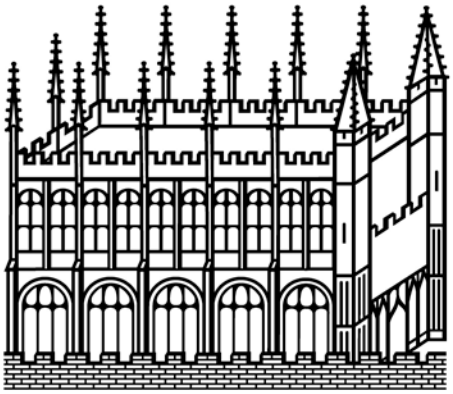

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JANUARY 1, 1885.

No. 1. Vol. V.

EDITED BY ANNIE BESANT.

Our Corner.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

Fiction, Poetry, Politics, Science, Art, Literature.

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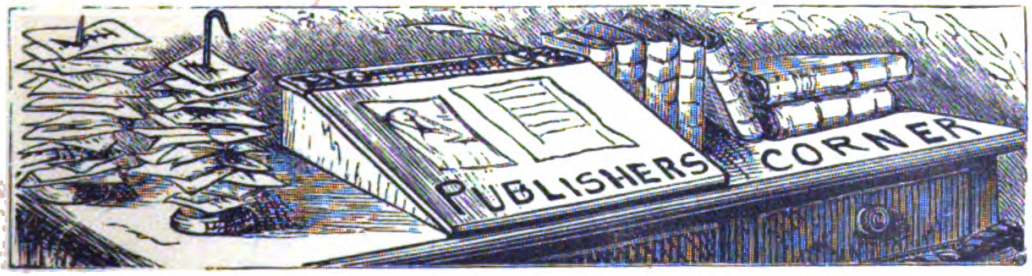

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ERRATUM.

THE stanza at the top of page 169 ought to be at the bottom.

Our Corner.

January 1, 1885.

Prodigal City Fathers:

WHO PAYS FOR THE FATTED CALF?

There are many City Fathers given to much turtle, wine, cigars, and sundries: prodigal in entertaining, and presenting golden caskets to princes, generals, and statesmen: open-handed City Fathers, who even present themselves with testimonials, gold chains, and badges: generous and gallant City Fathers, who, not at their own expense, give bonbons, boxes, and bracelets to ladies. I propose to try to find out who pays the bill for the lavishness of these City Fathers. They are all honest, honorable City Fathers, who administer justice daily at the Mansion House and Guildhall as mayors and aldermen: pious City Fathers, who drive to church, if not to worship, in great pomp and with splendidly liveried footmen, and who take the chair in the Egyptian Hall at Christian Evidence meetings. As individuals, very many of these men, if only considered as private fathers, have consciences and fair accountings; but it is as City Fathers I wish to sketch them—Corporation Fathers, who grow fat on charity children's portions—Prodigal Fathers who kill and eat the fatted calf belonging to a dead man's herd, of which they ought to be only careful drovers in trust for widows and orphans. In the October issue of this magazine some items were given, chiefly founded on the first volume of the report of the Royal Commission on the City of London Livery Companies. Two more thick volumes are now available to solve the

question raised in the title to the present paper, and from amongst the minor companies a few are taken in alphabetical order of precedence.

The Armourer and Braziers' Company has a court of assistants of twenty and a livery of sixty-six, making in all eighty-six members. Its total annual income is £8,086, of which it pretends that only £60 is trust income. In 1879 it spent in fees, salaries, plate, glass, linen, and entertainments £4,090. £7,765 6s. 10d. of the total income is derived from estates which the company claims as its absolute private property, but it declines to say how it came by them. The justification for this claim is that the Company gave £100 to King James I., and received from that pious king authority to appropriate land left for the benefit of the poor in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The poor to-day get £21 8s. 8d. from these lands; the Armourers and Braziers take £7,700. It is out of the provision intended by Dame Elizabeth Morrys, Roger Tyndal, Gawen Helme, and others for the poor widows and orphans of real armourers and braziers that these prodigal City Fathers get their fatted calf. As Armourers and Braziers they ought to search and approve "all edge-tools and armour and all copper and brass work wrought with the hammer within the City of London and within five miles thereof". Since the end of the last century they have done nothing of the kind. They have confined themselves to the work of mastication. This Company has given, in 1878, 1879, and 1880, five hundred guineas each year for technical education. Before 1876, there being yet no great public outcry, the Armourers and Braziers, moved only by their own spirit of generosity, gave nothing.

The Fathers of the Carpenters' Company, by their own confession, have neither "duty nor discretion"; but the Company has an annual income of £11,318, of which they claim all but £940 as private property. Some of the property was left by Thomas Warham in 1477, that twenty shillings per year might be paid to the poor; some was left in 1857 by Thomas Gittins to pay three poor freemen 3s. 8d. each. The Carpenters only spend £3,387 17s. 3d. per year in salaries, fees, and entertainments, and, with charming modesty, they declare that they have not "any duty or discretion to encourage in any way any art, trade, or business". These most undutiful Carpenters should be taught discretion.

The Cooks' Company has an annual income of £2,559, of which it

only admits £180 to be trust income, and it spends in feeding alone £1,121 18s. 8d., and £700 in salaries and fees, devoting the enormous sum of £40 4s. to technical education, and £145 2s. 6d. to works of charity. Prior to 1877 the Cooks' Company contributed nothing towards technical education, except £15 15s. donation to the School of Cookery. The Cooks "are under the solemn obligation of an oath not to disclose anything which may tend to the prejudice or injury of the mistery".

The Curriers' Company have £1,295 a year, of which only £50 is trust income; for though £1,130 is derived from property chiefly given them 368 years ago, the deeds as to £1,000 annually being destroyed, the Company generously give themselves the benefit of any possible doubt, and in 1878 spent £720 in salaries, fees and feeding. This Company has the duty of exercising supervision and correction over all curriers in London, the suburbs, and within three miles thereof, but "the Company has no knowledge of the circumstances under which these powers fell into desuetude"; but as in 1597 it seems that "the journeymen free of the said Company are altogether dead of the late plague" it is possible it happened about that time.

The Cutlers' Company, to which brief reference was made in the October article, is a good specimen of how prodigal City Fathers eat fatted calf fed on grass land left for orphans and widows. Its admitted annual income is £5,387, of which it is declared that £50 only is received in trust. All the rest is, these Cutlers say, their own absolute property, acquired some of it 467 years ago, some of it 430 years ago, some of it 378 years ago. For example, John Craythorne gave for the poor about 300 years ago property then worth some £20 or so a year, charged to pay £19 13s. 4d., nearly all poor John Craythorne thought it worth; the Cutlers still pay the £19 13s. 4d., though the property to-day has a rateable annual value of £3,400, and admittedly brings in £1,200. In salaries, court fees, and entertainments these Cutlers spent in 1879 about £3,500; their drink bill, in excess of their tavern bill, being £362 12s. 0d. The Cutlers give £169 5s. 6d. to technical education, and £80 for exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge. Prior to 1877 they gave nothing to technical education, though since the outcry against City Companies they "fully recognise" its "great importance". The Company have great powers for hindering "false or deceitful work or workmanship" in

the manufacture of "swords, daggers, rapiers, hangers, woodknives, penknives, razors, or surgeon's instruments, or small knives, skeynes, hilts, pummels, battle-axes, halberts, or any other weapons or blades", but the Company states that "it has not for many years appeared practicable or for the advantage of trade to exercise these powers". Being unable with comfort to eat and drink the whole of their income, the Cutlers give "ladies presents"—"silver bracelets", "ladies' dinner cases", and other trifles—to the great disturbance of mind of John Craythorne's ghost, who, if Spiritualism were real, would surely make the dinner table turn for very shame's sake.

The Founders' Company "began in the year 1472 with 24 poor honest men"; it has now 137 members, none of whom are known to be poor. Their honesty is vouched by the fact that out of £1,943 admitted annual income, only £90 is trust income and a little over £1000 is spent in salaries, court fees, entertainments, music and miscellaneous. In 1880 they gave away in art prizes, advertising, and printing £13 18s. 6d., but as an excuse for this last piece of extravagance it should be mentioned that they received towards this from Mr. Poole £5 5s. There is no record of their ever having even unwittingly done the like before.

The Girdlers' Company represents a trade which has ceased to exist for quite two centuries. Its annual income is £4,506, of which it claims £2,932 as private property, though a large proportion of this is derived from land and houses given in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to provide bread and faggots for the poor of St. Brides', Fleet Street. The Girdlers in 1880 spent £1812 18s. 2d. in court fees, salaries, entertainments, and wine; they have therefore no "surplus income" to "devote to the encouragement of the useful arts", although they state that "should such surplus income arise they would be ready and desirous to so devote it."

The Innholders were formerly called Hostillers, but in 1473 they complained that their servants "were hostellers indede" and, so that they might not be confused with their servants, asked that they might be called Innholders "as they were indede". By their charter they ought to exercise control over "any inn, hostry, or livery stable within the city of London liberties and within three miles of the liberties". These Innholders were also charged in 1639 with the duty of seeing

that a sermon was annually preached to the Company at some church in the City. The Innholders have for many years exercised no control over London inns, and have let the sermon go unpreached. Their annual income in 1880 was £1,547, of which £1,326 13s. 7d., is claimed as private income, £445 of it at least being derived from property left by one Thomas Bayly, to some of which "the Company cannot readily make out the title". The usual annual income is about £1,000, of which £805 1s. 4d., is expended in court money, provisions, casual expenses, and salaries. The Innholders, beyond the £220 they cannot retain, give away nothing in charity or for any useful purposes "except occasionally small sums", none of which can be discovered in their last ten years' accounts, though they may of course be modestly concealed in the undetailed casual expenses.

The Joiners have £1,312 a year, which they say is all private. Of this, a sum varying from £946 to £1,100 is derived from rents of property as to which all they can say, or at any rate all they do say, is that it has been "held for centuries". They spend £1,096 in court and livery fees, salaries, and dinners. The amount they have spent in technical education is unknown. They state: "We have done what we can to benefit our trade", and they give no answers to questions from the Commissioners which would enable any real test to be applied.

The Leathersellers have £18,728 annual revenue, of which £16,395, they say, is their private property, but as, of about £14,000 a year, they only answer that they "acquired the property in their corporate right", and do not specify how and when they acquired it, it requires a great stretch of confidence in the Leathersellorial veracity to be sure that acquisition in corporate right means anything more than that the Leatherseller Octopus got its arms well round, and its tentacles firmly fixed, and then held on. In 1544, one John Hasilwood left some property "to purchase the estate of the then late monastery of St. Helen's"; if this be the St. Helen's Place property, it is now worth £12,225 a year, and was, in 1544, intended to provide £12 2s. 8d. per year to four bedesmen and three bedeswomen in almshouses at 8d. per week in money, and two sacks of coal per year. The Leathersellers boast that they make John Hasilwood's annual alms-giving up to £356, but they are silent as to whether they receive and pocket the £12,000 per year out of John Hasilwood's property. The Leathersellers spent, in 1880, £5,036 10s. 4d. in salaries, court fees, entertain-

ments, and wines. In 1879 the Leathersellers commenced to help technical education with an annual contribution of £500. The Leathersellers think that the method in which they dispose of their income requires no reform. They are chartered to search for and destroy "deceiptful wares", but they have made no such search for 205 years, and their only destruction has been of digestion by overfeeding.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

"A Midsummer Holiday."

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum* and to some other guides of public opinion, Mr. Swinburne's last contribution to the literature of his country manifests a "brilliant mastery over artistic means" and a poetic power "such as Mr. Swinburne has never surpassed and rarely equalled". If this estimate of the volume be correct, it is certain that the rest of Mr. Swinburne's poetry has before it but a short lease of life, for no amount of friendly puffing will long keep floating in the air of public favor the bubble entitled: "A Midsummer Holiday". Those who have hoped most from the pen which wrote "The Marching Song" and "The Halt before Rome" are those who will feel the most bitterly disappointed at the stone presented to them by Mr. Swinburne in lieu of bread. The unrestrained and unpruned luxuriance of fancy, the exuberance of unconnected images, the wealth of musical language which replaced instead of expressing thought, all these were blemishes which might have resulted from the vivid and imperial fancy of genius in its youth, and which might have been corrected by the sober strength and serene self-control which are the glory of manhood in its prime. We had hoped that the verbiage would disappear, while the music and the mastery of rhythm would remain. Alas! the music and the mastery have vanished, while the verbiage we have with us always. If a new aspirant to fame had issued "A Midsummer Holiday" he would have been set down as a sixth-rate scribbler who here and there showed a touch of real poetic power; written by "Swinburne" it is received with a chorus of praise. In a novice the few scattered passages which stand out from the dead level of mediocrity might have been the first faint rosy touches of the dawn; in Mr. Swinburne they are the last gleams of a setting power which might have illumined heights above which Shakspere only among England's children shines supreme.

The volume falls naturally under five heads; the nine ballads entitled "A Midsummer Holiday"; two poems addressed to Victor Hugo; some poems on children; some sweepings from magazines on modern politics; a miscellaneous collection of ballads and sonnets.

It may well be questioned whether a poet does wisely in choosing the ballad for the vehicle of his thought; the constant repetition of but four rhymes, and the recurring refrain, inevitably give artificiality

to the rhythm, and in reading it one is conscious of the strain to which the writer has been subjected in its production. Unbidden rises a vision of dishevelled hair and crooked collar, of desperate rushes at a dictionary to seek if any other word there be which will fit the fatal measure. How terribly Mr. Swinburne suffered may be guessed from the fact that in his anguish he resorted to words unknown to any ordinary dictionary, and emitted such lines as:

"Star by star on the unsunned waters *twiring* down".

And surely nothing but the absolute necessity of ending a line with -own would have made him write:

"Where the scarred cliffs downward sundering drive and *drown*".

The first and the last of the ballads are the best—it would be truer to say the least bad—of the nine, though the refrain of the first is unintelligible:

"The goal that is not, and ever again the goal".

Leaving this as a conundrum not to be solved, we find in this ballad lines that recall the old melodiousness, and that give a vivid picture of a lonely sandy sea-board:

"The trackless ways are untravelled of sail or bird;
The hoar wave hardly recedes from the soundless beach.
. . . . . .
Sands hardly ruffled of ripples that hardly roll".

The old favorite trick of alliteration is here employed with perfect fairness to mimic the recurrent ripple of the wavelets, as again in the sibilant line in the next stanza, suggesting a "Hush!"

"No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or speech,
Learns ever the secret that shadow and silence teach."

Unfortunately the effect of the last suggestive line is entirely marred by the five following ones, which are necessary to complete the stanza, but which give no new thought. I begin the sentence, so as not to misrepresent the writer:

"No sense that for ever the limits of sense engird,
No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or speech,
Learns ever the secret that shadow and silence teach,
Hears ever the notes that or ever they swell subside,
Sees ever the light that lights not the loud world's tide,
Clasps ever the cause of the lifelong scheme's control,
Wherethrough we pursue, till the waters of life be dried,
The goal that is not, and ever again the goal".

Why hearing, sight, or sense—the only possible nominatives—should clasp the cause of a scheme's control, lifelong or otherwise, how such clasping is managed, and wherefore we should pursue a goal through a cause, a scheme, or a control, no one but Mr. Swinburne can explain, and it would tax even his power to do so.

The last of these ballads—"On the Verge"—has one fine line, and the whole of the first stanza will bear quoting. The poet is on the shore, gazing over the sea whose waters stretch unbroken from his feet to the North Pole.

"Here begins the sea that ends not till the world's end. Where we stand,
Could we know the next high sea-mark set beyond these waves that gleam,
We should know what never man hath known, nor eye of man hath scanned.
Nought beyond these coiling clouds that melt like fume of shrines that steam
Breaks or stays the strength of waters till they pass our bounds of dream.
Where the waste Land's End leans westward, all the seas it watches roll
Find their border fixed beyond them, and a world-wide shore's control:
These whereby we stand no shore beyond us limits: these are free.
Gazing hence, *we see the water that grows iron round the Pole,*
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea."

Two other lines deserve to be noted, as conveying exquisitely the idea of soft flower-filled stillness in a country garden:

"All the place breathes low, but not for fear lest ill betide,
Soft as roses answering roses, or a dove's recall."

But after writing this can Mr. Swinburne forgive himself for penning the following jingling incoherences:

"Time were even as even the rainiest clime,
Life were even as even this lapsing shore,
Might not aught outlive their trustless prime:
Vainly fear would wail or hope implore,
Vainly grief revile or love adore
Seasons clothed in sunshine, rain, or rime.
Now for me one comfort held in store
Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time."

The first "even" in the two first lines possibly means "level", the repetition of the word being a neophytist trick unworthy a mature poet; but granting this, is the rainiest clime level? whose trustless prime is referred to? why should fear wail, hope implore, grief revile, or love adore, seasons? If we read: "Time were as the rainiest clime", regarding the "even . . . even" as introduced merely to fill up the line, what shall we say of a poet who is reduced into making a commonplace line unintelligible by the introduction of two superfluous words? Surely more meaningless jangle was never written in the guise of poetry.

In another ballad we read of "the laws that atone and agree", words that have absolutely no sense. And again:

"Whence the soul keeps watch, and bids her vassal memory watch and pray,
If perchance the dawn may quicken, or perchance the midnight spare."

It may be urged in defence of these unintelligible sentences that unintelligibility is by no means a new feature in Mr. Swinburne's poetry; that the man who wrote

"For the breaking of gold in their hair they halt as a man made lame,"

cannot be expected to curb his Pegasus within the limits of comprehensibility.

But to this one may fairly answer that admitting that Mr. Swinburne's greatest fault has always been the tendency to substitute sound for sense, and to rest satisfied with a musical phrase, careless whether meaning accompanied the music, yet this fault was in large measure redeemed, in the earlier poems, by noble lines and by splendid imagery, while ever the hope remained that the poet would prune his own luxuriance, and give to the world song not less perfect in

melody, while also consequent in thought, terse in diction, serene in controlled strength. It is true that Mr. Swinburne scarcely ever wrote a poem that would not be the better were it half its length, but much must be forgiven to him who sang of "A Forsaken Garden", and of the dreamy "Garden of Proserpine".

The poems on Victor Hugo need not detain us long. Mr. Swinburne's deification of Victor Hugo has been one of his characteristics for many a day, and it would be a waste of words to grumble at the idiosyncrasy. Victor Hugo, truly, is great, but it is a little absurd to set him above Shakspere, and to declare of the latter:

> "But not his various soul might range and dwell
> Amid the mysteries of the founts of things,"

as does that of Victor Hugo. Or to sing:

> "Yea, as the sun makes heaven, that life makes fair
> All souls of ours, all lesser souls than thine,
> Priest, prophet, seer and sage,
> Lord of a subject age
> That bears thy seal upon it for a sign;
> Whose name shall be thy name,
> Whose light thy light of fame,
> The light of love that makes thy soul a shrine;
> Whose record through all years to be
> Shall bear this witness written—that its womb bare thee."

Or to speak of Victor Hugo as of one

> "Who hath given us all for ever
> Such gifts that man gave never
> So many and great since first Time's wings took flight."

The old hatred of priests and kings bursts out in the fierce lines:

> "The fire of hell that warmed the hearts of priests,
> The wells of blood that slaked the lips of kings."

Powerful are these:

> "Seeing all the heaven above him *dark with gods*,
> And all the world about him marred of men."

They are, however, but an echo from the poet's better days, for they recall:

> "Because the days were dark with gods and kings."

The poems on children are, in a sense, the most saddening in the book, and this for two reasons: that Mr. Swinburne has written so much more musically and daintily on the same subject, and that the constant tuning of the harp for the nursery becomes wearisome.

Some of the poems on children in the "Tristram" volume were perfect of their kind:

> "If the golden-crested wren
> Were a nightingale—why then
> Something seen and heard of men
> Might be half as sweet as when
> Laughs a child of seven."

It would be hard to exceed the daintiness of the conception of the most exquisite of tiny birds dowered with the most varied and full

of songs being only doubtfully comparable to half the sweetness of a child's laughter.

What living poet could write more charmingly of children than this:

"If childhood were not in the world,
But only men and women grown;
No baby-locks in tendrils curled,
No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,
And nearer all delights in reach,
And verse and music uttered rarer
Tones of more god-like speech;

Though the utmost life of life's best hours
Found, as it cannot now find, words;
Though desert sands were sweet as flowers
And flowers could sing like birds,

But children never heard them, never
They felt a child's foot leap and run;
This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun."

After writing in such fashion was it worth while to publish:

"Lord of light, whose shrine no hands destroy,
God of song, whose hymn no tongue refuses,
Now, though spring far hence be cold and coy,
Bid the golden mouths of all the Muses
Ring forth gold of strains without alloy,
Till the ninefold rapture that suffuses
Heaven with song bid earth exult for joy,
Since the child whose head this dawn *bedews is*
Sweet as once thy violet-cradled boy."

Considerably worse than this is a song which is, we are assured, to be a "classic of the nursery":

"Baby, baby bright,
Sleep can steal from sight
Little of your light:"

and so on for seven pages. If this is to be defended as suitable to its subject because of its "sweet simplicity", we might surely plead that if it is to share the simplicity of babyhood it might also share babyhood's brevity, and that twenty-eight verses of the calibre of the above become slightly monotonous.

Unpopular as the suggestion may be, I would like to ask Mr. Swinburne whether he thinks that "Cradle Songs" are the fittest work of a great poet. In his earlier and stronger days, when he sang of love, of revolution, and of freedom, he took other and more virile view of the poet's office. "Our time has room", he wrote indignantly, "only for such as are content to write for children and girls. . . . . It would seem indeed as though to publish a book were equivalent to thrusting it with violence into the hands of every mother and nurse in the kingdom as fit and necessary food for female infancy. Happily there is no fear that the supply of milk for babes will fall short of the demand for some time yet. There are moral milkmen enough in

all conscience, crying their ware about the streets and bye-ways. . . . . We, meanwhile, who profess to deal neither in poison nor in pap, may not unwillingly stand aside." No one, not the most rabid Churchman, will accuse Mr. Swinburne of dealing in poison in the volume just issued; the accusation of dealing in pap may be more widely made.

The collection of political rhymes may be dismissed with a phrase. *Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.* Most of them are beneath criticism, and those who remember how in his better days Mr. Swinburne loved France, will read with bitter pain his jingo song entitled, "A Word for the Nation", in which he snarls:

"French hounds, whose necks are aching
Still from the chain they crave,
In dog-day madness breaking
The dog-leash, thus may rave:
But the seas that for ages have fostered and fenced her [England]
Laugh, echoing the yell of their kennel against her
And their moan if destruction draw near them
And the roar of her laughter to hear them;
For she knows that if Englishmen be men
Their England has all that she craves;
All love and all honor from free men,
All hatred from slaves."

Poems of very unequal merit form the miscellaneous collection under the last of our five heads. The "Ballad of Sark" is a really fine poem, the first stanza especially so, though I demur to the "spicery" in connexion with the wild barrenness of Sark. As I quoted so much that is evil, let me quote this stanza that is not unworthy its writer:

"High beyond the granite portal arched across
Like the gateway of some god-like giant's hold
Sweep and swell the billowy breasts of moor and moss
East and westward, and the dell their slopes enfold
Basks in purple, glows in green, exults in gold.
Glens that know the dove and fells that hear the lark
Fill with joy the rapturous island, as an ark
Full of spicery wrought from herb and flower and tree.
None would dream that grief even here may disembark
On the wrathful woful marge of earth and sea."

Not quite so strong, but yet powerful in description, are the lines in "Les Casquets" on the famous rocks in a stormy night.

"For here, when the night roars round, and under
The white sea lightens and leaps like fire,
Acclaimed of storm and applauded in thunder,
Sits death on the throne of his crowned desire.
Yea, hardly the hand of the god might fashion
A seat more strong for his strength to take,
For the might of his heart and the pride of his passion
To rejoice in the wars they make."

Contrasted with these much of the execution of the remaining poems is painfully poor, while contrasted with some of Mr. Swinburne's earlier work it is simply detestable. It seems scarcely credible that the hand which struck from the lyre of genius the music of "Atalanta in Calydon" can have produced the cacophony of "In

Sepulcretis". No criticism can be so scathing as the juxta-positing of lines from the twain :

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in shadow and plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain."

"Come, let us praise him : here is nought to hide.
Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,
Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer."

It is obvious that Mr. Swinburne must have a strong feeling of contempt for the critical faculty of his readers when he flings at them lines like these.

The popularity which Mr. Swinburne has long enjoyed will not survive many shocks such as those given by much in his latest book. To send out into the world an *olla podrida* in which the flavor of one or two good disappears amid the nauseous taste of a mass of worthless things, is to condemn the good to pass unnoticed save by a few literary epicures. In this generation no man has been born with Mr. Swinburne's marvellous gift of language, his wealth of poetic imagination, his mastery of melodious phrase, his exuberance of fancy, his power of biting scornful bitterness, his expression of whirling rushing passion. All these priceless treasures are his, and for the most part he has used them carelessly, recklessly, in the mere joy of his strength and of his genius. Not yet has he given to us one great work marked by self-restraint, by dignified self-possession, by terseness, by reserved strength. He has poured out all his thoughts as they came, bad and good, rich and poor, precious and worthless, without self-criticism, without discrimination. In this last volume of his he has tossed to us some of his most careless, most unpolished verse. Mr. Swinburne should surely remember that by right of his genius he has written his name on his country's literature, and England has the right to bid him be careful of her honor, even if he be inclined to be careless of his own. ANNIE BESANT.

A Southern Shell.

Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn.

A DELICATE and interesting pearly little shell is occasionally brought across the Atlantic by the Gulf Stream, and cast by the waves upon the south-western shores of the British Islands. To children it is a treasure. They call it the little Post Horn shell. About half-a-dozen specimens are before me as I write, reposing daintily upon snow-white cotton wool, and protected by a glass cover, for they are very delicate. Nothing in my cabinet is more charming than these little shells.

First let me describe the shell itself. It is a tube about two and a half inches in length, and tapering from about a quarter-of-an-inch

ARGONAUT.

SPIRULA.

in diameter to a point. This tube is coiled round itself discoidally, viz., in one plane, like the coils of that little fresh-water shell, usually found in aquaria and flourishing in various ponds and ditches in the neighborhood of London, called Planorbis. But the coils of the Post Horn shell do not touch each other as do the coils of the Planorbis. The reader will be familiar with many shells which are coiled, but most of these form more or less of a spire. Few lie flat like this, and fewer still leave a space between the successive whorls; in fact, I am not acquainted with one other living species which fulfils this latter condition, although, as we shall see, some extinct ones did. The distance from the centre to the outer margin of the last coil is about half-an-inch, so that the diameter of the whole is nearly one inch.

I do not know whether any of the readers of *Our Corner* ever thought of grinding down one side of a whelk shell, and then took the trouble to do it, for the purpose of obtaining a section shewing

its interior; but if one did so, he would have found it to consist of one chamber curling round the axis of the shell from the mouth to the apex. Now if a similar section be made of the shell of a Pearly Nautilus, a difference will at once be apparent, for here the tube will be seen to be divided by shelly plates, or septa, into a number of distinct chambers, and in the centre of each septum will be found a smaller tube, which communicates with all the chambers in succession.

The Post Horn shell is likewise chambered, but the little tube, or siphuncle, as it is called in science, is situated ventrally, viz., on the inner side of the coil, and not centrally, as in the Nautilus. The Post Horn differs further from the Nautilus in not having the last chamber proportionally larger than the next. And this does not sum up the whole, or even the important difference between the two. The living Nautilus dwells *inside* its shell, occupying the outer or body chamber; but the creature owning a shell like those before me lives on the *outside*, and keeps its little pearly coil safely concealed within its living mantle. Each chamber in the shell of the Nautilus has successively formed the body chamber. As the creature grew, and found its habitation too small, it enlarged its home.

> Year after year behold the silent toil
> That spread his lustrous coil;
> Still, as the spiral grew,
> He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
> Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
> Built up its idle door,
> Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Having thus described briefly the subject of this article, it will be well perhaps, before talking about its position relatively to other living and past forms, to give its zoological name. This is *Spirula*. Three species are known, all of which belong to the warmer seas. Its shells are found scattered by thousands on the shores of New Zealand, and they abound on the Atlantic coasts. Of the animal itself I have heard of only one perfect specimen reaching England.

From the resemblance, already pointed out, between the shell of Spirula and that of Nautilus the reader will probably have anticipated the information that they belong to the same class. That is the class *Cephalopoda* (from the Greek *kephale*, a head, and *pous*, a foot), one of the classes of *Mollusca*, or soft-bodied animals, as the oyster, cockle, and whelk. The Cephalopods are much more highly developed than any other class of the same sub-kingdom. They are best known in popular natural history as Cuttle-fishes. Of course, they are as little entitled to be called fishes as are Oysters and Lobsters, though these are indifferently termed shell-fish. Popular terminology is rarely accurate. Thus Whales, Sturgeons, Crabs, and Periwinkles are all fish in popular parlance, although only one, the Sturgeon, is really a fish. An apology may be due to the readers of this magazine for the presentment of such information, but it is hard to dispossess the minds of many of the idea that all things which inhabit water are fish.

Of late years, since aquaria like the one at Brighton have been established in various towns for the education of the public in matters

just outside the common ken, Cuttle-fish have been familiarised in the form of that sensation-making member of the class, the Octopus. Other forms are occasionally entangled in the nets of fishermen. These are known as Squids and Loligos. Then we have the Nautilus—

> The tender Nautilus that steers its prow,
> The sea-born sailor of the depths below—

so long fabled to spread its arms like sails to the wind, while its shell floats as a ship upon the surface of the ocean, and to dip some of its tentacles over the sides like oars into the brine. The Nautilus, formerly, was as rarely captured, almost, as Spirula, for when the ocean-going seamen lowered a boat to give it chase it was said to fold up its sails, allow its shell to fill with water, and sink into the depths.[1]

Ages upon ages ago, as far back as Palæozoic times, the Nautilus inhabited the ocean. It lived there for ages before its companions of Mesozoic times, the Ammonites, appeared. The Ammonites have been extinct for ages, and

> The Nautilus now, in its shelly prow,
> As over the deep it strays,
> Still seems to seek, in bay and creek,
> Its companion of former days.

But in the ear of the mind, or the imagination, a tiny fairy sounds a blast through the little Post Horn itself to summon me to return to its story.

I have already stated that the shell of Spirula is an internal structure. Let us see whether there is anything amongst the Cephalopoda which corresponds with this arrangement, and which explains or is explained by it. From natural history to a lawyer's office is not such an abrupt transition as appears at first sight, if the reader will reflect upon the number of skins which are sometimes deposited with a lawyer, to say nothing about certain thorny shrubs called lawyers which behave so cruelly to the legs of the wanderer on moors and other scrubby places. Then, again, lawyers use an article known as *pounce*, and whether or not they pounce upon their prey, with this substance they clean their parchments previous to making a deed. Now pounce is the so-called "cuttle bone". It is an internal organ, and differs in an interesting manner in various fossil and living forms. In Loligo, it is horny, and known as the *pen*; in Beloteuthis it is again horny, pointed at the ends, but with a broad shaft and lateral wings; in Loligopsis it is slender, with a minute conical appendix; in Onychoteuthis it is hollow, with a conical apex; and in Sepia it is calcareous, and used as "pounce" and in casting counterfeits; in Spirula it is the delicate spiral and chambered tube already described; in the fossil genus, Spirulirostra, a similar shell forms the apex of the cuttle bone; in the fossil Conoteuthis a chambered shell is combined with a *pen*; and the Belemnites unite all these modifications. The Belemnites are the thunder-bolts of our schooldays.

Against our will the lawyers recur to our memory. The Cuttlefish

[1] Strictly speaking, this, the Nautilus of Aristotle, is the Argonaut of modern zoologists. Its shell is not chambered.

carry an *ink-bag*, and Spirula amongst the rest. The bag is full of ink, and when danger menaces, the animal can discharge it into the surrounding water and so cover its retreat. Cicero used the fluid for writing purposes, and Sepia takes its name from it. It is of an extremely stable character, and has been found associated with fossil Cephalopods of immense age, and so fresh and unaltered as to be actually serviceable for writing.

The Nautilus is the sole survivor of the Cephalopods which possessed external shells. Of the two families, Nautilidæ and Orthoceratidæ, 600 fossil species are known, and of Ammonitidæ 1,600. These are all tetrabranchiate, or four-gilled. The dibranchiate, or two-gilled, Cephalopods have no external shell. They number at the present day over 200 species; fossil 190; 140 of the latter being Belemnites.

The fossil tetrabranchiates are classified according to the form of the shell, the position of the siphuncle and nature of the margins of the septa dividing the chambers. With regard to the first character, the shell is straight in Orthoceras and Baculites, curved in Cyrtoceras, spiral in Turrilites, discoidal and produced in Ancyloceras, involute in Nautilus and Ammonites, while in Scaphites it is at first discoidal with close whorls, and then (the last chamber) recurved. We have seen that the siphuncle is central in Nautilus, and ventral in Spirula (a dibranchiate). In Ammonites it is dorsal. A more remarkable feature is the character of the margins of the septa. Usually these are more or less flat over the greater part of their surface, but at their margins, where joined to the wall of the shell, they present striking differences. When the outer shell is removed, which is very often the case in fossils, the edges of the septa are seen. In those of greatest geological antiquity these edges form slightly curved lines. Long before the close of the Palæozoic era the Goniatite appeared, and the edges of its septa were zigzag and angular. Later on came Ceratites, with these margins lobed and the lobes crenulated or notched. Then followed the great group of 1,600 species of Ammonites, characteristic of the Mesozoic era. In the whole of these the sutures are not only very considerably lobed, but every lobe is extensively foliated, and thus the edges assume as complex a character as can well be imagined.

We have now learned something about a very interesting lot of fossils in addition to that which we set out to learn, viz., the nature of the little Post Horn shell and its place amongst other shells of its kind.

W. Mawer, F.G.S.

Mr. Browning's "Ferishtah's Fancies".

If there is, as some think, a tendency in these days to make rather less account of poets than used to be the fashion, the leading poets of the period, at least, cannot be charged with doing anything to encourage it. On the contrary, there never was a time when the "vates sacer" seemed more determined than now to assert his title and his importance. Victor Hugo has passed a versified judgment on pretty well every incident in human history, sacred, profane, and apocryphal, in addition to supervising the affairs of France; Walt Whitman has represented the function of poets under democracy to be something in the nature of that of vicegerents of God upon earth; and, to say nothing of Mr. Swinburne's impassioned and voluminous commentary on home and foreign politics, we have in Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning poets who evidently regard themselves as authorities on the subject of the ways of God to men. Other poets may, if they will, call themselves the idle singers of an empty day: these two are nothing if not prophets. Since the composition of "The Two Voices" the Laureate has shown an intermittent consciousness of a mission to provide his generation with a rhymed philosophy of religion; till at length the achievements of "Despair" and "The Promise of May" have been crowned by a peerage; and Mr. Browning has been at least equally assiduous. Indeed he may be taken as pre-eminently the theosophist poet of these latter days. Tennyson may sometimes lose sight of his deity even for a volume together; but Browning never. He has hotly reprimanded those critics who presumed to suppose that they could infer his states of mind from his poetry; informing them that his ways are not as their ways, nor his thoughts as their thoughts; and that what they have to do is to humbly receive his expositions of human character after the fashion in which little boys are exhorted to open their mouths and shut their eyes and see (in their mind's eye) what the king will send them. But there is really no getting over the fact of the theological unanimity of Mr. Browning's creations. History has proved beyond question that the one thing people will not agree about is the nature of deity, and that agreement on the subject exists only in the Utopia of the Inquisition: consequently, when the entire dramatic community to which any poet has given a local habitation and a name are found seeing eye to eye in the matter of divine things, it is quite impossible, however much we may wish to oblige him, to believe that he is giving us a faithful transcript of the views of a catholicly selected set of personages. Some of us, indeed, go so far as to take the liberty to see Mr. Browning, more or less, in a number of situations in poems of his which savor little of the study of divinity; but about his connexion with the theology of his characters the most obedient Browningite can hardly hesitate to form his own opinion. Even the members of the Browning Society are known to hear the voice of the poet speaking through his creations on matters of divine law; so much so, in fact, that the *raison d'être* of the Browning Society may be said to be the acceptance of the poet by many

people rather as a teacher than as a poet. The chances are, accordingly, that so far as believing Browningites are concerned, "Ferishtah's Fancies", being on the face of it a didactic work, will go to heighten the poet's reputation. Whether it will do anything to convince the hitherto unconvinced of his poetic title is, however, another question, only to be answered after analysis of its teaching and study of its style.

The charge that he "neglects the form" has been urged against Mr. Browning from a very early period of his poetic career; and it must be owned that, to say nothing of "Paracelsus", "Sordello" is a piece of biography beside which the toughest narrative in the law reports is light and perspicuous reading. It would not be a widely misleading criticism, however, to say that for the past dozen years Mr. Browning has been receding further and further from a standard of poetic form which permitted, nay, involved, no small stress of artistic labor. After "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" and "The Inn Album", men began to feel convinced that in Browning they had to deal with a poet who, though he had in the past striven successfully after beauty of speech, was now about as far as possible from thinking to gain a hearing by calculated charm of utterance: who, on the contrary, though for some not obvious reason he adhered to the poetic form, expected his hearers to submit to the constraints of that form without any of its recognised compensations, for the sole sake of what story or lesson he had to tell or teach them. In the "Dramatic Idylls" we had told to us, in slap-dash rhyme, stories many of which Hawthorne would have been glad to handle with the most intensely patient art in prose; and the most deliberate inquiry failed to show in what respect Mr. Browning's art was preferable. There was this to be said for them, that they had in an eminent degree the important poetic quality of forceful concision; and in so far as they were dramatic it might be argued that this concision did not require to be allied to charm or melody in order to meet the requirements of art. To discuss that point adequately would be to go into the entire question of the comparative fitness of the poetic drama, on the one hand, and the drama or novel of naturalism on the other; and one prefers rather to waive the question. It may just be said in passing that the superiority of "The Ring and the Book" lies not in its being in any sense a poetic drama, but in its being truly a dramatic poem; its essential quality being poetic, and consisting not in making imaginable individuals speak in blank verse but in condensing in poetic form, with powerful and impartial art, the view that might be taken, by different types of mind, of a given series of events. Praise of that as successful poetry involves strictly neither praise of the poet's dramas as such, nor praise of any of his dramatic idylls as poems. And still less does it involve the acceptance of such a book as "Ferishtah's Fancies".

In this new work the poet has been—for him—frankly didactic; that is to say, he has presented us with a series of semi-dramatic studies in theistic and other casuistry, the upshot of which is to enforce upon us in a few new, minor aspects, that theory of the universe of which Mr. Browning has given us so many expositions in the past. Ferishtah is a Persian dervish who when introduced to us is yet a long way from the attainment of wisdom—theosophic or other—and who,

later, in successive appearances, gives more or less dubious evidence of having grown wiser by reflexion and experience. One sympathises with the critic who began his review with: "Why fancies? and why Ferishtah's?" So hard is the first question to answer that I should be strongly inclined to suspect "fancies" was a misprint for "fallacies"—the bulk of the dervish's various deliverances, when not apparently set forth as fallacious by the poet, being distinctly so from the point of view of many other people—were it not that so much of Ferishtah is indubitable Browning. As for the "Ferishtah's", that may pass, as in Mr. Browning's established manner. He quotes from *Lear*, as one of his fly-leaf mottoes, the passage: 'You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.' When the poet jokes with us so we are dispensed from telling him that he has simply given a certain Persian local color to these his quasi-dramatic utterances, with that peculiar skill with which he gives feminine and other color to the Browningese deliverances he puts in the mouths of the women and other characters of his plays.

But what if we are forced to believe that the happy-go-lucky quality of the word "fancies" in the title is just another exhibition of Mr. Browning's so often declared contempt for the public on which he showers his volumes? "Ferishtah's Fancies" has a prologue, of which these are the first four lines:

> 'Pray, Reader, have you eaten ortolans
> Ever in Italy?
> Recall how cooks there cook them: for my plan's
> To—Lyre with Spit ally.'

One thinks of Macaulay's judgment on Southey's puns, but one does not care to say anything seriously about this sort of thing. We simply take our cue—which, indeed, was given us clearly enough in "Jocoseria".

The purport of the prologue, which is continued in the style of the quotation, is that the author, in inserting lyrics between the accounts of Ferishtah's reasonings, has imitated the Italian fashion of serving ortolans with toast and sage-leaf between them. Having Hudibrastically stood on his head sufficiently to prove his title to the first part of his first motto—Jeremy Collier's judgment on Shakspere: "His genius was jocular, but, when disposed, he could be very serious"—the poet proceeds to deserve the remainder. "The Eagle" is the title of the first instalment of Ferishtah's ratiocinations; and it consists of a recital of how the dervish—'(though yet un-dervished, call him so, No less beforehand. . .)' stipulates the poet—once saw an eagle feed certain motherless and starving ravenlets, and went home to put his faith in Providence and his hands in his pockets; till he at length swooned with hunger, and God 'in dream' pointed out to him that he was able to help himself and had better do it; whereupon Ferishtah resumed his normal habits, deciding, however, to go to Ispahan to gain knowledge. By such steps does man attain to true theosophy. The dervish, 'half-way on Dervishhood, not wholly there', is next seen at Ispahan, where he is severely snubbed by an ex-Vizier in reduced circumstances for asking whether the

latter did not curse God for having exalted him so high, only to reduce him to final costermongerhood. Ferishtah is called a fool; told that God sends both good and evil, and that it is better to think of the good than the evil; and exhorted to go to school; and the poet subjoins a reference to the (Talmudic?) doctrine of the Jews that the Elohim create the good but not the evil, favouring us with the Hebrew text in his lately acquired fashion of pedantry. In the third section we find him schooled and 'full Dervish'; but whether of the poet's design or through his infirmity, the Dervish's first disputation, so far as it can be made out, is as purposeless and incoherent a piece of quibbling as could well be concocted. As I read it, the narrative runs thus. Ferishtah, reading from 'the roll wherein is treated of Lord Ali's life', pauses 'abrupt'—'disabled by emotion'; and a listener challenges him to something like the following effect (I condense the blank verse into plain prose):—"When I asked if this beautiful story was true, you said that beauty lives in truth. I persisted, asking whether the beauty existed outside as well as in our minds—in deed as well as word—whether this life was lived, not dreamed. You said that many attested the fact. I reminded you that only half as long ago reigned Shah Abbas, of whom it is told that he stopped a lion in its leap on a stag's haunch, yet that same day died of fear on seeing a spider in his wine-cup. Do you believe this?" Ferishtah answers, "Why not? the story is circumstantially told; besides, the cup-bearer saw it". Here the dispute turns topsy-turvy, the disputants apparently changing sides. "Do you believe one cup-bearer's story, probably false, certainly futile", demands the antagonist, "and do you 'hesitate to trust what many tongues combine to testify was beautiful in deed as well as word'?" What does this mean? The inverted commas show the questioner to be speaking; he who had himself doubted being now made to reproach Ferishtah for doubting what in point of fact Ferishtah has asserted to be true. Hereupon Ferishtah retorts with: "The reigning Shah has found that you are the descendant of that careless cup-bearer who caused the death of his ancestor: he therefore orders you to pay a fine of twelve dinàrs. Will you say now that you believe the story?" What does *this* mean? The man had called the Abbas Shah story 'false, very like, and futile certainly'; and he now goes on to corner Ferishtah: "There we agree: neither of us will say he 'believes' the story"—(after Ferishtah had said he believed it). "Now I get near you. Why did you pause abrupt, *disabled by emotion*, over this story of Ali's life, which might match for credibility the figment of the spider and the cup, and which is 'unevidenced, thine own word'." What does *this* mean? Did the remark that the spider-story was vouched by the cup-bearer amount to saying it was 'unevidenced'? The course of the debate so far seems in brief to be this. The interlocutor questions the Ali story, and points out that the preposterous lion and spider story is as well vouched. Ferishtah, however, believes that too. Then "do you believe that and doubt the Ali story?" is the consistent challenge; and "do you mean to say you really believe the spider story?" is the dervish's rejoinder. "Certainly not: then why did you believe the Ali story?" is the lucid reply. We now enter on a new stage. The

harlequin assailant mentions that he weeps over the fate of a lady recorded to have been eaten by a snake with nine heads, and then laughs at the nine-heads figment, knowing no snake has more heads than three. His weeping and laughing he thinks 'right alike', but he wants to know how the sapient Ferishtah could plead so before God concerning *his* beliefs and disbeliefs. On this Ferishtah tells the story of the sons of Ishak, who was reported killed at Yezdt, but who has come home after a lapse of ten years. A baggage-boy had told the sons he had seen their father well and cured, on which one son had hailed the news and the other sadly disbelieved. Now after ten years the father returns, and the neighbours tell the son who had believed to welcome his father, but exhort the other to hide. "Do you not say the same?" asks Ferishtah. His interlocutor promptly pooh-poohs such reasoning. "Suppose", he asks, "that the believing son had regretted his father's survival? Would Ishak be such a fool as to reward belief of that kind?" Then says Ferishtah, closing the sederunt: 'Is God less wise? Resume the roll!' And the poem concludes with: 'They did'. One hopes they profited by it, for certainly an idler or a more muddle-headed wrangle than they have had never occurred outside of a mad-house. It is only fair to say that this third instalment of the "Fancies" stands alone in the book in respect of sheer confusion; but the publication of such a hopeless tangle of casuistry calls for either an explanation or an apology to the public, and if the Browning Society is good for anything it will take the matter up.

The fourth of the Ferishtah studies, loosely titled "The Family", is highly characteristic and instructive. A neighbor wants to know why Ferishtah, who yesterday argued that it was monstrous to think to influence God's conduct by prayer, has to-day prayed for a sick friend, and on that account feels relieved. Ferishtah, *more suo*, tells a story of how a married woman, being bitten in the leg by a serpent, was prescribed amputation; how the husband sighingly acquiesced; how the oldest son deprecated haste; how the next insisted on having his mother cured without amputation; and how the youngest told his brothers the doctor must certainly know best what to do, and exhorted him to proceed at once. Ferishtah's new questioner, with Browningese promptitude, pronounces the youngster a young devil. "Why, he held with the Hakim", says Ferishtah, in his Socratic way. "Yes, but was he filial in doing so?" asks the now entrapped neighbor. "Now I've got you", in effect replies Ferishtah. "God is the Hakim; the husband's attitude is the obedient angel's; the first son's is that of wise humanity; the second's that of wrong-headed yet right-hearted humanity; while the chit 'thinks to discard humanity itself', 'so, missing heaven and losing earth—drops how but hell-wards'? Moral: pray when your emotions prompt you to." That is a fair specimen of Ferishtah, and, be it added, of Mr. Browning. He may storm as he pleases, but we will swear to the fine Roman hand here. The story is an ingenious justification, in his special style of thinking, of irrationality in religion; and the lesson taught is: "Do not be as wise as you can". By a purely verbal process of reasoning, the rationalist who does not pray is compared to the clear-headed, cold-hearted boy who has no hesitation about letting his mother's leg be

amputated; and, for the polemic purpose, the admission as to the angelic wisdom of the husband's course is set aside, as is Ferishtah's philosophy of yesterday. It is the explicit inculcation of unreason. It may be argued that Mr. Browning does not endorse this "fancy" (or fallacy) of Ferishtah any more than he did the first; but those of us who have studied him know better. The voice is the voice of Jacob.

Space fails for the examination of all the reasonings of Ferishtah, but one more must be noticed—that of the twelfth section, entitled "A Bean-stalk: also Apple-eating". Ferishtah is asked by a scholar to say whether life is a good or a bad thing, and the poet sagaciously contrives to make the questioner elaborate his problem in such a way as to give himself into Ferishtah's hands. "Take a lot of beans", says the querist: "you can tell me whether they are white or black; take the days of life in the same way, and tell their color: I say they are black". No inquirer with an atom of dialectical acuteness would have put such a leading question. Ferishtah's cue clearly is to answer: "Here is a row of beans, black and white: see—the effect of the whole is greyish; only, if, instead of taking in the whole row in your glance, you let your eye rest on one bean, the chances are that it is the blackest". The questioner had contended that life consisted of memory of past and fear of future pain—the breathing spaces of 'blank', 'which simple folk style Good', only serving to let consciousness of evil pass into apprehension of evil to come. Ferishtah has but to reply that we ourselves make the days black or white—making them white as the moon turns dark clouds to silver. For the rest, pleasure is the more pleasurable because 'enhanced by pain's shade'; and before a peaceful death, welcomed as sleep after toil, the impression from the whole past is that of whiteness. To this the pessimist, girding up his loins somewhat, rejoins with a reference to the 'immeasurable miseries' of life apart from Ferishtah; and Ferishtah's reply is weak enough to counterbalance the previous weakness of his antagonist. First he argues, circumspectly enough, that he—like, say the palm-aphis—knows his 'own appointed patch i' the world'; and that how the aphides on other leaves really feel is for him 'past conjecture'. But, mindful of his theosophy, he must proceed to say that, unlike the aphis, he perceives a 'world of woe' around him; and that, all things considered, he leaves the matter with God; sympathising with his kind, but not seeing any irretrievable gloom. 'Man's impotency, God's omnipotence', he says, 'these stop my answer'—which is simply a shelving of the entire question. His companion reminds him that certain Indian sages find life entirely black; on which he spins a parable to convey the old rebuttal, "How or why, then, do they live? Their living proves they lied"; and the dialogue runs into an exposition of God's purposes, concluding with an announcement of intention to be forever grateful for God's goodness.

Here again we have a familiar lesson. Mr. Browning we knew of old to be an optimist; and he makes it quite intelligible for us why he is so. It is the personal equation. An excellent constitution, a good income, a sense of having no duty to humanity that is not fulfilled by writing poems, a capacity for cosmopolitanism, tolerable

insensibility to the woes of the world, and the capacity to fall easily in love when past seventy—these are the conditions of Mr. Browning's optimism, and they are certainly ample. With his *à priori* belief in a God it is meet that he should be grateful. His lines have truly been cast in pleasant places, and he is to be congratulated accordingly. But when he calls on us to accept his comfortable consciousness as the measure of the facts of life we are fain to demur. In the first place we do not in the least see that Mr. Browning's theosophy has anything in it that can enable it to supersede the philosophy of men who—though not poets—have brought to the study of the problem of the universe a reasoning faculty greatly superior to his. We find his theosophy, in fact, a childish conception of things, suited rather to schoolgirls than to thoughtful men. It is crude, haphazard, arbitrary and hopelessly inadequate—professing, as it does, to account for the facts of life, and yet glossing over every logical chasm with a "Shall not God do all things well?" And this inadequacy of method becomes perhaps specially glaring when, as here, the poet versifies his opinions on a matter of practical philosophy which has been debated much more systematically and much more competently by other men before him. Mr. Browning's working philosophy is a very good one as such—perhaps the best going. It is that you should enjoy life as much as possible, and above all things get as much love out of it—or, love as much—as you can, love being the chief thing in life. The prescription, so far as it goes, is excellent, and the poet does well to offer it. But it is one thing to prescribe so, and another thing to say that he who lives up to the prescription has seen round the universe. "Enthusiam's the best thing", as Mr. Browning said once; "only you can't command it". And there are a good many millions of human beings who cannot digest so well as Mr. Browning can, who cannot dine as he can, who have not his healthy nerves, who bear heavy burdens of sorrow, who inherit ill-balanced brains or diseased bodies, who have not his means or his faculties of enjoyment, or his remarkable facility of falling in love at all periods of life; or who, while themselves fairly good organisms, are nevertheless unable to go about like him making merry in such a world as this, and are moved to try to do something for their less fortunate fellow creatures. Many of these perceive in society a dire struggle for existence, and have some scruples about indulging freely in an ease made for them and their like by the bloody sweat of half the human race. They do not insist that Mr. Browning should abandon his cheerful creed of "God attends to these matters", for a deliberate study of sociology; but they do feel that his perpetual proffer of his formula to other people as a complete solution of the riddle of the painful earth indicates him to be—well, just a little obtuse.

This intellectual revulsion is not the kind of spirit a poet should produce in his critical readers, even when they disagree with him. Strictly speaking, our concern with his opinions is but secondary. But what is it in poetry that makes us enjoy it, even when we reject its teaching? It is the poet's attainment of loveliness of speech—his artistic achievement—a production of beauty which we feel to be admirable irrespective of the truth of the ideas expressed. We may refuse to accept the theology of "In Memoriam", but the poet has

justified his poem for us by his artistic labor, and men will continue to take pleasure in his art long after they have done with his philosophy. But in "Ferishtah's Fancies" there is no fine art to give the ideas a lasting hold on our attention. One reading suffices for our curiosity. The book certainly has that quality of being alive which almost all Mr. Browning's poems have. His cerebration is never sluggish; and this attribute of vitality is perhaps the most irrefragable proof of his poetic faculty, obvious as it is even where his work is unsatisfactory. It is his keen, vibrating personality that gives the book what literary value it has, and that value counts for something, with those of us, at least, who took to him while young, as we did to Carlyle, and acquired a kind of palate for his special style-flavor. But the mere tang of the poet's manner is a thing of which one taste goes a long way when the fibre of the pabulum he presents us is as crude as it is here. It is about the most headlong blank-verse he has written, and so frequently diffuse, with all its generic air of terseness, as to interfere even with our feeling for the poet's quality of intensity. On the one hand we find dozens of lines of mere weak prose, and on the other very few that are fairly felicitous poetry. Some sense of this artistic deficiency probably induced the poet to resort to his doggerelly justified process of inserting lyrics between the blank-verse pieces. These lyrics one turns to rather eagerly. Some of the opening lines of the first anecdote poem suggest that they are to be regarded as Ferishtah's; and now and then they corroborate the sentiments of the preceding section—as that following the dialogue in which we are taught not to be rational; but they are as obviously expressive of Mr. Browning as is the philosophy of the blank-verse. There is a certain presumption in their favor accordingly; but here, too, alas, there is disappointment. Slip-shod, dexterous rapidity of execution is in many cases their main title to praise, and it involves a quality of roughness, cheapness, incompleteness, and even positive unintelligibility. One or two, however, have some of the attributes of the poet's earlier and better work, and I quote one by way of giving some poetic offset to all the foregoing prosing:

You groped your way across my room i' the dear [drear?] dark dead of night,
At each fresh step a stumble was; but, once your lamp alight,
Easy and plain you walked again: so soon all wrong grew right!

What lay on floor to trip your foot? Each object, late awry,
Looked fitly placed, nor proved offence to footing free—for why?
The lamp showed all, discordant late, grown simple symmetry.

Be love your light and trust your guide, with these explore my heart!
No obstacle to trip you then, strike hands and souls apart!
Since rooms and hearts are furnished so,—light shows you,—needs love start?

That is, perhaps—two-thirds of it at least—the best thing in the book, and at the best the new wine seems thinner and cloudier than that of the old days.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Autobiographical Sketches.

By Annie Besant.

XIII.

Sometimes my lecturing experiences were not of the smoothest. In June, 1875, I visited Darwen in Lancashire, and found that stone-throwing was considered a fair argument to be addressed to "the Atheist lecturer". On my last visit to that place in May, 1884, large and enthusiastic audiences attended the lectures, and not a sign of hostility was to be seen outside the hall. At Swansea, in March, 1876, the fear of violence was so great that no local friend had the courage to take the chair for me (a guarantee against damage to the hall had been exacted by the proprietor). I had to march on to the platform in solitary state, introduce myself, and proceed with my lecture. If violence had been intended, none was offered: it would have needed much brutality to charge on to a platform occupied by a solitary woman. (By the way, those who fancy that a lecturer's life is a luxurious one may note that the Swansea lecture spoken of was one of a series of ten, delivered within eight days at Wednesbury, Bilston, Kidderminster, Swansea, and Bristol, most of the travelling being performed through storm, rain, and snow.) On September 4th, 1876, I had rather a lively time at Hoyland, a village near Barnsley. A Mr. Hebblethwaite, a Primitive Methodist minister, "prepared the way of the" Atheist by pouring out virulent abuse on Atheism in general, and this Atheist in particular; two Protestant missionaries aided him vigorously, exhorting the pious Christians to "sweep Secularists out". The result was a very fair row; I got through the lecture, despite many interruptions, but when it was over a regular riot ensued; the enraged Christians shook their fists at me, swore at me, and finally took to kicking as I passed out to the cab; only one kick, however, reached me, and the attempts to overturn the cab were foiled by the driver, who put his horse at a gallop. A somewhat barbarous village, that same village of Hoyland. Congleton proved even livelier on September 25th and 26th. Mr. Bradlaugh lectured there on September 25th to an accompaniment of broken windows; I was sitting with Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy in front of the platform, and received a rather heavy blow at the back of the head from a stone thrown by someone in the room. We had a mile and a half to walk from the hall to Mrs. Elmy's house, and this was done in the company of a mud-throwing crowd, who yelled curses, hymns, and foul words with delightful impartiality. On the following evening I was to lecture, and we were escorted to the hall by a stone-throwing crowd; when I was lecturing a man shouted "Put her out!" and a well-known wrestler of the neighborhood, named Burbery, who had come to the hall with seven friends, stood up in the front row and loudly interrupted. Mr. Bradlaugh, who was in the chair, told him to sit down, and as he persisted in making a noise, informed him that he must either be quiet or go out. "Put me out!" said Burbery, striking an attitude. Mr. Bradlaugh left

the platform and walked up to the noisy swashbuckler, who at once grappled with him and tried to throw him; but Mr. Burbery had not reckoned on his opponent's strength, and when the "throw" was complete Mr. Burbery was underneath. Amid much excitement Mr. Burbery was propelled to the door, where he was handed over to the police, and the Chairman resumed his seat and said "Go on", whereupon on I went and finished the lecture. There was plenty more stone-throwing outside, and Mrs. Elmy received a cut on the temple, but no serious harm was done—except to Christianity.

In the summer of 1875 a strong protest was made by the working classes against the grant of £142,000 for the Prince of Wales' visit to India, and on Sunday, July 18th, I saw for the first time one of the famous "Hyde Park Demonstrations". Mr. Bradlaugh called a meeting to support Messrs. Taylor, Macdonald, Wilfrid Lawson, Burt, and the other fourteen members of the House of Commons who voted in opposition to the grant, and to protest against burdening the workers to provide for the amusement of a spendthrift prince. I did not go into the meeting, but, with Mr. Bradlaugh's two daughters, hovered on the outskirts. A woman is considerably in the way in such a gathering, unless the speakers reach the platform in carriages, for she is physically unfitted to push her way through the dense mass of people, and has therefore to be looked after and saved from the crushing pressure of the crowd. I have always thought that a man responsible for the order of such huge gatherings ought not to be burdened in addition with the responsibility of protecting his female friends, and have therefore preferred to take care of myself outside the meetings both at Hyde Park and in Trafalgar Square. The method of organisation by which the London Radicals have succeeded in holding perfectly orderly meetings of enormous size is simple but effective. A large number of "marshals" volunteer, and each of these hands in to Mr. Bradlaugh a list of the "stewards" he is prepared to bring; the "marshals" and "stewards" alike are members of the Radical and Secular associations of the metropolis. These officials all wear badges—a rosette of the Northampton election colors; directions are given to the marshals by Mr. Bradlaugh himself, and each marshal, with his stewards, turns up at the appointed place at the appointed time, and does the share of the work allotted to him. A ring two or three deep is formed round the place whence the speakers are to address the meeting, and those who form the ring stand linked arm-in-arm, making a living barrier round this empty spot. There a platform, brought thither in pieces, is screwed together, and into this enclosure only the chosen speakers and newspaper reporters are admitted. The marshals and stewards who are not told off for guarding the platform are distributed over the ground which the meeting is to occupy, and act as guardians of order.

The Hyde Park meeting against the royal grant was a thoroughly successful one, and a large number of protests came up from all parts of the country. Being from the poorer classes, they were of course disregarded, but none the less was a strong agitation against royal grants carried on throughout the autumn and winter months. The National Secular Society determined to gather signatures to a "monster petition against royal grants", and the superintendence of this

was placed in my hands. The petition was drafted by Mr. Bradlaugh, and ran as follows :—

"To the Honorable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.

"The humble petition of the undersigned,

"Prays,—That no further grant or allowance may be made to any member of the Royal Family until an account shall have been laid before your Honorable House, showing the total real and personal estates and incomes of each and every member of the said Royal Family who shall be in receipt of any pension or allowance, and also showing all posts and places of profit severally held by members of the said Royal Family, and also showing all pensions, if any, formerly charged on any estates now enjoyed by any member or members of the said Royal Family, and in case any such pensions shall have been transferred, showing how and at what date such transfer took place."

Day after day, week after week, month after month, the postman delivered rolls of paper little and big, each roll containing the names and addresses of men and women who protested against the waste of public money on our greedy and never-satisfied Royal House. The sheets often bore the marks of the places to which they had been carried; from a mining district some would come coal-dust-blackened, which had been signed in the mines by workers who grudged to idleness the fruits of toil; from an agricultural district the sheets bore often far too many "crosses", the "marks" of those whom Church and landlord had left in ignorance, regarding them only as machines for sowing and reaping. From September 1875 to March 1876, they came in steady stream, and each was added to the ever-lengthening roll which lay in one corner of my sitting-room and which assumed ever larger and larger proportions. At last the work was over and on June 16th, 1876, the "monster", rolled on a mahogany pole presented by a London friend, and encased in American cloth, was placed in a carriage to be conveyed to the House of Commons; the heading ran: "The petition of the undersigned Charles Bradlaugh, Annie Besant, Charles Watts, and 102,934 others". Unrolled, it was nearly a mile in length, and a very happy time we had in rolling the last few hundred yards. When we arrived at the House, Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Watts carried the petition up Westminster Hall, each holding one end of the mahogany pole. Messrs. Burt and Macdonald took charge of the "'monster" at the door of the House, and carrying it in presented it in due form. The presentation caused considerable excitement both in the House and in the press, and the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* said some kindly words of the "labor and enthusiasm" bestowed on the petition by myself.

At the beginning of August, 1875, the first attempt to deprive me of my little daughter, Mabel, was made, but fortunately proved unsuccessful. The story of the trick played is told in the *National Reformer* of August 22nd, and I quote it just as it appeared there :—

"Personal.—Mrs. Annie Besant, as some of our readers are aware, was the wife of a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. Frank Besant, Vicar of Sibsey, near Boston, in Lincolnshire. There is no need, *at present*, to say anything about the earlier portion of her married life; but when Mrs. Besant's opinions on religious matters became liberal, the conduct of

her husband rendered a separation absolutely necessary, and in 1873 a formal deed of separation was drawn up, and duly executed. Under this deed Mrs. Besant is entitled to the sole custody and control of her infant daughter Mabel until the child becomes of age, with the proviso that the little girl is to visit her father for one month in each year. Having recently obtained possession of the person of the little child under cover of the annual visit, the Rev. Mr. Besant sought to deprive Mrs. Besant entirely of her daughter, on the ground of Mrs. Besant's Atheism. Vigorous steps were at once taken by Messrs. Lewis and Lewis (to whom our readers will remember we entrusted the case of Mr. Lennard against Mr. Woolrych), by whose advice Mrs. Besant at once went down herself to Sibsey to demand the child; the little girl had been hidden, and was not at the Vicarage, but we are glad to report that Mrs. Besant has, after some little difficulty, recovered the custody of her daughter. It was decided against Percy Bysshe Shelley that an Atheist father could not be the guardian of his own children. If this law be appealed to, and any one dares to enforce it, we shall contest it step by step; and while we are out of England, we know that in case of any attempt to retake the child by force we may safely leave our new advocate to the protection of the stout arms of our friends, who will see that no injustice of this kind is done her. So far as the law courts are concerned, we have the most complete confidence in Mr. George Henry Lewis, and we shall fight the case to the House of Lords if need be.—CHARLES BRADLAUGH."

The attempt to take the child from me by force indeed failed, but later the theft was successfully carried out by due process of law. It is always a blunder from a tactical point of view for a Christian to use methods of illegal violence in persecuting an Atheist in this Christian land; legal violence is a far safer weapon, for courage can checkmate the first while it is helpless before the second. All Christians who adopt the sound old principle that "no faith need be kept with the heretic" should remember that they can always guard themselves against unpleasant consequences by breaking faith under cover of the laws against heresy, which still remain on our Statute Book *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

In September, 1875, Mr. Bradlaugh again sailed for America, leaving plenty of work to be done by his colleagues before he returned. The Executive of the National Secular Society had determined to issue a "Secular Song Book", and the task of selection and of editing was confided to me. The little book was duly issued, and ran through two editions; then, feeling that it was marred by many sins both of commission and of omission, I set my face against the publication of a third edition, hoping that a compilation more worthy of Free Thought might be made. I am half inclined to take the matter up again, and set to work at a fresh collection.

The delivery and publication of a course of six lectures on the early part of the French Revolution was another portion of that autumn's work; they involved a large amount of labor, as I had determined to tell the story from the people's point of view, and was therefore compelled to read a large amount of the current literature of the time, as well as the great standard histories of Louis Blanc, Michelet, and others. Fortunately for me, Mr. Bradlaugh had a splendid collection of works on the subject, and before he left England he brought to me two cabs full of books, French and English, from all points of view, aristocratic, ecclesiastical, democratic, and I studied these diligently and impartially until the French Revolution became

to me as a drama in which I had myself taken part, and the actors therein became personal friends and foes. In this again, as in so much of my public work, I have to thank Mr. Bradlaugh for the influence which led me to read fully all sides of a question, and to read most carefully those from which I differed most, ere I judged myself competent to write or to speak thereon.

The late autumn was clouded by the news of Mr. Bradlaugh's serious illness in America. After struggling for some time against ill-health he was struck down by an attack of pleurisy, to which soon was added typhoid fever, and for a time lay at the brink of the grave. Dr. Otis, his able physician, finding that it was impossible to give him the necessary attendance at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, put him into his own carriage and drove him to the Hospital of St. Luke's, where he confided him to the care of Dr. Leaming, himself also visiting him daily. Of this illness the *Baltimore Advertiser* wrote:

"Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the famous English Radical lecturer, has been so very dangerously ill that his life has almost been despaired of. He was taken ill at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and partially recovered; but on the day upon which a lecture had been arranged from him before the Liberal Club he was taken down a second time with a relapse, which has been very near proving fatal. The cause was overwork and complete nervous prostration, which brought on low fever. His physician has allowed one friend only to see him daily for five minutes, and removed him to St. Luke's Hospital for the sake of the absolute quiet, comfort, and intelligent attendance he could secure there, and for which he was glad to pay munificently. This long and severe illness has disappointed the hopes and retarded the object for which he came to this country; but he is gentleness and patience itself in his sickness in this strange land, and has endeared himself greatly to his physicians and attendants by his gratitude and appreciation of the slightest attention."

There is no doubt that the care so willingly lavished on the English stranger saved his life, and those who in England honor Charles Bradlaugh as chief and love him as friend must always keep in grateful memory those who in his sorest need served him so nobly well. Those who think that an Atheist cannot calmly face the prospect of death might well learn a lesson from the fortitude and courage shown by an Atheist as he lay at the point of death, far from home and from all he loved best. The Rev. Mr. Frothingham bore public and admiring testimony in his own church to Mr. Bradlaugh's perfect serenity, at once fearless and unpretending, and, himself a Theist, gave willing witness to the Atheist's calm strength.

Mr. Bradlaugh returned to England at the end of December, worn to a shadow and terribly weak, and for many a long month he bore the traces of his wrestle with death. Indeed, he felt the effect of the illness for years, for typhoid fever is a foe whose weapons leave scars even after the healing of the wounds it inflicts.

The first work done by Mr. Bradlaugh on resuming the editorial chair of the *National Reformer*, was to indite a vigorous protest against the investment of national capital in the Suez Canal Shares. He exposed the financial condition of Egypt, gave detail after detail of the Khedive's indebtedness, unveiled the rottenness of the Egyptian Government, warned the people of the danger of taking the first steps

in a path which must lead to continual interference in Egyptian finance, denounced the shameful job perpetrated by Mr. Disraeli in borrowing the money for the purchase from the Rothschilds at enormous interest. His protest was, of course, useless, but its justice has been proved by the course of events. The bombarding of Alexandria, the shameful repression of the national movement in Egypt, the wholesale and useless slaughter in the Soudan, the waste of English lives and English money, the new burden of debt and of responsibility now assumed by the Government, all these are the results of the fatal purchase of shares in the Suez Canal by Mr. Disraeli; yet against the chorus of praise which resounded from every side when the purchase was announced, but one voice of disapproval and of warning was raised at first; others soon caught the warning and saw the dangers it pointed out, but for awhile Charles Bradlaugh stood alone in his opposition, and to him belongs the credit of at once seeing the peril which lay under the purchase.

The 1876 conference of the National Secular Society held at Leeds showed the growing power of the organisation, and was made notable by a very pleasant incident—the presentation to a miner, William Washington, of a silver tea-pot and some books, in recognition of a very noble act of self-devotion. An explosion had occurred on Dec. 6, 1875, at Swaithe Main pit, in which 143 miners were killed; a miner belonging to a neighboring pit, named William Washington, an Atheist, when every one was hanging back, sprang into the cage to descend into the pit in forlorn hope of rescue, when to descend seemed almost certain death. Others swiftly followed the gallant volunteer, but he had set the example, and it was felt by the Executive of the National Secular Society that his heroism deserved recognition. William Washington set his face against any gift to himself, so the subscription to a testimonial was limited to 6d., and a silver teapot was presented to him for his wife and some books for his children. At this same conference a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Charles Bradlaugh, G. J. Holyoake, C. Watts, R. A. Cooper, — Gimson, T. Slater, and Mrs. Besant, to draw up a fresh statement of the principles and objects of the National Secular Society; it was decided that this statement should be submitted to the ensuing Conference, that the deliberation on the report of the Committee should "be open to all Freethinkers, but that only those will be entitled to vote on the ratification who declare their determination to enter the Society on the basis of the ratified constitution". It was hoped that by this means various scattered and independent societies might be brought into union, and that the National Secular Society might be thereby strengthened. The committee held a very large number of meetings and finally decided on the following statement, which was approved of at the Conference held at Nottingham in 1877, and stands now as the "Principles and Object of the National Secular Society":—

"The National Secular Society has been formed to maintain the principles and rights of Freethought, and to direct their application to the Secular improvement of this life.

