him,—"Henceforth be called by thy right name, Traitor!" Then the king and his

nobles put on mourning, as for one of their order dead; and they buffetted him into an open coffin, where the conclusion of the burial service was read over him.

But, in time, the order itself sunk from its high position. The greatest glory of the sun is shed around its setting; gold and jewels deck his decline; the pure white light sufficed for his strong day's race, and mighty work upon the earth. So do all nations and institutions under the sun. Unconscious of themselves, or of decorations external to themselves, while their whole spirit is spent upon the work they have to do, whenever their attention is turned to the signs of their work, and to the adornments thereof, lo! the reality has slipped away from them, and though not utterly lost,—for all life will re-appear under some other phase,—yet lost to them. Lo! amid the outer glories of equipage and display, the spirit of knighthood declined. The display involved so much expenditure, that estate became necessary. Still further, and knighthood came so to depend upon tenure, that he who held a knight's fee might be *compelled* to take the same, or undergo a fine, which quite debased the honour of the title. Camden says:—"Knights were made on account of their estates, for they who had a great knight's fee, could claim the honour of knighthood as thereby entitled to it. In the reign of Henry III., all men of £15 revenue were compelled to receive it, so that it became a burden rather than an honour; though the king allowed to every knight 100 shillings for equipage, that he might support the charges thrust upon him." I find elsewhere mentioned, that in the reign of the first three Edwards, the qualification for knighthood was laid from £40 to £50 per annum. What a descent from the grand old qualifications of all the cardinal virtues, and what might almost be called the knightly "merits of supererogation!"

LUTEA RESEDA.

St Patrick's Day.

'Tis mid-day, and the sun flares hot—the very air seems dead,—
The dusty palm-boughs motionless hang silent overhead;
The skies seem turned to scorching brass,—the earth glows hot as they,
And oh! in Ireland it is spring, and this St Patrick's Day!

I hear the punkah heavily go swinging to and fro,—
It scarce can bring one breath of air to cool my heated brow;

For one strong blast of heaven's sweet breeze, in vain I long and pray—
And in Ireland now the wind blows fresh, and 'tis St Patrick's Day!

From the still court comes wearily the fountain's drowsy call—
I hate the dull monotony of its slow measured fall;
I want to hear the river sing about its old rocks grey,
To watch it rippling in the sun, for joy of Patrick's Day!

I care not for the gorgeous flowers that here they bring to me—
I want once more the violets and primroses to see,
That grow amidst the grassy dells, and by the hedgerows gay,
And welcome spring's return once more, with glad St Patrick's Day!

There are no snowy hawthorn buds, nor buttercups so bright,
Nor lilac-blossoms bursting from their sleep through winter's night;
There are no yellow cowslip-bells, with which I once would play—
It is not spring-time here, it does not seem like Patrick's Day.

And oh! but there are sights and sounds, so dear—alas! how dear,
That wearily I long to see, and sadly want to hear;
But it's I must wish and long in vain: for, weep how much I may,
I cannot be in Ireland now,—and 'tis St Patrick's Day!

But oh! my heart is with you still, oh darling isle of mine!
The fairest land, the dearest land, on which the sun can shine;
I love you more a thousand times, that I'm so far away;
God bless my shamrock-island green, on this St Patrick's Day!

MAS ALTA.

An Invalid's Trip to Normandy.

IN the department of Orne, between La Ferté Macé and Couterne, may be found a quaint and picturesque spot called Bagnoles. My readers have possibly never heard its name; but, though nearly unknown in England, it has a great and in-

creasing reputation in France—especially among the Normans and Parisians—as a health resort; the virtues of its thermal and other springs being supposed to be, in some cases, little short of miraculous. . They are said to have been discovered from the fact, that an old broken-winded horse, which had been left as useless by its master on the outskirts of the forest of Andaine, was found the following year in a marvellous state of health, due to its having bathed and quenched its thirst in the thermal waters of Bagnoles. The first baths were founded in 1691 by De Cerny, secretary to the King. The waters became celebrated in Normandy and Brittany. In 1813 the old establishment was re-constructed, and was visited in that year by Vauquelin, the celebrated chemist, who analysed its waters. It boasts of three distinct springs,—two iron and one sulphur. Wishing to test their virtues for ourselves, we determined on paying a visit to Bagnoles; and, accordingly, on the 11th June 1868, left Southampton for Havre. The packet left about midnight, and after a very good passage, we arrived at Havre next morning, about 9 o'clock. The tide being too low to admit of our getting up to the landing-place, we were obliged to go on shore in a boat; which, we were told, was a most unusual occurrence. We went to the Hôtel Amirauté, on the quay, to be near the starting-place of the Honfleur boat. In the evening we took a drive to see the town; and at 12 o'clock next morning started for Honfleur, where we arrived after a very pleasant sail of about half-an-hour. There was a motley and amusing collection of passengers on board,—among them two girls, who sang to a guitar, and collected centimes afterwards. We had to wait an hour for the train at Honfleur, but there was quite enough of amusement in the scene before us to prevent its appearing tedious. They were busy lading the steamer in which we had come with fruit, vegetables, etc., to take back to Havre; and the different groups on and about the lading-place were very amusing. Priests, gendarmes, men and women in motley attire and peculiar head-gear, were as busy as a hive of bees, chattering together in groups, or going and coming to and from the steamer with their merchandise. The unlimited kissing that went on was something new and strange: everybody seeming to kiss everybody else, whether they were men or women—sometimes two or three times on each cheek—as rapidly as possible. After a short time the vessel took its departure; the excitement suddenly subsided, and the little town assumed its normal condition. Beyond a certain quaintness, it does not appear to possess much interest. After a railway journey of about two hours, we reached Lisieux. The country through which we passed, all the way from Honfleur, was more or less beautiful, being richly wooded, with now and then an interesting old château or a few picturesque cottages. The cherry trees

were bright with their rosy fruit, and acacia trees were plenty,—some in blossom. It was not easy to say wherein the difference lay,—but there was a difference,—between it and England. For one thing, you could hardly travel through the same extent of country at home without either agriculture or manufacture proclaiming that you were in busy, money-making England; while here, beyond a few cultivated fields here and there, or a crop of wheat in an orchard,—which was but an uncommon sight,—the useful gave way to the beautiful, and nature reigned peacefully, undisturbed by art and Mammon. The orchards were very numerous; and judging by the fabulous quantity of cider we afterwards heard some of the people drank, ought to be lucrative. The "dolce far niente" character of the railways too, was essentially *un*-English; and though it may not be agreeable to be kept waiting for an hour or so at every station, or to find that you cannot perform a six or eight hours' journey in one day, still there was something rather delightful about the whole thing, when one thought of Paddington or Crewe. We came in for a very amusing scene at the Lisieux station, while the omnibus was taking its time about starting. A party of women had come to meet some children by our train, and welcomed them with most eloquent demonstrations of delight; and what with their snowy caps of various patterns, and their lively gesticulations, they were worth stopping to look at. They chattered and laughed and *cried* over the children, making as much noise as a cage full of macaws; they would then suddenly calm down, take up their bundles or baskets, walk on for a few yards, and go through the whole scene over again with fresh vigour, the children all the while looking as grave as possible. We went on chance to the Hôtel de Normandie. A primitive place enough it looked on first entering, but it proved much better than it appeared. The *cuisine* was very superior to the Amirauté at Havre; the people were very civil, and the charges very moderate. Here we stayed till Tuesday morning. The town was all alive on Sunday, as there was a fête in honour of some saint, and a fair, also I believe in honour of the saint. A church procession, with gorgeous robes, banners, etc., was considerate enough to pass through our rather out of-the-way street; and from some of the windows hung sheets, with flowers fastened on them. On Monday evening we started for an exploration of the town, the *garçon* having contrived to borrow a very comfortable vehicle, with a strong family likeness to a bath chair, from his friend the *boulanger*, in which his wife drew me for two hours, making a better *chairman* than many to be found at Bath or Cheltenham. Lisieux is a very interesting and picturesque old place. There are two cathedrals—one a beautiful old building, the two carved towers of which rear their hoary heads grandly and reverently over the old

town. It was begun in 1022, destroyed in 1136 by fire, re-constructed from 1141 to 1182, and restored in 1233. There are several curious old wooden houses about the town, belonging to the 16th and 17th centuries. Two of these, in the Rue aux Fèvres, are said to be very complete specimens of the transition from the pointed style to that of the *Renaissance:* they are much ornamented with carvings. Many pretty bits of landscape are to be found about among the streets and shops,—country and town being curiously mixed up together. One in particular we stopped to admire,—to the evident bewilderment of the *chairwoman* and passers by,—would have made a perfect picture. It was at the end of an uninteresting street where we came upon one of the old wooden houses, on one side of which ran a stream overhung with trees; a little rustic bridge crossed it, underneath which the *Blanchisseuses* were beating their linen, and over it tripped a girl; while up the street, at the other side of the house, came one of the odd-looking, time-and-weather-worn old women one so often sees here, with her sabots, short petticoats, and cotton nightcap, not a very lovely object in herself perhaps, but contributing her share to the picturesqueness of the whole. After going through the fair, where there was little to be seen but English wares of the cheapest and worst description, we went round the public gardens, where the roses were very fine. We then proceeded a little way out of the town, where we passed some very pretty villas, and saw the cloth and other manufactories in the distance. Lisieux does a good deal in that way, and contains one of the largest linen manufactories in Normandy. On returning to the hotel, we found a large wedding party at dinner in the *salle à manger.* They had gone through the necessary ceremonies at the chapel and before the *Maire* in the morning; and after a substantial breakfast at the hotel, had gone off in a string of carriages, of different patterns, to spend the day in the country, and had just returned for dinner. The door was wide open as we passed up to our rooms, so we had a peep at the party. We were told that the festivities frequently go on in this fashion for three or four days, before the newly-married pair settle down in domestic felicity. Next morning, at seven o'clock, we left for Bagnoles, passing through the same sort of richly wooded country nearly the whole way. Our first stop was at Mezidon, where we breakfasted very comfortably and *leisurely,* in the refreshment room, which, low be it spoken, was far superior to the generality of those to be found on English railways, where, if refreshments existed, they would probably be comprised in the few antedeluvian penny buns, dusty sponge cakes, or antique sandwiches indigenous to such places, and which Dickens has immortalized. In about an hour we went on, at a dignified pace, to Argentan. Here again there was a delay; but our train at last appeared, and we got into a nice airy saloon carriage,

where our only fellow-passengers were a fat little man and his fat little wife. He looked like a tallow chandler or bacon merchant in a small way, and took snuff and ate chocolate most perseveringly. Their luggage consisted of two small *deal* boxes, and altogether they were a funny couple. He wore the badge of the Legion of Honour, and might have been a Marquis for all we knew; if so, he was certainly not a pleasing specimen of the French *noblesse*. About two o'clock we reached Brionze, where the diligence was waiting to take passengers to Bagnoles. It was a very hot dusty day, and as there were already two priests and a *bonne* in possession, we decided on sending on our heavy luggage, and driving down ourselves in the cool of the evening, the gendarmes having stated very confidently that there were plenty of "Voitures" to be had at the village about a mile off. "Les voitures," however, proved to be the most extraordinary collection of vehicles that ever were seen, and there was nothing to be found in which we could go. There was no other diligence till nine o'clock, and nothing to be done but make the best of it. The station was quite a mile from the town,—or rather village,—which did not boast of an hotel; so our chances of getting any dinner during the day seemed small. However, a very civil woman, at a primitive-looking café opposite the station, promised to do her best for us; and, after a trip to the village for materials, produced an amusing repast, which we partook of in the waiting-room, the Maitre d' Hôtel himself acting as *garçon*. Our first dish was, of course, *potage*, without which, apparently, a Frenchman cannot exist. This was a compound of the water in which mutton had been boiled, a large proportion of oil or grease of some kind, and very indifferent maccaroni. The ladle was a pewter utensil, with a long black handle like a toasting-fork, which the old gentleman seemed to think was something quite out of the common,—as it certainly was in one sense; and he drew our attention to it, telling us it was "Ecossaise." After the *potage* came some very peculiar mutton cotelettes, dressed neither in French nor yet in English fashion, but à la Brionze, pure and simple. They suggested vague suspicions as to their having already done duty in the manufacture of the *potage*, and under more prosperous circumstances we should probably have scorned them; but it was no time to be fastidious, and they were an improvement upon the soup. Next came a really good milk cheese, indigenous to the country, which, with a bottle of Bordeaux, and a *dessert assortie* of two ratafia cakes, and a few Naples biscuits, completed our meal. I should not advise any one to dine at Brionze, unless compelled by untoward circumstances. After a tiresome wait of about seven hours, the diligence made its appearance, and we settled ourselves comfortably in the coupé. Shortly after, the

train arrived from Paris, and we set off, regretting that the fast-waning light would not allow of our seeing anything there might be to be seen between Brionze and Bagnoles. However, the drive was very pleasant in the cool evening air, with our three rather unpromising-looking Breton horses going a very good pace; the banks on either side lighted with glow-worms; and every now and then a delicious scent of new-mown grass and woodbine coming through the open window. About an hour and a-half brought us to "La Ferté Macé," where we left some of our passengers, and one horse,—going on with the remaining two to Bagnoles. We were not in till near midnight, and the whole place looked strange and weird-like, with its two white wooden bridges gleaming out of the darkness. Two women and a man, with candles in their hands, were standing at the door of "Les Bains" to receive us, and light us across the bridge to the rooms we were to occupy at the opposite side. The house looked like an institution for destitute orphans, or something of the kind; the uncarpetted floors, and by no means luxuriantly furnished bedrooms, appearing cheerless and uncomfortable. The beds, however, as they had been wherever we stopped, were beautifully clean, as were also the rooms. At seven o'clock next morning, the *bonne* made her appearance with a wooden tray, on which were a large bowl, a small jug of very strong and very black coffee, a small jug of boiled milk, a huge slice of bread, which had just seen the fire, and was called toast by courtesy, and a large metal table-spoon wherewith to sup the coffee. Having relapsed into that delightful state between sleeping and waking, so insinuating and dangerous, I was roused by another tap at the door, and the permission to enter was hardly waited for, when in marched a garçon and the bonne, with one of my boxes between them. My feeble effort to explain that I did not want it *then*, only resulted in their both staring at me; so there was nothing for it but to be resigned to circumstances, and French manners and customs. After breakfast, I went over the establishment with the housekeeper, and chose much better rooms than those we had been put into. Madame C., the housekeeper, was most civil and attentive during the whole of our stay. She had lived in London for two years, twenty years ago, and was generally supposed, in the establishment, to understand and speak English; but this was quite a delusion. We dined "*al fresco*" at one of the little iron tables scattered about the square, our *bonne* bringing "les plats" from the *salle à manger* close by. After dinner, all the inhabitants made their appearance, sat round the little tables chatting; drank coffee at the *estaminet;* or set off in twos and threes for a stroll in the park, or "dans les sapins." The establishment is curiously situated in the midst of a sort of mountain gorge, thickly wooded on all sides, the

forests of Andaine and La Ferté extending for miles in every direction. The trees close about Bagnoles are chiefly pines, the resinous odour from which is very pleasant, and is said to be particularly beneficial to consumptive or delicate patients. There are two or three very curious and picturesque groups of rocks scattered about. One, the *Roc du Capuçin*, consists of two large blocks or peaks standing opposite, and a considerable way apart. A Capuçin Friar—so the story goes—came to Bagnoles on crutches, and made a vow, that if he was cured, he would leap from one peak to the other; which, according to tradition, he did, leaving his crutches embedded in the rock as he flung them away. Being on crutches myself, it was impossible to scramble up to verify the truth of the statement. Several nearly, if *not quite* as miraculous cures, performed at Bagnoles, were sometimes related by eye-witnesses.

ZOE.

(To be continued.)

The Tower of Truth.

I wandered slowly through the woodland wild,
Where brilliantly the sun shed down his rays
Amidst the shadowing trees; and scarce a nook
I found where I might rest, and quite escape
The all-illuming presence of his beams.
And so, for weariness I thought to lie
E'en 'neath the burning brightness of the sun;
When suddenly I came upon a tower,
Ruined with age, its ivy-mantled walls
Affording me the shelter that I sought.
Then, while I lay beneath its hoary height
Of gray upreared pinnacles, I mused:
"In some slight manner dost thou image Truth.
And thou, tall ivy, which ambitiously
Stretchest thy clasping arms on high, and fain
Would reach the heaven itself, thou figurest
A sage who, wanting the support of Truth,
But grovels on the earth, and aimlessly
Doth wander here and there. Yet if he find

The tower of Truth, straight he begins to rise,
And mounteth ever on unceasingly ;
Yet still no further upwards can he reach,
Whene'er he quits the prop to which he clung."
And while I still was turning in my mind
If further emblem might the scene afford,
Close where I lay, at the tower's lowest base,
I spied a tiny tuft of tender moss.
"Thou too, sweet little dweller on the tower,—
Whoe'er dost show most fair and freshly bright
When clinging to a gray and massive wall,—
Thou imagest a lowlier child of earth,
Whose life is never good or beautiful
Bereft of Truth."
And rested now, I rose,
Retraced my steps along the sunny path,
With all my inmost heart one earnest prayer,—
"May I, too, rest upon the Tower of Truth."

NOLI-ME-TANGERE.

Something about Everything.

EVERY-DAY JUSTICE.

A CERTAIN standard of moral excellence is held up before the eyes of the young as desirable, and certain qualities are enumerated in copy-books, and other implements of instruction, as conducive to its attainment ; but among these some have an undue preference, while others are chiefly conspicuous by their absence.

For instance, except in the homely adage "fair play's a jewel," we find so little mention of Justice as a needful virtue, that we might imagine her reign to be limited to the precincts of courts of law. Perhaps the framers of our best known axioms were of the same opinion as Shakespeare's learned judge,—

"That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation ;"

but if they rightly rate justice low, in so far as mercy may override it, they forget that in the ordinary human mind, if justice be omitted, its place will be occupied by the sin of injustice, rather than by that gentler virtue.

As a rule, the average British schoolboy is strongly imbued with a love of fair play ; and the code of honour impressed upon him by the hard experience of school life, helps to increase in the man the sense of justice and impartiality.

So much cannot, we fear, be said for woman. Apart from the different tendencies of their respective occupations and upbringing, the cooler and less impulsive masculine mind is by nature rendered more capable of striking the golden mean in matters of judgment, than the easily influenced and enthusiastic woman, whose education, moreover, as at present conducted, is far from being the required corrective for this failing. Few girls receive the systematic teaching in solid studies that might arouse their dormant love of equity ; and very few are taught the mental self control, which, while it checks too great impetuosity, stimulates their perceptive faculties, and trains them to a wise discrimination. For this neglect, not theirs but their preceptors', they and their immediate circle suffer,—in inexact statements credited, in unjust criticisms uttered, in hasty sentences passed, they give too frequent evidence of their weakness.

Some would defend this incapacity on the ground of a mistaken charity, that would fain deprecate judgment and decry justice ; while others, from a somewhat similar feeling of kindliness, seek to palliate every fault, however grave, that comes under their notice.

However estimable such sentiments are in their fitting degree, we cannot but consider them examples of the common practice of exaggerating the value of one quality at the expense of another. To take the highest ground, the same volume that bids us " Judge not," speaks of an " anger that is without sin ;" an anger rarely seen, but of which there is only too great a need, since it indicates a true and therefore just estimation of good and evil, and a determination to do the former and rebuke the latter.

In numbers of the miseries and sins of life, if charity be called on to comfort and cover irreparable griefs, justice ought first to be summoned to decide their cause, and if possible, to punish the offender ; yet, of this mode of treatment, there is but scant measure in the world. Were there more of it, it would perhaps be needed less, and many a Gordian knot of sin and suffering would be done away with, or may-be never woven, if the keen blade of absolute justice were more freely wielded by society. Truth may be indeed the polygon Mr Ruskin deems her, and every

question may have a hundred sides; but at the root of the matter, could we but strike so deep, there must be two given quantities—right and wrong, and respecting these, only one broad decision can be made. That done, the simple goodness or badness of a thing made plain, it becomes wonderfully easier to distinguish between admissibly palliative circumstances, and mere excuses thrust forward as a shield for wilful wrongdoing; following on which discrimination, the sentence is likely to keep the even balance between justice and charity, which forces respect even from those who come under its ban.

What applies to great things is no less predicable of the trifles which make up the sum of woman's ordinary existence; and an unjust mistress will be immeasurably behind one whose equitable dealing is so well known to her household, that her calm decisions are unquestioned, and she becomes, in any perplexity, a trusted referee. How difficult of attainment this state of mind is, only those know who have tried patiently to unravel some tangle of misapprehension in which they themselves are involved, and apportion the necessary blame as correctly as if they had no part in the affair. But the effort brings its own reward; for she who can acknowledge herself in fault, and see how her deeds appear to other eyes, is far less liable to suffer from the soreness of small quarrels, than she who, judging herself too favourably, is therefore irritated and offended by the supposed shortcomings of others towards her.

That there is an instinct of justice in most natures, is evidenced by the keenness with which children resent every partiality or unfairness shown towards them by their elders; but it demands the cultivation, without which such impulses become stunted, or entirely wither away.

This is one of the many reasons for which we advocate so strongly the introduction of mathematics and logic as an important part of feminine education. They are means to the end of all learning, the development, refining, and perfect training of the whole mind. They specially induce clearness, precision, a power of comparison, a habit of weighing and viewing, under every aspect, whatever is brought forward for discussion; and not one of these results but tends largely to further the growth of the instinct we have mentioned, and to increase the harmonious proportions of every mental faculty.

This equity in every-day life acts also as a salutary check on the extremes of partisanship, and ought to repress much of the class feeling now so forcibly thrust upon our notice. No less should it aid us to pierce some of the mists of theory, sentiment, and false excitement, that surround the vexed question of woman's proper

work and sphere, rendering it a hard thing for her to select quietly what she feels to be the course meetest for her, and often a still harder one for her to pursue it, undeterred by the well-meant interference of those who approve, or the opposition of those who differ from her.

How many women, for instance, who felt the need of some new task to employ their energies, have been prevented from venturing to carry out their schemes by the foolish talk of unreasonable champions; and how many men, really anxious to do all for woman that she needs, have been hindered by the opprobrium brought—alike on their intentions and on the sex—through similar effusions.

In such cases we cannot but perceive the need of justice. Without it we lean to whichever side first catches our ear, or has our personal bias, and, perhaps, espouse it hotly, though unable to render a lucid reason for so doing; whereas, were justness of mind habitual to us, we should, as a thing of course, weigh contending claims, and be able to give our aid to what is truly worthy of support, without being drawn into apparent sympathy with clap-trap and false argument.

A little knowledge is more especially a dangerous thing, when there is no steadiness, no guiding principle to regulate its use.

It were an endless labour to point out the various ways in which the presence of this virtue of justice would advantage its possessor, but we may partly realise them by merely observing the miserable consequences of its absence; the ill-temper and annoyance,—not to mention actual sorrow,—caused by the unfairness of which almost every one of us is at times guilty; nor can we fail to recognise it as a duty for each of us to use his or her greatest endeavour, so as to steer clear, as far as it is possible, of such errors. The gain will be great to those around us and to ourselves, and we shall count no learning, no patience, no struggle wasted, that conduces to so happy an end.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.

The Song of the Highland Exiles.

WE return no more. This lingering light,
That falls from off the mountain blue,
Shall rise again more clearly bright,
Shall bathe again in morning dew.

But to our sad and wistful gaze
Who can these lovely scenes restore?
The sunset-hill, the heathery braes,
We shall behold no more.

Through the wild wood the winds may rave,
From the rude rocks the torrents roar;
But we must wander o'er the wave,
We must return no more.

No more, no more can we rejoice
In the far land beyond the wave,
Which has not heard our father's voice,
Which does not hold our father's grave.

Now from our sight these glories fade,
The light has passed, the dream is o'er;
In gleam or gloom, in shine or shade
We shall return no more.

E. H. S.

Origins and Derivations.

Do not be alarmed at the title, reader, for I am not going to enter into a discussion upon etymology, or to trace the history of words through their misty windings and crooked paths back to their birth-places at Greece or Rome. My present intention is merely to try and give the origins of a few phrases, words, and customs, with which we are all well acquainted.

There are many words and phrases which we use day by day, many customs with which we have been familiar from our very earliest childhood,—but of which if any person were to ask us the meaning, we should be at a loss how to answer them; the mere fact of their familiarity having taken away all curiosity as to their meaning or origin.

But before proceeding, I must offer an apology for the want of arrangement of

my subjects. The materials were collected from time to time, as opportunity offered, and are put together like a badly-arranged piece of patchwork, without any regard as to size, shape, or colour.

Let us begin with the custom of exclaiming "Bless you" after sneezing. Here we have a custom which prevails in most nations, and for which various origins have been assigned. One authority (Father Feyjoo) gives the credit of its institution to Pope Gregory I. This Pope came to the pontifical throne in the year 590, at the time of a great plague, to which his predecessor had fallen a victim. The crisis of this pestilence was attended by a violent fit of sneezing, which in most cases was immediately followed by death. Gregory ordered a blessing to be used in order to counteract the fatal consequences.

The Rabbins give another origin to this custom, in a tradition which informs us that before Jacob, a sneeze was the forerunner of sudden death. No man ever sneezed more than once, and that act was his last in this life. The tradition goes further than this, however, and states that Jacob was the first who ever died of any natural disease,—the memory of which was ordered to be kept up in all countries by a command from every prince to his subjects, to use a benediction after sneezing.

There are some phrases which are corruptions or contractions, and which have thus entirely lost their original meaning. Thus the slang phrase "All my eye and Betty Martin," which now simply means nothing, was the beginning of a Latin prayer to St Martin, "Oh mihi beati Martini." The story told of it is, that an Italian sailor and an English one were at sea during a frightful storm. The Italian, paralyzed with terror, threw himself on his knees, exclaiming "Oh mihi beati Martini." "Hear him," said the English sailor, "he is praying to Betty Martin to save the ship!"

Another example of the extraordinary way in which phrases are contracted and corrupted, may be seen in two signboards in London. One is "The devil and bag of nails." This sign once was "Pan and the Bacchanals." In the process of time the picture was partly effaced, and nothing left but the picture of Pan, represented as usual with horns and hoofs. Tradition had handed down something about the Bacchanals, the transition from which to "bag of nails" is easy, and was not long in being effected.

The other sign above referred to is the "Goat and compasses." This is a corruption of the old Puritan inscription "God encompasseth us."

Many names now in daily use were originally political nick-names. The name of "Tory" was first applied to the royalists by the opposite party, as a term of con-

tempt, the original Tories being at that time a band of Irish robbers. The royalists in return bestowed on their adversaries the name of Whig, which was derived from "Whigg," the Scotch for sour milk, as being expressive of their dispositions.

The word Silhouette, which now means nothing more than a "black profile," was also a political nick-name. Silhouette was a French minister of state in 1759. At that time, the treasury of France was at the lowest ebb. Many were the expedients which were tried by Silhouette to improve matters; but all without success. At last, he advised excessive economy, and himself set the example. At first the citizens of Paris pretended to take his advice, and now the fashions took the air of the greatest poverty; the coats were cut short and worn without sleeves; gold and silver snuff-boxes were exchanged for rough wooden ones; and the only portraits now to be seen, were those taken by the profile of the face being traced in black on the shadow cast by a candle on white paper. These portraits then received, and still retain, the name of Silhouette.

We are all familiar with the peculiar kind of verses called Bouts-rimés. These owe their origin to a poet of the name of Dulot. It was his habit to prepare the rhymes of his poems, leaving them to be filled in at his leisure. On one occasion, when a number of his papers had been stolen from him,—he regretted most having lost three hundred sonnets. His friends expressed some surprise at his having written so many of which they had never heard. Dulot replied that they were blank sonnets, and explained his system of "bouts rimés." Struck with the originality of the idea, these soon became all the fashion.

The phrase, to "write like an angel," is one which originated in France, and is to be found in most languages, though more common on the Continent than here. At first sight it seems peculiar, for whatever qualities we are in the habit of ascribing to angels, good penmanship certainly is not one of them. Among the Greeks who emigrated first to Italy, and afterwards, in the reign of Francis I., to France, was Angelo Vergecio, who was celebrated for his beautiful handwriting. He was employed by the French monarch to copy Greek manuscripts, and after that his name became synonymous for good writing.

The story of the monkey and the chestnuts, which originated the phrase—"To make a cat's paw," is too well-known to need any reference to it. But there is another phrase of much the same character, whose origin is perhaps not quite so well known. The phrase I refer to is "To pluck a crow." A monkey was kept in a zoological garden, fastened to a pole, at the top of which he generally sat. Every day his dinner was brought to him, and placed at the foot of the pole. But a

hungry crow was always on the watch, and used to carry off a great part of the monkey's dinner before he could reach the ground. This went on for some time, till the monkey determined to put a stop to it. One day, when his dinner was brought, he pretended to be too ill to come down quickly. When at last he reached the ground, he lay as if exhausted: the crow, emboldened by the monkey's conduct, continued eating. Meanwhile the real owner of the dinner rolled slowly up to the dish, and with a sudden spring, seized the astonished crow, and carried him in triumph to his perch on the top of the pole. There he proceeded deliberately to pluck his feathers, and threw him screaming into the air. Hence the phrase—"To pluck a crow."

Florimond de Reymond gives us a new derivation of the word minister. The hall of the School of Equity at Poitiers, where the institutes were read, was called La Ministerie; and Reymond says, that because he had been a student of the institutes at this Ministerie of Poitiers, Calvin used to call him Mr Minister, and afterwards gave the name of minister to the pastors of his church.

Many fabulous stories are told of beautiful princesses guarded by dragons. These seem to have had their origin in the fact, that the walls of castles in the early and middle ages encircled them, and were called by a name signifying serpents or dragons. In these ladies of distinction were secured during times of war.

The origin of the term "Blue-stocking" is given by Dr Johnson, and may be given here in a few words. A club of literary ladies who used to meet for discussion, was presided over by an old gentlemen who wore blue hose. The club thus got the name of the "Blue-stocking club." MINNEHAHA.

The Lake.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

HURRIED relentlessly to newer shores,
Borne down to Night by powers we cannot stay;
Ah! can we never, on Life's ocean wave,
Cast anchor for a day?

O lake ! the year has barely run its course,
And near the cherished waves she loved to see,
Behold ! I sit upon the rock *alone*,
Where once *She* sat with me !

Thus didst thou roar beneath thy caverned rocks,
Thus broke thy waters o'er the cliffs in sleet,
Thus did the wind dash up thy foaming waves,
On Her belovéd feet.

One eve, remember'st thou ? we silent sailed.
No sound was heard, between the earth and sky,
Except the cadenced fall of oars, and waves
Harmonious gliding by.

When accents sweeter-toned than those of earth,
Awoke the echoes of the charméd shore ;
The waves were hushed to hear the silv'ry voice
Of Her whom I adore.

" O time, suspend thy flight ! propitious hours,
Pause in your course, nor speed so fast away !
Permit us to prolong the fleeting bliss
Of this our happiest day.

" How many mourners long that day were done.
Flow on with them, and dry their bitter tears ;
But *we* are happy ! O, with *us* prolong
This blissful day for years !"

O jealous Time, do these delicious hours,
When with their happiness our hearts o'erflow,
With as much speed pass onward and depart,
As did our days of woe ?

And can we not at least preserve their trace ?
What ! lost entirely ? gone for evermore ?

Can Time, which brought them here, and bore them hence,
These moments ne'er restore?

O dark recesses of th' Eternal Past!
Year after year becomes in turn your prey;
Speak—will you e'er restore these hours of bliss
Which you have rent away?

O lake and caverns! rocks and forest dark!
Ye whom time spares, or smites to heal again
Fair Nature! of that sweet and peaceful day,
The memory retain.

Preserve it in thy calms and in thy storms,
Fair lake, and in the banks thy waters lave,
And in the gloomy pines and rugged rocks
That frown above thy wave.

Retain it in the breeze that hovers by,
In ev'ry echo sent from hill to hill,
And in the silver star that lights thy wave
With lustre pure and still.

Let ev'ry wind that moans, or reed that sighs,
Let ev'ry perfume that embalms the air,
Let ev'ry sight and sound upon thy shore,
Say—"They were happy there!"

DIDO.

Frank's Churchyard Vigil,

Being a Lawyer's Ghost Story.

One dismal, foggy evening last January, my cousin Frank dropped in after dinner, to see my brother about some of their perpetual law-business,—matters which he always persisted he could much better discuss in Jack's cosy study than in their dusty office in Chancery Lane.

On this particular evening, having brought their discussion to a happy termination (and performed the same kind office to Jack's last dozen of *Havañas*), they joined my aunt and myself in the dining-room; we preferring, on this miserable night, the dark warmth of the heavy crimson curtains and oaken furniture, to the somewhat cold and unseasonable glories of buhl and or'molu in the spacious drawing-room above. I was heartily glad when the two gentlemen appeared; for my aunt had been dozing over her knitting for the last hour, and I had finished the last page of the Christmas Number I had been reading; and now sat thinking over the "thrilling" ghost stories it contained, until I could almost perceive strange figures wrapped in every curtain-fold, and peering from behind every chair.

"Why, Marie, what are you glowering into the fire in that absent-minded fashion for?" was Frank's greeting, as I looked up with a start. But my answer was prevented by aunt Loo suddenly waking up, with a jerk that threw her knitting to the ground, and sent her ball of wool rolling into the fender.

"Dear me, Frank! is it you? I thought I heard some one knock a little while ago. I do think I must have been taking a nap—oh! my poor wool!" For Frank had gallantly rescued it from among the cinders, and was trying to render it presentable by removing the ashes which adhered to it.

"Well, my boy, draw in your chair, and tell us what you have been about since we saw you last. You have been away, haven't you, Frank?"

"Yes, down in Somerset, upon that precious business of Hildyard's; no end of trouble it's given me. If the fellow hadn't been an old friend, I should have been very much inclined to wash my hands of the whole affair, long ago."

"And whose fault is it that things are in such a state?" asked my brother.

"It's that stupid muddling Perkins, who made old Barrow's will: that's always the way with those wretched little local attorneys. And there's so much property

concerned too! The whole concern should have been in the hands of a competent London man from the first."

"Like you, of couse?" suggested Jack, quietly.

"Certainly—why not have it just as well at first as now? Why, Jack, I should have saved the estate some three hundred pounds or so in law-business alone, not to speak of other necessary expenses."

"Oh, clever Frank! I shall expect you will set Captain Hildyard's affairs straight in a very little time now."

"Now, Marie, you know nothing whatever about law, so I consider you utterly incompetent to form any opinion upon the matter. What have you here?"

Frank took up my magazine, and looked somewhat supercilliously at the title. I saw that he wanted to change the subject of conversation; for he knew we considered him rather conceited regarding his legal abilities (which, to do him justice, were above the common order) and so was desirous of escaping the "chaff" he saw was coming.

"Ghost stories! So that's the way you young ladies improve your minds. Aunt, I wonder you allow this child to read such trash! And I suppose, Marie, that you believe all these horrifying ancestral traditions!" This last in a patronising tone, that Frank chose to assume towards me sometimes, in consideration of his fifteen years of seniority.

"You are very rude, Frank," I answered, trying to get the book out of his hand, but he held it fast. "I just read them for amusement, and because"—I hesitated for a moment.

"Well, why? any very potent reason?"

"Because everybody reads Christmas Numbers, of course."

"Not everybody! I never do, for one—except my Christmas bills, they are quite enough for me! And do you really believe in ghosts, you silly child?"

"Frank, I do not know that it is such a sign of silliness to believe in ghosts," aunt Loo said somewhat solemnly. I think she always had rather a leaning towards the supernatural, and did not like to hear anyone speak irreverently or flippantly, as she considered it, on the subject.

"Have you ever seen a ghost, or an apparition of any sort, aunt Loo?" Jack asked. He would have been sarcastic to anyone else, but not to her.

"That has nothing to do with it, John. If I never believed anything I had not seen, I should be a very narrow-minded and ignorant woman. I have never been to Iceland myself, and yet I am quite certain that such a place exists." And aunt

cast a triumphant glance at my brother, as if to say—"Dispute or disprove that argument if you can!"

"If ye had been whaur I hae been
Ye hadna been sae brankie, oh!"

hummed Frank, with a very wise look.

"'On the braes o' Killieerankie, oh!' is that where you have been, Frank," I asked, laughing.

"No; but 'if you had seen what *I* hae seen,' it would either have killed you, or made you cranky, with your present apparitional tendencies," replied my cousin.

"What did you say you had seen, Frank?" asked aunt, "you spoke as if it were something of importance."

"It's a real ghost-story, aunt, that happened to me not more than a month ago. I can assure you it's quite exciting; would you like to hear it?"

"I thought you said just now that you didn't believe in anything of the sort."

"If I hadn't been a strong-minded lawyer, with a natural and professional desire to get to the bottom of everything, I should have believed in them most firmly ever afterwards,—ghouls, vampires, wraiths, spectres, banshees,—anything you like. But aunt, do put down your work, and rest your dear old eyes for once," Frank added affectionately, as he laid his hand gently on the busy knitting-needles. "I'll turn the gas lower, so as to have the proper light for a ghost-story; and we'll draw round the fire comfortably."

So the gas was turned down, and the fire replenished; and we disposed ourselves to listen to Frank's spectral experiences. I will give you his narration as nearly as possible in his own words, as I think it will sound better than if I were to translate it into the third person.

"It happened in December, when I was down at Combe-Walsingham on that business of Hildyard's that I was telling you about. I had gone down to Walsingham Lodge on Tuesday; the next day I went to Bristol, and, with the captain's agent, saw this man Perkins, who had just set up an office in the city. We had a somewhat disagreeable interview; for Hughes, the agent, is a peppery Welshman, with a great idea of his own and the captain's dignity; Perkins being a vulgar-looking, blustering fellow, with an extremely deep, gruff bass voice,—please to remember that fact? and a bullying, overbearing manner that would irritate a saint,—excuse me, and did most effectually irritate me.

"I stayed in Bristol that night, returning to Walsingham the next afternoon.

Here I found my client laid up with a lame leg, the effects of a kick from a fiery young colt he had been breaking in the day before. It was not dangerous, but for the time prevented him from walking; and coming just at this juncture of our business, was very vexatious, as there were many places we had to go to together,—hunting up witnesses, deeds, certificates, and I can't tell you what else besides.

"'And this very evening of all others, too, Lamont,' Hildyard said, with an impatient sigh, after we had been talking over our case for some half-hour or so. 'I had sent word to Harrison, at the Old Grange, that I should ride over to-night, and look over those deeds about the Valley Farm with him. It must be done to-night, or at latest to-morrow at noon, as Perkins' head-clerk is to come and read them here at one o'clock. Bother that fool Perkins! the fellow gives me no rest. I don't know what to do, for Harrison can't walk for gout, and I can't go to him; at least, Pounceby said I mustn't move this leg for two or three days: and Harrison wouldn't trust a servant to bring the deeds here—he's such an eccentric being!'

"'Would he trust me?' I asked.

"'You! yes, of course he would! But what do you mean? You're never thinking of going there now, are you?'

"'If you'll give me a mount, and your directions, I'll certainly go—the interests of our case demand it; and then I can look at the papers with him, bring them back, and we'll be ready to nonplus Perkins to-morrow.'

"The captain objected first of all, saying it was cold and dark, and the rain was coming down before long; but I soon overruled him, and he sent word to have Lord Cardigan saddled in half-an-hour. At the expiration of that time, after a substantial dinner, and being well protected against 'a' the airts that win' can blaw,' I heard the clatter of horse's hoofs outside the window, as my Rosinante was brought to the door.

"'I'm sorry I can't send a man with you, Lamont,' Hildyard said,—'but they're all gone to Churton-Bassett to fetch my hunters, and to Stowfield station to meet the new tandem team coming from town; so there's nobody but old Hicks and a boy at home. But if you leave Lord Cardigan at the Three Ploughmen, near the Grange, it will be all right; Sutton knows all my horses. By-bye, and be back as soon as you can.'

"Well, off I went, and a nice ride I had, I can tell you. Before I'd gone a quarter of a mile, the rain came down in bucketsful, and a good stiff breeze blew it right into one's face. Lord Cardigan didn't like it. He had not been out for a couple of days, so he was rather skittishly inclined; and I had to bring my best

horsemanship to bear on him. At last he fairly bolted—thus performing a considerable part of the journey in much less time than I had reckoned to do it in. After a few minutes, he settled into a long swinging gallop, that, but for the rain, would have been pleasant enough, as the road was good, and free from vehicles. It took the wind out of him, though; for, when we came to the hill on whose top the Three Ploughmen stands, he began to cool down, and would have gone rather more leisurely up it. But I was going to read 'my lord' a lesson; for as soon as he began to flag, I gave him the spur well, and drove him up as hard as he could pelt; and before we came to the top, I'll warrant you he repented his escapade. The ostler came up and took the reins from my hand, looked him over, and then said drily,—'He've been bolting, and you've run him up the hill, sir?'

"'Aye, and taken a little of the spirit out of him. Is he often up to such tricks?'

"'I believe you, sir, *rather;* but he's a splendid feller for all that. Back soon, sir?'

"'In about an hour and a-half; which is the nearest way to the Old Grange?' The man directed me, and off I set.

"To make you sensible of my story, as our friend Thornton Odell would say, I must just tell you how the land lay about the Old Grange. After climbing the hill I just now spoke of, you saw the country for some distance on either side gently undulating here and there, like waves of a calm sea. About a furlong from the Three Ploughmen, on the right hand side of the road, stands the Grange—a long, two-storied house, with a large lawn in front, bounded by a low paling, and high walls on each side. The great gates at the end of the drive are never opened after dark; but ingress and egress are obtained by a small wicket in one of them. On the other side of the road, just opposite the house, stands Great Walsingham Church, rather an ancient building, with heavy overhanging buttresses, and a short square tower. It is built on the summit of a slope, and the churchyard extends to the road,—a turnstile admitting you to a narrow path leading to the porch. The churchyard, therefore, commands a full view of the front of the Grange.

"I was admitted by the wicket; and walked up the broad wet drive to the hall-door, which was opened, in answer to my knock, by an elderly man in a gorgeous livery, that contrasted strangely with his sombre face. To my request to see Mr Harrison, he made no reply, but marched off, leaving me standing on the steps—rather a strange proceeding. I heard a door open, and from it proceeded two voices loud in conversation; one, I suppose was that of the master of the house,—in the

other I immediately recognised the deep gruff tones of my opponent Perkins. Here was a nice state of things. I had stumbled upon the man of all others that I wished to avoid at present,—and now the question was, how could I help meeting him? I recollected, with some comfort, that the man had not taken my name or card; and thereupon I devised a plan of escape from a *rencontre* which must prove anything but pleasant, and might probably irritate Harrison more than I wished. It was desirable to keep him in as good temper as possible; and this, you may be sure, his gout did not by any means facilitate. The man re-appeared shortly with his answer.

"'Mr Harrison is engaged, and won't be at liberty not for half-an-hour. He'd much rather you'd put off seeing him till to-morrow; but if you must speak to him to-night, you may come in and sit down in the hall until he's ready.'

"I felt my temper rise at the cool way in which I was being treated; but remembering Harrison's eccentric character, and his ignorance of my name and business, I kept my wrath to myself.

"'No,' I said, 'I'll not come in, I shall return in about three-quarters of an hour.'

"'Very well,' said the janitor stolidly, 'but I don't see any use of openin' the gate twice for 'ec, when once 'ud do.' With which polite speech, he shut the door in my face, and I retreated by the wicket.

"My plan was, to go to the church opposite, and take up my stand in or against the porch, whence I could see whenever the hall-door was opened and shut; and there to wait until I saw Perkins take his departure.

"I went through the turnstile, and up the narrow path—the white tombstones gleaming dimly on either hand, the long dark grass swaying dismally on the lowly hillocks, and the heavy rain-drops pattering monotonously on the leaves of the evergreens by the wall. Far off a bell was ringing, and its solemn measured tones chimed in mournfully with the feeling of loneliness and depression that pervaded the place. On reaching the porch, I was not a little vexed to find that entrance to it was prevented by some horrid arrangement of planks and boardings, apparently in connection with some work going on inside the building, the doors of which leading into the porch were open, and through which I could dimly see the high backs of the old pews standing out darkly against the opposite windows. There was nothing for it but to stand up against the wall, trusting to the broad buttress to keep some of the rain off me. I would not return to the house before my time, and it was hardly worth while to go to the Three Ploughmen; so I pulled my collar higher round my ears, thrust my hands into my pockets, and settled myself against the church wall.

"From thinking about business matters, I gradually fell into a reverie more suited to the spot where I stood,—recalling to mind many of my old friends and school-fellows far away, lost sight of, or dead and buried many long years ago. Yes, indeed, Marie, long years ago; for I was rowing and grinding at Oxford, when you were a small child toddling about in your nursery.

"Perhaps what set me thinking about poor Paterson, and Brichan, and Lumley, and some others, was my recollecting Hildyard's telling me that Viscount Churton, Lord Stowfield's eldest son, had just died at college, and that the vaults were being opened to prepare for his funeral. Well, altogether it was rather dismal, as you may imagine; and my feelings towards Perkins gradually became most intensely inimical,—my amiability being in nowise increased by the recollection of the famous game of chess that the captain had promised me when I came back, and which was becoming more unlikely the longer I stopped.

"I might have been in my present position some fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time the rain had in no degree abated, but still poured down with aggravating steadiness. Everything was quiet with the stillness of death—even the distant bell had ceased its tolling; the dropping of the rain was the only vestige of a sound to be heard. Gradually—so gradually that I could hardly tell when it first attracted my notice,—I became aware of a soft, slow movement, almost too indistinct to be called a sound, which seemed to come from the direction of the chancel-window on my left. I turned my head to listen. It was not possible to see anything, for the darkness had been closing in more heavily, so that you could scarcely see your hand before your face; and only by the lights in the windows could I tell where the Grange stood. I did not know what to make of this strange sound—it seemed more a feeling in the air than anything else. What could it be? Slowly it came nearer—I held my breath to listen! It was passing the porch—passing me, involuntarily I drew back, and pressed more closely to the wall. It had gone on out of hearing, and all in a maze as I was, I began to breathe more freely. But, in less than two minutes—though it seemed more like half-an-hour—it came back; and as it passed still nearer to me, I thought it sounded something like a man walking barefooted. I may as well confess it,—as you would be sure to get it out of me sooner or later—I began to feel very queer indeed, and to wish heartily that I were at the Three Ploughmen instead of where I then was. You may smile at hearing me say so, Jack, but I think you would have felt the same in my place.

"Twice again the thing, whatever it was, passed me, and each time I shrank more closely to the wall; but as it nearly touched me the third time in passing, I

could bear it no longer,—but, drawing a quick breath, I made a dash forward with my hands outspread, and touched something rough and wet. It was the long hair of a large deer-hound that I grasped ; for just then the moon crossed a small clear space in the heavens, and before the clouds covered her again, I had seen what my apparition was ! "

Frank paused ; his face was working strangely, and looked deadly pale in the firelight. Indeed, his appearance entirely belied the *nonchalant* air of amusement at our discomfiture at the *dénouement* of his story, with which he had spoken the last few words. However disappointed I might have been, I said nothing ; and presently he continued.

" I made short work of leaving my post, for I had had quite enough of it ; and a very few minutes brought me to the Grange door again. And here I found that Perkins had been gone nearly half-an-hour. He must have left by some side door, as I should have been sure to see the light from the hall, had he gone out at the front entrance. I got through my work with Harrison pretty well to my satisfaction ; and then went to the Three Ploughmen for my horse. I asked the ostler whose black deer-hound it was that I had seen about the churchyard, and why it was prowling abroad at this time of the night.

" ' Don't know, sir ; he came here by hisself about a fortnight agone. Some said he'd cut away from a passenger at Gately Green station ; but I only know he've been going about the village, but most about the church, since he were first seen. He won't let anyone touch him, nor he won't take food from anyone ; he'll starve if he go on so long. He have a collar on, with a brass plate on it, but no one knows what's on it. Rein's a bit twisted, sir,—steady, horse, till I put it straight. All right, sir,—good night, and thank you kindly.'

" I thought about the black dog all the way back ; and told Hildyard my adventure, such as it was, on my return. We didn't have our game, as it was too late ; and all that night I dreamed of nothing but spectre huntsmen, and deer run down by huge shaggy hounds. I couldn't get the dog out of my head, and so determined to see him by daylight if possible. I rode over to the Three Ploughmen the first thing next morning, to investigate the case.

" As I walked up to the churchyard, it was very different in appearance from the previous night ; for the sun was shining brightly on the wet grass, and glinting on the windows, and gleaming cheerily on the vane above the tower ; and

indeed, although it was winter, yet it looked quite bright and joyous. Close by the porch I found my ghost of last night lying—a magnificent black Scotch deer-hound, but very thin and weak from long fasting. As for the ostler's tale, that was flatly contradicted by the animal himself; for, as I approached, he rose up, looked me in the face with the most melancholy expression I ever saw in a dog's eyes, and thrust his nose into my hand, and we were friends at once. After many enquiries in the village, I found that no one could give me any further information about him; so I took him back to Walsingham Lodge, and he has been my constant friend and companion ever since. That is all; but you shall see him for yourselves."

Frank went out, opened the inner-hall door, and called "Douglas!" There was a pattering of dog's feet, and he re-entered with one of the finest deer-hounds I have ever seen—a splendid animal, whose large soft eyes seemed almost human in their loving gaze at my cousin's face. A heavy collar was on his neck, with a brass plate on the under side. Frank's hand trembled as he smoothed the hair over it, and his lips twitched; but he said nothing.

That is not quite all that happened, however, though Frank told us nothing more; and if it were not for Captain Hildyard, I should not have been able to give you the real secret of the affair, which makes it, after all, quite a real ghost story.

MAS ALTA.

(To be continued.)

The Legend of St Hubert.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SIR HUBERT rides with lance and hound,
To hunt the hart and roe,
The forest through, the forest round,
And where the rivers flow.

Oh merrily with the huntsman's horn
The peaceful valley rings!
From crag to crag the snow-white hart
Before the huntsman springs.

All up the hill and down the hill,
Through miles of rugged way,
Till in a rocky cleft the hart
Imprisoned, stands at bay.

Then at its breast his glittering lance
Sir Hubert aims aright;
But powerless sinks his stalwart arm,
And fails his fierce delight.

The chase it is Sir Hubert's joy,
He rides with might and main;
And still he hunts the snow-white hart
And still it is in vain.

For on its head the huntsman sees
A cross is shining clear;
An arrow seems to strike his head,
And makes the brave man fear.

Sir Hubert bows before the cross,
His hunting now is o'er,
Eternal blessedness he makes
His aim for evermore.

VERONICA.

Mediæval Chivalry.

PART VII.—THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH.

Section I.—Its Origin.

"And thou brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land;
In heaven shalt thou receive at length
The guerdon of thine earthly strength—
And dauntless hand!"—*Longfellow's Translation of Coplas de Maurique.*

WE find many of the chivalrous virtues in the ancient heroes of Greece and Rome; but not under the shadow of the Eagle standard, nor within the pale of civilization, were the first-fruits of chivalry sown and reaped. Farther north, under more wintry suns, upon more barren soil, was that seed first planted by the Scandinavian races, whose valour was essential to their freedom, whose freedom was as necessary to them as the breath they drew; whose manners were simple and severely pure; whose reverence for womanhood raised woman to the position of becoming worthy of reverence; whose grave and solemn superstitions were natural to their bleak and windy wilds; and whose worship was that of unseen deities, created through apotheosis of seen heroes. In the rude ceremonies with which German youths were admitted into the assembly of warriors, we observe a near approach to the observances of knightly initiation. As soon as they had thus publicly been endowed with the spear and the shield, they attached themselves with devoted constancy to some particular

chief. We find in Tacitus—"The noblest youths were not ashamed to be numbered among the followers of a celebrated leader, to whom they devoted their arms and service. A noble emulation prevailed among the companions to obtain the highest place in his esteem; among the leaders, to acquire the greatest number of bold followers. To be constantly surrounded by a band of select youths, was the ambition and glory of the chiefs,—their ornament in peace, their protection in war. The glory of such distinguished heroes diffused itself beyond the narrow limits of their own tribe. Presents and embassies were employed to obtain their friendship; and the fame of their arms often ensured victory to the party which they espoused. In the hour of danger, it was shameful for the chief to be surpassed in valour by his companions,—it was shameful for his companions not to emulate his bravery. To survive him, if he fell in battle, was irretrievable disgrace; to protect his person, and increase his glory by their own triumphs, were the most holy of their duties." This union of so many of the elements which gave birth to chivalry in a subsequent age, affords sufficient reason for ascribing its origin to our northern ancestors, who, *at that time, alone* seemed to have been possessed at once of the feeling of religious awe, of respect for woman, of purity of manners, and of free and heroic courage, which distinguished the early votaries of chivalry. Without much apparent change, after their conquests in southern Europe, they became friendly to the Christian religion. There was thus engrafted upon their original nature a new system of belief, which, in its native purity, would have been singularly in opposition to all their former principles of conduct. But the doctrines and precepts of Christianity had been becoming more and more obscure, through the departure of the clergy from the Scriptures, their adherence to tradition, and their approbation of time-serving. Besides, this modified Christianity was generally embraced by the founders of the most chivalrous kingdoms, when they came fresh from one battle-field—only to take breath before beginning another. It was not the conversion of a people by the labour of missionaries, and the slow progress of reason and faith; but the blind impulse of an army,—as did the Burgundians, following thoughtlessly the example of its venerated leader. Thus did Clovis, the renowned head of the French monarchy, profess himself a convert to the faith of his wife, when he believed that an invocation to her God had given him the doubtful battle of Tolbiac.