"By the principle of Freethought is meant the exercise of the understanding upon relevant facts, and independently of penal or priestly intimidation.

"By the rights of Freethought are meant the liberty of free criticism for the security of truth, and the liberty of free publicity for the extension of truth.

"Secularism relates to the present existence of man, and to actions the issue of which can be tested by experience.

"It declares that the promotion of human improvement and happiness is the highest duty, and that morality is to be tested by utility.

"That in order to promote effectually the improvement and happiness of mankind, every individual of the human family ought to be well placed and well instructed, and that all who are of a suitable age ought to be usefully employed for their own and the general good.

"That human improvement and happiness cannot be effectually promoted without civil and religious liberty; and that, therefore, it is the duty of every individual to actively attack all barriers to equal freedom of thought and utterance for all, upon political, theological, and social subjects.

"A Secularist is one who deduces his moral duties from considerations which pertain to this life, and who, practically recognising the above duties, devotes himself to the promotion of the general good.

"The object of the National Secular Society is to disseminate the above principles by every legitimate means in its power."

At this same Conference of Leeds was inaugurated the subscription to the statue to be erected in Rome to the memory of Giordano Bruno, burned in that city for Atheism in 1600; this resulted in the collection of £60.

The Executive appointed by the Leeds Conference made great efforts to induce the Freethinkers of the country to work for the repeal of the Blasphemy Laws, and in October 1876 they issued a copy of a petition against those evil laws to every one of the forty branches of the Society. The effort proved, however, of little avail. The laws had not been put in force for a long time, and were regarded with apathy as being obsolete, and it has needed the cruel imprisonments inflicted by Mr. Justice North on Messrs. Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp, to arouse the Freethought party to a sense of their duty in the matter.

The year 1877 had scarcely opened ere we found ourselves with a serious fight on our hands. A pamphlet written early in the present century by Charles Knowlton, M.D., entitled "The Fruits of Philosophy", which had been sold unchallenged in England for nearly forty years, was suddenly seized at Bristol as an obscene publication. The book had been supplied in the ordinary course of business by Mr. Charles Watts, but the Bristol bookseller had altered its price, had inserted some indecent pictures in it, and had sold it among literature to which the term obscene was fairly applied. In itself, Dr. Knowlton's work was merely a physiological treatise, and it advocated conjugal prudence and parental responsibility; it argued in favor of early marriage, but as overlarge families among persons of limited incomes imply either pauperism, or lack of necessary food, clothing, education, and fair start in life for the children, Dr. Knowlton advocated the restriction of the number of the family within the means of existence, and stated the means by which this restriction should be carried out. On hearing of the prosecution, Mr. Watts went down to Bristol, and frankly announced himself as the publisher of the book.

Soon after his return to London he was arrested on the charge of having published an obscene book, and was duly liberated on bail. Mr. and Mrs. Watts, Mr. Bradlaugh, and myself met to arrange our plan of united action on Friday, January 12, and it was decided that Mr. Watts should defend the book, that a fund should at once be raised for his legal expenses, and that once more the right of publication of useful knowledge in a cheap form should be defended by the leaders of the Freethought party. After long and friendly discussion we separated with the plan of the campaign arranged, and it was decided that I should claim the sympathy and help of the Plymouth friends, whom I was to address on the following Sunday, January 14. I went down to Plymouth on January 13, and there received a telegram from Mr. Watts, saying that a change of plan had been decided on. I was puzzled, but none the less I appealed for help as I had promised to do, and a collection of £8 1s. 10d. for Mr. Watts's Defence Fund was made after my evening lecture. To my horror, on returning to London, I found that Mr. Watts had given way before the peril of imprisonment, and had decided to plead guilty to the charge of publishing an obscene book, and to throw himself on the mercy of the Court, relying on his previous good character and on an alleged ignorance of the contents of the incriminated work. The latter plea we knew to be false, for Mr. Watts before going down to Bristol to declare himself responsible for the pamphlet had carefully read it and had marked all the passages which, being physiological, might be attacked as "obscene". This marked copy he had sent to the Bristol bookseller, before he himself went to Bristol to attend the trial, and under these circumstances any pretence of ignorance of the contents of the book was transparently inaccurate. Mr. Watts' surrender, of course, upset all the arrangements we had agreed on; Mr. Bradlaugh and myself were prepared to stand by him in battle, but not in surrender. I at once returned to the Secretary of the Plymouth Branch the money collected for defence, not for capitulation, and Mr. Bradlaugh published the following brief statement in the *National Reformer* for January 21:

"PROSECUTION OF MR. CHARLES WATTS.—Mr. Charles Watts, as most of our readers will have already learned, has been committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court for February 5th, for misdemeanor, for publication of a work on the population question, entitled "Fruits of Philosophy", by Charles Knowlton, M.D. This book has been openly published in England and America for more than thirty years. It was sold in England by James Watson, who always bore the highest repute. On James Watson's retirement from business it was sold by Holyoake & Co., at Fleet Street House, and was afterwards sold by Mr. Austin Holyoake until the time of his death; and a separate edition was, up to last week, still sold by Mr. Brooks, of 282 Strand, W.C. When Mr. James Watson died, Mr. Charles Watts bought from James Watson's widow a large quantity of stereotype plates, including this work. If this book is to be condemned as obscene, so also in my opinion must be many published by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, and other publishers, against whose respectability no imputation has been made. Such books as Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man" must immediately be branded as obscene, while no medical work must be permitted publication; and all theological works, like those of Dulaure, Inman, etc., dealing with ancient creeds, must at once be suppressed. The

bulk of the publications of the society for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, together with its monthly organ, the *Shield*, would be equally liable. The issue of the greater part of classic authors, and of Lemprière, Shakspere, Sterne, Fielding, Richardson, Rabelais, etc., must be stopped: while the Bible—containing obscene passages omitted from the lectionary—must no longer be permitted circulation. All these contain obscenity which is either inserted to amuse or to instruct, and the medical work now assailed deals with physiological points purely to instruct and to increase the happiness of men and women.

"If the pamphlet now prosecuted had been brought to me for publication, I should probably have declined to publish it, not because of the subject-matter, but because I do not like its style. If I had once published it, I should defend it until the very last. Here Mr. Watts and myself disagree in opinion; and as he is the person chiefly concerned, it is, of course, right that his decision should determine what is done. He tells me that he thinks the pamphlet indefensible, and that he was misled in publishing it without examination as part of James Watson's stock. I think it ought to be fought right through. Under these circumstances I can only leave Mr. Watts to speak for himself, as we so utterly differ in opinion on this case that I cease to be his proper interpreter. I have, therefore, already offered Mr. Watts the columns of the *National Reformer*, that he may put before the party his view of the case, which he does in another column.—C. BRADLAUGH."

(*To be continued.*)

The Nebular Theory.

By a theory is meant an explanation of phænomena, and before giving an account of the hypothesis known as the Nebular Theory of the origin of the solar system, it will be as well to state the facts which require explanation.

The struggle for existence of the Copernican system with the church had long ceased; Galileo and Kepler had long passed away, and Newton, by his application of dynamical principles to planetary motions, had set the system on the firmest foundations in the minds of all. Before the time of Copernicus, that is, before the middle of the sixteenth century, the belief of Christendom had been that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the whole of the stellar worlds were created subservient to it. Copernicus, though he was not the first to do so, taught that not the earth but the sun was the centre of the planetary system, and that the planets revolved round the sun, and at the same time on their own axes.

Into the endeavor and final failure of the Church to strangle this truth, it is not the province of this paper to enter. Suffice it to remark that the dogma of infallibility received its second great shock when, by the labors of Galileo and Kepler, Copernicus was proved to have been correct. The discovery of the true order which held throughout the universe gave man an incomparably greater perception of the vastness of nature. The earth, from the eminence of being the largest body in nature, was deposed, and a rank assigned her in which (comparing her with the new-found immensity of space,) she was levelled to the dignity of a mote in a sunbeam. The stars, which had been considered to be

the bright heads of the nails which held the parts of the over-arching crystal firmament together, were now perceived in their true splendor as being each a glowing orb vying with our own central luminary in dimensions, and probably being each attended by his own family of worlds.

But great as this step was, it led to another advance of equal importance, an advance against which, as usual, the Christian Church struggled, and was, again as usual, worsted. This new advance was the proposition of a theory to explain certain peculiarities, which could certainly not be looked upon as coincidences, observed in the motions and figures of the planets.

The Solar System consists of the sun as a central body, round which revolve in the order in which I mention them, commencing with the planet nearest the sun, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, a belt or zone of very small planets called Planetoids, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. The two last planets mentioned, together with the Planetoids, were unknown to Copernicus. But little observation was necessary to show that all these bodies revolved round the sun in a common direction, the direction being that in which the sun himself revolves on his axis. This in itself shows that the order which obtains in the Solar System was not a matter of mere chance, the result of fortuitous circumstances. Taken as a matter of probability, the chances are millions to one against this condition of things being but a coincidence. Manifestly there must have been some cause for this uniform direction of motion. It must have been the result of some regularly acting force. How much more must we hold to this conclusion when we consider that the axial revolutions of these bodies, more than two hundred and fifty in all, are all accomplished in still the same direction—that in which these bodies move in their orbits. Add to this that the whole of the planets and planetoids revolve in orbits which are nearly in one plane; that all the orbits are nearly circular (Copernicus supposed that they were quite so); that most of the larger planets have satellites whose axial and orbital motions coincide in direction with those of the planets; that all the larger planets have shapes not exactly spherical, being each a little flattened at the poles where their axial rotation is slowest, and bulged out at the equator where this movement is quickest; and it becomes a positive certainty that these phænomena have had a common cause, that they are the result of the action of some force or forces working according to definite laws, and that they have not been produced by a cause which acted in an irregular or capricious manner. One exception to the general laws of motion of the members of the solar system I must mention. It is the case of the satellites of Uranus, which revolve round their primary in a direction contrary to that of the motion of Uranus itself. Also the plane in which they revolve is inclined at a great angle to that in which the planet moves. This deviation from the general rule shows that exceptional circumstances must have occurred at some time or another in the past to produce the derangement.

I have not taken into account the comets which are at present found as members of the solar system, because we know these bodies move in all directions through space, and whatever their constitution may be, are certainly of masses so small that one which had never

been in the system before might, if it came near enough to one of the planets, be so disturbed in its motion as to be made to revolve permanently about the sun.

The remarkable phænomena above detailed led Laplace to propound a theory in explanation of them. He supposed that the sun and planets, etc., once consisted of an impalpable haze spread through a spherical space, the diameter of which was many times greater than that of the present diameter of the orbit of the outermost body of the system—the planet Neptune, the diameter of whose orbit is in round numbers 6,000,000,000 miles. He supposed that this vast nebulous or cloudy mass had originally a rotation, however slight. This original rotation is necessary to the theory, because it is the force which caused the nebula ultimately to break up into a number of bodies: without it the cloud would have always remained one unbroken mass. Given this cloud-sphere with its rotation, acted on by the physical forces such as we now know them, and all the rest necessarily follows. This haze began to lose heat, which was radiated from all sides into space, and as it lost heat the force of gravitation caused the mass to become smaller by driving the particles closer together. Thus the mass began, as it were, to shrink in size. As this condensation went on the rotation of the mass in obedience to the well known law of gravitation became quicker and quicker. Now in a rotating spherical body the parts of the surface furthest from the extremities of the axis of rotation move most quickly; also, when anything is whirled it has a tendency to fly off at a tangent from the circle in which it revolves. This tendency is called centrifugal force, or the force tending to make it move away from the centre. It may be perceived, if we whirl in the air a body tied to the end of a string, by the pull exerted by the body on the hand in trying to get away from it. This centrifugal force causes a revolving fluid body to flatten out in a direction perpendicular to the axis of rotation, or what is the same thing, causes the polar (axial) diameter to shorten, and the equatorial diameter to lengthen. This flattening out would expose a greater surface, and the radiation of heat would take place more rapidly than before, being followed by a more rapid condensation, and a still swifter revolution. This would go on until the speed of revolution had reached such a rate that the tangential force (centrifugal tendency) at the edge would at last just counterbalance the effect of the force of gravity tending to drive the matter to the centre; and the inner portion contracting still more would leave this edge behind as a surrounding flat ring. Let us confine our attention for the present to this first ring, leaving the main mass to cool, contract further, revolve still more rapidly, and throw off other rings in succession. The matter of the ring would cool, and would pass from the gaseous through the liquid into the solid state. If the cooling was the same at every part of the ring, so that no portion of the matter cooled more quickly than another, the ring would retain its form; and on solidification it would break up into a number of minute solids, which in their aggregate would still retain their form of being a flat ring. This explains the existence of the rings of Saturn, which are probably not continuous, but consist of an immense number of small bodies, and which, from their distance and the minuteness of the intervals separating them, give the rings an

appearance of solidity. In the same way it would also explain the existence of the "ring of worlds", the planetoids, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

But while it is possible that the ring might cool in this manner, it is improbable that there should not be a slight difference in the rate of cooling at different parts. If this were so the fate of the *ring* would be sealed; for that part which cooled the most quickly would have the particles pressed most closely together and would be densest. This superior density would cause the remainder of the matter in the ring to gather round that point, until, instead of a ring, there would be one huge mass which would become spherical under the action of gravity. Thus we would have a planet in embryo—a molten glowing orb which would revolve about the central mass, and on itself, in the same direction as that in which it revolved when it was a ring. This liquid mass would in turn, and in the same manner, give birth to lesser bodies which would revolve round it as satellites. In this way Laplace accounted most simply for the marvellous uniformity observable in the solar system—the nebulous mass cooling and throwing off rings; the rings becoming (in most cases) planets still molten; these planets in turn throwing off other rings, which aggregated into satellites, all these bodies having a common direction both of revolution and rotation, and all moving in nearly a common plane. The theory also explains the internal heat of the earth, the still glowing condition of Jupiter and Saturn, and the flattening of the poles of the planets. This last peculiarity could only have been brought about when these bodies were in the molten condition, and as the theory supposes them to have passed through that state, it satisfactorily accounts for the fact.

A theory of the solar system may be arrived at in another way, by a method which confirms in a remarkable manner the hypothesis just described. It is this. The sun is at present radiating from his surface an unthinkable amount of heat, practically all of which (so far as we know) is wasted, only about 1-2000,000,000th of the total quantity being received by the whole of the planets. This amount of heat we may in some faint manner imagine, when we think that, if it were produced by the combustion of coal, it would require 20 tons of that precious mineral burned on each square foot of the sun's surface per day to make up for the heat lost by radiation. If the sun were one solid mass of coal, it would be entirely burnt up in a few thousand years. What then keeps up this heat of the sun? Clearly it cannot be kept up by combustion such as we know it. There is another theory accounting for it, and it is that immense meteoric masses are continually falling upon the sun, and generating fresh supplies of heat by the concussion. That heat may be produced in this way is an experimental fact, for whenever two bodies are knocked or rubbed together heat is produced. If a cold leaden bullet is smartly hammered it becomes sensibly warm. So that if the meteoric mass was sufficient in amount, the sun's heat could be kept up in this way. But the quantity of matter required is so great that it is believed it cannot be supplied by showers of meteoric bodies. Still another way of generating the heat of the sun and keeping up the supply, is the contraction of the sun's mass. As the sun loses heat, the particles fall

(under the action of gravity &c.,) closer together, and this falling together, just as in the case of a meteoric shower, would produce the heat required.

This last is the accepted theory of the production of the sun's heat and maintenance of his temperature. To effect the necessary production of heat, a contraction of the sun's volume which would shorten his diameter 4 miles in a century is required. So that, on this theory, one thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was 40 miles longer than it is now; a million years 40,000 miles longer than now (really more than 40,000, for, as we go back in time, the increase in the length of the diameter will not vary as the time, but will increase more rapidly). Thus it is conceivable that at some time in the past, it may be millions of years ago, the sun was so large that its diameter was as great as that of the orbit of Mercury, that is, the planet Mercury formed part of the mass of the sun. And thus if we go sufficiently far back in time we can see that the sun once extended beyond the present limits of the solar system and formed a volume of a diameter greater than that of the orbit of Neptune, and included in that mass all the bodies (except the comets) now forming his family. Such an extension of size would mean that the sun and planets consisted of matter in the gaseous condition; which, going far enough back, would be the impalpable haze of the nebular hypothesis. So that we are driven to the nebular theory, either if we endeavor to explain the motions of the planetary bodies, or if we wish to account for the production of the sun's heat by the most probable method, that of the contraction of its volume. But the reader may say: "Every star is a sun having probably a system of planets with satellites to which it radiates life-producing force; was then every star with its attendant worlds evolved—for an evolution it is—from a nebula in the same manner as was our solar system?" Let the discoveries of Sir W. Herschel answer. Sweeping the heavens with his great reflector Herschel discovered in space nebulæ, some of them appearing as pale patches of uniformly diffused light; others brighter towards the centre, indicating that a certain condensation and central aggregation had taken place; others again with the centre glowing so as to shine brightly as a star, yet still shading off into the surrounding fire-mist; and finally there were the fixed stars, exhibiting no nebulous outline, as the culmination of the series. These different kinds of nebulæ exhibited every gradation from a gas (as Herschel rightly conjectures it to be) of the greatest rarity, through intermediate degrees of condensation, up to the full development, the star. Looking from the first to the last of the series Herschel believed what he saw to be a true panorama of the process the solar system had undergone in past time; and that what was true of the sun was true of every star also.

Such then is the Nebular Theory, and such are the phenomena explained, and the facts which support it and, to my mind, remove it from the domain of supposition and constitute it a fact. But it is to be remembered that this hypothesis can neither be demonstrated by observation, nor proved by known mathematical methods; and the first from the nature of the case. From the vast time necessarily required for these stupendous events to work out their full develop-

ment it is impossible that the human race should witness the production of one system in this way. But as we have seen, there are observable in the universe masses of nebulous matter which we have the strongest grounds for believing are world-systems in different stages of production.

The earth, then, was not specially created less than 6,000 years ago, nor created at all in the true sense of the word; and the sun was not made after the earth and subservient to it, but was before the separate existence of the earth, and included it. The Nebular Hypothesis, and the Evolution Theory of Darwin combined, have destroyed the idea of special creation, (whether of worlds, or of organic species and individuals) and of arbitrary interference with the regular succession of cause and effect. From the time when the fire-mist first extended in space until now—a period of such immensity that our whole term of life, the whole time of the life of humanity or of the world, is to it but as the duration of a single throb of the human heart compared with the whole duration of human existence—there has been an unbroken chain of development, each phænomenon having its due cause, and being followed by its due effect.

As to whence came the original haze, we do not know. The production of the nebula no doubt has its explanation, and some future Herschel or Laplace may discover the principles of nebular development as these have shown the principles of world-architecture. For the present, let us not say that these things are unknowable, but rest content not to know, and not fall into the error of our fathers, who, when great mysteries were presented to their consciousness, postulated a still greater mystery, a God, in explanation. I, for one, am content not to know. Here, however, I would end, saying with Tyndall: "I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds when you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."

L. Small.

Storm and Calm.

Such peace as is the moon's is mine,
  Who, gazing from the flying car,
Regard her where she dwells divine,
  So pale, so passionless, so far.

For mind and moon as mirrors are,
  Though all around the mad winds brawl
And through them flies the roaring car—
  Storm within storm, and peace through all.

M. J. R

Our Household Pests.

THE SPIDER.

"Ugh! that hideous, hateful insect!" exclaim some of my gentle readers who feel about as much antipathy towards a spider as they would towards a snake or a toad. And one does really feel conscious of a kind of revengeful sentiment upon seeing a spider pounce eagerly upon a struggling fly, wind him in his toils, and pierce the living quivering flesh with his terrible fangs. It does make one feel indignant enough to crush the victor "red in tooth and claw," along with its victim, with somewhat of the chivalrous spirit of the errant knights of old whose business it was "to ride abroad redressing human wrong." But let us for the present at least accept things just as they are, in true optimist fashion, and extract a half hour's entertainment for the readers of *Our Corner* from a study of these cruel spiders.

And the first remark we make must be in the way of correction. "That hideous, hateful insect" is not an insect at all, but a member of quite a different class—the class Arachnida, to which the Mites and Scorpions belong. We know pretty well by this time what an insect is, and if we examine our spider we shall find that he is not of that ilk at all. There are no metamorphoses in his life history; there is no division between head and thorax; there is no segmentation of the body into rings; there are no compound eyes; no wings; instead of six legs there are eight; the breathing apparatus is not the same; the parts of the mouth are formed upon a different type; and organs exist which have no homologues in the insects. The internal anatomy also is highly specialised and varies in many respects from that of insects.

Let us examine the head of our spider first of all. We find that there are no antennæ. We have, however, a very conspicuous pair of jaws, apparently answering to the mandibles of the insects, serrated with hard horny teeth, and terminated with a tremendous pair of poison-fangs. These jaws are not called mandibles, but *falces*, notwithstanding that they subserve the same purposes as the mandibles of insects, and are not unlike those of certain beetles in general form. By some entomologists these jaws are considered to be modified antennæ, which have thus usurped the function of the true mandibles. In some few spiders, particularly the Mygalidæ, the *falces* move vertically, but in most families, that of our domestic pest included, they have a lateral movement as in the insects. They always terminate with the movable fang before mentioned, and its sharp point is perforated near its extremity with a small orifice through which a poisonous fluid is injected into the wound which it inflicts. The poison is secreted in the cephalo-thorax and passes through a duct to the point of the fang.

We find, besides, a pair of maxillary jaws of very simple construction used for mastication, and a labium or lower lip, also destitute of palpi. But the maxillæ have a pair of palps springing from their bases, large palpi, which enable the creature, most tenaciously, to retain its hold of its unlucky captives. Pierced and poisoned by those

falces, and held in the grip of those arms, they have slender chance of escape. The palpi are most curious appendages, and will greatly interest those who will take the trouble to examine them. They are certainly sexual organs, though about their special function there is some difference of opinion. They have five joints, the last, or digital joint as it is called, being terminated with a serrated or pectinated claw in the females, but by a most remarkable assemblage of horny or spiny processes in the males, processes which, when quiescent, are folded up in a club-like form, but which become opened out by their numerous articulations at the sexual seasons. That they assist in the act of fecundation is certain, though in what precise manner is not so clear; but, like most sexual distinctions, they have received such special and strongly marked development as to be of the utmost value in enabling entomologists not only to determine the sex but also the species to which different individuals belong.

Note also the eyes. There are eight of them arranged in two rows upon the top of the head, the anterior row being nearly straight, the posterior row curved, with the convexity directed backwards. They are simple eyes, single lenses, like those of the flea, but cruel and glittering in their aspect, black, shining, staring eyes, not pleasant to look upon. Our domestic spiders have the full complement of eyes, some species numbering only six of these organs. Here also their number and relative position assist the entomologist in the determination of species.

Again, there are no thoracic segments, but instead, quite a shield-like plate above and below, and from the margins of the lower or breast-plate spring the eight legs, which are all long, though not of equal length in the spiders. Of wings, or the rudiments of wings, we shall find no trace. Looking down the sides of the abdomen we shall discover no indications whatever of spiracles in the usual positions in which we look for them in the insects; we shall simply find an unbroken continuity of epidermis, destitute also of any trace of segmentation. But a careful search at the base of the abdomen will disclose four openings arranged in two pairs, through which the creature respires; no longer, however, by means of trachæa, but of trachæal lungs. These so-called lungs, or pulmo-branchiæ, are composed of numerous lamillæ or plates applied to one another like the leaves of a book, in a manner highly suggestive of the gills of a fish, or of a structure partaking of the character of lungs, gills, and trachæa; or they may be deemed modified trachæa, localized instead of being diffused. Close by, at the termination of the abdomen, we notice six tuft-like organs very much like teats in appearance; they are the external spinning apparatus of the creature. This group of tufted organs is very prominent, being apparent even to the naked eye, and when magnified it is seen to consist of four small spinners arranged in the form of a quadrangle, and of two large and three-jointed mammulæ superior to the others but wider apart. Those first named are the spinnarets proper, the outlets of the silk vessels. When very highly magnified each nipple-like point is seen to be pierced with a multitude of small holes; and from these openings the viscous silky fluid secreted in glands within the abdomen, issues and becomes agglutinated to form a single thread. The extreme tenuity of the primary viscous

threads allows them to harden immediately upon exposure to the air. The purpose of the two superior mammulæ is the binding down with transverse lines of the threads emitted from the inferior mammulæ, by which process a compact tissue is formed. The strength of a line formed of several hundreds of strands is enormous, and both the necessity for its tensile strength, and its perfect adaptability, are evident when one watches the spider, by suddenly closing its spinnarets, arresting itself in a downward course, and its comparatively large body hanging suspended in mid air by so minute and apparently inadequate a thread. And when one remembers that a tiny spider whose body measures no larger than a pin's head also possesses this same elaborate spinning apparatus, the excessive minuteness of each single strand of which its line is composed becomes almost inconceivable, and a fibre of common silk which is composed of but two threads becomes a huge cable by comparison. So strong indeed is the web that attempts have been made to utilise it as a substitute for silk, but owing to the difficulty of maintaining alive a large number of such pugnacious creatures as spiders, and to the extremely small quantity of silk produced by an individual (27,000 spiders, it is said, being required to furnish one pound of silk) they must be placed in the catalogue of industrial failures. Among other instances we may mention that Louis XIV possessed a pair of gloves woven from spiders' web, and that M. de Orbigny had a pair of drawers manufactured from the same material. There is, however, one very useful purpose to which spider's webs are put, and that is to form the fine micrometer threads of optical instruments, thus perhaps yielding more valuable service to mankind than if they were manufactured into gloves and stockings.

In examining our spider we cannot fail to be struck by the bulbous pouch-like appearance of the abdomen. It seems hugely distended in proportion to the rest of the body, and the stalk or "peduncle" which connects it with the cephalo-thorax appears as though too slight for the purpose of properly connecting the two portions. The object of this large yielding abdomen is doubtless first to allow of the storing up of the large fat masses which we discover upon dissecting a spider. The intestinal canal and the other organs are small, but the fat masses fill the greater portion of the abdomen. These form a reservoir or store of sustenance for the creature during its prolonged fasts of the winter months. For, though naturally voracious, it is able to sustain very lengthy periods of deprivation, since Mr. Blackwell relates that a female spider has been known to exist as long as eighteen months in a phial closely corked. Further, this enormous dilatation permits of considerable oviparous accumulation within its walls, and hence we find the female both much larger and stronger than her mate. And not only is she larger, but alas, also more ferocious and pitiless, more cruel and bloodthirsty. For Arachne must needs be courted with caution, since she delights to slaughter the lovers who approach her with their caresses. Here in truth the brave deserve the fair, since they risk sudden death in the pursuit of their fickle charmers. Being crossed in love, nay even being successful also, too often means a race for life afterwards, in which the terrified lover has to throw himself out of the web which contains the lovely

object of his affections, and so escape an untimely reverse of fortune. But for this swift flight he would be made mincemeat of by the furious coquette—another mournful commentary upon the well-worn aphorism that the course of true love never did run smooth.

The feet of the spider are curious and interesting organs when prepared for the microscope. They are each furnished with three claws, two superior larger ones curved and deeply pectinated, and a smaller inferior one. By means of the "combs", as they are called, it is able to run nimbly along its web, while the claws permit a firm grip of its prey. The limbs down to their extremities, and the whole body, are thickly clothed with hairs and spines. Were the spider of any considerable size its hirsute appearance, its long curved limbs, its poison fangs, pendulous abdomen, and secret snares, would render it one of the most formidable and terrible of predatory creatures. But the body of the largest spider in existence is no bigger than a hen's egg, while the smallest measure only $\frac{1}{26}$ of an inch in length. Still, in tropical countries the Arachnids are sufficiently troublesome to be dreaded, for the bite of many species, if not actually fatal to human beings, is productive of much pain and fever.

The life history of the spider is not of a very eventful character. Everyone must have noticed in winter and spring little pellet-like masses of eggs, each pellet of about the size of a pea, enveloped in a fluffy down in out-of-the-way holes and corners. These are the eggs of the *Tegenaria domestica*, or of *Tegenaria civilis*, the two species which make their homes beneath our roofs. From these eggs the young spiders, active from the first, proceed, and in the course of nine successive moultings of the skin (one, however, taking place within the egg) attain maturity. The sexes, when full grown, pair, usually about May or June, and after one pairing the female lays eight or nine successive batches of fruitful eggs at intervals, 120 to 150 at a time—yellowish white bodies not agglutinated together as is the case with many species. *Tegenaria civilis* lives as long as four years, and probably longer, for Jesse in his "Gleanings in Natural History" instances the case of two spiders which had lived in opposite corners of a drawer for thirteen years. The drawer had been used as a repository for soap and candles, and had been kept closed except when opened to put in or take out those articles. Of the two household species *T. domestica* is the larger, being rather more than half-an-inch in length, and has the longer legs. In other respects they are very similar, though there are certain minute marks and stripings by which an entomologist is able to distinguish between the two.

The spider tribes play an important part in Nature's economy. Few people suspect how universal is their distribution, or how vast their numbers. They swarm in the trees, in the meadows, in the hedgerows, and in dark out-of-the-way cellars and outhouses. They run, they leap, they are wafted by the wind, they swim, and build habitations under the water, burrow and make trap-doors to the burrows; they lie in ambush, and by their cunning entrap the swift-winged insects. The entomologist finds spiders in all his hunting grounds. If he goes sweeping the hedges with his insect-net, the bulk of the spoil will consist of spiders of different forms and colors. Cunning, carnivorous, cruel, and patient, the spider is as terrible a foe to the insect as is a

poulp to the belated swimmer. We do not like the spider, he seems so remorselessly cruel. But it is not so. He occupies a place in the great array of living things, and is therefore presumably the most suitable survival out of numbers of possible forms. He is rapacious: do we ever find Nature-forces gentle, or moved by sentient pity? He devours: does not Nature torture and burn, and drown and poison? He is relentless: does Nature ever spare for woman's tears, or for man's yearning? He kills and destroys: does not Nature, too, destroy her offspring by cholera, by small-pox, by wasting consumption, by agonies lasting through days, and weeks, and months? No, the spider is kinder than those agencies which we have been taught to regard as the ministers of God. The poison of the spider is almost instantaneous in its action: would that to those who writhe in agony and apprehension through the weary hours and days of the last struggle, Nature would vouchsafe some such subtle poison; some swift anodyne, by which life and all its crowded memories might be made to terminate in Euthanasia!

J. Horner.

Jeanne Darc.

To distinguish between true and false heroism—the sterling article and the specious counterfeit—is one of the earliest lessons which the teachers of sound morals strive to inculcate. Nothing is more important to the moral welfare of a people than a correct appreciation of virtue, just as nothing is more destructive of its moral tone than the foolish, if fashionable, adulation of success independently of merit. What is a hero or a heroine? is a question to which people have always a ready answer, coupled with a host of names which the ill-instructed judgment of past generations, or the inherited prejudices of the present one, have admitted to the title; but there is, happily, a school growing up in our midst which realises the great fact that men and women who would earn the commendation of the human race, must be judged by their aims no less than by their performances; or, in other words, that heroism is to be valued for the sake of the cause which evokes it rather than for the splendor of its deeds. It may be long before the influence of this school becomes so manifest as to arrest the snobbish worship which mere success can always command; but it is silently at work, and the effects of its instillations are not invisible to those who seek for them. For our own part, we cordially welcome a tribute to real heroism wherever it may be raised, and such a tribute is the monument lately erected on the scene of her triumphs to one of the greatest women that France has produced—great not in intellectual endowments, but in the purity of her self-devotion to a noble cause, and in the heroic constancy with which, in a gloomy and superstitious age, she fulfilled the mission she had assumed.

In the dark and dismal epoch of French history which preceded the Renaissance, bountifully distinguished as it was like the history of all other countries for heroes of the baleful or meretricious type, there appears no grander and nobler figure than that of the peasant's

daughter, the shepherdess of Domrémi, who at the age of seventeen achieved so much for French nationality, and but for the frustrations of faction, jealousy, and ignorance, would have done so much more. Jeanne Darc [or, as our historians call her, Joan of Arc, for some reason certainly not obvious] has on the whole had but meagre justice meted out to her by English annalists. It is possible, though at this distance of time hardly probable, that the same sentiment of patriotism which causes Frenchmen to revere her memory, may excite in our own chroniclers some jealousy of her powers, which were exerted to the detriment of our own countrymen. At any rate, the customary record of her life and her martyrdom—which takes no account of her sufferings and her insuperable difficulties—is incomplete; and even after the lapse of four centuries, we who owe so much to and gladly honor those who have struggled for our valued independence, can afford to join in the tardy recognition of one who, in her own fashion, and according to her lights, strove so gallantly and so well for the people to whom she belonged. In one of the most brilliant of his attractive essays, Macaulay denounces with unanswerable force the prevalent folly of measuring the conspicuous characters of one generation by the standard of another, and truly nothing could be more absurd than to censure the chivalrous French girl for her superstition. She believed in the right divine of monarchs as many of superior culture and more exalted pretensions have done since, she conceived the splendid patriotism which controlled and inspired her to be the voice of deity within her, as others with far less excuse for their infatuation do still. But in some respects she was superior, ignorant and untaught as she was, to the infantile credulity of her epoch. When she was asked by the doctors of the University of Paris if she believed in God she told them that her belief was more practical than theirs, and when they demanded of her such an evidence of her mission as was centuries before required of the Galilean enthusiast, she assured them that she could show miracles enough if they would provide her with good soldiers to raise the siege of Orleans, and re-establish French nationality. Readers of newspapers are well aware that even at the present day there exists an amount of ignorant superstition which is worse than any of the follies attributed to Jeanne. In generous resolution, pure and single-minded patriotism, sublime self-devotion, she excelled all that had gone before her. If her patriotism was blemished by her adulation of monarchy, her epoch and her surroundings were fatal to any higher conception of national greatness. Her first object was to secure the coronation of the king, because in the purer days of elective monarchy the ceremonial was the expression of national unanimity under a chosen leader, and her watchful intelligence taught her that union was what her distracted country most required. Her second object was to expel the invader from French soil, and as redemption by a virgin was vulgarly supposed to have been prophesied by the Celtic seer, Merlin, she with the inspiration of patriotism personified the idea for the benefit of her race. How pitiably she was deceived in the monarch whom, in the glades of Domrémi, she had imagined to be comparable to Charlemagne or Saint Louis, is perhaps not sufficiently appreciated; but such appreciation is essential to a correct estimate of her worth, and also to a right understanding of the marvel-

lous influence which she exerted in spite of opposition, neglect, and sinister intrigue in all around her.

The condition of France just prior to the appearance of Jeanne Darc was deplorable, the most desperate feature of the case being that civil dissensions were not less menacing to the life of the nation than the sword of the foreigner. The whole of Normandy, the hereditary appanage of the English kings, the north-east coast, including Calais and Boulogne, the whole of Poitou and Guienne, the vast tract watered by the Garonne and its tributaries, and the country on the French side of the Pyrenees, were in English hands, the prize of conquest or the reward of successful intrigue. What India is to the England of to-day France had become to the England of the fifteenth century under the feeble monarchs who misgoverned her. The native troops, which should have been opposing the invasion of the north and west, were engaged in fighting the turbulent Burgundians, whose dukes had done more to assist foreign conquest by their perfidy and unnatural enmity than all the vices and military defects of Charles VII. and his predecessors. The dukes of both Burgundy and Brittany—territories covering a very large portion of the best soil of France—were alternately in overt or covert league with the national enemy, and the followers of the scions of the royal house were engaged with the adherents of the detestable Bernard D'Armagnac in plundering the people, whilst the English subjugated them. By the treaty of Troies the invertebrate and imbecile Charles VI. bequeathed the throne of Charlemagne and of Charles Martel to Henry V., but both monarchs having been happily removed from the scene, Charles VII., a worthy descendant of his father, assumed the title of king, and feebly simulated the character of a monarch in the attenuated domain left to him between the forces of the English general on the one hand and the intriguing enemies of his house on the other. Orleans, Chartres, and all the chief towns of central France were in the hands of the Duke of Bedford, despite the fitful efforts of the French forces, seconded by their gallant Scotch auxiliaries, to dislodge him; and the people, robbed by predatory bands which scoured the country for subsistence, oppressed by all parties alike, and distracted by perpetual strife, looked in vain for a leader who should fulfil the noble destiny of restoring to them the nationality they had lost.

If Jeanne Darc had been free to carry out her patriotic designs, her achievements, remarkable as they were, would have been as complete as, in the wildest hour of her imaginings, she had portrayed them, but she was thwarted by jealousy and by mean intrigue, which, common as they are in the history of every good and honest purpose, need to be mercilessly brought to light whenever a correct estimate of the good work done is to be obtained. The measure of Jeanne's merits was the measure of her efforts and her sufferings, in the course of which the recapture of Orleans was but a brilliant episode. Her brief history commenced on 13th February, 1429, when, with the permission of Baudricourt, the Governor of Vaucoleurs, she left her hamlet to seek an interview with the King; and terminated on 30th May, 1431, when she expiated in the flames in the market place at Rouen the crime of a pure and exalted patriotism. From the first moment of her arrival at the Court she became a victim to the self-

seeking conspiracy which paralysed the efforts of her enthusiasm, and ultimately compassed her ruin. The King's favorite, De la Trémville, and the Chancellor De Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, discerned in the young heroine an influence hostile to their ascendency. Their object was not the salvation of France, but the acquisition of virtual sovereignty over the contracted area which their royal puppet still claimed to rule. To her shrewdness in identifying the king through the disguise which he had assumed, to the marvellous dignity of her bearing and the noble elevation of her ideas, the simple shepherdess owed the recognition which, in spite of the malign influence against her, she contrived to secure. Sent to Poitiers for examination by the doctors of the University, who were deeply prejudiced against her because she had dared to act independently of the Church, she both confounded and convinced them, and extracted so much sympathy from the more yielding spirits amongst them that they prevailed upon the obsessed monarch to authorise the expedition against the city of Orleans which she was so anxious to lead. Having purged the force under her control from the unwholesome elements which are peculiar to no age or race, and infused into it a large measure of the lofty moral tone which inspired her, she appeared before Orleans on 4th May, 1429, and, by her example and heroism, ensured its capture by assault a few days after her arrival. Troops, which at the odds of four to one had been accustomed to scatter the large feudal armies of the French kings, were driven headlong from the city, leaving their sick and wounded behind them, by the sustained energy of a small army of patriots under the leadership of a single heroic girl! This was a miraculous evidence of her mission, which the University of Paris for a time consented to accept. Jeanne, however, had set her heart upon the coronation of the King at Rheims. This was the first point in her programme, and here the enmity of the intriguers assailed her. Every possible delay was opposed to the project by the men who dreaded the influence she had won, and who were determined, if they could obstruct it, that the seal should not be set to her popularity by so striking a manifestation of her power. La Trémville exerted himself to deprive her of reinforcements at the moment when they were necessary to the consummation of her success. Yet victory followed victory, and in two campaigns of eight days each the English army was completely annihilated, and its most illustrious general, the Earl of Talbot, was a prisoner. Nevertheless, so energetically did the two arch-confederates of the Court co-operate against her that it was only in response to the peremptory summons of the army itself that the King was allowed to go to Rheims. Several towns strongly occupied by Anglo-Burgundian garrisons lay on the route, and the patriot force was without money, provisions, or siege material. At Troies the intriguers urged the purposeless monarch to desert the savior of his kingdom, but here Jeanne's brilliant success in storming the town, despite all obstacles, for the moment circumvented them, and on the eighteenth day of the journey the coronation was effected. From that hour Charles VII. was no longer a mere tool in the hands of La Trémville and the Archbishop, but was alternately an active and passive enemy of the heroine whose sole object was to restore to him the dominions of his fathers. He felt that he was second to Jeanne, and that

her figure stood before his in popular regard. This subordination, involuntary as far as Jeanne was concerned, was more than his weak pride could bear, and his resentment against her to whom he literally owed his crown had but the effect of retarding the triumph which Jeanne's prowess and ability were competent immediately to secure. The Duke of Burgundy, animated by the same jealous sentiment, had allied himself with her enemies from the first, and assisted the Duke of Bedford to hold Paris against her, whilst the King, by his sullen procrastinations, effectually impeded the onward march of the troops, whom he commanded though he could not lead, until the capital had been rendered almost impregnable. Conscious as she was, poor girl, of the sympathy and attachment of the people, she had to endure in the camp of the wretched monarch pangs of cruel disappointment at the delays imposed upon her, and she had abundant time to deplore the contemptible ingratitude with which her devotion was repaid. But the full measure of that ingratitude she had not yet felt. In the hour of her peril she was to realise its depth and power.

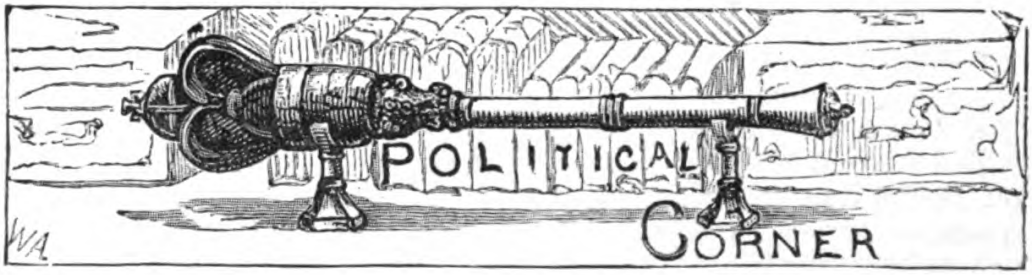
FRANK R. THOMAS.

(*To be concluded.*)

To Schubert.

SON of the morning! who long ago
Lit up my life with your glamor so;
Changing the past to a land of dream,
Where sorrow gathered a silver gleam,
And lingering love seemed to lose its fire
In the glow of a nameless, new desire;
Till life itself seemed a lesser thing
Than the melody that you made it sing—
You who transfigured all for me
In the radiance of strange harmony,
Till with all the world I grew content,
As at very worst but a kindly tent
Screening me from a blaze of blue
Too intense to live in—here come you
Breaking my heart with a chord or two!

M. J. R.



I WAS very wrong when I wrote last month about the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the Lords, for even before my words were well through the press the political scene had suddenly changed. The unforeseen had happened. The Conservatives said they would not give way, and Mr. Gladstone therefore surrendered. It is urged that what Mr. Gladstone did was to show tact, and that this tact insured larger results of polical reform, at any rate more immediately, than could otherwise have been secured. The real truth is that Mr. Gladstone was unprepared to head the popular movement he had aroused against the Lords, and probably Lord Salisbury and some of the wiser peers were a little startled at the distinctness and almost unanimity of expression of public opinion. So the leading Tories and the leading Liberals have met to see whether the Radical tide setting so strongly against the peers may be diverted if it may not be stemmed. On the whole the result is not unsatisfactory: a great step is taken in enlargement of the electoral roll, and many changes are made for the better in the distribution of political power. The measures together make a solid, if not a lasting, step in reform. 1832 endured until 1867; 1867 has lasted until 1884-5. It may not be too much to hope to see complete citizen franchise and equal electoral districts before the present century closes.

THE attempt in Ireland to destroy Mr. Hussey's house, and the general need in many districts for continued police protection against outrage, shows how far yet from complete solution is the Irish problem, though it is to be hoped that the concession of equal political rights to the inhabitants of the sister country with those enjoyed by the natives of Scotland and Wales will, with the influence of the new land law, tend to a better state of things.

WE are spending money in an expedition to Bechuanaland, which is useless unless we intend to steal more territory, but which is the natural outgrowth of the series of criminal blunders consequent on the policy of Sir Bartle Frere. We attacked the Zulus with whom we had no quarrel; we annexed the Transvaal to which we had no right. We have broken the Zulu power, and mixed ourselves in a series of unjustifiable procedures against various South African tribes.

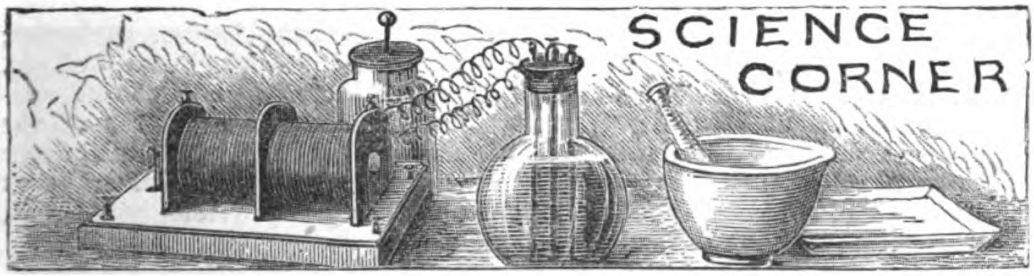
LORD Wolseley's troops are nearing Khartoum, at present without other hindrance than the difficulties of the country; and General Gordon still holds out at Khartoum. Public attention, turned on the military expedition up the Nile, is diverted from the growing financial and other responsibilities which are crowding on us at Cairo. The recent action of the Russian and German Governments as to the financial interference of England serves as warning that we may have to bear more Egyptian burdens, to be discharged out of English taxpayers' pockets, unless indeed we are prepared to risk war in which more serious foes than the Mahdi may have to be encountered.

AGAINST the express wish of Prince Bismarck the German Parliament has decided in favor of payment of its members. The man of "blood and iron" will have nothing, so far as he can help, of constitutional monarchy.

For him Parliamentary government is not monarchical government, and he will have none of it. But the German Reichstag exists, and in it the Socialist Democracy is a growing force. Prince Bismarck may find that it is more easy to crush foreign powers by war or menace than it is to annihilate constitutional right within the German lines.

In Paris there has been enough, and indeed too much, of outward sign of the discontent arising from continued hunger; enough at any rate to give cause for serious disquietude. Bread being already too dear, the French Ministry are said to have decided on increasing the duty on corn. Monseigneur Freppel, the Catholic Bishop of Angers, has spoken and voted in favor of the expeditions to Tonquin and Madagascar. The Roman and Protestant episcopate in France and England both agree in supporting war. Peace prospects seem more remote so far as China is concerned.

Charles Bradlaugh.



M. Clermont Ganneau is publishing an interesting book entitled, "Les Fraudes Archéologiques en Palestine". This volume contains a full account of the false Moabite potteries of Berlin, of Shapira's Deuteronomy, and of different spurious monuments of Palestine and Phœnicia.

Dr. Starr, of Philadelphia, has constructed a portable storage battery on the Planté system, which is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long by $2\frac{1}{2}$ wide. It is said to maintain a two-candle incandescent lamp for an hour. It consists of V-shaped plates of lead packed one within the other, with finely divided metallic lead between them.

A collection of papers of historical interest has been discovered under a beam in Carlisle Cathedral, by some workmen engaged in doing repairs. The documents, some of which are dated 1642-43, were handed to the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral.

MM. H. Fol and Ed. Tarasin have communicated to the Academy of Sciences the results of their experiments to determine the depth to which sunlight penetrates the waters of the Lake of Geneva. They conclude that the sunlight of August and September reaches a depth of rather more than 170 mètres, the luminous effect at this distance being equal to that of a clear night without moonlight.

An observatory in a coal-mine is something new. This queer subterranean affair is to be created in Japan, under the superintendence of Professor Milne, of the Tokio University. The object of study is to be the possible connexion between earthquakes and meteorological changes.

An attempt has been made to utilise the force of Niagara in connexion

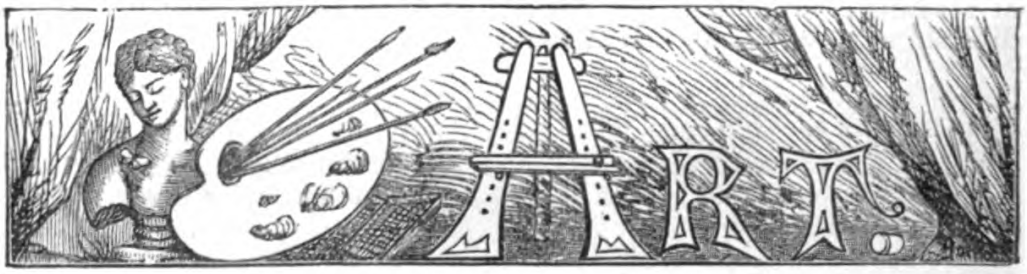
with electro-motor machines, and the experiment is said to have been successful, but no details have as yet reached this country.

A PARISIAN lady has such faith in Dr. Pasteur's theories on hydrophobia that she has offered herself for experiment. She is prepared to be vaccinated and then to be bitten by a mad dog. O woman, great is thy faith! M. Pasteur has declined his would-be subject, but the lady urges him to make the experiment in the interest of science.

THERE are no less than four thousand persons in Leicester who have refused to allow their children to be vaccinated. They are all to be prosecuted! I wish there were four thousand such in every town. The Compulsory Vaccination Acts would soon become a dead letter.

FROM New Year's Day, 1885, the hours 1 to 12 p.m. disappear. 1 p.m. is to be 13, 2 p.m. is to be 14, and so on. Guests will be invited to dinner at 20 o'clock, and carriages at the theatres will be ordered at 23.

THE month's obituary includes: R. A. C. Godwin-Austen, geologist; James Buckman, Professor of Natural Science in the Agricultural College, Cirencester; Professor Kölbe, of Leipzig, the celebrated chemist who succeeded Bunsen at Marburg; August W. Thienemann, President of the German Society for the Protection of Birds; M. Quet, the well-known French physicist; Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the University of Edinburgh; Prof. von Vierodt, the famous Tübingen physiologist; Dr. A. Voelcker, the eminent agricultural chemist. ANNIE BESANT.



"THE BROWNING SOCIETY." The dramatic poem "In a Balcony", by Mr. Robert Browning, was produced in stage form by the members of the Browning Society at their annual entertainment. This production was intended to do more than entertain; its mission was to impress scoffers and convince heretics that Mr. Browning is a great dramatic writer. I fear that as a result, so far as those not of the "Inner Brotherhood" were concerned, doubts were strengthened into certainties. There are dramatic possibilities in the story of "In a Balcony" sufficient to produce a good play, but Mr. Browning has utilized them only so far as to produce a psychological and metaphysical poem of some dramatic power suitable for the study but not for the stage. Even as a poem I should not reckon the work among Mr. Browning's finest efforts, and I doubt the wisdom of his professional admirers in selecting this particular drama wherewith to challenge public opinion.

The *Dramatis Personæ* are but three. Norbert, a youthful prime minister; the Queen; Constance, young and lovely, a dependent on the Queen, whose relative she is. Norbert loves Constance, and has entered the Queen's service

to be near her. He has served his royal mistress well, and has, at the opening of the poem, just secured for her another crown. Amid the festivities celebrating the event he obtains an opportunity for an interview with Constance, and urges that the favorable moment has come to ask the Queen's permission for their marriage. Constance entreats him to wait, or at all events not to make direct confession of his love. The Queen, she reminds him, has looked upon all his services as done for her sake alone. Norbert agrees to make his proposal in such a form that the Queen shall think his main object is to connect himself more closely with her. Unfortunately he over acts the part and the Queen imagines that at last—having lived for fifty years amid a mere show of devotion—she is offered love for herself. In a transport of delight she hastens to tell Constance of her joy. She declares that she will dissolve her own marriage, which was merely a formal contract, devote the remainder of her life to Norbert, and make him forget her age and unattractiveness by the strength of her devotion. Constance, moved by the sight of the Queen's uncontrolled passion, in an impulse of grateful affection determines to waive her own claim. She meets Norbert again, and before she has time to make him understand her position their dialogue is interrupted by the entrance of the Queen. Through the following scene, Constance tries unsuccessfully to induce Norbert to make an offer of love to the Queen. At first mystified, and then indignant, he warmly declares that his love belongs to Constance alone. The Queen retires, maintaining a silence that bodes ill for the lovers. The characters are all addicted to long unbroken speeches of philosophical reasoning, of the kind least effective on the stage. Constance is especially burdened in this respect, and it was inevitable that the profane idea should occur that in real life she would be a terrible bore. Action of any kind is almost an impossibility. Constance was played by Miss Alma Murray, who did all that was possible to surmount the difficulties of the part. Her voice and gesture were good, while the grace and picturesqueness of her dress and appearance left little to be desired. Miss Gerstenberg, as the Queen, was not successful. Her assumed voice was unpleasant and her acting wholly lacking in dignity. It is doubtful whether any actor could invest Norbert with an interesting personality; Mr. Philip Beck failed entirely to give even a passable representation. His impersonation was dreary and monotonous almost throughout, and his sole declamatory effort, occurring where Constance offers to resign him to the Queen, struck me as an artistic mistake.

Both actors and audience suffered from the unsuitability of Princes' Hall for any dramatic performance. The hall is long and narrow, ill-constructed for the transmission of sound. In a piece full of subtle reasoning and with so little room for action, it was especially important for the audience to hear clearly every word, to catch every inflexion of the voice, and this was not possible farther from the stage than the first twelve rows of seats.

The dramatic performance was followed by music, under the direction of Mr. Edwin Bending. Some of this was interesting and fairly well executed. The "Mutual Admiration" basis of the society was, however, painfully evident. The programme announces "all the numbers in the concert (excepting No. 10) have been composed expressly for the BROWNING SOCIETY." Add to this fact that as a rule the composers either sang or played their own compositions, and it will then be readily understood that the verdict so often passed on amateur theatricals—"the performers have the best of it"—could be applied to the concert. The No. 10 referred to in the programme was a really admirable setting of "Cavalier Tunes" by Dr. Villiers Stanford.

"THE SATURDAY AND MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS." Lovers of good music and of performances little short of perfection have been accustomed for more than twenty years to look forward to the winter season of Popular

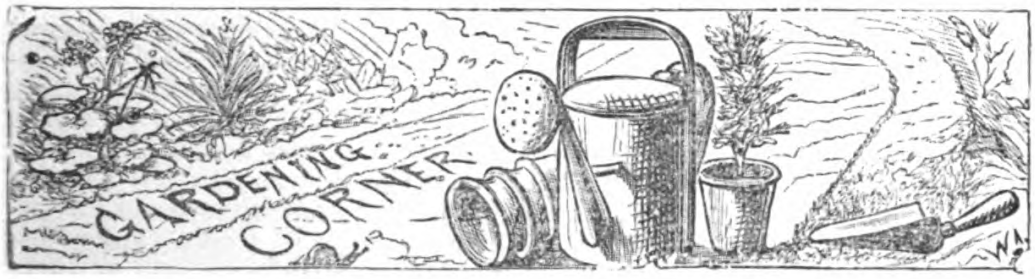
Concerts at St. James' Hall. Under the directorship of Mr. Chappell they have usually completely satisfied the desire for the best music, given by the best performers attainable, at *popular* prices. For some reason the former high standard of excellence has not been maintained this year. Although the first half of the season has come to an end, no important novelty has been produced, and no pianist of the first rank save Mr. Charles Hallé has delighted us. Mdlle. Kleeberg plays well, has some originality and a clear crisp touch, and is entitled to a hearing; Miss Zimmerman, too, is fairly good, but Mdlle. Marie Fromm is at present nothing more than a well-trained intelligent performer who *may* become a good pianiste, but whose laurels have yet to be won. Frequenters of the "Populars" ask for something more than this. Spoilt possibly by having been given so much that is good, they resent having week after week a programme without novelty, and, still worse, not providing—with the exception of Beethoven's Septet—the finest works of the old masters, that are after all dearest to the hearts of the particular audiences that were wont to crowd to the doors of St. James' Hall, long before the time of opening. I say wont to crowd, for the general discontent is shown by the unfamiliar spectacle of a half-empty orchestra and gallery, parts of the hall normally filled to overflowing. It is to be hoped that in the after-Christmas season we shall have improvement.

As typical examples of the worst and best concerts given in the series just finished may be taken those given on Saturday, November 29th, and on Monday, December 8th. On the Saturday, the opening quartet was by Mr. Mackenzie of "Rose of Sharon" fame. It was a second performance at these concerts. Why there was ever a first is a mystery. A long composition of slight merit, that not even the admirable playing of Mr. Charles Hallé, Mdme. Norman Neruda, MM. Strauss and Piatti could render attractive. "The Papillons" by Schumann, a pianoforte solo, given for the first time, had little to recommend its introduction. "The Papillons" are tone movements without any special artistic merit. The "series" was played by Mr. Hallé with his habitual neatness of execution. No. 1. of the Rasoumowsky Quartets brought to a close one of the least interesting Saturday Concerts I have ever attended. The Monday Concert offered a more attractive programme. Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat (posthumous) is an interesting and truly wonderful work, considering that the composer wrote it when he was only fourteen. The bright and graceful minuet and trio, and the fugue in the finale are the most noticeable features. Mr. Charles Hallé was the soloist and played Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90). The lack of an Adagio renders this sonata somewhat deficient in interest. Mr. Hallé played with the usual perfect accuracy and skill that have placed him deservedly among the foremost pianists of the day. As a matter of personal taste he does not wholly satisfy me as a soloist; his performance always makes me feel

> "The little more, and how much it is,
> And the little less, and what worlds away."

Mr. Hallé was rapturously applauded, and gave as an encore the Allegretto from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3. Brahms' trio in C major (Op. 87) was most enjoyable. Beautiful, and at times powerful in composition, it was admirably given by Mdme. Neruda, Mr. Hallé, and M. Piatti. The programme concluded with a charming performance of Beethoven's piano and violin sonata (Op. 23) by Mdme. Neruda and Mr. Hallé. This sonata is singularly light and playful: there is scarcely a serious phrase in the whole piece. Not that the work is frivolous or shallow, but the tone is in striking contrast with the prevailing spirit of his compositions.

ELIZABETH CRACKNELL.



JANUARY.

THIS month we enter upon the third year of communication with our readers; and we trust that the year just closed has been a pleasant and prosperous one to all concerned in the pursuit of which we treat. Our task is a sort of "Montagne Russe". The impetus derived from the descent of 1884 should carry us up the ascent of 1885. We are thankful it is so, and that on our first appearance in this *Our* (Gardening) *Corner* in the new year, we can hail our readers cheerily, thanking them for what we believe has been their favorable consideration of our past efforts; trust in the same in the future will help to make our task an easy one, and give a charm to our daily pursuit. Wishful as we are to be useful to all and to stand well with all, and in our mind's eye seeing all our friends, we desire to wish them heartily

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

In our paper for October last we gave a few hints on the subject of potting plants, and at the conclusion promised to revert to the subject and take up other points which want of space precluded our entering upon on that occasion. Taking the subject up here, where we left off, we wish first to point out a matter of great consideration in this connexion, viz., the character of the soil most suitable for plants growing under circumstances so artificial and circumscribed, with their roots cramped into pots, and requiring to be continually supplied with water to keep them in health; this, where the roots are so completely shut in, must be carefully attended to, and not so copiously that the salts and nutrimental qualities of the soil should get washed out, carried away in the superfluous water passing through the drainage. A very common and fatal error we have seen among cottagers and amateurs is that of making choice of inert and finely-pulverised soil for potting with. We have seen a heap made of the finely-pulverised soil cast up by the mole employed for potting. No choice could very well be worse. The use of such soil in conjunction with insufficient drainage is, in our opinion, a more prolific cause of debility and death to pot-plants in the collections of cottagers and amateurs than any other that can be named. To pot plants into any soil that is entirely destitute of fibry or organic matter, and at the same time to neglect thorough drainage, is to take the most certain, sure, and shortest way to reduce a plant, however vigorous and hardy, to a state of debility, inaction, and premature decline. To expect plants to thrive in pots filled with such soil is as reasonable as it would be to expect pigs to feed and fatten with their troughs filled with empty husks. Such soil is destitute to a great extent of all those elements that go to form the food of plants, but were this its only fault, it might be made up by the application of stimulants in a liquid form, as Falstaff declares sherry developed the gifts of his friend "Prince Hal":

"Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath—like lean, sterile, and bare land—manured,

husbanded, and tilled with excellent endeavor of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant."

But Shakspere, in the course of the play, shows the valiant Hal to have had inherent "grit" in him, which the "sherris" could act upon and stimulate; but such soil as we are describing has no "grit" on which a stimulant could act, so that no "excellent endeavor of drinking" on the part of a plant stuck in it could make it flourish, or "become very hot and valiant". The mechanical condition of such soil puts it at variance with the requirements of a healthy plant, even when acted upon by any quantity or quality of what to it should be like "good and good store of fertile sherris"—a good, health-giving, liquid manure. What is required is organic or turfy matter, which, as it gradually decomposes, not only affords food to the plant, but at the same time affords a root-medium which freely admits the wholesome, sweetening influence of the atmosphere, and has the power of absorbing therefrom the essential gases so necessary to the well-being of plants. A plant potted in finely pulverised soil, or rather dust, entirely destitute of fibry particles, forms—especially after frequent waterings—a close, hard body impervious to the chemical action of the air, and in such a medium young roots, if they are ever formed in a healthy condition at all, are most difficult to keep alive. A body of soil of such a texture, if wetted with water in which there is a sediment, soon becomes so solid that no tender plant can root or thrive in it. The soil most suitable for the growth of plants in pots should contain a large proportion of decomposing fibry matter, such as the roots and herbage of an old pasturage. Any one who has access to an old pasturage that has lain for say, 30 or 40 years in grass, and on which sheep and cows have for that period grazed, and can cut from its surface the turf about three inches in thickness, to be laid up in a heap for about six months to rot and mellow, will have in such a heap, soil of the most suitable kind for plants in pots. The fibry matter which such soil contains not only presents in its gradual decomposition the constituent elements which form the chief food of plants, but prevents at the same time the soil from becoming hard and soured, and has besides the power of absorbing from the atmosphere ammonia and other gases so necessary to the well-being of plants. In taking it from the heap to the potting bench, chop it up with the spade, or break it up with the hands, preserving all the fibre in it. Do not sift it fine or pass it through a riddle, except for use in small pots for young sucklings, or other tender plants. Soil of this fibry description, fresh and open, should form the body of all mixtures for potting with. Manurial substances such as leaf mould and rotted cow-dung can be added to such a staple with safety in the case of plants that delight in grosser feeding. A portion of sand may be usefully added in the case of almost all sorts of plants —some requiring more, some less—the quantity should be regulated by the character of the roots the plants make. Such plants as Heath, Azaleas, Epacris, and the generality of New Holland plants, which make hair-like roots, require more sandy soil than others—such as Camelias and Oranges, which make strong crow-quill-like roots. The former plants, too, require more of a peaty than a loamy soil, but in all cases there should be a large amount of fibry matter. When potting with any soil, it is best to use it in a semi-dry rather than in a wet state, as when used wet it is apt to become compressed and ill-conditioned. We urge the importance of attention to thorough drainage, for no matter what sort of soil may be used, if the pots are not well drained, it is impossible for plants to thrive. A six-inch pot should never have less than an inch-and-a-half of finely broken potsherd over the crock with which the hole in the bottom should be covered. Pots should be scrupulously clean and quite dry when used. If they have been in use previously wash them before putting a fresh plant into them.

W. Elder.

MR. FORSTER's lecture on the "Land Question"[1] may be usefully distributed among the workers. It has been delivered at various London working men's clubs, and is now issued in pamphlet form.

The very useful Association for obtaining open spaces in London for gardens and playgrounds issues its second Annual Report.[2] We wish it success.

The translation by Mr. H. L. Brækstad of Mrs. Anne C. Edgren's play "True Women",[3] which appeared in the three last numbers of this magazine, is now published separately through Mr. French. It is thus brought directly in the way of the dramatic profession, and rendered easy of circulation by those who on reading it in these pages were impressed by its singular truth to nature, its ethical importance, and its superiority to the hackneyed devices and improbable complications of theatrical plot, exemplified in almost all contemporary drama. Our only fear is that it may be found to be too much above the level of dramatic culture prevailing in this country.

Anecdotes.

AN old minister in Perth, in discoursing from some text in which the word "follow" occurred, informed his audience that he would speak of four different kinds of followers. "First", said he, "my friends, there are followers ahint; secondly, there are followers afore; thirdly, there are

[1] "Land and Labor." By J. Forster. London: W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.

[2] Second Annual Report of the Metropolitan Public Garden, etc. Association. London: 83, Lancaster Gate, W.

[3] "True Women." A Play in Three Acts. By Mrs. Anne C. Edgren. Translated from the Swedish by H. L. Brækstad. Authorised edition. London: Samuel French, 89, Strand.

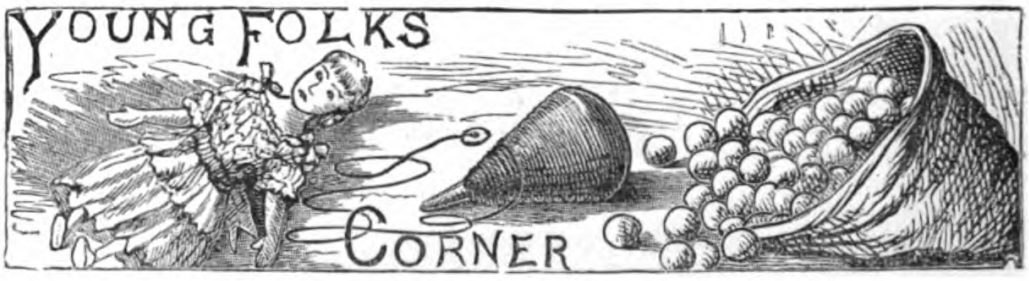
followers cheekie for chow and sidie by sidie; and last o' a', there are followers that stand stanestill".

A GOOD story is told of the Bishop of Atlanta, Georgia. He recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday-school children, and wound up by asking in a very paternal and condescending way: "And now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" After a pause he repeated the question: "Is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" A little shrill voice called out: "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" "Oh, ah, yes, I see", said the Bishop; "and now is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

CANNIBAL KING (to missionary): "I think that the best thing I can do is to eat you." Missionary (in earnest protest): "I do not agree with you, sir." Cannibal King: "Well, I musn't eat anything that doesn't agree with me."

THERE was an old invalid on Tweedside who was tended by a faithful Abigail. Like many frail persons, he was always anticipating his speedy demise. "I'm thinkin', Nancy", he said one day, "that it canna be lang noo. I feel as if this verra nicht the end wud cam." "Indeed, laird", said the attendant, "if it were the Lord's will it wud be real convenient, for the coo's gaen to calve, and I do not weel see how I am to tend on ye baith!"

A MAN ninety-seven years of age has just died in the State of New York. The "Sun" says he had conversed with both President Washington and President Grant. If there were any further cause of death it is not stated.



A Day's Adventures.

PART I.

THE MORNING'S MISFORTUNES.

THE door of a house at the bottom of Alcazar Street, Plymouth, opened hastily one breezy summer morning, and three children came hurrying out. The two girls sprang quickly over the broad steps on to the pathway, but the boy stayed a moment at the door and called

out "Come along, Steve, what a time you are! Meg and Jean and I are going now—we can't wait any longer. It is ten o'clock already; if we don't make haste we shan't catch any fish to-day!"

"All right, Laurie", answered a voice from the inside, "You go on to the Hoe; I'll catch you up. Has Maggie got the hooks?"

"Yes", called back Laurie, slamming the door and running after his sisters, who had already begun to climb the hilly street.

Maggie was about eleven years old, and was the eldest and tallest of the three. She had a clear, fair skin, and the color in her cheeks outrivalled the wild rose. She had bright grey eyes and long flaxen hair, whose "waving, rippling ringlets" (or as Laurie insisted on calling them "*raving*, rippling ringlets") were now flying in the wind. Jean was nine, and her dark head barely reached to Maggie's shoulder. She was little and thin and pale, and so dark that the children held a firm belief that when she was born the fairies dipped her in walnut juice. Laurie, although younger by a year than Jean, was already taller than she—nearly as tall as Maggie. It was easy to tell you what Maggie and Jean were like, but I have no words which will fitly describe winsome Laurie, with his fearless brown eyes and his broad open brow, from which was carelessly tossed his bonnie brown hair, in whose silky curls a glint of the summer's sunshine nestled. A thoroughly manly boy was Laurie, full of health and vigor.

"How many hooks did you get, Meg?" was his first question on coming up with his sisters.

"Four hooks and lines, three half-pence each—that's sixpence."

"A good thing Mr. Martin and Uncle Jeff gave us a penny each all round", commented Laurie with a laugh. "What sort of hooks are they?"

"There is not one so big as that one we caught that big jack with in the pond in the Brocas when we were at Windsor last year. Do you remember, Laurie?" said Jean. The children did not belong to Plymouth, they were only on a visit to the Martins.

"Just don't I!" answered Laurie.

"Wasn't it a funny shop too where we bought the hook, down some steps just over the bridge on the Eton side of the Thames?"

"Yes, and the man said the hook was big enough and the line strong enough to catch a salmon", cried Meg.

"Any way the line wasn't strong enough to hold that jack. As soon as I felt him I gave a sharp pull and the line broke—it must have been quite rotten."

"Such a fine big fish he must have been too", said Jean, "and", she continued contemptuously, "the idea of those people who wanted to make us believe we had hooked the stump of a tree! Just as though we didn't know a big jack when we had—Steve, what have you got there?" she broke off to exclaim:

"What on earth is that tin pot for?" cried Laurie.

"And that towel?" added Maggie.

Steve Martin, a bright-eyed, healthy looking boy about the same age as Jean, had just caught up to the others, and much to their amazement came armed with a large tin pan and a towel.

"This 'tin pot', young man, is the pan in which Sally washes up the dishes, and it struck me that it would be a capital thing to put our fish in when we have caught them. That pickle bottle that Meg has got will do for the bait, but this will do for the large fish."

"I should like to know who is to carry it when it's full of water. I'm not going to carry it, I can tell you—the water will slop over and make me in a fine mess", said Maggie in a tone of vexation—for she generally carried the luggage of the whole party.

"I never thought of that", said Steve somewhat ruefully. "Oh, well, I'll carry it."

"How did you persuade Mrs. Martin to let you have the pan, Steve? She'll be wanting it: Sarah was just going to wash up the breakfast things as we came out. Did she like us having it?" inquired Jean.

"I didn't 'persuade' her at all, Miss Inquisitive, so there! I went down into the kitchen and no one was there, so I just took what I wanted."

"Then I think we had better take it back again", said Maggie. "I know Mrs. Martin will not like us having it out; it is quite new, too, she only bought it a day or two ago."

"And a fine bother you'll get me in to. *You* won't get blamed, and I only brought it because I thought you'd like it," said Steve, beginning to cry.

"And how did you get the towel, and what is it for?" asked Laurie, after a moment's pause.

"Mother gave me the towel herself, and it's to wipe our feet with after we have paddled in the water", announced Steve triumphantly.

"But we were told *not* to paddle in the water; how did Mrs. Martin come to give you a towel for that? She was frightened lest we should tumble in the sea," said Jean.

"There you are again", grumbled Steve, "always going on when I try to please you. I told mother that if she would give me a towel I would carry it about for Jean to sit upon, so that the dirty rocks shouldn't mess Jean's clean frock, and mother said I was a good thoughtful boy."

"You are a very naughty boy, and I have half a mind—" burst out Jean passionately; but Steve was already off scampering over the Hoe, flourishing his empty pan in one hand and his towel in the other.

Maggie, Jean, and Laurie agreed that if they went back they would only get Steve into trouble, so resolved to go on and have their fishing. After all, Steve had intended to please them, and it would seem very unkind for them to tell.

Soon, forgetting their late dispute, the four were eagerly climbing over the rocks and negociating with the fisher lads for bait, which Jean required to have put on her hook for her. They all settled themselves solemnly on the edge of a rock, with their feet dangling over the water, and carefully unwound their lines. They sat perfectly still, each one gazing at his or her respective line. The conversation was limited to whispered exclamations when either saw the silver body of a little fish gleam brightly under the water.

The interest in the four lines never wavered for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time, Meg and Laurie might still have been seen eagerly watching the water, but Jean's line began to slip slowly through her fingers, and her eyes, instead of gazing at the water below her feet, were fastened on the distant horizon. Steve, too, tired of catching nothing, sprang up and set to work to knock off those little shell-fish which adhere to the rocks, whistling shrilly the while.

At length a shout of delight from Laurie startled Jean out of her dreamland and brought Steve to to a sudden pause in his knocking and whistling. Maggie, with a look of sober triumph illumining her face, was hauling in a fish.

"My, ain't he a beauty?" exclaimed Steve admiringly.

"Jean, see, isn't he prettily marked?" said Laurie, who, after taking the fish off the hook, held it out to Jean to take in her hand.

"Very", answered Jean, drawing back a little and putting her hands behind her.

"It won't hurt you, Jean. You are a silly", quoth Steve scornfully. "I know that it won't hurt, but it is cold and slippery", returned Jean, drawing back still more.

"All right, Jean, it shan't touch you!" said Laurie reassuringly. With some regret it was unanimously decided that the pickle bottle was quite large enough to hold the fish, so a string was tied round the neck of the bottle and it was lowered into the water. When it was full it was hauled up again, and the wonderful fish popped in. The children wished to take him home alive.

Maggie's success acted like a charm on the others. Laurie put on a fresh bait and lowered his line again with revived hopes. Jean forgot her dreams and once more saw the possibility of having a gleaming little body hanging wriggling at the end of her line—a possibility which was full of delightful dread to Jean: it would be so grand to catch a fish, all by herself, but it would be very nasty to have to take hold of its cold, slippery body and put her fingers into its mouth to take out the hook, and if she looked frightened how Laurie and Steve would laugh! Steve threw in his line with determination; he wasn't going to be "done by a girl", even if that girl happened to be one he was as fond of as Maggie Scott!

Once more there was profound stillness and intense attention. Once more, as the unfruitful minutes slowly passed, Jean's eyes lifted from water to sky and her busy little brain speculated as to whither the distant cloudlets were going and whether they would reach their destination in time—they were going so slowly you could scarce see them move. Once more too Steve began to cast about for some more active employment, and to abandon all hopes of catching a fish large enough to go into his tin pan. At last even Maggie got tired of sitting still, and Laurie was the only one left who showed sufficient love of Izaak Walton's "gentle art", to remain quietly sitting.

"Quite a bad day", he said, reluctantly winding up his line as he acquiesced in the desire of the others to be moving: "we will try another pool."

The four children then went climbing over rocks, popping seaweed, stirring up the pools of water left in the hollows of the rocks, finding star-fish, and enjoying themselves as only children can. Maggie had the bottle containing the fish suspended round her neck, Jean carried the towel, and Steve had the tin pan, which suffered many a bump and scratch on its rocky wanderings.

They came to a beautiful, clear little bay, where Laurie determined to cast his line once more. The girls, tired of fishing, climbed over the rock and saw another little bay on the other side. Here the shore sloped down so gradually, the sea looked so tempting, the sun felt so

hot—would it be very naughty if they just dipped their feet in and out again? They could not resist the temptation, so pulling off shoes and stockings four little feet were soon dabbling in the deliciously cool water. Maggie and Jean watched with delight the water rippling over and between their toes; they ran to catch the wavelets, and were in turn pursued; they made the rocky heights which locked the bay re-echo with their laughter. Suddenly their joyous merriment was checked by a shrill scream from the other side of the rock, where they had left the boys. Scream succeeded scream, and the old rocks which a moment ago had joined in the children's laughter now sympathetically repeated this shrill cry of distress.

"That's Steve", cried Jean, "he has fallen into the water!"

With a few bounds the girls sprang barefooted up the sharp-edged rocks to the summit. They saw below Steve gesticulating wildly, and crying between his screams: "Half-a-sovereign reward, a sovereign to whoever will save it!"

"What is the matter?" called out Maggie to Laurie, who was sitting on a ledge with his hands in his pockets, gazing ruefully towards the water. For all reply Laurie pointed downwards. There, a few feet below water, quite out of reach, glittered and glistened Mrs. Martin's new tin pan. How the water seemed to play in it, frolic in it, dance in it, to be sure! A number of tiny fish gathered round to examine this invader of their liquid domains, and bigger ones shot across it without fear.

"How did it get there?" asked Maggie.

"It just slipped out of my hand; I wish I had never brought it", Steve answered tearfully.

Some fisher lads were seen coming with a long boat-hook.

"I'll give you twopence if you get it out", exclaimed Steve, beginning to dance with joy at the thought of saving the pan from a watery grave, and himself from his mother's righteous anger. The tin pan was soon high and dry, and the lads asked the "little master" for the promised twopence. Steve turned out his pockets—they were empty. Then the lads began to jeer at the children. Jean searched down into the depths of her little pocket and discovered a halfpenny, with which she tried to appease them. The lads took it, but gave Steve a most emphatic assurance that if it had not been for the "little lady" he would have had a sound drubbing!

Their enjoyment somewhat damped by this untoward circumstance, the children decided that it was time to go home to dinner. The girls

went to seek their shoes and stockings, and the boys going down into the bay with them decided that the nearest way home would be to scale the other rocky wall of the bay. Maggie was stout and heavy, and the least agile of the four, but they were all fearless children and, although the rocky wall towering high above them was fairly steep, no one hesitated. Maggie said she would take the tin pan, and she slung that behind her back, whilst the pickle bottle with its burden of fish and water dangled in front.

The order of ascent was: first Steve to pick out the best ledges of rock, then Maggie, then Jean, and then Laurie to bring up the rear. All went merrily till they were about two-thirds of the way up, when a dreadful crash was heard, followed by a suppressed cry from Jean and then a sob from Maggie, who cried "the bottle is broken, the fish is gone, and I can't go up or down!"

"What shall we do, Laurie?" said Jean: "Maggie has taken fright and is all in a tremble".

"I know I shall fall", sobbed Maggie, "and I shall either be drowned or my body will be dashed to pieces on the rocks below!"

"Hold on, Meg, I'm coming", sang out Laurie cheerfully. "Stick close to the rock, Jean, and let me pass!" In a moment Laurie was by Maggie's side. "Put your arm round my neck, Meg dear, never mind the broken bottle!" and in one more moment the boy, with daring courage and almost superhuman strength, had lifted his elder sister from the narrow ledge of rock she was clinging to, to the broad platform above, whence all was easy climbing.

In rather melancholy mood the children hurried home to dinner; they had only caught one fish and that had returned to the sea, and this, together with the unfortunate tin pan incident and Maggie's fright, made them feel that life was full of cares. They remained cast down by the morning mishaps until about halfway through dinner, when Mrs. Martin announced that Captain Trindar had promised to come and take them for a sail to the breakwater. All faces brightened immediately; they liked Captain Trindar, they liked a sail, and they wanted to go to the breakwater. HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

(*To be concluded.*)

Puzzles.

BURIED SQUARE WORD.

Change the italicised word for others of the same meaning, and arrange in order, as they are given: It seems to be my *appointed lot* to meet with mishaps, even when I start *over again*, as it were, with resolutions to be careful and orderly. We went to the sea-shore last summer, and there I lost my *head* (as the French call false hair) from the bathing-house. Then, at the hotel, I let the pretty *water pitcher* fall and flooded the floor, besides breaking it into a dozen pieces. [6 marks.]

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose a piece of uncultivated ground, and make an order of soldiers prepared for a march.
2. Transpose the highest point, and make a spice; also, arrived.
3. Transpose a certain amount of paper, and make a country gentleman.
4. Transpose the opening of day, and make secure against loss.
5. Transpose wretchedness, and make renown.
6. Transpose to load, and make barren.
7. Transpose to take out of a vessel, and make correct. [8 marks.]

OMNIBUS WORD.

From a word of four letters, make fourteen words: A name, numerical sign, an article, a relation, to deface, personal pronoun, existing, part of the body, assent, a body of armed men, an animal, a fish, a vegetable, a month. [10 marks.]

ENIGMAS.

1. My two first letters are a man; my three first, a woman; my four first, a brave man; my whole, a brave woman. [4 marks.]

2. What killed a queen to love inclined,
   What on a beggar oft we find,
   With all now present aptly joined,
   Will name a plant that we in bundles bind. [4 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. A vessel can be filled by two pipes running separately in 3 hours and 4 hours respectively. In what time will it be filled when both run at the same time? [8 marks.]

2. A ship whose rate is 14 miles an hour gives chase to another whose rate is 12 miles; the distance between them being 10 miles, when and where will the former overtake the latter? [8 marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

Buried Authors.

1. Scott. 2. Dickens. 3. Thackeray. 4. Spencer. 5. Defoe. 6. Grimm.

Anagrams.

1. Premeditation. 2. Transplanted. 3. Thunderbolts. 4. Toadstools. 5. Moth-eaten. 6. Torified. 7. Forethought. 8. Reputation.

Conundrums.

1. From SIX take IX remains S
   ,, IX ,, X ,, I
   ,, XL ,, L ,, X.
2. T O B A C C O.
3. When it is due (dew) in the morning and missed (mist) at night.

Cracked Nuts.

1. $800 + 756 + 404 = 1{,}960 =$ number of seamen.

$1{,}960 \div 490 = 4$. $\frac{800}{4} = 200$. $\frac{756}{4} = 189$. $\frac{404}{4} = 101$.

Therefore Portsmouth sent 200, Plymouth 189, and Sheerness 101.

2. Thickness of *each* cover $= \cdot 08$ inch.

$\therefore$ total thickness $= \cdot 08 \times 2 = \cdot 16$.

$1 \cdot 295 - \cdot 16 = 1 \cdot 135$.

$\frac{1 \cdot 135}{218} = \cdot 005206\ldots$

$=$ thickness of paper.

Total Marks Possible, 34.—Scheherazade, Hypatia, 32; Our Corner Man, Loki, Hawkeye, 30; Fircone, 29; Olivia, Valiant, 24; Aladdin, 23; Cromwell, 14; Jumbo, 6. Olivia, for last month, 32.

To Correspondents.—For the future, no marks will be given to unsigned papers. Any such will be destroyed, and no reference made to them in these columns.

PRIZES.

Quarterly Prizes.—Total marks possible, 104.—Scheherazade, Hypatia, Our Corner Man, Hawkeye, approach the nearest to the possible total, with 97, 94, 84, 77 marks respectively, but are barred from receiving a prize by previous success. Olivia (Emily Meynell) takes the first prize, with 82 marks; Fircone (Jane Burns) the second prize, with 61 marks; Aladdin (S. G. Woolhouse) the third prize, with 49 marks.

Yearly Prizes.—Total marks possible, 378.—Scheherazade (A. Platt) takes the first prize, with 339 marks; Hypatia (Georgina Warriner) the second, with 334 marks; Hawkeye (F. T. Wright) and Our Corner Man (W. R. Langley) divide the third prize, with 318 marks each.

Those competitors who are striving for a yearly prize should be careful to send answers each month.

Young Folks' Puzzle-Corner Rules.

Any girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on page 63. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

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OUR CORNER.

IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

CHARLES BRADLAUGH will continue his account of

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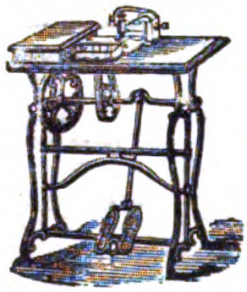

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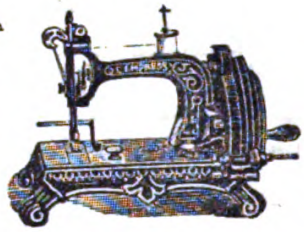

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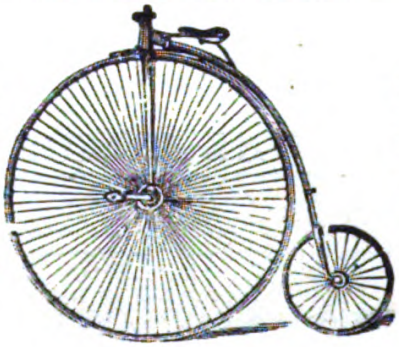

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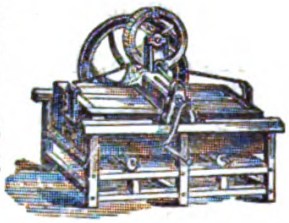

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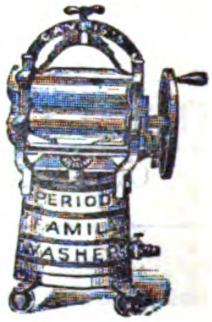

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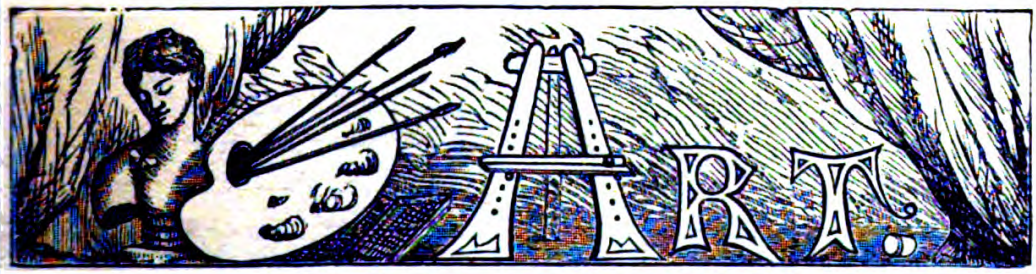

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WHO PAYS FOR THE FATTED CALF?

(*Concluded from page* 6.)

The Mercers, if not first amongst Prodigal City Fathers in order of merit, are first in point of wealth. They also stand out for mark in order of date—they are traced back to the 12th century, and gave a mayor to London early in the 13th century. Their first charter is of Richard II., 13th January, 1393. Their total annual income is £82,758, of which £35,417 is admittedly trust income, and of which many thousands more, now claimed as private, is clearly and certainly trust estate in any court of conscience. At one time none but Mercers were allowed to be members of this company. The famous Richard Whittington, who died 1422-3, was one of its wardens, and left to it considerable trust property. A striking instance of the increase of annual income since the original grant is given in one of the trust accounts—that of Dean Colet for St. Paul's school—where the clear income is carefully and accurately stated by the donor in 1512 as £118 4s. 7¼d., and in 1880 this had grown into £12,037 12s. 3½d. Until 1858 the Mercers' Company, described by Dean Colet as "most honest and faithful", claimed that except as to £80 5s. 0d. the whole of this vast annual sum was their private property, that they had the right to the surplus beyond the £80 5s. 0d. as absolute owners, and that any monies spent about this particular trust were so spent of their

great generosity, and not of either legal or moral obligation. The Court of Chancery has, however, in regard to this particular property, held that the Company are trustees, and bound to account for the whole of the income of the estates in trust for the school Dean Colet intended to found. The Whittington charity for "poor citizens of London, principally poor feeble men of the craft of the mercerie", brings in now £11,384 per year. Some fortunate families seem to have been quartered on this fund: the Parkers get £365, the Colliers £211 10s. 0d., the Tottons £250, the Barnes £200. Lady Bradbury's property, bringing in £13. 4s. 8d. a year in 1523, was left by her that £7 6s. 8d. might be paid for daily masses for her soul, £1 6s. 8d. for an obit or anniversary of her death, and 30s. to poor householders of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Part of the property is not now traceable; the remainder brings in £13,138 18s. 0d. The Mercers as good Protestants repudiate the masses, but honestly pay 30s. per year, and the small residue of £13,137 8s. 0d. is their private property. Another property of Richard Collier, bringing in £22, was left to the Company, charged with £17 13s. 4d. for a free school at Horsham, and 20s. to the wardens; the property brings in £1,840 per year, and the Mercers spend £266 3s. 11d. on the school. The Gresham property, left for lectures, etc., is now worth £7,977 18s. 0d.; the payments amount to £340. Hugh Perry in 1630 left money to buy lands: the Mercers, who in the 17th century did buy lands, deny that they bought any with Hugh Perry's money. The Company in 1880 spent £4,908 17s. 3d. on entertainments, £8,765 12s. 0d. in fees and allowances to themselves. In addition their clerk has £2,100 a year, and a residence rent free; the accountant has £790; the copying clerk (happy copying clerk!) £500; the beadle £250 and free residence; the under-beadle £200 and free residence; and the Mercers pay the income tax for all these. Salaries and sundries come to £5,643 8s. 2d.

Amongst their voluntary charities figures an annuity of £1,100 a year to a retired clerk of the company. Since the great outcry raised by James Beal, J. B. Firth, M.P., and their co-workers, the Mercers have helped technical education to the amount of £2,000 per year, and are therefore much praised for their generosity.

The Grocers of to-day are traced back in 1180 to the Pepperers of Soper's Lane and to the Spicers of Cheap; but the Grocers, essentially aristocratic in their proclivities, positively deny that they were ever a

trade guild, although they admit that for 250 years they were charged with the "public duties of weighing and garbelling."

The Grocers declare that the enquiry made into their affairs is "arbitrary and a breach of the liberties of the subject". So says Giles Ploughman when the constable stops him in the lane to search for guns, nets, and hares. So says William Sykes when Policeman X 500 will delay him in his homeward early morning walk while burdened with the family plate in a sack. The Grocers may well feel insulted and aggrieved; they have a yearly revenue of £38,236, of which only £500 a-year is trust income: all the rest is their very own. For example, Sir William Laxton gave property which now brings in £4,000 a-year net rents; the rental in 1573 was only £50 a-year, so the Grocers say and the Court of Chancery agrees that as Sir W. Laxton made specific annual payments chargeable, limited within what he then rightly thought was the yearly income, the whole enormous increase is theirs "with no legal obligation" on them even to augment the payments, and the Grocers take great credit that they pay more on the Laxton Trust than they could by law be compelled to pay.

Sir H. Kebyll in 1514 left property charged with the payment of 6d. per week to each of seven poor freemen, or altogether £9 2s. per per year. The Grocers Company admit that the part of the property bequeathed by Kebyll brings in £9,300 a-year, but they say "undoubtedly we carry out the moral obligation" in paying this 3s. 6d. per week, and they add: "we give as much to the poor of the Company as is good for the poor of the Company".

The Grocers' Company is chartered to supervise the trade of grocers, confectioners, druggists, apothecaries, tobacco-cutters and sugar bakers and refiners, and to punish delinquents, but it has not tried to do this since the great fire of London. It has no right to hold property except as a chartered company, and it was authorised to acquire land "for the support of the poor men of the said commonalty".

The Grocers spent in 1879 £4,464 in members' fees and salaries; £5,232 for cook, fruiterer, wine merchant, pageantry, attendants at livery dinners, flowers and cigars.

During recent times the soul of the Grocers' Company has been deeply aggrieved "by the unscrupulous imputations which have been directed against the Company" by the various wicked people who have been audacious enough to suggest that a Grocer has no moral right to spend Sir H. Kebyll's estate in wine, cigars, sweetmeats,

music, and general entertainment. They specially complain that J. B. Firth, M.P., describes them as graceless Grocers, the Company's motto being "God grant grace". In 1835 the Grocers declined to give any information as to their trust property to the Royal Commission then sitting.

Drapers in the 14th century were not the honest intelligent folk they are to-day. There were in the reign of Edward III. drapers who "had not sufficiently learned" the trade, but who "practised in any deceits" "and committed other frauds", and so the Drapers' Company was established to control and improve the trade, and they were incorporated as "the Master Wardens and Brethren and Sisters of the Guild or Fraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Mystery of Drapers". No "Sisters" are now to be found amongst the brethren of the livery. To-day their annual income is £78,654, of which they claim £50,141 as Corporate private revenue.

Some of the property now returned by the Drapers' Company as purchased "to their own use" has been certainly purchased with the proceeds of property taken by Railway Companies for City improvements or by the Bank of England. No possibility exists without further information from the Company of tracing the conditions attached to the bequest of the original property. William Brothers left property in 1542 charged with payments for prayers for the souls of Sir W. Bayly and others; the Company take care of the property and leave Sir W. Bayly's soul to look after itself. The Company allege that by a small payment to the Crown, the property of William Brothers has become their own absolutely private estate. John Clerke in 1548 left rentals of £22 10s., to the poor; the gross annual value of the properties to-day remaining from John Clerke's devise is more than £5,700. William Calley, in 1513, and William Prud in 1533 left land and houses for religious services; the Drapers have paid the King for the right to keep the property and escape the religious services. In 1879 they spent for salaries, £2,140 18s. 11d.; courts and committees, including dinners, £4,984 6s. 11d.; public entertainments, £6,112 9s. 10d.; and on furniture, plate, and repairs, £5,018 9s. 11d. In 1878 the Drapers commenced to make grants for technical education.

The Goldsmiths, like the Drapers, were 550 years ago not quite as the strictly honorable men who compose the present company.

In 1327 "many of the trade of goldsmiths kept shops in obscure turnings, and by lanes and streets, but did buy vessels of gold and silver secretly, without enquiring whether such vessel were stolen or lawfully come by, and immediately melting it down, did make it into plate and sell it to merchants travelling beyond the seas, that it might be exported; and so they made false work of gold and silver, which they sold to those who had no skill"; and so the Goldsmiths' Company received its charter to watch against abuses and deceptions in the trade and to punish offenders. The total annual income of the Company is £54,297, of which they allege that £43,505 is their absolute private income. Out of the £43,305 per year, rents amounting to £28,681 are derived from estates left by testators for prayers, masses, and obits, on account of which the Company, having paid a small sum to the Crown, consider themselves morally as well as legally entitled to appropriate the whole of the property while disregarding the prayers. Some others of the rents are derived from lands and houses "the origin of which cannot be stated with certainty", and some of which "cannot be identified". In ten years the Goldsmiths' Company has spent £344,000 in costs of courts and committee; £73,873 in entertainments, wine, and housekeeping; £37,530 in salaries. In the repairs to the Company's Hall, £22,309 was expended on a staircase. It is right to add that this was done "from two motives: one artistic, and the other the desire for future economy". It may be conceded that no desire for present economy has yet been exhibited.

It becomes, I fear, wearisome to continue this catalogue, and it would exhaust the reader's patience if I went through the whole list of the 74 companies, but I trust it will be acknowledged that enough has been elicited by the Royal Commission to justify early legislation by which those who like the overfeeding and drinking dignified as "entertainments" may be compelled to indulge only at their own cost; and by which the enormous sums now wasted as well in dining as in court fees and salaries may be applied to purposes of acknowledged public utility. No candidate for Parliament in any one of the Metropolitan divisions ought to stand the smallest chance of return unless pledged to Radical legislation for the reform of the London Corporation and for abolition of the abuses partially indexed in the foregoing papers.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

Jeanne Darc.

(*Concluded from page* 47.)

A TRUCE of a fortnight was made with the national enemy in order to defraud Jeanne Darc of the chance of rescuing the capital. She sent a despairing message to Rheims deprecating the untimely cessation of hostilities when success was in her grasp; but even in the most trying moment of baffled zeal she had no word of reproach or censure for those who had so basely intrigued against her. With all his experience of the duplicity and ambition of the Duke of Burgundy, Charles VII. preferred the illusory hope of obtaining the restoration of Paris from his hands to the chance of salvation by a girl who had already done so much for him in his own despite; but Jeanne, weary of the trammels imposed upon her, and strong in the righteousness of her purpose, set out from Compiégne at the head of a picked force on the 26th August. Fate seemed to befriend her. The Duke of Bedford, apprehensive that Normandy, which under Jeanne's inspiring influence was already in revolt, would slip from his grasp, had withdrawn the major portion of his army to defend the hereditary possessions of the Anglo-Norman kings, and Jeanne was impatient for the presence of the French monarch, whom she besought through numerous messengers to join her army and enter Paris at its head. But Charles neglected her entreaties for a whole fortnight, and when he did put in a reluctant appearance he halted at St. Denis, where his presence only served to encourage the numerous intriguers who allied themselves to La Tremville and the archbishop in the conspiracy against her. In the assault on the walls Jeanne was wounded whilst encouraging the soldiers by voice and action. Had the king but shown himself to the troops instead of sullenly and sulkily remaining at St. Denis, the tide of battle might have been turned; but the young heroine, faint and bleeding, was no longer able to stimulate the attack, and the failure of the assault was celebrated even more enthusiastically in the royal circle than amongst the English garrison of Paris. The next morning the defection of Montmorenci from the English cause, inspired Jeanne with new hope of success, but the hope was dashed to the ground by a peremptory order from the king to withdraw the army to St. Denis, and the cowardly intriguers hoped that by thus falsifying Jeanne's prediction that the king should enter Paris triumphantly after his coronation, the people would be made to lose faith in herself and in her cause.

With a bruised heart the brave girl, who with all her evil fortune was born to be the liberator of her country, followed the king and the reluctant remnant of the army across the Loire. For a time the influence of La Tremville upon the willing monarch was sufficient to ensure her being restrained from all means of distinguishing herself in the national cause. In expeditions that promised little glory and much danger she was permitted to share; and, as a consequence, several strong places in the neighborhood of the Loire were restored to the French crown by her arms. All her entreaties to be allowed to make a fresh attempt upon the capital were unavailing; and whilst

the people, who loved her, were appeased by the show of honor paid to her at the Court, she was effectually precluded by her captivity from adding to her renown. At length her noble spirit rose superior to the superstitious deference which she had hitherto paid to the wish of a false and craven king. Fired with laudable indignation, she burst her bonds, and with a few devoted followers made her escape in April 1430. Drinking in fresh inspiration in her flight, though filled with forebodings of her fate, she rallied a sufficient force around her to rout the Burgundians on the Marne, and applied herself to relieve Compiègne, which the Duke of Burgundy, the arch-enemy of France, was on the point of investing. The chroniclers tell us that when the children crowded round her in the Church of St. Jacques to see the figure whose fame had spread throughout the country, she addressed them with a prediction of her martyrdom: "My children and my friends, they have sold and betrayed me and will give me up to death". In a sortie she defeated the investing force, but fell into the hands of a mixed body of English and Burgundians who came up to reinforce her flying foes. Though the Duke of Burgundy was her captor, no such good fortune had befallen the English cause in France since Agincourt. She had done much, very much, for her country, when it lost her services, and but for the hostility of those who should have been her most zealous friends she would have done much more. The indecent delight of the king and his companion self-seekers was in keeping with their conduct throughout, and, let it be added, with the whole tenor of monarchism in all ages and under all skies. Existing ostensibly for the good of the people, it never permits popular interests to jar with its own security or aggrandisement. The University of Paris was hardly less envenomed against the young patriot than the king, and its hostility was based on precisely the same principles as his. It abhorred her because she had boldly attempted and in a large measure accomplished what it, professing to represent the wisdom of the country, had pronounced impossible. It arrogated to itself the right of inspiring every enterprise; and not only had Jeanne been independent of its inspirations but she had in her enthusiasm attached to her mission a supernatural sanction which the professors of theology, as the expounders of so-called religious science, asserted could only be derived through the church primarily and themselves secondarily. Consequently, the University—the cradle of superstition, as other universities have been since—strove to brand her as a heretic, and united its influence to that of the Vicar-General of the Inquisition to procure her surrender from the Duke of Burgundy. As the Duke of Bedford and the English party generally were anxious she should be effectually precluded from repeating deeds so fatal to their ascendancy, they intrigued with equal energy for her ruin. The infamous Cauchon, an old member of the University and the apologist of assassination, who had been made Bishop of Beauvais in Burgundy, became the ready tool of Jeanne's enemies and wearied the duke with personal solicitations for her surrender. As neither humanity nor chivalry was a characteristic of Philip of Burgundy, his long obduracy to the appeals made to him was, doubtless, assignable to his desire to obtain concessions in return for compliance. In fact Jeanne, who had willingly offered her life's blood for the liberation of her country, was

to be the price of a still further curtailment of its territory and its liberties. Happily her brave spirit had left a permanent influence upon those whom she had educated in victory, and although she was no longer with them they gallantly acted upon her example. The Burgundians were beaten back from Compiègne and routed in the open field in Dauphiny. There was no more time for bargaining. The friendship of the English had to be immediately purchased by compliance with their demands, more especially as the disreputable royal faction of France, which had always been ready to purchase peace at the price of French honor, showed a disposition to assume the aggressive just when a little conciliation towards Burgundy might have saved the heroine from her more implacable foes. For a paltry sum of 10,000 francs—paltry even in those days—Jeanne was handed over to the pitiless mercies of the English general, and her fate was irrevocably sealed.

Prior to the surrender she had in a frantic access of patriotic enthusiasm striven to escape from her prison, the dungeon of Beaurevoir, to fly to the rescue of Compiègne, the danger of which still haunted her in her captivity; but she sustained serious injury in her attempt at flight and resigned herself serenely to her fate. On the margin of the small bay of the Somme near Crotoi stands the castle to which her English purchasers consigned her. There she learnt that Compèigne had been relieved by a portion of that force to which she had given courage and cohesion, and that the Anglo-Burgundian army had been defeated. Success followed success, until Champagne was cleared of the invader; but even the spirit which the female "Messiah", as she was called, had conjured up, was fatal to her; for repeated disaster so inflamed the Duke of Bedford against his prisoner that he determined the cause of his misfortunes should no longer survive the magnificent uprising she had aroused. In the contemptible jargon of the time, sorcery and witchcraft were alleged to be the powers fighting on Jeanne's side, and the pure ascendency of a single youthful and exalted mind over the shiftless and downtrodden mass was ignorantly regarded by those who could not attain to its level as vicious in its origin and evil in its course. How soothing to vanity and crime! Jeanne was sent to the castle of Rouen, there to undergo the punishment which was in store for her, and which terminated in a martyrdom that can alone rescue from oblivion those who directed it. The tower in which she was incarcerated no longer exists, but the turret where she was tried has been jealously preserved, and its preservation guaranteed by public subscription. The rest of the story is well-known, and the events are those with which Jeanne's career is in English histories chiefly connected. All the details, however, are not generally given, and as none are unimportant which relate to so "brief, brave, and glorious" a record we will briefly summarise them. As the evidence of witchcraft was deficient even in the eyes of the officers of the Inquisition, Cauchon, to whom everything was entrusted, caused Jeanne to be visited in her prison by a tool of his, disguised as a priest of the national party, on whom she was induced to bestow her confidence, and to whom the guileless girl revealed what she had conceived from the outset to be the divine inspiration of her mission. If she mistook the promptings of a noble nature for a

supernatural monition, let it be remembered that she lived in an age of gross ignorance and that those who conceived themselves to be her superiors betrayed an ignorance which transcended her own. The confession was heard by those appointed to overhear it, and in this manner witnesses were manufactured against her, but the first to supplicate her pardon in the hour of her agony was this same counterfeit priest, who, pale and haggard with the mental burden of cankering remorse, threw himself at her feet and received the meagre solace of the forgiveness he craved. Two Norman judges protested against her indictment; one was imprisoned and the other found refuge in flight. But Cauchon was equal to the emergency, and the tribunal was duly constituted. Her defence was worthy of her career, and resolved itself into the simple protestation that her deeds were the outcome of self-sacrifice dictated to her by the voice which she called divine. Divine it was indeed, if that word may be held to imply all that is purest, best, and noblest in human activity. With the prophetic instinct begotten of her incomparable confidence in a righteous cause, and in the force of her own heroic example, she foretold the speedy expulsion of the foreigner from French soil, but betrayed nothing which the most ingenious sophistry could distort into a confession of belief in the efficacy of witchcraft or sorcery. Cauchon knew that her conviction would follow from any refusal on her part to obey the direction of the Church, and, strong in his reliance upon that malign influence which has drawn the blood of nations since the earliest dawn of Christianity, he asked her if she was prepared to obey it in all things. She refused this assurance, boldly reserving to herself the right of acting as the "divine voice" bade her when the need of her country required it. Honor to the brave spirit which in such an age was capable of such a reply! We boldly affirm that had Jeanne Darc's lot been cast in these days she would be as superior to existing forms of theological tyranny as she then proved, and would as stoutly protest against the mischievous usurpations of Churches and creeds as any of us. The single trace of weakness which she exhibited at the trial was when she averred that she looked for miraculous succor, and as her history is fact and not fable it is needless to say that she looked in vain. She was sentenced to the flames, convicted of sorcery, false prophecy, schism, idolatry, blasphemy, sedition, and a thousand imaginary crimes. Two specimens of the sapient findings of her judges must suffice. She was found to be an apostate because she had cut off the hair which God had given her as a covering for her head, and a liar because she said she was inspired by God without giving any evidence of her mission as Moses did when he asserted the same claim and metamorphosed serpents into rods. The incident of suspension of sentence owing to her having consented to doff male attire and refrain from further attempts to liberate her countrymen has received more importance than it deserves. Jeanne in captivity could hardly resume her career of liberation; whilst as to the condition of donning feminine attire, her English gaolers proved that they knew full well the character of their prisoner by the ease with which they inveigled her into breaking it. The reprieve was not seriously meant. On the one side it resulted possibly from momentary hesitation to perpetrate one of the most monstrous of historical crimes, and on Jeanne's part it betrayed

nothing more than the temporary reluctance of a dauntless spirit to encounter the most terrific form of martyrdom which humanity can endure. When the crisis came her resolution never failed her. The chroniclers record that even Cauchon and many of his English confederates shed tears at beholding the sublime attitude of Jeanne prior to her agony, bestowing forgiveness on her murderers and calmly expressing her earnest aspirations for the country in whose behalf she suffered. Around the place of execution stood the troops of the invader, and far from the scene, by order of the mean monarch and his meaner counsellers, were gathered the native soldiers whose blood should have been poured out in her behalf. A theatre now stands on the old market place of Rouen where the scaffold was erected, but a worthy monument to her memory in the town of her exploits serves as the visible memorial of her deeds. So long as the history of France exists the name of Jeanne Darc will be one of the most conspicuous figures in its pages, but even the glory of producing her must for ever be dimmed by the humiliation with which Frenchmen recall the story of her fate.

FRANK R. THOMAS.

Mountain Builders.

IT has been said that in geology things are important in inverse proportion to their size; that is, that the smaller their dimensions the greater their importance, and *vice versa*. Though this statement be not absolutely true, we shall see that it expresses a great truth, viz., that some of the greatest geological results have had for their cause the tiniest of agencies. Thus immense thicknesses of the strata forming the earth's crust have been built up by an accumulation of the remains, chiefly, of Foraminifera—animals of microscopic size; while other rocks, thousands of feet in thickness, have been removed by "the gentle rain". The greatest event ever known in physical geography—the volcanic outburst in the Island of Krakatoa in 1883—was a small thing compared with changes which have been wrought on the earth's surface by imperceptible means. But then in these latter cases vast periods of time have been concerned, so that after all some factor in the calculation must be large.

Foraminifera, the subjects of this article, are an order of Rhizopoda. If the reader unversed in natural history lore is not instructed by this statement regarding the place of Foraminifera in the zoological economy, will he be helped by the supplementary remark that the Rhizopoda constitute a class of Protozoa?

These three names from the science of zoology—Protozoa, Rhizopoda, and Foraminifera—need be only a momentary obstacle to our progress towards an understanding of the nature of those wonderful and interesting though tiny animals whose life, death, and burial have contributed so largely to the making of Britain and other lands. The first of the three signifies "first animal" (Greek, *protos*, first; *zoön*, an animal), and is used by naturalists to designate the lowest of the five or six great divisions (sub-kingdoms), into which they divide the whole animal kingdom. The Protozoa are almost exclusively

inhabitants of water. They are mostly extremely minute, although sometimes they form colonies which may attain to a considerable size. They have been defined as "animals, generally of minute size, composed of nearly or altogether structureless jelly-like substance (termed 'sarcode'), showing no composition out of definite parts or segments, having no definite body-cavity, presenting no traces of a nervous system, and having either no differentiated alimentary apparatus, or but a very rudimentary one". The "sarcode", or protoplasm, of which the bodies of Protozoa are often entirely composed, is a structureless albuminous substance, capable of assimilation and of excretion at any point, and possessing irritability and the power of contraction. Thus in the organism called the Amœba all that the biologist finds is a microscopic speck of protoplasm forming the entire animal. There is no head or brain or nerves, no eye no heart or lungs or stomach, no legs or feet—nothing but a minute lump of jelly. In one place in the mass the material is certainly rather differently arranged—a point called the nucleus; and there is at another part a "contractile vesicle"; but except these, and a slight modification of the interior substance of the animal which forms the external layer, the creature has no members. As compensation for want of a mouth, it is happy to be able to take in food at any point of its body—if we may dignify by such a term this tiny cell—and as compensation for lack of limbs it enjoys the power of extemporising a footless leg, again from any point, by protruding a piece of itself. These protrusions are known as *pseudopodia* (false feet).

The second of our three names, the word Rhizopoda, indicates one of the classes into which the Protozoa are divided. There are three of these, one lower in organisation than the Rhizopoda—viz., the Gregarinidæ, and one higher, the Infusoria. The Amœba, just described, is a Rhizopod. The Rhizopoda are defined as "Protozoa which are destitute of a mouth" (the Infusoria have what is by courtesy called a mouth), "are simple or compound, and possess the power of emitting pseudopodia".

And now we arrive at our third name—Foraminifera. One great authority, Alleyne Nicholson, gives the following definition to this order: "Rhizopoda, in which the body is protected by a shell or 'test', usually composed of carbonate of lime; there is no distinct separation of the sarcode of the body into ectosarc and endosarc, and the nucleus and contractile vesicle are both absent; the pseudopodia are long and filamentous, and interlace with one another to form a network". But Dr. Carpenter says distinctly that there *is* differentiation of the protoplasm or sarcode into endosarc (or inner layer) and ectosarc (or outer layer), and that there *is* a nucleus present. As our special purpose is to describe some of the forms assumed by the hard investment or shells of the order, and their accumulation in mountain masses, we are content to leave this question for settlement at another time and place, especially as the reader will now be in possession of sufficient information regarding the living part of these organisms, to enable him to understand what is to follow.

That which specially characterises Foraminifera is the possession of a hard external shell. In another order of Rhizopods—viz., the Radiolaria, there is a similar external test, but while in all of these

this investment is siliceous (formed of silex or flint), in the Foraminifera it is either of calcium carbonate—the same material as the shells of cockles and oysters, and as chalk itself—or of grains of sand, sometimes cemented together by calcium carbonate. The calcarious substance is secreted by the animalcule from the calcium carbonate dissolved in sea-water—all the Foraminifera are marine—and the arenaceous (sandy) portions are collected. Occasionally the siliceous spicules of sponges are made to contribute to the protecting shell, but this siliceous material is collected, not secreted, as by the aforementioned Radiolaria.

The word Foraminifera is derived from two Latin words (*foramen*, a hole, and *fero*, I bear) and signifies, literally, "the hole bearer". The order received this name on account of their tests being perforated with numerous holes. Through these they emit their pseudopodia, and thus enable themselves to move from place to place, as well as to collect their food. The shells of some forms, however, are without these punctures, and the animal protrudes its fine protoplasmic filaments through one large opening forming the mouth of the shell. These filaments unite with one another, so as to make a network which has been described as like "an animated spider's web". Dr. Carpenter gave the order the name of Reticulosa in reference to this property. Throughout the network there is a continuous circulation of the substance of the protoplasm in different directions. In some respects, this reminds one of cyclosis in vegetable cells, and, indeed, it led Dr. Carpenter to the belief that "the conditions of the two sets of phænomena are essentially the same".

According to the mode in which the pseudopodia are protruded —through numerous perforations all over the shell, or through the single mouth of the shell—the Foraminifera are distinguished into two sections, the Perforata, and the Imperforata. The character of the shell-structure serves to divide the order in the same way, for there are two distinct kinds of shell. One of these is translucent, vitreous, or hyaline, while the other is white and opaque—"porcellanous". Each kind is often more or less arenaceous by particles of sand being built up in their structure. The hyaline shells are co-extensive with the Perforata, that is, they are all covered with minute punctures. The porcellanous group, on the other hand, all protrude their pseudopodia from the shell-mouth.

A third group has tests in which the true shell is entirely replaced by an envelopment of sand grains held together simply by some kind of cement produced by the animal. Members of this section attain a great size, some fossil species being as large as a cricket-ball. As before stated, some of these arenaceous forms import into their structure the fine ends of the siliceous spicules of sponges. These are laid side by side with a regularity that is very striking, and between them sand-grains are interspersed. The packing together of these siliceous fibres is so perfect as to have caused Dr. Carpenter to call the mass a kind of "felt". The same writer describes one species, Marsipella Elongata, as "somewhat fusiform in shape, with its two extremities elongated into tubes, and a circular orifice at the end of each. The materials of the tests differ remarkably according to the nature of the bottom whereon they live. When they come up with 'Globigerina

mud', in which sponge-spicules abound, whilst sand-grains are scarce, they are almost entirely made up of the former, which are laid in a sort of lattice-work, the interspaces of which are filled up by fine sand-grains; but when they are brought up from a bottom on which sand predominates, the larger part of the test is made up of sand-grains, and minute Foraminifera, with here and there a sponge-spicule. In each case, however, the tubular extensions are entirely made up of sponge spicules."

The Foraminifera are sometimes arbitrarily classified, according as the shells have one or more chambers, or loculi. The two divisions are called respectively Monothalamia, and Polythalamia. Lagena, with a beautiful flask-shaped shell, is a type of the unilocular form. All commence their existence in this form, but as development proceeds the original particle of living matter throws out a bud from itself. The bud does not altogether forsake its "parent", but remains organically attached, and itself produces another bud, and this another, and so on, and circulation is kept up through the whole. Each bud or segment forms a layer of shell, utilising that of its predecessor for a foundation. In the porcellanous Forams the septa between the chambers are single, while in the vitreous forms there is a double layer, between which is an "intermediate skeleton" of calcareous matter traversed by inosculating canals filled with extensions of the sarcodic matter. In the genus Calcarina (*calcar*, a spur) outgrowths from the intermediate skeleton occur, and give a spiny appearance to the shell.

The ultimate form of the shells is dependent upon the direction taken by the new segments as they are evolved. They may bud off in a straight line as in Dentalina; or they may have a coiled or spiral form, the coils lying in one plane and each cell larger than the one preceding it. The last is a very common form assumed by Foraminifera. It is the "nautiloid" form. (See pp. 13-16 of this volume of *Our Corner*). The older naturalists long regarded these as tiny Cephalopods because of their close resemblance to the shell of the pearly Nautilus. In some cases the spiral, instead of lying in one plane, passes obliquely round the central axis in a conical way, when it is said to be "trochoid", or like the form of the Gasteropod Trochus. Lastly, most complicated and irregular forms arise, which retain none of the symmetry of the afore-mentioned.

Living specimens may be obtained in myriads in the dredge, and we have gathered their remains on sandy shores at low water, where their number has made white lines and patches on the beach. They are said to live on the surface of the ocean and to abound in such prodigious quantities that there must be a thick and incessant "rain" of moribund individuals from the surface to the bottom. Although existing in almost all seas, they are more numerous in the warmer zones. They have been found at a vertical depth of nearly three miles. Dr. Carpenter affirms that some spend the whole of their lives at a depth of 2,000 fathoms.

Extensive formations are being accumulated over the beds of the deepest oceans by the decease and interment of these minute organisms. The "Telegraphic Plateau", forming the huge submarine plain of the North Atlantic, and reaching from Ireland to Newfoundland, and from Iceland to the Azores, is covered by a soft sticky or

mealy substance, described under the name of ooze. When dried, this substance resembles fine chalk; and when examined with the microscope it is found to be mainly composed of the shells of the Foraminifera. As Globigerinæ form three-fourths of the mass, this ooze is called Globigerina ooze. Huxley has calculated that if we assume the Foraminiferal shower in this region to accumulate at the bottom of the Atlantic at the rate of one-tenth of an inch per annum, "then if the present state of the Atlantic Ocean has existed for only 100,000 years, this apparently unimportant operation will have sufficed to cover its floor with the materials of a bed of limestone no less than 800 feet thick". The explorations of the "Challenger" expedition, which extended beyond the above area to the South Atlantic, the Indian and the Pacific Oceans, disclosed the fact that while this ooze is universally distributed over the bottom to a depth of 2,200 fathoms, below this it passes into deeper tints, and the shells assume a more rotten appearance, until it becomes a red clay, consisting of a silicate of red oxide of iron, and alumina. It seems that the shells are wholly dissolved ere they subside to the greater depths.

In the very oldest known sedimentary rocks—the Laurentian—occur the most ancient life remains yet recognised—if we may believe Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Dawson, who regard the Eozoon Canadense as a Foram. But the organic nature of this structure is in grave dispute amongst those best able to investigate the question. Early, however, in the Palæozoic strata undoubted cases occur of limestones which are largely composed of Foraminifera. One of these is the Fusulina limestone of Russia, a rock of the Carboniferous age. From almost the earliest geological times they have flourished, and perhaps at the present time are in greater abundance than at any previous period. The pyramids of Egypt are built of a limestone made up of an aggregation of the remains of a particular type, called Nummulites, on account of their resemblance in shape to coins. The Nummulitic limestones form a band, sometimes of immense thickness, and often 1,800 miles in width, which stretches from the Atlantic across Europe, Africa, and Asia to the Pacific; and they also cover vast areas of North America. It may be fairly said that the city of Paris is built up of the remains of another group of these ceaseless workers, a group known as the Miliolidæ. This Miliolite (millet-seed) limestone of the French geologists forms a portion of the well-known "Calcaire Grossier" round Paris. In the same strata are also beds formed by the remains of a type very closely allied to Miliola, which are interesting as exhibiting a close resemblance, according to Mr. Beete Jukes, to deposits now forming off the Australian coast.

But it is undoubtedly from the chalk that we dwellers in Angleland are likely to derive the liveliest impressions of the power of numbers to effect great results. How often have we, when children, been shown this familiar white rock and told that "every atom of it" had been alive! Let us remember now, in our later years, that if we contribute ever so little to the sum of human intelligence, we shall be asssisting to rear mountains of truth that will remain for the benefit of our kind long after the brawling creeds of to-day have been fossilised in their deeper strata.

W. Mawer, F.G.S.

Autobiographical Sketches.

By Annie Besant.

XIV.

Up to this time (January, 1877) Mr. Watts had acted as sub-editor of the *National Reformer* and printer and publisher of the books and pamphlets issued by Mr. Bradlaugh and myself. The continuance of this common work obviously became impossible after Mr. Watts had determined to surrender one of his publications under threat of prosecution. We felt that for two main reasons we could no longer publicly associate ourselves with him: (1) We could not retain on our publications the name of a man who had pleaded guilty to the publication of an obscene work; (2) Many of our writings were liable to prosecution for blasphemy, and it was necessary that we should have a publisher who could be relied on to stand firm in time of peril; we felt that if Mr. Watts surrendered one thing he would be likely to surrender others. This feeling on my part was strengthened by the remembrance of a request of his made a few months before, that I would print my own name instead of his as publisher of a political song I had issued, on the ground that it might come within the law of seditious libel. I had readily acceded at the time, but when absolute surrender under attack followed on timid precaution against attack, I felt that a bolder publisher was necessary to me. No particular blame should be laid on persons who are constitutionally timid; they have their own line of usefulness, and are often pleasant and agreeable folk enough; but they are out of place in the front rank of a fighting movement, for their desertion in face of the enemy means added danger for those left to carry on the fight. We therefore decided to sever ourselves from Mr. Watts; and Mr. Bradlaugh, in the *National Reformer* of January 28th, inserted the following statement:

"The divergence of opinion between myself and Mr. Charles Watts is so complete on the Knowlton Case, that he has already ceased to be sub-editor of this journal, and I have given him notice determining our connexion on and from March 25th. My reasons for this course are as follows. The Knowlton pamphlet is either decent or indecent. If decent it ought to be defended; if indecent it should never have been published. To judge it indecent is to condemn, with the most severe condemnation, James Watson whom I respected, and Austin Holyoake with whom I worked. I hold the work to be defensible, and I deny the right of any one to interfere with the full and free discussion of social questions affecting the happiness of the nation. The struggle for a free press has been one of the marks of the Freethought Party throughout its history, and as long as the Party permits me to hold its flag, I will never voluntarily lower it. I have no right and no power to dictate to Mr. Watts the course he should pursue, but I have the right and duty to refuse to associate my name with a submission which is utterly repugnant to my nature, and inconsistent with my whole career."

After a long discussion, Mr. Bradlaugh and I made up our minds as to the course we would pursue. We decided that we would never again place ourselves at a publisher's mercy, but would ensure the defence of all we published by publishing everything ourselves

we resolved to become printers and publishers, and to take any small place we could find and open it as a Freethought shop. I undertook the sub-editorship of the *National Reformer*, and the weekly Summary of News, which had hitherto been done by Mr. Watts, was placed in the hands of Mr. Bradlaugh's daughters. The next thing to do was to find a publishing office. Somewhere within reach of Fleet Street the office must be; small it must be, as we had no funds and the risk of starting a business of which we knew nothing was great. Still "all things are possible to" those who are resolute; we discovered a tumble-down little place in Stonecutter Street and secured it by the good offices of our friend, Mr. Charles Herbert; we borrowed a few hundred pounds from personal friends, and made our new tenement habitable; we drew up a deed of partnership, founding the "Freethought Publishing Company", Mr. Bradlaugh and myself being the only partners; we engaged Mr. W. J. Ramsey as manager of the business; and in the *National Reformer* of February 25th we were able to announce:

"The publishing office of the *National Reformer* and of all the works of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant is now at 28, Stonecutter Street, E.C., three doors from Farringdon Street, where the manager, Mr. W. J. Ramsey, will be glad to receive orders for the supply of any Freethought literature".

A week later we issued the following address:

"ADDRESS FROM THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY TO THE READERS OF THE 'NATIONAL REFORMER'.

"When the prospectus of the *National Reformer* was issued by the founder, Charles Bradlaugh, in 1859, he described its policy as 'Atheistic in theology, Republican in politics, and Malthusian in social economy', and a free platform was promised and has been maintained for the discussion of each of these topics. In ventilating the population question the stand taken by Mr. Bradlaugh, both here and on the platform, is well known to our old readers, and many works bearing on this vital subject have been advertised and reviewed in these columns. In this the *National Reformer* has followed the course pursued by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who in 1853 published a 'Freethought Directory', giving a list of the various books supplied from the 'Fleet Street House', and which list contained amongst others:

"'Anti-Marcus on the Population Question.'
"Fowler's Tracts on Physiology, etc.
"Dr. C. Knowlton's 'Fruits of Philosophy'.
"'Moral Physiology: a plain treatise on the Population Question.'

"In this Directory Mr. G. J. Holyoake says:

"'No. 147 Fleet Street is a Central Secular Book Depôt, where all works extant in the English language on the side of Freethought in Religion, Politics, Morals, and Culture are kept in stock, or are procured at short notice.'

"We shall try to do at 28 Stonecutter Street that which Mr. Holyoake's Directory promised for Fleet Street House.

"The partners in the Freethought Publishing Company are Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh, who have entered into a legal partnership for the purpose of sharing the legal responsibility of the works they publish.

"We intend to publish nothing that we do not think we can morally defend. All that we do publish we shall defend. We do not mean that we shall agree with all we publish, but we shall, so far as we can, try to keep the possibility of free utterance of earnest, honest opinion.

"It may not be out of place here to remind new readers of this journal

of that which old readers well know, that no articles are editorial except those which are unsigned or bear the name of the editor, or that of the sub-editor; for each and every other article the author is allowed to say his own say in his own way; the editor only furnishes the means to address our readers, leaving to him or to her the right and responsibility of divergent thought.

"ANNIE BESANT.
"CHARLES BRADLAUGH."

Thus we found ourselves suddenly launched on a new undertaking, and with some amusement and much trepidation I realised that I was "in business", with business knowledge amounting to *nil*. I had, however, fair ability and plenty of goodwill, and I determined to learn my work, feeling proud that I had become one of the list of "Freethought publishers", who published for love of the cause of freedom, and risked all for the triumph of a principle ere it wore "silver slippers and walked in the sunshine with applause".

On February 8th, Mr. Watts was tried at the Old Bailey. He withdrew his plea of "Not Guilty", and pleaded "Guilty". His counsel urged that he was a man of good character, that Mr. George Jacob Holyoake had sold the incriminated pamphlet, that Mr. Watts had bought the stereo-plates of it in the stock of the late Mr. Austin Holyoake, which he had taken over bodily, and that he had never read the book until after the Bristol investigation. "Mr. Watts pledges himself to me", the counsel stated, "that he was entirely ignorant of the contents of this pamphlet until he heard passages read from it in the prosecution at Bristol". The counsel for the prosecution pointed out that this statement was inaccurate, and read passages from Mr. Watts' deposition made on the first occasion at Bristol, in which Mr. Watts stated that he had perused the book, and was prepared to justify it as a medical work. He, however, did not wish to press the case, if the plates and stock were destroyed, and Mr. Watts was accordingly discharged on his own recognisances in £500 to come up for judgment when called on.

While this struggle was raging, an old friend of Mr. Bradlaugh's, Mr. George Odger, was slowly passing away; the good old man lay dying in his poor lodgings in High Street, Oxford Street, and I find recorded in the *National Reformer* of March 4th, that on February 28th we had been to see him, and that "he is very feeble and is, apparently, sinking fast; but he is as brave and bright, facing his last enemy, as he has ever been facing his former ones". He died on March 4th, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery on the 10th of the same month.

A grave question now lay before us for decision. The Knowlton pamphlet had been surrendered; was that surrender to stand as the last word of the Freethought party on a book which had been sold by the most prominent men in its ranks for forty years? To our minds such surrender, left unchallenged, would be a stain on all who submitted to it, and we decided that faulty as the book was in many respects it had yet become the symbol of a great principle, of the right to circulate physiological knowledge among the poor in pamphlets published at a price they could afford to pay. Deliberately counting the risk, recognising that by our action we should subject ourselves to the vilest slander, knowing that Christian malice would

misrepresent and ignorance would echo the misrepresentation—we yet resolved that the sacrifice must be made, and made by us in virtue of our position in the Freethought Party. If the leaders flinched how could the followers be expected to fight? The greatest sacrifice had to be made by Mr. Bradlaugh. How would an indictment for publishing an obscene book affect his candidature for Northampton? What a new weapon for his foes, what a new difficulty for his friends! I may say here that our worst forebodings were realised by the event; we have been assailed as "vendors of obscene literature", as "writers of obscene books", as "living by the circulation of filthy books". And it is because such accusations have been widely made that I here place on permanent record the facts of the case, for thus, at least, some honest opponents will learn the truth and will cease to circulate the slanders they may have repeated in ignorance.

On February 27th our determination to republish the Knowlton pamphlet was announced by Mr. Bradlaugh in an address delivered by him at the Hall of Science on "The Right of Publication". Extracts from a brief report, published in the *National Reformer* of March 11th, will show the drift of his statement:

"Mr. Bradlaugh was most warmly welcomed to the platform, and reiterated cheers greeted him as he rose to make his speech. Few who heard him that evening will forget the passion and the pathos with which he spoke. The defence of the right to publish was put as strongly and as firmly as words could put it, and the determination to maintain that right, in dock and in jail as on the platform, rang out with no uncertain sound. Truly, as the orator said: 'The bold words I have spoken from this place would be nothing but the emptiest brag and the coward's boast, if I flinched now in the day of battle'. Every word of praise of the fighters of old would fall in disgrace on the head of him who spoke it, if when the time came to share in their peril he shrunk back from the danger of the strife. . . . Mr. Bradlaugh drew a graphic picture of the earlier struggles for a free press, and then dealt with the present state of the law; from that he passed on to the pamphlet which is the test-question of the hour; he pointed out how some parts of it were foolish, such as the 'philosophical proem', but remarked that he knew no right in law to forbid the publication of all save wisdom; he then showed how, had he originally been asked to publish the pamphlet, he should have raised some objections to its style, but that was a very different matter from permitting the authorities to stop its sale; the style of many books might be faulty without the books being therefore obscene. He contended the book was a perfectly moral medical work, and was no more indecent than every other medical work dealing with the same subject. The knowledge it gave was useful knowledge; many a young man might be saved from disease by such a knowledge as was contained in the book; if it was argued that such books should not be sold at so cheap a rate, he replied that it was among the masses that such physiological knowledge was needed, 'and if there is one subject above all others', he exclaimed, 'for which a man might gladly sacrifice his hopes and his life, surely it is for that which would relieve his fellow-men from poverty, the mother of crimes, and would make happy homes where now only want and suffering reign'. He had fully counted the cost; he knew all he might lose; but Carlile before him had been imprisoned for teaching the same doctrine, 'and what Carlile did for his day, I, while health and strength remain, will do for mine'."

The position we took up in republishing the pamphlet was clearly

stated in the preface which we wrote for it, and which I here reprint as it gives plainly and briefly the facts of the case:

"PUBLISHERS' PREFACE TO DR. KNOWLTON'S 'FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY'.

"The pamphlet which we now present to the public is one which has been lately prosecuted under Lord Campbell's Act, and which we republish in order to test the right of publication. It was originally written by Charles Knowlton, M.D., an American physician, whose degree entitles him to be heard with respect on a medical question. It is openly sold and widely circulated in America at the present time. It was first published in England, about forty years ago, by James Watson, the gallant Radical who came to London and took up Richard Carlile's work when Carlile was in jail. He sold it unchallenged for many years, approved it, and recommended it. It was printed and published by Messrs. Holyoake and Co., and found its place, with other works of a similar character, in their 'Freethought Directory' of 1853, and was thus identified with Freethought literature at the then leading Freethought *depôt*. Mr. Austin Holyoake, working in conjunction with Mr. Bradlaugh at the *National Reformer* office, Johnson's Court, printed and published it in his turn, and this well-known Freethought advocate, in his 'Large or Small Families', selected this pamphlet, together with R. D. Owen's 'Moral Physiology' and the 'Elements of Social Science', for special recommendation. Mr. Charles Watts, succeeding to Mr. Austin Holyoake's business, continued the sale, and when Mr. Watson died in 1875, he bought the plates of the work (with others) from Mrs. Watson, and continued to advertise and to sell it until December 23, 1876. For the last forty years the book has thus been identified with Freethought, advertised by leading Freethinkers, published under the sanction of their names, and sold in the head-quarters of Freethought literature. If during this long period the party has thus—without one word of protest—circulated an indecent work, the less we talk about Freethought morality the better; the work has been largely sold, and if leading Freethinkers have sold it—profiting by the sale—in mere carelessness, few words could be strong enough to brand the indifference which thus scattered obscenity broadcast over the land. The pamphlet has been withdrawn from circulation in consequence of the prosecution instituted against Mr. Charles Watts, but the question of its legality or illegality has not been tried; a plea of 'Guilty' was put in by the publisher, and the book, therefore, was not examined, nor was any judgment passed upon it; no jury registered a verdict, and the judge stated that he had not read the work.

"We republish this pamphlet, honestly believing that on all questions affecting the happiness of the people, whether they be theological, political, or social, fullest right of free discussion ought to be maintained at all hazards. We do not personally endorse all that Dr. Knowlton says: his 'Philosophical Proem' seems to us full of philosophical mistakes, and—as we are neither of us doctors—we are not prepared to endorse his medical views; but since progress can only be made through discussion, and no discussion is possible where differing opinions are suppressed, we claim the right to publish all opinions, so that the public, enabled to see all sides of a question, may have the materials for forming a sound judgment.

"The alterations made are very slight; the book was badly printed, and errors of spelling and a few clumsy grammatical expressions have been corrected; the sub-title has been changed, and in one case four lines have been omitted, because they are repeated word for word further on. We have, however, made some additions to the pamphlet, which are in all cases kept distinct from the original text. Physiology has made great strides during the past forty years, and not considering it right to circulate erroneous physiology, we submitted the pamphlet to a doctor in whose accurate knowledge we have the fullest confidence, and who is widely known in all parts of

the world as the author of the "Elements of Social Science"; the notes signed "G. R." are written by this gentleman. References to other works are given in foot-notes for the assistance of the reader, if he desires to study the subject further.

"Old Radicals will remember that Richard Carlile published a work entitled 'Every Woman's Book', which deals with the same subject, and advocates the same object, as Dr. Knowlton's pamphlet. R. D. Owen objected to the 'style and tone' of Carlile's 'Every Woman's Book' as not being 'in good taste', and he wrote his 'Moral Physiology', to do in America what Carlile's work was intended to do in England. This work of Carlile's was stigmatised as 'indecent' and 'immoral' because it advocated, as does Dr. Knowlton's, the use of preventive checks to population. In striving to carry on Carlile's work, we cannot expect to escape Carlile's reproach, but whether applauded or condemned we mean to carry it on, socially as well as politically and theologically.

"We believe, with the Rev. Mr. Malthus, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of existence, and that *some* checks must therefore exercise control over populatlon; the checks now exercised are semi-starvation and preventible disease; the enormous mortality among the infants of the poor is one of the checks which now keeps down the population. The checks that ought to control population are scientific, and it is these which we advocate. We think it more moral to prevent the conception of children, than, after they are born, to murder them by want of food, air, and clothing. We advocate scientific checks to population, because, so long as poor men have large families, pauperism is a necessity, and from pauperism grow crime and disease. The wage which would support the parents and two or three children in comfort and decency is utterly insufficient to maintain a family of twelve or fourteen, and we consider it a crime to bring into the world human beings doomed to misery or to premature death. It is not only the hand-working classes which are concerned in this question. The poor curate, the struggling man of business, the young professional man, are often made wretched for life by their inordinately large families, and their years are passed in one long battle to live; meanwhile the woman's health is sacrificed and her life embittered from the same cause. To all of these, we point the way of relief and of happiness; for the sake of these we publish what others fear to issue, and we do it, confident that if we fail the first time, we shall succeed at last, and that the English public will not permit the authorities to stifle a discussion of the most important social question which can influence a nation's welfare.

"Charles Bradlaugh.
"Annie Besant."

We advertised the sale of the pamphlet in the *National Reformer* of March 25th (published March 22nd) in the following words:

FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Charles Knowlton, M.D.
Price Sixpence.

This Pamphlet will be republished on Saturday, March 24, *in extenso*, with some additional Medical Notes by a London Doctor of Medicine. It will be on sale at 28, Stonecutter Street, E.C., after 4 p.m. until close of shop. No one need apply before this time, as none will be on sale. Mr. Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Annie Besant will be in attendance from that hour, and will sell personally the first hundred copies.

Freethought Publishing Company, 28, Stonecutter Street, E.C.

In addition to this we ourselves delivered copies on March 23rd to Mr. Martin, the Chief Clerk of the magistrates at Guildhall, to the officer in charge at the City Police Office in Old Jewry, and to the Solicitor for the City of London. With each pamphlet we handed in

a notice that we should attend personally to sell the book on March 24th, at Stonecutter Street, from 4 to 5 p.m. These precautions were taken in order to force the authorities to prosecute us, and not any of our subordinates, if they prosecuted at all. The account of the first sale will interest many:

"On Saturday, we went down to Stonecutter Street, accompanied by the Misses Bradlaugh and Mr. and Mrs. Touzeau Parris; we arrived at No. 28 at three minutes to four, and found a crowd awaiting us. We promptly filled the window with copies of the pamphlet, as a kind of general notice of the sale within, and then opened the door. The shop was filled immediately, and in twenty minutes over 500 copies were sold. No one sold save Mr. Bradlaugh and myself, but Miss Bradlaugh sorted dozens with a skill that seemed to stamp her as intended by nature for the business, while her sister supplied change with a rapidity worthy of a bank clerk. Several detectives favored us with a visit, and one amused us by coming in and buying two copies from Mr. Bradlaugh, and then retiring gracefully; after an interval of perhaps a quarter of an hour he re-appeared, and purchased one from me. Two policemen outside made themselves useful; one patrolled the street calmly, and the other very kindly aided Norrish, Mr. Ramsey's co-worker, in his efforts to keep the stream flowing quietly, without too much pressure. Mr. Bradlaugh's voice was heard warningly from time to time, bidding customers not to crowd, and everything went well and smoothly, save that I occasionally got into fearful muddles in the intricacies of 'trade price'; I disgusted one customer, who muttered roughly 'Ritchie', and who, when I gave him two copies, and put his shilling in the till, growled: 'I shan't take them'. I was fairly puzzled, till Mr. Bradlaugh enlightened me as to the difficulty, 'Ritchie' to me being unknown; it appeared that 'Ritchie', muttered by the buyer, meant that the copies were wanted by a bookseller of that name, and his messenger was irate at being charged full price. Friends from various parts appeared to give a kindly word; a number of the members of the Dialectical Society came in, and many were the congratulations and promises of aid in case of need. Several who came in offered to come forward as bail, and their names were taken by Mr. Parris. The buyer that most raised my curiosity was one of Mr. Watts's sons, who came in and bought seven copies, putting down only trade-price on the counter; no one is supplied at trade-price unless he buys to sell again, and we have all been wondering why Mr. Watts should intend to sell the Knowlton pamphlet, after he has proclaimed it to be obscene and indecent. At 6 o'clock the shutters were put up, and we gave up our amateur shop-keeping; our general time for closing on Saturday is 2 p.m., but we kept the shop open on Saturday for the special purpose of selling the Knowlton pamphlet. We sold about 800 copies, besides sending out a large number of country parcels, so that if the police now amuse themselves in seizing the work, they will entirely have failed in stopping its circulation. The pamphlet, during the present week, will have been sold over England and Scotland, and the only effect of the foolish police interference will be to have sold a large edition. We must add one word of thanks to them for the kindly aid given us by their gratuitous advertisement."

[I may note here, in passing, that we printed our edition verbatim from that issued by James Watson, not knowing that various editions were in circulation. It was thereupon stated by Mr. Watts that we had not reprinted the pamphlet for which he was prosecuted, so we at once issued another edition, printed from his own version.]

The help that flowed in to us from all sides was startling both in quantity and quality; a Defence Committe was quickly formed, consisting of the following persons:

"C. R. Drysdale, M.D., Miss Vickery, H. R. S. Dalton, B.A., W. J. Birch, M.A., J. Swaagman, Mrs. Swaagman, P. A. V. LeLubez, Mdme. LeLubez, Miss Bradlaugh, Miss H. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Parris, T. Allsop, E. Truelove, Mark E. Marsden, F. A. Ford, Miss Fenwick Miller, G. N. Strawbridge, W. W. Wright, Mrs. Rennick, Mrs. Lowe, W. Bell, Thomas Slater, G. F. Forster, J. Scott, G. Priestley, J. W. White, J. Hart, H. Brooksbank, Mrs. Brooksbank, G. Middleton, J. Child, Ben W. Elmy, Elizabeth Wolstenholme Elmy, Touzeau Parris (Hon. Sec.), Captain R. H. Dyas, Thomas Roy (President of the Scottish Secular Union), R. A. Cooper, Robert Forder, William Wayham, Mrs. Elizabeth Wayham, Professor Emile Acollas (ancien Professeur de Droit Français à l'Université de Berne), W. Reynolds, C. Herbert, J. F. Haines, H. Rogers (President of the Trunk and Portmanteau Makers' Trade Society), Yves Guyot, Redacteur en chef du *Radical* et du *Bien Public*), W. J. Ramsey, J. Wilks, Mrs. Wilks, J. E. Symes, R. Martin, W. E. Adams, Mrs. Adams, John Bryson (President of the Northumberland Miners' Mutual Confident Association), Ralph Young, J. Grout, Mrs. Grout, General Cluseret, A. Talandier (Member of the Chamber of Deputies), J. Baxter Langley, LL.D., M.R.C.S., F.L.S.