But we cannot expect such conversions to have the effect they would have had in more primitive times. Dimly understood as it was, their new religion could do but little to soften them, as may be seen from many a legend. When the famous Earl Siward felt death approaching, he lamented the sad fate which had thus so

undeservedly awarded him such an ignominious end. "Alas! that I have escaped death in so many battles, to yield up my life thus tamely and disgracefully like a cow! I beseech you, my dear friends, dress me in my impenetrable coat of mail, gird my trusty sword upon me, place my helmet on my head, my shield in my left hand, and my gilded battle-axe in my right, that I may die in the dress of a warrior, if I may not have the happiness to die amid deeds of glory and slaughter!" It showed that he looked forward rather to the Valhalla of Odin, than to the rest that remaineth for those of a broken and contrite spirit. The noble attempts which were made by the early missionaries from Rome, had only a very partial effect; but the after-result of the evangelization was more considerable. Though it did not subdue, it softened their wild hearts, and gradually gave a new direction to their energies; as the little silent helm turns the head of the boat, unconsciously to the mariners, who with brawny arms and straining sinew, row without pause the creaking oar.

Down to the times of Alfred and Charlemagne, the mass of the people were sunk in the grossest ignorance; but the wise policy of these enlightened princes led them to endeavour to raise them through religion and learning. They erected public schools and universities, and encouraged great teachers; they built churches, and appointed officiating ministers. Chivalry was an institution purely military before the reign of Charlemagne; then for the first time we hear of vigils and vows, of the blessing of the sword, and the prayer of consecration. Christianity, in its passage through the dark ages, had become too closely blent with the errors of the times and the superstitions of Paganism, to be easily purified. Yet it was to the very predominance which superstition had over the gospel, that chivalry owed its strongest nourishment. As the Rev. H. Stebbing says—"I am inclined to think that we should at all times be more correct, when speaking of modern chivalry, to apply to it the epithet Ecclesiastical, rather than religious or Christian; for it was never the pure principle of religion which characterized it, so much as the glory with which it was invested by the church, and the maxims which it was the interest of churchmen to place among its laws. The gorgeous hues with which the banner of the Cross was dyed, made it more fitting for the pomp of the battle-field, and the tent of kings and conquerors; and as much in harmony with triumphant clarions and neighing war-steeds as with the meek voices of preachers and confessors. The offering of a bloody sword was more acceptable to her than that of a bleeding heart; and spoil-laden soldiers better worshippers at her altars than penitents who brought nothing but their sins. When it had become as much a wonder for its magnificence,

as of veneration for its holiness, men found in its sanctities a new fountain of honour, which could be attained in no other way."

The peculiar relation which the church held to the civil government thus consolidated the influences of chivalry into its perfect form, as something different from the mere military honours of earlier times, when there was no special sacred authority distinct from that which warred and governed. The religions of Paganism never rivalled the majesty of the king, or acted independently of the state; Mahometanism was an indissoluble compound of the religious and civil power: in neither the one case nor the other was there any authority which kings could not of themselves acquire. But the Christian church, originally planted on a separate foundation, grew in outward power as it departed from the principles of its Founder, or retained only such as suited their increasing idea. The consecration of the soldiers of the cross suited their ends; and thus, in the days of Charlemagne, they glorified his knights. The personal fame he himself acquired has made him gladly acknowledged as the founder of Mediæval Chivalry. In his reign we first find women of rank taking that interest, and exerting that influence on society, which induced that courtesy of manner which so essentially belonged to it. The taste for display and magnificence also extended remarkably; for, though he, like many other great monarchs, affected extreme plainness of dress, his followers seemed to have rivalled each other in their costly garments and showy adornments.

There was a close union between Charlemagne and the Pope. To his father and grandfather the Roman See had more than once owned its deliverance, and he made himself not only the benefactor and champion, but the "Favoured Son of the Church," who was proudly crowned Emperor, as the legitimate successor of the Cæsars. The mutual interchange of honours and rewards must have had a powerful influence upon the military character of the times; as it is likely that his knights and barons would share the ecclesiastical favour of their master, if they imitated his devotion to, and reverence for the church. The wars in which he engaged during the greater part of his life, were made to partake of the nature of crusades, by the importance he always gave to the consideration of the interests of religion and the protection of the Pope. In his contests with the Saracens, he faced the most renowned enemies of Christianity; and in his long and bloody wars with the unconverted Saxons, he attempted either to incorporate them into the Catholic church, or slaughter them mercilessly if they obstinately refused his faith,—a manner of procedure which, even in these days, was considered highly meritorious.

Charlemagne further increased the influence of the clergy by employing them

in the important offices of state, and opposing their character to that of his more warlike subjects; but he never, throughout his alliance with the church, lost sight of the interests of his kingdom. Under the reigns of some of his successors—Louis, Lothaire, Charles, and others,—this even balance of things altered, for they had not his great mind to hang the scales evenly. The church was better fitted to consecrate the shields and standards of a powerful and conquering host, than respect the possessions and desires of a pusillanimous prince, whose loss became her gain. So she was by turns the tyrant and the subject of these Christian monarchs. Her rites were regarded with most solemn veneration; and if a life of aggression and wickedness was concluded by submission to her dictates and reception of her sacraments, its peace was considered sure, its piety certified. Lothaire, about a week before his death, clothed himself in the garb of a monk, went through their consecration, and expired in the full assurance of present pardon and future joys. The great ignorance of mankind deepened the power of the religion they so little understood; and any threat uttered by its ministers was winged with superstition. A spiritual worship is impossible without an active spirit, which the priests did not encourage; for they, instead of raising mankind to the level of their faith, degraded their faith to the level of their minds, and made it not spiritual but sensuous, consisting of things seen and heard, and such as the heart of man could conceive. The worship of relics was carried to a pitch of absurdity. Pilgrimages to Rome and other notable places became proofs of piety; to reverence the clergy themselves blindly became the height of faith; to become one of their body the height of glory. Then came a great overturn in church and state. The descendants of Charlemagne were driven with ignominy from the throne, and Hugh Capet attempted to restore order and tranquillity in the troubled kingdom. As having so great an influence on the nation at large, one of his first acts was to reform the orders of chivalry, giving them a more strictly religious character.

About this time Spain had been nearly overrun with the Moors; but the noble Pelayo and his brave followers defended their lives, their liberty, and their faith, amid the rocky fastnesses of Asturias,—and their deeds showed the action of the living spirit of chivalry in its highest form. Other brave bands stood out in Navarre and Arragon, keeping alive the national spirit even in misfortune. No Christian nation was ever so placed, for heretofore the religion of the conquered had subdued the conquerors; but the Moors were strong in their faith as in their sword. Nowhere was war so blent with piety; nowhere was the devout and valorous spirit of chivalry so much the birthright of every knight. His enemies were the enemies

of his country and of his faith ; his contests were all *to the utterance.* There was then, perhaps, less of courtesy to his opponents, and more earnestness and solemn purpose ; less of the gaudy display of the tournament, and more of the resolution of the gory battle-field, when the Spanish knight proved his mettle. And his nature rose high to meet the risks. To save his fatherland from the Moor, was to fight on the side of God ; and to affix the standard of the cross where the crescent once had waved, was to conquer Satan through the leadership of Christ. Therefore, George Eliot says :—

> " Is not Spain the land of chosen warriors,
> Crusaders consecrated from the womb ;
> Carrying the sword-cross stamped upon their souls ?
> By the long yearnings of a nation's life,
> Through all the seven patient centuries,
> Since first Pelayo and his resolute band
> Trusted the God within their Gothic hearts
> At Covadunga, and defied Mahomed ;
> Beginning so the Holy War of Spain,
> That now is panting with the eagerness
> Of labour near its end."

We have proof that the order of chivalry existed in our own country among the Anglo-Saxons, and that there was considerable solemnity and religious ceremony in fast, vigil, and investiture. The Normans, at their conquest, despised the native warriors for submitting thus their honour to the priesthood. A religious, or rather superstitious character, had distinguished the Anglo-Saxons from early times. They reverenced the church, believed in the efficacy of relics and pilgrimages, in the power of witchcraft and the truth of omens,—so that the religious character of knighthood obtained an early footing with them. But this was greatly lost amid the violent and sanguinary contests at the decline of their power. After the conquest, the feudal system was engrafted upon the existing form. William divided the land into so many knight's fees ; and the vanquished inhabitants had to submit to hear his proud followers vow to him the service of their swords, for the possessions they thus gained and would keep. The occupation of a conquered country is unfavourable to knightly virtue ; for if courage be not opposed by courage and power, equal or nearly so, it generally degenerates into brute force. The Saxons, deprived of every advantage that could allow them to meet their conquerors on *fair ground*, were massacred, or crushed down into some degree of slavery or tributary service, so that the warriors of Normandy, in a few years, became little better than

a tribe of plunderers. Though William Rufus had received his knighthood at the hands of an archbishop with all solemnity, he gave his young knights free license to practice their courage in the plunder of travellers and ill-protected castles,—the very ministers of religion being in nowise protected by their sanctity. Gradually, however, the tumults subsided—the Saxons contended no more, the Normans turned from the acquisition of property to its protection; their manners became softened by milder principles; pomp and splendour suited their tastes. The church was restored, and received due veneration; and chivalry regained some of its earlier power. Its customs were reintroduced from France. There its education had retained its ecclesiastical direction, though there was but little reference to the pure word of God.

The famous romance of the "Petit Jehan de Saintré," which has furnished so many amusing illustrations to writers on chivalry, affords us some kind of notion of the teaching the page received in matters of faith and doctrine. There the "Dame des Belles Cousines" ordains herself his instructor, and commands him "to avoid the sin of pride, hateful to God; of anger, of envy, of idleness, of gluttony, of luxury." He was to keep inviolable the ten commandments; to treasure in his heart the twelve articles of faith; to exercise the seven cardinal virtues in opposition to the seven deadly sins; to perform the seven works of *spiritual mercy*, which consisted in saving men from error; and the seven works of *corporal mercy*, which embraced all acts of charity done to the body. And then she diverges into an elaborate education of trifling ceremonial; of dress; of manner; and of love-making—which seemed to consist in bravery and courtesy. A nobler style of education can be gleaned from the pages of the Faerie Queene, when, in later days, Spenser immortalised the manners and beliefs of the past.

The favourite seasons for investing knights were at the great festivals of the church—Christmas, Easter, or Whitsuntide. At such times the whole pomp and ceremonial of investiture was observed with scrupulous exactness, and a holy occasion was recommended to the acolyte, because then, as says the Book of Chivalry, "Much people would be gathered together, and God would be besought by many voices to give him grace to acquit himself well in his further career." His sword was blessed with the following prayer—"Hear, God, we beseech Thee, our prayer, and with the right hand of Thy majesty deign to bless this sword, wherewith thy servant desires to be girded, that it may be the defence and protection of churches, of widows and orphans, and all who serve God, against the cruelty of Pagans; and that it may be powerful, and a fear and terror to all deceivers,—Through Jesus Christ." Then having taken the oath which bound him to the performance of all the duties implied in the above sup-

plication, the priest returned the sword, with these words—"Receive this sword, accompanied with the blessing of God, by which, and by the strength of the Holy Spirit, you may be strong to resist and cast out all thy enemies and all the adversaries of the Holy Church, and to protect the people of God, by the assistance of the invincible Conqueror, our Lord Jesus Christ. Be mindful of what the Psalmist says—"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, and powerfully throw down the mount of corruption,"—defending the Holy Church of God, and execrating and destroying the hypocrite not less than the infidel. Be the merciful protector of widows and orphans; raise the fallen, defend them when raised; revenge the wronged; confirm the well-disposed; and, in as far as thou doest these things, thou shalt come as the glorious champion of virtue, to dwell with the Saviour of the world, and enjoy in his kingdom eternal and celestial joys!" Then all the congregation joined in this antiphonal—"Be of good courage and observe the ordinances of thy Lord. Walk in his ways, and may He be with thee in all thy undertakings!" Then the priest again prayed—"God, who by Thy providence dost order all things, both in heaven and earth, prosper Thy servant here devoted to the duties of Thy warfare. May all the power of his enemies be broken by the strength of the spiritual sword, and altogether destroyed, Thou contending for him,—through Jesus Christ." The congregation then sung a part of Psalm xliv. three times.

As the honour of knighthood was frequently conferred upon the very field of battle, when it was won, these prayers were necessarily omitted at the time, and the church took some later opportunity of signalising the favour, and binding her votary. But even in the hours of greatest peril, it was not forgotten that he must be consecrated in the name of the Holy Trinity. When the prince struck the kneeling candidate with the flat of his drawn sword on the back of his neck, he pronounced him a knight, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The allegorical meaning of the different parts of his armour was to serve as a reminder that religion must go everywhere with him: indeed, the love of glory was not allowed of itself to be a worthy motive for seeking the order, unless it was subjected to the wish of thereby more fully honouring God. But the impossibility of retaining this refinement of feeling and of obedience, caused the church to institute new and more strict rules, which were observed by what have been called "The Religious Orders."

LUTEA RESEDA.

"Beneath the Beeches."

We sat and talked at fullest ease,
That summer day of cloudless splendour;
While overhead, the whispering trees
Rustled their leaves so green and tender.
The rippling burn ran past our feet,
Beyond it rose the ruins hoary,
Around us all was fair and sweet,
Above us all was light and glory.

And both our hearts responsive sung
To nature's song of joy and gladness;
On us no weight of sorrow hung,
Our spirits knew no touch of sadness.
We had not learnt, with tearful eye,
The lessons Disappointment teaches;
Our lives were young, our hopes were high,
That summer day beneath the beeches.

We sketched each other's future days,
We filled each other's lives with glory;
Each smiling at the other's praise,
And pondering deep the other's story.
But great although we meant to be,
Famous, and good, and wise, and clever;
No better climax could we see,
Than that we should "be friends for ever."

Alas! our castles in the air
Have crumbled into dust and ashes;
Forgotten are the day-dreams fair,
That looked so bright 'neath Fancy's flashes.
Our hopes of fortune and of fame,
Have proved a bright but fleeting vision;
And mine is no illustrious name,
And yours no life of joy Elysian.

But part of yonder vision fair
Shall still remain, whate'er betide us;
The ancient friendship still is there,
And what on earth can now divide us?
And still we love the woodland walk,
And still recall the loving speeches,
That mingled with the school-girls' talk,
That summer day beneath the beeches.

DIDO.

An Invalid's Trip to Normandy.

(Continued.)

AT the other side, close to the little village of La Forge, and guarding the entrance on that side, is the "Roc au Chien," so called from its fancied resemblance to a dog's head,—which I confess I never could see. *L'Etablissement* consists of "Les Bains," a large house on the right as you enter from La Ferté Macé, containing, on the lower storey, the warm, douche, and other baths. Above this are two stories of rooms for visitors, and above these again is an upper storey, containing servants' rooms. The best rooms for visitors are in this house. Next to it is a curious looking one-storied building, which contains "La Source Thermale" and one or two very old and seldom used baths. Here Sophie, a picturesque and very civil Normandy peasant girl, dispenses the water for drinking. Putting a tumbler into a little tin can fastened to a long pole, she dips it into a sort of well, and brings up a glass of water fresh from the Source. It is said to lose half its virtue if not taken *à la cuvette.* Sophie demands ten centimes for every glass of water so taken, and must bring in a considerable revenue of centimes to the proprietors, as numbers come to drink the water besides those in the establishment. Though a sulphur spring, it is by no means disagreeable to the taste, as at Harrowgate and elsewhere; and the natural temperature is hardly lukewarm: to give even a tepid bath it is necessary to add artificially heated water. The natural heat is 25 centigrades, and a bath at 32 is by no means a *warm* one.

Behind "La Source" is the chapel; a small ugly building, merely for the use of the visitors at Bagnoles. Beyond this is a solid stone house, lately built and not yet

quite finished, belonging to the principal proprietor, Mons. R——, where he and his family spend part of every summer, and seem thoroughly to enjoy "la Vie à la Campagne." Underneath this house is a swimming bath for children, and beyond it, towards the Park, is the Grande Piscine, a magnificent swimming bath, holding 6354 litres, which has been lately built. It is supplied from "La Source," the water being at the natural temperature, and constantly running. It takes an hour to fill. Right through the establishment runs the river Vée, which is crossed by two white wooden bridges; and, retracing our steps from "La Piscine," we cross one of these, and find ourselves in a large gravelled square, on three sides of which stands a block of buildings, more like barracks than anything else. These contain a large number of visitors' rooms, the saloon and two salles à manger, an estaminet, billiard room, doctor's consulting room, &c. There are about 250 beds in L'Etablissement altogether. Beyond the square opposite "La Piscine," are "Les Ecuries" and "La Lingerie," where all day and every day the Blanchisseuses may be seen and heard beating their linen in the Vée. There is a first and second class Table d'Hôte, "L'Ancienne" being about two francs a-day more than "La Nouvelle." None of the visitors belonging to the latter, with one or two very rare exceptions, ever appeared in the salon; they always vanished into some mysterious region at the other end of the house. A small subscription gives the right of *entrée* to the salon for the season. Both it and the salle à manger are very good rooms, with nicely polished oak floors; but both are very much spoiled by the lowness of the ceilings. There were not more than about twenty at the déjeuner next morning, the establishment having only been open about a fortnight. Nearly opposite us sat two of our countrymen, a General S—— and his son, who had arrived the night before. An English lady and her son made their appearance a day or two after, and these were the only English visitors during the season. We all drank iron and sulphur water, abolished tea drinking, and took quite naturally to the half-past ten o'clock déjeuner,—substituting Bordeaux and water for tea, and partaking of five or six *plâts* of various food and unwholesome things, mushrooms, truffles, etc., etc.; a style of reckless living that would have horrified the proprietor of a *cold* water establishment. The cuisine was very good and beautifully clean, and the charges very moderate, being only six francs and a-half a day for "la première table." The life at Bagnoles during the first part of our stay was a very quiet primitive one; the inhabitants spending most of their time out of doors. The weather was lovely, and they were to be seen in all directions, carrying light wicker chairs or camp stools, settling in groups under the trees, reading, working, chatting and playing cards; or roaming about in the park and through the woods. After dinner

they sat or strolled about the square for a short time, and then went off for a short walk; the ladies generally wearing little woollen shawls, put over their heads in a coquettish and tasteful manner, which seems natural to a French woman. About eight o'clock it invariably became very chilly, no matter how hot the day might have been; and ladies going to Bagnoles would always do well to provide themselves with some warm wraps. After the evening walk they all met in the salon, till about ten o'clock, when they generally dispersed to their rooms. The bathing began as early as five o'clock in the morning,—so that "early to bed and early to rise" was the order of the day. Later on in the season, however, when the place filled, things were different. There was a dance every Thursday and Sunday evening, which was not unfrequently kept up till half-past two o'clock. The average number of visitors in the height of the season was about sixty of the first-class. There were very few of the second after the first two or three weeks. Every Sunday morning a well-to-do looking old abbé drove over in his carriage for the service at the chapel, remaining the day, and making his appearance at breakfast and dinner. He made more noise and laughed louder than anybody else, and appeared by no means to despise the good things of this life; and with his rosy good-humoured face and frequent bursts of hearty laughter, formed a striking contrast to a reverend brother, who for a short time joined the table d'hôte,—a pale, spare, rather aristocratic looking priest, who seemed to consider anything beyond a faint smile beneath the dignity of his office, if not something worse, and who never sat down to his meals without crossing himself twice, a ceremony the abbé entirely dispensed with. None of the party appeared to pay much attention to the duty of fasting; though it must be confessed, the meals on Fridays, in spite of salmon or turbot, were never so good as on other days. There was sure to be one dish at least which must have been especially concocted for the mortification of the flesh,—particularly the soup maigre and a sort of galette, which was only tolerable when eaten with some sweet-meat, of which there was generally a liberal supply. *Pouding au kirche* was always to be found in the *menu* for that day's dinner, and very good it was.

We made several excursions in the neighbourhood,—one to Domfront, about twelve miles distant. It had been described to us as superbe, magnifique, etc., etc., after the manner of the French, who seem to think (making all due allowance for their natural love of exhaustive language) that an Englishman has no opportunity of seeing anything like fine scenery out of France,—at all events, not in England. An old gentleman gravely supposed (as we sat out one evening, admiring the group of pine trees and the Roc du Capuçin, just before us) that there was nothing like

that to be seen in England. He was an inhabitant of Domfront, and an evident admirer of the beauties of nature; which, to hear him talk, you would suppose had reached their greatest sublimity in "La Belle Normandie." A visit to England might perhaps have convinced him that we had a few more opportunities than he thought of studying the sublime and beautiful, and must have reduced him to speechlessness, from sheer want of language to express any greater admiration than he had already expended on his pretty little bits of scenery at Bagnoles and Domfront. The latter is very curiously situated, and worth driving over to see. There are two Châteaux close to Bagnoles,—the one quite new, belonging to a nouveau riche Mons. Goupil; the other a venerable old place, belonging to the De Frotté family, built by Jehan Frotté in the sixteenth century, and restored in the eighteenth. Leading up to it are two beautiful avenues of beech trees. There is an aristocratic and by-gone look about it, mixed up with a good deal of stately gloom; and it is altogether an interesting old place. We also drove to Chantepie, a very pretty place about three miles off, belonging to the Marquis de Maltpierre. Close to the park at Bagnoles there is a chapel dedicated to St Horter, whoever he may be. He lived in the eleventh century, and died in the forest of Andaine, near a fountain, which has the reputation in the country of possessing curative virtues, and many pilgrims are said to visit the chapel and the neighbouring fountain. In the trees about it may be found numbers of small stones, placed there by the pilgrims. Every one who has been cured of any disease puts a stone in a tree, and it is said that whoever is rash enough to take any of these pebbles away, gets whatever disease the person who put it there was cured of. Wild boars and wolves are to be found in the forests, and towards the end of the season there was a *chasse*, but nothing came of it except an invasion of dogs, a few wretched-looking horses, and about half-a-dozen huntsmen, with most unmusical horns. In the winter, however, it is said to be a very exciting amusement, and is sometimes carried on by torch-light. With the exception of a few Parisians, a family from Monte Video, and another from Constantinople (Armenians), and an eastern Consul, most of the visitors were from "La Belle Normandie." We met with much kindness, and I found there was by no means the wide gulf of difference and superiority my British arrogance had expected to find between the thoughts, habits, and feelings of the two countries. The absence of salt spoons, and the necessity for using the same knife and fork "pour tous les plâts" was decidedly objectionable, according to English ideas; particularly when some highly respectable people resorted to the expedients they did for cleaning the aforesaid knife and fork. The enjoyment of a chicken, or it might be a mutton bone,

with the help of one's fingers, is also highly unconventional; but to atone for all this, the cold shade of English exclusiveness seemed nearly as great as at home, and though snubbing in France may be more politely practised than in England, it undoubtedly exists,—that is, among the French themselves. They appeared quite ready to meet English foreigners on equal terms, generally expressing a great admiration of the country,—a feeling which was just then very much in the ascendant, owing to the successful termination of the Abyssinian expedition. No doubt, as is all very right and proper, they always admire England with a strong mental reservation in favour of France. As the old abbé remarked, when, one day expatiating on the glories of London, where he had once spent a month, I asked him if he thought it equal to Paris. "*Il n'y a qu'une Paris dans le monde*," he replied, with the air of a man who thought it absurd folly to think of the two countries as comparable.

Bagnoles belongs to two joint proprietors, and is managed by a *directeur*, Mons. Rabault, a housekeeper, and a staff of very civil and willing servants. Madame L., the head of the ladies' bath department, is a wonderful woman in her way; and her husband, though an old man, seemed quite up to his work in the gentlemen's side of the house, assisted by a very active young nephew, who does duty alternately as bath attendant, *housemaid*, and garçon, and seems equally at home in each capacity. Madame L. has been thirty years at Bagnoles, and her husband forty-six. She does her own work, and that of other people besides, in such a skilful hearty way, that she seems to be the mainspring of the whole concern. Whatever she does she appears to do with her whole soul, scolding not excepted. It was most amusing to hear her in the morning ordering about her two handmaidens, "Virginie" and "Victorine," as she flew about from one bath-room to another, and then off to the Piscine, to see that all was going on right there, as she was under the full conviction that nothing *could* go on right without her. She would flash in and out of the bath-room, just waiting to enquire, "*Madame va-t-elle bien?*" or "*A-t-elle sonnée?*" for, with all her cleverness, she never knew what bell had rung. An instant after, she was heard in the far distance, calling "Victorine" at the top of her voice, and when answered, giving the unfortunate girl half-a-dozen orders and as many reprimands in a breath; and the next time she appeared she would probably inform you that Victorine was stupid and lazy, and that she could do her work "beaucoup mieux" if she had not any assistants to plague her. She has a nice little cottage at La Forge, which she lets in the summer, and lives in during the winter. She assured me it was "*tres jolie*," and "*tres commode*," that it contained ten beds, was very nicely furnished, and that she got five francs a-day for it. La Forge is a small

village, about ten minutes walk from Bagnoles, where there is a very fair hôtel, very moderate in its charges, and where many people stay during the season, coming to Bagnoles for the baths, etc. Bagnoles consists solely and entirely of L'Etablissement and its immediate surroundings; there is no village of the name. It opens in the middle of May and closes in October. The Médeçin Inspecteur is appointed by Government. The present one, Mons. Bignon, has been there for nine years. He is said to be very clever, and is most kind and attentive to his patients. A certain number of sick poor are paid for by Government, and live at the back of the proprietor's house, in a wretched-looking old building called the Hospital, which they talk of pulling down and re-building before next season. Several other alterations and improvements are also contemplated before that time.

After a sojourn of ten weeks, we returned the way we had come, by Lisieux and Havre; the country looking as lovely in its autumn robe as it had done in its summer one; the apple-trees laden with fruit, and one very small and remarkably bright red apple eclipsing the cherries in its beauty. We stayed two days at Havre to see the Exhibition,—the first was Sunday, though strangely unlike one in England. It happened to be a fête day, on which all the bands in the different towns in Normandy meet together for the distribution of prizes. We were told that 6000 musicians had come into the town for the occasion, and we had great difficulty in getting two small rooms at the Hôtel de Normandie. They looked on the street where the chief excitement prevailed, and all day crowds were passing and repassing, and bands parading about with gorgeous velvet banners, embroidered in gold and hung with medals, the trophies of former success. The sight was really a very pretty one: the wonderful varieties of caps, some of most curious construction, and the brightness of colouring made up by the universal blue blouses of the men, the snowy caps and aprons of the women, and the uniforms of the gens-d'arms and soldiers of various kinds, with the gaudy banners of the bands; here a vivandiere, and there a swarthy vendor of pink and white sweetmeats, with his white dress and turban or Greek cap,—altogether formed a striking contrast to the sombre blackness generally pervading an English crowd of the same discription. They enjoyed themselves, too, very differently; taking their pleasure in a careless, happy, childlike way, as if there never had been, and never was likely to be anything but enjoyment derivable from life. On Monday we visited the Exhibition. The Aquarium was the great object of attraction, and amply repaid a visit. That evening we left for Southampton, where we arrived early next morning; and so ended a Trip to Bagnoles.

ZOE.

Frank's Churchyard Vigil,

Being a Lawyer's Ghost Story.