Miss Fenwick Miller's letter of adhesion is worthy republication, it puts so tersely the real position:

"59, Francis Terrace, Victoria Park.
"March 31st.

"My Dear Mrs. Besant,—I feel myself privileged in having the opportunity of expressing both to you and to the public, by giving you my small aid to your defence, how much I admire the noble position taken up by Mr. Bradlaugh and yourself upon this attempt to suppress free discussion, and to keep the people in enforced ignorance upon the most important of subjects. It is shameful that you should have to do it, through the cowardice of the less important person who might have made himself a hero by doing as you now do, but was too weak for his opportunities. Since you have had to do it, however, accept the assurance of my warm sympathy, and my readiness to aid in any way within my power in your fight. Please add my name to your Committee. You will find a little cheque within: I wish I had fifty times as much to give.

"Under other circumstances, the pamphlet might well have been withdrawn from circulation, since its physiology is obsolete, and consequently its practical deductions to some extent unsound. But it must be everywhere comprehended that *that is not the point.* The book would have been equally attacked had its physiology been new and sound; the prosecution is against the right to issue a work upon the special subject, and against the freedom of the press and individual liberty.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

"F. Fenwick Miller."

Among the many received were letters of encouragement from General Garibaldi, M. Talandier, Professor Emile Acollas, and the Rev. S. D. Headlam.

As we did not care to be hunted about London by the police, we offered to be at Stonecutter Street daily from 10 to 11 a.m. until we

were arrested, and our offer was readily accepted. Friends who were ready to act as bail came forward in large numbers, and we arranged with some of them that they should be within easy access in case of need. There was a little delay in issuing the warrants for our arrest. A deputation from the Christian Evidence Society waited on Mr. (now Sir Richard) Cross, to ask that the Government should prosecute us and he acceded to their request. The warrants were issued on April 3rd and were executed on April 5th. The story of the arrest I take from my own article in *National Reformer*, premising that we had been told that "the warrants were in the hands of Simmons".

"Thursday morning found us again on our way to Stonecutter Street, and as we turned into it we were ware of three gentlemen regarding us affectionately from beneath the shelter of a ladder on the off-side of Farringdon Street. 'That's Simmons', quoth Mr. Bradlaugh, as we went in, and I shook my head solemnly, regarding 'Simmons' as the unsubstantial shadow of a dream. But as the two Misses Bradlaugh and myself reached the room above the shop a gay —'I told you so', from Mr. Bradlaugh downstairs, announced a visit, and in another moment Mr. Bradlaugh came up, followed by the three unknown. 'You know what we have come for', said the one in front; and no one disputed his assertion. Detective-Sergeant R. Outram was the head officer, and he produced his warrant at Mr. Bradlaugh's request; he was accompanied by two detective officers, Messrs. Simmons and Williams. He was armed also with a search warrant, a most useful document, seeing that the last copy of the edition (of 5,000 copies) had been sold on the morning of the previous day, and a high pile of orders was accumulating downstairs, orders which we were unable to fulfil. Mr. Bradlaugh told him, with a twinkle in his eye, that he was too late, but offered him every facility for searching. A large packet of 'Text Books'—left for that purpose by Norrish, if the truth were known—whose covers were the same color as those of the 'Fruits', attracted Mr. Outram's attention, and he took off some of the brown paper wrapper, but found the goods unseizable. He took one copy of the 'Cause of Woman', by Ben Elmy, and wandered up and down the house seeking for goods to devour, but found nothing to reward him for his energy. Meanwhile we wrote a few telegrams and a note or two, and after about half-an-hour's delay, we started for the police-station in Bridewell Place, arriving there at 10.25. The officers, who showed us every courtesy and kindness consistent with the due execution of their duty, allowed Mr. Bradlaugh and myself to walk on in front, and they followed us across the roar of Fleet Street, down past Ludgate Hill Station, to the Police Office. Here we passed into a fair-sized room, and were requested to go into a funny iron-barred place; it was a large oval railed in, with a brightly polished iron bar running round it, the door closing with a snap. Here we stood while two officers in uniform got out their books; one of these reminded Mr. Bradlaugh of his late visits there, remarking that he supposed the 'gentleman you were so kind to will do you the same good turn now'. Mr. Bradlaugh dryly replied that he didn't think so, accepting service and giving it were two very different things. Our examination then began: names, ages, abodes, birth-places, number of children, color of hair and eyes, were all duly enrolled; then we were measured, and

our heights put down; next we delivered up watches, purses, letters, keys—in fact emptied our pockets; then I was walked off by the housekeeper into a neighboring cell and searched—a surely most needless proceeding; it strikes me this is an unnecessary indignity to which to subject an uncondemned prisoner, except in cases of theft, where stolen property might be concealed about the person. It is extremely unpleasant to be handled, and on such a charge as that against myself a search was an absurdity. The woman was as civil as she could be, but, as she fairly enough said, she had no option in the matter. After this, I went back to the room and rejoined my fellow prisoner and we chatted peaceably with our guardians; they quite recognised our object in our proceedings, and one gave it as his opinion that we ought to have been summoned, and not taken by warrant. Taken, however, we clearly were, and we presently drove on to Guildhall, Mr. Outram in the cab with us, and Mr. Williams on the box.

"At Guildhall, we passed straight into the court, through the dock, and down the stairs. Here Mr. Outram delivered us over to the gaoler, and the most uncomfortable part of our experiences began. Below the court are a number of cells, stone floored and whitewash walled; instead of doors there are heavy iron gates, covered with thick close grating; the passages are divided here and there with similar strong iron gates, only some of which are grated. The rules of the place of course divided the sexes, so Mr. Bradlaugh and myself were not allowed to occupy the same cell; the gaoler, however, did the best he could for us, by allowing me to remain in a section of the passage which separated the men's from the women's cells, and by putting Mr. Bradlaugh into the first of the men's. Then, by opening a little window in the thick wall, a grating was discovered, through which we could dimly see each other. Mr. Bradlaugh's face, as seen from my side, scored all over with the little oblong holes in the grating reflected by the dull glimmer of the gas in the passage, was curious rather than handsome; mine was, probably, not more attractive. In this charming place we passed two hours-and-a-half, and it was very dull and very cold. We solaced ourselves, at first, by reading the *Secular Review*, Mr. Bradlaugh tearing it into pages, and passing them one by one through the grating. By pushing on his side and pulling on mine, we managed to get them through the narrow holes. Our position when we read them was a strange satire on one article (which I read with great pain), which expressed the writer's opinion that the book was so altered as not to be worth prosecuting. Neither the police nor the magistrate recognised any difference between the two editions. As I knew the second edition, taken from Mr. Watts's, was almost ready for delivery as I read, I could not help smiling at the idea that no one 'had the courage' to reprint it.

"Mr. Bradlaugh paced up and down his limited kingdom, and after I had finished correcting an *N.R.*, I sometimes walked and sometimes sat, and we chatted over future proceedings, and growled at our long detention, and listened to names of prisoners being called, until we were at last summoned to 'go up higher', and we joyfully obeyed. It was a strange sort of place to stand in, the dock of a police-court; the position struck one as really funny, and everyone who looked at us seemed to feel the same incongruity. Officials, chief

clerk, magistrate, all were equally polite, and Mr. Bradlaugh seemed to get his own way from the dock as much as everywhere else. The sitting magistrate was Alderman Figgins, a nice, kindly old gentleman, robed in marvellous, but not uncomely, garments of black velvet, purple, and dark fur. Below the magistrate, on either hand, sat a gentleman writing, one of whom was Mr. Martin, the chief clerk, who took the purely formal evidence required to justify the arrest. The reporters all sat at the right, and Mr. Touzeau Parris shared their bench, sitting on the corner nearest us. Just behind him, Mr. Outram had kindly found seats for the two Misses Bradlaugh, who surveyed us placidly, and would, I am sure, had their duty called them to do so, have gladly and willingly changed places with us. The back of the court was filled with kindly faces, and many bright smiles greeted us; among the people were those who so readily volunteered their aid, those described by an official as 'a regular waggon-load of bail'. Their presence there was a most useful little demonstration of support, and the telegrams that kept dropping in also had their effect. 'Another of your friends, Mr. Bradlaugh', quoth the chief clerk, as the fourth was handed to him, and I hear that the little buff envelopes continued to arrive all the afternoon. I need not here detail what happened in the court, as a full report by a shorthand writer appears in another part of the paper, and I only relate odds and ends. It amused me to see the broad grin which ran round when the detective was asked whether he had executed the seizure warrant, and he answered sadly that there was 'nothing to seize'. When bail was called for, Dr. Drysdale, Messrs. Swaagman, Truelove, and Bell, were the first summoned, and no objections being raised to them, nor further securities asked for, these four gentlemen were all that were needed. We were then solemnly and severally informed that we were bound over in our own recognizances of £200 each to appear on Tuesday, April 17th, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to answer, etc., etc., etc., to which adjuration I only replied by a polite little bow. After all this we passed into a small room at one side, and there waited till divers papers were delivered unto us, and we were told to depart in peace. A number of people had gathered outside and cheered us warmly as we came out, one voice calling: 'Bravo! there's some of the old English spirit left yet'. Being very hungry (it was nearly 3 o'clock), we went off to luncheon, very glad that the warrant was no longer hanging over onr heads, and on our way home we bought a paper announcing our arrest. The evening papers all contained reports of the proceedings, as did also the papers of the following morning. I have seen the *Globe*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Times*, *Echo*, *Daily Telegraph*, and they all give perfectly fair reports of what took place. It is pleasant that they all seem to recognise that our reason for acting as we have done is a fair and honorable desire to test the right of publication."

(*To be continued.*)

Mr. Tennyson's "Becket".

George Henry Lewes was a sagacious literary critic and a good judge of a play; and when a blank-verse drama by the Poet Laureate comes into the world with the stamp of Mr. Lewes's approval there is a clear presumption in its favor. The man who was rigorous enough to point out the weakness of Dickens's art when all the world was fascinated by Forster's "Life", and who thereby ran the unpleasant risk of being called a false friend—such a critic was not likely to flatter an amateur in poetic dramaturgy, however distinguished. Mr. Lewes, we are told, read "Becket" in manuscript a number of years ago (the play is known to have been a long time on the anvil); and while declaring that "many readings" would be necessary to enable him to judge such a work of art rightly, and recognising the force of his wife's observation that "prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error", he yet avowed he had "no hesitation in saying that whatever the critics of to-day may think or say, the critics of to-morrow will unanimously declare Alfred Tennyson to be a great dramatic genius".

Such a deliverance raises a very puzzling problem; for it is really impossible to say what "the critics of to-day" have said. That is to say, they have with that fine single-mindedness which makes literary criticism such a charming offset to law and science, pronounced the most hopelessly diverse opinions on the subject. One declares the work a perfect masterpiece; another calls it an utter failure; and a third, deprecating such extremes, decides it to be a mediocre production in respect of its poetry, but a good acting play. Such mutually annihilative verdicts are far too common to create much surprise; and on the whole it would probably be a waste of time to speculate whether an age will ever arrive in which the unanimity of critical judgment which Mr. Lewes predicted—rashly, as one fears—will be attained. But it is one thing to give up such a problem and another to give up the attempt to come to a critical judgment for ourselves. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and once again, in the face of the old difficulty, there arises in the student's mind the question whether there is really no literary canon or set of verifiable principles by which any or every kind of literary production may be tested and adjudicated on—whether all individual opinion in these matters is as arbitrary and unauthoritative, more or less, as individual preferences for beef and mutton, red wine and white; or whether there is not some way of justifying a literary preference by considerations which relate themselves to the general truths of evolution. Can we not settle with some approach to scientific method what is fine poetry and what is bad; what constitutes a good acting play, and what kind of language is truly dramatic? Can we not reason out the rightness or wrongness of Mr. Lewes's eulogium, and show, in terms of intelligible and ascertainable analoga, why it is to be held right or wrong?

The task, be it frankly owned, is not an easy one. Begin by positing that culture is to a large extent the measure of poetry, and that what is poetry to one man may be thin jingle to another more literate;

concede next that among the more highly specialised minds there is indefinite possibility of variation, morbid or otherwise; then deduce that the test of critical truth is the vote of the majority of the cultured—there is still an abundant lack of certitude. Firstly, the majority of the cultured may make a variation that turns out to be impermanent, as in the generation of Pope, whose contemporaries seem to have found him more to their taste than Shakspere; secondly, most critics pass through different stages of opinion, and commit themselves to conflicting dicta, witness—to take one instance, the wide contrast between the judgments passed by Goethe at different periods of his life on Lessing's plays. One is fain to fall back on the old avowal of the uncertainty of all things human. And yet the incitement to reach exactitude remains irresistible. We do not despair of medical science because doctors differ, or because we deem vaccination a delusion: we do not despair of critical science because its votaries are generally at loggerheads: we do not despair, because we cannot. One even conceives a possibility of formulating the physiological conditions which dictate a preference for beef, for mutton, or for vegetables, for red wine or for white; and of deciding whether one or the other choice leads on the more advantageous line of evolution, or whether variation is immaterial. And similarly one conceives that critical science may systematically justify, say, a preference for realistic over extravagant fiction; while making out that a taste for the plays of Marivaux does not involve incapacity to appreciate Ibsen.

Let us begin, then, by taking the gist of Mr. Lewes's verdict, as that of a generally sound thinker, and see how it squares with the book as we find it:

> "A kaleidoscope of lovely, wise, and humorous fragments is constantly shifting before my mind's eye, and I try to piece them into a whole and to re-read the noble work. . . . . The play is instinct with dramatic life, and is as various as Shakspere, and (unlike Shakspere) nowhere is there any fine writing thrust in because it is fine, and because the poet wanted to say the fine things which arose in his mind."

Now, the remark on Shakspere's saying fine things just because they arose in his mind has been made the subject of some satirical comment, implying that to have a lot of fine things to throw away is a tolerable proof of poetic greatness. But there is really much practical weight in the canon Mr. Lewes has indicated. He is expressing the conviction which forced itself on Shelley when he was planning "The Cenci", that to put a lot of "mere poetry" in a drama is to endanger dramatic illusion, simply because people do not as a rule talk finely in the exciting situations of actual life. And though Shakspere's genius is such that he can thrill us with an overwhelming sense of reality in declamation of the most extraordinary poetic exaltation—as in "Macbeth" and "Coriolanus"—yet it will hardly be denied on reflexion that he sometimes conveys an impression of artificiality by poetic elaboration, as in the speech in which Queen Gertrude relates the manner of Ophelia's death. Littérateurs talk of the close truth of the description of the willow showing "its hoar leaves in the glassy stream", and forget—in reading—that the agitated woman in the circumstances could not possibly have gone into such detail. If, then, Tennyson has avoided decking his dialogue in "Becket" with flowers

of irrelevant poetic phrase, he has at least one negative claim to praise for rightness of method. But has he made the abstention his friendly critic credited him with? Turn to page 18, in the prologue, and you find Herbert speaking thus of the dead Archbishop: "I left him with peace on his face, that sweet other-world smile, which will be reflected in the spiritual body among the angels". Is this fluent, balanced rhetoric the language of real life? It is in prose, and prose in a 'poetic' drama means a profession of special realism, or nothing. But on page 38 (Act I., sc. 1,) we have Herbert thus expressing himself in verse to Becket:

> My lord, the town is quiet, and the moon
> Divides the whole long street with light and shade.

That is a tolerably "fine" way of saying it is a clear moonlight night; but if that is questionable what is to be said of such a Greekish phrase as this of Eleanor's on p. 129 (Act III, sc. 2):

> Up from the salt lips of the land we two
> Have tracked the king to this dark inland wood;

or of this on p. 156 (Act IV, sc. 2):

> Could you keep her
> Indungeon'd from one whisper of the wind,
> Dark even from a side glance of the moon,
> And oublietted in the centre—;

or of these lines of Becket's in the last scene (p. 204):

> Shall not Heaven be served
> Tho' earth's last earthquake clash'd the minster-bells,
> And the great deeps were broken up again,
> And hissed against the sun?

If these are not cases of the poet's thrusting in fine things because they are fine, it is difficult to conceive what would be a typical instance. It may be said for the Eleanor speeches that she was a troubadour; but I confess I cannot find troubadour form in her verse-lines any more than in some of the impossible though obviously calculated prose passages put in her mouth—this for instance, after a stanza of her song in the Prologue: "That was not the way I ended it first—but unsymmetrically, preposterously, illogically, out of passion, without art—like a song of the people"; or even this to Fitzurse: "My Courts of Love would have held thee guiltless of love—the fine attractions and repulses, the delicacies, the subtleties". Surely the voice is that of the nineteenth century, playing at twelfth.

It will be answered, however, and not unreasonably, that if we accept the blank-verse form in drama at all it is really not worth while to go into questions of the comparative "fineness" or non-verisimilitude of particular passages, seeing that people do not talk in verse any more than they express themselves in poetic phraseology. That may in great measure be conceded; but there is still something to be said in answer, apart from the objection to the perpetuation of the blank-verse form in drama. Strictly speaking, if the epic be dead, as Mr. Lowell assures us, it is hard to see what can be said for the "poetic drama", which seems to be untiringly imitated by our poets

and dilettanti for no better reason than that our serious modern drama originated in that form. The good old orthodox epic, as anyone can see, is indeed undergoing all sorts of differentiation, as in the "Légende des Siècles", "L'Année Terrible", "The Ring and the Book", "The Epic of Hades", "The Idylls of the King", "The Light of Asia", "Maud", and "Helen of Troy"; but the verse-drama not only remains unprogressive but stands further from progress than it was at Shakspere's death. In Shakspere's later plays the verse often comes so near prose dialogue in verisimilitude, while retaining poetic intensity and distinction—in some of the speeches in "The Winter's Tale" for instance—that even an actor with an ear for verse would hardly think of giving them in cadence; and it is impossible not to feel that if Shakspere were alive and a dramatist to-day he would reject the mould in which "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" and "The Cup" are cast. But an occasional resort to carefully broken lines is the nearest approach our verse-drama writers make to that vibration of living speech which becomes more and more felt in Shakspere's later work. Mr. Browning and Mr. Swinburne in their tragedies give us allocutions pages long, as murderous in their prolixity as they are incredible in their diction. This may be dramatic poetry, but it is not drama; and it is hard indeed to conceive why poets will go on thus constructing in the form of plays works which are clearly unplayable to any audience of flesh and blood. There can be no true vitality in such literature. Shakspere's plays were written for a naïf public which really liked to have its poetry, its history, and its fiction bound up with its mimetic entertainments: his work was practically related to the needs of his time. To-day we have practically differentiated our poetry and our story-telling from our drama as well as from each other; and the amateurs of the poetic drama are dilettanti in the purest sense. And when it is remembered how weak, at the same time, is our acting drama, it becomes clear that things cannot go on so much longer.

Taking "Becket" on its merits, however, as a work in a recognised conventional form, we have still to ask how far it realises the success of which its form permits—whether it shows any such great dramatic genius as Mr. Lewes speaks of; whether it is as full of fine poetry as some have said; or whether it is a good acting play. The last judgment might almost be disposed of by citing the author's admission, in his dedication to Lord Selborne, that the work is "not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre"; but it may be well to indicate briefly how true is the avowal. After a Prologue in which Henry and Becket discuss Fair Rosamund, Church and State, and the coming vacancy in the archbishopric; and old Theobald dies, and Eleanor plots against Rosamund with Fitzurse; we have an Act in which the action makes the most extraordinary progress. In the first scene we have Becket, now archbishop, talking with his confidant over his position; and Rosamund flying to him for shelter from pursuers; in the second scene we have fighting between the retainers of Becket and the Queen, in Northampton, and a dialogue between these personages; in the third we have the rupture between Becket and Henry in Northampton Castle over the signing of the "customs"; and in the fourth we have Becket's

retainers leaving him in alarm, and an attempt made on his life by barons, frustrated by beggars. Thus we have the career of the hero, from his instalment as Primate to his fall and flight, put into one act, leaving four Acts still to come! Then scene 1 of Act II. takes us to Rosamund's bower; and the next scene to the meeting of Henry and Louis at Montmirail—a still bigger leap than those before. In Act III. we return to Rosamund's bower; in the next we see Eleanor and Fitzurse, the villain, in the neighborhood; the third gives us a dialogue between Becket and Walter Map, and the arrangement between Becket and the King at Fréteval. In Act IV. we go back to the bower and its neighborhood, and see Eleanor's attempt on Rosamund's life, frustrated by Becket; and in Act V. we jump from Normandy—where we see Henry once more furious at Becket's policy, and Eleanor planning his assassination—to Canterbury, where in one scene we have Becket expostulated with by his friends till the attack is made, and, the scene finally changing, he meets his death. It surely becomes apparent in this recapitulation that the play is unfitted for acting. It has neither unity nor continuity, being but a series of episodes, which might as well be called "Fair Rosamund" as "Becket"; and which can only be arranged into Acts by arbitrary division. Then there are impossible songs, and a duet by "voices heard singing among the trees", which might be put in any drama the poet has written as fitly as here. If the ordinary reader is not already convinced on the point he surely will be by mention of the circumstance that, in the first Act, the interval in which Becket's friend guards Rosamund from Becket's palace to her residence with a troop of armed men, is filled up by one twenty-line soliloquy of Becket's. The disregard of time is as preposterous as that shown in Mr. Brownings "In a Balcony", recently staged by the Browning Society, in which Norbert was to be supposed to lay his complicated case before the Queen in a pause of ten seconds. In short, even if modern blank-verse drama were popular, "Becket" is utterly unfitted for acting; and the critic who says otherwise darkens counsel. As to this every playgoer can judge for himself.

What, then, as to the dramatic quality of the work, as apart from its fitness for the stage? What of its treatment of character? Let it be admitted at once that, with all its flavor of incongruous modernness, and its too diffuse, fluent, and ornate versification, it really does possess a certain quality of psychological insight—of appreciation of human nature. A man of Tennyson's genius and culture does not spend his life in study and in the writing of all kinds of poetry for nothing. He has studied history, and he has studied passion and character; and being a patient and gifted artist he must needs give us in drama something of artistic presentment of thought and feeling, however conventional and out of date be his formula. By dint, it may be, of sheer patience, Tennyson comes nearer giving us actual human beings in his dramas than either Mr. Browning or Mr. Swinburne, though he has certainly less psychological subtlety and imaginative intensity than the former. There is much effective verse-dialogue in "Becket"; and it may be granted that, as one critic claims, the defiance and denunciation of Eleanor by Rosamund has not been surpassed in its way since Shakspere; though it has to be

submitted that to produce Shaksperian effects three hundred years after Shakspere is not at all to come near rivalling him. Becket's account of his dream, again, is a vivid piece of dramatic narrative, and some of Henry's explosions are striking enough. But while this is granted, we can neither allow that the dramatic imagination shown is at the best of the highest sort, nor pronounce the versification to be throughout, or even for the most part, good in its kind; and some scenes must be pronounced unqualified failures, if not something worse.

For one thing, a writer of true dramatic genius would not have chosen an inadequate and antiquated artistic form; for another, he would have more faithfully portrayed the period he dealt with and given us a more intelligible presentment of Becket. I do not pretend to have made any such study of the subject as would fit me to put forward a theory of Becket; but I do say that Lord Tennyson gives us no genuinely lifelike or thinkable presentment of him; and that to exhibit his obstinacy in his championship of his Church as simply the expression of a constitutional self-assertiveness, before shown in his behaviour as Chancellor—that so to delineate him, provided the portrait were carefully drawn, would be to come nearer constructing a living figure than the poet has done; whether or not it would give the most plausible version of the historical personage. It has been suggested that Becket was probably actuated by a strong sympathy with his Saxon kindred. That seems doubtful, but even that theory gives us more hint of an actual man than we get in Lord Tennyson's book. His hero is little better than a phantasm. Again, we miss local color in many of the personages and in much of the talk. Thus, for instance, we feel the crowds to be about as far from life as Greek choruses when they shout "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord", and so forth; and we are conscious of a very false ring in the retainer's "My lord, we cannot yield thee an answer altogether to thy satisfaction" (p. 74), and in Fitzurse's "I can feel for thee", to Eleanor in the prologue. So, too, we are forced to protest that the interview between Walter Map and Becket is neither good history nor good drama, but mere literary trifling. But the great defect, or rather the great blot, of the drama is its quasi-humorous or realistic element. That is hopelessly weak so far as it consists in the soliloquy and talk of Rosamund's maid Margery; but weak is not the word for the scene in which the beggars save Becket. Such a disastrous conjunction of the spurious archaic and the spurious realistic was surely never seen before. The scene is not in the least historically credible; the dialogue belongs to no period; and the character painting conforms to no thinkable theory of human nature: it is evidently designed to have a Zolaesque realism, and it only succeeds in being as offensive as it is futile. Nothing in the stage-versions of any of Zola's stories, so far as I am aware, comes at all near the nastiness of some of the touches of the lily-handed lord-laureate here.

It only remains to justify what has been said of the faultiness of much of the versification of the book; and that question after all should be as easily settled as that of the fitness of the play for acting. Good dramatic blank-verse is verse that is vivid, terse, animated, and free from monotony of cadence. It is a simple matter to say, then,

whether such lines as these, in the speech of the Papal legate to Becket in the first Act, are worthy of praise:

> "My lord, thine ear! I have the ear of the Pope.
> As thou hast honor for the Pope our master,
> Have pity on him, sorely prest upon
> By the fierce Emperor and his Antipope.
> Thou knowest he was forced to fly to France;
> He pray'd me to pray thee to pacify
> Thy King; for if thou go against thy King,
> Then must he likewise go against thy King,
> And then thy King might join the Antipope,
> And that would shake the Papacy as it stands."

Here we have a monotonous tune, and language that is both diffuse and lacking in color—verse of the kind which students of Shakspere pronounce to be juvenile in him, because they find the poet indulge freely in it only in his early plays. Take again these lines from a speech of Henry to Becket in the Prologue:

> "But by the royal customs of our realm
> The Church should hold her baronies of me,
> Like other lords amenable to law.
> I'll have them written down and made the law";

and these of Becket's in the same scene:

> "Put her away, put her away, my liege,
> Put her away into a nunnery!
> Safe enough there from her to whom thou art bound
> By Holy Church. And wherefore should she seek
> The life of Rosamund de Clifford more
> Than that of other paramours of thine?".

Again weak diffuseness and weak repetition of cadence; weakness in the series of "stopped" lines, and weakness in the thinness of those which are broken. Now there are many such passages in the book, and in view of them it is impossible to say that it is poetically successful. Let Rosamund's speech of defiance to Eleanor be taken as a sample of good verse, and these others stand condemned. The opening lines vibrate with agitated feeling, and the finish has the right fire:

> "Murdered by that adulteress Eleanor,
> Whose doings are a horror to the east,
> A hissing in the west! Have we not heard
> Raymond of Poitou, thine own uncle—nay,
> Geoffrey Plantagenet, thine own husband's father—
> Nay, ev'n the accursed heathen Saladdeen—
> Strike!
> I challenge thee to meet me before God.
> Answer me there."

But if that is a test sample of strong verse, half the book misses strength. Or take from the Master a test alike for complexity of cadence, pregnancy, and fire—the outburst of Coriolanus:

> "You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
> As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
> As the dead carcasses of unburied men
> That do corrupt my air—*I* banish *you*!
> And here remain with your uncertainty!"—

beside that, Tennyson's work in the greater part of this book comes short both in virility and in workmanlike skill.

Enough has been said to illustrate the judgments expressed above and to constitute at least an attempt to methodise the appraisement of such productions. To sum up, the Laureate's new play is a work exhibiting enough artistic pains and artistic capacity to make it intelligible that Mr. Lewes, reading it in manuscript at a time when he had grown rusty in literary work, being absorbed in biological investigation, might be so much impressed by its undoubted "variety" and its forcible and fine passages as to pronounce it a work of dramatic genius—it being always necessary, moreover, to make a careful synoptic analysis of a read play before its construction can be properly judged of. But his eulogy, on consideration, must be pronounced overcharged, as must that of the critics who recently pronounced "Becket" a great poetical achievement and a good acting play. So, however, must qualification be made of the judgment that the book is an utter failure. It is necessarily a failure as a drama, and its artistic level is on the whole inferior to that of most of Tennyson's works; but, labored at as it has been for years, it has some merits which repay its perusal. Its long manipulation may have given rise to some of the weaknesses—the weak opening scene, for instance, is suggestive of a process of substitution—but on the other hand the pains bestowed have produced some felicities. Hard work on the part of an artist, however mistaken, must needs have some measure of good result.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Our Household Pests.

THE COCKROACH.

WE come now to an insect belonging to a very ancient order indeed, the most ancient, in fact, whose representatives have been hitherto found entombed in the earth's crust, the order Orthoptera (straight-winged). The insects of this order have been found in Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian Strata, while in the Tertiary series they are abundant and specialized, approaching nearly to living forms.

Before describing the cockroach we must enter a word of protest against the use of the name "blackbeetle" in speaking of it. Cockroaches are not blackbeetles, since, to quote an old joke, in the first place they are not black, and secondly they are not beetles.[1] Beetles pass through complete metamorphosis, that is, they undergo the larva, pupa, and perfect insect stages, but the cockroaches, like the bugs, are active immediately they leave the egg, and for the whole term of their subsequent lives their metamorphosis is "incomplete". Again, beetles have horny wing-cases, or elytra, covering the true veined wings and the entire abdomen besides, but the cockroaches have partial wing-

[1] "Well, mamma, I will call it a cockroach, though it is not a cock and it is not a roach." Answer of critical small child to the reproof quoted in the text.

coverings only, or tegmina, and these are soft and leathery, rather than horny in character. The marked difference in these characteristics can be best seen by comparing the wings of a cockchafer that "whirls his drony flight" in the summer evenings, with those of the cockroach. There is a peculiarity, too, confined to this order, which serves to distinguish it from all others, namely, the more or less complete division of the labium or lower lip, by which the insects become possessed in some degree of an additional pair of jaws. These broad characteristics furnish the data for distinguishing at once between the Coleoptera (beetles) and the Orthoptera (cockroaches and allied forms). So that while we relegate the beetle-like cockroach, earwig, and field cricket, to the latter order, we are enabled to place such unlike forms as the ladybird and the glowworm among the beetles, their true allies.

Let us take a general survey of our cockroach before proceeding to cut him up. Rather ungainly-looking creatures they are, and their shining, dirty brown bodies have an appearance by no means attractive. One is conscious of a slight shudder at the thought of these creatures, with a host of their sisters, cousins, and aunts, scuttling about in close proximity to one's limbs. If we may speak of beauty in association with these forms, we must accord the palm to the male, whose wings slightly tone down his repulsive aspect, while the bare, bloated, glistening abdomen of his consort—well, it isn't pleasant even to think of squashing it under one's foot. How marked the contrast, also, between the obese condition of her middle life and her slender proportions in younger days! For the young cockroach, in the first period of its life, possesses a remarkably attenuated figure, lithe and fragile, covered with silvery down, pretty rather than otherwise. As it increases in size it becomes broader in proportion to its length, and each time it changes its skin it acquires a deeper hue.

I remember some years ago securing a milk-white cockroach, and I was as proud of my prize as the King of Siam or Burmah might be of a white elephant. Through his semi-transparent covering the beautiful network of tracheal vessels was distinctly visible, and the pulsations of the contractile dorsal vessel which contains the blood could be well observed. But alas! in two or three days his delicate beauty had faded, and I then learned on referring to my books that his creamy whiteness was due to the fact that he had just cast off his old skin, and that time had not yet mellowed the hue of that new coat which I had so much admired.

What a mailed appearance the cockroach has, looked at from above. You can't see his head at all, it is so hidden by the shield-like penthouse formed by the extension of the prothorax. In fact, if you take a side-view of the creature you will observe that his head is bent backwards and under the prothorax, instead of being, as in the beetles, carried right forwards.

On proceeding to dissect a cockroach, cut off his head with a pair of scissors, dissolve the tissues in caustic potash and mount it in balsam, separating the parts with the point of a needle. It has the most highly-specialised mouth we have met with in our study of household pests, and therefore we will devote some little time to a minute examination of its parts. It is very similar also in the main,

to the typical mandibulate mouth. (See pp. 102, 103, *Our Corner*, vol. III.).

Looking at the head from above we come first to the labrum or upper lip, a horny prolongation of the front of the head, and fulfilling our notions of what a lip should be. Below the labrum, but on each side of it, are the mandibles or upper pair of jaws. These are the true biting organs, witness the hard dark-colored serrations on their inner edges. Each consists of a single piece hinged at its basal portion and moving horizontally. These are the organs which, so enormously developed in certain of the beetles, lend such a formidable and menacing air to their appearance. In comparison with the size of the insect these jaws must be more terrible than those of the tiger or the lion. Below these come a pair of less formidable, but more complex, organs—the maxillary jaws. They also move horizontally, but instead of possessing the horny teeth characteristic of the former they are fringed on their inner margins with stiff bristles which may possibly act as strainers to separate various parts of the food, liquid or solid, from each other, though their primary purpose is that of mastication. These organs are much more complicated in structure than are the mandibles, and comprise the *cardo* or hinge—the basal portion; the *stipes* or stem—the shanked portion which bears the five jointed maxillary palpus; the fringed portion—the jaw proper; lastly, an outer portion, *galea*, at the extremity covered with short, extremely delicate, hair-like processes. Underneath these, and opposed to the labrum comes the labium or lower lip, which as we mentioned, is cleft longitudinally in members of the order Orthoptera. The divisions are called paraglossæ. The existence of the cleft is deemed of great interest by comparative anatomists, since it is believed to be an approach towards the normal type of the Arthropods, or jointed animals, and to bear a close affinity to the second pair of maxillæ in the cray-fish and the lobster. The labium also, it will be observed, has its pair of three-pointed palpi. This complicated piece of mechanism is a structure so intricate that a good deal of careful dissection is necessary properly to understand the anatomy of the several parts, with their modes of attachment. Yet we were going to crush it under our foot with somewhat of a shudder as an object repulsive and hateful!

But we have not yet finished with the head. Note the curious, kidney-like shape of the compound eyes, and how the larger end curves towards the top of the head.

The antennæ—I have just been counting the number—have each sixty-five joints, omitting the two basal pieces. The wings are large in diameter and narrow towards the base, and grow smaller in diameter and lengthen as they approach the tip. These hair-like organs are hollow throughout, actual tubes. Outside they are covered with hairs and pitted. Beautiful sense-organs, fitting adjuncts to that marvellous head, sixty-five segments, all in the length of three-eighths of an inch, and each segment adorned with, perhaps, twenty or thirty hairs!

Notice the fan-like shape of the posterior pair of wings. A number of stout veins radiate from the base outwards, between which a fine gauze-like expansion of epidermis is spread. When the insect is quiescent these wings are folded up longitudinally on the back, and

are quite invisible, being covered and hidden by the upper wings (called tegmina) which are pliant and leathery, but more substantial in texture than the former. These wings, no matter how thin and gauze-like their texture, are always composed of *two* thicknesses of membrane, traversed by tracheal tubes or air-passages, which become the so-called "veins" of the wings. Though the wings of the male cockroach are perfect as organs of flight, he never seems to think of using them, but trusts entirely to the activity of his legs for escape from danger. Hence, in the course of ages, he will as surely become dispossessed of those organs as has the female in whom the rudiments of the tegmina alone remain.

When I mentioned the transparency of my white cockroach, I spoke of the dorsal vessel as being visible through the skin of the back. A strange place, the back, in which to look for a heart, but stranger still, when we find on examination that it does not fulfil our foregone ideas of what a heart should be. Its pulsations are distinctly visible, not only in a cockroach which has just cast its skin, but in some caterpillars besides. It is not a heart as we commonly understand the term, but a long chambered vessel running throughout the entire length of the body, the chambers equalling in number the segments of the body, and being formed by constrictions of the organ itself. The blood, which is colorless, is propelled through the vessel by the contractile force of its muscles, and passes, not through arteries or veins, but among the interstices of the organs and tissues of the body, and is oxygenated by contact with the air in the tracheal tubes, after which it returns to the dorsal vessel to renew its course.

The legs of the cockroach are stout and horny, and are furnished, as are those of most insects, with claws at the termination of the last tarsal joint. The strong horny spines on the tibia are doubtless for the purpose of assisting the insect in running.

To exterminate cockroaches is a troublesome task, as most housewives have doubtless found to their annoyance. To catch them in quantity is impossible, since they vanish with marvellous celerity on the approach of a light. Poison in a kitchen is objectionable, and a hedgehog is not always desirable about the house. The best way to catch them is to take advantage of their love of sweets, and of the fact that they cannot, like the pad-footed fly, climb up a smooth and polished surface. Place a basin near their haunts containing sweetened beer or treacle. Make the approach thereto easy by placing strips of wood inclined from the edge of the basin to the floor. In the morning the cockroaches will be found in large numbers making frantic efforts to scale, with slippery feet, the smooth walls of circumvallation that hem them round. A kettle of boiling water will give them their immediate *quietus*.

J. Horner.

Queen Mary's Castle.

Heavy and thick the ivy grows,
  Darkly, gloomily green;
Sighingly through it the spring wind blows
  In the spring sunlight serene;
The castle is aged and ashen grey
Standing in stubborn, slow decay;
  Dead House of long dead Queen.

Within the tower within the walls
  This Queen lived long ago;
Her footsteps through those shadowy halls
  Passed lightly to and fro;
Here Mary Queen and her Maries four
Broidered and sang in days of yore
  To the music of Rizzio.

Spreading around, her gardens lay,
  A verdurous demesne;
Pleasantly there in some bygone May
  In her spring life strayed the Queen,
Sating herself with the morning breeze
And the perfect breath of the broad, proud trees,
  So infinitely green!

Surely enow it is something strange
  How the dead to the living cling,
And how wondrous close doth ceaseless change
  The past to the present bring!
The dead come out of the dark to light,
And the living live in the past, at sight
  Of ruins set in spring!

M. J. R.

Björnstjerne Björnson.

By Leopold Katscher,
Author of "Charakterbilder aus dem neunzehnten Jahrhundert."

I.

Many of this great Norwegian poet's works have been translated into English. His plays are being performed on the leading continental stages. He has rapidly grown popular wherever his writings have come to be known. A review of his life and work may not be without interest to our readers, as, for aught we know, very little has been written about him in this country.

On December 8th, 1832, Björnson was born in the secluded district

of Doverfjeld, in the village of Quikne, of which his father was the pastor. The wildly-sublime alpine scenery amid which he grew up stamped itself deeply into his soul. Massive rocky walls, raising their summits towards the heavens and throwing their phantom-like shadows into the valleys below, hills, broad expanses of heath, forests of slender firs, hollows thickly covered with juniper bushes, brooks swelling into rivers and threatening to hurl the mountains into the sea whenever the snow melts—such was the character of the nature which surrounded the boy. To this must be added the long winter nights when these objects assume fantastic forms. But even the summer, with its red sun-rays, fosters fantastic visions. The child's heart was mixed with and baptised in this scenery, which now frightened and depressed, now attracted and fascinated him. Besides these impressions, others were produced by the church and the paternal parsonage. The Quikne chapel stood isolated in the middle of a valley, for in this part of the country there is no village proper, but the members of a congregation frequently live at great distances from one another. Under such circumstances, a lonely church is often the only visible sign of the ideal world man carries within him.

His childhood was, as may easily be imagined, rather monotonous. Visitors seldom came to the parental house. The Bible, a few popular tales, and some Northern legends—Sagas—formed all his reading. When the father was transferred to Romsdal, he sent his son to school, where the latter did nothing to distinguish himself by brilliant progress. His was one of those quiet and deep natures which in their youth seem to sleep and to see nothing, when all the while they are only in a *réverie* that, however, is an uninterrupted mental activity. They are not able, like the others, to learn mechanically the "lesson" set for them, for they have within them a world of feelings and thoughts they cannot express. They are considered fools and laughed at. Such was the retiring and reflective boy from Quikne, at whose clumsiness people made merry. He bore all that quietly, and became only the more visionary, reticent, and self-absorbed. But, thanks to his tenacity, this only served to create for him a firm character and an original mind. From the humiliations he underwent, there remained a certain bitterness which is not without its charm.

Björnson became a student at Christiana. Here he produced his first work, the drama "Valburg", though he had then never read one dramatic work through, or been to a theatre more than twice in his life. He sent "Valburg" to the managers of the Christiana stage, and—it was accepted! But as soon as he had been in the theatre a few times more, he decided that his immature play was not a fit medium for the expression of his inner life, and he therefore withdrew the piece before it had been performed. He burnt it; but out of the ashes, phœnix-like, rose up a new ideal which he preached to others, as he felt as yet too weak to give it a form himself. That is to say, he devoted, for a while afterwards, a great part of his time to dramatic criticism. He attacked some of the prevalent errors in theatrical affairs with so much force and boldness that he greatly exasperated the orthodox actors and stage-managers, and thus brought down much annoyance upon himself. His criticisms were, however, the means of essentially improving the conditions of the Norwegian drama, especi-

ally by partly releasing it from the undue Danish influence which prevented it from becoming truly national. The audacious student was sneered at, hated, calumniated, and excommunicated by the literary circles of Christiana; but he found excellent supporters at Copenhagen, whither he went after a short sojourn in Hamburg. In his case, the old proverb "Nemo propheta in patria" was verified. In Christiana the Norwegians disliked him for being too good a Norwegian; in the intelligent Danish capital he was liked as a foreigner. Encouraged and assisted, he rented a garret, and set himself to work. He soon published his "Norwegian Tales" ("Smastykker"), which quickly made him known throughout the North. Afterwards, he undertook the management of the Bergen theatre for two years and a half, during which time he married.

Björnson then returned to Christiana in order to assume the editorship of the "Aftonblad". In this position, however, he again made so many enemies that he willingly accepted the travelling-stipend offered to him by the Government in 1860, and went to Rome, where he stayed two years, and chiefly occupied himself with composing the drama "Sigurd Slembe". The succeeding eighteen months were spent in France and Germany, and within this time various writings of Björnson's were published. When at last the young author returned to his native country, he found that his great importance to Scandinavian literature had already been recognised. The national Storthing, moreover, invested him with an annual pension of one thousand riksdalers. 'At present he is, throughout Europe and America, known and appreciated as a distinguished portrayer of Norwegian peasant-life.' Now and then he has delivered lectures before over-crowded audiences in Norwegian towns. On such occasions he is sure to fascinate the meeting by his tall and herculean stature, his expressive eyes, his fair hair, and his powerful features. He rouses the enthusiasm even of the phlegmatic by the vigor of his characteristic appearance and the magnificence of his simple eloquence.

The first lyrical attempts of Björnson, the involuntary utterances of his talent, were doubtless the poems to be found scattered in his tales. These poems, few in number, are simple, and possess an original stamp and a rhythm of their own which are peculiarly pleasant. In form and inspiration they resemble, to a great extent, the Swedish and Norwegian *Volkslied*. When a child, our hero was rocked to sleep with those mysterious romances and ballads, partly merry, partly melancholy, which, among the Northern races, have been preserved to our time, and which, describing in innumerable variations the attractive power Nature exercises on Man, so well indicate the secret emotions of the soul. Not only the old songs, however, are sung by the people; they also compose new ones. On dancing occasions, at wedding-festivals, etc., they improvise songs. The words as well as the melodies are spontaneous. Imagine the young man, who, though not yet understanding himself, is filled with this old and new poetry, and discovers a something in him—a murmur, a vague music. . . . . He rambles in the open air, far away from the parsonage, into the meadows, or into the depth of a forest. A profound stillness reigns around, only interrupted by the roar of the sea, audible at a distance. The boy lies down in the grass, contemplating the beauties of Nature

spread out before him. Powerful feelings heave his breast. It is as if unknown voices secretly would speak within him. He wants to sing a *lied*, but cannot; he only murmurs something which is song-like and indicates the mysterious arising of Song in Man. When he surprises himself at it, and tries to arrest it, it has vanished again, like the dream which on awaking we vainly endeavor to recall. This is genuine, primitive, popular lyrical poetry.

No one has hit the form and spirit of the Scandinavian *Volkslied* so well as Björnson. Albeit he possesses great originality and individuality, he yet sings as his fellow-countrymen, the inhabitants of his beloved native mountains, sing. His rustic airs have sprung from the overflowing of his feelings, without his having to seek them. Certainly his poetry lacks the bold ideas, the broad horizon, and the cosmopolitanism of the higher lyrical poesy; but, on the other hand, it has two qualities which the other seldom possesses—namely, a perfect naturalness, and a genuine language of the heart. It is not so much adapted to be read by the fireside as to be sung in the open air, or at work. Björnson is not very expansive, but his productions suffice to characterise the Norwegian "Folkesang", which distinguishes itself from the German *lied* by the narrow range of its subjects. Edouard Schuré, the well-known author of "Le Drame Musical" and of the "History of the German *Lied*", wrote a few years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "If Björnson were to widen his scope (*genre*), he would be entitled to the epithet of 'the Uhland of the North'".

II.

As regards our author's tales, we recognise in them the aim of faithfully picturing his native country and countrymen, and of describing their simple, honest life. In this he has completely succeeded; he knows perfectly well how to reveal to our mental eye the inner life of the Norwegians who had previously been known only from the outer. In his stories it would be in vain to search for extraordinary situations, great emotional conflicts, and dramatic interest. They must be taken for what they profess to be—simple pictures of a primitive, but idyllic life. The hero is the Norwegian peasant, the absolute master of his farm and family; in many cases laborer, gardener, shepherd, and wood-cutter at the same time; nevertheless well-bred and independent. Incidently grouped around him are the schoolmaster, as family counsellor, and the parson, generally a wise and benevolent man. Our narrator does not introduce his landscapes like a superficial tourist, but like one who is initiated into their secrets. His descriptions reflect the landscapes as it is reflected in the minds of the mountaineers. Björnson's greatest merit is to have established a kind of Norwegian *Dorfgeschichten*, thus enriching European literature with a highly valuable new *genre*, and doing for the Scandinavians much the same as Berthold Auerbach did for the Germans. On the whole, his stories are among the most magnificent of their kind. Without quitting the sphere of realism and naturalness, he displays in them a poetical insight which is truly wonderful and is greatly enhanced by the unaffected, simple, and touching language of his men and women. But there can be no doubt about his being deficient in some qualities which might lead him to reach the harmony and clearness necessary to perfection. The dialogue

now and then gets chatty, loose, and disconnected, and sometimes the narrative is too much charged with obscure or superfluous details.

Thrond is the son of very poor people who live quite isolated. There is no house for many miles round, and up to his tenth year Thrond had seen no human beings but his parents. One night, a sick gipsy begs admission, and shelter is accorded him. At the end of three days he dies. The father gives the boy the gipsy's violin, and teaches him to play it. Soon the instrument exercises an irresistible fascination over Thrond. He sits on a hillside often for days together, incessantly playing, composing dancing-tunes, and conveying to music every object known to him. He has never been in a village. One day he hears of a wedding which is going to be celebrated in a neighbouring village. Thither he goes, impelled by curiosity and—ambition, and there he plays for the dancers. But by the sight of the village with its church, its shining windows, its bustling crowds, and its many other things quite new to him, Thrond is so much bewildered as to lose his self-control. He makes an excessive effort and plays at random a tune, wild, violent, rushing, unknown to himself. His eyes cloud, he becomes nearly unconscious, hallucinations seize him, and his music resembles the rumbling of the surge. Suddenly his mother, rushing in, cries out: "For Heaven's sake, Thrond, what are you playing?". He looks up to her and—faints. When consciousness has returned he flies from the village, as far away as his legs will carry him. He determines on destroying the fatal instrument, but wants to have a last look at it. Suddenly his overstrained heart is relieved by torrents of tears, and when these abate he resolves on going abroad in order to become an artist.

This is, in short, the substance of a story of Björnson's, as beautiful as it is singularly touching. The history of our author's inner life is very similar to that of Thrond's. He, like the latter, lived in so close an intimacy with the grand imposing nature of his country that he felt, thought, and sang under her influence. When first facing the world and the necessity of giving a form to his thoughts, he knew not how to shape into words the feelings and emotions storming within him. As soon as he became conscious of his talents, he believed himself struck with incapacity. Then he, too, experienced the frenzy-like despair of Thrond. But after the crisis was over, he clearly saw the course to be pursued.

Most characteristic is the story of "Arne" (Bergen, 1858). A man, who first has been a tailor, and afterwards a musician and dancing-master, seduces and deserts poor homely and good-hearted Margit. Her child "Arne" is brought up in great loneliness and sorrow. Subsequently, from pity, Margit marries her former seducer, who meanwhile has fallen into distress. Arne henceforth is oscillating between the vicious father and the faithful mother. The former is his evil spirit, the latter his good angel. Margit succeeds in winning Arne to herself. Her husband having died, she cares for nobody but her child. In spite of her boundless maternal love, the young man grows constantly more visionary and self-contained. He shuns human society and, from his liking for solitude, becomes a shepherd and wood-feller. Summer, autumn, and winter he spends in his forests with his trees, reading, meditating, musing. A violent longing torments him: the

desire to "travel far and wide". Since his only friend, the son of a naval captain, has gone to America, Arne has no desire but to follow him, to wander about in the world. To the grief of his mother, he reads nothing but descriptions of travels, and eagerly studies geographical maps. As it behoves a genuine Norwegian, he is silent and uncommunicative, and therefore mentions his plans to no one. Since, however, silence is hard to bear, he relieves his full and tender soul by singing. He has much poetic gift. This is not unfrequent in Norway, where every peasant is educated to a certain extent, and where the children are rocked to sleep with verses. Björnson paints with lively colors this spontaneous poet who is so congenial to him. After long irresolution, Arne has already decided to emigrate, but suddenly an unexpected charm arises to retain him. One day he watches two young maidens who are about to part from each other, but can hardly bring themselves to do so. They are the pastor's daughter and her friend Eli. The latter bewitches our misanthrope. An unknown tender feeling moves his heart. Will this love triumph over his longing for the wide world? Herein lies the chief interest of the narrative, the end of which is agreeable as well as unexpected. One day Arne, deeply absorbed in meditation, passes by Eli's hut, when he suddenly hears some stanzas of his own sung by her whom he adores. Imagine his surprise! It is the parting song he has addressed to his home; Eli has accidentally found the verses Arne had lost. This is sufficient to overpower him, to extinguish the yearning of his soul, to solve the conflict in his breast; the final solution may be easily surmised.

Besides the earnest reticent Arne, Björnson has, in another novel ("En glad gut"), depicted Eivind, the "happy boy", showing hereby that there are two types of mountaineers, one given to dreaming and reflexion, the other lively and merry; just as the mountains themselves have two different aspects, one dark and fantastic, the other bright and joyous.

Among Björnson's longer fictions, "The Fisher's Daughter" is the most remarkable. Petra has grown up among mariners, and is gifted with an expansive nature. By her own energy she rises to the rank of a great actress, conscious of her dignity and mission. Beneath the sparkling and volatile manners of an Undine she conceals a proud unbending soul. As a genuine daughter of her country, she hides her purpose from everyone, but resolutely follows it up till at last she overcomes all obstacles. Some parts of the story are of considerable psychological interest; but the whole is too much interspersed with incidents, and the principal phases of the heroine's development are too hastily arrived at. Moreover there is an absence of unity in the style; leaving his first subject and style, the author tries to assume the light tone of modern novel-writers, and mars his work by only half succeeding in this effort.

In latter years, our author has published a good many tales and stories which are quite as delicate and full of beauties as the earlier ones we have mentioned. The best is "Captain Guiseppe Mansana", a narrative of passion and adventure from the last phase of Italian history. It is thought to contain a good deal of autobiographical characterisation. In truth and vigor of delineation, in power over the

more subtle and reflex emotions of the mind, and in a more perfect command over the fervent parts of style, it may be said to surpass all previous fiction of Björnson's. "The Wedding March" is weird and touching. About "Magnhild" opinions differ widely; it is, at any rate, a sort of dilution of Gustave Flaubert's "Madame Bovary". Our space does not permit of an enumeration of the rest.

III.

Björnson has not contented himself with interpreting to the world *contemporary* Norway; but his ambition has also been directed towards creating, for his country, a purely national drama. For this, he descended to the very origin of Scandinavian genius. In these efforts he has not perfectly succeeded, but he has at least beaten the path for others. It is true that already two of his predecessors—the Swede Tegnér, and the Dane Oehlenschläger—have renewed the traditions of the past, but at the same time they imbued them with foreign ideas and only slightly touched the national character. It is not easy to discern the peculiar and original spirit of a people; in almost every country it has been glossed over, or even hidden, by all kinds of influences, educational, religious, and social. However, it still exists; but in order to see it the glance must be close, and one must feel a touch of it within oneself. Our poet possesses a truly Norwegian temperament, a mixture of latent enthusiasm and manly energy, of firm strength and soft tenderness. He was, therefore, highly fitted to give thorough and pithy expression to the old doughty and solid character of his nation. The heroic traditions of his country powerfully attracted him. The favorite epoch of his fancy was the time between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries, Norway's heroic age *par excellence*, the period when myth and history are going beautifully and harmoniously hand in hand together, the time of Harold Haarfagr, Swerre, Hacon, Jarl, and Mr. Carlyle's "Achilles-like" ideals—the Olafs. In these kings' wars and adventurous expeditions the wild manners of the Scandinavian race were displayed to his heart's content.

The first among Björnson's dramas was "Halte Hulda" (Christiana, 1858), and it has, up to the present, remained his most important play. "Lame Hulda" is the last descendant of an eminent family who were in continual warfare with the Aslaks. Her father is killed, her mother dies from grief, and Hulda herself is taken to the house of the enemy. Here the orphan grows up among the sons of the family. All the young Aslaks are in love with, and quarrel constantly about, her. Though hating all of them she marries Gudleik, the strongest of them, in order to protect herself from hostilities and from the eternal wooings. But shortly afterwards she sees, for the first time, Eiolf Finson, commander-in-chief of the Norwegian army. They fall in love with one another. Björnson here delights his readers with magnificent scenes, with idyllic love-songs, with utterances of longing, happiness, and sadness, and altogether paints a highly interesting and beautiful piece of psychological life.

Eiolf kills Gudleik in a duel, and nothing stands in the way of his being united to Hulda. But Eiolf has another love—a young maiden in the suite of the Queen. Hulda, hearing of it, asks him what line of terminating this entanglement he would adopt. He hesitates, but,

carried away with her enchantment, promises to follow *her*. Next day, however, he has a conversation with his Swanhilde, who on her part bewitches him to such an extent that he now swears to follow *her*. She, too, is worthy of his love, and he expresses the hope that with her help he will be able to resist the power which irresistibly chains him to Hulda. Eiolf's being so weak, instead of being master of himself, is his "tragic guilt", and he atones for it on the very same day. Hulda, having hidden herself and listened to that conversation, has seen how the man to whom she is so fondly attached is going to become a traitor. She resolves on perishing, but not alone. She expects Eiolf to come to see her in the evening, though she knows that he has promised Swanhilde to attend the court-ball with her. Eiolf is really coming, yet not to flee to Iceland with Hulda, as they have agreed upon the previous day, but to bid her farewell. At sight of her he again changes his mind and would probably carry out the flight, but it is too late for that! Now Hulda on *her* part refuses to do it, as she knows his inconstancy and his varying promises, and is aware of his heart being too fatally divided. "If thou canst not raise me", she exclaims, "thou must fall with me: I hurl thee into the abyss with myself!" She has, beforehand, ordered the wooden house to be surrounded by armed men, and has directed these to encircle it with a coal-fire. The burning house falls upon Hulda who dismally exults, and upon Eiolf who is fascinated by the witchcraft of her last embrace.

The trilogy of "King Sigurd" contains many unrivalled beauties; on the whole, however, it lacks unity and coherence. The subject is entirely taken from the "Heimskringla"—Mr. Carlyle's principal source for his book on "The Early Kings of Norway". The national background, historical and scenical, is masterly.

In his earlier plays Björnson is deficient in clearness of exposition and logic of *dénoûments*. His language, generally beautiful, vigorous, and spirited, is sometimes obscure, enigmatical, almost unintelligible. On the other hand, he owns a deep and powerful temperament, of poetical cast as well as poetical strength. This can best be judged of by those who have seen a performance of his shortest drama ("Between the Battles") by the celebrated troupe of the Meiningen Court Theatre, whom our readers will remember as having played in London for a whole month in 1881. An episode from the Norwegian civil wars of the early middle-ages, and the heroic form of King Sverre Sigurdsohn, are brought before us. This popular prince appears as a mediator, and we are placed, in a most remarkable manner, in the midst of the bellicose enthusiasm of those days, and at the same time are made acquainted with a piece of Northern domestic life—the ideal and idyllic love between Inga and her husband Halvard, disturbed by a jealousy arising from the noblest possible motives. Sverre, who from the humble position of a monk raised himself to the dignity of the most popular king of Norway, is faithfully represented according to the records of the Chronicles.

As regards Björnson's later plays—those of what we may call his second period—they deal with more modern subjects, with topics of every-day life. As a rule, they are free from his old faults, but, alas! also from the best elements of his earlier dramas. Some of them are

rather curious than successful literary experiments, though extremely well-meant; for instance, "The Editor", wherein he violently attacks the abuse of the power of the press, and in which a young Liberal breaks a blood-vessel because he is libelled in a Conservative paper; "The King", in which he appeals to political passion, depicting a Utopian Republican king; "A New System", etc. Much better is "Leonarda" in which he treats of social questions, or "The Newly-Married Couple", his first protest against the conventional absurdities of society. In the latter play his chief object was to point out the absurd excess of domesticity that led some young brides to prefer the society of their parents to that of their husbands. The piquancy of the situations and the cleverness of the dialogue are greatly admired. The very best and most successful of his newer dramas is "A Bankruptcy", meant for an attack on what seemed to him to be false in the practice of private business; it has been more frequently performed on the stages of Scandinavia, Germany, and Austria, than any other theatrical writings of Björnson's.

IV.

To return to the biographical part of our task. Our poet was manager of the Christiana stage from 1865 to 1867. Then he became one of the leaders of the Norwegian Radical party. During the recesses he used to live at Aulestaat (about 25 miles from the capital), surrounded by his wife, two daughters, and three sons; the eldest of the latter is now about 24 years old, and a member of the above-mentioned Meiningen troupe. Towards the end of the last decade Björnson aimed at the overthrow of the Bernadottian dynasty in Norway, the abolition of the union with Sweden, and the establishment of a Norwegian Republic on the federal principle. These political struggles happened to entangle him in personal polemics with King Oscar II., who one day used language at which the Radical author was highly offended. Thereupon he angrily left the country, retiring to Germany. Later on he went to Italy and America. Quite lately I saw it stated in a French newspaper that he has returned to Norway, but this is not true. He lives in Paris at present.

Björnson thinks and writes easily and rapidly. Sometimes he does not produce anything for weeks, then will suddenly be seized by some inspiration and pour forth his ideas in the shortest possible time. Thus he wrote the whole of his "Bankruptcy" in four weeks. As was the case with George Sand, he never revises, corrects, shortens, or otherwise alters a manuscript after having finished it. If after an interval he takes one out of his desk again, it is either to have it printed, or else to peruse it just in the same way as any other person would peruse it in print. At such times he is his own absorbed reader, and faces his own productions with the same naïve feelings as he would other writers'. The perusal of his own plays or tales is apt to cause him to cry, sob, or weep, or feel a childish pleasure. He only writes in the forenoon, and is not at all particular as to quiet surroundings and idyllic calmness. Instead of shutting himself up in a separate room he writes in the common parlor, and does not seem to be in the least disturbed by the coming and going of people, or the talking and laughing of his children. According to his own confession, he never

invents any of his characters. "I am merely a photographer", he told a contributor to the "Pester Lloyd"; "I try faithfully to reproduce certain figures I meet with in real life". He actually named to his interviewer every one of the persons whom he copied in "A Bankruptcy".

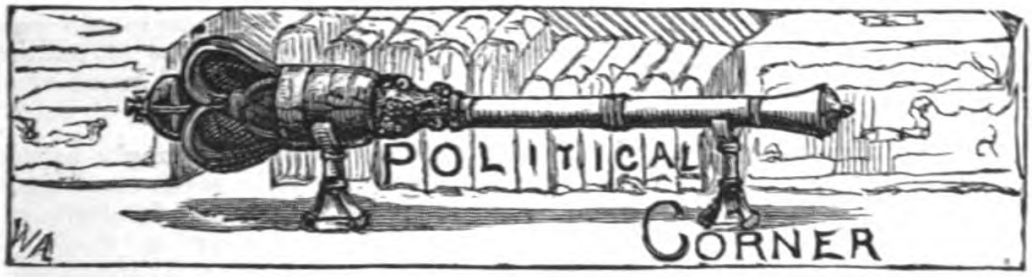
'Capable of failing in drama, and liable to seem weak when attempting to take philosophical views of life, Björnson is yet gifted with such a capacity of feeling, and has so much of the poet's power to tell us with precision what moves his soul and appears to his vision, and so much of the artist's power of selection and self-restraint, that he must be ranked among the most genuine and delightful of the poets of Nature and the affections.' As he is but in the summer of life, he will in all probability gladden the hearts of his numerous admirers by many a work from his golden pen in days to come. He has, himself, given utterance to his conviction that he will give the world many more poems, novels, and plays, for he expects to reach a good old age. As was the case with Lord Beaconsfield, longevity seems to be hereditary in his family. His grandfather became a centenarian without having lost his physical or mental elasticity, and his father was very near ninety when he died. His own health seems to be as robust as that of his progenitors, and it is, therefore, quite possible that his expectations may be fulfilled. We part from him with the wish that this may come to pass.

Love and Death.

I HAD given my Love a rosebud,
  And in answer to my prayer
She severed a shining ringlet
  From the wealth of her golden hair;
Saying: "Dear, your sweet rose has faded
  And ah! when my hair is gray
Will your love have faded like it,
  Or bright as the ringlet stay?".

I swore that my love was fadeless.
  One brief year I called her wife,
Then Death plucked from me my flower
  And left me a shattered life.
And now, like the faded rosebud,
  I am old and withered and gray;
But my love, like the golden ringlet,
  Is bright as though new to-day.

S.



BEFORE the next *Corner* is in print Parliament will have reassembled, probably for its last Session. Political prospects outside the Redistribution Bill are not bright. The uneasiness as to Mr. Gladstone's health is not only of personal anxiety for a popular statesman; it is accentuated by the doubt as to the man to whom will fall the leadership of the "Liberal" party. As to the Redistribution Bill itself there seems no great question; the discussion turns on the merest details.

THERE is unfortunately far too much sign of Jingo intermittent fever, and this not confined to Conservative ranks. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has had bad attacks of "Navy Scare", and the Press generally is troubled with "German Annexation" on the brain. Wolseley, if victorious at Khartoum, may be as large a difficulty as Gordon, and the Bechuanaland trouble is only one of the many acute phases of the evil initiated by Lord Carnarvon and Sir Bartle Frere in South Africa.

MR. C. H. HOPWOOD, Q.C., M.P. for Stockport, has undertaken a task from which the Government has flinched, and he will make a strong effort to carry a Bill giving the option of affirmation in all cases in which an oath is now lawfully required. If Liberal and Radical Associations make their members in the House give a thorough support to Mr. Hopwood by voice and vote, and if each society sends up a resolution and petition, there is a very fair prospect that the Bill may pass into law. The matter has been taken up energetically by the National Reform Union, Manchester, and by the leading Miners' Associations. The London Clubs also heartily support the Bill, which has been endorsed by the National Liberal Federation.

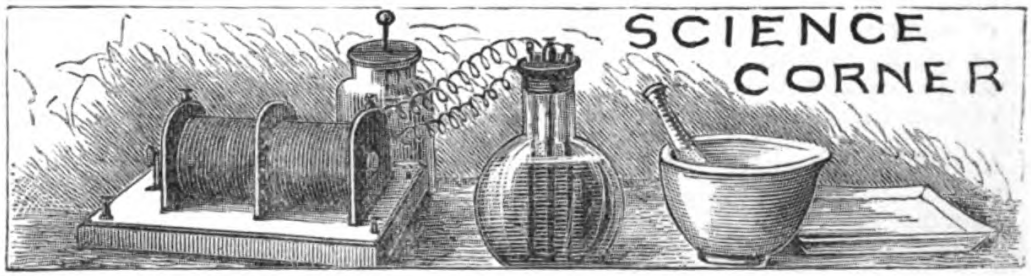
LORD RIPON'S departure from India has been marked by an expression of favorable native feeling, almost without precedent. A victor's triumphal march could scarely compare with the popular tribute. To use the words of the *Indian Statesman*, it was one "long ovation of cheers and addresses, which have pursued every step" of Lord Ripon's way from Simla to Calcutta. It is to be hoped that Lord Dufferin will carry on the work of winning native sympathy, and that on the Bengal Rent Bill he will take a stand as firm as that of his predecessor on the Ilbert Bill.

AS I feared, the Chinese embroglio with France grows in intensity, and the armaments are being increased on both sides. It is said that the Chinese are finding European officers, and have strongly fortified the Yangtze river approaches, and are determined not to submit to the French demands. In Paris discontent has increased, and the resignations in the ministry are accompanied by stronger demands that M. Jules Ferry shall retire from office.

THE terror caused by the severe earthquake in Spain has temporarily overshadowed the tendency to political convulsion. The Monarchy is, however, less firm than the Churches recently cracked and shaken by the terrible earthwaves.

IT is announced that Mr. Cleveland, the new President of the United States, intends to commence Civil Service Reform by maintaining in their respective posts all efficient State *employés* without reference to politics. Hitherto it has been "the spoils to the victor", and a general sweep of all officeholders on the accession to power of a rival party.

THE German Parliament on most things sets itself strongly against Prince Bismarck, and to an outsider the position at Berlin seems exceedingly strained. Whether the notion of glory in extended colonial dominion will serve as counterpoise to and barrier against the growing Socialistic Revolution, it is very hard to say. CHARLES BRADLAUGH.



MUCH interest has been aroused in botanical circles by the announcement of the discovery of the Edelweiss in Western America. So few plants are common to the Old and New Worlds that each addition to the scanty list is valuable. In a letter to the *Standard* a quotation is given from "The High Alps of New Zealand", by Mr. W. S. Green, which shows that the same rare plant has been discovered at the Antipodes. I quote from the letter: "The author, in the course of a description of his ascent of the Mount Tasman spur, says: 'The ascent soon became more difficult, as we met with vertical rocks, which compelled us to leave the ridge and climb the face of the spur. The profusion of Alpine flowers was here most striking; every cleft was adorned with the Edelweiss in full bloom, and every spot to which herbage could cling bore its tufts of snow grass and quantities of a little *Euphrasia* almost identical, to a casual observer, withthe "eyebright" of our northern land.' This I gather from the context to have been at an elevation of between six thousand and seven thousand feet. And again on Mount Cork, at between five thousand and six thousand feet above the sea, Mr. Green says: 'As we left the coarser forms of vegetation behind the tiny Alpine plants became more interesting. Patches of a low-growing yellow Ranunculus (*Ranunculus sericophyllus*), very like a familiar form in Switzerland, and tufts of Edelweiss, made it difficult to realise that the whole diameter of the earth and the tropical girdle of non-Alpine conditions cut us off from direct connexion with those northern regions where almost the very same little Alpines abound.'"

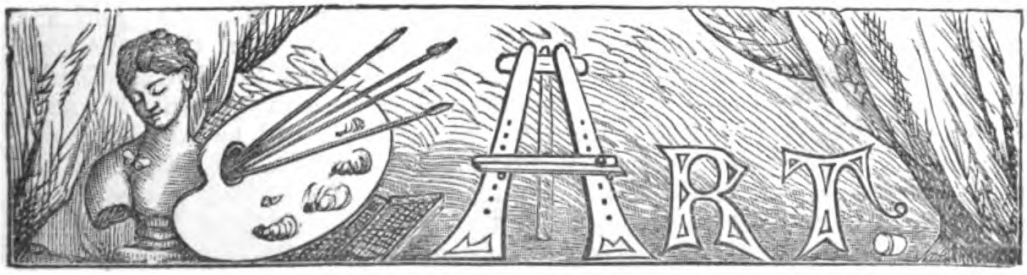
MR. MIDDLETON has invented a new weapon of war, a submarine boat. It is thus described in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The boat invented by him was of the cigar shape, not unlike the Whitehead torpedo. Its peculiarity was its power of carying men below water. The boat could be propelled with funnels without either steam or electricity, and the 'conning tower' is above water. When within gunshot of an enemy's ironclad it could be sunk to any distance below the surface, and guided by the electric light could be brought within thirty yards or less of the ironclad, at which range a percussion shell fired from the submarine boat could knock a hole of several feet in the ironclad, too large for any pump to remedy, and sufficient to sink

it." When will the resources of science be used only for the preservation, not for the destruction, of life? Men, not content with murdering each other on the surface of the the ground, hope soon to grapple with each other in the air, and to struggle beneath the waves.

THE new system of time-notation is already used on the American railways, and clock-dials have been made in which a double circle of figures serves to give all the hours from 1 to 24 o'clock without increasing the size of the face. I see that, in England, Mr. Adams of West Bromwich offers to "alter watches to the twenty-four hours system", and the Liverpool Branch of the N. S. S. has boldly advertised lectures by Mr. Bradlaugh at 15 and 19 o'clock.

A LUMINOUS tree has been found in Nevada, U. S. A., which at certain times of the year gives out light enough to read by. The light is supposed to be due to parasites. It would be interesting to have a few details about this tree. It is well known that several fungi—Agaricus igneus, A. noctilucens, A. Gardneri, A. Olearius and the Rhizomorphs—give out light.

SPAIN has been suffering terribly from earthquakes during the past month. The first shock took place on Christmas night, and from that date until January 6th almost daily shocks occurred, some two thousand people having been killed. Village after village has been laid in ruins, thousands of persons being thus left homeless. Whole towns have been deserted for fear of disaster, and chanting processions have in vain implored the interference of divine mercy. Strange, that in the 19th century "God", should still be implored to suspend natural laws! The seismic disturbances have spread over the whole of Southern Europe, although no wide-spread destruction has been wrought anywhere save in Spain. ANNIE BESANT.



"DIPLOMACY" AT THE HAYMARKET.—Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft must have selected a revival of Sardou's comedy for their farewell performance rather on account of its former popularity than because it contains any part particularly suitable for the special histrionic talent of either. On the first production of the play at the Prince of Wales' Theatre Mrs. Bancroft essayed the part of the Countess Zicka, a character wholly unsuited to her gay and *debonnaire* personality. In the present cast she appears as Lady Fairfax, the Ambassador's wife. She cleverly invests what formerly was merely a "walking lady's" part with vivacity and interest, but it is doubtful whether the play as a whole gains by her adaptation. Lively and amusing as is the description of the clock at Berne, there is nothing to justify its introduction, save that it affords an opportunity for a genuine comedy scene of the kind in which Mrs. Bancroft is at her happiest. Artistically speaking, it is out of place. Mr. Bancroft, forsaking his former *rôle* of

Count Orloff, makes a dignified Henry Beauclerk, and acts well in his scene with Zicka in the last act. He is not, however, strong enough for his work in what ought to be a really powerful scene between the three men in the third act. It is the scene in which Julian Beauclerk has to receive the —to him—crushing evidence that his wife, of a few hours only, is a political *intrigante* of the worst kind. In the present form the scene is a failure. Mr. Forbes Robertson as Julian Beauclerk, bad throughout, is here at his worst, and Mr. Barrymore's Count Orloff is hopelessly wooden. Mr. Brookfield's Baron Stein is a careful and well-sustained study of the Russian political spy. Countess Zicka is so obviously the "Dea ex machina" of this comedy of intrigue that it would be a well-nigh impossible task for any actress to make her an interesting character. Mrs. Bernard Beere does not succeed in removing the sense that she is striving to impart naturalness to a creation that is wholly artificial. With the memory of Mrs. Kendal as Dora fresh in the memory of most theatre-goers, a difficult task lies before any actress who attempts the part. That in spite of inevitable comparisons, the young American actress, Miss Calhoun, is distinctly a success, speaks well for her future. Two or three points are exceptionally good—notably, her reception of Julian Beauclerk's offer of marriage—and give promise of dramatic power above the average. Sardou makes very little effort to be strictly true to nature in his plot, and I fail to see the advantage in the care taken that nearly every personage should speak broken English. There is, of course, the difficulty that there is a medley of all kinds of nationalities to be dealt with; but while the improbability of the whole would be made scarcely more apparent, the general effect would be much improved by the characters assuming a "stage licence" and speaking ordinary English.

THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE.—Mr. Augustus Harris promised that this year his pantomime should surpass all previous efforts in magnificence and display. Undoubtedly his promise has been fulfilled. For gorgeousness of coloring, for successful massing together of many hundreds of brilliantly and tastefully dressed performers, for everything in fact that is included in the general term *spectacle*, "Whittington and his Cat" stands unequalled among similar entertainments of this or of previous years. The principal set scenes are "The Palace of the Emperor of Morocco" and the "Lord Mayor's Show". These are both much more tasteful than the conventional "Transformation" that, as usual, introduces the Harlequinade. One would be glad to see in such purely mechanical arrangements the substitution of artificial for living figures. The effect would be equally good, and the risk of serious accident considerably diminished. It would be too much, I suupose, to require good acting in addition to this perfection of scenic effect, but those who remember the charming Dick of Miss Rosina Vokes feel that something better might be given than the impersonation of Miss Fanny Leslie. The Cat of Mr. C. Lauri is clever and amusing; the little children from Madame Katti Lanner's School of Dancing are admirably drilled and go through their parts with evident pride and delight in the performance. After all, the real pleasure of a pantomime for grown-up folk is in the pleasure it affords to the small people in one's own party, and in the peals of childish laughter that ring from all parts of the house. Luckily plenty of children can still be found not yet so "advanced" as to deem a pantomime a "bore", and with three or four of these for companions one may spend a very enjoyable afternoon or evening at Drury Lane Theatre.

MUSIC FOR 1885.—Herr Joachim makes his welcome appearance at the Popular Concerts on February 14th, and there is a rumor that Madame Schumann may possibly appear. The Sacred Harmonic Society announces a performance of Berlioz' "Childhood of Christ" and of Handel's "Bel-

shazzar". Berlioz's work has only once before been given in London, by Mr. Charles Hallé about four years ago. Notwithstanding its undoubted merit "Belshazzar" is rarely given in its entirety. The last complete performance was at the Albert Hall in 1873.

Admirers of Liszt will be glad to hear that, after an interval of three years, Mr. Walter Bache will give an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on February 5th. The performance will include Liszt's "Dante", and his Pianoforte Concerto in E flat.

Sir Arthur Sullivan will conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Among the soloists will be Herr Joachim and Herr Wilhelmj. Dvorak's new Symphony, conducted by the composer, will be given on April 22nd, his Pianoforte Concerto on May 6th.

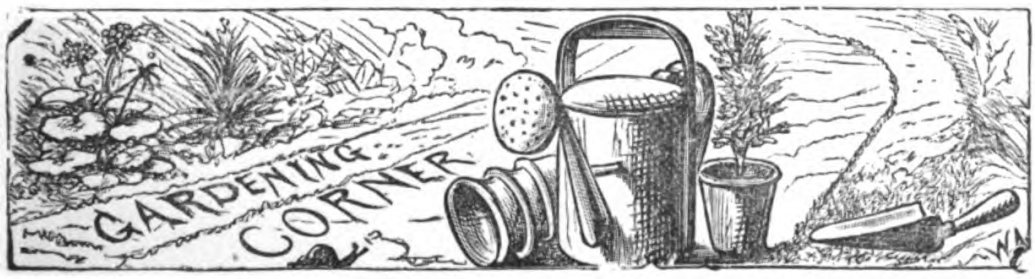
Mr. Manns, most able and energetic of conductors, resumes his concerts at the Crystal Palace on February 14th. The chief novelties promised are Berlioz's "Te Deum"; Raff's last Symphony, "Im Winter", and if possible, Brahm's new Symphony, No. 4.

Herr Richter will give nine concerts on successive Mondays, commencing April 30th. No programme has yet been issued, but it is more than probable that both Liszt's Oratorio "St. Elizabeth", and Dr. V. Stanford's "Elegiac Ode" will be given.

Mr. Carl Rosa opens a season of English Opera at Drury Lane on Easter Monday. He intends to produce Massenet's "Manon" and "Nadeshda", by Mr. Goring Thomas. The latter Opera deals with a Russian subject and is reported to be of great merit. No definite announcements have yet been made concerning the Italian Opera.

A short season of German Opera will be given under the direction of Herr Richter. German Opera is a so much higher form of art than the Italian, that its successful establishment in London is much to be desired. Fashion unfortunately still clings to the Italian, and its votaries contentedly pay enormous sums to hear a Patti or a Nilsson execute marvellous roulades. Last year the far more perfect performances given under Herr Richter were financially a failure, a fact somewhat to our discredit as a music-appreciating nation.

ELIZABETH CRACKNELL.



FEBRUARY.

"The cry is still they come."
From East and West, from South and North,
Trade catalogues in shoals come forth,
Announcing seeds and roots and plants,
More than enough to meet our wants.

AND, whatever the state of the weather, favorable or unfavorable, these "harbingers of spring" remind us that seed-time is at hand, and that operations in the garden must at every opportunity be now pushed on. This

being so, it seems to us that the following hints may appropriately enough fill the space allowed us in *Our Corner* for this month.

SEED SOWING.—Seeds to germinate require light, heat, air, and moisture. They should be sown when the ground is mellow and fine, and, if possible, before a gentle rain. The ground for them should be thoroughly well worked, finely raked on the surface, and when sown the seeds should be covered and the soil gently pressed over them. Seeds sown too early, or in wet ground are apt to rot. When sown too shallow in a dry time, there may not be moisture enough to sprout them; and they are often destroyed by hot dry weather after they have germinated. The first effect of air, heat, and moisture, is to change the starchy matter of the seed into a sugary pulp, the proper food of the embryo. But if at this time the seed be withered by exposure to heat and drought without proper covering it will perish, or if planted in a fresh dug soil and the above change takes place, without the earth having been pressed upon it, it dries up and the embryo perishes. Seeds, again, may be buried too deep, in which case, though they swell, sufficient heat and air to vitalise them is wanting, and they rot. The first thing in sowing is a suitable preparation of the soil, so that the young roots on their development may find no difficulty in penetrating it. It must be made more or less fine for seeds of different sizes. The size of the seeds, too, should afford a guide for depth of sowing. Beans of all kinds, for instance, may be sown at from two to three inches deep; Peas an inch and a half to two inches; Turnips, Onions, Radishes, Lettuce, Cabbage, and such like seeds require to be sown shallow—almost close to the surface. The seed must be firmly fixed in the soil, and pressed by the earth on every part in order to retain moisture sufficient to encourage vegetation, yet not so firmly buried as to be deprived of air or to have the ascending shoots impeded by too much soil above. In the case of seeds as large as Peas and Beans, when sown in drills, a good plan is to cover them in with the feet, treading the soil on the seed as you go along, and then smooth the surface with the rake. In our own practice we do the same with Onions, Leeks, Carrots, Turnips, etc., when the ground is light, friable, and in a suitable condition for so working it. Smaller seeds sown on beds may be made firm by patting the surface after sowing, and slightly covering with the back of the spade, or by walking over them on a board. In all cases seeds should be sown on fresh worked soil that they may have the benefit of the moisture within; but they should never be sown on really wet soil, for when such is made firm it will cake on the surface, and so prevent the plants from coming through; it is also liable to crack, and the draught going in at the rents reaches the seed and dries up the embryo, or the tender roots are withered and the plants perish.

ROTATION OF CROPS.—To attend to this is of importance; in no case should two crops of a similar nature, such as Beets, Carrots, Turnips, be grown two years in succession on the same ground. Different plants derive their nourishment from different depths of soils, hence deep-rooted vegetables, such as Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Salsafy, &c., should be followed by Lettuce, Cabbage, Cauliflower, &c., and all those whose roots extend but little below the surface. By a careful rotation, an economy in the use of manure can be effected, as it will not need to be applied to each crop when grown in rotation. But for bulbous roots, such as Onions, and plants grown for their leaves as Spinach, the ground can scarcely be made too rich.

TRANSPLANTING.—In this operation, the main points to be remembered are care in taking up the plants so as to avoid injury to the roots: planting firmly so as to enable the plant shifted to take quickly and securely a hold of the soil in its new position, and shading to prevent the hot sun withering and blighting the leaves. Many vegetables may be transplanted with advantage. All members of the Brassica family—Cabbages, Cauliflower,

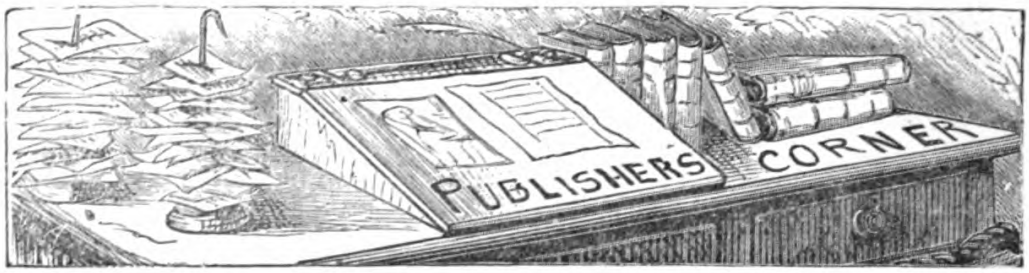
Savoys, Broccoli, &c., to stand the winter must be transplanted. Transplanting should take place as soon as the plants are large enough to be handled safely. Cabbage-plants, for instance, should be moved from the seed-bed as soon as they are two inches high. Celery and Parsley will transplant well, but Carrots, Turnips, and Parsnips are not to be moved except where blanks in the rows have to be filled in, but experience has taught us that success in transplanting these—especially Carrots and Turnips—is very doubtful. Parsnips and Beets can, on the other hand, be most successfully transplanted. The time most favorable for the operation is just in the cool of a moist evening, or immediately before or after a genial shower. Make the holes with the dibble wide enough and deep enough to take in the roots of the plants to be operated upon easily, and hold the plant in one hand just in the centre of the hole so that all its roots may be in the most favorable situation to have the soil filled in and pressed against them. This do by holding the dibble in the other hand and—bearing its point into the ground at the side of the hole in which you hold the plant—pressing it into the soil till you feel certain that it is as deep as the longest roots. Now press the dibble and a fair portion of soil with it up against the roots and stem of the plant and you have fixed it. If this is done in showery weather the plants may "go away" as gardeners put it, "without ever looking over their shoulder". If the weather, however, is hot and sunny, give each plant a douche of water and shade for a few days with a shingle.

WATERING.—In all cases where it is deemed necessary to water plants in the open garden, the best time to do it is just before sunrise. You can't be up too early if you have a garden. Amateurs with enthusiasm in gardening must never accept as theirs the sentiment of the song:

"Up in the morning's no' for me"

or if they do they must lengthen their days by stealing and adding to them a portion of their nights. And those who endorse the wisdom and act upon the advice of the popular saying, "After supper walk a mile", may enjoy as great an amount of healthy exercise after that nocturnal meal by taking their watering-pot in hand and attending to the watering of their garden as they would by a constitutional walk, whilst their plants would benefit about as much as from a matin douche. Use rain water always where it can be had. If spring water, or water from a draw-well has to be employed, it should invariably be exposed to the atmosphere for a considerable time before it is applied, and water should never be used for plants under any circumstances of a lower temperature than that of the atmosphere in which they are growing. Water may be given to the roots of plants at any time but should never be sprinkled over the leaves in a hot sun. One copious watering is better than a little often, and the hoe should follow the watering pot whenever the ground becomes dry, as a loose surface soil is more impervious to a prolonged drought than a hard baked one. We intended in this paper to have given some hints on Thinning, Hoeing, Weeding, Manures and Manuring, &c., but find we must hold them over for our next.

W. ELDER.



MR. JOSEPH SYMES is issuing in Melbourne a monthly magazine for young people, entitled *The Young Secularist.*[1] Across thousands of miles we send greeting to the newcomer, and wish him a long and prosperous career.

MRS. BESANT has reprinted a paper on "The Legalisation of Female Slavery in England",[2] originally published in the *National Reformer.* It deals with the regulation of prostitution, and should be widely read.

THE Rev. Edward White has published two lectures delivered to artisans.[3] He advocates Land Reform and Emigration as "the two remedies for overcrowding". Land Reform, by all means, but it will be time enough to talk of emigration after our home waste lands are being tilled, and it would clearly be for the benefit of the community that the drones should emigrate before the working bees.

NO. 18 of the Freethought Publishing Company's Popular Edition of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's lectures is just issued under the title "Which Way?".[4] The lecture is one of the trenchant, racy discourses which have made the American Freethinker's name a household word in England.

MR. GOULDING, who was lately imprisoned in Holloway Gaol for the non-vaccination of his children, has issued a halfpenny pamphlet entitled "Revival of Martyrdom".[5] Those who sympathise with a sufferer from a persecuting law might well send a penny stamp to Mr. Goulding to pay for the tract and postage.

THE Second Part of the "Christian Creed"[6] is now issued in pamphlet form, pointing out the contradictions and absurdities which occur in the New Testament. The little book would be a capital "eye-opener" to present to any pious person. It would probably make them angry, but it would also make them laugh.

THE "Doctor of Medicine" who is so widely known as the author of the "Elements of Social Science" has just issued a thick pamphlet, in which he deals with the prevention of poverty, of war, and of the spread of infectious diseases.[7] The little volume deserves careful reading, but we heartily wish that "G. R." was not so strongly in favor of vaccination.

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[1] *The Young Secularist.* Melbourne: *Liberator* Company, 120, Swanston Street.

[2] "The Legalisation of Female Slavery in England." By Annie Besant. London: Freethought Publishing Company, 63, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1d.; post free 1½d.

[3] "Land Reform and Emigration." By Edward White. London: W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

[4] "Which Way?" By Colonel R. G. Ingersoll. London: Freethought Publishing Company, 63, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1d.; post free 1½d.

[5] "Revival of Martyrdom." By F. Goulding. To be obtained from the Author, 10, Emma Terrace, Wanstead Flats, Essex.

[6] "The Christian Creed." By Annie Besant. London: Freethought Publishing Company, 63, Fleet Street, E.C.

[7] "State Remedies for Poverty, War, and Pestilence." By "A Doctor of Medicine". London: E. Truelove, 256, High Holborn.

Anecdotes.

THE following answer to a question on "the Three Creeds", is, according to the *Journal of Education*, a *bonâ fide* one: "First they made the Apostles' Creed, but no one would believe it, so they made the Nicene Creed, and some didn't believe it, then they made the Athanasian Creed, and that no one could help believing."

THE following, from the *Church Times*, is too good to be lost: "Some years ago, when taking a Sunday-school class of boys from 9 to 12 years of age, on reading one of the lessons for the day (St. Matt. iii.), I asked them to give me their ideas of v. 7, 'O generation of vipers'. Not one answered, nor could I extract a reply. 'Well', said I, 'tell me first what a viper is, and then perhaps we shall get at it'. Presently one boy answered, 'Please, sir, it's what you stick letters with'. I was not sharp enough to see his meaning, and none of the others could help me, so after trying whether he meant the postage stamp, the gummed envelope, etc., I had to give it up and go on with the reading. On telling a friend how it had puzzled me, he said, 'no doubt the boy meant a *wafer*'. O generation of wafers! Let me add a few other examples that I can vouch for:—'The five *horizontal* (Oriental) Kings', (St. Luke xix. 21)—'I feared thee because thou art an *oyster* man'. (St. John vi. 31)—'Our fathers did eat *mamma* in the desert'. (St. Luke vi. 10)—'Stretch forth thy hand. And he did so; and his hand was *roasted* whole as the other'. Not long ago a choirman reciting the Apostles' Creed, 'believed in the *collusion* of Saints'."

AT a catechetical examination in Scotland a little girl was asked: "Why did the Israelites make a golden calf?" She answered: "They hadna as muckle siller as wad make a coo".

ANOTHER from the examination papers. Q. Name six animals belonging to the polar regions? A. Three polar bears and three seals.

THE prisoner was the only son of virtuous parents, and there were tears in the judge's voice as he told him: "God, young man, has given you intelligence and strength, instead of which you go about stealing cocks and hens".

THE minister of a well-known fashionable church lately preached a beautiful sermon. He drew the picture of a very beautiful heaven. We would walk its sunlit groves by the music of waterfalls, and gaze out on the amaranthine fields. And then, too, "we shall know each other there", said the minister, and again he added, "there'll be no strangers in the New Jerusalem; we'll all be friends". "Beautiful!" said Mr. Jones, as he trotted down the aisle. "A lovely sermon!" said Miss Simkins as she put her bony hand into the minister's. She was stopped by a poor mechanic, who came up and addressed the preacher: "Mr. ———, I am glad we shall

recognise each other up there". "Yes", said the minister, "it is one of the greatest consolations of our religion." "Well, I am right glad we shall know each other. It will be a great change, though, for I have attended your church for over four years, and none of the members of the congregation have recognised me yet".

A PRESBYTERIAN minister, admonishing freethinking Dr. Russell, the late editor of the *Scotsman*, warned him to flee from the wrath to come, from the place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, and painted the joys of heaven, where ransomed sinners chant a new song unto the lamb. "But what will they do with me?" queried Dr. Russell, "who have neither a voice to sing with, nor teeth to gnash?". "Doctor, doctor", answered the minister solemnly, "the teeth will be provided".

"YOU never wear a hat, my boy?" said Mr. Hook to his nephew, the blue-coat boy. "No, uncle, I never was", was the frank admission. And Mr. Hook went without an overcoat all that winter in the hope that some one would give him the chance to answer likewise.

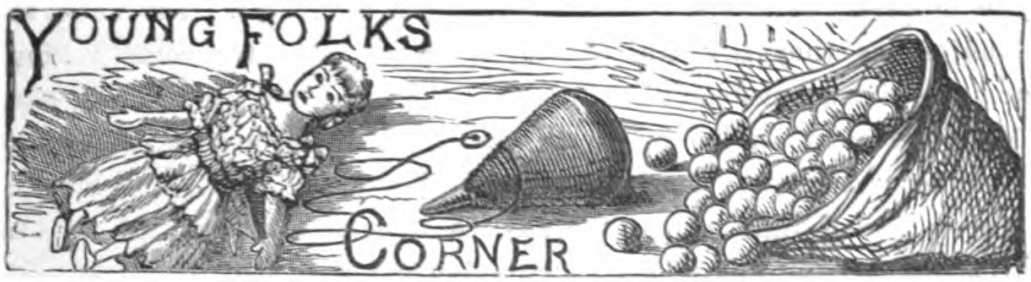
Over an inn in Ireland hangs a sign entitled the "Four Alls". It represents a king with his robes and sceptre, a bishop with his mitre, a warrior with his sword, and a poor man kneeling in his rags. The king is saying, "I rule all"; the soldier says, "I fight for all"; the bishop says, "I pray for all"; and the poor man says, "And I pay for all".

A GENTLEMAN introduced to the late Dr. Russell, of the *Scotsman*, was tiresomely foppish in his conversation, and wound up with a statement that he had been taken for a certain Lord ———, a well-known member of the nobility. "Do you know", said the Doctor, "I was taken the other day for Lord God. A gentleman stopped me in Prince's Street and said: 'Lord Almighty, is that you?'."

"MY dear boy", said an earnest Sunday school teacher at the North End Mission to a frowsy urchin, "do you know that we are all sinners?". "Yes, marm." "Do you know that you are a sinner?" "Yes, marm." A long and earnest talk followed, in which the claims of the gospel were fully set forth, but the teacher was only rewarded by an unintelligible stare. Finally it occurred to the teacher that perhaps she had taken the boy beyond his depth, and she inquired: "John, you know what a sinner is, don't you?". "Sinners? oh, yes; sinners is strings in turkeys' legs."

DR. CHALMERS, when once invited to address a primitive prayer-meeting in a remote Highland parish, was requested to "speak down" to the intelligence of his flock, and use only the simplest words and sentences. Chalmers good-naturedly assented, and began with this easy sentence: "My friends, I have been specially requested, in addressing you to-night, to avoid the technical nomenclature of scholastic theology".

IN his essay on "a little moral advice on the cultivation and improvement of the animal spirits", Sydney Smith analyses with his accustomed playfulness the possible causes of intense depression: "Stop, then, child of sorrow and humble imitator of Job, and tell me on what thou hast dined. Were not there soup and salmon, and then a plate of beef, and then duck, blanc mange, cream cheese, diluted with beer, claret, champagne, hock, tea, coffee, and noyau? And after all this, you talk of the mind and the evils of life. These kind of cases do not need meditation, but magnesia. Take short views of life."



A Day's Adventures.

PART II.

The Afternoon's Sail.

When dinner was finished Mrs. Martin and the four children went down to the harbor, where they found Captain Trindar, with one of his men, waiting for them with the trimmest little boat in the world—the lively little "Rose of Devon".

Mrs. Martin looked round uneasily, and remarked that heavy clouds had been gathering over the sky during the last hour, and suggested that they had better put off the excursion till another day. The joyous faces of the children fell, and they turned anxiously to Captain Trindar to hear what he would say. He soon reassured them: "There might perhaps be a bit of a storm, but it would soon pass".

Mrs. Martin had great confidence in Captain Trindar, and did not want to disappoint the young people, so, without more hesitation, she and the children all got into the boat. The white sails were soon spread to the wind, and the "Rose of Devon" skimmed lightly over the waves like a white-winged bird. At first the sun shining down on them bright and hot made the children forget the prospect of "a bit of a storm", but suddenly all the brightness died out of the water, and the foam-crested waves no longer flashed and glistened in the sunlight.

"The sun has put on his nightcap and has gone to bed", said Jean sorrowfully.

"People don't put on their nightcaps in the afternoon", was Steve's scornful rejoinder.

For a moment Jean looked perplexed, and then smiling triumphantly, she said: "Yes, they do sometimes. The sun is taking his after-dinner nap, and puts on his nightcap like Grandma does for fear of spoiling her daycap. So there!"

A lurch of the boat put a premature end to the discussion as to the propriety of the afternoon wearing of nightcaps. The children laughed as they saw the great mountains of water come rolling towards them, but Jean's laugh had a little nervous tremor in it, and Maggie looked anxiously ahead. Soon the faint growl of distant thunder was heard; then came a vivid flash of lightning, marking a zigzag line of light across the sky; a moment's pause, and then a tremendous peal, followed by such a downpour of rain that it seemed as though the whole heavens were coming down at once, or as though, as Jean confided to Laurie afterwards, the floor had given way up above and *they* (whoever they might be) were coming through! The waves began to roar with anger, and the "white horses" to rear their foaming crests in menacing fury above the little boat, and break in a deluge over her side.

Mrs. Martin was very much frightened, and, raising her voice so as to be heard above the storm, she called out to Captain Trindar to know whether they had not better go back.

"Sit still, ma'am", answered the Captain in stentorian tones. "Sit still; the breakwater is nearer than the shore. I'll land you there, and you can go into the lighthouse until the storm passes. It will be over in a few minutes. The children are not frightened—are you, children?"

Four trebles raised to their highest pitch shrilly answer "No."

Laurie stood bare-headed by the mast, encircling it with both his arms. The rain beat on his face and the lightning played upon his eyes, but he seemed rather to enjoy it than otherwise. It was such a delight to watch how gallantly the little "Rose" lifted herself to meet the waves and avoided none, not even the very biggest.

Steve sat down at the bottom of the boat covered with tarpaulin, from underneath which he was vainly endeavoring to raise his voice loud enough to make Laurie understand how this wasn't anything of a storm, and to tell him how once he had been "in a boat with Pa, when the sky was as black as pitch, and the waves were forty feet high!". I am afraid that Steve was a bit of a braggart.

Mrs. Martin sat in the stern with Maggie on one side of her and Jean on the other. Maggie didn't mind the storm much: she didn't quite like it, but at the moment her whole attention was concentrated in the task of comforting Mrs. Martin, who was excessively frightened. It was seldom, indeed, that she allowed herself to be tempted out in a boat, and she vowed that this should be the last time. Jean sat

bolt upright and quite still save when a wave bigger than the rest gave the boat an extra lurch and thus displaced the little maid. She held Mrs. Martin's wrist with such a grasp, that a fortnight later that lady averred that the marks of Jean's small fingers were still visible. That tight grip and a rather drawn expression on her face were the only signs Jean gave of her terror.

She was not frightened at the storm in itself—indeed she had more than once got up in the night to watch a thunderstorm—to watch for the vivid flash which suddenly and momentarily lit up the intense blackness of the night, and then to wait in tremulous expectation for the dreadful crash which seemed as though it must rend the earth in twain. It was not the storm that frightened Jean, it was the waves. Everywhere, as far as she could see, were the angry looking "white horses", and as the mighty masses of water came rolling swiftly towards her, seemingly growing greater and greater as they neared the boat, she felt they would be sure to descend upon her in their fury and bury her tiny form beneath their awful vastness. Every time one of these dreaded monsters broke in spray against the boat's side, every time she found the gallant "Rose", audaciously riding in safety above one of her much feared enemies, Jean felt a sensation of relieved surprise.

Soon the "Rose of Devon" reached the breakwater, and landed her precious freight. Although the storm was already abating, even now the waves were still washing over the breakwater, so Captain Trindar had to choose a suitable moment for putting his passengers ashore, and then he bade them hurry along into the lighthouse before the next big wave should come; meanwhile he himself would keep the boat alongside, in case a wave should come before they had gained shelter, and carry any of the little ones off their feet.

The inside of the lighthouse delighted everyone; Mrs. Martin was glad to be out of the storm; the children looked at the photographs of Plymouth and the neighborhood, admired the lovely polished shells and the beautiful fancifully-arranged seaweed, and speculated as to the way in which the different colored sand was made to assume so many shapes and forms.

When they had seen all there was to see down-stairs the light-housekeeper took Meg, Jean, Laurie, and Steve up to the top, to see the light which guided the ships safely to harbor. Mrs. Martin declined to climb so many stairs. And there were a lot of stairs; up, up, up, round, round, round; the stone steps seemed as though they

would never come to an end. They were lighted by little windows, at every one of which the children stopped and shouted with joy as they saw that the sun had "taken off his nightcap" and was again gladdening the world with his glorious brilliance. At last the stone steps came to an end, and then there was a little spiral iron staircase, up which all four promptly went, and at the top found themselves on a platform which ran right round the glass top of the lighthouse. The lamp so welcome to ships in distress was suspended in the centre. Steve suggested that it was perhaps Aladdin's lamp, but Laurie dispelled this idea by pointing out that the magician was hardly likely to have been big enough to carry such a lamp as that lighthouse lamp in his bosom: it was much too large—it was by far the largest lamp that any one of them had seen. They looked through a telescope and saw full-rigged ships sailing away in the sunlight, but when they put the telescope down the ships were no longer visible. This was a source of great amusement to them, and they were enjoying themselves so much at the top of the lighthouse that they were quite sorry when the keeper pointed out Captain Trindar and Mrs. Martin down below beckoning for them to come down.

When they got outside the lighthouse they found the storm had quite disappeared. It had passed away as suddenly as it came. The waves were still looking a little tumultuous, but they no longer swept over the breakwater, and there were not now nearly so many "white horses" as had terrified Jean an hour or so previously.

Captain Trindar suggested that they should walk along the breakwater to see the sailor's "Cage" at the other end.

"What is the 'Cage' for, Captain Trindar?" asked Laurie.

"If during a tempest sailors should be wrecked at the end of the breakwater furthest from the lighthouse then they can climb up in the 'Cage' and rest there until the storm is over. There is room to hold thirty men."

"Thirty men in that little thing!" exclaimed Laurie. "Why, there does not look room for more than three or four!"

"Well, you and Steve had better climb up into it, and then you can see for yourselves how big it is", laughed the Captain.

As soon as the "Cage" was reached the four children began to climb the steps, much to Mrs. Martin's consternation—she was in great fear lest they should be blown into the sea.

After four or five steps Maggie gave up. Jean reached the top

of the stone steps before the boys, and then, agile as a cat, began climbing up the pole into the "Cage". Steve did not like to try the pole. Laurie went up two or three feet but could not manage to go further, so, much disgusted, slipped down again to the head of the stonework.

Jean gave a little laugh of triumph as she got into the "Cage" and sat down on the seat which ran round it. "Well, I never, who would have thought it was so big—it looked quite tiny from below", she murmured to herself.

Jean looked down to see what had become of the others, and again began her triumphant laugh as she saw Laurie and Steve still standing at the bottom of the pole, but her laugh ended in a sudden gasp as her glance fell lower still, and she realised to what a height she had climbed. How little Captain Trindar and Mrs. Martin did look! Just as small as when she had looked down upon them from the lighthouse top. And Meg! she was no bigger than a baby.

Mrs. Martin was gesticulating and crying out, but although Jean could hear her voice, she could not make out what she said. A moment later she heard Captain Trindar's powerful voice. "Come down, Jean! It is time to go."

Jean just gave one glance round—how surprisingly near Plymouth harbor looked on the one side, how limitless the extent of waters on the other!—then with a faint inward tremor turned to come down. Grasping the rope firmly with her right hand, clasping the pole with her left arm and taking care not to look down, she soon regained her courage and before she realised it stood at the top of the steps with the envious Steve and Laurie.

They had a delightful sail home with a blue sea, a blue sky, and brilliant sun, and when Jean went to sleep that night she dreamt that she was a shipwrecked sailor at the mercy of those furious white waves, that she was washed against the breakwater, and after many fruitless attempts managed to climb into the "Cage", where she lived happy ever after.

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

The Coming Dawn.

Are your limbs not tired, children,
With the rompings of the day?
You have suffered stabs and scratches,
Climbing to the hawthorn spray;
Ah! the sun has tanned your faces,
While you played in noontide hours,
And you bear but wilted traces
Of your sister-realm of flowers.

These are browning blossoms, children,
With the loveliest petals shed,
And you knew not, while you loitered,
That your gathered gems were dead;
Did you see?—but nay! you could not,
While you climbed the primrose bank—
How the life-fraught sunlight would not
Linger till your spirits sank.

Look you, now, O happy children,
How, upon your mother-earth
Lengthened lie the sunset shadows,
Where at morn your flowers had birth;
Amber, purple, red, and golden,
Pile the clouds athwart the west,
And where morn's bright court was holden,
All is grey unbroken rest.

Children, there's a morrow coming,
Teeming with a brighter life;
Hear you not the voices humming
Nearing strains of settled strife?
Children, this is Science dawning,
Clearing, pruning as she speeds;
She will toil through all the morning—
Prune the branches, clear the weeds.

You'll have healthier flowers, children,
Fairer, fresher, sweeter flowers;
Dogma-grubs have marred their beauty,
In the best-forgotten hours.
There's a morrow dawning, children,
And the clouds are breaking through;
For the coming day, oh, children,
Toil as we have toiled for you!

JOHN ROWELL WALLER.

Puzzles.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead anything of liquids not still, and leave the sound of an animal; behead again, and leave in debt; behead again, and leave part of a bird.

2. Behead to seize, and leave a rough file; behead again, and leave a small serpent.

3. Behead Oriental, and leave behind a ship; behead again, and leave severe in look or manner; behead again, and leave threefold.

4. Behead a rupture or quarrel, and leave to arrive at; behead again, and leave one of two.

5. Behead to mix intimately, and leave to grant for temporary use; behead again, and leave the close.

6. Behead a sudden and short blaze, and leave a whip; behead again, and leave a tree.

7. Behead mercy, and leave running; behead again, a unit. [8 marks.]

PECULIAR PUZZLE.

The same vowel through the centre.

Upper word, to vibrate; next, the middle letters of the upper word, meaning to obtain; middle letter of this word next, meaning personality. Fourth line, the middle letters of the fifth line, meaning a useful article, although small; the lowest word, a part of the body. [8 marks.]

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. No V, dear. 2. I care ma. 3. A frail coin. 4. Rap mole. 5. Nod on L. 6. A pan ma. [6 marks.]

CONUNDRUMS.

1. If you asked a Doctor of Divinity to play on the violin, what term of contempt would you be likely to use? [3 marks.]

Why is O the only vowel you can hear? [3 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. "How old are you?" said a son to his father. The father replied: "Twelve years hence you will be as old as I was twelve years ago, and I shall be three times as old as you were twelve years ago." Find the age of each. [10 marks.]

2. Divide £100 among three persons, giving the first twice as much, and the second three times as much, as the third. [6 marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

Buried Square Word.

F ate.
A new.
T ete
E wer.

Transpositions.

1. Field, filed. 2. Acme, mace, came. 3. Quires, squire. 4. Sunrise, insures. 5. Despair, praised. 6. Saddle, addles. 7. Unship, punish.

Omnibus Word.—Mary.

M, a, ma, mar, my, am, arm, ay, army, ram, ray, yam, may.

Enigmas.

1. He, her, hero—Heroine.
2. Asp-a-rag-us—Asparagus.

Cracked Nuts.

1. Tap A fills $\frac{1}{3}$ of vessel in one hour.
   Tap B ,, $\frac{1}{4}$,, ,,
   $\therefore$ Both together will fill $\frac{1}{3}+\frac{1}{4}=\frac{7}{12}$ in one hour.
   $\therefore$ The vessel will be filled in $\frac{12}{7}=1\frac{5}{7}$ hour.
2. The faster vessel gains on the slower $14-12$, *i.e.*, 2 miles every hour.
$\therefore$ It will require $10\div2=5$ hours, and the distance will be $14\times5=70$ miles.

Total Marks Possible, 40.—Olivia, Hawkeye, Quicksilver, 36; Hypatia, 33; Chi Lung, 31; Sprinter, 28; Alice, 26; Loki, 22; Inalix, 20; Valiant, 15; Cromwell, Jumbo, 8.

To Correspondents.—Sprinter. The working of the "Nuts" must be shown, otherwise even correct answers cannot gain full marks.

Young Folks' Puzzle-Corner Rules.

Any girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on page 127. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

London: Printed by Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh, 63, Fleet Street, E.C.

OUR CORNER.

After I had announced the translation of Ibsen's play, "Gjengangere", its publication was commenced in another journal, and as my Norwegian friend has been detained abroad and has therefore been obliged to delay sending me his translation, it will be better, I think, not to publish it here, so long after it has appeared elsewhere.

IN THE MARCH NUMBER WILL APPEAR

THE UPSHOT OF HAMLET.

By **ARTHUR GIGADIBS.**

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By **MONCURE D. CONWAY, M.A.**

EVOLUTION AS ITS OWN END.

By **"D".**

A continuation of the account of

THE KNOWLTON PROSECUTION.

PRINCESS VERA. A Fairy Tale.

By **HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.**

ANNIE BESANT,

EDITOR.

BOOKS WORTH HAVING.

Whipple, E. P.—
The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. With an Essay on Daniel Webster as a master of English style. With an engraved portrait of Daniel Webster. 4to, cloth, 708 pp. (published at 14s.), 5s.

Benvenuti, B. F.—
Episodes of the French Revolution, from 1789 to 1795, with an appendix embodying the principal events in France from 1789 to the present time, examined from a political and philosophical point of view. Demy 8vo, 310 pp., 1s. 6d. P. 6d.

Watson, Rev. J. S., M.A.—
Biographies of John Wilkes and William Cobbett, with steel engravings. Good index, 410 pp., 2s. 6d. P. 6d.

Paton, A. A.—
A History of the Egyptian Revolution, from the period of the Mamelukes to the death of Mohammed Ali. From Arab and European memoirs, oral tradition and local research. 2 vols., cloth, published at 18s., now reduced to 5s.

Chastel, E., Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the University of Geneva.
Christianity in the Nineteenth Century. A Religious and Philosophical Survey of the Immediate Past. Translated by J. Beard. Cloth, crown 8vo, 236 pp., 1s. P. 3½d.

Ozanam, A. Frederic—
History of Civilisation in the Fifth Century. Translated from the French by Ashley C. Glynn, B.A. 2 vols in one, 470 pp., an excellent work, 2s. 6d. P. 6½d.

Berkeley, Bishop—
The Principles of Human Knowledge. Treatise on the Nature of the Material Substance (and its relation to the Absolute), with a brief introduction to the doctrine and full explanations of the text; followed by an Appendix with remarks on Kant and Hume, by Collyns Symon, LL.D 1s. P. 3d.

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Blake, Carter—
Zoology for Students. With Preface by Professor Owen. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth. 382 pp. 3s. 6d. P. 6d.

Ramage, C. T., LL.D.—
The Nooks and Byways of Italy. Wanderings in search of its ancient remains and modern superstitions. Crown 8vo, cloth, pp. 314 (published at 10s. 6d.), 1s. 6d. P. 5½d.

Wake, C. Staniland—
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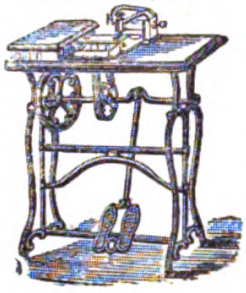

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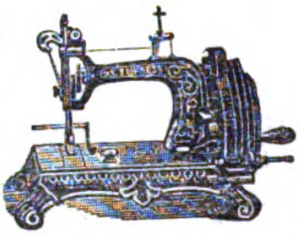

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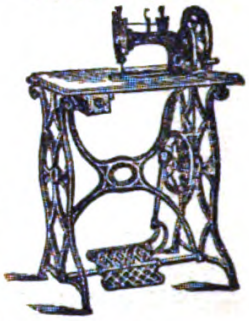

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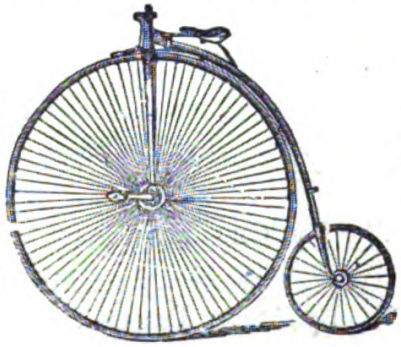

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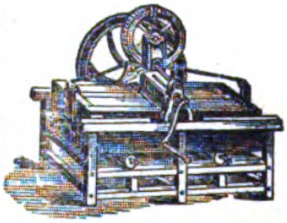

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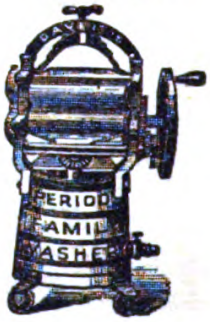

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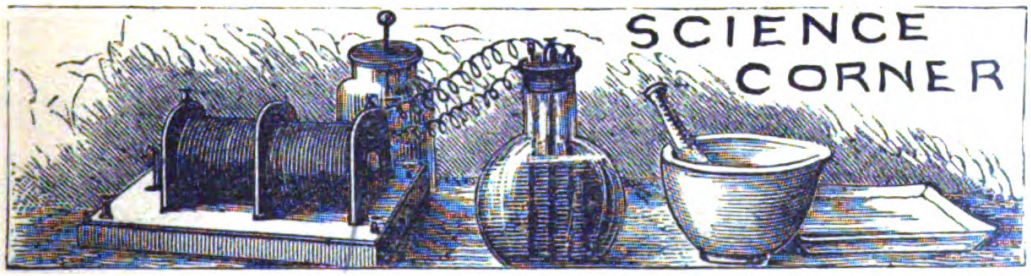

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Our Corner.

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XV.

The preliminary investigation before the magistrates at Guildhall duly came on upon April 17th, the prosecution being conducted by Mr. Douglas Straight and Mr. F. Mead. The case was put by Mr. Straight with extreme care and courtesy, the learned counsel stating, "I cannot conceal from myself, or from those who instruct me, that everything has been done in accordance with fairness and *bona fides* on the part of Mr. Bradlaugh and the lady sitting by the side of him". Mr. Straight contended that the good intentions of a publisher conld not be taken as proving that a book was not indictable, and laid stress on the cheapness of the work, "the price charged is so little as sixpence". Mr. Bradlaugh proved that there was no physiological statement in Knowlton, which was not given in far fuller detail in standard works on physiology, quoting Carpenter, Dalton, Acton, and others; he showed that Malthus, Professor Fawcett, Mrs. Fawcett, and others, advocated voluntary limitation of the family, establishing his positions by innumerable quotations. A number of eminent men were in Court, subpœnaed to prove their own works, and I find on them the following note, written by myself at the time:—

"We necessarily put some of our medical and publishing witnesses to great inconvenience in summoning them into court, but those who were really most injured were the most courteous. Mr. Trübner, although suffering from a painful illness, and although we had expressed our willingness to accept in his stead some member of his staff, was present, kindly and pleasant as usual. Dr. Power, a most courteous gentleman, called away from an examination of some 180 young men, never thought of asking that he should be relieved from the citizen's duty, but only privately asked to be

released as soon as possible. Dr. Parker was equally worthy of the noble profession to which he belonged, and said he did not want to stay longer than he need, but would be willing to return whenever wanted. Needless to say that Dr. Drysdale was there, ready to do his duty. Dr. W. B. Carpenter was a strange contrast to these; he was rough and discourteous in manner, and rudely said that he was not responsible for 'Human Physiology, by Dr. Carpenter', as his responsibility had ceased with the fifth edition. It seems a strange thing that a man of eminence, presumably a man of honor, should disavow all responsibility for a book which bears his name as author on the title-page. Clearly, if the 'Human Physiology' is not Dr. Carpenter's, the public is grossly deceived by the pretence that it is, and if, as Dr. Carpenter says, the whole responsibility rests on Dr. Power, then that gentleman should have the whole credit of that very useful book. It is not right that Dr. Carpenter should have all the glory and Dr. Power all the annoyance resulting from the work."

Among all the men we came into contact with during the trial, Dr. Carpenter and Professor Fawcett were the only two who shrank from endorsing their own written statements.

The presiding magistrate, Mr. Alderman Figgins, devoted himself gallantly to the unwonted task of wading through physiological text books, the poor old gentleman's hair sometimes standing nearly on end, and his composure being sadly ruffled when he found that Dr. Carpenter's florid treatise, with numerous illustrations of a, to him, startling character, was given to young boys and girls as a prize in Government examinations. He compared Knowlton with the work of Dr. Acton's submitted to him, and said despondingly that one was just the same as the other. At the end of the day the effect made on him by the defence was shown by his letting us go free without bail. Mr. Bradlaugh finished his defence at the next hearing of the case on April 19th, and his concluding remarks, showing the position we took, may well find their place here:

"The object of this book is to circulate amongst the masses of the poor and wretched (as far as my power will circulate it), and to seek to produce in their minds such prudential views on the subject of population as shall at least hinder some of the horrors to be witnessed amongst the starving. I have not put you to the trouble of hearing proof—even if I were, in this court, permitted to do so—of facts on the Population Question, because the learned counsel for the prosecution, with the frankness which characterises this prosecution, admitted there was the tendency on the part of animated nature to increase until checked by the absence or deficiency of the means of subsistence. This being so, some checks must step in; these checks must be either positive or preventive and prudential. What are positive checks? The learned counsel has told you what they are. They are war, disease, misery, starvation. They are in China—to take a striking instance—accompanied by habits so revolting that I cannot now allude to them. See the numbers of miserable starving children in the great cities and centres of population. Is it right to go to these people and say, 'bring into the world children who cannot live', who all their lives are prevented by the poverty-smitten frames of their parents, and by their own squalid surroundings, from enjoying almost every benefit of the life thrust on them; who inherit the diseases and adopt the crimes which poverty and misery have provided for them? The very medical works which I have put in in this case show how true this is in too many cases, and if you read the words of Dr. Acton, crime is sometimes involved of a terrible nature which the

human tongue governed by training shrinks from describing. We justly or erroneously believe that we are doing our duty in putting this information in the hands of the people, and we contest this case with no kind of bravado; the penalty we already have to pay is severe enough, for even while we are defending this, some portion of the public press is using words of terrorism against the witnesses to be called, and is describing myself and my co-defendant in a fashion that I feel sure will find no sanction here, and that I hope will never occur again. We contest this because the advocacy of such views on population has been familiar to me for many years. The *Public Journal of Health*, edited by Dr. Hardwicke, the coroner for Central Middlesex, will show you that in 1868 I was known, in relation to this question, to men high in position in the land as original thinkers and political economists; that the late John Stuart Mill has left behind him, in his Autobiography, testimony concerning me on this subject, according me unqualified praise to me for the views thereon which I had labored to disseminate; and that Lord Amberley thanked me, in a society of which we were then both associates, for having achieved what I had in bringing these principles to the knowledge of the poorer classes of the people. With taxation on every hand extending, with the cost of living increasing, and with wages declining—and, as to the last element, I am reminded that recently I was called upon to arbitrate in a wages' dispute in the north of England for a number of poor men, and, having minutely scrutinised every side of the situation, was compelled to reduce their wages by 15 per cent., there having been already a reduction of 35 per cent. in the short space of some twenty months previously—I say, with wages declining, with the necessaries of life growing dearer and still dearer, and with the burden of rent and taxation ever increasing—if, in the presence of such a condition of life among the vast industrial and impoverished masses of this land, I am not to be allowed to tell them how best to prevent or to ameliorate the wretchedness of their lot—if, with all this, I may not speak to them of the true remedy, but the law is to step in and say to me, 'Your mouth is closed', then, I ask you, what remedy is there remaining by which I am to deal with this awful misery?"

The worthy magistrate duly committed us for trial, accepting our own recognisances in £200 each to appear at the Central Criminal Court on May 7th. To the Central Criminal Court, however, we had not the smallest intention of going, if we could possibly avoid it, so Mr. Bradlaugh immediately took steps to obtain a writ of *certiorari* to remove the indictment to the Court of Queen's Bench. On April 27th, Mr. Bradlaugh moved for the writ before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Mr. Justice Mellor, and soon after he began his argument the judge stopped him, saying that he would grant the writ if, "upon looking at it we think its object is the legitimate one of promoting knowledge in a matter of human interest, then, lest there should be any miscarriage resulting from any undue prejudice, we might think it is a case for trial by a judge and a special jury. I do not say it is so, mark, but only put it so, that if, on the other hand, science and philosophy are merely made the pretence of publishing a book which is calculated to arouse the passions of those who peruse it, then it follows that we must not allow the pretence to prevail, and treat the case otherwise than as one which may come before anybody to try. If we really think it is a fair question as to whether it is a scientific work or not, and its object is a just one, then we should be disposed to accede to your application and allow it to be tried by a judge and special jury, and for that purpose allow the proceedings to be removed

into this court. But, before we decide that, we must look into the book and form our own judgment as to the real object of the work."

Two copies of the book were at once handed up to the Bench, and on April 30th, the Court granted the writ, the Lord Chief Justice saying: "We have looked at the book which is the subject matter of the indictment, and we think it really raises a fair question as to whether it is a scientific production for legitimate purposes, or whether it is what the indictment alleged it to be, an obscene publication." Further, the Court accepted Mr. Bradlaugh's recognisances for £400 for the costs of the prosecution.

Some, who have never read the Knowlton pamphlet, glibly denounce it as a filthy and obscene publication. The Lord Chief Justice of England and Mr. Justice Mellor, after reading it, decided to grant a writ which they had determined not to grant if the book had merely a veneer of science and was "calculated to arouse the passions". Christian bigotry has ever since 1877 striven to confound our action with the action of men who sell filth for gain, but only the shameless can persist in so doing when their falsehoods are plainly exposed, as they are exposed here.

The most touching letters from the poor came to us from all parts of the kingdom. One woman who described herself as "very poor", and who had had thirteen children and was expecting another, wrote saying, "if you want money we will manage to send you my husband's pay one week". An army officer wrote thanking us, saying he had a wife, seven children and three servants to keep on 11s. 8d. a day; "5d. per head per diem keeps life in us. The rest for education and raiment". A physician wrote of his hospital experience, saying that it taught him that "less dangerous preventive checks to large families [than over-lactation] should be taught to the lower classes". Many clergymen wrote of their experience among the poor, and their joy that some attempt was being made to teach them how to avoid over-large families, and letter after letter came to me from poor curates' wives, thanking me for daring to publish information of such vital importance. In many places the poor people taxed themselves so much a week for the cost of the defence, because they could not afford any large sum at once.

As soon as we were committed for trial, we resigned our posts on the Executive of the National Secular Society, feeling that we had no right to entangle the Society in a fight which it had not authorised us to carry on. We stated that we did not desire to relinquish our positions, "but we do desire that the members of the Executive shall feel free to act as they think wisest for the interest of Freethought". The letter was sent to the branches of the Society, and of the thirty-three who answered all, except Burnley and Nottingham, refused to accept our resignation. On the Executive a very clever attempt was made to place us in a difficult position by stating that the resignations were not accepted, but that, as we had resigned, and as the Council had no power to renew appointments made by the Conference, it could not invite us to resume our offices. This ingenious proposal was made by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who all through the trial did his best to injure us, apparently because he had himself sold the book long before we had done so, and was anxious to shield himself from condemnation

by attacking us. His resolution was carried by five votes to two. Mr. Haines and Mr. Ramsey, detecting its maliciousness, voted against it. The votes of the Branches, of course, decided the question overwhelmingly in our favor, but we declined to sit on the Executive with such a resolution standing, and it was then carried—Mr. Holyoake and Mr. Watts only voting against—that "This Council acknowledge the consideration shown by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant for the public repute of the National Secular Society by tendering their resignations, and whilst disclaiming all responsibility for the book, 'Fruits of Philosophy', decline to accept such resignations". So thoroughly did we agree that the Society ought not to be held responsible for our action, that we published the statement: "The Freethought party is no more the endorser of our Malthusianism than it is of our Republicanism, or of our advocacy of Woman Suffrage, or of our support of the North in America, or of the part we take in French politics". I may add that at the Nottingham Conference Mr. Bradlaugh was re-elected President with only four dissentients, the party being practically unanimous in its determination to uphold a Free Press.

The next stage of the prosecution was the seizure of our book packets and letters in the Post-office by the Tory Government. The Freethinker's Text Book, the *National Reformer* and various pamphlets were seized, as well as the "Fruits of Philosophy", and sealed letters were opened. Many meetings were held denouncing the revival of a system of Government *espionage* which, it was supposed, had died out in England, and so great was the commotion raised that a stop was soon put to this form of Government theft, and we recovered the stolen property. On May 15th Mr. Edward Truelove was attacked for the publication of Robert Dale Owen's "Moral Physiology", and of a pamphlet entitled "Individual, Family, and National Poverty", and as both were pamphlets dealing with the Population Question, Mr. Truelove's case was included in the general defence.

Among the witnesses we desired to subpœna was Charles Darwin, as we needed to use some passages from his works; he wrote back a most interesting letter, telling us that he disagreed with preventive checks to population on the ground that over-multiplication was useful, since it caused a struggle for existence in which only the strongest and the ablest survived, and that he doubted whether it was possible for preventive checks to serve as well as positive. He asked us to avoid calling him if we could: "I have been for many years much out of health, and have been forced to give up all society or public meetings, and it would be great suffering to me to be a witness in court. . . . If it is not asking too great a favor, I should be greatly obliged if you would inform me what you decide, as apprehension of the coming exertion would prevent the rest which I require doing me much good." Needless to add that I at once wrote to Mr. Darwin that we would not call him, but his gentle courtesy has always remained a pleasant memory to me. Another kind act was that of the famous publisher, Mr. H. G. Bohn, who volunteered himself as a witness, and drew attention to the fact that every publisher of serious literature was imperilled by the attempt to establish a police censorship.

The trial commenced on June 18th, in the Court of Queen's

Bench at Westminster, before the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury. Sir Hardinge Giffard, the Solicitor-General of the Tory Government, Mr. Douglas Straight, and Mr. Mead, were the prosecuting counsel. The special jury consisted of the following: Alfred Upward, Augustus Voelcker, Captain Alfred Henry Waldy, Thomas Richard Walker, Robert Wallace, Edmund Waller, Arthur Walter, Charles Alfred Walter, John Ward, Arthur Warre; the two talesmen, who were afterwards added to make up the number, were George Skinner and Charles Wilson.

The Solicitor-General made a bitter and violent speech, full of party hate and malice, endeavoring to prejudice the jury against the work by picking out bits of medical detail and making profuse apologies for reading them, and shuddering and casting up his eyes with all the skill of a finished actor. For a man accustomed to Old Bailey practice he was really marvellously easily shocked; a simple physiological fact brought him to the verge of tears, while the statement that people often had too large families covered him with such modest confusion that he found it hard to continue his address. It fell to my lot to open the defence, and to put the general line of argument by which we justified the publication; Mr. Bradlaugh dealt with the defence of the book as a medical work—until the Lord Chief Justice suggested that there was no "redundancy of details, or anything more than it is necessary for a medical man to know"—and strongly urged that the knowledge given by the pamphlet was absolutely necessary for the poor. We called as witnesses for the defence Miss Alice Vickery—the first lady who passed the examination of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, and who has since passed the examinations qualifying her to act as a physician—Dr. Charles Drysdale, and Mr. H. G. Bohn. Dr. Drysdale bore witness to the medical value of the pamphlet, stating that "considering it was written forty years ago. . . . the writer must have been a profound student of physiology, and far advanced in the medical science of his time". "I have always considered it an excellent treatise, and I have found among my professional brethren that they have had nothing to say against it." Mr. Bohn bore witness that he had published books which "entirely covered your book, and gave a great deal more." Mr. Bradlaugh and myself then severally summed up our case, and the Solicitor-General made a speech for the prosecution very much of the character of his first one, doing all he could to inflame the minds of the jury against us. The Lord Chief Justice, to quote a morning paper, "summed up strongly for an acquittal". He said that "a more ill-advised and more injudicious proceeding in the way of a prosecution was probably never brought into a Court of Justice". He described us as "two enthusiasts, who have been actuated by the desire to do good in a particular department of Society". He bade the jury be careful "not to abridge the full and free right of public discussion, and the expression of public and private opinion on matters which are interesting to all, and materially affect the welfare of society." Then came an admirable statement of the law of population, and of his own view of the scope of the book which I present in full as our best justification:

"The author, Dr. Knowlton, professes to deal with the subject of popu-

lation. Now, a century ago a great and important question of political economy was brought to the attention of the scientific and thinking world by a man whose name everybody is acquainted with, namely, Malthus. He started for the first time a theory which astonished the world, though it is now accepted as an irrefragable truth, and has since been adopted by economist after economist. It is that population has a strong and marked tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence afforded by the earth, or that the skill and industry of man can produce fôr the support of life. The consequence is that the population of a country necessarily includes a vast number of persons upon whom poverty presses with a heavy and sad hand. It is true that the effects of over-population are checked to a certain extent by those powerful agencies which have been at work since the beginning of the world. Great pestilences, famines, and wars have constantly swept away thousands from the face of the earth, who otherwise must have contributed to swell the numbers of mankind. The effect, however, of this tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, leads to still more serious evils amongst the poorer classes of society. It necessarily lowers the price of labor by reason of the supply exceeding the demand. It increases the dearth of provisions by making the demand greater than the supply, and produces direful consequences to a large class of persons who labor under the evils, physical and moral, of poverty. You find it, as described by a witness called yesterday, in the overcrowding of our cities and country villages, and the necessarily demoralising effects resulting from that overcrowding. You have heard of the way in which women—I mean child-bearing women—are destroyed by being obliged to submit to the necessities of their position before they are fully restored from the effects of child-birth, and the effects thus produced upon the children by disease and early death. That these are evils—evils which, if they could be prevented, it would be the first business of human charity to prevent—there cannot be any doubt. That the evils of over-population are real, and not imaginary, no one acquainted with the state of society in the present day can possibly deny. Malthus suggested, years ago, and his suggestion has been supported by economists since his time, that the only possible way of keeping down population was by retarding marriage to as late a period as possible, the argument being that the fewer the marriages the fewer would be the people. But another class of theorists say that that remedy is bad, and possibly worse than the disease, because, although you might delay marriage, you cannot restrain those instincts which are implanted in human nature, and people will have the gratification and satisfaction of passions powerfully implanted, if not in one way, in some other way. So you have the evils of prostitution substituted for the evils of over-population. Now, what says Dr. Knowlton? There being this choice of evils—there being this unquestioned evil of over-population which exists in a great part of the civilised world—is the remedy proposed by Malthus so doubtful that probably it would lead to greater evils than the one which it is intended to remedy? Dr. Knowlton suggests—and here we come to the critical point of this inquiry—he suggests that, instead of marriage being postponed, it shall be hastened. He suggests that marriage shall take place in the hey-day of life, when the passions are at their highest, and that the evils of over-population shall be remedied by persons, after they have married, having recourse to artificial means to prevent the procreation of a numerous offspring, and the consequent evils, especially to the poorer classes, which the production of a too numerous offspring is certain to bring about. Now, gentlemen, that is the scope of the book. With a view to make those to whom these remedies are suggested understand, appreciate, and be capable of applying them, he enters into details as to the physiological circumstances connected with the procreation of the species. The Solicitor-General says—and that was the first proposition with which he

started—that the whole of this is a delusion and a sham. When Knowlton says that he wishes that marriage should take place as early as possible—marriage being the most sacred and holy of all human relations—he means nothing of the kind, but means and suggests, in the sacred name of marriage, illicit intercourse between the sexes, or a kind of prostitution. Now, gentlemen, whatever may be your opinion about the propositions contained in this work, when you come to weigh carefully the views of this undoubted physician and would-be philosopher, I think you will agree with me that to say that he meant to depreciate marriage for the sake of prostitution, and that all he says about marriage is only a disguise, and intended to impress upon the mind sentiments of an entirely different character for the gratification of passion, otherwise than by marriage, is a most unjust accusation. (Applause in court.) I must say that I believe that every word he says about marriage being a desirable institution, and every word he says with reference to the enjoyments and happiness it engenders, is said as honestly and truly as anything probably ever uttered by any man. I can only believe that when the Solicitor-General made that statement he had not half studied the book. But I pass that by. I come to the plain issue before you. Knowlton goes into physiological details connected with the functions of the generation and procreation of children. The principles of this pamphlet, with its details, are to be found in greater abundance and distinctness in numerous works to which your attention has been directed, and, having these details before you, you must judge for yourselves whether there is anything in them which is calculated to excite the passions of man and debase the public morals. If so, every medical work is open to the same imputation."

The Lord Chief Justice then dealt with the question whether conjugal prudence was in itself immoral, and pointed out to the jury that the decision of this very serious question was in their hands:

"A man and woman may say, 'We have more children than we can supply with the common necessaries of life: what are we to do? Let us have recourse to this contrivance.' Then, gentlemen, you should consider whether that particular course of proceeding is inconsistent with morality, whether it would have a tendency to degrade and deprave the man or woman. The Solicitor-General, while doubtless admitting the evils and mischiefs of excessive population, argues that the checks proposed are demoralising in their effects, and that it is better to bear the ills we have than have recourse to remedies having such demoralising results. These are questions for you, twelve thinking men, probably husbands and fathers of families, to consider and determine. That the defendants honestly believe that the evils that this work would remedy, arising from over-population and poverty, are so great that these checks may be resorted to as a remedy for the evils, and as bettering the condition of humanity, although there might be things to be avoided, if it were possible to avoid them, and yet remedy the evils which they are to prevent—that such is the honest opinion of the defendants, we, who have read the book, and who have heard what they have said, must do them the justice of believing. I agree with the Solicitor-General if, with a view to what is admitted to be a great good, they propose something to the world, and circulate it especially among the poorer classes, if they propose something inconsistent with public morals, and tending to destroy the domestic purity of women, that it is not because they do not see the evils of the latter, while they see the evils of the former, that they must escape; if so, they must abide the consequences of their actions, whatever may have been their motive. They say we are entitled to submit to the consideration of the thinking portion of mankind the remedies which we propose for these evils. We have come forward to challenge the inquiry whether this is a book which we are entitled to publish. They do it fairly,

I must say, and in a very straightforward manner they come to demand the judgment of the proper tribunal. You must decide that with a due regard and reference to the law, and with an honest and determined desire to maintain the morals of mankind. But, on the other hand, you must carefully consider what is due to public discussion, and with an anxious desire not, from any prejudiced view of this subject, to stifle what may be a subject of legitimate inquiry. But there is another view of this subject, that Knowlton intended to reconcile with marriage the prevention of over-population. Upon the perusal of this work, I cannot bring myself to doubt that he honestly believed that the remedies he proposed were less evils than even celibacy or over-population on the one hand, or the prevention of marriage on the other hand—in that honesty of intention I entirely concur. But whether, in his desire to reconcile marriage with a check on over-population, he did not overlook one very important consideration connected with that part of society which should abuse it, is another and a very serious consideration."

When the jury retired there was but one opinion in court, namely, that we had won our case. But they were absent for an hour and thirty-five minutes, and we learned afterwards that several were anxious to convict, not so much because of the book as because we were Freethinkers. At last they agreed to a compromise, and the verdict delivered was: "We are unanimously of opinion that the book in question is calculated to deprave public morals, but at the same time we entirely exonerate the defendants from any corrupt motives in publishing it."

The Lord Chief Justice looked troubled, and said gravely that he would have to direct them to return a verdict of guilty on such a finding. The foreman, who was bitterly hostile, jumped at the chance without consulting his colleagues, some of whom had turned to leave the box, and thus snatched a technical verdict of "guilty" against us. Two jurymen wrote to me on the next day to say that they had agreed that if the judge would not accept the verdict as handed in they would then retire again, and that they would never have given a verdict of guilty; but the stupid men had not the sense to speak out at the right time, and their foreman had his way. The Lord Chief Justice at once set us free to come up for judgment on that day week, June 28th—the trial had lasted till the 21st—and we went away on the same recognisances given before by Mr. Bradlaugh, an absolutely unprecedented courtesy to two technically "convicted prisoners".[1]

(*To be continued.*)

[1] A Report of the Trial can be obtained from the Freethought Publishing Company, price 5s. It contains an exact report of all that was said and done.

The Life of Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A LIFE of Emerson by Dr. Holmes is indeed a New Year's gift! It is hardly more acceptable on account of our desire to know all that relates to the greatest of American philosophers than for the assurance it brings that the genius of the biographer has but ripened with the seventieth birthday, which lately elicited a chorus of love and admiration from the wide circle of his friends. The master hand of the "Autocrat" has not trembled, unless with awe, in achieving this fine relievo of Emerson. A story is told of one of our poets that after listening to a sermon on "Nature" he remarked to the preacher, "I would rather have heard you describe the impression nature makes on you than attempt to describe nature itself". This is what what we have been hoping from Dr. Holmes, that we should know what image of Emerson lay in the magic mirror of that subtle intellect and great heart combined in the Laureate of America; and this is just what we have got. Other and younger men have told the story of Emerson's life; Dr. Holmes has gracefully recognised their labors and used them in a way that can only excite their gratitude; some fresh matter he has indeed added, notably letters written by Emerson to early friends, and the touching correspondence with those who insisted on rebuilding his house when it was destroyed by fire twelve years ago; but the main and unique importance of the book is its expression of the biographer's conception of the personality, the religion, and the genius of one whom he loved as a friend, studied as an analyst of character, and revered as a scholar.

The work is also valuable as justifying the high claims which Americans with one voice have put forward for Emerson. Some of our contemporaries, in reviewing previous books concerning the "Sage of Concord", have intimated that deductions must be made for the enthusiasm of young disciples. But grains of salt are not called for in perusing the work of an author of such wide experience and critical temper as Dr. Holmes, and his estimate of Emerson does not fall below that of any writer who has preceded him. Moreover, he has a way of proving his points. As a consequence of this some recent English estimates of the prophet so honored in his own country may have to be revised. Their unfavorable verdict on Emerson's poetry—notwithstanding the admiration with which it has been quoted by such men as Ruskin, Tyndall, and the late Dean Stanley—who hung up lines by Emerson in Westminster Abbey—can hardly remain without qualification after Dr. Holmes's chapter on "Emerson's Poetry". In the Preface to "Parnassus" Emerson says: "The great poets are judged by the frame of mind they induce; and to them, of all men, the severest criticism is due". Whereon Dr. Holmes writes:—

"His own poems will stand this test as well as any in the language. They lift the reader into a higher region of thought and feeling. This seems to me a better test to apply to them than the one which Mr. Arnold

cited from Milton. The passage containing this must be taken, not alone, but with the context. Milton had been speaking of 'Logic' and of 'Rhetoric', and spoke of poetry 'as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate.' This relative statement, it must not be forgotten, is conditioned by what went before. If the terms are used absolutely, and not comparatively, they must be very elastic if they would stretch widely enough to include all the poems which the world recognises as masterpieces, nay, to include some of the best of Milton's own. . . . It is not the most popular poet who is necessarily the greatest; Wordsworth never had half the popularity of Scott or Moore. It is not the multitude of remembered passages which settles the rank of a metrical composition as poetry . . . It takes a generation or two to find out what are the passages in a great writer which are to become commonplaces in literature and conversation. It is is to be remembered that Emerson is one of those authors whose popularity must diffuse itself from above downward. . . . The difference between Emerson's poetry and that of the contemporaries with whom he would be naturally compared is that of algebra and arithmetic. He deals largely in general symbols, abstractions, and infinite series. He is always seeing the universal in the particular. The great multitude of mankind care more for two and two, something definite, a fixed quantity, than for $a + b$'s and x^2's,—symbols used for undetermined amounts and indefinite possibilities. Emerson is a citizen of the universe, who has taken up his residence for a few days and nights in this travelling caravansery between the two inns that hang out the signs of Venus and Mars. This little planet could not provincialise such a man. The multiplication-table is for the every-day earth-people, but the symbols he deals with are too vast—sometimes, we must own, too vague—for the unilluminated terrestrial and arithmetical intelligence. . . . . This is the fascination of Emerson's poetry; it moves in a world of universal symbolism. The sense of the infinite fills it with its majestic presence. . . . . Full of poetical feeling, and with a strong desire for poetical expression, Emerson experienced a difficulty in the mechanical part of metrical composition . . . . Though a born poet he was not a born singer . . . . We do not want his fragments to be made wholes; if we did, what hand could be found equal to the task? We do not want his rhythms and rhymes smoothed and made more melodious. They are as honest as Chaucer's, and we like them as they are, not modernised or manipulated by any versifying drill-sergeants. If we wanted them reshaped whom could we trust to meddle with them? His poetry is elemental: it has the rock beneath it in the eternal laws on which it rests; the roll of deep waters in its grander harmonies; its air is full of æolian strains that waken and die away as the breeze wanders over them; and through it shines the white starlight, and from time to time flashes a meteor that startles us with its sudden brilliancy. After all our criticisms, our selections, our analyses, we have to recognise that there is a charm in Emerson's poems which cannot be defined any more than the fragrance of a rose or a hyacinth, any more than the tone of a voice which we should know from all others if all mankind were to pass before us, and each of its articulating representatives should call us by name."