(*Conclusion.*)

About a fortnight after that evening on which we first saw Douglas, Captain Hildyard came up to town on business; and, as he was something of a chum of my brother's, he was brought home by the latter one evening to dinner. When the gentlemen joined us in the drawing-room, Captain Hildyard's attention was instantly caught by a beautiful Parian group of pointers on one of the side-tables; this led the conversation to dogs in general, and at last to Frank's dog in particular.

"Very strange occurrence, wasn't it?" said our guest to Jack. "I was inclined at first to be sceptical on the subject; but Lamont will have it that it was nothing less than poor M'Kay's spirit that he saw and heard. What do you think about it?"

We were all amazed,—the speech was Chinese to us; and Captain Hildyard met our looks of astonishment with equal surprise depicted on his own face.

"What! don't you know that part of it? Didn't he tell you anything about M'Kay and Colonel M'Pherson? Well, I wonder at that, for I should have thought he would have told you if any one; but still I know he is very reluctant to speak about it. But he couldn't help telling me that night, when I noticed the state he was in. I thought he was a dead man, almost, as he entered the room—never saw a fellow look so ghastly in all my life."

We all begged to hear this new version of the story; and this is what he told us:—

"I daresay you have often heard your cousin speak of Ronald M'Kay—first a schoolfellow of his at Loch Venie, and in after years one of his dearest friends. I think you met him once at my place, Jack, when you were down after the partridges one September, some five years since. A splendid fellow he was—a thorough model of a Highlandman: it was as good as a play to hear him and Lamont chattering Gaelic together.

"When Lamont took to the law, M'Kay entered the army, joining the —th Highlanders. He was out in the Indian Mutiny, and distinguished himself very much by his gallant conduct: but your cousin can tell you about that better than I can.

"When the —th came home from India, they were for some time in Scotland; and with Lamont's holidays and M'Kay's leaves, they saw a great deal of each other. So Frank was a good deal cut up when, three years since, M'Kay was ordered to the Mauritius. The regiment had gone out some time previously; but he had remained at the depôt, and was now about to take out a number of recruits. As a parting present, Frank gave him Douglas—that same Douglas he has now, then quite a young dog. M'Kay called him Douglas, because it was your cousin's second name.

"When they parted, Ronald seemed to have a presentiment that he should never return again; he grasped Frank's hand as though he would never let it go. "Frank," he said, as the dog came bounding up to him, "if I never see you again, remember that I leave you Douglas to take care of. I value him beyond all price, as your gift; and, if I die away from Scotland, I should like him to come back to you again. I promise you that somehow or other you shall have him; I'll ask Donaldson, our senior major, to see that you get him all right,—now, remember."

"The —th, as you know, stayed three years at the Mauritius after M'Kay went out, and during that time the friends corresponded frequently, and M'Kay seemed almost to have forgotten his presentiment. He had told Major Donaldson his wishes about the dog; but to no one else had he said a word on the subject, as he said he disliked being laughed at for a soft-hearted fool. At last the regiment was ordered home; but, a fortnight before leaving, Major Donaldson was seized with fever and died. M'Kay had it slightly, but not, as it was then thought, at all dangerously; indeed, he was well enough to go on board with his company. He felt Donaldson's death very much, for they had been great friends; though some of the younger men said, What a lucky dog that M'Kay was—he was sure of his promotion now.

"Poor fellow, he never got it; for, just after they passed the Straits, having touched at Gibralter, he became terribly ill with the fever again, and it was easy to see, from the first, that there was no chance for him.

"For hours before his death he lay in a heavy stupor, hardly giving any sign of life,—and Douglas never left his side, but sat by his cot as motionless as his dying master, only now and then giving a piteous whine, that nearly brought tears into the eyes of the grim old surgeon. Suddenly, at dawn, a change came over M'Kay's face. He opened his eyes, and a gleam of intelligence shone in them as they fell upon the dog at his side; then, so suddenly that his servant watching him sprang to his feet, he raised himself on his elbows, and gazing intently into one corner of the cabin, as though he saw some one there, cried in a clear ringing voice, "You shall

have him, Frank, *laogh mochridhe*, you shall have him, as I said,"—and then with a deep sigh, he fell back dead.

"He was buried at sunset; and before land was sighted, the youngsters were envying Murchison, who would now get his company without purchase.

"M'Kay had very few friends, and fewer relatives, and all the latter were abroad in Brazil, China, and Australia; so the Colonel had his effects stowed away until some one should claim them, as it was not known whether he had left any will, or if he had, where it was. In the meantime, knowing nothing of M'Kay's wishes respecting Douglas, the Colonel appropriated him, having always admired him greatly. I should say, by the way, that Ronald's servant had been with him only a short time, and so knew nothing about Lamont.

"Well, when regimental affairs were settled, Colonel M'Pherson went off to see his father—a very old man, living near Inverness; and of course he took Douglas with him. Ever since his master's death, the dog had been ill at ease, restless and unhappy,—always wandering about, as though in quest of something, and eating barely enough to keep himself alive. Strange to say, as soon as he was fairly started on his journey, he seemed to settle down into a state of quiet expectancy, very different from his former unrest, and utterly unintelligible to the man who had charge of him. Colonel M'Pherson had to visit Gloucester on business on his way home; so for that place he booked himself, Douglas being committed to the care of his groom.

"Now comes an extraordinary feature of the case. At one point of the route, not being then on the line to Gloucester, passengers had to change trains,—and this was at a station called Gately Green, distant about three miles from Churton-Basset and five from Combe-Walsingham—to which latter village, indeed, it was the nearest railway station. The Gloucester train had just come up, and the passengers were looking after their luggage in a great hurry, when a porter shouted to Mason, the groom, who was standing with his finger through the ring of Douglas' collar—"Hallo! does yonder load of harness belong to you? Because if it does, look sharp, it's labelled for Cheltenham." The man, fearing to lose any of his master's property, ran off to the luggage-van, dragging the dog after him; and, as he did so, he heard behind him, as plainly and distinctly, he said, as ever he had heard it anywhere, the long low whistle with which Captain M'Kay was wont to call Douglas. He started round, amazed—for he had seen M'Kay buried; the dog struggled violently, and howled in his grasp; but the porter called him again, and he went off to see after the harness. A second time the strange whistle was heard—and then, with a jerk

so sudden and strong that he was unable to resist it, and, as he afterwards said, just as though some other hand had pulled the collar ring from his, Douglas broke from him with a bound—cleared a paling dividing the station from the road, crossed a stubble field, entered a plantation, and was lost to sight.

"Of course, it was useless to attempt following him, as the train was just on the point of starting; but, at the next station, Mason told his master of the dog's escape, suppressing, however, the incident of the whistle; as he thought, very likely, that it might be regarded only as an excuse on his part. The Colonel's wrath was great, and nearly cost the man his place: for Douglas was, to all intents and purposes, entirely lost. As it was, an advertisement was sent to the *Times*, offering a liberal reward for his recovery; but it resulted in nothing. I was away from Walsingham just then, and I think that, excepting myself, hardly a soul for miles round sees any paper but the stupid little local *Heralds* and *Gazattes* and *Intelligencers;* so that the notice of the dog's loss never penetrated to our remote part of the world. You can't have any idea of the ignorance of the people concerning affairs in general, in fact of anything, except their own little matters. I think it's doubtful if half-a-dozen of them could tell you who is Premier at this moment."

"But," said Jack, "how was it that neither you nor my cousin chanced to see the advertisement? I should have imagined that, reading the *Times* as you both do, you could hardly have missed it."

"Lamont assures me that he never troubles himself to read that second column," Captain Hildyard said, with a smile; "and I can easily believe that it is not in his line. As for myself, had I been at home, I should most likely have seen or heard something about it; but I only returned from Cornwall the day before Frank arrived at Walsingham, and I had hardly seen a paper since I left home.

"Your cousin has told you all about his expedition to the Old Grange: ah, and very kind it was of him to go, I can tell you; for I couldn't move a peg, and the business was of the greatest importance to me just then. And if you had only seen how fagged he was when he got in from Bristol. But as soon as he had made up his mind about it, nothing I could say would keep him at home. I suppose, though, that other influences must have been at work as well, and I shouldn't wonder if you come to the same conclusion presently.

"He told me afterwards, that when he left the Grange to wait for Perkins' departure, some irresistible impulse, for which he was utterly unable to account and as powerless to oppose, impelled him to go up to the church. He said he felt as though some unseen power were drawing him there, whether he would or no. As he first heard

the footsteps, a sort of cold, chilly mist seemed to envelope him all round. It was not the effect of the pelting rain, for he avers that it was entirely distinct and different from it; it was more like a Highland hill-fog. As the footsteps passed him a second time, through the thick darkness a figure seemed to shape itself before him. Indistinct and shadowy at first, it gradually grew more clear and defined, assuming the appearance of a man in kilt and bonnet, wrapped round with a heavy plaid. Just then, came a gleam of moonlight; and, ghastly pale, M'Kay's face looked out from the folds of the tartan, and a smile, inexpressibly sad in its sweetness, passed over it, as the footsteps again approached. And then—you may hardly believe it, but Lamont says he would swear to it with his dying breath,—then, his friend's voice said, as distinctly as ever he heard it in life,—"You shall have him, Frank, *laogh mochridhe*, you shall have him, as I said." And as Frank gasped out the word—"Ronald!" he was gone."

We were all silent after Captain Hildyard had done speaking. Jack was staring into the fire, and Aunt Loo's face wore a very amazed and uncomfortable expression; while as to myself—well, I won't say what I felt, except that I was very thankful I had not been in Frank's place. None of us stirred, until Captain Hildyard spoke again:—

"Taking one thing with another, I think that the most likely conclusion to arrive at is, that if ghosts do appear at all, M'Kay's spirit appeared to Lamont; and that it had also something to do with the dog's strange escape from Gately Green. I have tried to talk with your cousin about it two or three times, but he always begs me so pitcously not to speak of it, that I forbear; and I think that, more than anything else, is proof that our strong-minded friend believes that there was something besides his imagination at work in that church-yard."

"Well, whatever he may think about it himself," Jack replied, "he certainly did his best, the other evening, to make us believe him a thorough sceptic on the subject. I am sure that no one, to hear him talk, would think he had the least particle of faith in the supernatural. Why, he even told us he had got to the bottom of this, and found out it was nothing but a dog after all."

"Precisely so; that was to throw dust in your eyes, if I may be allowed the expression. He thought, I daresay, that you would never imagine there was anything in the occurrence beyond what he told you."

"But," asked my brother again, after another pause, "did the Colonel never hear of Douglas turning up?"

"Yes; Lamont communicated with him directly, and heard from him the particulars of his friend's illness and death; of course, at the time he was at Walsingham he did not know of it. He had written to him not long before; but, knowing that the regiment was returning home, he was not astonished at failing to receive a reply. Then our Bristol business happened to be on hand at the time, so, altogether, he was totally unprepared for his friend's loss.

"When he came back that evening, as he entered the room as white as your marble mantelpiece, and I asked him in a fright what was the matter,—he just sank down into a chair, and covered his face with his hands, unable to say a word. As soon as he could speak, he said, "Hildyard, I have seen Ronald M'Kay or his spirit to-night, and I believe he is dead;" and then he told me all.

"When Colonel M'Pherson came back from the north, Frank had an interview with him, and gave him an account of what had happened to him; and the Colonel told him that those words he had heard in the churchyard were the last that M'Kay ever spoke. He was willing enough for Lamont to retain Douglas, as he would never have taken possession of him had he known Ronald's wishes on the matter. I think Frank transmitted a considerable gratuity to Mason, as compensation for his discomfort arising from the dog's loss. You may have noticed that Douglas wears a collar with a large brass plate on it; that was M'Kay's, and still bears his name.

That is the end; and I think you will agree with me that it does turn out a real ghost story after all. I can only say that I am glad I was not in Lamont's place."

"Many thanks," said Jack, "it's very strange, and I can't but believe that there is something beyond the ordinary in it. I must have a good look at that animal next time. Why, here's Morley with the tea. I had no idea time had gone so quickly. Now, Marie, see if you can give our friend a good strong cup, after his exertions in story-telling. Well, I suppose it must really have been M'Kay's ghost."

Mas Alta.

On the Picture called "The Huguenots," by Millais.

She stands, her fair face white with one great fear,
Close to her lover. Not one tender tear
Trembles into her eyes, for scorching pain
Has burnt them dry. Ere long she will be fain
To bow her weary head, and weep them dim;
But now she keeps them clear to look at him—
To look their last at him who is their life,
Ere he goes forth into the bloody strife.
The Eve of St Bartholomew. The heat
Has hushed the steps along the echoing street;
Nature is waiting for some Terror yet
Unborn, and scarce can stir expecting it.
But they—these two—while soft the daylight dies,
They only look into each other's eyes;
They only cling together, heart to heart,
Waiting the cruel hour that bids them part.
And see! she strives to bind upon his arm
Love's latest pledge to keep her love from harm,—
As once she gave him flower or ribbon gay,
Worn in her hair throughout some holiday,
To nestle near his heart, and shun the light,
Like her own love. But now that ribbon white
She seeks to fasten where all eyes may see.
Will it not save from bloody treachery
The life she holds far dearer than her own?
Is this a time to shrink from making known
The tenderness that chose him from the world,
And love's own banner over him unfurled?
She cannot weep, she cannot even speak,
She does not feel the kiss upon her cheek;
And through quick heart-beats she can hardly hear
Her true-love's voice,—"Thanks for your offer, dear,

You offer safety, but the price is hard ;
Alas ! I needs must stand upon my guard,
Against my coward heart, that dares to doubt,—
Against myself. For what is life, without
Honour and truth ? Shamed life were worse than death,
And stained honour worse than parting breath,
And love that stoops to lie !—What can I say ?
Smile in my face and chase my doubts away,
The soul that looks from out your eyes, my own,
Is dearer to me than the eyes that shone
My heart away. And so it is with you,
My darling, ever tender, ever true,
Even to death. Ah ! parting is full sore,
And sore the thought that never, nevermore,
Here in this quiet garden we shall meet,
While evening sunlight glows upon the street ;
But sorer far, my darling, if above
I might not lift my eyes and claim my love,
My own true love, the dearer for the pain
Of parting now, so soon to meet again.
You will not bid me change, like shifting sand,
And live a traitor to my God, my land,
My father's faith. They that deny Him here
He will deny before the angels, dear ;
But they who wear for Him this crown of sorrow,
Shall feast with Him in Paradise to-morrow.
The pain is short, and oh ! the joy is long,
Look in my face, my dearest, and be strong !
Strong to endure, and I am strong to do,—
Firm to believe nothing can part us two :
Nothing but cowardice that fears to die,
That cannot look beyond that sultry sky,
And see the martyr's gain. Farewell, my own,
The night is dark ; for us the light is sown,
Soon to spring up ! Oh, for that dawning bright.
Seine shall run red through Paris streets to-night,

But we shall stand beside the other stream,
That maketh glad God's city. This bad dream
Shall be forgotten on that happy shore,
Or, unforgot, shall make us love the more!"

* * * *

And here the painter leaves us; does not tell
Whether the tocsin of the midnight bell,
Parted those lovers. But we know the end,
The fitting close, for love is strong to lend
Strength to the weakest. Ah! she flung aside
The craven token, that the river's tide
Might bear it far away; and said good-bye
With lips that quivered strong in agony.
Ah! Love, most sweet in peril and in strife,
Twining and blossoming on blighted life;
If fires of suffering cleanse and strengthen thee,
Dare we lament? Thou hast the victory!

O. M.

Mediæval Chivalry.

Part VII.—The Influence of the Church.

Section II.—The Crusader.

"Know then, that we have borne all this distress
By land and sea,—war, want, reverses,—all!
To the sole end that we may gain access
To sacred Salem's venerable wall;
That we may free the faithful from their thrall,
And win from God his blessing and reward.
From this no threat our spirit can appal,
For this no terms will be esteemed too hard
Life, honours, kingdom lost, or dignity debarred."

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.

Immediately after the ascension of our Lord, Jerusalem had been made the natural centre of the infant church; which, though persecuted, continued its struggling existence until the times of the Emperor Constantine. On his conversion, he restored

Jerusalem to its ancient importance; repaired the tomb in which our Lord was said to have been buried, built over it a magnificent vault; and to the east of it a splendid temple of mysterious commemoration, consecrated by the celebrated Eusebius. He built another church at Mamre, in honour of Abraham; while his mother Helena built one at Bethlehem. Pilgrims flocked in increased numbers to the Holy Land. Protection and hospitality to them became the greatest pleasure, as well as the most sacred duty of the pious Christian residents; princes passed laws in their favour; merchants assisted them by every means in their power; an Itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem was published, to indicate to them the proper routes, and the wisest resting-places and ports; prayers and religious ceremonies accompanied them as they went; affectionate greetings, friends and succour awaited them in Jerusalem; prayers and thanksgivings received them when they returned to lay their palm branch on the altar of their native place. These were the golden days of pilgrimages. When Heraclitus was Emperor of the Greeks in 610, Jerusalem fell into the power of the Persians; and 36,000 Christians are said, by William of Tyre, to have perished on the occasion. The survivors tremblingly prayed, with bitter tears, for the removal of the pollutions; and their prayers seemed heard, for the brave Emperor defeated their oppressors; and, in the glow of victory, bore back the cross on his own shoulders, with naked feet, and placed it on the top of Calvary. Then arose the great religious and temporal power of Mahomet, who endeavoured to extirpate all rival sects. At his death, in 632, his successors followed out his plans, and conquered Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa and Spain. Had it not been for the valour and ability of Charles Martel, not only Spain, but Gaul, would have fallen a prey to the arms of the victorious Caliph, and Europe might have experienced the same fate as the eastern countries. Abu-beker, the immediate successor of the prophet, defeated the Christians in Syria, and his successor Omar took Jerusalem,—a city sacred alike to Jew, Christian and Mahometan. It had been the scene of Mahomet's chief vision, and of his transit from its temple to the seventh heaven, on the back of a strange animal called the Borack, and in company with the angel Gabriel. The Mahometans claimed descent from Abraham, and honoured all the biblical prophets; having, however, from the uncommonly pure nature of the imposture of their faith, a detestation of idolatry so thorough, that the very sight of knees bowed before cross or image roused them to indignation. The sacredness of the city, and the mildness of its conqueror, secured the inhabitants more favourable terms than any other conquered town received. There was neither pillage nor slaughter; they retained the liberty of observing their religious rites in the church already built, but were forbidden to

erect new ones, to place crosses on their churches, or bear them or the gospels about with them in their processions; their bells were only to ring when they served as clocks; and in names, dress, and customs, they were to keep themselves apart from the Mahometans, whom they were bound to honour. Omar agreed to the complimentary request of the patriarch Sofronius on surrendering the city, that he should take possession in person; and the two men rode together into the city and towards the church of the Holy Sepulchre, where Omar modestly worshipped on the outer steps, while Sofronius within was exclaiming, in the bitterness of his heart, that the prophet's "abomination of desolation" was at hand. The generous forbearance of the conqueror could not spare the conquered every cause for mourning. A lofty mosque rose conspicuously on Mount Moriah, and another on the scene of Jacob's vision; while the inferior ranks constantly showed signs of their triumph and superiority. But, as if their ingratitude was to be punished, at the death of the noble Omar, the Christians began to experience the real bitterness of living under the rule of conquerors of a different faith. They were compelled to wear always a leathern thong,—but that might be endured in a city where their Lord had likewise been clothed with scorn; restrictions and taxes were multiplied into bondage; neither church nor house was safe; the Moslem might bring with him unchecked insult or death to them; and, at last, what seemed the hardest, the right of electing a Patriarch without intervention was taken from them. Meanwhile the continual contentions amongst their rulers kept them in a state of alternate hope or despair, according to the disposition of the chiefs. Under the reign of the celebrated Harun Al Raschid, their condition was greatly alleviated. The contemporary of Charlemagne, he was his equal in dominion, power, courage, nobility and wisdom. He encouraged learning and philosophy, and extended civilisation. Convinced of each other's merits, the two princes formed an alliance, which history and romance described in glowing language. Amongst the many splendid gifts interchanged, the Caliph presented to the Emperor what he considered the most valuable offering he could make to his pride or devotion,—the keys of the Holy City and the Holy Sepulchre. But his successors, unable to control his vast dominions, delegated their power to Turkish Emirs, who shortly erected independent sovereignties. The Greek Emperor Nicephorus advanced to save the Holy City from them, but his capture of Antioch was dearly revenged by the murder of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. His successor, Ximiscus, however, conquered all the cities of Judea, and reduced the Caliph of Bagdad to a tributary. But his career was stopped by death; his acquisitions were lost as fast as they had been gained, and things fell into their old courses.

Under the Fatimites the Christians enjoyed as much religious liberty as under the Abbassides, until Hakem arose, the third Fatimite Caliph, whose repulsive cruelty was only equalled by his wild caprice. Though his mother had been a Christian and his uncle Patriarch of Jerusalem, he aspired to be a prophet as well as a king,—and hated the disciples of Christ and Mahomet as followers of rival divinities. Forced from his position to be cautious in his manner of treating the Mahometans, he was unrestrained in the exercise of his cruelty to the Christians. He reduced the noble church of the Resurrection to a heap of ruins, and strove with impotent rage to destroy even the traces of the Sepulchre itself. The hatred of the Mahometans to the Christians took advantage of this opportunity. Their churches were destroyed or converted to some base purpose; their rites interdicted, and their lives in continual danger. Their great distresses awoke their superstitious feelings, and they connected every elemental change with their own fate. An extraordinary winter of storm and gloom and earthquakes, fixed in their mind the expectation of some tremendous change,—perhaps the end of the world. A new importance attached to the Holy Land, and believers of every rank thronged to it in pilgrimages. Hakem died, and his successors, more lenient, allowed the Christians to rebuild the churches he had destroyed, and to exercise their religion. They paid, as the price of their safety, a tribute of two pieces of gold; and they were permitted to possess a particular quarter of the city, to establish hospitals for their foreign brethren, and to hold an almost uninterrupted communication with Europe. But, in 1016, a rude tribe from beyond the Axus spread over Syria, and took Jerusalem. Despising both Christians and Mahometans, they slaughtered all they met. The Christians that survived suffered severely. When they attempted to worship, their prayers were drowned with threats; their churches were polluted, their lives every moment in danger; and, what seemed worse than all, the pilgrims were forbidden to enter. Their reception had ever been their greatest hope and comfort in time of trouble; for, besides the strong tie of religious brotherhood in persecution, they often formed other ties of nationality and relationship, and always kept up, through them, a communication with the west. Hard as this seemed to them, they knew it must be worse to the pilgrims, who, besides the prospect of really seeing the Holy City of their imagination, looked forward to it often as their only hope of rest, friends and succour. Many of the pilgrims, having exhausted all their stores by the way, were in a state of complete destitution and exhaustion, preserved only from despair by the knowledge that when they reached Jerusalem, their bodily toils at least were over. They never had been disappointed till now,—when, with horror and despair, they found themselves shut out in the open

country, without food or shelter; without means of return, or will to do so; without the satisfaction of their chief desire. Numbers perished of want, and by diseases brought on through fatigue and exposure; some hopelessly attempted to return, and perished by the way. Under the persecutions of Hakem, the Christians of Jerusalem had felt that their miseries were wrought by a single man, whose successors, they could always hope, might be better. But now, that hope even was taken from them,—they had fallen into the cruel power of a whole race of enemies,—and their prospects were never so dark. Had all the pilgrims, however, been mere obscure men, the dangerous and degraded condition of the Holy Land might have lasted much longer without the interference of the spiritual and temporal rulers of Europe. But men of high rank and wide fame had often gone forth, and returned to ring the descriptions of their sorrows in the startled ears of Europe. "The Narrative of Lietbert's Unsuccessful Journey to the Holy Land," contains an interesting account of the dangers of a pilgrimage at this time. The Reverend Lietbert was the Bishop of Cambray,—who set out with 3000 persons, and reached Laodicea only to hear that the Holy Sepulchre was for ever closed against Christians. The old man then returned home in shame and sorrow. Another celebrated pilgrimage of a company of 7000 people, took place under the command of the Bishops of Utrecht, Banberg, and Ratisbon, about twenty years before the Crusades. Many brave French warriors accompanied them, not in the humble guise of pilgrims, but adorned with martial splendour. They received a gracious reception from the Emperor Ducas at Constantinople; but, no sooner did they cross into Asia, than they were beset by troops of Arabs, eager for their prey. After great loss they reached Jerusalem; but the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, destroyed by Hakem, was still in ruins,—everything sacred lay desolate. They were forbidden to bathe in Jordan, or gather palm-branches from Jericho; a cruel enemy ruled within the city, and robber Arabs awaited them without; so they were glad to take ship in a Genoese fleet, and return to Europe,—their duties only half-performed, their hopes unsatisfied.

Many different reasons impelled people on pilgrimages,—pride, piety, penance. In the eleventh century, most of the penances were commuted into pilgrimages,—a species of religious punishment more in accordance with the spirit of the times than any other. It satisfied at once the restless yearnings of the penitent, and the desire of the priest to inspire reverential feelings. Few could return unaltered, or without having undergone some beneficial effects. Nothing was so calculated to bow down a proud spirit, or soften it by deep and purifying thought, as the long and distant journey itself,—amid strange, novel, and impressive scenes,

amid danger and toil and self-denial; separated from all pomp and earthly vanity, from admiring friends and flattering followers; often in utter solitude and silence amid the grand changes of the elements. Besides, what could be more suitable than to send him who had broken the laws of Christ, to scenes where he would be constantly reminded of the greatness of the sacrifice required for the greatness of his sin; where the memories of His love would inspire desires for a new and purer obedience; where faith would be strengthened by viewing the reality of the scenes described in Scripture, and in the mysteries that then delighted the superstitious minds of the people. At every stage he would meet the palmers returning from their missions, and his imagination would become fired by their conversation, and his spirit kindled in their society. The pious worshipper will ever find sins to be repented of, and desires for new strength to meet his manifold trials and temptation; and many an humble Christian doubtless thus won what he sought. The proud—desiring not to be outreached in any greatness—also sought that far-away land, and attained their desire; and those who would be fashionable, and do what others did, would also naturally find themselves in the pilgrim's path.

With the veneration for the Holy Land; there arose a great regard for relics connected with the Saints and the Saviour. The most solemn preparation of mind and heart was thought necessary when they were being inspected; and the beholder was believed to receive a fresh addition of divine grace if he approached them, and contemplated them in a fitting frame of mind. Oaths taken on them were considered doubly binding. Miracles of the most extraordinary kinds attended even the opening of the caskets, and they were sought for and valued as the best gifts of heaven. When a pilgrim was fortunate enough to obtain one, he hid his treasure in his breast, and defended it with his life, and thought every toil overpaid if he bore it safely home. Though the custom soon arose of buying and selling them,—and through it that system of fraud that so disgraced the Church to an extent which no one had either the power or the inclination to discover,—the custom in its origin was not all evil. The association of ideas is one of the fundamental principles of the human mind; and other men than the lover, the poet, and the religionist, prize the relics of their past, and hold them as talismans to re-kindle memories. The value of a faded flower depends upon the associations with which a man clothes it in his individual mind; the value of a patriot's sword, of antiquarian remains, of a martyr's relic, depends upon what he knows of their history; but when he brings this treasure himself, through danger and toil, from a far-distant land, the personal and historical associations unite in one intense feeling,—the very con-

temptation of it might restore in him his past thoughts, feelings, and life, and memory become ever-present.