In making these selections we have omitted the illustrative quotations from Emerson, and many felicitous criticisms, by which the generalisations are, we think, fully sustained. Dr. Holmes is not without ability to recognise the literary limitations of Emerson. Indeed, in estimating the relation of Emerson to science, he seems to have hardly done him full justice. After quoting lines by Emerson, printed in 1849, which seem to anticipate by ten years the discovery of Darwin, Dr. Holmes suggests the "Vestiges of Creation" as having had some-

thing to do with it. But in 1844 Emerson's second essay on "Nature" was published, containing an extended statement of a theory of evolution similar to that of the famous "Vestiges". The two books were published simultaneously, and Emerson could never have seen the English publication when his essay was written. It is pretty certain that Emerson derived his ideas of evolution from Lamarck, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and Erasmus Darwin. As an early reader of Goethe he would have shared the profound interest felt by the great German in the controversy on the subject which agitated the French Academy more than fifty years ago. If Dr. Edward Emerson and Mr. Cabot will only add to their admirable Riverside edition of Emerson a twelfth volume, containing his earliest lectures, it is probable that the very first, "Relation of Man to the Globe", delivered in 1833, will be found to contain a theory of evolution similar to that popularised eleven years later.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's lecture on Emerson was unfortunate because, after going into particulars to prove his negation—that Emerson was not a great literary man—he could only bring generalities to support his affirmation that Emerson is "more to us" than that. The opening tone of disparagement, surprising to those who remember how Mr. Arnold's Muse hailed the "voice oracular" when it first "peal'd", had no sufficient offset in the vague tribute that followed. That could only have been given in a plain recognition of the life and work that make Emerson a more important figure of our time than any merely literary man could be. The eminent critic's art failed him because his lecture was given under conditions which did not admit of a full estimate of Emerson's position as a prophet and moral power. Whatever may be said of the tendency of his teachings, a prophet and a moral revolutionist he was to those who came under his influence. The story could hardly be told in the popular Lyceum of America any more than in the Royal Institution of London, how when Emerson spoke to his generation men and women left all to follow him, made their exodus from the conventional world, and formed communities to realise his ideals of life; how creeds crumbled around him and churches were changed, so that Dean Stanley had to report that American religion had migrated from Jonathan Edwards to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that "the genial atmosphere which Emerson has done so much to promote is shared by all the churches equally". That which Mr. Matthew Arnold could not tell, Dr. Holmes has told with freedom and fire. Other accounts of Emerson may have gone more fully into the signs and wonders that attended his career, but the "art and mystery" of this master are here authentically disclosed and interpreted. From the pregnant pages relating to the religious position of Emerson we must content ourselves with selecting one of peculiar impressiveness:

"What was the errand on which he visited our earth—the message with which he came commissioned from the infinite source of all life?

"Every human soul leaves its port with sealed orders. These may be opened earlier or later on its voyage, but until they are opened no one can tell what is to be his course or to what harbor he is bound.

"Emerson inherited the traditions of the Boston pulpit, such as they were, damaged, in the view of the prevailing sects of the country, perhaps

by too long contact with the "Sons of Liberty" and their revolutionary notions. But the most "liberal" Boston pulpit still held too many doctrines, forms, and phrases open to the challenge of any independent thinker.

"In the year 1832 this young priest, then a settled minister, 'began', as was said of another, 'to be about thirty years of age'. He had opened his sealed orders, and had read therein:

"Thou shalt not profess that which thou dost not believe.

"Thou shalt not heed the voice of man when it agrees not with the voice of God in thine own soul.

"Thou shalt study and obey the laws of the universe, and they will be thy fellow-servants.

"Thou shalt speak the truth as thou seest it, without fear, in the spirit of kindness to all thy fellow-creatures, dealing with the manifold interests of life and the typical characters of history.

"Nature shall be to thee as a symbol. The life of the soul, in conscious union with the infinite, shall be the only real existence.

"This pleasing show of an external world through which thou art passing is given thee to interpret by the light which is in thee. Its least appearance is not unworthy of thy study. Let thy soul be open, and thy eyes will reveal to thee beauty everywhere.

"Go forth with thy message among thy fellow-creatures; teach them that they must trust themselves as guided by that inner light which dwells with the pure in heart, to whom it was promised of old that they shall see God.

"Teach them that each generation begins the world afresh, in perfect freedom; that the present is not the prisoner of the past, but that to-day holds captive all yesterdays, to compare, to judge, to reject their teachings as these are shown by its own morning's sun.

"To thy fellow-countrymen thou shalt preach the gospel of the New World, that here—here in our America—is the home of man; that here is the promise of a more excellent social state than history has recorded.

"Thy life shall be as thy teachings—brave, pure, truthful, beneficent, hopeful, cheerful, hospitable to all honest belief, all sincere thinkers—and active according to thy gifts and opportunities."

With what fidelity Emerson fulfilled these orders is now faithfully recorded by many witnesses. But lately the world was waiting to learn whether Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Blaine was elected President of the United States, but there are some on both sides of the Atlantic who will regard it as far more important that the scholars and thinkers of that country, by a unanimous suffrage, chose as their chief a pure and individual thinker, an inveterate believer in the Best, whose face was ever toward the sunrise. His life was a beautiful victory. The arrows of theological odium turned to flowers as they touched him. Denominationalism was steadily disarmed by his humane spirit and high idealism. At the last the love of all, irrespective of creeds, surrounded him. The most famous of Methodist preachers in Boston, when it was demonstrated by an array of texts that Emerson, being an unbeliever in certain fundamental dogmas, must needs be lost, replied: "It does look so, but I am sure of one thing: if Emerson goes to hell, he will change the climate there, and emigration will set that way".

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

The Upshot of "Hamlet".

By Arthur Gigadibs.

I.

When Mr. Browning made Bishop Blougram credit me with believing, at thirty, that I saw "two points in Hamlet's soul unseized by the Germans yet", he gave the bishop, ironically, no doubt, the air of a familiarity with German critical research which, I am sure Mr. Browning will support me in saying, the worthy prelate never possessed; and, at the same time, represented me as imagining myself to know what his lordship made believe to. German specialism, however, was as little in my line as in the bishop's. Now, as then, I know only so much about what the Germans have seen in Hamlet as enables me to make up my mind that it is hopeless to think of ascertaining all their discoveries. But, indeed, the bishop was very far astray—and he naturally misled Mr. Browning in telling him of our talk—in his notion of my ideas on "Hamlet", which I believe were then substantially what they are now, though my latter thirty years of experience have, of course, deepened them in the process of verifying them. Blougram had heard from the lady who made us acquainted (a reputed niece of his), that I thought the right explanation of "Hamlet" had been rather oddly missed; and I can recollect her mentioning that he smiled and was interested. Poor Livia may, of course, have stated the case confusedly, though it must be owned that I fancied I had found in her a woman who combined intellect and adorableness. It has always struck me as instructive that Mr. Browning, with all his knack of following the rule, "cherchez la femme", had no suspicion of that side of my connexion with the Blougrams. But to hint at all the points on which his personal equation, together with the bishop's, have disguised matters, would be to weary the reader; so I shall content myself with saying on that head that my feelings towards Livia had a good deal to do with my suave reception of the bishop's monologue; and that I more than half suspect the venerable dissembler knew as much, and on that account gave me his precious introduction to editors in general, which he actually seems to have made Mr Browning believe efficacious. I need hardly say I showed it to none but those editors I already knew, who stared or smiled as it chanced they had or had not heard of the bishop. How far my emigration to Australia was connected with my breaking off with Livia I hardly know. It may interest readers to learn—I have it from a common friend—that when Livia died a year afterwards the bishop seemed to age very much, and never quite regained his air of optimism. He too, alas! was made of penetrable stuff, and had to own that the ancient pilot pain will at some time take charge of every man's voyage. Life could not but be darker when the light of those bright eyes went out under his roof. Mr. Browning, I believe, missed the emotional side of the story he tells because of the effort he had to make to grasp an almost nakedly intellectual problem—an effort which has resulted, as I once told him always happens to him

in these cases, in a quantity of verse which is largely prose, and which yet only gives an empirical account of the issues he undertook to deal with. In philosophy Mr. Browning can go just about as deep as did the bishop; and, indeed, there is a good deal more Browning than Blougram in the "Apology".

My idea about "Hamlet", then, was not that I had discovered one or two more "points in Hamlet's soul". A mind like Blougram's would naturally give that account of it, even if it had been accurately characterized to him; it being his pleasure to regard all modern literature as so much factitious writing done for money. He knew, moreover, very little about Shakspere: I doubt if he had read a twentieth part of the French translation on his shelves, and it would have been the merest waste of time to lay before him even the simplest of those problems of Shaksperean scholarship which must be considered in any attempt to reach the upshot of "Hamlet". And in any case the bishop was not a man from whom I was anxious to obtain acquiescence in my views.

I think it worth while, however, in the evening of my days, to put these views in articulate form, though I fully realize the danger of doing anything of the kind. I sometimes speculate as to the inferences to be drawn from the remarkable acrimony which has of late years entered into the controversies of eminent worshippers of Shakspere. The suggestion of the *odium theologicum* is so striking that one begins to ask at what period of ecclesiastical history there entered into polemics at once the maximum of learning and the maximum of bitterness, and what has been the development of theology since. The parallel is perhaps a somewhat delicate one to elaborate; but it may not be going too far to speculate as to the possibility of the advent of a Mr. Matthew Arnold in matters Shaksperean. However that may be, it may be said with fair certainty that to utter anything definite about "Hamlet", or Shakspere generally, otherwise than in pure praise, is to incur the risk of being vituperated by one's oldest Shaksperean friends. On that account I propose to go to work cautiously.

Yet it is difficult to say what would be a cautious beginning. It really requires courage to say, as Mr. Halliwell Phillipps has done in the preface to his privately-printed "Memoranda on the Tragedy of 'Hamlet'": "The more I read the tragedy of 'Hamlet', the less I really understand it as a whole, and now (*sic*) despair of meeting with any theories that will reconcile the perplexing inconsistencies, making, of course, allowances for those that are most likely intentional". For what is this statement, modest as it looks, but an indirect way saying that "Hamlet" as a whole is unintelligible and inexplicable? It is questionable whether Mr. Halliwell Phillipps quite saves himself in the eyes of devout Shakspereans by saying early in his *brochure* that "the tragedy of 'Hamlet' is unquestionably the highest effort of artistic literary power yet given to the world"; and, further on, that it is "the noblest drama the world is ever likely to possess". Probably, however, the wrath of the orthodox may be diverted sufficiently for practical purposes by the inquiry into which they are tempted, as to the significance of the declaration that the greatest literary produc-

tion the world has seen, or is likely to see, is one which a lifetime of study will not enable us to understand.

The last quoted eulogy comes after the remark that "Hamlet" "has certainly been tampered with by the players, and is therefore not the perfect issue of [Shakspere's] free inspiration". Here we have a starting point for our enquiry. That any or all of Shakspere's plays may have been "tampered with by the players" is a consideration which has received far too little attention from the critics. Experienced playgoers know how far travelling companies will go in the way of "gagging"; and it is surely not going too far to say that the contemporaries of Shakspere, on the stage and off, were not likely to be more scrupulous in these matters than the public and the actors of to-day. It hardly admits of a doubt that some of the players who created Shaksperean *róles* have obtained among posterity an audience for some of their remarks such as they never dreamt of. Who shall say how many of the second-rate witticisms which are to be found in Shakspere's plays, and which are received to this day on the stage with such unquestioning loyalty, are the work of his amateur colleagues? But it is hardly possible to give any time to this question, considering how much graver are those before us.

Mr. Halliwell Phillipps does more than suggest that "Hamlet" has been tampered with by the players. He masses all the evidence which goes to show that there was a "Hamlet" on the boards before Shakspere took up the subject, and that some of the old materials are retained in Shakspere's work. That there was an old "Hamlet" may be taken as certain; but when we ask whether Shakspere made use of it we are in the thick of critical warfare. Thus argue the Cambridge editors (Preface to Clarendon Press "Hamlet", p. 10): "That there was an old play on the story of 'Hamlet', some portions of which are still preserved in the quarto of 1603; that about the year 1602 Shakspere took this and began to remodel it for the stage, as he had done with other plays; that the quarto of 1603" [the first known appearance of the play of "Hamlet" in print] "represents the play after it had been retouched by him to a certain extent, but before his alterations were complete; and that in the quarto of 1604 we have for the first time the 'Hamlet' of Shakspere". If the full force of this contention is not apparent at first sight it will readily be grasped on a perusal of this comment of Mr. Furnivall, marked as it is by the comparative calmness enforced on the censor by the peculiar gravity of the situation: "This theory, when carefully examined and worked out, just robs Shakspere of about four-fifths of the conception of the characters of Hamlet, Claudius, Gertrude, Ophelia and Laertes. 'Flat burglary as ever was committed.'" (*Academy*, Aug. 7th, 1880.)

Coming to particulars, we find Messrs. Clark and Wright arguing that Shakspere's modification of the play in the earlier form

"had not gone much beyond the second act. Certainly in the third act we find very great unlikeness and very great inferiority to the later play. In fact, in the first, third, and fourth scenes there is hardly a trace of Shakspere, and in the second, which is the scene where the play is introduced, there are very remarkable differences. The fourth act in language has very little in common with its present form, and in the first scene of the fifth act there are still some traces of the original play. In the second scene

of this act the dialogue between Hamlet and Horatio is not found, and the interview with Osric in its old dress may fairly be put down to the earlier writer. The rest of the scene is much altered, and of course improved, and wherever these improvements come it strikes us with irresistible force that we are not comparing the work of Shakspere at two different periods of his life but the work of Shakspere with that of a very inferior artist. If any one desires to be convinced of this, let him read the interview of Hamlet with his mother, in the two quartos of 1603 and 1604. Going backwards we come to the second act, and here the first scene is so imperfectly given in the quarto of 1603 that it is impossible to say what is really represented. Here and there a line occurs as it now stands, but on the whole it is very defective, and appears to have been set down from memory. The opening of the second scene is changed, and in the quarto of 1603 seems to belong to the original play. On the other hand the speeches of Corambis (Polonius) and Voltemar (Voltimund) are nearly verbatim the same as the later edition. The rest of the scene is altered and much improved. The first act is substantially the same in the two editions, allowing for the extremely imperfect and careless manner in which it is given in the quarto of 1603. The first scene is fairly rendered, the speeches of Marcellus and Horatio being, so far as they go, almost word for word the same as in the quarto of 1604, where the dialogue is expanded. In the second scene the speeches are very imperfect, and it is difficult to say how far they represent the earlier or the later play; Hamlet's soliloquy is sadly mutilated, as if written down in fragments from memory; but in the interview with Horatio the early quarto agrees closely with the latter. The third and fourth scenes are badly reported, but otherwise contain the groundwork of the present play, and Hamlet's address to the Ghost is given almost verbatim, as is the dialogue which follows. In the fifth scene the order of the dialogue is slightly altered but not materially changed, and Hamlet's soliloquy after the Ghost's disappearance is very much mutilated. The interview with Marcellus and Horatio is but little altered."

To which propositions Mr. Furnivall replies by enumerating a quantity of the points in Acts iii., iv., and v., of which the indication is found in the first quarto, and then asking: "Does this new theory of the Clarendon Press editors want anything more than a statement of what it leads to to ensure its rejection by every man or woman with a head?".

Now, it is obvious that, to say the least, the matter has not been disposed of by this appeal to the multitude. It is still possible to argue, Mr. Furnivall's enviable certainty notwithstanding, that Shakspere painted over a predecessor's work. That theory does not hinge on the proposition that the third, fourth, and fifth Acts in the first quarto are old work pure and simple; and in any case a number of the points detailed by Mr. Furnivall—such as Claudius' and Gertrude's interviews with Guildenstern, Rosencrantz, and Polonius; Hamlet's invention of his speech and advice to the players; his character of Horatio and request to him to mark the King; his exposure of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; Claudius' unavailing repentance and prayer; Hamlet's resolve to kill him and then not to kill him; the two pictures; the reappearance of the ghost; his exhortation of Hamlet to remember his death and yet comfort his widow; "her not seeing the ghost and suggesting that Hamlet's doing so was madness; Hamlet's pulse-proof that it was not madness"; his counsel to his mother—all these, surely, are ideas such as might have occurred to an ordinary dramatist, poetry of expression

apart. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps finds the prayer-scene "unfortunate and inexplicable"; and many people will certainly be more willing—holding with Johnson that Hamlet's speech in this scene is revolting—to believe that Shakspere was following another playwright, than to accept Coleridge's ready and confident explanation that the speech is but an exhibition of Hamlet's swerving from action, seeing that in the next scene he kills Polonius. The old play certainly had a ghost; and if the old writer invented that, what might he not invent? The "pulse-proof" is more surprising than convincing; it would be rather strange if in the circumstances the pulse of either did "temperately keep time". The sub-play, which Mr. Furnivall seems to think a necessary Shaksperean invention, is really one of the most purposeless things in the action. Then such strokes as what Mr. Furnivall calls Hamlet's "calf chaff of Polonius"; his "sarcastic chaff" after the play; "'Myching Mallico' etc."; and Hamlet's "cloud-and-camel chaff of Polonius", are distinctly chaff which the wind might be allowed to blow whither it listeth. Mr. Furnivall's æsthetic criticism lacks weight. And, finally, as he knows and admits, some of the items he puts down are fully suggested by the old *Hystorie*.

Whether or not Shakspere is to be regarded as having constructed his "Hamlet" on the lines of an older play, there is at least no dispute as to his having alternatively had access to "The Hystorie of Hamblet," translated from the French of Belleforest (who had it from Bandello, who had it from Saxo Grammaticus), and in any systematic examination of "Hamlet" that story must be looked to closely. To be sure, thanks to Herr Simrock, the primeval Hamlet is now raised to the glorious company of sun-myths, with Jonah and Melchisedec; but for purposes of Shaksperology we may content ourselves with the "Hystorie" as a documentary basis. In it we have Hamblet's father, who is named Horvendile, killed at a banquet by his brother Fengon, with the aid of "certain men". Queen Geruth had been unfaithful before the murder, and it is implied in a confused fashion that this was generally known. There is no ghost, the murder having been done openly; and Hamblet pretends to be mad, fearing that if he does not create an impression of his insanity, he too will be murdered by Fengon. The king and his friends, being suspicious, attempt unsuccessfully to entrap him by an imbecile stratagem, in which a lady who loves and is loved by Hamblet is the agent. Again, a "counsellor" is placed behind the arras in the queen's chamber, while she talks to Hamblet; the prince, capering round the chamber, detects his presence, cries "A rat, a rat," and kills him as in the play; but disposes of the body in a revolting fashion. Then he upbraids his mother at great length, but goes on to tell her his madness has been feigned, on which she tearfully replies that she had only married Fengon out of bodily fear, and had never consented to her husband's death. No direct allusion is made to her guilt before the murder, though the previous narrative had seemed to imply that this was well known. Mother and son are reconciled: and when, subsequently, Hamblet is ordered to go to England with two counsellors who carry "letters engraved in wood that contained Hamblet's death", he arranges with his mother a fantastic scheme to celebrate his obsequies a year thence, and so

bring about the consummation of his revenge on his return at the end of that time. As in the play, he alters the letters at sea, but goes to England, where he unexpectedly gives proof of having been "instructed in that deuilish art whereby the wicked spirite abuseth mankind, and aduertiseth him (as he can) of things past". The two courtiers are killed, Hamblet marries the king's daughter, and returns to Denmark, where, in brief, by means of his old arrangement with his mother, he contrives to burn all his uncle's courtiers at a banquet which is being held to celebrate his own death; and cuts off his uncle's head.

When this primitive story is contrasted with the play we have indeed a sufficiently striking proof of that "absorbing and purifying" power of Shakspere's invention, remarked on by Charles Knight and Landor. Even if the Shaksperean play be held to be formed on an intermediate version of the story, the final transmutation is hardly less marvellous. The Hamlet of the old play, it is clear, was much nearer in character to him of the "Hystorie" than to Shakspere's Prince. His mock-madness was violent, and his methods vulgar. If we assume the old German "Hamlet" of Jacob Ayrer—which resembles the first quarto in having Corambus for Polonius—to be based on the pre-Shaksperean "Hamlet", we shall conclude that every character of the piece was new-born under Shakspere's touch. Mr. Furnivall in his perturbation really does less honor to the Master than do the speculations of Messrs. Clark and Wright. Those disquieted are the really unfaithful.

But, just as we find the action of the finished "Hamlet" with but little shortcoming in the first Quarto; and to a large extent, in the German "Hamlet"; so do we find that the finished play follows in many respects the primary lines of the old story. In both Hamlet simulates madness; in both is the guilt of the Queen ambiguously dealt with; in both the king makes use of a lady to test Hamlet; in both is a counsellor killed by Hamlet behind the arras with the cry of "A rat"; in both he upbraids and moves his mother; in both is he sent to England; in both he alters the messengers' letters; and in both he returns to effect the catastrophe. Now, looking to Shakspere's general way of work, it is surely, *à priori*, highly improbable that he should have passed over an existing play in his search for materials for a tragedy of "Hamlet", and stuck to the rambling and confused narrative of the translation from Belleforest. But, supposing him to have done this in the main—he certainly borrowed the idea of the Ghost—we find certain significant circumstances. In the story a prince, whose father is murdered, instead of attempting promptly to revenge him, pretends to be mad, submits to be sent from home, and only after a needlessly long absence wreaks the vengeance he might have compassed at almost any time had he chosen. The only grain of rational motive in the old denoûment is the assumption that Hamlet could not conveniently get his uncle's leading supporters together for destruction save by giving some cause for a banquet, such as his own obsequies. The killing of his uncle in bed could have been about as easily accomplished at any previous time. Now, Shakspere dispenses altogether with the need for killing the usurper's supporters, his Claudius having, without any encouragement from partisans, killed the late king

secretly, and the murder being only revealed to Hamlet by means of the Ghost. There remains for the dramatist's purposes only the *motif* of the son's long postponement of his revenge—that is, the *motif* he would have found in the old play, which introduced the Ghost. What he had to do, then, was to present to an audience this process of postponement, filling up the time with some species of action. How does he do it? First of all by making Hamlet, as in the story, feign madness. Then the king, as in the story, but now with the aid of Polonius, employs a lady, whom Hamlet has loved and been loved by, to bring his madness to the proof. At the same time Hamlet, making believe to doubt the evidence of the Ghost, employs the players—who first of all occupy some time with a taste of their quality—to produce a play in which the fratricide is performed in precisely the way in which Claudius had murdered his brother. Assurance is now made doubly sure, and Hamlet, called to his mother's chamber, decides, on the way, not to kill the king as he is praying, lest he should send him to heaven (an idea found in the German "Hamlet" as well as in the first quarto), but kills Polonius behind the arras, avowedly in the belief that it is the king, got thither before him. The intimation of the Ghost that he comes to whet Hamlet's "almost blunted purpose" is the one detail in the Ghost's fresh appearance which is not to be found in the first quarto. (In the German "Hamlet" the Ghost in this scene says nothing.) Ordered to England, Hamlet submits and goes, and when he comes back, though he has displayed at sea all the barbaric *geist* and resource of the Hamblet of the *Hystorie*, he is much more ready to meditate among the tombs than to carry out the purpose he still proclaims to Horatio of killing Claudius. Finally, the catastrophe is brought about by a chain of accidents.

Shakspere, then, has followed the lines of the old barbaric narrative, magically transmuting almost every personage in every single situation into one immeasurably more complex; changing the barbaric Hamblet—or the half-sophisticated Hamlet of the old play—into the many-sided, subtle-minded creation which we have all brooded over; putting in place of the formless and nameless "counsellor"—or the merely farcical Corambis or Corambus represented in the German play—the Polonius of the dialogue with Reynaldo; and transforming the featureless, shadowy "lady" of the *Hystorie*, or the paltry conception of Ayrer's adaptation, into the hapless and most pathetic figure of Ophelia: causing all things in their passage through the ocean of his mind to

> suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange—

but retaining the intrigue which the old situations furnished. And now arises our central problem. What we are asked to do by almost every critic who has set himself to the study of "Hamlet" is to believe unhesitatingly that in thus fitting to the peculiar incidents of the barbaric story a set of altogether modern and sophisticated personages—in putting through the experiences of the barbaric Hamlet the student of Wittenberg, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" —the poet had a complete and consistent scheme; a fully rounded

conception of every character and career singly, and of the relations of all to each other and to all the incidents. Is such a deliberate belief really possible?

My poor intelligence, I confess, fails to conceive as much by *à priori* methods. I wish much that, instead of having to trust to purely logical and analogical analysis, we could have on this point the opinion of an expert—of such an expert as Mr. Browning. I appeal to him as an old acquaintance, and with all goodwill, to abstain for a brief period from writing the species of verse he now produces in increasing quantity and worsening quality, and apply his subtle and versatile intelligence to the consideration of this particular question—to give us, instead of something even worse than "Jochanan Hakkadosh", a prose study of "Hamlet". I know he finds it difficult to write coherent prose; but we would take any sort of prose from him on such a subject; knowing of a surety that he is a great psychological poet—the greatest since Shakspere—and that in his judgment as an expert on Shakspere's most interesting creation we had a quite priceless and matchless *document humain*. But while Mr. Browning continues to devote himself to the breathless pursuit of cacophony in rhyme, we must do our best for ourselves with those merely critical faculties which he holds in such Apollonian scorn.[1] And, alas! the critical process involves such a deal of iconoclasm.

(To be continued.)

The Wages of Unrighteousness.

It is often asserted by Freethinkers and others that the clergy of the Established Church are drones in the hive of human industry, and give no adequate return to society for the stipends which they receive. In reply the laborious and self-denying lives of *some* of the city clergy are alleged, and it is asked, Would many men in other professions go through an equal amount of labor for a similar recompense? Without denying that, apart from their religious duties, many of the clergy do useful philanthropic and educational work, I still maintain that the great majority of them are mere parasites on humanity, and receive incomes which might be far more usefully expended in other ways. Let us first inquire what are the duties required by law and custom of this privileged class, who receive annuities from the country varying from the £15,000 a year of the Archbishop to the modest £150 of the Curate. These are briefly as follows. A clergyman who has charge of a parish is required to perform the morning and evening service prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer every Sunday in the parish Church, and to preach at least one sermon (universal

[1] Since this was written there has been put before English readers an opinion in regard to the character of Hamlet, which is in a sense that of an expert—the opinion of Signor Salvini. That great tragedian remarks that "A man like Hamlet has never existed, nor could exist. . . . He lends himself admirably to suppositions and conceits of which the author had probably no notion." *Salvini on Shakespeare*, by Helen Zimmern, *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1884.

custom prescribes two). On the Epiphany, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Ascension Day, a similar duty devolves on him. The "Lord's Supper" must be celebrated three or four times a year—(here again custom requires a monthly celebration). The clergyman is bound to baptise, marry, and bury at convenient times; to visit his parishioners in sickness (not necessarily in health) when the sickness is not infectious; and to reside within his parish for a portion of the year. These are the whole of a beneficed clergyman's legal duties, and he may, if he can afford it, discharge all of them by deputy—in other words, may keep a curate. So long as the parochial work is done, no matter how inefficiently, and there is no proof of immorality or drunkenness, the incumbent cannot be removed. He is a life annuitant, subject to the discharge of the above not very onerous duties.

To make the disproportion between the amount of work done and the pay received more evident, I will assume that the Sunday services occupy four hours weekly, or, including the fasts and festivals above enumerated, 228 hours in the year. Add two hours a day (an extravagantly high estimate in many cases) for parochial visiting, occasional services, etc., and the clergyman's year will have 852 working hours—16 hours a week or about[1] 2¼ hours a day. The average pay may be estimated at £300 a year, or about £6 a week. The poorest curate has £2 a week. I venture to say there is no labor (if such it can be called) which is paid at so high a rate. Barristers and physicians may earn more money, sometimes, but they have to work far harder for it.

As the working hours of a clergyman are about two a day, it may reasonably be asked what he does with the residue of his time. Advocates of the "endowment of research" might expect or hope that this would be spent in useful literary or scientific work. There is so much to be done in every department of human knowledge which is not pecuniarily profitable that it seems almost a duty for anyone with means and leisure to take up some work of the sort. There is probably not a country parish in England in which a diligent naturalist might not make useful observations. And, for those who have no taste for science, there are archæology, local history, and many kindred subjects. What valuable details, for instance, of the life of our greatest poet, might not Ward, Vicar of Stratford in the middle of the 17th century, have preserved, in addition to his one malicious, and perhaps false, anecdote that Shakspere died of a fever contracted at "a merry meeting" with Drayton and Ben Jonson, where all the poets "drank too hard." But, indeed, the majority of the country clergy now-a-days would probably have given us no better information, had they lived in his times, than Parson Ward. Turn over the pages of Crockford's "Clerical Directory" and note the writings which occupy the time of these State annuitants. Sermons, tracts, pamphlets on the marriage laws, abusive attacks on ecclesiastical judges, refutations of infidelity, and letters to the *Guardian*—such are the literary fruits of clerical leisure. Besides these learned labors, many of the clergy take pupils, and these, perhaps, are the most usefully employed, though a youth trained by an

[1] 2⅐ exactly.

ordinary parson is not likely to prove a very enlightened member of society. Fox-hunting and whist-playing used to be favorite methods of killing time, but these are now regarded as "unprofessional". It may be doubted whether lawn-tennis, fishing, bicycle-riding, etc., are much more profitable. Yet it would be well if all a clergyman's spare time were spent in knocking balls about and worrying dumb animals. It is, at any rate, better than worrying his parishioners. In many parishes the rev. incumbent is the local busybody, gossip, and Paul Pry. The proverb tells us that a certain being with whom the clergy are obliged to have professional relations finds mischief for idle hands to do. And there is a verse in one of Paul's epistles, referring to "younger widows", which might have been written of many modern parsons: "Withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not" (1 Tim. v., 13).

The most glaring instances of clerical inefficiency are, no doubt, to be found in country parishes. Though lazy parsons are not unknown in cities, public opinion almost enforces at least a pretence of industry. When the agricultural laborers are admitted to the franchise, one of the questions which must shortly occupy Parliament will be: How much longer wealth, which might be used for many important purposes, useful to all, shall be employed to maintain some 15,000 black-coated, white-chokered reverends, with their families, in something worse than idleness. Existing interests ought, indeed, to be compensated, though not on the lavish scale adopted in the case of the Irish Church incumbents, who were considerably enriched by the Act which they denounced as one of robbery and confiscation. When moderate annuities have been provided for the disestablished clergy, what is to be done with the immense wealth they now misuse? I would indicate the following among many useful purposes to which some of it might be applied without depriving the existing parishes—to which it is sometimes said the endowments belong—of participation in the benefit.

I. Education.—One of the great difficulties in the way of extending our present system of education is the reluctance of the people in many districts to submit to a school rate. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider how heavy taxation is. A farmer who has to pay poor rate, county rate, income tax, &c., not to speak of the landlord's rent and the parson's tithes, is not anxious to add a fresh tax to his burdens. The consequence is that in many places schools are maintained by local committees, generally with the parson at their head. The object of the managers is to do the thing as cheaply as possible. The schoolmaster is miserably underpaid, getting £50 or £60 a year perhaps. With the help of one assistant and a few unpaid monitors, he has to look after sixty or eighty children preparing for half a dozen different standards. Such a school cannot be well taught. The schoolmaster works for six hours a day for a pound a a week. The rector gets a pound a day for one day's work in the week. Let us change all this. Let those who value the rector's services pay for them. And let the tithes or rent of the glebe farm provide in every parish a handsome school, furnished with maps, pictures, globes, and all the appliances of education, with several well-trained and well-paid teachers, whose influence and instructions

will raise the moral tone of the entire community in a manner which the clergy have never done, teachers of morality though they pretend to be.

II. Friendly Societies.—In some districts—I refer to the Midlands—almost every large village has its club or Friendly Society, which is at once a provision for sickness and old age, and a burial club. But many of these clubs do not afford perfect security to the poor men who are members. There are sometimes sad cases where the society fails, and after years of providence the unfortunate member finds himself as badly off as his improvident neighbor whose money had gone to the publichouse. And even when the society continues solvent, a weekly pittance of 4s. or 3s. 6d., sometimes 2s. 6d., is all it can afford its aged or incurable members. A very moderate portion of the income which now goes to pay for the rector's carriage, his daughter's dresses, and his son's hunter, would place these societies in a position to secure absolute safety to their depositors, and to provide comfortable annuities for aged or infirm members. Nor is it to be forgotten that these clubs are at present an enormous relief to the poor rates, and might, by applying the principle of "compulsory providence", render parochial relief entirely unnecessary.

The above are two of the useful objects to which the enormous revenue of the Established Church, amounting probably to three or four millions a year, now worse than wasted, might be profitably employed. Many others might be suggested, such as reading-rooms, parochial libraries, &c. The millions which are now so mischievously misused would secure to every parish a solvent club, a flourishing school, a reading-room, library, and lecture-hall—perhaps a museum and free dispensary. The twentieth century would then see a well-educated, intelligent, self-reliant, happy people, and the Biblical rule would be applied to the clergy as to other men: "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." Alexander Dunbar.

[The writer of the above is a clergyman of the Church of England, who, in his own words, "hopes soon to adopt some more honorable calling". The name attached is an assumed one.]

Evolution as its own End.

One of the most striking phænomena of the present time is the utter want of balance in criticism, and especially in philosophical criticism. It would seem as if the cultured few were unable to separate toleration from a practical Pyrrhonism; and that we shall have to wait for a vivid realisation and tenacious grasp of truth combined with a consistent confession of fallibility. Like a ballastless ship, the philosophy of our day is always on its beam ends, and shows its keel to the windward. Every little gust of opinion produces an effect quite out of proportion to its importance; and systems go down and systems go up with the same sort of rapidity and regard for the seriousness of their import with which the ribbons of a lady's bonnet are changed in color. If the departments of knowledge which are now rudely classed

as philosophical had no deeper meaning and no graver connexion with the affairs of life than a game of chess, there would be nothing to be said against this somewhat flighty disposition to knock over the pieces and commence the game afresh. But this is not so; and, after reading many a recent contribution to ethics, political economy, political philosophy, or the theory of knowledge, our impulse is to say: This is magnificent; but it is not serious pursuit of truth.

This characteristic of the philosophy of the period is prominent in two essays on ethics, from the pen of Mr. J. T. Punnett, which have recently appeared in *Mind*. There is much literary charm about these contributions. Mr. Punnett is a graceful and erudite writer, and is not only well versed in the philosophy of our day, but shows his acquaintance with the poets from Hesiod to Miss Bevington. This, and the fact that the present phase of his opinion is more or less common in academic circles, is sufficient to account for and justify the appearance of his essays in our leading philosophic periodical. But we venture to say that the sole value of those essays in future will be that of a sphygmographic chart. They will show how the ethical pulse of a certain section of the philosophic world beat at the present time; and that it beats somewhat feverishly.

"We are on our beam ends", exclaimed Mr. Punnett in July, 1881, as a result of pondering Mr. Spencer's "Data of Ethics". He finds "an exacerbation, so to speak, of the normal conflict between duty and desire, and a consequent break down for a time of all guidance of pleasure and pain in the domain of morals. Such being the situation, it needs an heroic faith to believe in the discovery of any permanent scientific principle that shall enable us to coordinate and thread our way through a mass of phænomena at once so shifting and so complex. In this shape it is clear that our only course is to evade the problem altogether, and to provide ourselves with some working hypothesis outside of it."

Over then goes the Hedonistic standard, at all events for our essayist. But why? He gives two reasons, neither of them new and neither very weighty. The first contention amounts to this—that such a calculation as is involved in Hedonistic morals is impossible, because the data are insufficient. "The simplicity which Hedonistic philosophers think it possible to realise can only be arrived at by an artificial suppression, in theory, of facts which, in practice, decline to be suppressed. An artifice of this kind is, indeed, often of the highest value in mathematical investigations, where the suppressed facts can be restored and allowed for, when you come to apply abstract relations to concrete facts. But you cannot replace the suppressed facts in the Hedonistic equation, because they are unknown and incommensurable quantities; and, directly you introduce them, your equation becomes hopelessly indeterminate." Now if some illustrative instance of this had been given, we might have been able to gauge its meaning; but the only thing of the kind we get is the following: "Now, the most superficial glance at modern industrialism suffices to show us that it has a deadly worm gnawing at its core. There is no attribute more generally characteristic of the handicraftsman of to-day than that he has neither pleasure nor pride in his work. What he appears to aim at is the minimum amount of labor and the maximum amount of in-

efficiency that is compatible with the due receipt of his wages. The chief labor-organisations have not scrupled, indeed, to take this 'bad-workmanship principle' ostentatiously under their wing. With what cynical audacity it is propounded and acted on by all classes of modern working men can be realised only by those whose occupation has brought them into close contact with the productive industry of these times. It would certainly be a bold thing to say that this deplorable state of things is wholly due to the currency of crude Hedonistic conceptions amongst the working class. But may it not be safely said that this has had a great deal to do with it?" We have two criticisms to make on this. The first is that this allegation respecting "all classes of modern working men" is untrue. The second is that, even if it were true, the supposition that "crude Hedonistic conceptions amongst the wo king class" have anything to do with it is gratuitous and absurd, especially for a writer who has "come to realise what a pitifully subordinate part is played by our conscious activities in the furnishing of our lives. It is not the difficulties of the Hedonical calculus which are at the bottom of bad workmanship. But even if the workman of to-day were all that Mr. Punnett paints him, and if "crude Hedonistic conceptions" were the cause of this Yahoo's existence, this would not discredit Hedonism. If crude conceptions of a theory in the minds of uninstructed persons were held to be a sufficient reason for discarding the theory, the rule of three would have gone long ago. We may go one step further. If this wickedness of the working classes were a reality; if the cause assigned for it were the real one; if this were fatal to Utilitarian ethics, we still fail to see how the matter would be mended by the adoption of Mr. Punnett's efficiency principle. We might just as rationally hope to work a moral reformation by handing "a buffalo drove a tract when they were madder than all Bashan", as to cure such a case as Mr. Punnett describes by being "able to inculcate, with the cogency and authority of a rational conviction, that it is the primary duty of every citizen to make the quality of his work the best that the circumstances of the case admit of". Indeed, in the second of his two essays, Mr. Punnett admits as much, for he says: "We shall not pretend with regard to it [the Efficiency principle] that it is any better able than the Happiness principle to get behind or to outflank the conflict between egoistic and social interests". It is not knowledge which is principally wanted—it is moral motive power.

This brings us to the second of our essayist's two reasons. "That we have now arrived", he says, "at a new point of departure in Ethics, is scarcely disputed even by those who cling most tenaciously to the old methods. Up to the present time, ethical systems have never been at a loss to furnish a rational motive for right action. But they have done this only by the aid of supernatural appeals and sanctions. Under shelter of these sanctions, they have always been able sooner or later to enlist egoism on their side; and they have held their ground by dint of backing a remote egoistic consideration against a proximate one. With the moralist of to-day it is otherwise. He, like his predecessors, is eager to find some answer to the irrepressible question: 'Why must I do this and avoid that?'. But, while he feels that a reply is looked for which shall pacify the egoism of the

questioner, he is well aware that, from the nature of the case, it cannot be forthcoming. Nakedly stated, the question amounts to this: 'What pleasures am I to get in return for the pleasures which I am asked to forego; and where is the proof of their superiority?'. To reply candidly to this query, is to admit that it cannot be answered." Of course it cannot be answered. This is only another way of saying that all virtues cannot be reduced to prudence. We have already shown that the champion of the efficiency theory acknowledges that it can no more enable us to reply to this question than any other theory of morals. The question is really an absurd one. When we have made our ultimate appeal in morals, if any person asks why he should respond to it, no answer can possibly be given; for, if it could, our ultimate appeal would not be ultimate. And the abandonment of supernaturalism makes no difference in this respect. As George Eliot says: "Love, pity, constituting sympathy, and generous joy with regard to the lot of our fellow-men, comes in—has been growing since the beginning—enormously enhanced by wider vision of results—by an imagination actively interested in the lot of mankind generally; and these feelings become piety—*i.e.*, loving, willing submission, and heroic Promethean effort towards high possibilities, which may result from our individual life. There is really no moral 'sanction' but this inward impulse. The will of God is the same thing as the will of other men, compelling us to work and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence. Disjoined from any perceived good, the divine will is simply so much as we have ascertained of the facts of existence which compel obedience at our peril."

The Hedonist's appeal is to sympathy. To what does the rival principle appeal? "This rival is often characterised — we should rather say caricatured—as the Complexity-principle. Complexity is, indeed, an apparently indispensable condition of what is aimed at: but it is no more the thing aimed at than contact with leather is aimed at in putting on a shoe. What the Progress-principle makes its aim and end, is not complexity, but the highest and choicest fruits of complexity—the harmonious unfolding of all the latent capacities of man. In other words, it seeks increase for the individual and for the society of the aggregate of thought, feeling, and action, this increase displaying itself in multiplicity, and being conditioned on complexity." Now, let us say at once that we would not sacrifice the smallest of our pleasures to obtain the largest possible increase "of the aggregate of thought, feeling, and action", if happiness were not increased thereby. This increase might display itself in infinite multiplicity, and be conditioned by never-ending complexity; but it would have no charms for us—or, we believe, for humanity in general—if it were not causally connected with an increase of pleasure or a diminution of pain. "The harmonious unfolding of all the latent capacities of man" may be a very good thing or an utterly worthless one according to what is meant by the metaphorical term "harmonious". If it means pleasure-giving, the "rival" of Hedonism is Hedonism itself in disguise. If it merely means frictionless, then, to use Mr. Punnett's own words, there is an "absence of all ethical flavor and almost of human interest" in the statement; and we may use with regard to it the words which one uses against M. Pasteur's "Infinite": "With due deference to the

enthusiasm which this quasi-transcendental element of scientific inquiry has evidently kindled in" Mr. Punnett, "there is little risk in saying that it lacks touch of the emotions of which average human nature is susceptible, and, therefore, for all purposes of ethical persuasiveness, may be left out of our account".

This Efficiency theory is but a passing gust of opinion. It will not take Mr. Punnett long to see that if it would lead to misery he would not follow it; and, therefore, that his own real allegiance is to that Hedonism which he denounces with so much fervor. D.

The Redistribution of Political Power.

Results of the Reform Bill of 1832.

In the present lull in political affairs, standing as we do between the enfranchisement of two million men and the redistribution of electoral power in the community, it seems well to look back on earlier Reform Bills and to endeavor to judge of the probable results of the present measures from the results that have followed their predecessors. My object in this and the succeeding papers will be to trace out the most important tendencies which have shown themselves after each Reform Bill; to mark the chief activities manifested after each "infusion of new blood"; to present a picture of certain steadily developing modifications of the national organism, modifications which are likely to become very pronounced in the near future. I am not aware that any attempt has been made to distinguish the transitory from the permanent tendencies, the reforms done once for all amid great excitement from the apparently less important measures which none the less initiate new eras and serve as the starting-point for new developments. Yet in sociology as in geology, the most far-reaching changes are not made by the volcanoes and the earthquakes, but by the slow action of countless silent ever-working forces.

Each Reform Bill has been followed by a great outburst of reforming energy, and amid the many measures carried in the reformed Parliaments those are, I think, of the most permanently important character which have dealt with the conditions of Labor, with the extension of Religious Liberty and Equality, with the Tenure of Land, with the Education of the people.

One marked change has come over the nation apart from any legislative enactment—the decrease of the power of the hereditary peers after each Reform Bill. That of '32 swept away from them their control of the House of Commons; after '67, their legislative chamber became less and less able to hold its own against the increased power of the popular representatives; on the Bill of '84 they nearly shipwrecked their House, and when the new constituencies have had their say we may hope that the abolition of their hereditary right of obstruction will be within measurable distance.

We shall not be able to estimate the changes brought about after 1832 without glancing at the England of the pre-reforming period.

The power of the great houses then controlled the elections of so many boroughs that the peers practically made the government; in the list given by Lord John Russell in 1831, we find boroughs returning members in which the constituencies consisted of 13, 18, 5, 10, 12, persons, and in one case of no persons at all. In these dukes, marquises, earls, and great untitled commoners, appointed whom they would as the members to serve in Parliament. Molesworth says: "In most of these boroughs the seats were sold by the proprietors. Sometimes they themselves or some of their relatives or dependents were nominated to represent them. Bribery was also practised with little or no reserve or concealment where it was necessary, but in many instances the constituency was so dependent on the proprietor that no expenditure of this kind was requisite" (History of the Reform Bill, page 116). Lord John Russell urged that a stranger visiting the country "would be very much astonished if he were taken to a ruined mound, and told that the mound sent two representatives to Parliament—if he were taken to a stone wall, and told that three niches in it sent two representatives to Parliament—if he were taken to a park, where no houses were to be seen, and told that that park sent two representatives to Parliament" (Ibid., p. 104).

Complaints of a similar nature were put even more forcibly in a petition presented to the House of Commons as early as 1793, in which the petitioners stated that "seventy of your honorable members are returned by thirty-five places, where the right of voting is vested in burgage and other tenures of a similar description, and in which it would be to trifle with the patience of your honorable house to mention any number of voters whatever, the elections at the places alluded to being notoriously a mere matter of form"; further that two hundred and twenty more were elected by places in which the electors varied from less than fifty to less than two hundred; that one hundred and fifty-seven members were sent to Parliament by the direct authority of eighty-four individuals, and one hundred and fifty more "not by the collective voice of those they appear to represent, but by the recommendation of seventy powerful individuals", one hundred and fifty persons thus returning a majority of the House (Ibid, pp. 342, 343, 347).

The agitation outside against this intolerable political condition was sharpened by poverty and distress among the people. Then, as now, social suffering was widespread and alarming. The Non-intercourse Act, passed by the United States, shut the American market against England, while the introduction of machinery into various manufactures threw numbers of persons out of employment, and the year 1811 was marked by the "Luddite riots", in which the new and hated machines were destroyed by the infuriated workers. But these, isolated by ignorance, could enter into no effective and organised action of their own good; they could make riots, they could burn a castle; they could not formulate their demands and enforce them. In 1819, at Peterloo, the savage yeomanry rode at the helpless crowd, cutting with their swords in every direction, till six hundred and eighteen people were wounded and fourteen were killed. (See Hunt's speech, reported in "Molesworth", p. 126.) But the answer to this was not Reform, but the infamous "Six Acts" of Lord Sidmouth,

generally called "Castlereagh's Six Acts", which gave more speedy execution of justice in certain cases, prevented unauthorised military training, punished so-called "libels", gave authority to seize arms, forbad "seditious" meetings, and imposed a stamp duty.

Even when at last a Reform Bill was introduced, it met with bitter opposition. Sir Charles Wetherell railed against it in the true Tory style, prophesying all sorts of mischiefs as the consequences of Reform. "I say that the principle of the Bill is Republican at the basis; I say that it is destructive of all property, of all right, of all privilege; and that the same arbitrary violence which expelled a majority of members from that House at the time of the Commonwealth, is now, after the lapse of a century from the Revolution, during which the population has enjoyed greater happiness than has been enjoyed by any population under heaven, proceeding to expose the House of Commons again to the nauseous experiment of a repetition of Pride's purge" (Ibid., p. 132). Spite of all these terrible forebodings the Bill passed into law, receiving the Royal Assent on June 7th, 1832.

The general result of the Act was to throw political power into the hands of manufacturers and capitalists, in a phrase to "enfranchise the middle classes". The direct influence of the working classes was, if anything, slightly diminished by the Act, since it disfranchised a few places in which they had previously possessed the suffrage. It struck a fatal blow at the privileges of the possessors of hereditary authority, and gave representation to the commercial interests of the nation. One striking proof was given that the class which then won political power was not unworthy of the freedom it had gained. One of its first reforms was the introduction of a Factory Act to protect the more helpless of the operative class, and it ought never to be forgotten that effective legislative interference with employers was due to a Parliament elected principally by that very same *bourgeois* class which it is now the fashion to so unsparingly denounce.

In 1801 the first Act limiting the hours of labor was passed, and by this it was forbidden that apprentices should work for more than twelve hours a day; in 1819 Sir Robert Peel was defeated in a Bill which proposed to limit the working day for young persons under sixteen years of age to eleven hours and a half, and the Act of 1801 appears to have been systematically evaded. When the Reformed Parliament met in 1833, a Bill was introduced in the preamble of which it was stated that "it has become a practice to employ a great number of children and young persons of both sexes an unreasonable length of time, and late at night, and in many cases all night"; this Bill enacted that no child should be employed in any factory or mill (except a silk manufactory) under ten years of age, and limited the working day to nine hours for children under fourteen. In silk mills children under the age of thirteen were still allowed to work for ten hours a day. The hours of labor for young persons over fourteen and under eighteen were fixed at sixty-nine a week or eleven-and-a-half a day. Inspectors were also appointed to see to the proper carrying out of the law, but it was nevertheless evaded, and in 1838 Lord Ashley proposed another measure for the protection of children, but his Bill was thrown out by 121 votes against 106. In 1842, the same gentleman successfully carried through a Bill prohibiting the

employment of women and children in coal mines, and thus put a stop to the torture of young children, and to the wholesale demoralisation which accompanied the working together of men and women stripped to the waist in the mines. Lord Londonderry, as a large coalowner, bitterly opposed the Bill, affording one more example of the fact that "humanity" vanishes before the greed for wealth, and that the life and happiness of the employed weigh little when put in the balances against increased profit for the employer. In 1844 an unsuccessful attempt to limit the working of women and children in factories to a Ten Hours' Day, brought in by Lord Ashley, was opposed by the Government and was defeated, and a similar fate befell the same measure when re-introduced in 1846 by Mr. Fielden. In 1847, however, Mr. Fielden carried a bill reducing the working day to ten hours for young persons up to the age of eighteen.

This group of measures, passed by the Reformed Parliaments, may be taken as laying down the principle of legislative interference between employers and employed, of protecting the latter by law against the former. That this principle will, in time to come, be carried considerably further is, to my mind, not a matter of doubt, and those who object to further legislation in the interests of labor ought in consistency to advocate the repeal of all the laws on that matter already passed. They should send back women to work half naked in the coal-mines. They should bid the young children leave the schoolroom and the playground, and go back to the factory to toil all day "and late at night and in many cases all night", till they fall asleep over their work, and till, lying at home on their pallets, their little hands in sleep still toss the shuttle to and fro.[1] They should call on the law to stand aside and to let the wild struggle for life go on unchecked. They should allow the workers to trample each other down in the fearful competition for bread, and the employers to wring from their necessities the greatest amount of labor at the lowest wage. So shall the sacred "freedom of contract" remain untouched, and the beautiful spectacle of anarchical competition unrestrained by law shall be offered as the outcome of civilization. Wild beasts rend each

[1] *From Evidence from the Report of the Committee of the House of Lords*, 1819.—*T. Wilkinson.*—"What are the hours of working in the factories you are acquainted with?—From six to seven in the summer, and from seven to eight in the winter. What time is allowed for dinner?—An hour. Is any other time allowed for meals?—No. Are the children ever obliged to be at the factory before or after the common hours of work?—Yes. Are they ever beaten to make them work?—I have seen hundreds beat, to keep them awake and drive them on." *John Farebrother.*—"How old were you when you first went in?—Between five and six. When the children have to eat their meals in the factory, do they generally finish it?—No. Do they leave much of it?—Yes; I have seen it all left many times. Is that owing to its being covered with dust?—Yes. How do they get their breakfast and afternoon meal?—As they can catch it; when the machinery is moving they eat it as they are piecing. How soon do you begin to see a difference in a child's health?—I have seen a difference in one week." *Evidence before the House of Commons Committee in* 1816.—*J. Moss.* "He had on one occasion known children to work in the mill from eight o'clock on Saturday night to six on Sunday morning. The same children resumed work on Sunday night at twelve o'clock, and worked until five in the morning. . . . He had known children to work for three weeks together from five in the morning till nine or ten at night, with the exception of one hour for meals; he had frequently found the children asleep on the mill floors, after the time they should have been in bed."

other in their strife over the carcase of their prey; why not men in their strife for bread and wealth?

With regard to Religious Liberty the Reformed Parliaments made vast changes between 1833 and 1867. In 1833 a Bill for abolishing the civil disabilities of the Jews was passed by the House of Commons but rejected by the Lords, and thus began the long struggle which ended only in 1860 by the Act which abolished the Christian oath for members of Parliament. In 1834 the Commons passed Bills for the abolition of University Tests, for the abolition of Church Rates, for allowing marriages in Dissenters' chapels, but all these were rejected by the Lords, the struggle over University Tests lasting until 1871, after a second Reform Act. In 1836, the right of registering births, marriages, and deaths was taken from the clergy of the Established Church, and in the same year a Bill was passed permitting Dissenters to be married in their own chapels. In 1837 an attempt was made to relieve Dissenters from the payment of Church Rates, but the Bill was withdrawn in consequence of the opposition raised to it, and the measure was not carried until 1868, after the impulse of a new Reform. In 1840 a small instalment of justice to Ireland in religious matters was made by the Irish Tithe Bill, which had been originally introduced in 1834, and rejected in 1835, 1836, and 1837; in 1857 another small instalment was paid by the abolition of a tax called "Ministers' Money" which had been levied for the support of the Establishment. The great agitation for the disestablishment of the Irish Church was commenced in Parliament by Mr. Dillwyn in 1865; it was endorsed by the Liberal Party in Mr. Gladstone's famous resolutions for disestablishing and disendowing it, carried in the unreformed Parliament in March 1868, and the way was thus opened for a Bill on the subject after the general election. The claim of Dissenters to be allowed to bury their dead without the intrusion of the State-paid priests went too far on the path of religious equality for the Parliaments between 1833 and 1867; the establishment of cemeteries whereof a part remained unconsecrated for their use was permitted, but complete freedom of burial was only obtained by them in 1880, and this is not even yet extended to thorough-going heretics.

With respect to the Tenure of Land, nothing of any importance to the nation was done between 1832 and 1867. A number of bills affecting land were passed, but they were all on points touching only the landowners, and nothing was even suggested which could imply that the nation had the smallest interest in its own soil. The great Corn Law struggle, which ended with the passing of the Anti-Corn-Law Bill in 1846, was, however, really a struggle between the masses of the people wanting cheap bread and the landlords wanting to keep out foreign corn; only by protection could farmers, they thought, continue to pay high rents for the land they cultivated, and the "protection of agriculture" then, as now, was nothing more than an attempt on the part of the landlords to tax the community for their own benefit. Here, as everywhere else, the interests of the small land-monopolising class were in direct conflict with the interests of the masses of the people. The people need cheap food; the landlords want food to be dear, so that the farmers who supply it may be able to pay high rent; every attempt to keep out foreign corn, foreign cattle, foreign food of

any kind, is an attempt to maintain unfair rents by forcing up the prices of farmers' produce, and to levy a tax on the consumers for the maintenance of an evil system.

The roots of our present system of National Education are struck in the first Parliament after the Reform Act of 1832. In 1833 a grant of £20,000 a year was made for the purposes of National Education, but it was placed for administration in the hands of the National Society and of the British and Foreign School Society; so that although the grant implied a recognition of the duty of the community towards its children, the recognition took the unhealthy form of placing State funds in the hands of unofficial societies. Practically most of the money was disposed of by the clergy, and was used for denominational purposes. In 1839 the grant was raised to £30,000 a year, and an Educational Committee of the Privy Council was appointed to receive and administer the money: this was the foundation of State Education, for not only was the money kept under State control, but inspectors were appointed over the schools assisted by the State, and so began the system which received such vast development after the Reform Bill of 1867, and which is likely to develop yet further in the near future. Those who oppose its development are bound in reason to object to the recognition of the whole principle of State Education, and to agitate for the abolition of the huge system which has grown out of the seeds planted in 1833 and 1839. Those who would leave education to "voluntary effort" should see what was its condition before the State stepped in on behalf of its helpless children, and should gravely ask themselves whether they really desire that the ignorance of the early part of the nineteenth century should return to shroud its close, and that the children of the twentieth century should be robbed of the knowledge which is raising the children of to-day.

While Parliament was thus laying the basis of a system of National Education for children, the yearning of the workers outside for wider knowledge forced on it other legislation, which was also essentially educational. This yearning took the form of a resolute agitation for an unstamped press, for the fourpenny stamp imposed on all newspapers placed them entirely out of the reach of the poorer workers. Never was a struggle for a noble object carried on with more resolute heroism, with more strenuous patience. It was waged almost entirely by the poor, men and women selling unstamped papers, going to gaol, and continuing the sale on their release. Glancing over the list of those prosecuted in the year ending September, 1834, I see a few well-known names, and many to me unknown. There are Henry Hetherington, John Cleave, James Watson, all prominent men; but few know Edmund Wastneys of Newcastle, Isabella Rose of Southampton, Richard Lee and Edmund Stallwood of Holborn, John Smith of the Strand, George Baker of Worcester, Edmund Somerside of Winlaton, W. Nicholls of Tottenham Court Road, Patrick Bready and Edward Gleave of Sheffield, John Chappell of Clifton, James Guest, Richard Jenkinson, Julius Faulkner, William Plastans, William Guest, Thomas Watts, all of Birmingham, Alexander Yates of Coventry; yet all these suffered imprisonment for the crime of selling unstamped newspapers. And so I might go on with list after list

of these, the privates in Liberty's army, who were struck down in the battle, who by their sufferings won for us our freedom, and on whose unknown graves we cannot even lay a leaf of memory and of thanks.

In 1836 the stamp was reduced from 4d. to 1d., despite the argument that the reduction would "introduce a cheap and profligate press, one of the greatest curses that can be inflicted on humanity". This penny duty was levied on papers containing "news", or remarks on news, published periodically at intervals of less than twenty-six days, and "published for sale for a less price than sixpence, exclusive of the duty" (6th and 7th William IV., cap. 76, quoted in the Report of the Select Committee on Newspaper Stamps, 1851, p. iv.). The agitation continued against the 1d. stamp, and the Committee of 1851 reported against it because of "the impediments which it throws in the way of the diffusion of useful knowledge regarding current and recent events among the poorer classes" (Report, p. xii.). The stamp was abolished in 1855.

In 1860, Mr. Gladstone proposed and carried in the House of Commons a clause in his Budget Bill repealing the paper duties, so as to still further cheapen literature, but the Lords struck out the clause by a majority of 89. In 1861, however, Mr. Gladstone made the repeal a part of his financial measure in such fashion that the Lords would have been obliged to reject the Budget if they rejected the repeal clause, and as they did not venture on so dangerous a measure the "taxes on knowledge" were taken off.

Of all the work done by the Reformed Parliaments that connected with education was perhaps the most vitally important and the most far-reaching. Without a cheap press, political education is impossible for the masses, and without political education reforms are either unattainable or inoperative. Education is the lever whereby political and social inequality shall be overturned, and with this lever in one hand and the trowel of political power in the other, Democracy will be armed to overturn the Wrong and to build up the Right.

ANNIE BESANT.

(*To be continued.*)

Letter from a Convict

CONDEMNED TO DEATH, ADDRESSED TO THE ASSIZE COURT.

[THE following letter, sent by M. E. HANNOT to the *Société Nouvelle*, is sufficiently striking to warrant transference to our columns.]

TO THE COURT AND THE JURY:

Since returning to my cell after the trial, I have been reflecting on the penalty inflicted on me by the justice of men. A new light has broken in upon me, a kind of supernatural glare, and I have silently gone over the events of my whole life up to my condemnation to the penalty of death.

The pleadings in the Assize Court have edified you with a list of my misdeeds. I have committed every crime: homicide, parricide, robbery with violence, rape—and what not?

Many of you, horrified and disgusted, could not help saying, as did the prosecuting counsel: "This is not a man; it is a brute!". Gentlemen, you were perfectly correct.

My father was a drunkard, my mother a hysterical epileptic. They used to fight in the room where I, the only child, was a daily witness of the lowest scenes. Poisoned from my very conception, at my birth, and by my earliest nourishment, I grew up in this frightful environment, not even a school withdrawing me for at least a part of the day from the ruinous influences which surrounded me. A school! it was the last notion of my parents! Beg? oh, by all means! Until I was ten years old my only employment was to wander aimlessly about the streets with young rascals of my own type.

At this age I went into a workshop. You have heard of apprenticeship; your economists and your legislators have spoken to you about children's labor. Labor! don't believe it. The apprentice is the common fag; he goes on errands; he endures curses and kicks from the older men; but he *works* little or not at all: he is rarely paid any wages, and if he has any they are contemptibly small. It would be useless to tell you what he hears: the hideous jokes that strike on his ears, and of which he is often himself the object; the blasphemies which encrust themselves over his youthful memory. He soon imitates his elders, who take him to the public-house and make him drunk with gin, stupefied with tobacco. Such was my lot. But to imitate my elders I needed money, and what was more simple than to steal it? From that day dates my criminal career. Idleness and debauchery—such were the two springs of my character. I finished up in the Assize Court, and, frankly, it is difficult to see how I could have done anything else.

In the crushing speeches levelled against me two great words often occurred—Rights and Duties. I must confess that up to that time I had no very clear idea of their meaning, and indeed I only understand them now because of that supernatural illumination of which I spoke. Who ever thought of teaching me their significance? Yet I know one thing. When I once excused myself for a crime by saying that I did not know that it was wrong, I was sternly told: "You ought to have known it. Every citizen should know the law." How on earth was I to know it?

Confess that your Society is extraordinary. It knows and proclaims moral heredity by the mouths of its scientific men, but what does it do to check its ravages? It recognises education as the great means of moralising the masses, and leaves an ignorant and miserly father free to deny to his child the right of learning. It knows that the atmosphere of the workshop, morally and physically, is injurious to the very young and the untrained, and it permits them to be sent into those veritable bagnios which seem made to corrupt the mind and to debilitate the body. It knows the fatal effects of example: what does it do to withdraw the child from it? It takes from the youth the fairest years of his life—when it does not take his blood in its defence—and it does not even give him in return the moral protection which is as necessary as physical protection to the weak and the helpless. It flings man as food to the worst passions, exposes him to the most pernicious temptations, and then, when he has failed, it

erects itself into the sovereign judge of his actions: "You have despised your duties. You had no right to injure others, since you are only a unit. But we, who are the collective against the unit, we have over you the right of life and death which we refuse to recognise in you over others."

Very well; but in my turn I ask: "You, Society, what do you mean by talking about duties? Do not rights precede them, or at least are they not equivalents? And this collectivity of yours: does it not impose the obligation of modelling, of training, of perfecting each unit?"

As for you, Gentlemen, you have certainly not done amiss in removing me from Society, and I do not ask for mercy. I only hope that my reflexions may awaken yours, and may contribute, however little, to push forward the Social Question.

Functions of Food.

The human body is made up of substances which, like all other kinds of matter, are subject to wear if used. The solid framework of the earth is sculptured into mountain and valley by the unceasing action of atmospheric agencies and of running water, and rock-bound coasts are fissured by the everlasting lash of ocean billows into promontories and islands, and hollowed into caves. It is no wonder then that the extremely soft tissues which make up the greater portion of our bodies should become worn also.

The exterior membrane which enwraps the whole of the body, the skin, comes continually into contact with substances against which it rubs, and the friction always results in the detachment of very small invisible portions, which are lost to the body. Inside the body there is a continual and varied movement of the different organs, accompanied in every case by a loss of substance of the part used. This loss, however, does not so easily pass from the body as that from the skin, but first undergoes another change, and is then expelled from the system by the action of three organs (or parts which perform special functions). These are the lungs, the kidneys, and the skin. Apart from the actual wear of the skin itself, there are continually excreted by the skin matters which are of no further use to the body, but which would stop all vital action if not got rid of. So of the kidneys and lungs. The waste matters expelled by each of these three organs are almost precisely the same in constituents, but vary in quantity. These excretions consist of water, carbon dioxide, urea, and from the kidneys certain mineral matters in addition. These excretions are the products of certain changes which take place within the body, of which I shall speak further on. This loss to the body is very considerable, and must be made up by a supply of new material if the function of life is to be maintained. This material, necessary for repairing the worn tissues of the body, is supplied as food.

Every tissue of the animal body except fat is composed of at least

the elements carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen; and food must contain these in the necessary proportion. Although the body is composed mainly of these chemical elements, yet if they were taken into the body in an uncombined state they would be valueless as food, for the body cannot form the compound substances from the simple bodies. Oxygen and nitrogen gases form the bulk of the atmosphere, and are being continually inhaled into the lungs, yet they in no sense help in tissue formation. These elements cannot be utilised as food unless three or four of them are combined in the same substance. They are frequently found combined in pairs, as water, a combination of hydrogen with oxygen; carbon dioxide, a combination of carbon with oxygen; ammonia, a combination of hydrogen with nitrogen; but these binary compounds cannot perform the functions of food for animals. These simple compounds belong to unorganised nature, and animals cannot feed on and be nourished by inorganic substances. But plants can and do obtain their nourishment from mineral or inorganic foods; and by absorbing the less complex mineral matters into their substance, and changing them therein, they build up from these simpler matters highly complex compounds containing all that is necessary for the growth and renovation of the animal frame. And it is from the vegetable world that the animal obtains its whole supply of food. One of the chief of these complex bodies which are tissue-forming foods is gluten. It is found in all grains, and notably in oats and wheat. It may be obtained from wheat flour by making the flour into a paste and then washing it in a gently flowing stream of water (it would be better if the paste were first put into a muslin bag), when the starch will be washed away, and the gluten will remain as a glutinous (sticky, whence the name) substance, which when dried becomes very hard. There are other nitrogenous (as they are called) vegetable matters besides this gluten which do not need special mention, because man does not obtain the whole of his tissue-forming food from vegetables, but chiefly from the flesh of animals. But it is not therefore the less true that the nitrogenous food stuffs are obtained from plants, for do not the animals which serve as food for man subsist chiefly on the herbage of the field? In the flesh of animals we have the nitrogenous matters forming a large per-centage of the whole, while in the vegetable the quantity of these substances is often very small. The chief of the animal tissue-formers is albumen, which forms nearly the whole of the solid portion of an egg (excluding the shell). The "white" of the egg is little more than pure albumen and water. Albumen is largely present in the blood of animals and in the juice of lean meat. It is this part of the meat that is extracted in making beef tea, the beef being cut into small pieces so that the juice may more easily find its way into the water. Albumen contains, besides the four chemical elements spoken of, sulphur and phosphorus. The solid part of lean meat—the fibres—consists of fibrin. The only other of these food-stuffs I shall mention here is casein, because it is the chief flesh-forming food of young children. It is found in milk, and forms a considerable ingredient in cheese which is made from the curd of milk. Peas contain a nitrogenous substance so nearly like the casein of milk that it has been termed vegetable casein. Gluten, fibrin, and casein are

so nearly allied in composition and function to albumen that they have received the name of albumenoids.

Loss of substance is, however, not the only loss experienced by the body. That the full activity of the organs may be kept up a certain temperature has to be maintained. This temperature is always higher than that of the surrounding air, much higher than that of the air in winter, so that heat is continually passing away from the body, which would thus quickly reach the temperature below which life would cease to exist if heat were not produced as fast as it is radiated. To prevent the too rapid radiation of heat from the body, and to protect it from sudden chills, clothes are necessary; but it is to be remembered that clothing does not add to the heat of the body, but only prevents the heat from escaping. It acts by not allowing the heat of the body to pass through it. Flannel, which keeps the body warm, can keep ice cold; it does not readily allow heat to pass outwards from the body, nor, in the second case, inwards to the ice.

If clothes then do not make the body warm, but only serve to prevent the escape of heat, the heat must have some other origin. Clearly the warmth is produced inside the body, for on a very cold day, away from the artificial heat of fires, we may heat ourselves to perspiration by sufficient exercise. How is this heat produced? In our fires heat is produced by combustion; is animal heat produced by combustion also? It is, but before explaining the production of animal heat I must state what is meant by combustion. Let us take the burning we are best acquainted with, that of coal in our fire-grates. One of the first facts we learn about fire-lighting is that fuel will not burn without a supply of air, and that the more air you cause to pass among the fuel, the better it will burn. Plainly, two things are here necessary to combustion, fuel and air. Now fuel consists mainly of one of the elements above mentioned, carbon; the charcoal of wood, and the coke of coal being different forms of this substance. So that it will be convenient for us at present to regard coal as carbon. Air is not an element, but consists for the most part of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. Are both of these gases concerned in the combustion of carbon, or only one? and if but one, which one?

If a little phosphorus is floated on a piece of cork on water, and ignited, and a glass vessel instantly inverted over it and pressed into the water, this phosphorus will be seen to burn inside the vessel and to give off dense white fumes. These fumes quickly dissolve in the water, and when they have done so it will be seen that the water has risen a little way up inside the glass vessel. On taking this vessel out of the water, covering the mouth first, it will be found to be one-fifth full of water. This quantity of water represents the volume of gas consumed in the combustion of the phosphorus. Now, let a lighted match be carefully introduced into the vessel (having kept the cover on all the time), and it will be extinguished, proving that the remaining portion of the air is unable to support the combustion of wood, of which a match is made. If any other burning substance were tried it would also be extinguished. From this we conclude that that portion of the air has been consumed which helps bodies to burn—or, rather, which in uniting with a body produces

heat and light. This portion is oxygen gas. The white fumes observed during the experiment, which dissolved in the water, were vapors of phosphoric acid. The remaining portion of the air which we found could not support combustion is nitrogen.