The news of the shutting up of the Holy City could, therefore, be no pleasant news to the nations of Europe. Doubtful of its truth, as the hearsay of the times was not always trustworthy, many set out to experience for themselves the real trials of the journey. Among these was Peter the Hermit, born at Amiens, the son of Regnaut l'Hermite, of a family of rank. He had been a student, a soldier, a monk,—but finding nothing satisfying, he set out on pilgrimage. His excitement at beholding really with his eyes the scenes of Holy Writ, and his anguish at seeing the oppression and pollution suffered there, were too intense to be expressed. But he had formed a resolution within his own mind. He induced the Patriarch of Jerusalem to send a letter to the Pope, begging his assistance; and bearing it himself to the Head of the Church, urged him with all the ardour of enthusiasm to give a favourable answer. Urban, seeing that it was not a project to be summarily dismissed, called a council at Placentia, and a more important one afterwards at Clermont, to consider the subject. The rising influence of the people, acting with the crown, tended to reduce the ecclesiastical power; and as more than one prince showed desires to be free from the temporal tyranny of the ecclesiastics, this plan of employing their energy and resources in the service of the church, on foreign plains, seemed a fine stroke of policy. But perhaps the Pope hardly expected the full co-operation that he received, and had yet to learn that other princes might also find it a simple way of employing turbulent subordinates. Meanwhile Peter had not been idle. Clad in coarse raiment, with his head and feet bare, and bearing on his shoulders an enormous crucifix, he wandered through the mountain passes of Italy into Germany and France, preaching in powerful language the miseries of the Christians in the east, the pollution of the Holy City, and denouncing its cruel infidel possessors. The plain man, in bodily presence contemptible, had been roused by enthusiasm into an eloquent orator. All men listened, spell-bound; thousands followed him; ordinary pursuits lost their interest in the glory of this new idea; men flocked to the appointed place of meeting, and uttering as with one voice the war-cry of the Crusades—"God wills it!" pressed eagerly to receive the red-cross badge. The first person who wore it, was Adhemar, the Bishop of Puy. Nobles and princes followed him, and multitudes of meaner men. The Pope gave his warmest encouragement, changed all penances into this military pilgrimage; granted to all engaged in the enterprise the full remission of sins, and the martyr's honours and heaven should they die therein. They and their property were considered as being put

under the special guardianship of the apostles Peter and Paul—no creditor could touch them, and their wives and children were provided for.

Chivalry had by this time taken deep root in the European States, and a military service like this would necessarily be the most pleasant penance men could owe their church. Their knightly vows commanded them to succour the distressed: here were hundreds of oppressed pilgrims calling for their assistance. At the same time we must notice a political fact of the times, that, siding with the influence of the church, raised the flood-tide in the affairs of the Crusades. In these feudal times, when a noble gained possession of a wide extent of territory, either by gift or conquest, he found it necessary for his own safety, for the protection of his family, and the safe storing of the property he had acquired, to build a castle, strongly fortified and remote from neighbours. There all the work was apportioned amidst his retainers; his own occupation was gone. The only society of rank equal to his own was that of his family; and, however well he loved them, he soon found that their resources of occupation and amusement were spent, and that he was weary of all, so that he must go forth from the walls that confined as well as protected him, and seek in new incursions—variety, occupation, and the society of minds like his own. The community of religion, under the bond of the universal sway of the Pope, made the wars on the Continent comparatively petty and brief; but here was one on a grander scale, with novel accompaniments, where all the nobles of Europe, as disputing brethren restored to peace, could unite, in fighting against the enemies of their faith and friends, and relieve at the same time the suffering Christians and polluted soil. We could not conceive a nation of proprietors now-a-days so impulsively abandoning their estates and families on such a knight-errant's mission; because the Crusades were only possible among people who had been brought up from childhood in these restless adventurous habits, who could leave safely behind them their families within their castle-walls, and go forth alone, reckless of risks. Their lives, indeed, had been a continual foretaste of the Crusades.

Their soldiers also shared their feelings; but the impulse did not move these classes alone. The preaching of the Hermit was heard and answered by all men. And no wonder; for here was the first step towards the enfranchisement of the masses, and the elevation of the lower ranks out of the bondage of the caste into which they had been born. Their voluntary enrolment was as meritorious, their devotion as sacred, their reward as full and sure, as that of their leaders, and they rose with the dignity they now first knew. The transformation of mean men into soldiers, pilgrims, crusaders, was often a change deeper than the name. Their

eager enthusiasm, however, often carried them away. The day fixed for their departure seemed only too far distant; the preparations that prudence dictated seemed a distrust of the Providence that had so signally sided with them. Sixty thousand people eagerly petitioned the Hermit to become their captain, and lead them off at once to the Holy Land, and he could not find it easy to refuse. After finally starting, his followers gradually increased as he went, till they reached about three hundred thousand, and he found it literally impossible to exercise any practical control over so enormous a multitude of untrained and unruly followers. Ill-provided as they were with provisions, they spread desolation wherever they went. Their violent conduct at Constantinople forced the Emperor to hasten their departure; and when they reached Asia, in want of stores, of arms, of any definite guidance or plan, their dissensions and foolishness made them an easy prey to the Sultan's troops, and but very few either reached their destination, or succeeded in finding their way back to their homes.

Very different, however, was the character of the real expedition that was now being prepared. The kings of Europe themselves were occupied with the internal troubles of their own kingdoms; but their most distinguished nobles hastened towards this glorious warfare,—chief among whom was Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Basse-Lorraine, the hero of Tasso's verse. He had sided with the Emperor against the Pope, and prepared thus to expiate his offence, by setting out at the head of 80,000 foot, and 10,000 horse, accompanied by his two brothers, Eustace, Count of Boulogne, and Baldwin, and his cousin Baldwin du Bourg. There were also Hugh, Count of Vermandois; Robert, Count of Flanders, surnamed the Sword and Lance of the Crusaders; Stephen, Count of Chartres; Raymond, Count of Toulouse; Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, and his cousin Tancred, famed by Tasso. Robert, Duke of Normandy, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, mortgaged his duchy to his brother to obtain funds for the purpose. It must have been hard enough for the nobles who had to support so many, to raise sufficient money, even amid the universal enthusiasm. Besides the personal duties of the feudal system, the vassals owed to their suzerain, the feudal "aids" or auxilia. Three of these were called legal aids—1*st*, When his suzerain required a ransom; 2*d*, When his eldest son was knighted; 3*d*, When his eldest daughter was married. Other auxilia were called courteous or willing aids, because they could not be enforced legally. But occasionally particular aids became also obligatory,—as the loans for the Crusades very frequently seemed to be. In some way or other, means were found as well as men; and parties set out by

various routes from their different countries to meet at Constantinople. Adhemar accompanied them as the Pope's Legate. When they had crossed the Bosphorus, they presented a splendid army of 100,000 mounted warriors, the flower of the Chivalry of Europe; and an army of foot-soldiers, said even by Gibbon to have exceeded that of Darius or Xerxes. Their first action was the taking of Nice, the capital of the kingdom of Roum; and the unexpected battle of Dorylœum, where they were again victors, caused them a frightful loss of life. The sufferings they subsequently endured, from the want of provisions and water, were very terrible. From this trial they were temporarily relieved by the taking of Tarsus and Malmistra; but now personal ambition appeared amongst the leaders, who wished to become possessors and princes of the lands they conquered. The most determinedly selfish was Baldwin, who crossed the Euphrates, married an Armenian Princess, and founded a kingdom for himself at the expense of the Crusaders, whose army he necessarily weakened. The others proceeded by toilsome marches to Antioch,—at the time of Josephus, the third city in the Roman Empire, and made venerable to the Christians as being the birth-place of their *name*. In spite of the greatest bravery of the leaders, dreadful sufferings were endured, and many of their bravest companions were lost. Tasso forbids us to forget the amiable and accomplished Suenon the Dane. The city was at last taken by Bohemond in concert with the renegade Phirouz, who gave it up on condition that Bohemond should become king. They had hardly taken possession, before they were in their turn besieged; and, amidst the greatest sufferings and miseries would have been completely destroyed, but for a miraculous intervention. An Italian priest asserted that in a vision there had been disclosed to him the very lance-head that pierced the side of Christ, buried in a certain church. He promised that it would lead them everywhere to victory. Many believed the story, while others found it convenient to seem to do so, and on the discovery of the lance, a new hope inspired the troops; their assailants were really put to flight, and their rich camp left in the power of the Crusaders. The heart of the Moslems had so quailed at their onset, that had there been more unanimity and prudence among the princes, the whole country could then have been conquered, and the end of the Crusades safely attained. But now Bohemond insisted on being installed as prince of Antioch; many other knights followed his example, and settled down in their conquests; the army was hindered on its march, and suffered much from indolence and immorality. So many lives had been thus lost through hardships, indulgence, rashness, and cowardice, that, when in the early part of March they set out from Laodicea, they numbered only 1500 horse and 20,000 foot. But they had

been well sifted, and the best, the strongest, and most faithful were left, and they found it more easy now to march steadfastly on. Had they been prudent they would have subdued the strongholds as they went along, but their eager desire to see Jerusalem overcame every other thought. They were at last drawing near to the holiest place upon the earth, after passing through toils and perils that had destroyed so many of their fellow soldiers; prodigies had attended them on their way; saints and angels had been seen fighting in their ranks; could they now doubt that they enjoyed the special favour of God? A rapturous cry of exultation burst from them when they first came in sight of Jerusalem; knights and men flung themselves from their horses, to prostrate themselves upon the earth in adoration and humility. Their enthusiasm could not be restrained; they proceeded at once to the attack, and were repulsed. They began again to suffer hunger and thirst,—the streams were dried up, and the wells poisoned; death and pestilence fought against them. The garrison was 40,000 strong, well-disciplined and commanded; their storehouses were full, their fortresses strong. The Crusaders had no engines of attack, or means of making them: they were on the verge of despair, when they heard at the same time that succours from Genoa had arrived at Joppa, and abundant timber for the construction of engines had been discovered near. Saint George was said to have appeared on Olivet, beckoning them on; Peter the Hermit and the Monk of Olives again excited them, and with more foresight, they renewed the assault and scaled the wall. Godfrey himself rushed to the gate of St Stephen and opened it to the crowding soldiery. Raymond says, that the victory was achieved at three o'clock on Friday afternoon, the same day and hour of the week in which Christ suffered. The shout of "God wills it!" was now the prelude to a slaughter as merciless as it is now incredible, showing the barbarian side of chivalry. The pious Godfrey sought the Holy Sepulchre, to weep and confess his sins; the merciful Tancred strove to spare the conquered. The slaughter lasted eight days, and on the eighth they assembled to choose a king. Some of the leaders refused to become candidates, shrinking from the responsibility, or desiring to return home. Tancred avoided any honour or advantage which might seem to be payment for the pure and disinterested exercise of his chivalrous virtues; Raymond was considered too ambitious, and the universal choice fell upon Godfrey. They had commanded the retainers of the nobles to give in their causes of complaint against their masters, and the worst accusation brought against Godfrey was his too long and strict attendance on the ceremonies of the church, whereby their patience was often wearied and their dinner cooled. He refused to wear a diadem where his Saviour

had worn a crown of thorns; and asked only to be named "The Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre." The disputes with Raymond, and the departure of many warriors, weakened the power of Godfrey; but Tancred, ever generous and unselfish, remained faithful to him, and defended him with a small force of 300 knights and 2000 foot-soldiers, while he produced the celebrated code of laws named "The Assise of Jerusalem." A fortnight after the taking of the city, an immense army assembled to retake it, but it was defeated, and Ascalon left in the power of the Christians—and the first Crusade was terminated.

When dangers again manaced the Holy City, other Crusades were preached and led forth, but the first may stand for them all. Difficulties and dangers of a similar kind, with gradually less and less of the chivalric and devotional spirit, they become less interesting as we read on, though crowned heads take the place of knights. Occasionally gleams of the courteous spirit of chivalric valour shine out, as in the contests of Richard Coeur de Lion and the Sultan Saladin in the third Crusade; and of Frederick the Second and his opponent Sultan Malek-Ramel in the fifth; and of the devotional spirit in Louis the Ninth surnamed the Saint, in the sixth. But the youth and power of the Crusades departed with their chivalric age.

LUTEA RESEDA.

Something about Everything.

My Books.

MR ROEBUCK said, not long since, in speaking of art and literature, that "he who has this means of enjoyment within his grasp, is above the reach of fortune;" and here, from the far slopes of the Himalayas, we re-echo his words. If there is one gift more than another for the possession of which a man should give thanks to God, it is for the power of giving utterance to beautiful thoughts which shall spring to perennial life in successive minds, when the hand that penned them is relaxed in the inaction of the last long sleep. We say advisedly that he should be thankful for power of utterance, since there are not a few mute inglorious Miltons, oppressed with the desire to convey to others the knowledge that is sweet to themselves, who are yet denied capacity of expression, and pass through existence with a pathetic yearning in their

hearts, to be satisfied, we hope, in some region of fuller freedom and greater strength. But of those who can speak, who can, as it were, with a magic touch anoint our blind eyes, lay open before us worlds of whose existence we had no suspicion, what shall we say? They are the kings of these unseen monarchies, the rulers who, often through toil and pain, have won their way to the calm repose of assured sovereignty. If they have, in some degree, sorrows unfamiliar to the common herd, they have more than compensating joys. To them the earth is more lovely, and the heavens are more wonderful; and by their marvellous intuitive perception of what is universal in the human race, they can touch the hearts and raise the minds not of one or two, not of some limited circle, listening to the syllables of its local prophet, but of all who come to them for solace, however widely separated by age or clime. Never did we feel this more clearly than now, living in a lonely bungalow, as we have said, on the heights of the Himalayas. Behind us rises range upon range of hilly brown fading into purple, and this again into blue, faintly tinged with the rose where the eternal snows lie breasting the clouds; before us steep slopes tread abruptly to the dim heat-haze, through which we catch glimpses of the burning plains stretching for miles and miles five thousand feet below. Not slopes these such as we love in a Scottish hill, rich with wealth of trickling burns deep hidden in fern and flowers; not heathery knolls, crowned with the tossing tresses of the white-stemmed birch, and showing, perhaps, between their broken lines, gleams of a silvery burn, where the stately heron stands knee-deep beside the reeds and lilies. These are the pictures that are painted in living colours on our hearts, and compared with which all others are poor, since they want the subtle touch of the master-artist—love. Here they are far other mountains on which we gaze. Boundless hillsides, where not a gracious drop of moisture is to be seen, clad with sparse grass that hardly veils the brown earth, rocks cropping out, round which the great kites soar lazily, watching with keen eye for the carrion they may find, where wearied horse or straying cattle have fallen over a ledge, or broken down under their burthen; trees there are—melancholy pines, whose stems take no red and golden glory in the sunset. They seem not to have life in them to give back the brilliant tones; but, shrunk of limb and pale of foliage, they battle with the hurrying winds and scorching sun, and only by the music among their branches seem to be akin to the grand old firs of home. Here, then, amid such surroundings, we live another inner existence with our books, and worship at many a shrine first known in more poetic lands. Here, for us, banishing unsightly visions of fierce-tongued eastern hags, Chaucer's "world of ladies" makes our world to seem full of grace; here sweet Will reigns gloriously, and wins more and more reverence

as he is studied in solitary grandeur. Is my soul dreary, and this strange foreign life distasteful, then—

"I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony."

and, in the mightiness of the "old Roman fashion" forget the littleness of to-day. When the voice of the present will make itself heard, and the need for more modern food arises, unfailing resource is the book which never sends a student away unsatisfied,—the noblest work of our noble-hearted Laureate, "In Memoriam." There between the pages lie the windflowers that once rippled in a northern breeze, and beneath their green leaves are pearls, the preciousness of which only he knows who has sought long and vainly for them elsewhere. Carlyle's strength of fiery calm, and Novalis' tender laments—these and many more there are to suit a varying mood; while high is the value, in a region where books are scarce, that we place on that article despised and quizzed at home,—a volume of extracts. Far from valueless is it now, with its choicely culled gems from many lands; the glowing Italian poetry, of which we owe our version to Rossetti, the strong sentences of the Port Royal Logic, quaint rhymes of Whittier and Landor, with picked thoughts from Plato, Heine, Browning, and George Eliot, lying side by side. Not for the worth of many books would we part with this collection, evidencing, as it does, the truth of the dream-like memories of those days when first we trod the enchanted ground of literature. Our reading is not all so choice. Sometimes we have attempted a novel of the period, but invariably with the same result of unutterable disgust. When we are told that "Sir Philip was leading his cob by the bridle, which was lame," we are prepared for almost anything, even for the young lady who, at a tête-a-tête luncheon in the country, has her hair "shot through with an arrow, and her neck encircled with a heavy necklace of opals," or the inevitable "young soldier with luminous eyes" who is so marvellously unlike any mortal warrior, that we wonder at the originality of the brain that created him.

Ye gods of prose and poetry, who, in some far Atlantis, yet remember your great past, may the fates forefend that our mushroom authors should ever approach your hallowed gates! One more book we keep, as the choice wine that is to banish gloom and form a sparkling crown to the feast; when for us, too, the ambrosial cup (of tea) is filled and the lamp is lit, shall we not also have our Noctes Ambrosianæ? Of all the volumes wonderful for varied idea, powerful expression, and well-sustained character, this is one of the most remarkable.

When the wind *soughs* in even these scraggy pines, we could almost, Noctes in

hand, fancy ourselves in the forest, so lifelike are the descriptions; nay, we recognise them as we read. There is one of a rosy isle and a dark loch in Skye that we once saw and never forgot; have not we, too, been in Arcadia?

Were it only for the sake of two or three passages, the Noctes should take high rank. We seldom meet with so noble an idea as this, "If he were a Christian, his heart and head should alike tell him that the animosities are mortal, but the humanities live for ever." It reminds us of the generous sentiment that concludes Shelley's lines to a Critic—

> "I hate thy want of truth and love,
> How can I then hate thee?"

a feeling which, in a meaner mind, would have become contempt, but in the greater turned to pity. Nowhere do we know of so perfect a bit of simple and yet poetic childlife, as the description of the juvenile Shepherd, blowing his first soap bubbles. The stolen delight, the anxiety, the solemn preparation, and the breathless happiness of success, the child's belief that he had conjured up fairies; followed by the "paiks," that yet could not destroy his dream; last, the sad acknowledgment that, even in childhood, the visions of sleep are more exquisite than reality,—the whole passage from beginning to end is an idyll, in which not a touch is wanting or superfluous.

It is matter of regret that so few lady readers are acquainted with the Noctes. Chiefly, we believe, from the existence of a strong party spirit at the time of its publication, the work obtained most unjustly a questionable name, so that orthodox parents would forbid its perusal to their daughters, while passing over the poisonous trash of modern novels; or, if a *quasi* selection be made, still leaving on their permitted list many, say at random James Grant's, full of foolishly impossible adventure, and not over refined description. Let those who doubt that a comparison would be in favour of Professor Wilson, place side by side any two sketches of a woman, one by Grant and one by Christopher North, and he cannot but be sensible of the difference. All that is dubious or blameable in the Noctes, is precisely the sort of blameableness that a high-minded girl will pass by unhurt; while, if she have any sense of the beautiful, her mind will readily assimilate the exquisite and often pathetic bits of word painting to which we have before alluded.

One more plea we would urge. Surely it is a pity that we of Scottish blood should cease to value or understand the rich tongue of our native land, with its quaint and quiet peculiar humour, and its unrivalled variety of expression. We began by quoting Mr Roebuck, and we will end by quoting Mr Froude,—"Loyalty, love of kindred, love of country, we know not what we do when we trifle with feel-

ings the most precious and beautiful that belong to us." These are wise words, and we venture to assert that we should do well to know something of such thoroughly national works as the Noctes, even as a means of keeping alive in our hearts the generous fire of the old Scottish character. ELSIE STRIVELYNE.

"Since Agnes Died."

FROM THE GERMAN OF MORITZ HARTMANN.

SINCE Agnes died, one truth seems clear and plain,
There must be worlds beyond this scene of strife;
For, soothing all my heart's most bitter pain,
I feel the hope of everlasting life—
Since Agnes died.

Since Agnes died, I have been calm and bold;
I know the utmost now that hearts can bear,
What further sorrow can my life unfold?
What now remains for me to do or dare—
Since Agnes died?

Since Agnes died, there lives within my heart,
A holy feeling of protecting power;
I know that till we meet, no more to part,
Her sainted hands will guard me every hour—
Since Agnes died.

Since Agnes died, a high and hopeless wall
Of mine own loneliness has girt me round;
In vain, in vain the echoing ring of all
The merry voices, that about me sound!—
Since Agnes died.

Since Agnes died, a deep mysterious peace
Has poured upon my heart its healing streams;
My spirit's eyes are closed, its thinkings cease;
I live within a world of hopes and dreams,
Since Agnes died. DIDO.

Mediæval Chivalry.

Part viii.—Orders.

"With a pilgrim's vow and a soldier's brand,
To fight in the wars of the Holy Land,
No colours are placed on his helm, beside
No lady's scarf o'er his neck is tied."—*L. E. L.*

It was but a natural fruit of the conservative spirit of Chivalry, that new hedges should be planted even within the barriers of knighthood, to fence in select members with still greater honours. These fences were found in the institution of the Orders of Knighthood, which are so numerous, that their very names may not perhaps be safely mentioned here. Much interest is connected with some of them; and our narrow limits now, more than ever, become constraining, when we feel that in fuller space many dry names might be brought up before us with the tints of life. It naturally happens that in many cases the stream of orders will lead us out of mediæval times into modern; but we can hardly, in this case, separate the effects from the cause, and must treat the latter as a continuation of the impulse given by the spirit of chivalry in earlier times. In this light, it becomes interesting to compare the dates of the institutions in different countries,—for we thus may calculate the power of the influence at work, and note the era at which chivalry first flourished in any soil; to compare also the balance of the religious and military elements.

Following our chapter on the Crusades, it is suitable to take up first the Religious Orders,—but we find that in Roman Catholic countries the ecclesiastical element is so frequently mixed with all military action, that it is next to impossible to divide them by any broadly-marked line, so that we must be content to name, *par eminence*, those orders as religious that were founded in Palestine or elsewhere, for the protection of the Roman Catholic religion and rights. Their influence was in reality, however, prejudicial to private and general piety,—while they supported the Church that was drifting away from the fountain of truth. At the rise of chivalry, that Church had exercised a softening influence upon the violence of the times, and had consecrated swords, in order to gain a right to see them used on the side of justice. But when these swords were drawn as the rightful weapon of conversion; when slaughter was taught as a part of her ritual, the Church made the most cruel dispositions of man's nature a more Christian character than the purest feelings of gentleness and

brotherly kindness, and the way to heaven through triumphant carnage rather than the narrow path of meekness and self-denial. Much, of course, depended upon the individual character, and no doubt many who would have suffered degradation had they dared to doubt the theory,—yet gave in practice the example of noble wisdom and a better life. For that theory was bent on changing brave soldiers into savage fanatics, and it was only to be expected that, on the increase of their power and wealth, the nobler feelings and rules of the pious and enthusiastic founders of these institutions should die out, and the vows of humility, poverty, and obedience be forgotten amid pride, rivalry, and luxury. In these orders the principles of chivalry reached their climax, and should have changed their name when the religious soldiery advanced into the military priesthood. Yet the flower of European knighthood took such vows, renouncing even their own wills, renouncing society, mirth, and the smile of womanhood; for no lady's scarf could be borne, no challenge in the lists given by these.

"The light and brilliant spirit of chivalry suffered in its union with these unnatural elements. Its gallantry, its gay and festive bearing, its courteousness and grace, were exchanged for severer characteristics; but in too many cases it was only an affected severity—and thus knighthood lost its best and brightest principle, its devotion to truth, its fearless and constant following of whatever was gentle, generous, and praiseworthy. Bound to the observance of rules which they were continually tempted to violate, they became schooled in the hypocrisy of their ecclesiastical predecessors, and the proud knight at last learnt to look with no horror on the trickery, untruth, and mean advantage the Church allowed against all infidels." Yet even in these religious orders it was only when the corrupt principles overcame the purer, that it sank so low, and shared the fate of chivalry. Doubtless the persecuting spirit that broke out on St Bartholomew's Day was brought forth in their colleges; but there was also laid the foundation of many a deed and many an institution of self-denying charity—when the strong spent themselves willingly in helping the weak. Amid orders familiar to every ear, as the Templars and Knights of St John, we find many another orders now forgotten, or retained only in the volumes of the antiquary or the herald.

The earliest known religious *Order* was that *of St Anthony*. John, Emperor of Ethiopia, vulgarly called Prester John, erected into a religious order of knights certain monks, who lived an austere life in the deserts, after the example of St Anthony. Their chief seat was the island of Therse, where the abbots, both spiritual and temporal, resided; though they had many other monasteries and properties, and two

millions of revenue. The ancient monastery of St Anthony is in the desert of Thebais, near the mountain where that famous hermit lived and died. It is surrounded by an oval wall, forty feet high, to keep out the plundering Arabs; and pilgrims are admitted by being drawn up in a basket by a rope and pulley. The knights took the rule of St Basil, and wore a black garment, with a blue cross edged with gold, in the form of the letter T. They were allowed to marry, but were kept under great restrictions. They vowed to defend the Christian religion and the empire, and to go to war whenever or wherever commanded.

1063.—*The Order of St Katharine, at Mount Sinai*, was instituted to defend the Sepulchre of St Katharine, who suffered martyrdom in Alexandria, under the Emperor Maximius, and to protect and entertain pilgrims. They wore a white garment, and a Katharine wheel interlaced with the cross of Jerusalem.

The Order of St Blaize, called also *the Knights of St Mary in Palestine*, wore a sky-coloured garment, and a gold cross, bearing the figure of St Blaize.

The Order of Knights of the Martyrs in Palestine took their name from the hospital dedicated to St Cosmos and St Damianus—Martyrs, and wore as their badge a red cross, in the middle of which the two saints were encircled with a glory. They were bound to exercise all charity to the sick and poor, to redeem captives, and bury the dead. When they removed to Europe they conformed to the rule of St Augustine.

The Order of Mount-Joy, called so from the name of the castle built upon the eminence near Jerusalem, whence the pilgrims first perceived the Holy City. Their habit was a short red mantle, on the breast of which they wore a white star with five rays. They protected the path of the pilgrims; and, after the loss of the Holy Land, they retired into Spain, and were incorporated into the order of Calatrava.

1099.—*The Order of the Knights Hospitallers of St John and of Malta* owed their beginning, or rather restoration, to Gerard of Provence; though some of their legends refer their original to Johannes Hircanus, or John Patriarch of Jerusalem. It is, at least, known that a monk named Bernhard, in 870, had built an hospital in the valley of Malta, near the church of St Mary, and that certain Christian merchants of Malfi, in the kingdom of Naples, trading to Palestine, obtained leave from the Caliph to support it, and to build another house for women. Finding their accommodation still too limited, they built a large hospital, which they dedicated to St John, near the Holy Sepulchre. So many volunteered their services, that the attendants were formed into a band, and finally an order of knighthood. Gerard of Provence disciplined them and framed their rules; but it was not until the third Superior after his death, that it became a part of their duty to fight the infidel as well as to

tend the sick. They were eminent for their devotion, charity, hospitality, and bravery; which, however, did not increase with their increasing wealth and power. When Godfrey, the leader of the first Crusade, saw how much good they did, he presented them with the rich lordship of Mountboie in France; Baldwin gave them part of all the booty he took; and many others followed their example, till the once "poor knights of St John" became noted for wealth. They had above 20,000 manors throughout Europe. When they were driven out of Palestine they removed to Cyprus, and thence to the island of Rhodes, where they were attacked, and, in spite of a brave resistence, expelled by Solyman the Magnificent. Malta, Tripoli, and Gaza were granted them in fee by the Emperor Charles V. in 1530, upon the tenure of one falcon yearly to the Viceroy of Sicily, and the acknowledgement of the King of Spain and Sicily as their protector. They settled in Malta, where, in 1563, they were besieged by Solyman, but the Turks were compelled to retire with great loss. The number of knights was one thousand, of whom five hundred were to reside in Malta, and the remainder, dispersed in seminaries throughout the Continent, were to be ready to collect at any summons from their Grand Master. They must prove their gentility for six descents, and swear to defend the Church, to obey their superiors, follow their rules exactly, and live only on the revenue of their order. Their smallest errors were punished with most severe penances, in their earlier times at least. Each knight was bound to keep a light burning near him while he slept, that the wicked enemy and all evil spirits might be scared off. They wore the black habit of St Augustine, except in war, when they wore a crimson robe, and on their breasts a white cross. There were several branches of this order.

1107.—*The Order of Ladies Knights of Malta* was instituted by Agnes, Abbess of the Hospital of St Mary Magdalene, who, with her companions, made the same profession, took the same habits, and vowed to obey the same rules as Gerard de Didier had appointed in 1099 for the Knights of St John.

The Order of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem was, according to Favin, instituted by Baldwin I. They resided near the Holy Sepulchre, and were bound to guard it, and, at the same time, to relieve and protect pilgrims. The Patriarch of Jerusalem was their Grand Master. Their habit was white, and on their breast a gold cross-potent. When the city was taken by the Saracens, they retired to Perugia in Italy, and were afterwards united to the Knights of St John.

1119.—In this year Hugh de Paganes and Godfrey de St Amor, with seven other gentlemen, went to the Holy Land, and devoted themselves to the duty of dispersing the robbers that infested the path of the pilgrims to Jerusalem. From

Baldwin II. they received lodgings near Solomon's temple ; whence, when they became known as an order, they were called Templars. Pope Honorius, at the request of Stephen Patriarch of Jerusalem, prescribed to them an "Order of Life." They wore linen coifs like the serjeants-at-law, shirts of mail, and swords girt on with a broad belt, the upper cloak white and reaching the ground, with a red cross on the right shoulder. They kept their beards of a great length, at a time when most similar orders shaved. When at war, their banner was half white and half black ; signifying white and fair to Christians, but black and terrible to enemies. The manner of their introduction to their order resembled that of the initiation of knights, except that the spirit of the warrior was subjected to the vows of the religionists. After the preliminary rites, the Chapter of the Society met in the church during the night, and sent two of his brethren to ask the candidate three times, "if he *desired* to be admitted." The novice, in reply, asked three times for bread and water ; and was then taken before the Chapter, when the President addressed him thus :—"The perils you will have to meet in pursuance of the vows you are about to take are many and imminent. The rules of our order are severe and strict: You will have to suffer hunger and thirst when you desire to eat and drink ; to watch when you wish to sleep ; and to pass into another country when you desire to remain in the one where you dwell." Questions were then put to him respecting his life and opinions, and if the answers were satisfactory, the following oath was administered :—"I swear to devote my conversation, my strength, and my life, to defend the faith of God and the mysteries of the Gospel. I promise to be obedient to the Grand Master of the Order. Whenever the Saracens shall attack any possessions of the Christians, I will pass the seas to deliver my brethren. I will render the aid of my arm to the church, and to kings in battle against the infidel. Whenever I am opposed by but three enemies, I will combat with them and never flee ; I will contend with them alone, if they be infidels, &c." The duties which the Templar imposed upon himself, would have made him the most faithful missionary the Church ever had, if religion could be propagated by the sword. Though their protection and charity to pilgrims at first made them acceptable to all, for many years they remained in great distress and poverty. But their wealth increased with the number of their members and of their friends. The Count of Anjou settled on them thirty pounds of silver yearly, and many other nobles and kings followed his example. Their successful enterprises against the infidels had gained the favour of many princes, whose substantial acknowledgments increased their power. But with their wealth their spirit changed from humility to pride ; and

their ambition made them rivals of all others, especially of the Order of St John. To assert their power, they withdrew from their obedience to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and joined the Pope. But he repaid their advances badly enough, for shortly afterwards by him, or at least by his consent, they were charged with infamous crimes, and all the princes of Europe were roused against them. In 1290, Philip of France showed his first sign of ill-will by ordaining that the privileges of their order should be taken from them whenever they omitted to wear their habit. In 1308 he convoked the States-General at Tours, to receive their counsel as to what should be done with the Templars, before he repaired to meet the Pope with his opinion; and with one voice they were pronounced worthy of death. And so, in the great General Council under Pope Clement V., at Vienna, in 1311, his vote was on the side of the majority, and the Templars were doomed. Their lands and possessions were seized, their order suppressed, and their brethren imprisoned and cruelly executed. All that remained was given to the Knights of St John. Many authors consider that the 16,000 lordships they possessed throughout Europe was the greatest cause of this summary destruction; but there is no doubt that great disorders had arisen amongst them. We find the English branch noticed in Ivanhoe. The first settlement of the order in England, was in Holborn in London; but their chief residence in the reign of Henry II., was the Temple in Fleet Street, which they designed after that of Jerusalem

The Teutonic Order owes its origin to the piety of a German and his wife, who, in the time of the Holy War, built an hospital for the maintenance of German pilgrims. Several German gentlemen assisted their charity, and, being joined by others from Lubeck and Bremen, they erected a sumptuous hospital at Acre. Some German chevaliers, at the same time, associating themselves for the attendance and protection of this institution, they assumed the name of Teutonic Knights, or "Brethren of the Hospital of Our Lady of the Germans of Jerusalem." This was approved of by the Pope, and a code of laws drawn up for them like those of the Templars. They wore a white mantle, with an embroidered cross-potent sable, and the King of France permitted their Grand Master to wear the Fleur-de-Lys. Their humility, charity, and patience were famous even amidst the other orders, and they rose into great favour. When they left the Holy Land in 1230, Conrad Duke of Suabia invited them into Prussia, and gave them the territory of Culm. Growing very powerful, they conquered Prussia, and over-run Livonia, building many towers, and, under pretence of bringing the miserable inhabitants into the true faith, practising many cruelties. But the order divided against itself, and the kings of Poland

benefited by their dissension. Prussia revolted, and Casimir IV. received the homage of the knights. At length Albert Marquis of Brandenburg abjured the Roman Catholic religion, abdicating his dignity of Grand Master of the Order, subdued Prussia, and expelled such of the order as would not follow his example, to Mariendal, in Franconia. It is now divided into two branches,—the first for Roman Catholics, who take the oath of celibacy, and have a house at Mergenheim in Germany to transact their affairs; the second branch is for Protestants, who have their house at Utrecht: but all must give proof of gentility for four descents before being admitted into either.

1200.—*The Order of Christ in Livonia, or of the Sword-Bearers,* was instituted by Albert, Bishop of Livonia, after forming the Bishopric of Riga, for the conversion of the natives from idolatry. It was avowedly in imitation of the Teutonic Order, which they afterwards joined; and they, too, often imitated their cruelty,—extirpation being as praiseworthy as conversion. They took the Cistercian rule and habit—a long white mantle and black hood, and on their breasts two swords in saltire—whence their name.

.—*The Order of the Passion,* founded jointly by Charles IV. of France and Richard II. of England, on the plan of the Templars, for fighting against infidels. Their number was to be 1000, and each was to be attended by one esquire and three servants. The badge was a cross *gules,* with a lamb *engraved.*

1206.—*The Order of Jesus Christ,* instituted by St Dominic, to form a respectable body to put down the Albigenses; the first example of a systematic war against those differing in some of the opinions of the church, and adhering to others—*heretics,* not necessarily *infidels.*

1561.—*The Order of St Stephen,* instituted by Cosmo de' Medicis in memory of his victory at Marciana, after the model of that of Malta, partly religious, and partly military.

1606.—*The Order of the Cordon Jaune or Yellow String,* was instituted by the Duke of Nevers, but abolished that same year by Henry IV., who put in its place, in 1607, *The Order of Mount Carmel,* open to one hundred knights, who must be able to prove their nobility from the year 1300. They wore tawny-coloured robes, ribbons, and crosses, and were united the year following to the older *Order of St Lazarus,* who, in earlier times in Palestine, had devoted themselves to the care of persons afflicted with leprosy in the Hospital of St Lazarus in Jerusalem. The badge of this order was a green cross, like the golden one of Malta. Through the persecutions of the Saracens it had become almost extinct, till revived at the time of the

Crusades. When driven from Palestine they spread over Europe. In 1572, Pope Gregory XII. united those of the order in Italy with the Order of St Maurice, then newly instituted by the Duke of Savoy; and, in 1608, this order was united in France to that of the above-mentioned Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The knights of St Lazarus and Mount Carmel are allowed to marry, even twice, and to hold ecclesiastical sinecure benefices, or pensions charged upon ecclesiastical livings.

It may be suitable to class among religious orders those instituted in the Pope's dominions; as the military was then necessarily subordinate.

1198.—*The Order of the Holy Ghost at Rome,* instituted by Innocent III., lived under the rule of St Augustine, and did many great deeds of charity with their ample income of 24,000 ducats a day. A certificate of gentility required.

1233.—*The Order of the Virgin Mary* was instituted by Bartholomew, Bishop of Vicenza. They followed the rule of St Dominic, wearing a white surcoat, over which was a cloak of gray, and on their breast a cross pattée red, surmounted with two stars. Their profession was to protect widows and orphans; to endeavour to reconcile domestic differences between husband and wife; and to promote everywhere reconciliation and peace. They had no monastery, and were allowed each to dwell in his own house and with his own family.

1320.—*The Order of Jesus Christ* instituted by Paul XXII. while residing at Avignon.

1498.—*The Order of St George at Rome,* instituted by Alexander VI. in order to encourage naval enterprises against the pirates.

1520.—*The Order of St Peter and St Paul,* instituted by Leo X. to defend the sea-coasts of his territories against the Turks. There were four hundred of them chosen, who were distinguished by wearing a medal with an image of the saints, one on either side.

1534.—*The Order of St George at Ravenna,* instituted to defend that town and the marches of Ancona against the Corsairs.

1560.—*The Order of Pius,* instituted by Pope Pius IV.

1587.—*The Order of Loretto,* instituted by Sextus Quintus, on his creating a new see at Loretto, and appointing the celebrated church there a cathedral. The knights were numerous, and were distinguished by wearing an image of the Virgin Mary hanging to a gold chain at the button-hole,—hence called Chevaliers Dorés.

1615.—*The Order of Jesus and Mary,* instituted by Paul V. to protect the Holy See against infidels and heretics. The badge was a cross of eight points,

enamelled red, edged with gold, and bearing the letters I. H. S., over which was the Greek letter Ω, the emblem of the Virgin Mary.

1618.—*The Order of Mary the Glorious*, instituted by Paul V. in order to suppress the Barbary Corsairs. He gave the order the town of Civita Vecchia, and the Convent and Palace of St John of Lateran.

LUTEA RESEDA.

The Castle on Loch-an-Eilan, Rothiemurchus.

FAR in the Saxon south, I heard
Stories of Highland hills and streams;
And often, in my midnight dreams,
My heart's deep fastnesses were stirred

By pictured visions of some wild strath,
Some awful gorge, or black ravine,
Or whispering rivulet, dimly seen
By banks of glorious purple heath.

Or, deep in some still, solemn glen,
A dark loch, lying lone and sad,
Whose silent shores but seldom tread
The busy feet of curious men.

Or, crowned with cloud-wreaths, towering grand
Above the pines that sway beneath,
Some hill-peak, motionless as death,
Standing a sentry o'er the land.

All these, and more, were pictured grand
In thought by day, in dreams by night;
And fancy cast a halo bright
O'er all that glorious northern land.

But never, in my dreams most rare
Of glen, or loch, or broomy brae,

Or tossing stream, or hill-top grey,
Sweet Loch-an-Eilan, saw I e'er

A scene so fair, so bright, so wild,
Or so entrancing to my sight,
As thy calm waters' rippled light,
Deep-bosomed 'mid the mountains piled

In splendid wealth of hue and form
Round thy still shores, toward which they bend
As though most careful to defend
Their charge from battle with the storm.

On its lone isle, how silent stand
The ruins of thy fortress bold—
Last relic of grim warriors old—
The Wolf of Badenoch and his band.

Those crumbling battlements no more
Hear the defiant war-pipe's note;
No standards from those turrets float,
Dyed stiff and red with Highland gore.

But from his eyrie screams the erne,
And lords it where the Comyn stood,
And feeds his clamorous, hungry brood
Where watch and ward kept sentry stern.

Long ivy trails where banners blew,
And moss grows green where broadswords hung,
And robins chirp where minstrels sung,
And dead leaves fall whence arrows flew.

And nought remains of strength and pride,
Of ancient knightly prowess brave,
Of angry feud, of bloody grave,
Of those who here once fought and died,—

But, these old walls, this falling tower,
A legend here and there—a name—
And such is life, and such is fame!—
The plaything of a passing hour!

MAS ALTA.

Wordsworth.

IT is more usual to end an Essay by a quotation than to commence by one, but I wish to open this paper by a remark from a writer in the May number of "Temple Bar." He says, in speaking of the Poetry of the period :—"The age in which we live is, in the formation of opinion, if not absolutely in the expression of it, such an oppressive one,—the conversational sense of the majority so overpowers the critical sense of the discriminating minority,—that when an opinion has, in the phraseology of the day, "once turned a corner," and got itself accepted by a preponderance of voices, it is almost hopeless to think of reversing it." Now, somehow the present day has pronounced Wordsworth "dull," "prosy," and "childish," and this opinion once started, gets itself repeated and repeated by people who know absolutely nothing of his works, and who yet dare to give an opinion as to their merits. And here we beg to state that we consider all those of our readers ignorant of Wordsworth, and therefore unable to express any opinion on the subject, who are only familiar with such of his poems as—"We are Seven," "Peter Bell," and "The Idiot Boy." Critics have seized upon one or two commonplaces, such as any voluminous poet must at some time let slip from his pen, and held them up as specimens of the poetry of Wordsworth; and these commonplaces have been re-echoed by many thoughtless people, who never cared to study for themselves any of our poet's works in their entirety. There is so much simplicity in the style of Wordsworth, that it requires a pure taste to appreciate him. What has been termed "childish" in his writings is, in reality, only the utterings of a child-like faith, which believed that beauty and truth were to be found in the commonest objects around us, and which cared not to deck its thoughts in the false ornaments of grandiose phraseology. I remember hearing George Macdonald,—a poet whose refined taste well qualified him to understand and criticise Wordsworth,—remark that in his character there was to be found "no sense of the ludicrous," which accounts for there being,

every now and then, in his writings, some phrase or expression which he, in all simplicity and good faith, could make use of, but which, to the minds of other men, might suggest a ludicrous idea. Wordsworth was pre-eminently a lover of Nature; its spirit seemed at times to breathe new life into his soul, so thoroughly did he love all that was pure and beautiful around him. To us he is an interpreter; for, though we common people may wander through the valleys and over the mountains with a vague yearning for something that we feel to be around us, and yet beyond us, it is the poet who satisfies for us this yearning desire. He makes Nature speak to us as it does to him, in comforting, elevating words, which purify the soul. And few poets do this more completely than Wordsworth.

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling, and a love."

This is the description of the manner in which Nature affected him in his youth. As time passed on, something still higher was added to these thoughts; something which to his large sympathy appealed more truly, than the lovely sights and sounds of Nature could ever do without this one touch more,—it was "the still, sad music of humanity." Lest my readers do not know the lines on the Wye, a few miles above Tintern Abbey, let me quote the following passage, and they may judge for themselves if the heart that conceived it was that of a poet or not. After speaking of the rapturous feelings which in his youth inspired him when he looked on nature, he turns to what he feels in later years on looking on the same scenes:—

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh and grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; and sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the life of man:

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Thus he would commence with nature, reading in her lessons not only of humanity but of divinity. He could write truly of the blessings which nature can give to those who seek them, without fear of spreading Pantheistic doctrines.

"Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

Nor was it only the grand aspects of nature that could speak to him of poetry, nor even "the meadow grove and stream;" but to him "the meanest flower that blows" could bring "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." He could muse for hours over a daisy, and has paid homage to the little flower in several poems. While looking on the gentle flower, he would liken it to many things, or as he himself expresses it, "he would play with similes." First it seems to him

"A nun demure of lowly port;
A sprightly maiden of love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all as seems to suit thee best
Thy appellations."

After flitting from one thought to another,—one fancy quickly following another,—the poet's true heart returns to the simple name—

"Bright *flower!* for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!"

Perhaps, after all, it is by his Sonnets that Wordsworth will be best remembered and loved by those who appreciate true poetry, and who do not need the enticing interest of a story to fix their attention. For have we not all observed how the poets of our day skilfully blend a tale with most of their poems, and how through almost all the poetry which we now-a-days most admire, there runs the thread of a story. Take as examples of this Tennyson, Jean Ingelow, and Mrs Barrett Browning, especially the two latter. Most of the poems by which we know them are beautiful little tales mixed with much good poetry; but take away the incident which is in most

cases the body of the poem, and compare the spirit that remains with the poetry of Wordsworth, and then we shall be the better able to judge of the comparative merits of the poets. I do not mean to assert that Wordsworth has not given us many tales in his poems, for they abound, and it was one of his peculiarities as a writer to tell many little incidents which befel him in verse ; but his poetry can stand without the borrowed aid of narrative. To prove this we shall merely call to your recollection a few of his Sonnets. Several of his best are addressed to Sleep ; the one ending with—

"Come blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear Mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health,"

has been characterized by Coleridge as "eminently beautiful." The same may be said of those commencing

"The fairest brightest hues of ether fade,"

and

"Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind."

And now turning from his Sonnets and from his Poems inspired by nature, let us see what he has to tell us of human nature. There is a calm large-hearted philosophy about Wordsworth, that makes him not only a pleasing but a true painter of his fellow men. He does not often give us pictures of the grand heroic type of man, but he loved to paint scenes of domestic life, dwelling with a gentle hand on sin and sorrow, and dealing generously, hopefully, with all. There is very little to be found in his works of *love*, as distinguished from domestic affection, though we could quote passages to show that he was not unable to pourtray this phase of human affection.

But he wrote with an aim,—and that aim was the raising and purifying the taste of the time, by teaching it to love and understand simple things. As he himself says, all he aspired to was,—

"To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts ;"

and in that one word *thinking* we get to the bottom of much of the adverse criticism that has been lavished on our poet. We of the present day do not care to meditate over our poetry, unless, indeed, some scientific poem, which had better have been written in prose. Yet, to a mind which has been vexing itself with many of the modern casuistries, vainly seeking to quit itself of doubts and difficulties in an obstinate disbelief in everything not perceived by the senses, much rest and refreshment may be drawn from the simple faith and deep philosophy of Wordsworth. He loved to depict domestic affection as he found it in many retired hamlets around his

North of England home. "The Brothers" and "Michael," are perhaps among the two best examples of this style of poetry that we possess. In "The Brothers," we have a tale of two orphans, who loved each other with an all-absorbing love; but the elder and stronger of the two goes to sea, and on his return, finds the grave of his brother in the churchyard of their old home. In "Michael" it is parental love that is beautifully described; but to quote from these poems would be useless, for to those of my readers who have not already studied them, a few disjointed quotations would do little good; and to those who have, the mere mention of the titles will remind them of two of the most touching pictures to be found in the writings of Wordsworth. His was a mind that could sympathise with affection under every aspect Many of his poems seem inspired by a love for children. Such are—"We are Seven," "Lucy Grey," and "The Mother's Return." Then we have a father's affection for his son described, as mentioned before, in "Michael;" and a mother's love for her son, as in "The Affliction of Margaret," where a mother has had no tidings of her absent son for seven long years. The last stanza expresses accurately what many a mourning heart has felt:—

> "Beyond participation lie
> My troubles, and beyond relief:
> If any chance to heave a sigh,
> They pity me and not my grief."

"They pity *me* and not my grief,"—is not that true to nature? Do not many aching hearts long for one who will weep *with* them, and not *for* them? Once again a mother's sorrow for her son is painted,—young Romilly has been drowned in the wharf, where "the river was strong and the rocks were steep." In two verses our poet brings out the difference between the passionate grief of a betrothed bride and the sorrow of his mother,—

> "If for a lover the lady wept,
> A solace she might borrow
> From death and from the passion of death,—
> Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.
>
> *She* weeps not for the wedding-day
> Which was to be to-morrow;
> Her hope was a farther-looking hope,
> And hers is a mother's sorrow."

Domestic affection plays so great a part in Wordsworth's writings, that I could go on quoting for ever,—but time passes, and there is yet something that must be

said. Sometimes in a line or two we find a mine of thought,—something which to the unthinking reader is nothing, but which to the thoughtful yields much food for reflection. Take for instance "Simon Lee." In that we have merely the simple incident of the poet seeing a poor old man overtasking his strength by vain endeavours "to unearth the root of an old tree," and of his taking the axe himself, and with a single blow severing the tangled root. At this the old man's heart overflows with gratitude and praise; and the poet ends with this reflection :—

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

It is not often that Wordsworth selects classical subjects for his poems, but one there is among his works that requires special notice,—I mean "Laodamia." In it he throws such a human interest around the character of "Laodamia," that she is no longer a cold classical personage, that we read of in ancient history, but a woman like ourselves. You all know the outline of the story,—how with sacrifice and vows Laodamia implores great Jove to restore her lost husband to her sight, and how her prayers obtained such grace because of her fidelity, that she is permitted for three hours to behold Protesilaus face to face. The spirit which breathes through the whole poem is the purifying ennobling spirit of a soul whioh has triumphed over all earthly temptations, and has had all its earthly affections not lost, but elevated, by the change from the seen to the unseen. When passionate yearning to keep him by her seems to overcome Laodamia, he speaks to her calm majestic words,—

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion! for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
. . . . . .
Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend,—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven,—
That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to love."

Surely those who dare to term Wordsworth "weak," have never read those lines. Are they the utterings of a weak soul? No; they are the deep thoughts of one who fathomed many things which men with greater pretensions dreamt not of

in all their philosophy. I shall only mention "The Character of the Happy Warrior" left us by Wordsworth, as being another example of what we may call his strong writing. I have already referred to George Macdonald, and must do so once again,—as it was from him that I first learned, or, at any rate, learned to love, the little poem, commencing "She dwelt among the untrodden ways." The last line has been seized upon by critics, who have vainly endeavoured to turn it into ridicule; but what is in itself simple and beautiful, can survive even the critic's unhallowed touch. That you may judge whether it be a line provocative of mirth, or, as it appears to me, one full of pathetic beauty, I am tempted to quote the poem, which is only three verses in all:—

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the Springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden to the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!"

Such a poem as Hart-Leap Well, full of true philosophy, as all good poetry is, would require many words to itself, and an abler exponent than I to give any just idea of the merits of this great work; but to those of us who have read the poem with anything like attention, the following words, quoted second-hand from De Quincey, will throw a clearer light over it as a whole, than any which may yet have dawned on our unaided understanding. He says—"Over the poem Hart-Leap Well, the mysterious spirit of the noonday, Pan, seems to brood. Out of suffering is there worked the image of peace. Out of the cruel leap and the agonizing race through thirteen hours; out of anguish in the perishing brute, and the headlong courage of his final despair,

'Not unobserved by sympathy divine,'

the poet calls up a vision of Palingenesis; he interposes his solemn images of suffering, of decay and ruin, only as a visionary haze, through which gleams transpire of a trembling dawn far off, but surely on the road."

I now pass on to a poem which ranks among the very highest productions of English poets. Even the pale light of the critic's lamp dies when he seeks to throw censure on this almost divine inspiration; and the tongue of the scoffer at Wordsworth is tied when we quote the Ode on "Intimations of Immortality," as the ground on which we go for claiming a place for Wordsworth among the great ones in the world of poetry. Feeling from his early youth the spirit of immortality within him, he used to marvel to himself how that living soul which then was, could ever have been non-existent, or how it could ever cease to be. After communing with himself, he tells us how, when he "was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' he took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising him to make use of it as a poet." What can be more beautiful than the idea that children coming from the hand of their Creator bear on their souls some impress of divine purity? Or, that our birth is as our death, only a change?

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting—
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,—
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Yet, while mourning for the brightness which passes from off the earth, as we grow in years, he finds comfort in his calm, trusting philosophy.

"We will not grieve, but rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy—
Which having been—must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

And here I take my stand for Wordsworth. For deep sympathy with all that is, was, or may be, let us go to his works and draw for ourselves rest and refreshment.

DES EAUX.

Translations from Heine.

THE summer lays its roses
On thy cheeks so sweet and fair;
But in thy little heart, love,
Is winter and frosty air.

The years will change them for thee,
Beloved as thou art;
The winter will chill thy cheeks, love,
The summer will warm thy heart.

When two who love are parted,
Cold hand in hand they lay;
They weep, they sigh unceasingly,—
They gaze their eyes away.

It was not so with us, love,
We did not weep and sigh;
But tears, and sobs, and sighing,
Came after the good-bye.

The world is so fair and the heaven so blue,
And the breeze as sweet as if earth were new;
And the flowers young, that the soft winds woo,
They glitter and shine in the morning dew;
And the folk are blithe, and sad faces few.

Yet, fain would I that my life were fled,
And I lay in the grave with my darling,—dead.

Her eyes are violets, dewy and deep;
Her cheeks are roses, aglow with sleep;
Her hands are lilies, which moonbeams steep;
They bloom and blossom from day to day,
And only the heart is withered away

O. M.

Something about Everything.

Home-Sickness.