Let us now go back to our household fire in which we left the coal (which we said we would regard as carbon) burning. We are now able to understand what takes place. The air entering the bars of the grate and coming into contact with the heated carbon loses its oxygen gas, which is used in combining with the carbon to produce a new substance, carbon dioxide, popularly but wrongly called carbonic acid, which under ordinary conditions is a gas. During this combination heat is produced, and in such quantities that the fuel is maintained at a red heat. The better the supply of air, or rather of oxygen gas, the more rapid the combustion, and the greater the amount of heat evolved. On the other hand, the less the supply of oxygen the less the amount of heat produced, until, if no oxygen at all is supplied, combustion entirely ceases. So that burning or combustion means the chemical union of an element with oxygen gas. Most of our fuels are compounds. Oils, fats, wax, and coal gas are compounds consisting chiefly of carbon and hydrogen, both of which can burn. Hydrogen is ordinarily a gas, and has a great tendency to unite with oxygen, producting by the union steam (which condenses to water on cooling), and evolving great heat. Paraffin wax (of which candles are made) and coal gas are compounds of carbon and hydrogen, and the products of their combustion are carbon dioxide and water vapor. Oils and fats contain a small proportion of oxygen in addition, but not so much as the carbon and hydrogen are capable of combining with, so that they can unite with more oxygen—that is, they can burn. Sugar and starch are two other bodies which are composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen: only in these cases there is exactly sufficient oxygen in each compound to completely unite with the hydrogen, leaving the carbon without any; so that when a piece of sugar burns, just about as much heat is produced as would be evolved if a piece of carbon equal in weight to that contained in the sugar were burned. In fat, as I have pointed out, there is a smaller proportion of oxygen, and therefore more is required for the complete combustion of fat than would be required for an equal weight of either sugar or starch. Now, these substances are foods, or, rather, constituents of foods, or food-stuffs. We do not eat starch as starch, but it forms a large constituent of all grains, and is contained in all parts of a plant. Wheat—and therefore bread—oats, potatoes, rice, contain large quantities of starch, while sago and arrowroot consist of little else. Sugar and fat also form part of our food. Sugar is contained in all fruits and in many roots—carrots, turnips, etc.—and fat is eaten in cheese and butter, and forms a considerable proportion of even lean meat. These three food-stuffs are entirely devoid of nitrogen, and are therefore incapable of completely building up the tissues of the body: much of them is used up in supplying the body with heat. To do this these foods must burn, and they do burn, not in one, but in every part of the body. To describe fully the process by which the food is distributed all over the body would extend the subject

beyond the limits of a single article, but a brief explanation will suffice.

The food, being well masticated, is swallowed, and then passes into the stomach. Here, by the action of a liquid called the gastric juice, which exudes from the glands of the stomach, the nitrogenous foods are dissolved. When this is done the food is allowed to pass out of the stomach into the intestine, which is one long coiled tube. Here it meets first with a liquid known as bile, which is secreted by the liver, and then with juices from two other glands and from the walls of the intestinal canal. The fat is emulsified in the uppermost part of the intestine, and the turning of starch into sugar, commenced in the mouth, is completed by secretions from the pancreas—known in animals as the sweet-bread—and the inner surface of the intestine. The liquefied food is taken up by small processes known as lacteals; it passes into a system of canals, and is carried upwards and poured into a large blood-vessel, by which it reaches the right side of the heart. From the heart the blood is sent to the lungs and returns from them to the heart, but into the left side of it. Hence it is propelled over every part of the body and to the furthest extremities of it. The blood is now a river of life, bearing in its stream nutriment by which repair is accomplished as fast as disintegration—which is the consequence of action, whether muscular or nervous—takes place; carrying too the essentials for the production of heat, fuel, and oxygen gas.

As the blood courses through the body, a slow union of the oxygen gas with the carbonaceous matters continually goes on, resulting in the development of heat, and of force or energy. The nitrogenous matters also unite with oxygen gas, and supply the body with a portion of its heat, but the main function of the nitrogenous food-stuffs is to supply the body with new material both for the growth and repair of tissue. The products of the wear which takes place inside the body are got rid of by this process of oxidation or burning, being resolved into carbon dioxide and water, which contain no nitrogen, and urea, which contains all or nearly all the nitrogen of the worn and waste matters. Though I have said nothing about the mineral constituents of food, yet I must close, hoping—though the subject is extensive enough and important enough to need, for a proper treatment, many articles of the length of this—that I have awakened in the minds of my readers a desire to know more of this important question.

L. Small.

Courtship a Hundred Years Ago.

To-day I read in a romance
A hundred summers old,
And on a page I came by chance
Which of a courtship told.

The lovers had been friends in youth;
Once he had saved her life;
He loved her much, and she, in truth,
Would gladly be his wife.

Another time she'd answer him
When she was more composed;
Just then she felt her senses swim;
And so the meeting closed.

Yet "Madam" still his greeting came,
Even as she styled him "Mister";
He dared have used her Christian name
No more than to have kissed her.

After some well-framed sentences,
Rhetorically tender,
He told her of the deep distress
'Twould give him to offend her.

The thought of it would stop his breath
Or make him from her go forth;
A single frown would cause his death—
And similarly so forth.

The lady then expressed surprise—
With some disturbance blended—
That Mister Jones should thus surmise
That she had been offended.

Preliminaries settled so,
To business he proceeded;
(It might be sure, but it was slow
To court as he and she did.)

In language of the choicest kind
His "passion" he "protested";
Had he used language less refined,
She would have thought he jested.

He gave his love amazing names
And metaphysic titles,—
A fire that set his heart in flames—
A fever in his vitals.

Then he proceeded to beseech,
With a most melting sigh,
That to his twenty minutes' speech
She would vouchsafe reply.

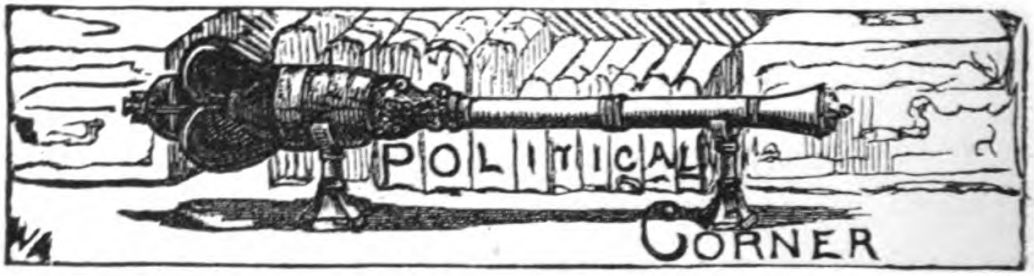
Downward her eyes she did direct
After she once had viewed him;
Then said that she "would not affect
To have misunderstood him".

She could not then say in response
All that her swelling heart meant;
She felt she must retire at once
Into her own apartment.

The lady tinkled for her maid
And called for hartshorn straightway:
He took his leave, so much dismayed
He scarce could pass the gateway.

Whether he was received again
By her without rebuff,
And whether they got married then,
Heaven knows! I had enough!

M. J. R.



It is unfortunately far too probable that much time will be occupied in this session of Parliament with renewal of the Coercion Acts in Ireland, and it is not at all improbable that increased powers for the detection of crime in the rest of the kingdom will be also sought for. Whatever else may be injured by the use of dynamite, it is certain that liberty and progress suffer severely all through the world.

The Land Question is again coming to the front. Mr. Joseph Arch has seriously pressed the compulsory cultivation of lands which, though cultivable with profit, are retained in an uncultivated state. The point was raised by more than one speaker at the Industrial Remuneration Conference, and Mr. Chamberlain in his Birmingham address showed that he fully recognised the necessity of early Land Law Reform of Radical character.

The feeling in favor of passing Mr. Hopwood's Affirmation Bill into law has much strengthened since our last issue, and there are not wanting signs that some Tories would now be glad to finish with a matter in which they are not at all sure they will profit if it continues unsettled. Mr. Chamberlain made a very clear declaration in favor of the measure. At least one hundred political organisations in various parts of the country have passed resolutions in favor of the Bill, and calling upon the Government to give facilities so that it may pass into law without delay. Messrs. Percy Wyndham, M.P., Conservative, and Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., have agreed to back the Bill which, as introduced by Mr. Hopwood, is a measure on the exact lines of the 3 and 4 William IV., c. 49, passed for Quakers and Moravians, and, if passed into law in its present form, will authorise a solemn declaration or affirmation instead of taking an oath in all places and for all purposes whatsoever where an oath is or shall be required, either by the Common Law or by any Act of Parliament.

If the Affirmation Bill should not become law, and if the appeal to the House of Lords should be dismissed, then not only all Atheists but also all

such Unitarians as do not believe in future rewards and punishments are disabled at law from all functions in which an oath is required to be taken.

THE news from the Soudan is as puzzling as it is saddening. I have reason to know that information was conveyed to the Government early in January to the effect that Khartoum would be in the hands of the Mahdi a few days before it was reached by Lord Wolseley's troops, and that the same information was made known to Lord Wolseley. This bad business commenced when Lord Beaconsfield began to meddle in Egyptian finance in 1875-76. The intermeddling in the government of Egypt, the part in the Dual Control, the dethronement of Ismail, the propping up of Tewfik, the suppression of the movement headed by Arabi; all these have been steps in a bad path in which the Soudan war is a slough of despair which has already engulphed millions of national treasure and scores of thousands of human lives.

THE offer of troops by the Colonies of New South Wales and South Australia for fighting in the Soudan, and the acceptance of these offers by the Home Government, may have a very important bearing on the future political relations between Great Britain and her various colonial dependencies. So, too, the repeatedly looking to Hindustan for military aid may have influence of a different and less pleasant character.

IN France the senatorial elections are remarkable on the one hand for the failure of the Duc de Broglie, M. de Fourtou, and nearly all those who, under the presidency of Marshal Macmahon, intrigued to overthrow the Republic; and on the other hand by the defeat in Paris of M. Spuller, one of the ablest lieutenants of Gambetta, who was beaten by M. Georges Martin, an extreme Radical. The French Senate, which in 1875 was estimated to have almost one half of its members opposed to the Republic, has now a Republican majority of three-fourths of the actual senators.

KILLING people by military means without declaring war is now becoming the usual practice. We did it, and are continuing it in Egypt; the French have pursued the same course with the Chinese; and the Germans have initiated this on their bombardment of Foss Town, Cameroons.

THE New Zealand Parliament has set an example to all English-speaking legislative assemblies, by passing a pure and simple Affirmation Bill, according to everyone, without question or challenge, the option of making a solemn affirmation in all cases where an oath is lawfully required.

THE stories of depression in the cotton trade are very grave, and this, added to the misery in Tyneside and Weardale, helps to make the general outlook one of exceeding seriousness. We regret to see that the unemployed in London are having their misery traded upon by some who, now pretending to be Social-Democrats, were less than seven years ago prominent as Tory-Jingoes.

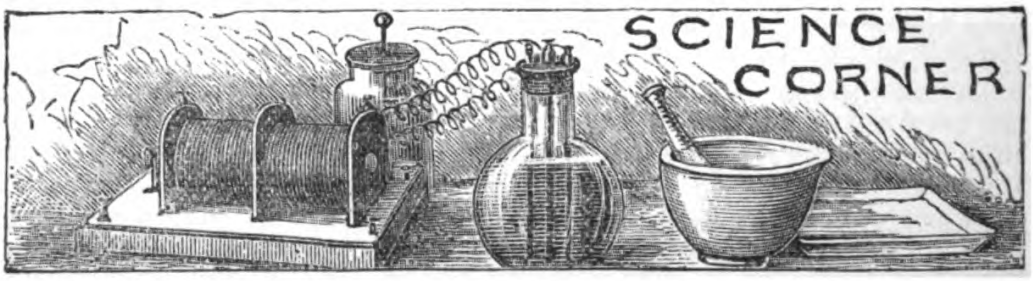
TRADE seems to be in a very bad state in the United States, especially in the cotton factories in New Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts. Those who at the Prince's Hall Industrial Remuneration Conference recommended emigration would find it exceedingly difficult to select a favorable spot for emigrants without capital. The Secretary of the Fall River Cotton Spinners' Association says that "Under the coming reduction a spinner, with three children, after paying for rent or fuel, will have less to feed and clothe his family than the sum which it costs to keep the convicts in the State prison. The operative here is a great deal worse off than his fellow operative in England now. He not only has to work more hours but harder, and the pay in many cases is less, while rents are from two to three times higher, fuel 104 per cent. higher, clothing 70 to 80 per cent. higher, and other things in proportion." In France a deputation of unemployed has waited on the Chamber of Deputies. Forty Deputies present resolved to bring proposals before the

Chamber for a subsidy of 25,000,000f. to the towns suffering from the crisis, for the immediate execution of the public works already sanctioned, and for a reduction in the hours of labor.

In Russia industrial depression and agrarian distress are now so severe that riots, disturbances, and outrages resulting from these causes are temporarily overshadowing the Nihilist or political terrorism. The cotton and iron industries are said to be suffering most, and many of the men unable to live are rioting, and have come into collision with the military. It is not easy to get the exact truth, but in the Government of Vladimir it is clear that the outbreak has been serious.

Curious complications may yet arise in connexion with the appropriation by the Belgian Association of other people's land on the Congo. Portugal claims as prior discoverer the territories which Mr. Henry Stanley has civilized—so far as this can be done with explosive bullets and like ameliorating influences. The Belgians not unnaturally object to being possibly entangled in a war to bolster up landstealing, in which the King of Belgium has experimented by deputy as a speculation for personal profit. The Congo Conference nursed by Prince Bismarck impudently gave a colorable sanction to the proceedings of the International Association. Manchester folk are uneasy as to the rights of British Traders; no one seems to bother about the rights of the natives. The mere paper arrangements now being made between the great powers all impudently ignore the existence of any rights on the part of the native populations.

Charles Bradlaugh.



The *Times* gives the following interesting account of a new cotton plant bred by Mr. Luber. "A southern botanist, Mr. A. A. Luber, of Macon, Georgia, has been experimenting for several years to hybridize the cotton plant that grows wild in Florida with the common okra, and he appears to have been at last successful. The new plant retains the okra stalk and the foliage of the cotton. Its flower and fruit, however, are strikingly unlike either cotton or okra. The plant has an average height of 2ft., and each plant has only one bloom. This is a magnificent flower, very much like the great magnolia in fragrance and equally as large. Like the bloom of the cotton plant the flower is white for several days after it opens, after which it is first pale pink, and gradually assumes darker shades of this color until it becomes red, when it drops, disclosing a large boll. For about ten days this boll resembles the cotton boll, and then its growth suddenly increases until it reaches the size of a cocoanut. The lint does not appear until this size is reached. Then its snowy threads begin to burst from the boll, but are securely held in place by the okra-like thorns or points that line the boll. Each boll is said to produce about 2lb. of very long-stapled cotton—superior to Lea Island cotton. There are no seeds in the lint, from four to six seeds, resembling those of persimmon, being at the bottom of the boll. The new cotton consequently, it is stated, needs no ginning, and it is thought will revolutionise the cotton industry of the south."

A GERMAN lady living at Langenschwalback has been experimenting on the nettle (Urtica dioica), in order to see if its very tenacious fibre cannot be utilised in manufacture. The *Times* says: "Not content with cultivating it in the ordinary forest or waste land, she has persuaded several landowners to plant an acre of first-class wheat land with nettles, in order to see how far the qualities of the fibre would be improved".

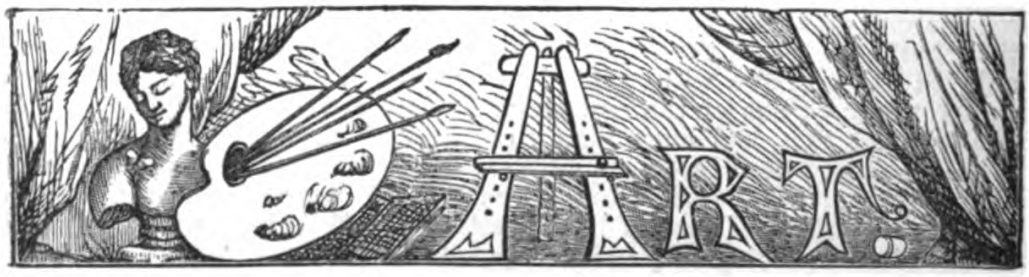
THE following account of the seals at the Westminster Aquarium will be read with interest. It is taken from the *Saturday Review*. "They ring bells, they play sundry musical instruments, including a drum and banjo, and they sing not more out of tune than the Salvation Army. The sense of music which seals possess has long been known, and all their performances at the Westminster Aquarium are accompanied by a piano. They will take a pipe and smoke it with all the complacency of a country rector at his own fireside. At the word of command they will climb up a sloping flight of steps and take a headlong plunge into the tank below. They are trained to play tricks on one another. One will pretend to be a baby, and will crawl into a basket; and, as soon as he is comfortably settled, another will come up and knock him, basket and all, into the water. When a little boat, with two or three children in it, is set afloat, one or two of the seals will be yoked in front of it, and will draw it and its cargo round the pool. A doll nearly as large as themselves, representing a drowning man, will be given to them, and they will swim round with it, remaining themselves underneath, but holding the head of the figure above water all the time. They will fetch, carry, and retrieve as well as any dog, bringing back with equal ease a stick thrown into the tank or a heavy block of wood. They fire off guns and pistols, and in one case we noted especially that the six barrels of the revolver were discharged with regular precision. Their successful achievements are rewarded with fish to eat; and with the seals, as with other animals trained to perform feats, it is found that kindness is the best school. They are so well educated that one of the tasks which the seal has to fulfil is to swim after a live fish thrown into the water and bring it back to his master unharmed. Had we been the seal we might have done otherwise; and we might as eye-witnesses have had our doubts as to the possibility of the fact here recorded had it not been for other performances in which there was no opportunity for legerdemain on the part of the showman. The most curious experiment of all was the 'Christian Martyr'. The seal, enveloped in a red garment, dived into the tank, and, after struggling in the water for one or two minutes, turned round on his back and feigned to give up the ghost. When he came again to the surface, he must certainly have enjoyed the applause with which he was greeted. A waltz was performed in the water by one of the animals to the tune of a cracked piano, which showed that they had more than a rudimentary sense of music. Perhaps if the music had been better the seals would have danced with more agility. One of the prettiest performances was that of a seal imitating Captain Boyton crossing the Channel. The creature lay on its back with a flag and a sail in its fins, and quietly sailed round the water."

MR. LANKESTER, Secretary of the National Health Society, has issued a leaflet on "Arsenic in Domestic Fabrics". It is pointed out that symptoms of arsenical poisoning often occur in persons who have been exposed to arsenical fabrics, and that on the removal of the fabrics the bad symptoms disappear. "Arsenic in domestic fabrics is so easily dispensed with, that there is no valid reason for the continued use of these poisonous colors. Several paper-stainers have for years conscientiously excluded all arsenical colors from their works, yet have still maintained their position in the open market, thus deciding the question both as to cost and quality of non-

arsenical wall-papers. . . . . Arsenic is found in the dust of rooms papered with arsenical papers, thus proving the presence of arsenic in the atmosphere." It is a curious fact that arsenical particles thus inhaled seem to be specially deleterious, and it is a matter of the gravest importance that all fabrics in the preparation of which arsenic is used should be excluded from our homes.

A PLANT allied to the lily of the valley has been discovered, which moves about one inch in each year away from its original place. The root is said to be formed of "knots", one knot being formed each year and pulling the plant onward. So perishes another sacred dividing line between plants and animals.

AN interesting lecture has been delivered at the Anthropological Institute by Mr. H. H. Johnston, on "The People of Eastern Equatorial Africa". Among many interesting details we learn that "There are but slight traces of religion among them, but they are in great dread of spirits that are believed to inhabit large forest trees. The sun is their true conception of an over-ruling deity. Their marriages are arranged first by purchase, the intending husband paying the father of the girl the three or more cows fixed as the price. When these preliminaries are settled the girl runs away and affects to hide. She is sought out by the bridegroom and three or four of his friends and carried off to the hut of her future husband. The beautiful forest district of Taveita is inhabited by two different colonies, one a Kivaci people of Massai origin, and the other and more primitive the Wataveita, who exhibit marked peculiarities in their language and ideas. They are of fair height and often models of symmetry and grace. Marriage is of course a matter of purchase, but no sign of imitating capture seems to be practised here. The greatest laxity of manners prevail among the women after marriage. The Wataveita people number about 2,000. The Wachaya tribe share with the Massai a curious habit of spitting on things or people as a a compliment or sign of gratitude; though having very little religious belief, they are very superstitious and have great dread of sorcery. They are clever smiths, and forge all kinds of utensils, weapons, and ornaments from the pig iron they receive from Usanga, but it is in their husbandry that they mostly excel." ANNIE BESANT.



THE JAPANESE VILLAGE.—To adopt Mr. Gilbert's phraseology in "Patience", and to say that my soul yearns for all that is Japanese, might perhaps be to make too strong an expression of my feelings towards Japanese art. I confess, however, to a very strong admiration of their decorative work, and also to a great interest in the people and the country. I therefore expected to derive considerable pleasure from a visit to the village now established in London, and my expectations were not disappointed. The whole of their work has a distinctive character of its own that imitation tries after in vain. Much of their work, especially when applied to purely

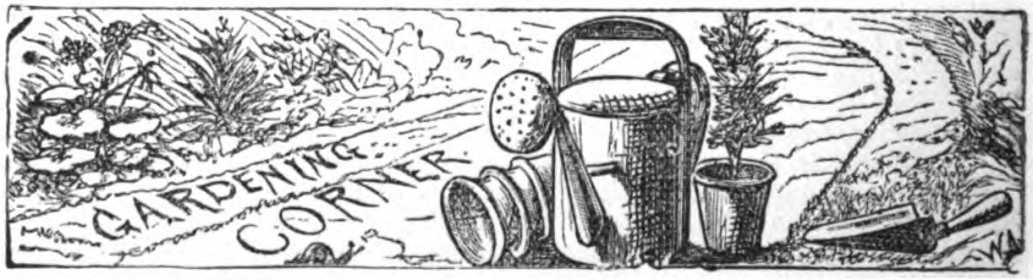
decorative uses, as, for instance, panels for the wall of a room, aims at general effect, which is gained by skilful arrangement of line and color, and not by laborious working out of detail. It is obvious even to a casual observer that considerable rapidity of execution must be possible. How great that rapidity really is, I had no idea until I watched some of the workers in their temporary home at Knightbridge. Stopping in front of a shop where an artist was busy painting fans, I watched the painting of one from its commencement to its completion. Taking a fan-shaped piece of whitey-brown paper, the artist made a few quick strokes with a piece of charcoal, apparently the outline of a design, but too slight to convey any meaning to the on-looker. He then dexterously dashed in some green color in a form suggesting a gigantic spider; some blue and red scrolls appeared in another corner, and some figures and clouds in the centre. The fan was painted in almost less time than it has taken me to write the description, and the final effect was good. Throughout the work the artist only used one brush, and whether from some peculiarity in the colors themselves or from the medium with which they are mixed, I can't say, but they seemed to dry instantaneously; although the artist put red marks on a just painted green ground in the most reckless manner, there was no running or mixing of the colors. For delicate and patient workmanship, one turns to the mosaic and inlaid work on the other side of the street. The manufacture of art pottery, weaving with the hand-loom, and embroidery with silk, are all carried on in different parts of the village, and each in its way affords considerable interest, and is worthy of close attention. Their paper lanterns, screens, parasols, and fans, are familiar to all, but paper is also used by the Japanese for waterproof coats, pocket-handkerchiefs, for making a material closely resembling crape, largely used for the ornamental parts of dress, and nearly the whole of the string used is also made of paper; indeed the uses which are made of this substance seem well-nigh endless. The absence of any noise and smell of machinery, the swift-growing pattern under the deft fingers, and above all, the bright faces and frequent interchange of word and laugh between fellow-workers, made the inspection of the various occupations pleasant as well as interesting. One realises that such work, calling into play the faculties of eye, and hand, and brain, and often of considerable imagination, must, even if carried on for many hours in succession, be less fatiguing and deadening than much that is done in our Western manufactories. A few pictures, evidently religious, are exhibited. They are quaint in design and execution, owing to the disregard of all laws of perspective. The most striking feature in them is the evident kinship between Japanese and Western mythology. Near the entrance gate is a picture of hell: it is called "The Japanese Hell", but it differs little from what might be painted as "The Christian Hell". The general principle is torture of every kind that ingenuity can devise or malice desire, while a "Supreme Being" of some kind looks on in pleased content. I find in the preface of the catalogue that "Many efforts have been made to propagate Christianity, but they have been more or less unsuccessful". The explanation probably is, that those among the Japanese sufficiently enlightened to perceive the inconsistencies and barbarities of their own religion, are also conscious that in freeing themselves from it, they will hardly be acting wisely to accept in its place the very similar creed offered by Christian missionaries. I have said little of the pretty effect of the village as a whole, or of the skill and care bestowed on the exhibition, because it is so well worth seeing that I can hardly do better than advise all who can, to visit our Eastern visitors before they break up their colony and return to their "Land of the Rising Sun".

THE "OLD MASTERS" AT THE GROSVENOR AND BURLINGTON HOUSE.—Alluding to the exhibition of historical portraits at Kensington in 1867,

George Eliot writes: "It is really worth a little fatigue to see the English of past generations in their habit as they lived, especially when Gainsborough and Sir Joshua are the painters". This verdict would doubtless be endorsed by a visitor to the present exhibitions at the leading galleries in Bond Street and Piccadilly. The two chief rooms at the Grosvenor Gallery are devoted exclusively to the works of Gainsborough, and of these nine-tenths are portraits. Looking at the painted presentment of the beauties of the last century, after admiring the winning sweetness of the Duchess of Devonshire, the beautiful features of Mrs. Grace Elliot (110), and the handsome face of Mrs. Fitz-Herbert (10), one is tempted to think that the type of feminine loveliness has, during the past hundred years, undergone a change for the better. The portraits of the many pretty women in the present exhibition fail to impress one with a sense of dignity or of intellectual power, though many of them are admirable as works of art, and please by the harmony of coloring and correctness of drawing. As a portrait I was most struck by one of the Earl of Chesterfield (84)—of "Letters to his Son" notoriety; involuntarily the exclamation arises: "How very like him!". "A Pomeranian Dog and Puppy" (113) and two other pictures of dogs (123 and 167) are interesting examples of Gainsborough's work as an animal painter. The celebrated "Blue Boy" (62) is included in the collection. In the two small rooms is a collection of the works of the late Richard Doyle. These will repay a close and careful inspection. Especially charming are some fairy scenes in Room V.—"The Pied Piper of Hamelin" (287), and some studies of "Ariel" (235, 244, 251, 261).

It is not possible in a limited space to attempt any detailed account of the pictures now to be seen at Burlington House. The collection is an exceptionally good one, containing examples of many schools, both English and foreign. Some portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds have a special charm when viewed in juxtaposition with those of his great contemporary. His treatment has a poetic grace and refinement wholly lacking in Gainsborough. The portrait of Mrs. Billington (9) and the lovely little maiden, Miss Penelope Boothby (55), are alone worth a visit. Gallery IV. contains some curious specimens of religious paintings of the early Italian schools. In the other galleries will be found characteristic pictures by Hogarth, Morland, and Collins; some fairly good examples of Rubens, Teniers, and Jan Steen; landscapes by the Ruysdaels and by Cuyp; and the well-known glorious "Virgin and Child" (164) by Murillo.

ELIZABETH CRACKNELL.



MARCH.

To the amateur this month should be a busy one, and as March weather in our climate is as a rule so variable, all who conduct operations have to be vigilant throughout its progress. We are all anxious to have our crops as forward as possible, and as an aid to this and to the economical management of a garden certain requisites are indispensable. Among the most important of these which should be available during this month is the hot-bed for

forwarding seedlings for early planting, for raising all the half-tender and greenhouse annuals among which are so many lovely gems that go so far in the adornment of the parterre and the greenhouse of the amateur, as much as those of the professional, gardener. And compared with the gain in time and the satisfactory results obtained, the trouble and expense in getting a hot-bed up is very slight. For early vegetables those cottagers who have an eye to their market value will find a hot-bed imperatively necessary. To some of our readers who have never perhaps set about the making up of a hot-bed but would like to do so, a few hints on how to do it may be useful. To such we say: Get a quantity of fresh stable manure and mix thoroughly with it half its bulk of tree leaves, which may have been gathered at the fall and laid up in a heap. These should be shaken together and laid up in a heap in layers, patting each layer down with the back of the fork as you proceed, but not too firmly. If the leaves or stable litter be too dry, sprinkle the layers with water—tepid, if you can command it—which will hasten fermentation. We like to use plenty of hard-wood tree leaves, as we find they maintain heat longer and more steadily than when the bed is made of stable manure by itself. Proceed to make the heap as above till you think you have enough to meet your wants. In two or three days fermentation will be apparent by the escape of steam from the top and sides. Turn the heap over again, and allow it to remain two or three days longer, or until the second fermentation begins. Then prepare a pit say 2½ feet deep, the size of the bed you propose. It should be in some dry sheltered spot, facing the south if possible. The glass sashes are generally made 6 feet long by 3½ to 4 feet wide, and a bed of one sash will usually meet the requirements of amateurs. The frame should be 18 inches high at the back and 12 inches in front—this gives the proper slope to catch most sunlight. When everything is ready the manure is placed in and trodden down—but not too firm or solid—in layers into the pit and up into the box to the height you deem necessary. Now put on the sash and keep it close till the heat rises. It will be too hot for a few days at first for sowing seeds, but as soon as the heat subsides to about 90 degrees, you may put on soil to the depth of from 6 to 8 inches. The soil should be well-decayed, turfy loam, mixed with fine old manure in equal parts, and in this the seeds may be sown thinly in drills, 2 or 3 inches apart, and afterwards thinned out or else transplanted to another part of the frame. Air must be given every mild day by raising the sash at the back. For the first week after sowing it may be found necessary to keep the sash a little raised at the back day and night to allow steam to escape; should it rise in volume, water when necessary with tepid water warmer than the atmosphere of the frame, and should cold nights or snow-storms intervene, cover up with mats or board shutters. The same directions apply to hot-beds made on the surface of the ground, except that the manure should be at least a foot wider on all sides than the frame. This admits of a "lining" being built at any time around the frame to keep up the heat, which can in turn be taken away and renewed when necessary without disturbing the box and its contents. Instead of sowing the seeds in the frame in lines, as described above, this other method may be more serviceable for some amateurs. Instead of placing soil over the fermenting material, the same depth of rotted leaves, sawdust, or cocoanut fibre may be put on as a plunging material into which pots, seed-pans, or boxes can be plunged containing the variety of seeds desired to be raised. As many plants of a great variety of flowers and vegetables as are likely to meet the wants of amateurs can thus be sown in small compass. As many Celery plants, for instance, may be raised in a 6-inch pot as would serve several families, if the seedlings are carefully pricked off and properly treated throughout their early growth and development. And so with many other things, such as Cauliflower, Cabbage, and all others of

the Brassica family, whilst for infinitesimal seeds, as Lobelia, Petunia, and such like, to sow in a pot or seed-pan plunged in, bottom heat is the only safe and certain method to secure their germination and growth. Such almost impalpable seeds require to be sown with great care; and although we have in a former paper detailed our mode of treating them, we will venture here to repeat it. We use clean 5 or 6-in. pots. These we drain thoroughly, and over the drainage crocks we place the roughest of the soil, filling to the top with the finest. We fill as many pots thus as we require, and set them on the floor of the potting-shed; with a fine rose we then soak the soil in each pot with hot water—even to the boiling point. We have now same very fine soil sifted through a sieve, a sprinkling of which we put on the surface of the soaked soil in each pot, on which we at once sow the seed, over which we put no covering soil, but, taking the pots, we plunge them into bottom heat, and over each put a square of glass, and await their germination. As a rule, they require no other watering till they have fairly sprung and formed their first pair of leaves, when we prick them off into other pots, pans, or boxes. Such seeds as these, if watered after being sown, are certain to be carried down by the water to a depth where they cannot germinate, but perish, and the amateur, disappointed and chagrined, blames the seedsman for sending out bad seed, whilst the defect arises by his handling of it. We last month gave hints on seed-sowing and the depth to which they should be covered, etc., and we must impress that the above directions apply only to such small seeds as Lobelia, Petunia, etc. Thinning-out is another very important operation. All plants, when crowded together, have a tendency to get "drawn", that is, to run up tall and scraggy. As soon as seedlings are well above the surface, and can be handled, they should be thinned out, and sorts that submit to the operation, and which are required to make up stock, should be transplanted under conditions favorable to their habit and growth. W. ELDER.

A NEW Socialist journal, the *Commonweal*,[1] edited by Mr. William Morris, has been issued. It is the official journal of the "Socialist League", and announces as its aim "the propagation of Socialism".

La Société Nouvelle,[2] of which we have received the first three numbers, is the best magazine that we have met for some time, and we heartily commend it to those who read French. It contains articles on social and scientific questions, and has among its leading contributors E. Reclus and Dr. C. de Paepe. The former has (in the January number) the commencement of a paper on "Australian Marriages", which is of considerable interest; and

[1] The *Commonweal*. London: Office of the Socialist League, 27, Farringdon Street, E.C.

[2] *La Société Nouvelle*. Bruxelles: Rue des Minimes, 10. Paris Boulevard Saint-Germain, 174. Amsterdam: Heerengracht, 231.

some light is thrown on the little-known condition of Spain in an article on "Spanish Socialism" by Canto Claro. The magazine appears once a month, and began in November, 1884.

WE receive from the publishers a set of "Suffrage Stories",[3] which very usefully illustrate the practical disadvantages under which women suffer from not having a vote. They are admirably adapted for distribution among women who will not read sustained argument, but who will glance over a brief tale when the day's work is over.

A PUBLICATION[4] of considerable importance reaches us from India. It consists of "Proposals for Practical Reform and a first Social Reform Budget", by the late Mr. W. Palmer. In a brief preface Mr. Palmer states the question he tries to solve in his book: "What are the best means, consistent with equity and justice, for bringing about a more equal division of the accumulated wealth of the country, and a more equal division of the daily products of industry between capital and labor, so that it may become possible for all to enjoy a fair share of material comfort and intellectual culture, possible for all to lead a dignified life, and less difficult for all to lead a good life?". He thinks this can be done at "the small cost of a war-rate of income-tax, and a moderate increase of the taxes on inheritance". His qualifications for the task were great: "Born poor, and long subject to the evils of poverty, I had risen to a position in which I had for many years had daily experience of the accounts of a great government, and of its budget system and finance". He claims to have discovered "arrangements which, at a surprisingly low cost to the holders of wealth, would secure: 1. That every man and woman should, if he or she reach old age, have the later years of life secured against want, without sacrifice of independence or self-respect. 2. That provision be made for the sick and disabled of both sexes—that instead of having only the precarious and dear-bought aid of the trades' union benefit society, open only to those who have been able to make sacrifices for it, the sick and disabled shall be supported without the degradation of pauperism. 3. That medicines, materials, and surgical aid shall be free to all; that bodily pain shall not be unrelieved because the sufferer is poor, adding one evil to another. 4. That able-bodied pauperism be extinguished by opening State employ (in labor increasing the national resources) under rates and conditions less attractive, but not less honorable, than those offered by ordinary employers to all who cannot obtain ordinary employ. And that the ways and means of ensuring such employment may be found without damage to any existing industry."

THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY has just issued a pamphlet entitled "A World Without God",[5] by Annie Besant—a reprint of a series of articles that appeared in the *National Reformer*—in which Miss Frances Power Cobbe's recent *Contemporary Review* article on "A Faithless World" is examined and answered in detail.

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[3] "Suffrage Stories". London: National Society for Women's Suffrage, 29 Parliament Street.

[4] "Proposals for Practical Reform". By W. Palmer. India: T. Atkins, Railway Service Press, Allahabad.

[5] "A World Without God." London: Freethought Publishing Company, 63, Fleet Street, E.C. 3d., post-free, 3½d.

Anecdotes.

IT is currently reported of the Prince of Wales that, on being asked by one of his flatterers whether he would not alter certain things when he came to the throne, he replied: "Ah, long before that the Radicals will have put up thrones to competitive examination, and I shall be plucked".

I HAVE somewhere read of a French savant who was present at a dinner-table where a ponderously violent theological discussion formed the conversation. Questions of doctrine, of discipline, of polity, were elaborately argued. Everybody had his theological praxis to state and to maintain; all hammered the table and raised their voices to the loudest pitch, save one pale-faced, grave gentleman, who, clad in solemn black with a white neckcloth, ate and drank prodigiously, but said never a word. The savant at last grew somewhat nettled at the grave man's taciturnity, and charged him with a theological poser of the abstrusest description. It behoved the man in black to say or do something. Whereupon, with the severest gravity, he drew towards him a silver candlestick, drew from it the wax candle, threw it up over his head, so as to describe a double-summersault, which it did so accurately as to return into the candlestick; then, while the company[1] were still staring with amazement, the silent man rose, drew back from his chair a few paces, leaped high into the air, turned heels over head, and fell into his seat on the chair without moving a muscle of his face. The man in black was no other than Debureau, the renowned mountebank of the Funambules, and I need not say that he spoiled the learned theological discussion for *that* evening.

A LITTLE four-year-old child, who was saying her prayers at her mother's knee, concluded as usual "Bless papa, mamma, grandpapa, and grandmamma, uncles, aunts", &c., and then said: "Oh, mammy, dear, I do wish these people would pray for themselves, for I am so tired of praying for them".

A MOTHER whose crying infant made the sermon of her pastor almost inaudible, was going from the church, when the clergyman spoke up, saying, "My good woman, don't go away; the baby doesn't disturb me". "It isn't for that I leave, Sir", was the reply; "it's you disturbs the baby".

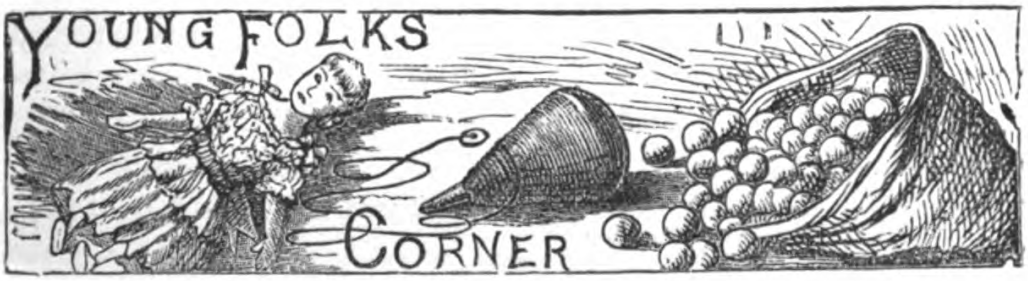
A HAPPY old Democrat in a town near Boston, flushed with his party's victory at the recent Presidential election, sought out his old church the

[1] By a curious piece of carelessness the words "his audience" are used in the original (*Household Words*, 1854). There is no mention of a single word uttered by the "silent man".

following Sunday, and was greeted with surprise by acquaintances who had missed him from the services for years. "Why, how does this happen?" asked one. "Well", answered the Democrat, "the Lord has got around on to the right side again, and I thought it best to give him encouragement."

QUESTIONS for examination in Scripture history, for the use of schools, prepared by the pupils:—Who is the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? (A.) Joseph; because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.—Who is the shortest? (A.) Bildad the Shu-hite.

THE late Horace Greeley is generally admitted to have turned out the worst hand-writing that has appeared since the invention of letters. The triumphs recorded of his skill are innumerable, but a few instances go a long way. On one occasion he gave notice of discharge to one of his employees in the *New York Tribune* office, and the man requested, as he was entitled to, that the notice should be put in writing, which was done. Some time afterwards Mr. Greeley, happening to be in the office of another newspaper, saw his late employee at work, and exchanged an affable word with him, after the fashion of democratic America. On his way out he remarked to the proprietors that they had one of his old men. "Oh yes, we took him on your character", was the answer. "Character? what character?" inquired Mr. Greeley, mystified, and suspecting forgery. The document was searched for and produced, when it was found—at least Mr. Greeley said so—that the "character" was the letter of discharge. Another story is to the effect that, Mr. Greeley having sent a letter to a business man of his acquaintance, the latter sent the missive back by messenger, without any comment. "What does the damned fool mean?" inquired Mr. Greeley. "That's what *he* says", explained the messenger.



Princess Vera.

BY the verge of a forest, in a distant part of that far away country known to the wise as Keinlund, dwelt a brave man called Gillim. For many long years Gillim had had charge of part of the Grand Duke's forest; he was paid a very small wage, but managed to live on it very happily with his wife and children.

One fine morning, as Gillim was about to leave his cottage for his da ly round, he was seized by two of the Duke's officers, who told him

that they had come to take him to prison because he had used some of the sticks out of the Duke's forest to light his own fires.

Gillim protested that he was innocent, and bade the officers look beneath the trees, where they might see the sticks rotting undisturbed. But the officers only laughed; they had the Duke's command to take him to prison, and to prison he must go. Poor Gillim called upon the Gods[1] Jah, Thor, Freia, to testify to his innocence, but no answer came to his appeal.

"And who is to find food for my wife and children when I am not here?" cried he.

"Do not fret, father", quickly answered young Gillim, the eldest boy, "I am strong, and I will work for mother and Marta and Karl".

"And I, father", spoke up little Karl, the dreamer, "and I will work to prove that you never stole the bad Duke's sticks".

"How dare you call our most gracious master 'bad'", vociferated one of the officers. "I'll teach you to speak ill of your superiors", he added, as he upraised his hand to strike the boy.

The lad turned his blue grey eyes calmly upon the man, and gazed at him steadily. "Strike", he said. But the man's arm fell nerveless to his side, and, with an uneasy laugh, he turned roughly to Gillim, the father, who without more ado was hurried away to prison.

As soon as Gillim had disappeared from sight, his poor wife turned weeping into the cottage with her children.

The boys tried to comfort their mother and little sister; Gillim said he was strong, and would work all day to earn enough for them to eat—till father came home again he would not spend a minute in play.

"And, dear mother", whispered Karl, "I will prove to the Grand Duke that father never stole his sticks".

"This is no time for jest, Karl", tearfully answered his mother, "you had better give up dreaming and help Gillim in his work. He has a hard task before him, poor laddie!"

"Oh, I can get on without Karl, mother. If he fancies he can persuade people to see the truth, let him have a try. At least, it will do no harm."

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[1] As I daresay you know, dear children, Gods and Goddesses are only names given to a superior kind of fairy.—H. B.

The mother answered nothing, so Karl, taking her silence as consent, considered how he had best set to work to prove his father's innocence. After some thought, he determined to go up to the Castle to see the Grand Duke himself; surely *he* would believe him when he said that his father was wrongfully accused. As he might be away some time—for the Castle was far, far away: Karl did not know exactly how far, but it was through the forest—he took his portion of bread and cheese, and thus provided set out on his travels at once.

Karl walked steadily along through the forest, under the wide spreading trees which curtained off the hot sun from his head. For miles and miles he walked without seeing a human being, and yet the Castle was not even in sight. The only signs of animal life that he saw were the squirrels who stopped in their climbing to gaze enquiringly at him with their little bright eyes, the tiny brilliant-plumaged birds who hopped friendlily in front of him as though leading the way, and the rabbits who leisurely munched the low-growing shrubs and carelessly glanced at the little traveller. And yet more than once Karl thought he heard a voice say, approvingly, "You're on the right road, Karl. The right road; the right road."

"Who spoke?" cried Karl, the first time he heard the voice, and he stopped to listen. There was an unbroken stillness in the forest, not the flutter of a bird, not the chatter of a squirrel, not a falling twig, not a sound of any kind was heard. After listening intently a few moments, and hearing nothing, Karl thought he must have been mistaken, and began to move on again. "It must have been the wind amongst the trees", he murmured to himself. But surely there was no mistake this time; that was most certainly a merry laugh he heard. The wind often sighed amongst the trees, but there was no one who could boast of ever having heard the wind laugh. And even as the thought passed across his mind, like a sigh breathed in his ear came the words, "The right road, Karl; the right road".

Karl stopped again, and looked suspiciously at the gaily feathered little bird in front of him. The bird stopped too, and turned his head over his shoulder, and Karl thought he saw a merry twinkle in his bright eye.

"Well, as long as I am on the right road, it doesn't much matter, I suppose, who tells me so", said Karl, as he resolutely stepped forward again.

When the Sun's horses had sped over half their daily course from east to west Karl began to feel hungry, and sat down at the foot of

a great tree to eat his frugal meal. How vast was this forest, how dense and grand the tall trees, how deathlike the awful stillness—and yet, hark! surely that was a sound of sobbing he heard. Karl looked on his right hand, there was no one; he turned to the left, still no one; in front of him, behind him, nowhere could he see any one. Karl felt uneasy: it was decidedly unpleasant to hear sounds of laughing and sobbing and be unable to see anyone who could laugh or sob. For a moment he felt inclined to turn back and run home as fast as his legs would carry him, but then he thought of his father lying in a dark cold prison, and his mother weeping at home.

"I won't be a coward", said little Karl; "I said I would go to the Duke's Castle and to the Duke's Castle I will go, and I think it is a great shame, Mr. Who-ever-you-are, trying to frighten me like this".

Karl listened for any answer that might be vouchsafed to his defiant little speech, but the silence was only broken by that sound of sobbing.

Keeping a brave countenance, but at heart rather fearful of what might happen, Karl once more set briskly forward; he felt he could not eat his dinner with that heartrending sound of grief in his ears.

He had not gone very many paces before he came upon a very old woman crouching at the foot of a great tree, rocking herself to and fro and weeping bitterly. Karl soon perceived that it was this same great tree that had hidden her from his view. Very much moved at the sight of this poor old woman's tears, the boy dropped on his knees beside her and asked gently, "What is the matter, mother? Have you lost your way? Can I help you?"

"Help me?" echoed the old woman, stopping her rocking backwards and forwards to gaze at the boy through her tear-blinded eyes, "help me; how can a little boy like you help me, I should like to know?"

"I don't know, mother, but I might", answered Karl sturdily.

"And what are you doing right in the heart of the forest?" asked the old woman a little suspiciously.

Karl told her how his father had been carried off to prison for robbing the Duke of a few sticks, and how he, Karl, was going up to the Duke to tell him that he had been deceived, and had wronged poor Gillim cruelly.

"You are going on a vain errand, my dear boy," said the old

woman sadly; "but yestermorn I was happy, dwelling with my only son in my own cottage on my own land—both house and land have belonged to my forefathers from time immemorial. We have been poor, but we have always managed to keep our independence. At noon yesterday a troop of men came in the Grand Duke's name to rob me of my homestead; it had been presented to the Duke by Her Majesty, Queen Glamma, so they said. I told them that Queen Glamma could not give away what did not belong to her, but they bade me not talk rubbish but be quick and get out of the cottage, they were in a hurry, and could not stop listening to an old woman's nonsense. My son was vexed at their disrespectful speech, and sharply told the men to go about their business; the land was ours. Angry words passed, shots were fired, and my darling son lay dead at my feet. They picked me up and carried me to the edge of the forest, whence I could see them set fire to my little cottage. I watched it burn for hours, and when the last flame died out I turned and fled into the depths of the forest, a destitute, desolate, childless old woman! If only the Princess Vera had been reigning in Keinlund, I should not have been thus bereft."

The lad's heart was sore within him as he listened to the poor old woman's story. Was it possible there could be so much evil and wickedness in the world, that people could falsely accuse his father of stealing, rob an old woman, and murder a poor boy?

"And why would the Princess Vera have been better than Queen Glamma? Who is Princess Vera?" asked the boy after a pause.

"Have you never heard of the beautiful, true-hearted Vera?" returned the old woman in astonishment.

"No, never," answered Karl. "Look, mother," he added, "you must be very hungry by this time, I have here more bread and cheese than I can eat, and I want you to share it with me. I hear the murmur of a stream close by; I will fill my tin cup with water, and then while we have our dinner perhaps you would tell me about the Princess Vera."

Without waiting for any reply he ran off in the direction of the sound of flowing water, and quickly returned with his cup full of the clear and sparkling liquid. At first the old woman objected to deprive the boy of any of his scanty meal, but he insisted, and as she was really very hungry they were soon busy eating.

"I am very much surprised to know that you have never heard of Princess Vera", began the old woman; "I thought that every one had

at least *heard* of her, but since you have not I will tell you all I know, altho' that is very little.

"You must know that when the world was made at that same moment the Princess Vera was born. For a short space, it is said, she governed the universe, and while she ruled no man lied, or stole, or cheated. Every one would have been very happy if it had not been for the existence of some wicked fairies who taught men to desire power and wealth and self-aggrandisement. These evil-minded fairies were vexed to see the world so happy and peaceful, so they endowed a woman with surpassing loveliness, and brought her forth in the sight of the multitude.

"Men gazed at her in amaze, and as they gazed they forgot the modest beauty of their Princess. Soon they began to vie with each other for her favor, and at length they asked one another, 'Was it expedient that the Princess Vera should always rule?'.

"The new comer, the enchantress Glamma, was pronounced queen, and from that moment to this no one has seen Vera herself. The white marble altars at which people daily paid their homage to Vera's purity and truth were destroyed, and in their place Glamma caused costly and glittering temples to be raised to false gods and goddesses like Thor, Jah, Krishna, Mary, Freia, Buddha, Isis, and a host of others. Ministers were placed over these different temples, and they grew rich by exacting sacrifices from the poor for the honor of the gods. Alas! alas! it was an evil day for the world when people forsook Vera, and were beguiled by the enchantress Glamma!"

"Does no one know what became of Vera? Has everyone forgotten the good Princess?" asked Karl.

"There are one or two places", said the old woman, "where people still endeavor to pay homage to Vera, but it is difficult, because no one living has ever seen her real self. Brave men have tried to find her, but Glamma's ministers have either cast them into prison or burned them. It is said that once a little band was formed who had a silken banner of dazzling whiteness, on which was woven in letters of purest gold the device, 'We seek for Vera'. This little band of men was terribly persecuted, and nearly all were hunted to death by Glamma's ministers, amongst whom the priests of Jah are the most ferocious. The silken banner was lost, but it is said that whoever finds it again will also find Vera."

"I suppose that no one guesses where the Princess is hidden," queried Karl thoughtfully.

The old woman sighed wearily, "Some say she is hidden at the bottom of a well, but no one knows".

"The Princess Vera must be found", said Karl reflectively, and then, raising himself from his mossy seat, he continued with a firmness and decision remarkable in one so young, "Look here, mother, I am going to the Grand Duke's to speak about father, and when I have been there I will seek the Princess".

"You are foolish to go to the Grand Duke: he won't hear you; and you are still more foolish to think that a boy like you can discover Vera, when so many wise men have failed", rejoined the old woman querulously.

"Never mind", Karl brightly answered, "I will have a try, so good-bye, mother; wish me luck!".

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

(*To be continued.*)

Bo-Lee's Queer Ride.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

BO-LEE was a bright-eyed, yellow-faced Chinese boy, and lived way round on the other side of the earth, in a quaint old house in Canton, China.

His papa, the learned Sun-Wang, was the prefect, or, as we would say, the mayor of the city, and Bo-Lee, being very like him, had an eager, knowledge-loving mind. He had for his tutor a celebrated scholar named Wy-Foang, who had read at least a thousand books. But there were many things Bo-Lee desired to know about which Wy-Foang had never read: how flies walk along the ceiling, their heads and bodies hanging down; how spiders spin their webs; and where the clouds come from, were some of the mysteries Bo-Lee wanted to understand; but, as Wy-Foang could not tell him anything satisfactory about them, he sometimes tried queer experiments.

Bo-Lee's uncle had gone round the world in a fire-junk, and among the curious and strange gifts he had brought home was a wax doll from Paris, a penknife from Sheffield, England, and an illustrated story-book for his nephew. In this book there was a picture of a balloon, from which a parachute was descending to the earth. Both looked very curious to Bo-Lee. The balloon he could not understand at all; but the parachute resembled an umbrella with a basket tied to the handle; at least he thought it did, and he knew all about umbrellas, for he had a dozen of different colors and sizes, and always carried one whenever he went out.

"Honored teacher, what are these queer things, and what are they called?" he asked of Wy-Foang, pointing at the parachute.

"Well", said the tutor, looking puzzled, "I don't exactly know. Your venerable uncle once told me that, in the lands of the West, they have a sort of junk which sails in the air; and no doubt this is one. The smaller one may be like our river craft which ply between the shore and the great junks that sail over the seas. I used to believe, with the venerable ancients, that the earth is flat, and that the countries from which the pale, red-haired men come must be on the extreme confines of China, where the great cold is. But your venerable uncle assured me that, once upon the sea, he was convinced the earth is round, and he told me so many wonderful things about the Western lands and people that I was not at all surprised at the air-junks. After I was convinced the earth is round, I found it easy to believe anything."

"It must be delightful to sail in the air", mused Bo-Lee. "My dragon flies a long way up; but he has to obey the string. In this air-junk a man would be as free as a bird."

"I don't know about that", said Wy-Foang, who had the liver complaint and was a timid man. "The winds might take you out over the sea and a good many dreadful things might happen."

"But think how grand it would be to sail over the tops of the mountains, and to look down upon the forests and plains as an eagle does. I am sure I should like to ride in an air-junk."

"I should get dizzy", said Wy-Foang, nervously blinking behind his short-sighted spectacles. "It is safest to have one's feet on the earth. Even then one runs danger enough from fire and storms. No air-junk for me, if you please!"

"When I grow up I will sail round the earth in a fire-junk, as my Uncle Pi-Fee did, and in the West will ride in an air-junk and look down on the mountains", cried Bo-Lee.

"Perhaps, perhaps. There's no knowing", said Wy-Foang. "Everything is possible when one is a boy. However, it is now time for the spelling lesson." And as Bo-Lee was in words of five syllables, and the first words his tutor gave him to write were Metempsychosis, Metaphysician, and Metamorphosis, and these words are very hard to write in Chinese, he did not have a moment to think of balloons and parachutes till that afternoon, when he was excused from his lessons and put in charge of Fum, the chief drummer, because it was Wy-Foang's mother's birthday, and the tutor wanted to go and see her; for he was a dutiful son, and had sent her some handsome red silk curtains for her bed, besides a present of silver.

"It is just the wind for kite-flying" said Fum, when luncheon was over, and Bo-Lee stepped into the pavilion of drums, where the musicians belonging to the mayor's suite slept and passed their leisure. To tell the truth, Fum was sorry he was responsible for Bo-Lee. "It is a perfect day, and your dragon would, no doubt, like to fly, and the fine flat roof of the long summer-house by the fountains is an excellent place to send him up."

Bo-Lee assented to this plan at once, and ran to get his great kite, which as nearly as possible resembled the image of a fourclawed dragon. Its body was a bright carrot color, and in shape it was as nearly as possible like the description of a dragon I once read in a Chinese book, "for its head was like the head of a camel, and it had the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a cow, the neck of a snake, and bristling whiskers". Its tail, which was really handsome, was scarlet, green, gold color, and blue. As the sun, which was ripening the oranges and pomegranates, was hot, he also took his newest umbrella, which was large and handsome, and covered with strong silky white paper, on which were painted poppies, hare-bells, and butterflies.

The dragon sprang up into the sky from Fum's hands as lightly as a bird. "Be careful, honorable master", the drummer said, as he went down-stairs.

"I will obey you", said Bo-Lee, respectfully; but at the same time he thought, "Ah, now, if I only had a small air-junk, how easily I could sail to the ground. Yes, Bo-Lee", he said to himself, walking up and down the roof as proudly as a peacock, "perhaps, if you study hard, you will one day visit the strange lands in the West; and then you will know for certain about a great many things. But the earth must be flat. If it is round it would fall straight down—somewhere." This question made his head swim; so he gave it up, and began to wonder, for the thousandth time, where the clouds come from, and how the flies walk with their heads upside down.

He held his umbrella in one hand, and the ball of bamboo twine that chained his dragon with the other. But the wind blew so strong from the West, he soon had to close the umbrella, when he noticed that the bamboo stick that projected through the top of it, had a hole in it. "I will tie my dragon's string through this hole, which is two inches from the top. Bamboo is strong and it will be quite safe. I can then hold the umbrella over my head, the dragon can sail in the sky, and I can think out the fine times I will have when I grow up", he said to himself. It required some care, the wind was so strong; but he soon had the string fast by a braid of knots to his umbrella. The dragon seemed a mere speck in the sky, but Bo-Lee thought he could see its wicked-looking eyes. Perhaps the dragon suggested it; perhaps the idea was born in Bo-Lee's own head; but all in a minute, quicker than any one can wink, he thought: "Why, I have an air-junk better even than the one in the picture. The dragon in the sky will sustain me. All I need is a boat to stand in." You see he did not know anything about the gas with which balloons and parachutes are filled.

He dared not trust to his hands alone to hold the handle of the umbrella, though it was ornamented with silver rings, which offered some support; and he knew if he asked Fum for a piece of stout cord, he would have to tell what he was going to do with it. He took off his little silk cap, and his long black queue fell down his back, and, without a thought of the possible consequences, he fastened the braid securely to the ribs of his umbrella. All about the summer-house was a grassy bank; beyond it were flowers and a rock-bound little

pond, where sailed some stately mandarin ducks; and just in front of the pretty house in which his mother lived was another grassy space, where stood some stately bronze storks, in whose wings glistened bits of silver. Between the storks would, he thought, be the best place to alight, for it was near his dear mother's window; so, grasping his umbrella firmly in both hands, he went to the other end of the roof, and, running swiftly forward, jumped off just opposite these birds. The wind filled out his loose tunic, the umbrella and the dragon sustained him, and he floated swiftly outward and downward till he was just over the little pond, where he could hold on to the umbrella no longer, and fell screaming, plash—down among the mandarin ducks.

Old Hong-Wing, the cook, ran out of the kitchen with a big toasting-fork in his hand, and Fum dashed out of the pavilion with a drum-stick, and they had Bo-Lee out of the water in a twinkling.

"A boy and an eel can never keep still", said Hong-Wing, gravely, waving the toasting fork.

"True", said Fum, as he wrung the water from Bo-Lee's blue blouse; "but a kitten is happier than an old lion. What wouldn't I endure to be young again?"

"I nearly flew away with all the hairs of my little master's head, to-day", said the Dragon that night, when the play-room was dark and still. "He tried to sail in the air by tying my string to the top of his umbrella; but you all know he is not a creature of the sky, and has neither wings nor feathers, and, though I landed him as gently as I could, he bumped his head so, he saw all the stars, though it was only three o'clock in the afternoon. And if I had not dropped him in the water, he might have seen the moon."

"But you sa in the sky, and you have neither wings nor feathers", said the Wax Doll from Paris, looking at him coldly with her beautiful porcelain eyes.

"I am sustained by my aspiring mind", said the Dragon, gravely.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Doll.

"Oh!" echoed the Penknife from Sheffield. "How about your string?"

But as none of the playthings, save the Doll and the Dragon, understood English, the Dragon treated the Penknife's question with silent contempt.—From the *Independent*.

Puzzles.

ANAGRAMS.

1. I tie authors. 2. Groves in shadow. 3. A pointed merit. 4. I dig at no inn. 5. A true point. 6. No chosen prime. [6 marks.]

BURIED AUTHORS.

I was sitting idly in my study before a blazing fire, about an hour before dinner, when, according to my doctor's direction, I rang the bell and

ordered my *tonic*. "Yes, sir", answered my servant, who had been my *cellarman* for years. "How are you, sir?" "Very well, thank you, John", I replied, "except for a slight pain in my *brow*". "I'm glad of it, sir", he answered, "for Dick is anxious to know when you intend to resume the *chase*". "Next week, I hope", said I, "I hope my *old-fashioned body* is ready for me to wear". "Yes, sir", said John, "but it is looking terribly *whitish-black* at the seams". "Never mind", said I; "what's cook got for my dinner?" "A leg of *young mutton*, sir", he replied. "Then tell her to *cook it in hot water*", I said; "I like a slice of *dried salt pork* afterwards, but let her be *quick* about it. Tell her that the shrimp sauce yesterday was rather *husky*". "Yes, sir", said John. "And now", said I, "I don't envy anyone, with a cosy chair, a good fire, and such a dinner awaiting me, and the eleven good authors I have named to keep me company."

Equivalent terms for the word or words in italics will give the names of the authors alluded to. [8 marks.]

CONUNDRUMS.

1. A hundred and one by fifty divide,
   And then to the whole let a nought be applied,
   And when this is done, if I rightly divine,
   The amount of the sum will be one out of nine.
   [6 marks.]

2. What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?
   [4 marks.]

3. Mon premier est un métal précieux,
   Mon second est dans les cieux,
   Mon tout est un fruit délicieux. [4 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. A tree grows each year one inch less than it did the previous year, and it grew a yard during the first year; the value of the tree at any time is equal to the number of pence in the cube of the number of yards in its height; find what the tree is worth when it has done growing. [12 marks.]

2. A man spends £15 8s. every 35 days, and saves £100 a year; what is his annual income? [5 marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

Beheadings.

1. Flowing—lowing—owing—wing.
2. Grasp—rasp—asp.
3. Eastern—astern—stern—tern.
4. Breach—reach—each.
5. Blend—lend—end.
6. Flash—lash—ash.
7. Grace—race—ace.

Peculiar Puzzle.

Swing.
Win.
I
Pin.
Spine.

Geographical Anagrams.

1. Andover. 2. America. 3. California. 4. Palermo. 5. London. 6. Panama.

Conundrums.

1. Fiddle-dee-dee (D. D.).
2. Because all the others are inaudible (in audible).

Cracked Nuts.

1. Let x represent the present age of the father, and y that of the son.

$$\text{Then } x+12=3\,(y-12) \quad (1)$$
$$y+12=x-12 \quad (2)$$
$$\therefore\ x+12=3y-36 \quad (3)$$
$$y+12=x-12 \quad (4)$$
$$\text{And } x-3y=\ -48 \quad (5)$$
$$-x+y=\ -24 \quad (6)$$

Adding (5) and (6). $-2y=\ -72$

$\therefore\ y=36.\quad x=60.$

$\therefore$ the father was 60 and the son 36 years old.

2. Let A, B, C, represent the three persons. Then the number of shares will be six.

$$\text{And } \frac{£100}{6} = £16\ 13s.\ 4d.$$

$\therefore$ C will have £16 13s. 4d.
B ,, ,, £50 0s. 0d.
A ,, ,, £33 6s. 8d.

Total Marks Possible, 38.—Chi Lung, Olivia, 38; Hawkeye, 37; Loki, 36; Thasso, Sprinter, 30; Hypatia, Alice, Ivalix, 28; Fircone, 23; Beelzebub, 21; Valiant, 18; Jumbo, 17; Cromwell, 14.

To Correspondents.—Two unsigned papers cannot be accepted. Nut 1 was not read with sufficient care. Many have taken the *present* age of the father to be three times that of the son. "Doveran" and "Crimea" have both been accepted as solutions to Anagrams 1 and 2.

Young Folks' Puzzle-Corner Rules.

Any girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on pages 190 and 191. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

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predecessor Clement XII., on 24th April, 1738, first denounced Freemasonry, and that this denunciation was confirmed by Benoit XIV., on the 18th May, 1751. For nearly three-quarters of a century the occupants of the Papal chair were apparently silent; but in 1821, Pius VII. followed in the steps of Clement and Benoit. On the 13th March, 1825, Pope Leo XII., in the Apostolic constitution *Quo Graviora*, reiterated the acts and decrees of the before-mentioned Popes and confirmed them for ever. Pius VIII., by his encyclical letter of the 21st May, 1829; Gregory XII., by an encyclic of 15th August, 1832; and Pius IX. on the 9th November, 1846, the 25th September, 1865, and on other occasions, issued similar solemn and vigorous denunciations of Freemasonry. The Sacred Conclave "denounced publicly the sect of Freemasons as a criminal association, not less pernicious to the interests of Christianity than to those of civilised society; and it decreed, therefore, against Freemasons the gravest penalties with which the church strikes the guilty, and forbade anyone to join the Masonic body". Leo XIII. declares that in the past century and a half, Freemasonry has made an incredible advance. "Employing at the same time ruse and daring, it has invaded every rank of the social hierarchy, and has assumed in the head of modern states a power almost equal to sovereignty." The Pope affirms that: "It being the great interest of Freemasons to appear other than they are, they pretend to figure as friends of literature or philosophy, and to gather together in pursuit of science, and they speak solely of their zeal for civilisation and their love for the poor. To hear them, their only object is to ameliorate the condition of the masses and to extend to the greatest number of mankind the advantages of civil society." But this Leo XIII. declares to be all the merest pretence, and intended to hide the real objects of the Masonic body. The Pope further complains, that the Masonic body leaves to those who become initiated complete liberty of utterance either in affirming or denying the existence of deity, and that those who deny are as readily received as those who believe. Leo XIII. also complains that Freemasons make marriage a civil contract, which may be legally dissolved by a judicial tribunal, and that they maintain that there is no obligation to give religious instruction to children. He still further charges that Freemasons teach that the source of all sovereign power should be in a free people, and that those who exercise executive functions can only do so lawfully by the popular consent. Nothing more perverse than this, says the Pope, can be possibly imagined. "In effect, to wish to destroy the religion and church established by

God himself, and assured by him of his perpetual protection, to bring back amongst us, after eighteen centuries, the manners and institutions of the Pagans, is it not the fulness of madness and the most audacious impiety?" As the statements of the actual head of the Roman Catholic Church and of the present Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England so absolutely conflict, it is proposed, as far as possible, to give citations from some authorities bearing upon the matter before expressing any independent opinion.

Hutchinson, in his "Spirit of Masonry", maintains that the worship of God "was the first, and corner stone on which our originals thought it expedient to place the foundation of Masonry"; and Colonel Shadwell Clerk, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England, writes: "The Grand Lodge of England holds, and has ever held, that a belief in God is the first great landmark of all true and genuine Masonry, without professing which, as the cardinal principle of its existence, no body can rightfully claim to inherit the traditions and practices of pure and ancient Masonry".

Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, the learned honorary member of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, Scotland, in his "Royal Masonic Cyclopædia", whilst conceding that Atheism is "a state of mind which many of the wisest and best of men have for a time entertained", yet adds: "Very rightly no Atheist is admitted to the privileges of Freemasonry; but once ballotted in, if he chooses to sign the candidates' book and to join in the ritual, there is nothing to exclude him; but in order to do this he must be either a hypocrite or a coward"; and in another place he writes: "Masonry is not an irreligious institution, but it assumes no special dogmatic form; it demands at the hands of its candidates a sincere and honest belief in a creative spirit ever attentive to the honorable aspirations of those who seek him in spirit and in truth, and it rejects with scorn those who would degrade the contriver into a part of the contrivance".

Freemasonry in the United States of America is the survival of the lodges originally established in the North American colonies under the warrant of the Grand Lodge of England, and in Davis' "Freemason's Monitor" we find, following the old York Lodge constitution, under the head of "God and religion": "Whoever . . . desires to be a Mason . . . is firmly to believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, who will be the judge of our actions and reward us according to merit, to pay him that worship and veneration which is due to him, as the great architect of the universe"; and further, "a Mason . . .

if he properly understands the fundamental rules of our order, he will never be an Atheist".

In the constitution statutes and general rules of the Rite Ecossais as promulgated in Belgium, it is declared that as religion is a duty of worship necessarily due to Almighty God, no person can be admitted who is not submitted to the duties of the religion of the country of which he is a native.

Monseigneur Dupanloup takes a very different view of what the Grand Orient of Belgium has been for the past twenty years, for—basing his accusation on the movement for secular education—he charges that body with drawing up a scheme of educational legislation, which he summarises as "a scheme of compulsory infidelity".

Clavel, in his work on "Freemasonry", quoted by Louis Blanc in the chapter on "Les Révolutionnaires Mystiques", says: "To believe in God was the only religious duty required from the accepted candidate. Therefore there was above the throne of the president of each lodge a shining delta, in the centre of which the name Jehovah was written in Hebrew letters."

In 1850 there was founded in London the Grand Lodge "des Philadelphes" by Masons foreigners to England, but belonging to various masonic orders acknowledged in Europe. Amongst its members were Joseph Mazzini, Joseph Garibaldi, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin. The first article of its general statutes reads: "Freemasonry is an institution essentially philanthropical, philosophical, and progressive. It has for its object the amelioration of mankind without any distinction of class, color, or opinion, either philosophical, political, or religious; for its unchangeable motto: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

In consequence of a decision in 1877 by the Grand Orient of France, erasing from its procedure all references to the Grand Architect of the Universe, the Grand Lodge of England practically excommunicated the Grand Orient of France by a resolution supported by the following statement: "Regarding the belief in the existence of the Grand Architect of the Universe as one of the principles upon which Freemasonry is founded, we cannot allow an express negation of this principle to pass, and we cannot recognise (as Freemasons) those who deny it".

In 1884 the Assembly General of the Grand Orient of France, in its revised constitution, says: "Freemasonry has for principles, mutual toleration, self-respect and respect for others, absolute liberty

of conscience. Considering metaphysical concepts as belonging exclusively to the domain of the individual appreciation of each member, it refuses to make any dogmatic affirmation."

In 1877 the Grand Orient declared: "Freemasonry has for principles absolute liberty of conscience and human solidarity. It excludes no man for his beliefs."

In an official circular, issued by the Grand Orient of France in 1877, immediately after the alteration, it is stated: "Nothing is changed either in Masonic principles or practices. French Freemasonry remains, what it has always been, a fraternal and tolerant association. Respecting the religious and political convictions of its adepts, it leaves to each in these delicate questions the fullest liberty of conscience. Working for the moral and intellectual improvement and well-being of mankind, it only asks from those who are admitted into its midst those sentiments of honesty and love of virtue which will permit them to co-operate usefully in the work of progress and civilisation."