It is a great mistake to suppose that home-sickness, or properly *mal du pays*, is an altogether imaginary complaint. It may be irrational, but it is real; and, unfortunately for the sufferers, incurable. That there is a general tendency to believe in its existence is indicated by the wide-spread mention of the Swiss soldiers, who deserted at the sound of the *ranz des vaches;* and the Highlanders, who were similarly unmanned by the strains of "Lochaber no more," so that regimental pipers were forbidden to play that air. *Mal du pays* is, in fact, an exaggerated effect of strong patriotic feeling, and is therefore peculiarly developed among races like these, full of the mountaineer's proverbial attachment to his native hills. The "Mountain Gloom," too, has cast its shadow on their hearts, and made them keenly susceptible of the pathetic element, and thus more easily affected by it than are those whose patriotism is of a more sunny, cheery kind, who would, perhaps, be induced to think of home (when absent) rather by the hearing of a festive "Roast Beef of Old England," than by the heart-broken wail of the departing emigrant, who will almost certainly return to Lochaber no more;—who can but carry with him a handful of earth and a plant of heather, wherewith to brighten, if it may be, his new abode.

No doubt the eater of beef is the wiser and more practical man of the two, (helped therein how much by the generous diet?)—but there is more to evoke sympathy in the hardly-used, poorly-fed son of the hills, who is yet so fondly attached to the home where, in all probability, his life was spent in a perpetual struggle with difficulties.

It is strange that the English language should contain no exact equivalent for

mal du pays, and stranger still that the expression should occur in the tongue of a nation so unlikely to realise the idea, as the light-hearted French. Perhaps proximity to Switzerland may explain the anomaly. Our word—home-sickness, besides being unacknowledged in, at least, some dictionaries, does not convey the same meaning, for it infers the longing for the actual home, the dwelling place; whereas *mal du pays* speaks of a wider love, a craving which might be satisfied apart from the hearth of the exile.

One capable of this feeling might experience it, though not a stone were left of the walls that sheltered his infancy, nor a soul of his kindred were ready to welcome his return. He simply suffers from an inexpressible desire again to breathe the air and see the face of the mother country, whose every feature is dear. In lonely watches, and amidst merry companions; in anxious toil, and in restful idleness,—a chance likeness, a stray allusion, will recall some of the scenes of old, so well known, and even the recollection of which is so prized: but it is in sickness that the yearning becomes all but unbearably intense, the dream-pictures unnaturally vivid. Then, indeed, to the exile it appears as if one glimpse at the beautiful realities would bring repose and health, nay, almost it seems as if, like a prisoned bird, he would wear his life out in the restless rebellious craving that possesses him. Those distant regions are for him invested with a kind of sacredness—for they are the home of his race, peopled by the traditions of by-gone glories, of passionate lives, of deeds and misdeeds, handed down from father to son, and cherished as men cherish their most precious memories: such were the Sagas of the Norsemen, in which were preserved the minutest details of family history, side by side with the chronicles of events that concerned the kingdom at large. Perhaps the feelings we have been describing belong, in some degree, like the Sagas, to a past age, when men had wider external beliefs, and worshipped less fatuously at the shrine of Self. Which period has produced the most noble work,—work not of the money-making kind,—is a question not here to be discussed: suffice it that there are yet among us souls, and those not of the least notable when measured by another standard than that of yearly income, capable of such patriotic attachments as Norseman or Swiss of old.

Nor yet is the ancient incident altogether unknown, of a man who, on his death-bed, prays to hear again some wild national strain, full to him of music more touching than the wisest master could discourse; nor are some of us ashamed to stand and listen eagerly to a shower-born trickle of water, which, in "a barren and dry land," suddenly echoes faintly the rich ripple and gurgle of the mountain streams of home.

Similarly we may speak of home-sickness, which is of a like nature to *mal du pays*,

only individualized. It is in some ways a less generous sentiment, for it may exclude almost entirely the love of country, and confine itself to the merely local affection for home. How much of this is the result of habit, of association, even of time, locality, or distance, depends on individual character and circumstances.

A cheerful household may originate it in one instance; while in another, some shadows at the fireside leave the chief claim on the affections to be made by beautiful surroundings. One may care, for some special reason of his own, for a region utterly uninteresting to other eyes, while another, from want of adaptability, may fail to appreciate a home full of attractions. Some again, apparently callous to any such sentiment, only awake to a consciousness of the hold their home has upon them, by the consequent home-sickness—when they are banished from it, and life is deprived of one of its most natural charms. Whoever is entirely wanting in the capacity for these feelings, whether applied to his home or his country, misses a great incitement to well-doing. They combine to spur a man to greater nobleness of thought and deed; while for a woman, there is no safeguard so perfect, no influence so powerful for good, as the possession of a happy home; and perhaps, as with her the love of her own fireside is more intense, so she experiences in a quite unutterable degree the yearning of home-sickness, if, in course of events, she is banished from it. How many lonely women think with a piteous heart-ache of the hearth by which their happier hours were spent, and say that the toil of bread-winning would be as nothing could they return to such another when the day's task is done. Let none scoff at their lingering love, at the rough sketch, the withered flower, that to the eye of imagination are full of beauty and bloom; for woe be to us if the time ever come when such tenderness shall have died from among us. Britain will have lost one chief element of her strength, will have sullied the purity of her ancient glory, when her men shall have ceased to reverence, and her women have ceased to uphold, the sacred dignity and loveliness of Home.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.

A Sketch.

SHE has no merry witching ways,
No flashing glance, no brilliant smiles;
No beauty that attracts all eyes,
Nor grace that every heart beguiles.

But in her presence there is rest,
And with her, wheresoe'er she goes,
With placid brow and gentle step,
She brings a feeling of repose.

Her voice is soft and full and low,
And tender as a cradle-song;
And listening to its soothing tones,
The wearied heart grows calm and strong.

And dwelling with her day by day,
And watching all her gracious ways,
One learns the beauty of her soul,
And sees the beauty in her face.

VERONICA.

Autumn Thoughts.

WHY is it that if, in a confiding mood, you declare a preference for the season of autumn, you are immediately accredited with possessing a half melancholic, half misanthropic turn of mind, and are met with intimation that spring is the season which all rightly-constituted minds should prefer? The spring of the year, the spring-time of life, is generally supposed by the poets at least to be the very *crême de la crême* of existence. But where, we would ask, throughout the whole circle of the year, can richer, riper beauty and gladness be found, than in the much-maligned season of autumn, when "The valleys stand so thick with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing?"

The glorious months of September and October, why should they ever be regarded as melancholy,—beautiful as they are in their rich robes of warm brown and bright yellow their endless hues of red and blue-gray, and deep purple and gold. What more bright and beautiful, less melancholy-inspiring, than the splendid mountain ash, with its wealth of scarlet berries; the hedges ripe with blackberries and red berries and blue berries, the gathering of which is enjoyment only to be surpassed by the still keener one of a nutting in the woods,—before which even croquet might well "pale its ineffectual fire." The bright crisp mornings, when we feel invigorated by every breath we draw, the very leaves that strew our path adding to our pleasure, as they musically rustle beneath our tread, or dance before us in an exuberant whirl, swept along by the fresh autumn breeze,—seeming to us as companions, not as the dead things they are, but changed to another form of life and beauty. True, the summer days are fading, and their fresh bright hues have melted into deeper soberer tints; and winter is advancing, with its snowy mantle and its icy hand, its time of need and suffering to the poor and homeless, its apparent death and dreariness. Yet, in spite of all this, there is to me something especially pleasant, and restful, and holy, about autumn,—the manhood of the year, as it were, when the promise of its spring and summer, its child-

hood and youth, has come to perfection ; and, gathering in its harvest, it calmly awaits the sleep of winter, to awake again to new life and vigour and beauty on the morning of spring. And is it not thus with a fuller, deeper meaning as regards the autumn of life? "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," sings the poet, and people talk of "happy childhood" as if it was *par excellence* the happiest time ; and doubtless it is, and in a certain sense we probably never in after life experience any enjoyment quite the same in kind, though it may be far greater in degree. We lose our relish for dolls and drums, and whips, mud-pies, and tame rabbits, and a thousand dear delights we relished with such gusto when we were getting into our teens ; and yet how often are we but children of a larger growth, with our croquet and our archery, our balls and bazaars (where we play at being charitable, as we used, when small children, to play at being "real grown-up ladies and gentlemen"), things which we pursue with as much apparent eagerness, though not always, perhaps, with equal satisfaction. But no doubt, there is, in the spring-time of life, a purer enjoyment, a nearer approach to a happiness we often vainly strive after later in life. At no period probably is the feeling of content, of satisfaction in what *happens* (which, we take it, is the ordinary meaning attached to the word) so complete as in childhood. "All that glitters *is* gold" to us then ; and the seen and tangible, the present, without thought of the future, is enough to satisfy our deepest needs, our highest aspirations,—even though we may occasionally cry for the moon. But surely it is only in this lower sense that the spring-time of life can be said to be its happiest time. Its enjoyments are chiefly those of mere bodily sentient existence ; its sorrows, the passing emotion of an hour or a day. The joy or sorrow that is felt by the soul comes afterwards. "The thoughts that lie too deep for tears" are the life harvest of our autumn days, and it is only when we have learned that—

> "Not enjoyment and not sorrow
> Is our being's end and way :
> But to live that each to-morrow
> Finds us farther than to-day,"—

that we can be said rightly to have learned what life really is to us, and that we must be exposed to the chill and cutting winds of spring, and the scorching summer sun, before we can reap the golden harvest of autumn, that thoughtful eventide of life and of nature, in which methinks it must have been that England's great poet walked abroad and mused, when he wrote of finding "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and *good in everything.*

ZOE.

Woman's Work and Woman's Culture.

EDITED BY JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER.

WE have already allowed this interesting series of Essays on "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture" to pass too long a time unnoticed in our pages, but we desire now to offer our best thanks to those earnest men and women who have devoted their time and thoughts to the consideration of this great subject, and who, in the volume before us, give us the results at which they have arrived.

We hear so much of woman now-a-days,—of her "rights," her "mission," her "sphere," and her "work," that many women themselves weary of the subject, and beg to be left in peace,—assuring us that they are very comfortable as they are, and desire no change. But if we examine the condition of these contented women, we find that they are of that class which is surrounded by friends and relatives, and which has the path of life made easy and pleasant to its feet. Well-cared for personally, fairly educated, and much loved, what need they care for the tumult raised on behalf of the women of the present day? Certainly, at first sight, there is more dignity about such persons, who, feeling thoroughly contented with their lot, are able to say calmly that they neither require nor desire any change. But what of the women who are not well-cared for; what of the thousands of starving women who have none to lean on, none on whom to depend? It is, as the writers of the book before us feel, for us who are happy in our homes, and who have no desire to quit the retirement of them, to think much and earnestly of and for our less happily situated sisters. In this book, men and women have joined in bringing before the public much valuable information regarding women in the past and present generations, in our own and foreign countries, and have tried, as far as possible, to elicit from the tangled web of mistakes and difficulties, successes and failures, what should be the aim of the present generation in its education and treatment of women. Every one knows the value of first impressions, and in nothing is it of more consequence that the impression should be good, than in the introduction to a book,—it gives tone to the whole volume. In this particular, the book under our notice is highly satisfactory,—the introduction by the editor, Mrs Butler, is so wholesome in its tone, that it stamps the book as being of a superior order to the numerous productions of the age purporting to bear on the same subject, but which are often filled with mere vapid platitudes, or with vain railings against the customs of the day. Mrs Butler, though contented with her lot, neither fears ridicule nor loss of dignity

in taking up her pen to plead the cause of her sex. We call it the cause of her sex, for it affects women primarily; but, as she truly remarks, the cause "is secondarily, in a yet graver and more weighty sense, the cause of men." The following passage seems to us so fair and unprejudiced an explanation of women's feelings in the matter of advocating the cause, that we quote it in full:—

"It is certain that all who look upon this question of woman's interests from a great and lofty point of view, must behold it, as it is indeed, a question which concerns humanity at large, and that very vitally; and I wish it were felt that women who are labouring specially for women are not one-sided or selfish. We are human first; women secondarily. We care for the evils affecting women, most of all because they react upon the whole of society, and abstract from the common good. Women are not men's rivals but their helpers; there can be no antagonism that is not injurious to both. When women, laying claim for women to certain privileges hitherto withheld, are called self-seeking and self-asserting,—terms applied to them by ladies living in ease, and ignorant of the facts of life, much more frequently than by men,—it seems to be forgotten that the term "woman" is a large and comprehensive one. When men nobly born and possessing advantages of wealth and education, have fought the battles of poor men, and claimed and wrung from Parliaments an extension of privileges enjoyed by a few to classes of their brethren,—men who are toiling and suffering,—I do not remember ever to have heard them charged with self-seeking; on the contrary, the regard that such men have had for the rights of men has been praised, and deservedly so, as noble and unselfish. And why should the matter be judged otherwise, when the eyes of educated and thoughtful women of the better classes are opened to the terrible truth regarding the millions of their less-favoured countrywomen, and they ask on *their* behalf for the redress of wrongs, and for liberty to work and to live in honesty and self-reliance?"

Mrs Butler meets the well-worn argument, that the extension of woman's work and education will tend to lessen their love of home, with a clearness and freedom from prejudice which might of themselves be arguments in her favour, showing how the tendency will be more to promote domestic harmony, and even to create homes where now there are none, than in any way to injure the happiness of our homes. She then proceeds to look at the subject from the stand-point of Christianity. There is great confusion in the minds of many people as to the doctrines which Christianity really teaches. Many laws in reality instituted by man have received the sanction of the world for so many centuries, that we have at last come to believe that they are laid down in the Gospel; and having once imbibed this idea, we naturally feel a certain diffidence in thinking out the different laws for ourselves, and have an instinctive dread of letting ourselves in any way doubt their propriety. But men now-a-days are beginning to break through some ancient trammels which have hitherto bound their consciences, and are daring to read for themselves the Gospel, not fearing to let reason shed its brightest light on the teaching therein contained. The result of

this is a great widening of the religious views of the present day, and we cannot but think an increase of charity towards all men. Mrs Butler writes:—

"Persons of every shade of opinion professedly bring their theories, with more or less respect for that standard, to the standard of Christian ethics; yet, from the earliest ages of the church until now, we find them very rarely indeed bringing them to the test of the very works of Christ himself. They appear to prefer to be guided by the earliest adaptations of the principles announced by Christ, rather than the pure principles themselves. Thus accepting, as if it were a necessary part of the principles themselves, the primitive form into which these principles were constrained by the circumstances of society, they have fallen into confusion and error, which they would have escaped by a faithful and constant reference to the pure principles themselves—to Christ, in short, and to none other. It seems as if there were a certain awe, a doubt perhaps, which keeps them at a distance from that Judge, while they continually appeal to and wrangle over the words and teachings of the Apostle. This Apostle (St Paul) spoke for the exigencies of a given period, and from the point of view of a man born under limitations of vision and judgment, but enabled by a divine insight to apply with wisdom the essential teaching of his Master to the accidents of the time and society in which he lived. It was thus that, without revolutionizing society from the outside, or setting masters and slaves, men and women, at variance, by abruptly altering their relations, he promoted the most certain revolution, and the deepest and only sure reformation, namely, that which begins in the conscience of those who are in a superior position, and who, by freely granting freedom, make it needless for the oppressed to snatch it."

The writer goes on to point out shortly, as the limits of her essay required, how Christ's dealings with women were always marked by justice and mercy. All earnest readers of the Gospel must have observed and pondered over the fact, that our Saviour seldom lays down any ritual for our guidance; He gives us large loving precepts, which, when once grasped by us, will teach us how to act in every position of life, and to be in truth "a law unto ourselves." And as there are certain words which He spoke conveying to us broad principles—not small obligations; so there are in His life certain acts, which teach us more than the mere act would seem. The writer before us points this out well in the following sentence:—

"Among the great typical acts of Christ, which were evidently and intentionally for the announcement of a principle for the guidance of society, none were more markedly so than His acts towards women; and I appeal to the open Book and the intelligence of every candid student of Gospel history for the justification of my assertion, that in all important instances of His dealings with women, His dismissal of each case was accompanied by a distinct act of *Liberation*."

Here follow two or three pages, which we should willingly quote had we sufficient space in this brief notice, but we must reserve what remains for a few comments on what the other writers have contributed.

First in order comes an essay by Frances Power Cobbe, a writer with whom the

publie is already aequainted. The subject seleeted by her is "The Final Cause of Woman," under which title she discusses well and freely the different opinions current as to the end and aim of woman's existence. She pleads strongly against the too eommon error of first making a mould, into whieh women are supposed to fit, and then foreing them into it, whatever their natural unfitness for the mould may be. This seeond writer, like the first, advoeates no eause whieh may unfit women for home and home duties, but what she does argue for earnestly is, that women should be looked upon as in themselves human beings, requiring the very best that can be done for them as sueh, not only as women who are to be made of the greatest possible use for men. Miss Cobbe knows that by making woman as perfeet in all respeets as possible, that we are benefiting, not injuring men. There is no eonfliet between the sexes, if human beings all feel that first and foremost, even before seeking to please eaeh other, they must serve God; they will be the better able to fulfil all their duties to their neighbours. In this essay we find a slight sketeh of the theories propounded by Comte, on the subjeet of women, with which any one as yet ignorant of his extraordinary opinions, and who does not wish to waste time over the deeper perusal of such wild notions, may be glad to meet.

The next essay, "How to provide for Superfluous Women," is written with an enthusiasm whieh makes us feel that the writer, Jessie Boucherett, is very warm in the eause she advoeates. There is a sad ring about the expression "Superfluous Women." We feel things must be far wrong when sueh a term can be applied to any of God's creatures; yet when we see and hear of thousands of women ground down by poverty, unable to find honest work to whieh to put their hand, we are almost tempted at times to exclaim—"Why eumber they the ground?" This the writer feels deeply, and the great objeet of her essay is to prove that in emigration is to be found the best eure for this dreadful state of things. But it is a diffieult subjeet, and if the writer has failed to make quite elear what should be the remedy, who ean be astonished? The true spirit in whieh we ought to seek a solution to our diffieulties, is that which breathes more or less through all these essays before us:—Lay no embargo on any work for woman; let all try what work they will, for in the long run we need not fear that woman's work will be done by men, or men's by women; the work will always be done by the best workers, and why forbid either men or women to do that whieh they eannot?

The next essay in sequenee, is from the pen of the Reverend G. Butler, and takes up the subject of "Education eonsidered as a Profession for Women." This essay deserves to be read in full by every one interested either in the giving or re-

ceiving of education; we here can only give its brief outline. Mr Butler is strongly of the opinion that women are naturally well-qualified to be educators. Even as things stand at present, he asserts that many have proved themselves worthy of the profession; and that a very much larger number might be permitted to enter it with advantage to themselves and society at large, he is convinced, were certain disadvantages removed which have most unnecessarily been put in their way. These disadvantages he classes under four heads:—

"First, want of fitting preparation for the work; second, want of recognition of their position and services; third, want of proper pay; fourth, want of anything like a system."

Under the third head Mr Butler speaks out manfully:—

"Let us bear in mind the principle on which labour ought to be remunerated. Every sound political economist teaches that labour ought to be paid in proportion to its intrinsic worth and value, and not in proportion to the arbitrary ideas of the payers as to the necessities, or the supposed abilities of the worker. Let the work done in teaching by women be fairly compared with the work done by men. If it be equally good, let their pay be equal. This is simple justice and sound political economy."

His exposition, under the fourth head, of the want of system in the educating of girls, many of whom are destined in their time to become educators, will go straight to the heart of many a female teacher, who, worn-out and weary with the attempts to teach the many branches of knowledge demanded of her, looks despairingly at the mass of confusion before her, and bitterly laments the want of that system in her own training which might now have supplied her with a method in the training of others.

On the subject of the next essay, there is great diversity of opinion, the title being "Medicine as a Profession for Women." The arguments against this question are so well known that we need not enter on this part of the subject, but shall merely remind our readers that the writer, Miss Jex-Blake having already studied for the profession, must know more of its suitabilities for women than we can possibly do, so that we should at least read her paper with attention and humility; with a mind open to conviction, not closed with obstinate pride in our own judgment. Miss Blake proves in the most satisfactory manner that the study of medicine was formerly very usual with women, and that it is only lately that the art of healing has passed entirely from the hands of women into those of men. She mentions instances, so recently as in the last and present centuries, of women on the Continent holding high positions in the medical profession. The one great, and at first sound decisive argument against female doctors is, that women would rather be attended by men, so that there is no demand for female physicians. But a moment's thought shows us that

this arises from women having, as yet, no confidence in a new class of doctors. Of course we all prefer being attended by tried and experienced physicians; but as soon as we see thorough-going female doctors, surely most women have an instinctive feeling that they would in many cases thankfully avail themselves of the services of one of their own sex. The whole tone of Miss Blake's essay is just and high-minded, and thoroughly lady-like, by which we mean that the severest censurer of medical studies for women can find nothing in it to prove his long-cherished and somewhat threadbare argument, that the study of medicine must brush off some of the womanliness of woman. It is not much that Miss Blake asks of her country,—merely that women who wish to become doctors should be enabled to attend women who wish for their services. We people of Scotland cannot but feel a certain pride that our Edinburgh University has been the first in Great Britain to respond to the earnest appeal with which she concludes her essay :—

"Is there not one of the English, Scotch, or Irish Medical Schools or Universities that will win future laurels by now taking the lead generously, and announcing its willingness to cease, at least, its policy of arbitrary exclusion?"

Turning for a time from the contemplation of professions for women, we find the next essay to be on "The Teaching of Science," by James Stuart, M.A. Besides the interest of this admirable essay itself, the pure classical style in which it is written makes it a valuable addition to the volume. After remarking on the practical value of science in the training of all human beings, the writer proceeds to meet those objections which are still raised by some against the teaching of science to women.

"By some," he says, "it is maintained that women do not need to learn science to make them better women, or abler to help and bless the world, and that they also are incapable of being scientifically educated. Those who make this double assertion are consistent, so far as their theory goes; for if their theory be true, God has done wisely, in so far that He has limited the capacity to the need, as in the case of the lower animals, to whom He has given neither the need nor the capacity for a scientific education. But experiment, as far as it has gone in the education of women, has thrown these unscientific persons into an inconsistency; for they have either to prove, in the face of experiments, by some arguments not yet discovered, that their position is a consistent one, or they have to give up their position; the only other alternative being that they should accuse the Creator of women of a great folly. For when they confess (and how facts drive them to this confession) that women are very capable indeed of receiving a true scientific education, and while they at the same time declare that women do not need such scientific education, inasmuch as it will not, they say, make them better women, wives, and mothers, they traduce the wisdom of God, who gave to these women the capacity for science, and who has adjusted every means to an end, as science hath itself shown, and every gift to some good result to be worked out by the use of it."

Mr Stuart is able not only to theorise on the subject, but to speak from personal experience of the fitness of women for the study of science, having himself conducted classes for ladies in several of the great towns of England. He is able to tell us truly of the great comfort and pleasure that women have derived from the study of physical science. We all know the comfort we derive by escaping sometimes into the realms of literature, when small troubles and difficulties have been vexing our minds, and from this can imagine what would be the result of having ever with us a sense of the greatness and beauty of the surrounding universe, as shown by science. As Mr Stuart beautifully says,—

"We do the duties of earth better when our minds dwell among the harmonies of God, and not always among the discords of human society."

In this essay, an interesting letter from Mrs Sommerville is inserted, written to the editor in answer to a request that she would contribute an essay to the volume, and with which request she only refused compliance on account of her great age. Next follows an instructive essay "On Some Historical Aspects of Family Life," by Charles H. Pearson, M.A. This and the following essay, on "The Property Disabilities of a Married Woman, and other Legal Effects of Marriage," though recently written, have happily become already less needed by the passing of the "Married Women's Property Bill," which, in a great measure, tends to correct the social evils of which these writers complain. Mr Pearson gives much valuable information concerning family life in our own and other countries, in both early and later periods. He shows how everywhere oppression and tyranny worked for ill, and how all progressive steps were steps in the direction of freedom and self-dependence.

Such a book as the one at present under our notice, would be incomplete without mention being made of the question now agitating the minds of some of the most advanced thinkers in the literary and political world,—we mean the question of Female Suffrage. This is taken up by Julia Wedgwood, who, in her treatment of it, does not dwell so much on the advantage to women to be derived from the mere possession of the vote itself, as from the indirect results that would arise from their enfranchisement. Some of those advantages would be the enlargement of view which women would gain by having some voice in affairs not purely domestic; the feeling of responsibility which would awaken in her a desire to understand for herself the condition and needs of society; and the greater sympathy which she would have with the world around her were she brought in contact with the real interests of the nation. The object of this essay is not to claim the suffrage as a right for

women, but to prove its expediency, and we think that the writer has shown that there is at least much to be said in favour of her opinion.

In most of the essays we have noticed, mention has been made more or less of the education of women, but the special essay on "The Education of Girls, its Present and Future," is taken up by Elizabeth C. Wolstenholme. She is strenuously opposed to the system which sends so many of our girls to fashionable boarding-schools for some of the most valuable years of their lives, though acknowledging, in many cases, the good which some specially-enlightened schoolmistresses have worked. A judicious mixture of home influence and "collective instruction" is what she advocates.

"We want first," she says, "in every considerable town in England a High school for girls,—perhaps a High school and Secondary school,—under Municipal or Government control, which should offer the best possible education on very moderate terms. . . . To such a school as this it would be very easy to attach all manner of appliances and apparatus, in the way of lectures or special classes, which might be attended by pupils from private families or the smaller schools."

The writer then proceeds to lay down a clear and well-matured plan of what should be the method of providing for girls who must leave their homes for education. There is something specially attractive about this essay, from its practical nature. The writer never points out a difficulty but she suggests a cure. She ends her essay with some earnest remarks on the advantage to be gained by the whole community from the higher education of women; and we think there is nothing high-flown or over-strained in her closing appeal,—

"Help women to become wise, that they may be just and true, merciful and loving."

This interesting volume concludes with a paper full of common-sense and justice, from the pen of one of the thinkers of the age, John Boyd-Kinnear, entitled "The Social Position of Women of the Present Age." Starting, as he says, from

"The very moderate and incontrovertible proposition that at all events women must live,"

he goes on to prove that in order to live they must be permitted to do all honest work that they can perform properly. Hearing so much, as we do now-a-days, of the world being over-populated, and consequently of labour being over-stocked, it is refreshing to read such passages as the following:—

"Far from the world being over-populated, it is still infinitely under-populated. Nature offers room for a thousand times more labour than has yet been bestowed upon her. . . . There is not, and there cannot be, for more years than the world has yet lived, a real overplus of labour in the world. On the contrary, there is a huge unsupplied demand for labour; and our blunder is forcing too much labour artificially into certain channels, and thus artficially depriving ourselves of the benefits it would yield us did it flow in natural channels."

This answers effectually the argument that women, by entering new trades, will only throw men out of work. There has been no difficulty made as to men entering trades which have been generally filled by women, though by so doing they often do throw women out of work, for their labour must be measured by their physical strength; still there has been no law to prevent this, nor would it be desirable that there should be any such, for, as Mr Boyd-Kinnear remarks—

"There is no principle that can live save that of freedom of labour, and the freedom must be complete and universal."

After viewing the question of woman's work from the lower ground of mere subsistence, the writer proceeds to consider it from the higher ground of their intellectual requirements. We shall bring our notice to a close with a few sentences from this writer:—

"Wherever there are faculties, there is an innate craving to find work for them. That women have intellectual and moral faculties no one in terms denies, however he may choose to ignore the fact. How terrible do the consequences seem, neglecting to provide the food which nature demands for the hunger she creates. Perverting the healthy instincts we pervert the whole mental constitution."

Speaking of the principles of education, he says,—

"The principle is the same for women as for men. That is a true education which teaches how the faculties which its Maker has implanted in the soul can be made most serviceable to our fellow-creatures; for in serving others consists self-elevation."

We feel that it is no vain hope that Mr Boyd-Kinnear holds out in the closing sentence of this thoughtful volume:—

"Women and men will be drawn the closer in the bonds of mutual service, and love, and comfort, when we seek woman's aid, and train them to give their aid, no longer only in our idleness and amusements, but in the daily round of duties which makes the noblest portion of our lives."

DES EAUX.

"A December Morning."

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

I.

THE moon is sinking through the morning grey,
But on my weary eyelids sinks no slumber;
The mist is flying from the light of day,
But still awake the fleeting hours I number.

My life is turned to reverie and song,
Because I looked upon thy face too long.

II.

Have I been sick, and am I now grown whole?
Have I been well, and is this Love's wild sickness?
My lips are burning, feverish is my soul,
My thoughts whirl through my brains with maddening quickness.
Is it in grief or bliss that here I stand?
I have done nought but gently press thy hand.

III.

I know it; I must summon up my strength;
Must press my hand on this poor heart of mine, love;
I know that I must lose thee, dear, at length—
'Tis I who suffer—peace and joy be thine, love!
I know my stern resolve will gain the day,
But ah! my happiness is gone for aye!

IV.

And should the Fates deny me Love's sweet rose,
Yet crown my brow with laurel wreaths victorious—
Should Fame and Splendour gild my last repose,
And all my latest hours be calm and glorious—
Yet—yet alone 'mid memory's tempest wild,
My soul will weep like a forsaken child!

DIDO.

The Poems of Mrs Browning.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S claims to immortality seem to me very strong. She may be said to stand alone, for certainly no woman ever approached her in poetic talent. Sappho is to us a shadow of the past, the fragments that remain of her poetry are very few and far between; but Elizabeth Browning has been dead but a short time. In reading what she has written, we feel her heart beating in every line,—the heart of a suffering, troubled, loving woman. Her music is nearly all in the minor key, which may be partly accounted for by the fact that her life was most of it

spent in sickness and in pain. She waited long for happiness, and enjoyed it but for a short time; though a nature like hers, keen to intensity, must have crowded more joy into a few years than many feel in a life-time. She who had felt how hard it is for women

"To sit lone
On winter nights by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off,"

while the common delights of home-love and tenderness are denied to them, must have lifted up her heart to God in a thankful happiness that knew no bounds, when these last were given as well as the fame, which is to a woman so often a crown of thorns,

"Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame."

We are glad to know that she who had written

"We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I,"

could say before she died,

"Oh! children! I never lost one,
Yet my arms round my own little son,
And love knows the secret of grief."

Elizabeth Browning was a proof, if proof were wanting, that keenness of intellect in a woman is compatible with the greatest tenderness of heart and of nature. There is nothing hard or unwomanly in her.

But in contrasting her poems with those of such a poet as Wordsworth, we feel the difference between a woman's talent and a man's. Wordsworth looks into a number of hearts and tells us their feelings; Mrs Browning looks into her own, and tells us its sorrow and its joy, but cannot reach beyond it and think herself, as it were, into the existence of another. She cannot rid herself of her identity, and become, for the nonce, the man, woman, or child whose thoughts and sensations she is expressing, which nearly all great poets have been enabled to do. Her husband, for instance, seems able to speak with the very voice, and think with the very heart, of a monk in a Spanish cloister, of a fair wicked woman of the Ancien Régime, athirst for revenge upon a rival.

"Is it done? Take my mask off, nay, be not morose,
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close,
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee,
If it hurts *her*, besides, can it ever hurt *me*?"

We seem to see and hear the soft, languid beauty, stirred into fearful energy by that jealousy which is cruel as the grave. It is this faculty of absorbing all the emotions which stir humanity, into one heart, which makes Shakespeare immortal, and which, I greatly fear, no woman ever has possessed, or ever can gain. But this essay being intended as a criticism on Mrs Browning, and not for the depreciation of female intellect, I must go on to say that I think she took larger views, and had a wider and nobler mind, as well as heart, than almost any woman who has ever trod, like her, the stormy path that leads to the temple of fame. Her poetry is thoroughly natural; and is written straight from her heart, and enriched by the classical knowledge which she possessed to a far greater degree than most women. One of the most beautiful, I think, is that addressed to H. S. Boyd, and called "Wine of Cyprus." The tenderness with which she recalls the old days when he was teacher and she learner, is "true womanly" :—

"Ah! my gossip, you were older
And more learned, and a man;
Yet that shadow, the enfolder
Of your quiet eye-lids, ran
Both our spirits to one level;
And I turned from hill and lea,
And the summer sun's green revel,
To your eyes that could not see.

Now, Christ bless you with the one light,
That goes shining night and day;
All the flowers that grow in sun-light
Shed their fragrance in your way.
Is it not right to remember
All your kindness, friend of mine?
When we two sat in the chamber,
And the poets poured us wine."

"Aurora Leigh," as the most considerable of her works, ought to be noticed first. One remarkable thing with regard to it is, that the story, though told in verse, never loses its interest, and yet that it does not attempt to be a drama, though there is much of dramatic force in some parts of it. In Aurora, Mrs Browning probably intended to describe herself. The lonely girl, with her passionate dreams of fame,—feeling all the while that life is slipping fast away, with its best joys all untasted, is drawn to the life; and the proud humility with which at last she lays down her visions and their fulfilment, and asks only to be eyes to the blind, and help to the helpless,—giving willingly to her lover in his loneliness and pain what she had denied when the world was at his feet, touches us all. Lady Waldemar, with her patrician grace and unscrupulous self-serving, is well-painted also; and poor Marian Erle and her sleeping child are described with exquisite tenderness. The picture of the baby waking is so perfect, that I cannot forbear quoting it,—

"He saw his mother's face accepting it,
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile,

As might well have been learned there, never stirred,
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy, half with her and half with Heaven,
He could not have the trouble to be moved."

But I must pass from Aurora Leigh to her smaller works. "Casa Guidi Windows," is in some parts very beautiful, in others too obscure; and I do not think it at all equals the generality of her shorter poems. To dilate upon the beauties of these, would occupy too much time and space, but I may mention some of them. The rhyme of the Duchess May is in its close especially full of faith and hope,—

"Oh! the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

"Bertha in the Lane," is tender with the love that overcomes. Jealousy and misery are quenched in the half-motherly love of the one sister for the other. She who is left, taking the joy the dying one had been deprived of, whose "wedding-gown" had been the last work the failing fingers had wrought, is not even to weep over Bertha's grave.—

"Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun,
Or forget me, smiling on."

"Bianca among the Nightingales" forms a strong contrast to the last-mentioned poem, in its fiery Italian abandonment of love and hate. The birds whose songs had once soothed her, now madden her with their melody, peacefully trilling on, though the music has gone from her heart, and from her life for evermore. She cannot be passive, patient, indifferent; her whole nature is in a flame.

"Oh, cold white moonlight of the north,
Refresh these pulses, quench this hell!
O coverture of death drawn forth,
Across this garden chamber—well!
But what have nightingales to do
In gloomy England, called the free,
(Yes, free to die in!) when we two
Are sundered, singing still to me?
The nightingales, the nightingales."

"Sonnets from the Portuguese" are instinct with the love that perfected her life.

"How, dearest, wilt thou have me for most use?
A hope to sing by gladly? or a fine
Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse?
A shade, in which to sing of palm or pine?
A grave, on which to rest from singing? Choose."

Is she sorry, if from the "Eden Land unknown," she can look upon the earth to see that the strong heart she left behind her has not rested from singing, but sings still, the stronger for its sorrow? I think not. Her "Last Poems," especially those relating to Italy, are among the best she ever wrote. They are all pictures drawn from a woman's point of view, but none the less beautiful for that. "Mother and Poet" above all, is one that can hardly be read but through tears; so full is it of a patriot fire mixed with a mother's agony. She would give her sons to serve her country, but when the other country

"Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow"

receives them both, and leaves her only a memory, her song dies away:—

"Both, both my boys,
When you sit at the feast
And ask a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me."

The loss of *one* she has tried to endure, but *both*.

"We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one,
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And when Italy's made, to what end is it done,
If we have not a son?"

There are innumerable minor beauties, scattered gems of thought and feeling, which I would fain stop to gather, if space allowed. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's name and memory will long live among us. She has what Burns called "ae spark of nature's fire," and her poems do most certainly "touch the heart." Therefore we may hope that they will be handed down from one generation to another, as things that men do not willingly let die, and that, woman as she was, she may be crowned by the hands of ages, to come among the poets at whose enchanted wells none ever drank more deeply than she.

O. M.

Mediæval Chivalry.

Military Orders.

"I am speaking of an order of men who are ready to rally round the throne. and are, indeed, if justice were done them, its natural and hereditary champions."—*Sir Vavasour Firebrace, in Sybil.*

In the British Islands, the oldest Order of Knighthood is that to which every reader of romance looks fondly back, as the purest ideal of chivalry,—King Arthur's *Order of the Knights of the Round Table.* To support the honour of his country, Arthur elected twenty-four of his noblest knights, of whom he was the leader and example, and upon any complaint being made to the king of any injury or oppression, either here or beyond the sea, one of these knights, whom the king should appoint, was to revenge the same. If any foreign knight came to the Court to show his prowess, some one of them was to be ready to answer him ; and every one, for the advancement of chivalry, was to be ready to instruct young lords and gentlemen in the exercises of arms. Their great meetings were about Whitsuntide, in Winchester Castle, where, in order to prevent all petty questions about precedency, so destructive to fraternal love, the king ordered to be made a great round table, at which they sat. Favin gives a list of the names, not only of this first twenty-four, but of all the eight chapters through which the order lasted. The names become more peculiar as we read on, meeting such as "The Goodly Coward," "The Deformed Valiant," "The Strong Always Found," "The Ancient Knight of the Hollow Deeps," "The Fairy for Ladies," "The Brown Without Joy," "Armont of the Green Serpent," &c.

The Most Ancient Order of the Thistle was said by John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, in his History of Scotland, to have taken its beginning from a bright cross, like that of St Andrew's, which appeared in the sky to Achaieus, King of the Scots, and Hungus, King of the Picts, the night before they defeated Athelstane, King of England, at Athalstaneford. Saint Andrew, at the same time, having promised them success whenever they saw that sign, they solemnly vowed that they and their posterity should ever bear that figure in their ensigns and banners, and thus the Order of the Thistle or of St Andrew was for some time confined to princes of the blood royal. The ancient number of brethren was twelve, of the noblest families, with the king as sovereign. Their garments were purple velvet, lined with white, and on the left shoulder, on a field of green, was the image of St Andrew, bearing before him his cross, in embroidered silver. A circle of gold round it bore the words,

in green enamel—"Nemo me impune lacessit;" and in the lower part was a thistle in gold and green, with a purple flower. The Collar of the Order was made of thistles, alternate with sprigs of rue, from the centre of which fell the St Andrew of gold, enamelled white, with thirteen diamonds, and rays spreading out beyond the points of the cross. The officers were:—The Dean, the Lion King-at-Arms, the Secretary, the Usher of the Green Rod; and the fees for admission were, even in the old times of valuable money, £111, 2s. 2½d. They met at Holyrood Chapel.

The Order of St Thomas, instituted by King Richard at the siege of Acre, soon died out.

1344.—*The Most Noble Order of the Garter* was instituted by Edward III., when, in his wars with France, he attempted to gather round himself the best soldiers in Europe. The Garter is supposed by some to have been intended as an emblem of the tie or union of warlike qualities to be employed in the assertion of the founder's claim to the French crown; and the motto is a retort of shame and defiance to any one who should think ill of the enterprise. A well-known popular tradition connects it with the Countess of Salisbury and an accident at a festive occasion; which may be sustained by probability, but there is no written authority for it previous to the reign of Henry VII. They wore a surcoat, mantle and hood, as well as this distinguishing garter, and Henry VIII. added the George collar, cap, and feathers. The Garter is of blue velvet, bearing the motto in letters of gold—"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" It is first assumed in the ceremony of installation; and tied round the left leg, with these words—"To the honour of God omnipotent, and in memorial of the blessed martyr St George, tie about thy leg for thy renown this noble garter. Wear it as the symbol of the most illustrious order, never to be forgotton or laid aside, that thereby thou mayst be admonished to be courageous; and having undertaken a just war, in which thou shalt be engaged, thou mayst stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer." The sovereign then puts about his neck a sky-coloured ribbon, to which is pendant the "St George and the Dragon," and the following admonition is given—"Wear this ribbon about thy neck, adorned with the image of the blessed martyr and soldier of Christ, St George, by whose imitation provoked, thou mayst so overpass both prosperous and adverse adventures, that having stoutly vanquished thy enemies, both of body and soul, thou mayst not only receive the praise of this transient combat, but be crowned with the palm of eternal victory." A similar address is given with each piece of the habit, as in the investiture of the knight. The knight's helmet, crest, sword, and banner, and a plate containing his

arms and titles, are then set over his stall in the chapel of St George at Windsor as a mark of honour, there to remain during his being of that order. At his death, his mantle, with the book of statutes, is sent to Windsor. For the convenience of travelling now, the knights of the order are permitted to wear a blue ribbon under their boot instead of the garter, but without that, and their lesser George and Star, by the statutes of the order, they are never permitted to appear in public, except upon the principal feasts of the year, when they wear their collar, and the ribbon and George become unnecessary.

The first office is the *Prelate*—the Bishop of Winchester for the time being; next the *Chancellor*—the Bishop of Salisbury for the time being. Both of these receive the highest honours in the land. They wear purple velvet robes.

The *Register* of the order wears a crimson satin robe, and on his breast a red book of the order, with the device of two pens saltère within the garter. The fourth officer is *Garter*, appointed by Henry V., who is the principal officer within the College of Arms, and chief of the heralds. His robe is the same as the Register's.

The fifth and last officer is the *Black Rod*. He also must be a gentleman of blood and arms, born within the sovereign's dominions, and if not a knight at his election, he must be knighted, and appointed Chief Usher in the kingdom, for the honour of the order. He wears the same robe as the Register and Garter, and carries a black rod, on the top of which is a lion of England, before the Sovereign in any of their solemnities. This serves as a mace, and by touching delinquents, has authority to apprehend them. There were fifty-six knights elected by Edward III., amongst whom were all the royal family and great noblemen of the kingdom; twenty-eight by Richard II.; twenty-five by Henry IV.; twenty-six by Henry V., amongst whom were the Emperor of Germany, the Kings of Portugal, Naples, and Poland; thirty-six knights were chosen by Edward IV., amongst whom were the Kings of Naples and Portugal, Hercules d'Este Duke of Ferrara, and Francis Sforza Duke of Milan. There were only seven knights elected by Richard III.; and thirty-seven by Henry VII., amongst whom were Maximilian King of the Romans, afterwards Emperor of Germany, and the Kings of Hungary, France, Portugal and Scotland; thirteen were chosen by Edward VI., and eight by Queen Mary, amongst whom were Philip of Spain and the Duke of Savoy; fifty-three were knighted by Queen Elizabeth, amongst whom were Maximilian of Germany; Charles IX., and Henry III. of France; twenty-six by James I., amongst whom were Christian IV. King of Denmark, Maurice, Prince of Orange, Frederick Count Palatine, and the Dukes of Brunswick and Wurtemberg; twenty-five by Charles I., chief of whom were Gustavus of

Sweden and Prince of Orange; forty-seven were installed by Charles II., amongst whom were Charles XI. of Sweden, Christian King of Denmark, and William of Nassau Prince of Orange. There were only five knights made by James II., and fifteen by William and Mary, amongst whom were Frederick I. of Prussia, George Lewis Elector of Brunswick, afterwards King of England, and the Dukes of Brunswick and Saxony. Queen Anne elected thirteen, amongst whom was George Augustus Elector of Hanover, afterwards King of England. Twenty-one knights were made by George I., thirty-three by George II. This list goes no farther.

The fees due to the king's servants, from all who receive the honour of knighthood, amount to £76, 15s. 4d.; but there is a scale of installation fees, according to rank, for those who receive the order of the garter. The Dean and Canons receive £20 from a king, down to £3, 6s. 8d. from a knight. The Choir receives from £16 to £3. The Register receives 13s. 4d. for installation fee, and from £40 to £28 for the Robe; while Garter receives for installation from £40 to £10, and likewise for the Robe from £60 to £30. The Black Rod receives from £40 to £10; and various sums are distributed to the king's servants, amounting in all to £103, 16s. for a king, down to £26, 11s. 8d. for a Knight-Bachelor; so that there is no slight expense incurred in receiving this highest honour in our land.

The Order of the Bath was revived and restored by King George in 1725, but the date of institution cannot here be given. The Seal was engraved on one side, with the king's effigy on horseback in armour, the shield azure, three imperial crowns or, the arms usually ascribed to King Arthur, with the superscription—"Sigilluno Honoratissimé Orduris Militarés de Balcreo." The knights of the order wear a surcoat of red taffata, lined with white, and girt about with a white girdle, and a mantle the same as the surcoat. The ensign on the left shoulder bears three imperial crowns or, and the motto "Tria juncta in uno" inscribed in a circle gules, upon a star of eight points azure. The collar is composed of nine imperial crowns of gold, and eight gold roses and thistles issuing from a golden sceptre, enamelled in proper colours, linked together with seventeen gold knots enamelled white, representing the white laces mentioned in the ancient ceremonials of conferring the Order of the Bath. To the centre knot is pendant the badge of the order,—a rose issuing from the dexter side of a sceptre and a thistle from the sinister, between three imperial crowns placed within the circle of the motto. This must be worn on all feast days. Their banners are hung up over their stalls in the Chapel of King Henry VII.

Their oath is—"You shall honour God above all things; you shall be steadfast in the faith of Christ; you shall love the King your sovereign Lord, and him and his

right defend to your power. You shall defend maidens, widows, and orphans in their rights, and shall suffer no extortion, as far as you can prevent it; and of as great honour be this order unto you as ever it was to any of your progenitors or others." Each knight is bound, in case of invasion, to maintain, when called upon, four men-at-arms at two shillings a-day, for a time not exceeding forty days; after which, if required, they shall be paid by the king along with the regular forces. The officers are the Dean, Register, King-at-arms, Genealogist, Secretary, Usher of the Scarlet Rod, Messenger. The Dean is the Dean of the Church of Westminster for the time being; the Genealogist investigates the pedigree of all candidates; the Bath King-at-arms carries the white rod of the order; the Gentleman Usher carries the scarlet rod, surmounted by three imperial crowns.

The most Illustrious Order of St Patrick.—The first investiture of these knights was performed on the 11th March 1783, at Dublin Castle, by Earl Temple, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The forms are similar to the other orders. The collar is formed of Irish harps, knotted with roses, in the centre a crown, from which is pendant a large harp, which supports the medal, bearing a cross like St Andrew's with a crowned shamrock. Motto—"Quis separabit."

Many interesting facts we might relate regarding the Continental orders, but our narrow limits permit us only to give the names of such as were instituted before the end of the eighteenth century. *In France*, then—

700.—The Order of the Dog and Cock, by Lisoye de Montmorencé.

726.—The Order of the Genet, by Charles Martel, after defeating the Saracens.

800.—The Order of the Crown Royal, by Charlemagne, were invested with a box on the ear.

1022.—The Order of the Star, by Robert Capet.

—The Order de la Sainte Ampouille.

—The Order of the Broomflower, by Louis IX.

1269.—The Order of the Ship or Double Crescents, also by Louis.

1390.—The Order of Bourbon, or of the Thistle, or of Our Lady, by Louis of Bourbon, in honour of the Virgin.

1393.—The Order of the Porcupine, by Louis of Orleans, at the baptism of his son.

1400.—The Order of St George in Burgundy, by Philbert de Miolan.

1450.—The Order of the Ermine, by Francis, the last Duke of Brittany.

1469.—The Order of St Michael, by Louis XI., for 100 knights of high rank.

1579.—The Order of the Holy Ghost, the most illustrious in France, by Henry III.

—The Order of Christian Charity, also founded by Henry III.

1693.—The Royal and Military Order of St Louis, by Louis XIV.
1759.—The Order of Military Merit was founded by Louis XV.
1703.—The Order of the Bee, by Louisie de Bourbon, for both sexes. "Je suis petite, mais mes picquares sont profondes."
—The Order of the Celestial Collar of the Holy Rosary, by Queen Anne of Austria and France, for fifty ladies.

Military orders peculiarly suited the disposition of the Spanish. *In Spain*—
722.—The Order of the Oak of Navarre, by Don Garcia Ximenes.
837.—The Military Order of St Iago de Compostella, by Ramira, King of Leon, or by Ferdinand of Castile.
1120.—The Order of St Saviour, by Alphonso of Arragon against the Moors.
1158.—The Order of Calatrava, by Sanchio III. of Toledo, the most powerful.
1219.—The Ladies' Order of Calatrava, by Donna Gaysley Maria Younes.
11—.—The Military Order of Alcantara, or of St Julian, or of the Pear Tree.
1212.—The Order of the Rosary of Toledo, founded to defend the Romish religion.
1218.—The Order of the Lady of Mercy, by James I. of Arragon
12—.—The Order of Montesa, instituted at the end of the thirteenth century.
1312.—The Ladies' Order of St Iago de Compostella, similar, as far as possible, to the Knights' Order.
1320.—The Order de la Scama, by John II. of Castile, to fight against the Moors.
1330.—The Order of the Rosy Band or Scarf, by Alphonso XI.
1379.—The Order of the Dove, or of the Holy Ghost, founded at Segovia by John I.
1410.—The Order of the Lily of Arragon, by Ferdinand of Castile.
—The Order of the Lily of Navarre, by Garcias of Navarre.
—The Order of the Golden Fleece, by Philip of Burgundy.
1171.—The Order of Charles III., instituted by himself in commemoration of the birth of the Infant.

In Portugal, the Order of Avis was the earliest, by Alphonso Henriquez, at the siege of Evora.
1172.—The Order of the Wing of St Michael, by the same Alphonso.
1317.—The Order of Christ, by Dionysius, after the pattern of Calatrava.

In the German Empire, the earliest date belongs to the peculiarly-named—
1380.—Order of Fools, by Adolphus, Duke of Cleves, at the feast of St Rupert.
1447.—The Order of St Hubert, by Gerard, the fifth Duke of Julices, Berg, and Cleves.

1535.—The Order of the Burgundian Cross at Tunis, by Charles V.
1652.—The Order of the Death's Head, founded by the Duke of Wurtemberg for both sexes, but carried on by his daughter, Louise Elizabeth of Saxe Mersburg for ladies alone, partly literary.
1690.—The Order of Sincerity, by John, fourth Elector of Saxony, and Frederick III. of Brandenberg, at their reconciliation.
—The Order of the Red Eagle, foundation unknown, for general officers.
1701.—The Order of St Rupert, by John Ernest, Louis de Thue, Archbishop of Saltzburg.
1702.—The Order of the Chace, by the Duke of Wurtemberg.
1704.—The Order of the Noble Passion, by John George of Saxe Weissenfels.
1729.—The Order of St George, by Albert, Elector of Bavaria.
17—.—The Order of the Golden Lion, by the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel.
—The Order of Merit, by the same person, at the same time, for civil distinction.
—The Order of Tusin, by the Archduke of Austria.
1662.—The Order of Ladies' Slaves to Virtue, by Eleonora di Gonzaga.
1668.—The Ladies' Order in Honour of the Cross, by the same Empress.
1708.—The Order of Neighbourly Love, by the Empress Elizabeth, at Vienna.
1757.—The Military Order of Maria Theresa, by the Empress herself.

In Venice, the oldest is that of St Mark's. Badge, the Venetian Winged Lion.
—The Order of the Golden Stole, called so from the garment worn.
1400.—The Order de La Calza, or of the Stocking, at the inauguration of Duke Michale Steno. Their employments were conversation and festivity, and they were distinguished by brilliant stockings of all colours, chiefly blue.

1463.—*In Naples.*—The Order of the Ermine, by the King of Naples.
1464.—The Order of the Crescent, by René of Anjou, brother to the King of Naples.
—The Order of St Nicholas, in Naples, bore the ensign of a ship in a storm.
1738.—The Order of St Januarius, the patron saint of Naples.

In Sardinia, the oldest order was founded in Cyprus, then belonging to Sardinia.
11—.—The Order of the Sword, in Cyprus, by Guy de Susignan.
1355.—The Order of the Annunciation, by Amadeus V. Count of Savoy.
1434.—The Order of St Maurice, by Amadeus VII., in honour of his patron saint.
1572.—The United Orders of St Maurice and St Lazarus, revived by Emanuel Philibert of Savoy.

1660.—*In Prussia.*—The Order of Concord, by Christian Ernest, Margrave of Brandenburg.
1685.—The Order of Generosity, by Frederick III., then Elector of Brandenburg.
1701.—The Order of the Black Eagle, by Frederick I. at his coronation.
1740.—The Order of Merit, by Frederick III.

1325.—*In Poland.*—The Order of the White Eagle, by Uladislaus I.
1765.—The Order of St Stanislaus, by Stanislaus Augustus at his election.

1219.—*In Denmark.*—The Order of Danebrog, by Waldemar II.
1478.—The Most Illustrious Order of the Elephant, by Christian I.
1732.—The Order of Fidelity, by Sophia, wife of Christian VI., soon abolished.

1290.—*In Holland.*—The Order of St James, by Florentius, Earl of Holland and Zealand.

1334.—*In Sweden.*—The Order of the Seraphim, or of Jesus, by Magnus II.
1366.—The Brician Order, by Queen Bridget, afterwards canonized.
1525.—The Order of the Sword, instituted by Gustavus Vasa.
1561.—The Order of the Saviour of the World, by Eric King of Sweden.
1564.—The Order of the Lamb of God, by John King of Sweden at his coronation.
1645.—The Order of Amaranta, by Queen Christina.
1748.—The Order of the Polar Star, by Frederick I.
1772.—The Order of Wasa, by the King of Sweden.

In Russia, the patron saint who was said to have introduced Christianity, was honoured by
1698.—The Order of St Andrew, by Peter the Great.
—The Order of St Catherine, by Peter, when his wife saved him from danger on the banks of the Pruth.
1725.—The Order of St Alexander Newski, by Peter the Great.
1738.—The Order of St Anne, by Duke of Holstein Gottorp.
1782.—The Order of St George, by Catherine II., for military officers.
1782.—The Order of St Waldemar, instituted at the same time for civil distinction.

LUTEA RESEDA.

THE END.

A Prize will be awarded for the best Prose Article appearing in the January Number of "The Attempt."