Dr. Louis Aimable, the orator of the General Assembly of the Grand Orient of France for the Session of 1884, in his closing address of the Convent says: "In inscribing amongst our principles mutual tolerance, respect for others and self-respect, we innovate only in form, for we have already recognised and practised these principles. But it was well that they should be printed at the head of our constitution, for they are characteristics common to universal Freemasonry in the midst of varieties arising from differences of organisation and diversities of social condition. And this too takes away henceforth all pretext for the disastrous misconception which, following the vote of 1877, transformed into a profession of Atheism the suppression of the Deistic affirmation which had been introduced into our fundamental law only 25 years before. None can now in good faith consider us as negators when, whilst reserving the individual convictions of each, we simply refuse as a collective body to affirm concepts which cannot be possibly verified by any process of scientific investigation—that is to say either by observation or experience."

On the 8th February, 1885, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham issued a pastoral letter "to the clergy and faithful" of his diocese, in which he declares that English Freemasonry is equally to be condemned with that of France. He writes: "The Society is one and universal, and a common responsibility is assumed by all who join it. The Papal condemnation and the Papal excommunication fall on all such equally. There are abundant proofs that the English

and Scotch Masons are one with those of the continent"; and then, referring to the action of the Grand Lodge of England already recited, the Roman Catholic Bishop proceeds: "It is much insisted on, indeed, that the English lodges have disowned those of France since the latter refused to make the acknowledgment of God a condition of membership and erased the mention of God from their formularies. It seems to us to matter little whether they acknowledge or did not acknowledge 'a grand architect of the universe', for in saying architect they already implicitly deny the true God, who is the creator of heaven and earth. Let us suppose, however, that the recent refusal to communicate with the Grand Orient of France was intended as an act of homage to God. But are not the English Freemasons who are Christians thereby judged and condemned out of their own mouths? If to erase and omit all mention of God be an insult to God, why is not the omission of all mention of Christ in their own lodges an insult to Christ? If they will not communicate in their rites and ceremonies with an avowed Atheist, why do they so readily and freely communicate in them with avowed anti-Christians, such as Jews, Turks, and infidels?" "In very truth," adds the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, "Freemasonry is an anti-Christian institution."

So far I have confined myself to mere record of authoritative declarations made from contradictory standpoints. In the next paper I propose to add some personal observations.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

The Redistribution of Political Power.

II.—Results of the Reform Bill of 1867.

THE question of Parliamentary Reform again took definite shape in 1858, after the convulsions caused by the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. In that year, the Tories being in power, Mr. John Bright formulated a new scheme of Reform, which proposed to give the franchise to all who paid the poor-rate in boroughs, to all who paid a £10 rental in counties, and to lodgers paying an equal rental. Voting by ballot was also adopted by the Reformers, for the protection of the poorer voters who were subjected to intimidation by their employers. In 1859 Mr. Disraeli introduced a Reform Bill containing a most extraordinary collection of fancy property franchises, and on this the Government was defeated and Lord Derby went to the country. After the general election Lord Palmerston came into power, and in the following year, 1860, Lord John Russell introduced a measure which

gave a £6 franchise in boroughs, and a £10 in counties; in this Bill appeared for the first time the proposal to make "three-cornered constituencies", in which a minority might secure representation by electing one member out of three. The Bill made but slow progress in the House, and excited no enthusiasm out-of-doors, and it was finally withdrawn by the Government on June 11. The question of Reform then slept until 1865, when Mr. Baines brought up some resolutions in its favor, and the Government declined to take any action in the matter; the feeling outside had, however, been growing steadily, and after the general election of 1865—in which Mr. Gladstone was defeated at Oxford and returned for South Lancashire—the Liberal party found itself stronger than ever. On the assembling of Parliament, Earl Russell being Premier, Parliamentary Reform found a place in the Queen's speech, and Mr. Gladstone introduced the Government Bill on March 13th; the proposed measure was by no means a Radical one, the county franchise being fixed at £14, and the borough at £10, but the famous "Cave of Adullam" was formed against it, and the Whigs and Tories together defeated the Government. Lord Derby took office at the end of June, and the agitation in favor of Reform now rose to fever heat; the Government tried at first to coerce the people, but succeeded only in irritating them, as when it closed the gates of Hyde Park against a meeting of the Reform League, and a new way was made into the Park over the pulled-down railings. On this the Government decided to yield to the popular demand, and in March, 1867, Mr. Disraeli, after bringing forward some abortive resolutions, startled Whigs, Tories, Liberals, and Radicals by introducing his famous Reform Bill which gave household suffrage to ratepayers in the boroughs, and reduced the county franchise to a £15 qualification. The latter was further reduced to £10, and householders who paid their rates in their rents received also the franchise. The Bill, characterised by Lord Derby as "a leap in the dark", passed the House of Lords in August, and thus the second great Reform Bill of the century became law, the working classes in the towns winning their enfranchisement and becoming, so far as the boroughs were concerned, the real depositories of political power.

It was manifestly impossible for the Tories long to delay the appeal to the new electorate, working, as they were, with a minority in the House of Commons. Lord Derby resigned office, and was succeeded by Mr. Disraeli, at the beginning of the Session of 1868, and the opening of a new period of reforming energy was announced in the famous resolutions of Mr. Gladstone, carried by a majority of 66, proposing to disestablish and to disendow the Irish Church. Parliament was dissolved and a general election took place in November, resulting in the return of a large Liberal majority to the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, who in 1865 had proved too Liberal for Oxford, was in 1868 proved to be too Liberal for the county constituency of South Lancashire, but was returned by the working men of Greenwich, and became Premier of the new Liberal ministry.

The Labor legislation of the period between the Reform Bills of 1867 and 1884 continued steadily on the lines laid down in the preceding period, and though fewer in number the Bills introduced were of the most valuable kind. In 1871 the Trade Union Act was passed,

by which were repealed the iniquitous laws against combinations of workers. The law of 39 and 40 George III., cap. 106, to take an example of past legislation, punished combination by imprisonment, and rendered illegal all agreements between workmen for obtaining any advance of wages. Various acts had been passed from time to time, partly repealing, partially re-enacting this and similar oppressive measures, and the common law of conspiracy was constantly used against the Trades' Unions, the most outrageous sentences of penal servitude being passed on men under this law for combination and picketing. The natural result of oppression, secret outrages, appeared in many large towns; a strong agitation was carried on, and various Select Committees were appointed to consider the laws affecting the relations between employers and employed. The result was the passing of the Trade Union Act, which rendered the associations legal. This emancipating legislation was completed by the Employers and Workmen Bill, passed by Mr. Disraeli's Government in 1875, an Act which repealed all the oppressive penal laws under which labor had been so long suffering.

This same year 1875 was noticeable for the passing of the Artizans' Dwellings Bill, a well-meant measure, but one which has proved inoperative, in consequence of its being permissive. A Shipping Bill, due to Mr. Plimsoll, was also passed during this year, and did something, though but little, to protect sailors' lives.

In 1874 a Bill introduced by Mr. Mundella, for extending the operation of the Factory Acts, had been taken up by the Government and passed; and in 1878, Mr. Cross succeeded in carrying another Bill, which had also been previously proposed by Mr. Mundella, for the consolidation and amendment of the Factory and Workshops Acts. This Act insisted on a sanitary condition for factories and workshops, and on the safeguarding of machinery; it limited the hours of labor for children, young persons, and women, prohibited the employment of children under ten years of age, provided for the education of child employees, set apart certain holidays and half-holidays, and required certificates of fitness for employment for children under sixteen years of age. On the whole the measure was a good one, though permitting too long hours of labor.

The Employers' Liability Bill of 1880, earnestly pleaded for by the representatives of labor in the House, made another important step forwards, by declaring that the employer might be made responsible for injuries received by his employees where such injury resulted from neglect by himself or by his agents.

Looking at the whole of this legislation, we find recognised as a definite principle the right of the community to interfere, by means of law, for the protection of the workers from the greed of those who employ them, whether it be to save sailors from "coffin-ships", or miners and other operatives from preventible injury, or factory and shop-workers from excessive hours of labor. We also find that the community recognises its interest in the wholesome housing of its laboring class, in the health of those producers on whom the wealth of the nation depends.

Some of the greatest blows struck for Religious Liberty and Equality during the century were dealt between 1867 and 1884. It is

mentioned above that in 1868 Mr. Gladstone's resolutions against the Irish Establishment were carried in the unreformed Parliament by a majority of 66, and when Mr. Gladstone came into power as a result of the general election, the Liberal party was thereby pledged to attack the Irish Church without delay. On March 1st, 1869, Mr. Gladstone introduced a Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church. As the Church of the landlords and of a very small minority of the population, and as a badge of conquest, the Irish Church was quite peculiarly indefensible, yet it is needless to say that the Tory party loudly denounced the Bill as sacrilegious and confiscatory. It passed the Commons in May, but was returned to them so altered that they declined to accept it; after much wrangling the usual compromise was effected, and the Bill received the Royal Assent on July 26th. The great blunder of the Act lay in its clauses for compensating the officials of the defunct Establishment. Every official—including schoolmasters, clerks, and sextons—who was in office on Jan. 1st, 1871, was declared to be entitled to payment of the net income which he was previously receiving so long as he discharged his office, such income to be further commutable for a capital sum, calculable on the value of the income as a life-annuity. The consequence of giving a seventeen months' period during which fresh interests could be created was, of course, to add largely to the class which had to be compensated, and so to diminish the funds applicable to national purposes. But the Act is of utmost value, in that it declared that the "ultimate surplus" was available for "the relief of unavoidable calamity and suffering", and that "the said proceeds shall be so applied accordingly, in the manner Parliament shall hereafter direct". That is, it laid down the precedent of treating the Church merely as a department of the State, the funds administered by which were national funds, to be used as the nation may direct.

The same year 1869 saw the passing of the Evidence Amendment Act, allowing witnesses without religious opinions to affirm in courts of law. As first introduced by the Hon. George Denman, it only permitted affirmation to those who should "object to take an oath". Charles Bradlaugh, now junior member for Northampton, pointed out that this would not enable Atheists to affirm, since they had been held "incompetent" to swear, whether they objected or not, and after some insistance a modification was made which authorised the taking of an affirmation by anyone who should "object to take an oath", or who should be objected to as "incompetent to take the oath". Unhappily the insulting words were added that the presiding judge must be "satisfied that the taking of an oath would have no binding effect on his conscience". This phrase has been constantly used as though Atheists stated that the oath was not binding on them, whereas the words were merely words of insult used by a Parliament in which Christians were in a large majority. The Evidence Further Amendment Act, passed in the following year, only extended the meaning of the word "judge" to "include any person or persons having by law authority to administer an oath for the taking of evidence". This Act was passed in consequence of the rejection of Mr. Bradlaugh's evidence by an arbitrator, the Court of Common Pleas holding that the evidence was rightly rejected, the

Act of 1869 only admitting evidence given in a court of justice before a judge.

Since 1880, in consequence of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh's claim to affirm as a member of the House of Commons, various attempts have been made to legalise affirmation in Parliament. In June 1882 Lord Sundridge introduced a Bill permitting any member of either House to affirm if he intimated in writing that he had "a conscientious objection to the form of the oath required by the law, or that the taking of an oath would have no binding effect on his conscience". Objection was raised that the Government ought to deal with the matter rather than a private member, and the Bill failed to pass. In February, 1883, the Government introduced a similar Bill, but instead of making the conditions above stated, proposed that every member "may, if he thinks fit", affirm instead of swearing. The Government foolishly did not make their Bill a cabinet question, and it was lost by a majority of only three votes, proving that the least energy on their part would have ensured its success. In February, 1885, Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., introduced a far better measure, legalising affirmation "in all places and for all purposes where an oath is or shall be required by law". The fate of this new attempt to widen religious liberty is still doubtful when I write.

In 1871, the University Tests Bill, abolishing religious tests in the Universities, was at last passed, bitterly opposed as it was by the Tories, who denounced it in unmeasured terms; and by this funds usurped by the Church were rendered available for the education of Churchmen and of Dissenters alike. An attempt to do a similar service for Ireland, by the creation of a University from which theology should be excluded, was made by Mr. Gladstone in 1873, but this Bill was rejected by a majority of three. A Bill was, however, passed in this year abolishing tests in Trinity College, Dublin, and so a small step towards equality was made. In 1877, a Burial Acts Consolidation Bill was introduced in the House of Lords, which permitted "silent burial" in churchyards by Dissenters; but it was ultimately withdrawn, and quarrels over the coffins of dead Dissenters continued until 1880, in which year a Burials Bill was passed which permitted dissenting ministers to bury members of their sects in parish churchyards with any "religious and orderly service" they preferred. A strong effort was made to include all orderly forms of burial, Mr. Ashton Dilke pointing out that as he had no "religious" opinions the permission would not include himself, but the Christian majority was too intolerant to extend to extreme heretics the liberty it claimed for its own members, and an amending Burials Act is still required. It may be noted in passing that in 1879 Mr. Martin succeeded in passing through Parliament a Bill which made it incumbent on local authorities to provide cemeteries for the burial of Dissenters.

The prosecutions in 1883 of Messrs. Bradlaugh, Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp, for blasphemy, the conviction of the three latter, and the brutal sentences passed on them by Mr. Justice North, roused public feeling strongly against the Blasphemy Laws, and a Bill for their repeal was drafted by Mr. Justice Stephens. No member of the House of Commons, however, could be found bold enough to introduce it, and the

abolition of these cruel laws is left to a more enlightened Parliament, chosen by a wider electorate.

Enormous progress was made in questions affecting the Tenure of Land between 1867 and 1884. First in order and in far-reaching importance comes Mr. Gladstone's great measure, the Irish Land Act. It was introduced in the Commons on February 15th, 1870, and became law on August 1st. By this Act the right of a tenant to his own improvements was recognised, and an attempt was made to prevent the confiscation by the landlord of the tenant's property by imposing on the landlord the obligation to compensate an outgoing tenant for his improvements. The right of the tenant to security of tenure was admitted by compelling the landlord to "compensate for disturbance" if he ejected his tenant, and by authorising the tenant to keep possession of his holding until the money was paid. In cases of dispute, the amount of compensation was to be decided by the Civil Bill Court (County Court); a scale, however, limiting to far too low a sum the maximum amount that could be fixed as compensation for disturbance, was inserted in the Act. Unfortunately the object of the Legislature in passing the Bill was foiled, for it made no provision for preventing the landlord raising the rent when improvements were made by the tenant, and so confiscation went on unchecked; if the tenant tried to avoid the penalty by giving notice to quit on the raising of the rent he received no compensation for disturbance, the compensation being only paid when he was "disturbed in his holding by the act of his landlord". The attempt to create a peasant proprietary also proved a failure, for though the Government was authorised to advance two-thirds of the purchase-money to a cultivator desiring to buy land, the legal expenses were so heavy as to prove practically prohibitory. A fairly extensive sale of Church lands, however, took place, the legal cost being far less, and between five and six thousand peasant proprietors were thus made.

The failure of this effort to settle the Irish land question, and the sufferings inflicted on the people by famine, led to continued agitation, and one of the first measures introduced by Mr. Gladstone's Government in the short session of 1880 was the Compensation for Disturbance Bill (Ireland). It was rejected by the House of Lords by a majority of 232, and the agitation in Ireland passed, as Mr. Gladstone had predicted, into a state which was practically one of civil war. In 1881 the second great Irish Land Act was passed, which laid down the important principle of a "judicial rent". It also established Land Courts, which were empowered to fix these judicial rents, and these Courts have largely reduced the rack-rents before exacted.

While these two great Irish measures are of vital importance as laying down the principle of State interference between landlord and tenant, other measures affecting the Tenure of Land were passed during this same fruitful period. The Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875 was, like the Artisans' Dwellings Act, permissive, and those whom it is most necessary to coerce thus escape from its provisions. In 1879 an attempt to abolish distraint for rent of agricultural holdings was made by Mr. Blennerhassett, but he was defeated by a majority of 110, and nothing was done for tenants until a Liberal Government was again in power. In 1880 the Ground Game Bill

was passed, authorising farmers to kill ground game on their own farms, so relieving them from the obligation of feeding their landlords' animals, so far as quadrupeds were concerned. The landlords are still allowed to keep winged game at their tenants' expense, and avail themselves largely of this legalised form of theft.

The system of National Education, commenced in 1839, assumed definite shape and wide extent in 1870. In that year Mr. Forster brought in his famous Bill of Elementary Education and carried it to a successful issue. By this Act it was declared that "there shall be provided for every school district a sufficient amount of accommodation in public elementary schools (as hereinafter defined) available for all the children resident in such district for whose elementary education efficient and suitable provision is not otherwise made". Religious liberty was guarded by enacting that "it shall not be required, as a condition of any child being admitted into or continuing in the school, that he shall attend or abstain from attending any Sunday school, or any place of religious worship, or that he shall attend any religious observance or any instruction in religious subjects in the school or elsewhere": any religious instruction given at the school was to be given at the beginning or end of the schoolhours, and any parent might withdraw his child; the inspector was not to have the duty of examining in religious knowledge. Each child was to pay a weekly fee, unless excused on the ground of the parent's poverty, and if "a school board satisfy the Education Department that, on the ground of the poverty of the inhabitants of any place in this district, it is expedient for the interests of education to provide a school at which no fees shall be required from the scholars, the board may, subject to such rules and conditions as the Education Department may prescribe, provide such school, and may admit scholars to such school without requiring any fee". Expenses were to be met out of the "school fund", which consisted of moneys received as fees, provided by Parliament, raised by loan or by rate: further, one district might be directed to "contribute towards the provision or maintenance of public elementary schools in another school district or districts". School Boards, to carry out the duties imposed by the Act, were to be elected by the ratepayers by the cumulative vote, and these Boards might pass a bye-law rendering education compulsory for children between the ages of five and thirteen, any child over ten years of age being exempted from the bye-law if he was certified as having reached the standard of education fixed by the Board. Such is an outline of the famous Education Act, the first effective attempt to educate the children of the poor. The amending Act of 1873 contains nothing but matters of detail, with the exception of the proviso that if any parent was receiving out-door relief, it was to "be a condition for the continuance of such relief that elementary education in reading, writing, and arithmetic" should be given to any child between the ages of five and thirteen. In 1876 another Education Act was passed. By this it was declared that "it shall be the duty of the parent of every child to cause such child to receive efficient elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and if such parent fail to perform such duty, he shall be liable to such orders and penalties as are provided by this Act". The Act forbade the employment of

children under ten years of age, and of children above that age if they had not reached a certain standard of education, unless such children were attending school during part of the day. Local authorities were empowered to authorise the employment of children over eight years of age, for not more than six weeks in the year, in husbandry or ingathering of crops. Provision was made for compelling the parent to send his child to school, and in case of non-compliance with the order a court of summary jurisdiction was authorised to send the child to a certified day industrial school. In such schools meals were to be provided, and were to be paid for "out of moneys provided by Parliament" and by fees paid by the parents, the latter to be excused if the parent were too poor to pay them, and to be charged on the rates. It is noteworthy that in all cases of payment of fees for parents, provided for in this and in the Act of 1870, the payment is not to be taken as making the parent a pauper; thus, in this Act of 1876 it is laid down: "The parent shall not by reason of any payment made under this section be deprived of any franchise, right, or privilege, or be subject to any disability or disqualification".

As in the former period, from 1832 to 1867, the struggle for a free press accompanied Parliamentary action in favor of education, so in the period we are now considering, another great step was taken towards freeing the press from its shackles. The combatant in this struggle was Charles Bradlaugh, and the battle was over the Act imposing sureties against blasphemy and sedition, 60 George III., cap. 9. This Act was intended to stop "pamphlets and printed papers, containing observations upon public events and occurrences, tending to excite hatred and contempt of the Government and constitution of these realms, as to law established, and also vilifying our holy religion". It applied only to publications sold at less than sixpence per copy. Mr. Bradlaugh, as editor of the *National Reformer*, a Republican and Freethought twopenny journal, declined to give sureties, on the ground that so doing would make the conduct of the paper too costly for his means. For some years the paper went on its way, all applications for the security being met with a bland refusal. At last, in 1868, the Tory Government resolved to prosecute, and the paper appeared with a line under its heading: "Published in defiance of Her Majesty's Government, and of the 60th George III., cap. 9" (*National Reformer*, May 3rd, 1868, p. 281). Mr. Bradlaugh's answer to the notice of prosecution was characteristic:

"To Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Department of Inland Revenue.

"Gentlemen,—You have taken the pains to officially remind me of an Act of Parliament, passed in 1819, avowedly for the suppression of cheap Democratic and Freethought literature, and you require me to comply with its provisions, such provisions being absolutely prohibitory to the further appearance of this journal. With all humility, I am obliged to bid you defiance; you may kill the *National Reformer*, but it will not commit suicide. Before you destroy my paper we shall have to fight the question, so far as my means will permit me.

"I know the battle is not on equal terms. You have the national purse, I an empty pocket; you have the trained talent of the law officers of the Crown, I my own poor wits. But it would be cowardly indeed in me to

shrink in 1868 from a contest in which my gallant predecessor, Richard Carlile, fought so persistently more than a quarter of a century since."

This is not the place to record the varying events of the long struggle; it must suffice to say that Sir John Karslake failed, in consequence of the adroit legal fencing of his lay opponent, and that the Gladstone Government, coming into office, disgraced itself by taking up the prosecution in 1869. The Crown gained a verdict, which Mr. Bradlaugh upset; a *stet processus* was then entered, the Government introducing a Bill to repeal the Acts. Mr. Ayrton had previously endeavored to get rid of these oppressive laws, having described them as "laws which could never have been placed upon the statute-book except in the most evil times, when the old Tory party was engaged in desperate struggles to repress the expression of public opinion, and to maintain its hold of political power". Now his bill passed rapidly through its stages, and the freedom of the press was won as far as political discussion was concerned. From that time forward cheap newspapers could circulate, criticising all flaws, advocating all reforms, without fear of having to pay for their boldness by the forfeiture of their recognisances, and that freedom they owe to that small but gallant party which since the time of Thomas Paine has fought and suffered for the liberty of all. ANNIE BESANT.

(*To be concluded.*)

Miracles in Mayo.

IN the year 1874, Professor Tyndall, as President of the British Association, proclaimed the doctrines of Materialism in Belfast. Five years later, as if to refute the infidel philosopher, the humble inhabitants of a village in Mayo were favored with the sight of the Virgin Mary, two of the saints, and in some cases of the Savior himself. Well may the writer of a pamphlet on the subject say that "the history of the Christian Church is but a succession of fulfilments of the promise made by its sacred founder to St. Peter, 'Behold, I am with you always'". Speaking of the tendency, so prevalent in our day, "to doubt all miracles other than Scriptural", he points out "the grave danger" attached to this practice. "This habit of doubting, once formed in the mind, extends by insensible degrees, first to miracles recorded in the lives of the saints, and, in the end, even those contained in the Scriptures are regarded with suspicion, if not with positive unbelief." This is a terrible thought when we remember that he who doubts these latter runs the risk of being imprisoned with hard labor in this world, and will assuredly (unless he repent) burn in hell for ever in the next.

It is indeed a strong confirmation of the truth of the miracles recorded in the Bible to observe how similar they are to those which occurred recently at the chapel of Knock, in Mayo, which we may reverently say are as well attested as those of the Old and New Testaments:

"The persons who tell of these appearances, and who solemnly declare

the truth of what they assert, are numerous, respectable, and respected among their neighbors. They can easily be found by whoever desires to see them; and their united testimony constitutes a mass of evidence which few impartial men will seek to discredit."

First, let us note that there is a beautiful significance in the very name of the place where these wonders have happened. Knock means in Irish "a hill". The God of the Bible has ever been a "God of the hills". On Mount Ararat he smelled the sweet savor of Noah's sacrifice. On Sinai he appeared in a burning bush, and in cloud and smoke. When God was made man, he preached, was transfigured, and finally died upon a mountain. It is the God of Sinai and Tabor, who has again made his presence and power apparent upon the hill of Knock—not to the "wise and prudent"—the Tyndalls, Huxleys, and Bradlaughs of this world—but to simple and ignorant peasants like those of Galilee, who had faith to believe and be healed. Early in the year 1880, a correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* (surely an unprejudiced observer) visited Knock, and received the following narrative from "a boy of about fourteen years of age, named Hill, a bright, intelligent little fellow, who told his tale clearly and simply":

"I sometimes go out to the bog for turf, and did so on the day of the August apparition, taking my little brother with me. When night came on I went into the house of a relative not far from Knock Chapel. It was raining hard and very dark. While there some one (naming him) ran in and said, 'Oh, come up to the chapel and see the Blessed Virgin against the wall.' We all ran up, and saw the end of the chapel covered with light. At first we stood against the wall of the yard, but presently we got over and went close up to the gable. Then we saw the Blessed Virgin standing like a statue; on her right was St. Joseph, and on her left was St. John, dressed like a bishop, his left hand holding a book, his right hand raised, with two fingers pointing upwards. Above was an altar with a lamb on it, round which moved what seemed to be the wings of angels. We stood and looked at the figures a long time. They did not move, but lights kept playing about the wall. Presently there were ten or eleven of us looking, and we all knelt down and said 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary'. Then as the rain kept on and we were very wet, we went away.

"Having told his story, Hill departed, and was followed by the lad (his brother) who had witnessed the apparition in his company, whose statement, though not agreeing in every detail, was substantially in accord. He, for example, saw no 'angel's wings' fluttering round the lamb, but only lights twinkling like stars. It was also stated that, though the rain beat against the chapel, the wall on which the light shone remained dry. To the question: 'Did the figures look as though they were part of a picture,' this witness replied, 'No, they stood out from the wall like statues, and we seemed to see round them.' To the further question, 'Was the light on the wall a circle?' he answered: 'No, it covered the wall'."

Such is the narrative of the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. I may observe upon it (1) This was no momentary vision. "We stood," says the witness, "and looked at the figures a long time." (2) The vision did not appear to one person only: "There were ten or eleven of us looking", a number equal to that of the apostolic witnesses to the resurrection. (3) There is here, what has often been observed in the witnesses to Christian miracles, substantial agreement with some slight difference of details. This is no cunningly devised fable. These

boys were not "both in a tale" (if I may venture to quote Shakspere on so solemn a subject) for then each witness would tell the same story. Hill (jun.) "saw no angels' wings fluttering round the lamb, but only lights twinkling like stars". The latter portion of this lad's statement is very important in view of the fact, that some scoffers "walking" (and talking) "after their own lusts", asserted that the apparitions were produced by the local clergy with the aid of a magic lantern, in order to obtain funds to repair Knock Chapel, which was falling into ruins. If such had been the case the light would have been circular and the figures like pictures. I have heard, however, that in the providence of God the desired result has been obtained. A pious Catholic lady has restored the edifice sanctified by the presence, not only of our Lord's mother, but, as we shall shortly see, of Christ himself. (4) Is it not wonderful to have the miracle of Gideon's fleece repeated in our own unbelieving age? "Though the rain beat against the chapel, the wall on which the light shone remained dry."—Compare Judges, vi. 40. "And God did so that night, for it was dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground." Surely miracles are the same in all ages, and he who performs them "changes not".

The next witness interviewed by the *Telegraph's* correspondent was sub-constable Fraher, whom we may call the Cornelius of Knock. His testimony is as follows:

"On a certain night (named) about twelve o'clock, I and a comrade set out on patrol, our road taking us past the chapel. When opposite the building we saw the people, and heard the sound of praying . . . . On going round to the east gable some one cried: 'There's the light!' and then both I and my comrade saw the end of the church covered with a rosy sort of brightness, through which what seemed to be stars appeared. I saw no figures, nor did my comrade, but some women who were praying there declared that they beheld the Blessed Virgin, and one went nearly frantic in consequence. We stood and watched the lights a long time before starting again on our rounds. How do you explain the light?—'I can't explain it.' Did you look round to see where it came from?—'I did, but everything was dark, there was no light anywhere except on the gable'."

We may observe that the constable saw much less than the children and pious women. His spiritual nature was probably less sensitive than theirs. Years of strife with Fenians and Land-Leaguers are not favorable to a perception of divine things. Indeed, a beautiful circumstance respecting these visions is that the clearness with which they were witnessed seems to have been in exact proportion to the degree of faith and simplicity in the beholders. An infidel (supposing such a wretched being had been present) would probably have seen nothing. Even the parish priest, Archdeacon Kavanagh, only saw the light and "a most brilliant star" (perhaps the same that appeared to the Magi of old), which "flashed along the gable, leaving a train of radiance". The reverend gentleman remarks: "God may will that the testimony should come from the simple faithful, not from the priests". The Archdeacon had, however, indirect evidence that something supernatural had occurred which gave healing efficacy to the "mortar from the the gable wall of the chapel". "Some little time ago," he said to the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent,

"I received a sick call late at night, to a man who was said to be vomiting

blood and in extreme danger. On reaching the cottage I found the young man, so to speak, covered with blood, and apparently very near death, but conscious. Having ministered to him I called for a glass of water, sprinkled on it a few *particles of the mortar* from the gable wall of the chapel, and bade him drink. He did so, at once began to recover, and is now well. I can speak to other cases, but especially of a man who came from Cork, afflicted with a polypus, which extended into his windpipe, and—so said the surgeons—required a dangerous operation. He was here performing his devotions for several days, when to his surprise and joy, the abnormal growth was expelled, and he returned home cured."

Hear this, ye unbelievers who scoff at the miracles performed by the shadow of Peter (Acts v., 15), the handkerchiefs of Paul (Acts xix., 12), and the hem of Christ's garment (Matt. ix., 20). Why should not the clothes of Jesus and his apostles have had the same efficacy to heal as the mortar of Knock Chapel? and was the woman with an issue of blood more incurable than the young Mayo peasant, or the man "with a polypus" from Cork?

The most wonderful vision of all was seen on Good Friday, 1880, by Bridget Hough, whom we may reverently call the Mary Magdalene of Knock. Like Mary, she saw the Lord himself while others saw only his servants (angels or apostles). She thus relates her experience in a letter to the Dean of Tuam:

"The first vision I saw and the first time was on Good Friday about twenty minutes past three o'clock. I saw our Blessed Lord *nailed to the cross, with the two thieves one at each side of him*; his blessed mother at the right side, with her hands and eyes lifted up, and turned towards the people as if she was praying for them; Mary Magdalene, at the foot of the cross, with her hands raised as if she was trying to put them round the feet of our dear Lord. I saw that vision the rest of the day. . . . I could see the crown of thorns pressed down on the poll, with the blood streaming down from the wound. His heart appeared to me then to be open in two with the precious blood flowing from it. I could discern also at the left side a large open wound. . . . His sacred face appeared *plump and joyous-looking*. He smiled three times. I should smile myself in return. I then fainted and was taken out in the air."

It would be superfluous to add to such testimony. Happy Bridget Hough! "Blessed art thou among women." Thine eyes have seen "the king in his beauty".

I will now say a few words in anticipation of objections which unbelievers may make to details in the above narratives.

It may be said that it is strange that these Mayo peasants should so readily have recognised St. Joseph and St. John. But a similar objection may be made to the sacred narratives of the Transfiguration, in which the apostles at once recognised Moses and Elias, whom they had never seen in the flesh. In both cases there may have been an unconscious revelation to these pious minds. Unbelievers cannot of course understand such spiritual discernment. In the present case the mystery is partly explained in the testimony of Dominick Beirne, senior. "There was", he says, "*a mitre on St. John's head*, nearly like to that *which a bishop wears*. . . . All the figures appeared clothed in white; the *whiskers* on St. Joseph *were iron grey*; the Blessed Virgin had on a white cloak. The reason I had for calling the third figure St. John is because some saw his statue or his likeness at Lakanvey

parish chapel." One would like to know who was the sculptor or artist who produced so exact a likeness of a celestial being that the original was recognised at a glance. He must have been an inspired man. Again it may be asked: "Is it not strange that St. John should be 'dressed like a bishop'; that St. Joseph should have 'iron grey whiskers'; the Virgin wear 'a white cloak'; and that Jesus himself should be more 'plump and joyous-looking' than of old?" But our ignorance (as Butler has frequently observed in the "Analogy") is a sufficient answer to all such futile objections. How can we tell what garments the saints may wear in paradise? In an age when there is so much discussion about vestments it is surely satisfactory to know that the dress of a bishop corresponds with that of a glorified saint. St. Joseph's grey whiskers confirm the Catholic tradition that he was an elderly man. And surely Jesus may well have grown plump in paradise and assumed a more cheerful aspect. His sufferings are over, and his "visage" is no longer "marred more than any man". The star or stars, spoken of by several witnesses, may also excite the sneers of the incredulous. "How could a star" (they may say) "appear over the gable of a chapel? Stars are suns like our own, billions of miles away—at least so profane science declares." But similar objections have been made to the inspired narrative of the star which guided the wise men to Bethlehem (Matt. ii., 9). The star of Knock (or of Bethlehem) may have been a meteor or a will-o'-the-wisp, or in fact any light that resembled a star. It is vain to try and explain it by poor weak human reason. The believer knows that the same Almighty Being who made the stars could lower one of them down until it stood over the gable of Knock chapel (or over the stable at Bethlehem) and then draw it up again to its proper place, as easily as he stayed the sun and moon in order that the Israelites might butcher their enemies. "With God nothing" is "impossible".

Finally, it is no valid objection that the apparitions and miracles graually ceased when the faithful had been edified and Knock chapel rebuilt. It would be unreasonable to expect that the Virgin and the Saints—not to speak of Christ himself—should be continually descending from heaven to gratify the curiosity of the tourist, to confound the infidel, or even to delight the simple believer. Revelations and miracles are in their nature transitory, and if continued for a long period would come to be regarded as natural events.

No account of the Knock apparitions would be complete without some notice of the miracles which have attested the supernatural appearances. A revelation (as Paley has remarked) can only be attested by miracles, and such proofs have largely been vouchsafed to the faithful in Mayo. The following are taken from a list of twenty-one cures in Archdeacon Kavanagh's Diary, and references are added to similar miracles in the Bible:

"Delia Gordon, of Claremorris, deafness and pain in the ear. This, the first cure reported, was instantaneous. It occurred on Sunday, August 31st, 1879." (Mark vii., 35.)

"A cripple, name not known. He rode on an ass to the very spot, and was able to walk away." (Mark ii., 12.)

"Mary McDoughlin (priest's housekeeper), suffering from pain and stiffness of the knee for many years. *She drank some water taken from the*

ground at the gable, and got rid of the pains, which have not since returned." (John ix., 6.)

"Miss Curry, Knock, had been nearly blind: could not see the steps at the entrance of the church. She visited Knock and prayed there, and her sight is so far improved that she is able to distinguish objects at a considerable distance." (Mark viii., 24, 25.)

"Lawrence Condon, Jones's Road, Dublin; violent retching. Cured by the use of a little mortar from the chapel given him by a Dublin lady." (Acts xix., 12.)

"Patrick Scott, a cripple for eight years, came to Knock walking by the assistance of a crutch. He left the crutch after him, and returned homeward *bounding with delight.*" (Acts iii., 8, "walking, and leaping, and praising God"; also Acts ix., 33.)

"William Carty had been suffering intense pain from a sore finger. As soon as *he placed his finger on the wall the pain entirely ceased.*" (Luke vi., 19.)

"Mary Gallagher, blindness. She had consulted doctors at home and in Dublin without result. After visiting Knock she was restored to sight." (Luke viii., 44.)

"Martin Curry, sore foot; applied to the sore a *poultice of clay from the church.*" (Isaiah xxxviii., 21).

What shall we say to these things? Let the infidel hide his brazen forehead whenever Knock is mentioned, but let the believer rejoice. It is the same God who revealed his will to Galilean peasants of old by "miracles and wonders, and signs," who "in these last days" has vouchsafed visions and cures to the simple worshippers at Knock—not to the wise and prudent, but to babes and women. The cripple who rode on an ass and the young man with a polypus from Cork have been "made whole"—not the philosopher or man of science, the "wise men after the flesh". God has again chosen "the poor of this world, rich in faith". There is but one conclusion to be drawn from the above narratives. Those who deny the reality of the apparitions and miracles at Knock must, if consistent, deny the reality of the similar wonders related in the Bible; and those who maintain the truth of the biblical narratives must also accept the equally well attested experiences of persons "respectable and respected", who "can be easily found by whoever desires to see them". Why should we deny to the visions of Patsy Hill, Bridget Hough, and sub-constable Fraher the credence we readily accord to those of Samuel, Mary Magdalene, and Cornelius the centurion?

I will conclude by quoting some remarks of Canon Farrar respecting the miracles of Jesus, which are equally applicable to those at Knock. "Men in these days," says the Canon,

"have presumptuously talked as if it were God's duty—the duty of him to whom the sea and the mountains are a very little thing, and before whose eyes the starry heaven is but as one white gleam in the 'intense inane'—to perform his miracles before a circle of competent *savans*! The miracles [of Christ] were miracles addressed, not to a cold and sceptic curiosity, but to a loving and humble faith. . . . An obscure village, a few faithful peasants, beheld some of Christ's greatest miracles of power. . . . In the total unlikeness of this to all that we should have imagined—in its absolute contrast with anything which legend would have invented—in all, in short, which most offends the unbeliever—we see but fresh confirmation that we are reading the words of soberness and truth." ("The Life of Christ," chap. xi.)

ALEXANDER DUNBAR.

The Upshot of "Hamlet".

By Arthur Gigadibs.

II.

The body of distinguished persons who furnish theories of "Hamlet" and Hamlet I should take leave to divide into two classes, of metaphysicians and idolaters, were it not that all the metaphysicians are idolaters, though not all the idolaters have it in them to be metaphysicians, even of the methodless and irresponsible order who are qualified to explain "Hamlet". Let it not be supposed that I speak of these authorities in general with disrespect. I can still vividly recollect the delight with which, in my youthful and metaphysical days, I became acquainted successively with the views of Goethe, Schlegel, and Coleridge—a delight very little modified by the vague perception that Coleridge and Schlegel, despite the charge against the former of echoing the latter, did not quite agree; though one found it easy to blend Goethe with Coleridge. It was such a fine sensation, that of getting rid of Schlegel's persistent "fraction" by enveloping oneself in the nebulous light of Coleridge and Goethe. Hence have I still a sympathy with young Shakspereans who joyfully embrace the new solutions. I can feel for those who have lately found peace in Mr. Franklin Leifchild's formula of "Preoccupation",[1] and I can sympathise impartially with the admirers of those diversely distinguished and mutually destructive idolaters, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Furnivall. And one really traces progress in the metaphysical school. It is pleasing to learn from Dr. Ulrici—who, so far as he knows, was the first to maintain, in opposition to Goethe and Schlegel, "the opinion that Hamlet is by no means wanting in courage, energy, and manliness"—that his view "is now shared by Rötscher, Gehrt, von Friesen, Rossman, Hebler, Rümelin, K. Köstlin, Tchischwitz, Genée, and others"; and it is no less comforting to have from the Doctor, through Miss Schmitz's welcome translation, such an assurance as the following: "That Vischer's artificial, and, in its minuteness, very complicate view of Hamlet's character in reality amounts to a contradiction has, in my opinion, been clearly proved by Hebler (p. 125 f.)". The fact that Hartley Coleridge maintained Dr. Ulrici's opinion as early as 1828 does not seriously affect the situation; and Mr. Swinburne's recent presentation of the same view is not to be despised, inasmuch as the suggestion about Hamlet's having more mind than other people to make up seems to point to a still further critical advance.

But if we depart from the sympathetic attitude and become systematically critical, what a series of negations have we to go through! That summing-up of Goethe's—which again, with certain suggestions of Mr. Grant White and Mr. Furnivall, was anticipated by Henry Mackenzie in the Edinburgh *Mirror* in 1780—how inadequately does it give account of all Hamlet's actions! How shall we conceive of the bold following of the Ghost, the killing of Polonius,

[1] See his article in the *Contemporary Review*, January, 1883.

the stratagem of the substituted letter, and the boarding of the pirate-ship, as having been achieved by "a soul unfit for the performance" of the "great action" of killing Claudius? How shall we reconcile Coleridge's attractive doctrine of a will paralysed by over-intellectuality with such actions as these? Hartley Coleridge, it is true, insisted on Hamlet's strength of character while repeating his father's formula of the "abstract intellect an over-balance for the active impulses"; but how did he dispose of the paradox? By arguing that what "enervates the sinews of Hamlet's moral being" is "the preternatural contradiction involved in the duty itself, the irregular means through which the duty is promulgated and known". That suggestion points subtly enough to the artistic fallacy involved in the literary use of the supernatural; but who will now support Hartley Coleridge's thesis that the ethical purport of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" is to show "the evil and confusion which must be introduced into the moral world by a sensible communication between natural and supernatural beings"? What about Prospero and Ariel, and Oberon and Titania—not to mention the supernaturalism in "Cymbeline"? Hartley, indeed, "dare not aver" that Shakspere "foresaw or designed the scope" of the workings of his genius on the theme in question, an admission which quashes the whole suggestion as an explanation of Shakspere's intentions. We are left to fall back on Schlegel's admission of a persisting "fraction", an admission tempered by censure of Hamlet's faults; or to choose between the more comprehensive denunciations of the poor Prince by Mr. Furnivall and the naturally equal volume of eulogy from that "well of English . . . ", Mr. Swinburne. When, however, we reflect how readily Hamlet "made up his mind" to thrust through the arras, we feel constrained to part company with Mr. Swinburne; and Mr. Furnivall's impassioned enquiries as to why Hamlet does not perform his "duty" of stabbing his uncle, unhappily, do not answer themselves.

Progress in the metaphysical school, let it be granted, there has been, but it is to be traced to the partial adoption of scientific methods, not to any improvement in metaphysical thinking. Critics have simply looked at the text with their own eyes, and confessed that the "over-intellectual" Hamlet is at times extraordinarily prompt in action. What they have done since Coleridge has simply been to restate the facts which Goethe and Coleridge virtually ignored; thus destroying the rounded theories of these poets and to all intents leaving "Hamlet" unexplained. And after all, what now has to be done is only to carry the scientific method a little further. But it is probable that the final step will be resisted as none of the others were; if it were only because the first proceeding it involves is a breaking off from the idolaters. All conspicuous Shaksperean criticism in the present century has been idolatrous in spirit; that is to say, it has proceeded on the unquestioning assumption that, if not all the plays of Shakspere, at least the greater ones, are systematically conceived, planned, and finished products; and that what Shakspere saw fit to do must have been done for the best reasons. This attitude is particularly well exemplified in an utterance of Schlegel's:—

"In an essay on 'Romeo and Juliet', written a number of years ago",

says that critic in his twenty-third lecture on Dramatic Literature, "I went through the whole of the scenes in their order, and demonstrated the inward necessity of each with reference to the whole; I showed why such a particular circle of characters and relations was placed around the two lovers; I explained the signification of the mirth here and there scattered, and justified the use of the occasional heightening given to the poetical colors. From all this it seemed to follow unquestionably, that with the exception of a few witticisms . . . nothing could be taken away, nothing added, nothing otherwise arranged, without mutilating and disfiguring the perfect work. *I would readily undertake to do the same for all the pieces of Shakspeare's maturer years*, but to do this would require a separate book."

The force of idolatry could no further go. Though he elsewhere admits that "Hamlet" "resembles those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains, that will in no way admit of solution", the worshipper here will not even allow that Shakspere was so far like other men as to find it necessary at times to choose between two or more ways of doing a thing. He is a literary king who can do no wrong. For no other poet who ever lived has such a claim been made; and though it does seem very certain that Shakspere was a quite unparalleled instance of poetic spontaneity, it is simply impossible that men of this generation should explicitly assent to the Schlegelian dogma that whatever he said was necessarily the best thing that could be said in the circumstances. While, however, everybody's reason revolts at the naked extravagance of Schlegel's doctrine, it is to a large extent implicitly accepted by all who fight for the different views of Hamlet's character. It is very dexterously veiled in this invitation of Hartley Coleridge: "Let us, for a moment, put Shakspere out of the question, and consider Hamlet as a real person, a recently deceased acquaintance. In real life it is no unusual thing to meet with characters every whit as obscure as the Prince of Denmark." The invitation was hardly necessary. What has been done by all the critics who have enlarged on the subject is just to "consider Hamlet as a real person": they have never done anything else. And the remark that we meet inconsistent people in real life is clearly nothing to the purpose *from the writer's point of view*. What he is arguing in the main is that Shakspere was presenting a character and a story which either he had deliberately projected, or which in in some unknown way his "genius" projected, through an inherent tendency to lead its possessor in the paths of truth. If it is to be assumed that Shakspere deliberately but unavowedly drew an inexplicable character because there are inexplicable characters in real life, the critic's ground is gone from under him. When in real life we find, in Hartley Coleridge's pathetically suggestive words, men "whose sense of rectitude is strong and wise enough to inform and govern a world while their acts are the helpless issues of casuality and passion, and scarce to themselves appear their own"—we pronounce them victims of an obscure cerebral disease; and there is an end of the matter. The suggestion comes to nothing, unless we are to make the hypothesis that "Hamlet" is after all a study of insanity.

In direct opposition to the sheer fanaticism of Schlegel and the subtler mysticism of the Coleridges, we shall do well to place a very different utterance by a very different mind; that of a great critic—

great though maimed, and far too little appreciated—Edgar Allan Poe:—

"In all commentating upon Shakspere there has been a radical error never yet mentioned. It is the error of attempting to expound his characters—to account for their actions—to reconcile their inconsistencies—not as if they were the coinage of a human brain, but as if they had been actual existences upon earth. We talk of Hamlet the man, instead of Hamlet the *dramatis persona*—of Hamlet that God, in place of Hamlet that Shakspere, created. If Hamlet had really lived, and if the tragedy were an accurate record of his deeds, from this record (with some trouble) we might, it is true, reconcile his inconsistencies, and settle to our satisfaction his true character. But the task becomes the purest absurdity when we deal only with a phantom. It is not (then) the inconsistencies of the acting man which we have as a subject of discussion—(although we proceed as if it were, and thus *inevitably* err) but the whims and vacillations—the conflicting energies and indolences of the poet. It seems to us little less than a miracle that this obvious point should have been overlooked."—*Marginalia.*

A reservation which had better be made in approving of this deliverance is that Poe may have been wrong in thinking the "radical error" he pointed out had never before been mentioned. It is a hazardous thing to say that any proposition about Shakspere is new. One remembers sympathetically the pleasing sensation—so candidly proclaimed—enjoyed by Mr. Furnivall on learning, on 21st December 1880, what Coleridge thought about Hamlet; and also Dr. Ulrici's belief in the priority of his contradiction of Schlegel and Goethe. Let it simply be said that all the well-known writers on "Hamlet" before Poe had fallen into the "radical error" referred to.

But to the eye of the average reader by far the more hazardous portion of Poe's proposition is that uncompromising allegation of whims, vacillations, and indolences on the part of Shakspere; and to make good that is a task one only ventures to undertake because one sees that until it is effected all criticism of "Hamlet" remains methodless, irresponsible, and idolatrous. The "indolences", in point of fact, have been ostensibly conceded again and again. Mr. Furnivall, whose idolatry, one admits, is tempered by force of character, goes so far as to allow that "the wonderful pace at which ["Macbeth"] was plainly written—a feverish haste drives it on—will plainly account for many weaknesses in detail". The trouble is, however, that the logical force of these admissions is not recognised; that it is assumed we may have any amount of carelessness of the most obvious kind, but none that would be less obvious. Mr. Furnivall, alluding to the confusion about Hamlet's age, the confusion of time in the "Merchant of Venice", and Desdemona's speaking after she is stifled, tranquilly remarks that "So long as Shakspere got his main point, his characters right, he didn't care twopence for accidentals". As if, forsooth, the proper concatenation of incidents in a drama were an "accidental"; as if Hamlet's age mattered nothing; as if right arrangement in an acting play were not actually more important than subtle portraiture; and as if the author who could make a suffocated person speak again might not do something equally illegitimate in the treatment of character!

To make it clear of what indolences Shakspere was capable, let us briefly analyse the plot of "Measure for Measure". The Duke

empowers Escalus and Angelo to govern Vienna in his absence; and we afterwards find that he goes straightway to Friar Thomas for harborage and disguise. But before he has even reached the friar, Lord Angelo has made it known throughout Vienna that all houses of ill-fame are to be pulled down; and Claudio is arrested on account of the pregnancy of Juliet. The action is thus confused at the very outset—so noticeably so that it might almost be supposed Shakspere on principle approved of reversing the order of time on the stage.[1] In the opening scene the Duke had professed perfect trust in Angelo; in the scene with Friar Thomas he indicates that he is experimenting on his deputy while professing to have appointed him in order that the disregarded laws may be put in force; he, the Duke, being unwilling to seem rigorous. Then, apparently without any delay, Lucio tells Isabella of her brother's imprisonment and death-sentence, letting her know at the same time that the Duke is believed not to have gone away as he professed to do, though no such view is suggested by the deputies. In the second Act, and not later than the day following the appointment of Angelo and Escalus, the former gives order that Claudio be executed next morning. On this same day Isabella comes to sue, and is told to come to-morrow forenoon; and Angelo, on the second day of his régime, becomes corrupt. On the same day the Duke visits the prison in his friar's disguise. On the third day Isabella again visits Angelo, who makes his attempt on her chastity. Her brother was to have been executed at nine on this morning, and there has been no mention of a countermand; but in the third Act he is still alive, hoping vaguely for pardon, and is sermonised by the the Duke. Isabella enters and tells Claudio of Angelo's insult. As she is leaving her brother in disgust, the Duke appears; takes Isabella aside; tells Claudio, in his experimenting fashion, that he need not hope to live, as Angelo has only been testing his sister's virtue; and immediately afterwards tells Isabella how she may "most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a most merited service". Now his narrative is explicit to the effect that Angelo is only contracted to Mariana, just as Claudio has been to Juliet. Claudio's and Juliet's conduct has been reprobated alike by the Duke and Isabella; but neither gives a hint of recognising any impropriety in the stratagem which makes Angelo and Mariana commit the offence of Claudio and Juliet. And it would now appear that the Duke had known Angelo to be a mean knave when he appointed him. The stratagem is forthwith arranged to be carried into effect on that very night; yet in the fourth Act Mariana describes the Duke, who had only two days before got his first instruction in friarship, as a man of comfort whose advice has often stilled her brawling discontent. At midnight the Provost shows Claudio the warrant for his death at 8 a.m. On this the Duke enters, and immediately afterwards comes a messenger with an order to put Claudio's execution four hours forward; and to effect that of Barnardine in the afternoon; whereupon the disguised Duke persuades

[1] It has been sought to show that Shakspere's management of time is skilful just in the degree of its arbitrariness; just as it has been held to be a proof of his genius that men cannot be sure whether Hamlet was really mad. To answer such reasoning, of course, would be idle. The "two clocks" doctrine is a triumph of obscurantism.

the Provost to send Barnardine's head instead of Claudio's, though they are unlike; and shows him a letter in the Duke's handwriting, and bearng his seal, which he says announces the Duke's imminent return; concludingly in a particularly confused and huddled speech. But the Duke finds Barnardine as unfit to die as to live; and the Provost promptly ntimates that the hitherto unmentioned pirate Ragozine, whe resenbles Claudio, has just conveniently died, and that his head can be sen as Claudio's. The Provost is at a loss, however, how to spare Barnardine, who was to be beheaded in the afternoon; whereupon the Duke persuades him to place both Claudio and Barnardine "in secret holds", assuring him that within forty-eight hours all will be put righ. Then the Duke harrows Isabella with the report of her brother's dath, in order that she may afterwards have a delightful surprise. Escalus and Angelo are next presented discussing the Duke's intnation of his approaching return, the former remarking that "every letter he [the Duke] hath writ hath disvouched other"—this withintwo or at most three days; and the latter that "his actions shov much like to madness". In the closing scene of this act Isabella anMariana take their places in the street through which the Duke is to ass; though his entry was to have been made on the day after that a which the final stratagem was decided on; and the actual entryf the Duke takes place in the fifth Act.

We hav here, then, a play in which the force of much of the characterisaon is not more remarkable than the carelessness with which the pt is elaborated. With those who do not admit as much there can bno further discussion. And in allusion to such carelessness Poe's erm "indolence" is not unjustifiable, it being almost certain that he poet had never taken the trouble to go back on what he had writta and square his later with his earlier details. Yet, how have the appciative critics treated the play? Mr. Lloyd, certainly, pronounces i "with all its merits, decidedly inferior, judged by the standard Shtspere himself provides"; but the majority have occupied themselhs in discussing whether Isabella was lovable, and in blaming Shapere for letting Angelo off so easily. Isabella has been blamed or paised by Hazlitt, Coleridge, Knight, Mrs. Jameson, Hallam, Mr. nd Mrs. Cowden Clarke, Mr. Grant White, Mr. Swinburne, Gervius, Ulrici, and Mr. Furnivall; but there is almost complete unimity in protesting against Angelo's escape. Mr. Lloyd is prejuced enough to treat Isabella's complicity in the Duke's stratagem as display of gross moral inconsistency on her part, instead of as a oversight on the part of the poet. Now, if I were a metaphysicia I should set about constructing a theory which should show that as ts marvellous play clearly transcends the limits of mere comedy, and ostitutes a satire on life in general, it is impossible that it shouldreserve order, artistic or moral, in its construction, or satisfy ordiry notions of character; that the "fantastical duke of dark corners playing with life and death and being played upon, is an influence ich as must suspend ordinary evolution of narrative and ordinary pical justice; and that the hints and half indications that he is crack are subtle expedients to preserve what verisimilitude is possible In such a theory, as I hope to show later, there would be a cein grain of truth; but the proper method would

be something very different. The first step would be an examination of Shakspere's originals. In Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra" we find the Angelo (Juriste) not a temporary deputy, but the regular governor of the city on behalf of the king of the country; and the wronged Isabella (Cassandra) goes for redress to the king's court. Now it was clearly an advantage for dramatic purposes to make the city the seat of the ruler, and to make him put a deputy in charge and come back; and this alteration Shakspere made. And when we find the Duke declaring in the first scene—

> "Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
> That it prefers itself and leaves unquestioned
> Matters of needful value";

and find, further, the scene with Friar Thomas, which would properly come immediately afterwards, only inserted after the arrest of Claudio and the exercise of stringent police measures by Angelo—does it not become as likely as not that the idea of making the Duke remain disguised to observe matters was a second thought? And is not the introduction of Mariana, without any regard to the possibilities of the situation, clearly another afterthought, the result of the feeling that to make Isabella actually submit, as Cassandra did, was to wound all good feeling? Are we to suppose that the dramatist from the first intended to make Isabella lend herself to the stratagem which put Mariana and Angelo in the same moral position as her brother and Juliet, whose conduct she had deplored? Surely not; though we might perhaps bring ourselves to assume he meant us to understand that the Duke appointed Angelo in the full knowledge of his base behavior to Mariana. In regard to the dealings with the prisoners, again, it is quite conceivable that the opportune death of Ragozine, whose existence and resemblance to Claudio had not before been mentioned, was devised because the poet felt that death would after all not be a good enough disguiser of Barnardine's features to deceive Angelo, or to satisfy the audience, who had seen a Barnardine of necessarily brutalised countenance. Or might it be that Shakspere reflected it was better to avoid a mock execution on the stage, which could not but be a bungle, and to let the barbarous spectator see a well-prepared sham head? A head was wanted, and the circumstance is no less striking a proof of the barbarity of the times than the blinding scene in "Lear". It might indeed be that the poet designed to show a new phase of the Duke's disposition in making him pronounce Barnardine unfit either to die or live; but in that case he was at least delaying unduly over the subsidiary scenes. As for the pardoning of Angelo, that, as Mr. Spedding pointed out in his examination of Mr. Furnivall's system of classification (*Cornhill Magazine*, August 1880), is clearly as it is because the Juriste of "Promos and Cassandra" is pardoned; and because it would be as inexpedient, for ordinary theatrical purposes, to kill the husband of Mariana as to kill the husband of Cassandra. Those who have protested against Angelo's escape are idolaters astray; those who merely say the pardon is won by Mariana's pleading have only half perceived Shakspere's method, because they have not gone to Whetstone's story. Hallam, in pronouncing the

marriage of Isabella and the Duke to be one of Shakspere's hasty half-thoughts, was perhaps nearer the mark.

What then, is the general inference from "Measure for Measure"? Clearly that Shakspere was capable of constructing a plot in the most hasty manner; preferring to abide by his original; only improving its incidents, where clearly necessary, in the most haphazard fashion; and not scrupling even to leave an entirely unsatisfactory character much as he found it. For Angelo is, for Shakspere, a failure; though the play as a whole, with all its reckless makeshifts, is—Mr. Lloyd notwithstanding—a wonderful product of his genius; and the elusive personality of the Duke almost as subtly fascinating as that of Hamlet himself. Now, "Measure for Measure" was in all probablity written about the same period as "Hamlet". Mr. Furnivall places it immediately afterwards on his "hook-and-eye" system of fixing the chronological relations of the plays by "links of likeness" and "links of difference", a process by which, one sees, any play Shakspere wrote or did not write could be shown to come next in order of composition to any other. But though the hook-and-eye theory is, without exception, the most singular fantasy ever excogitated by a commentator, the nearness of "Measure for Measure" to "Hamlet" may be safely assumed on other grounds; and there now presses itself more insistently than ever the question whether it is to be supposed that "Hamlet" was a deliberately shaped play, and the central character a fully-rounded conception. The question is not whether or how far Shakspere was original. One of the worst errors of the idolaters is their failure to realise that the artistic projections of all poets must come under the law of the association of ideas; and that an "original character conception" is a chimera. The reader who can appreciate Shakspere's unparalleled power of imagination and utterance will not trouble himself much as to whether the poet's greatness is affected by the fact that he had his characters and their actions suggested to him by the writings of other men. The supremely important phænomenon in this man's work is that, let him but imagine any man or woman in any situation, he could so live there and in him or her that an utterance which, as sketched by any other hand, was "thin as voices from the rave", or at best artificial, would under his tingle with feeling and vibrate with the breath of life and the throb of the heart. We have here at once the highest development of poetic power and the most remarkable display of psychological sympathy; and neither ceases to be marvellous because it is stimulated into operation, as every man's faulty must be, by contact with the environment. Let the reader but take a speech from one of the wholly or partially spurious plays and then one of Shakspere's own, or let him go from a page of almost any other old dramatist's verse to Shakspere's, and see how the "tram of the blood" is felt the instant the transition is made; and he will be saved from any anxiety as to Shakspere's fame suffering eclipse from the fullest inquiry into the completeness of his character portraiture throughout any play. But to those who have been accustomed to regard Shakspere as a mind incapable of any laxity beyond a trifling inadvertence, and, above all, far removed from anything like a positive defect in balanced constructive power, it will, no doubt, be something of a shock to hear that any of his great plays

were, despite the elaborate explanations of the Germans, either imperfectly thought-out or executed with conscious carelessness or perversity. Ere many years, it is to be feared, the shock will have been widely experienced.

(To be continued.)

George Sand.

By LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

Author of "Charakterbilder aus dem 19 Jahrhundert", "Bilder aus dem Englischen Leben", etc.

1. George Sand. *Œuvres Complètes.* Paris, 1876.
2. George Sand. *Histoire de ma Vie.* Paris, 1854-5. Twenty vols.
3. George Sand. *Correspondance.* Paris, 1879—1884. Six vols.
4. Bertha Thomas. *George Sand.* London, 1883.
5. *Revue des Deux Mondes.* Paris, 1831—1876.

The famous Marshal Maurice de Saxe, as is known, was the fruit of the connection between August the Second, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and the beautiful Aurora of Konigsmark. By the said Marshal Maurice, the celebrated actress Mademoiselle Verriere became the mother of a female child who received the name of Marie Aurore, and was inscribed in the register of births as the "daughter of Citizen Jean Baptiste de la Riviere, of Paris, and of Marie Rinteau, his wife," because in the meantime the actress had been married to Riviere. This illegitimate grandchild of the King of Poland was married at the age of fifteen to an illegitimate son of Louis XV., King of France. He held the title of Count Arvid-Bernhard de Horn, and bore so striking a resemblance to his father that Aurore was well-nigh frightened on first seeing him. He was French governor in Schelestadt (Alsace). In consequence of his being afflicted with an offensive malady, the marriage was only formally executed, and they saw each other very seldom. Horn survived the marriage only three years. It was not until after twelve years had elapsed that the young widow made up her mind to a second marriage, which turned out a happy one. Her husband was Dupin de Francueil, a man tolerably advanced in years, whom Jean Jacques Rousseau mentions in his *Confessions*, and who was passionately in love with that author's mother. An only son, Maurice Dupin, was the issue of this marriage. He entered the army, became colonel, and afterwards went to Italy under General Bonaparte. Here he made the acquaintance of a girl whose handsome features and unaffected manners made a deep impression upon him. Her name was Sophie Delaborde. In spite of her being a "frivolous" creature and the daughter of a Paris bird-seller, he, after having lived with her for several years, resolved to marry her; but he was careful to conceal the marriage from his mother who was an out-and-out aristocrat.

A month after the marriage, Sophie Delaborde presented her husband with a daughter, whom he named, after his mother, Aurore, to which name were added those of Amantine and Lucile. The birth took place in Paris, Rue Meslay; the father happened to be playing on the violin, and an aunt who was present, regarding this as a happy omen, remarked: "She will have luck, for she came into the world with music". This event occurred on the 5th July, 1804, the last year of the Republic, and the first of the Empire. George Sand—for this was the daughter—preserved the violin as a sacred relic during her whole life. It was not long, however, before Dupin's mother heard of the marriage of her son, and took immediate steps to have it revoked. She having gone to Paris one day for this purpose, Dupin, with the assistance of the *concierge's* wife, succeeded in playing a trick upon her, by which the infant was smuggled into her arms as she went upstairs. She immediately recognised the likeness which the little child bore to her beloved son Maurice, and her anger gave way. She became reconciled to her son, and bestowed her affection on the child, but, although nothing further was said about the dissolution of the marriage, she steadfastly refused to make the acquaintance of the bird-dealer's daughter. Finally, however, out of love for her son, whom she idolized, she agreed to receive her and allowed her to live with her. Soon afterwards she permitted the marriage, which had only taken place before the *maire*, to be solemnized in church; but the two women who were so utterly unlike in birth, education, and temperament, were never able entirely to agree.

At the age of four years, Aurore had learnt to read tolerably well, and her predilection for romance had begun to manifest itself even before she understood what she read. She had a habit of playing with the stove, and to prevent an accident her mother used to put an unheated foot-stove between four chairs and place her inside. Whilst amusing herself with pulling the straw out of the chair-seats, she would invent all kinds of stories which she recited aloud. Her mother called these her "novels", and sometimes assisted her in them, whilst her aunt, who was fond of teasing her, would say: "Well, Aurore, is thy prince not out of the wood yet? Has thy princess donned her train-skirt and placed her golden crown upon her brow?" And the mother declared that she could never proceed with her work until Aurore had begun her "romances between four chairs". It is remarkable that in her memoirs George Sand always calls her mother *ma mère*, whilst she continually styles her grandmother *ma bonne maman*. It was about this time that her father was killed by a fall from his horse, an event which caused great grief at Nohant Castle, the mansion of the widow Dupin, situate in the Berry. Both mother and wife had loved him with equal tenderness, and had in fact been jealous of each other. The little orphan, in her turn, now became the object of family jealousy. Both mother and grandmother desired to have the control of her education. The old man Deschartres, of whom George Sand speaks a great deal, and who had been her father's tutor, now became hers. Though a clever physician, he had a habit of administering a certain emetic which he regarded as a universal panacea, and she states that, to avoid taking

this, she forebore to complain when anything ailed her. To her immense satisfaction she learned to write when she was five years old, and was also now better able to understand what she read. Along with fairy tales, she read Greek mythology. She was fond of copying Latin print, invented hieroglyphics and a simplified orthography of her own, and by way of exercise used to write letters to her relatives and playmates, without any intention, however, of sending them.

The dissensions between the two ladies at Nohant Castle became worse than ever, and at length Aurore's mother was induced to retire on a pension of 2,500 francs to Paris, where she was to attend to the education of her natural daughter Caroline, and to leave Aurore to the care of her mother-in-law. The child knew and understood very little of all these things, but having a strong affection for her mother in spite of the treatment she had received from her, she felt the separation painfully, the more so as the nurse, to whom she was likewise affectionately attached, left at the same time in order to get married. As Madame Dupin was in the habit of spending a portion of each year in Paris, it was arranged that she and Aurore were to go there in a fortnight, but the child was so overwhelmed with grief at being separated from her mother, that even the redoubled tenderness of the grandmother was ineffectual to console her.

The description, in the *Histoire de ma Vie*, of her feelings during this period is exceedingly interesting, albeit the story has a certain air of improbability about it. Aurore saw her mother in Paris daily, walked about with her, and was very fond of her. Without attempting to conceal her faults and her previous mode of life, she speaks of her generally in terms of great admiration. On their return to Nohant, the child gradually got accustomed to her grandmother, who began to teach her the rudiments of music, Deschartres still acting as her tutor. Her mind was not disturbed by religious education, for the old countess, though not an Atheist, despised dogmas and ecclesiastical ceremonies, and had no warm or enthusiastic feeling in favor of Catholicism. She esteemed Christ highly, and admired the gospels as containing excellent philosophy, but complained that the truth was continually mixed up with ridiculous fables. At the age of 10 to 13 years, and in order to please her *bonne maman*, Aurore learnt arithmetic, Latin, and verse-making; but it was only history, geography, literature, and music that afforded her pleasure. Later on, when she had other teachers of music, the study began to be disagreeable to her. "I regarded myself", she says, "as having no talent for it, but since then I have perceived that it was more the tutor's fault than my own. If I had continued under my grandmother's tuition, I should have become a musician, for I am quite cut out for it. The beautiful in this art impresses and delights me more than that of any other."

At the age of twelve, Aurore wrote some small descriptive stories which pleased her grandmother, but as her mother—to whom she sent them—treated them with ridicule, they were discontinued. Even at this early age her head was filled with "Corambé", *mon grand roman inédit*, over which she pondered sleeping and waking. "Corambé", she remarks, "was the god of my idolatry, the form of my religious ideal." For years she continued developing this romance in her mind, living herself into it, as it were, until the desire became irre-

sistible to provide this religion of her own with a form of worship also of her own. She determined to erect an altar to Corambé, and sought out for this purpose a lonely grot which she appropriated and adorned, visiting it clandestinely. She even sacrificed to her God; but to sacrifice living beings would have seemed to her cruel and barbarous; so she conveyed to the grot the birds, beetles, and butterflies which her companions brought her, and there set them at liberty. She adorned the altar daily with fresh flowers, and in this manner worshipped, as she says, "the great spirit of freedom and protection". All this passed unnoticed for a long time, but at last her frequent absence began to be observed, and one day she was followed to her grot, where her secret was disclosed. These innocent proceedings met with no objection, but Aurore, considering her temple desecrated, destroyed it.

Although the grandchild of the *maître oiselier* Delaborde had gradually become reconciled to the old countess, and had even begun to cherish a fondness for her, her mother still continued to occupy her thoughts. One day she had a quarrel about this subject with the housekeeper, for which she was punished with three days' confinement and told that she would be sent to her mother, at which she felt highly pleased. Instead of executing this threat, her grandmother delivered her a long lecture, in the course of which she spoke disparagingly of her mother, and tried to impress upon her that by going to live with her she would inevitably expose herself to infamy. This was more than the child could bear; she took offence, and was fast becoming an *enfant terrible*. She misbehaved herself in all sorts of ways, paid no attention to her studies, and of course derived no benefit from them. Her mind was completely upset, and to relieve herself she had recourse to wild pranks, turning the house upside down with her uproarious gambols. Under these circumstances the grandmother resolved, with the concurrence of her daughter-in-law and in accordance with the prevailing custom of the period, to send Aurore to a convent. Preference was given to the English establishment in the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor at Paris. It has been stated in many of the biographies which have appeared of George Sand—with the object, doubtless, of imparting greater piquancy to the narrative—that at the age of fifteen our authoress was "dexterous in shooting, fencing, riding, and dancing"; in short, that she was an amiable but mischievous Amazon. The fact is, that from her thirteenth to her sixteenth year she remained in the convent, and just at the age of fifteen, as we shall presently see, she was remarkably pious and anything but addicted to either pistol or sword. On her first entrance into the convent the venerable sisters were dismayed at the philosophical untowardness with which she crossed herself, testifying as it did to a total want of practice in the custom. She was placed in the junior class, which consisted of the several divisions of *diables* (madcaps), *bêtes* (stupids), and *sages* (quiet ones), of the first of which she very soon constituted herself the ringleader. She continued to indulge in the same wild habits to which she had latterly become addicted at home; she was gay, frolicsome, and inexhaustible in the invention of mischief. Still, she was a general favorite, not only with her companions and playmates, but also with the strict nuns, for she was exceedingly quiet and docile in school, always attentive, and patient under reproof.

She would, at times, commit the greatest irregularities with a seriousness which was ludicrous. At length she was removed into the senior class, where she learnt to be more sedate and industrious. During all this time "Corambé" continued to dwell in her thoughts. She also composed a number of alexandrines, and wrote a novel which her friends pronounced tedious. Then she wrote a pastoral romance which she considered so bad that she burnt it; after which, mental composition affording her greater pleasure than the productions of her pen, she discontinued writing for some time.

The continual brooding and meditation to which she abandoned herself was, no doubt, the cause of the "unaccountable pressure", the "indescribable emotion", which took possession of her at this time, and which resulted in what she calls her "conversion". She had just completed her fourteenth year; shortly afterwards, she took the sacrament, and this 15th of August she then regarded as the happiest day of her life. She designates the subsequent period of her convent life as a "sacred malady" to which she gave herself entirely up. Untormented by doubts, she accepted with ecstasy the mysteries of Catholicism, held herself aloof from her companions, and became a prey to religious illusions. She went to mass every Sunday, and sometimes two days in succession. Her ideas wandered into unknown and unfrequented regions. She was under the influence of fever, and "her pleasure consisted in not philosophising too closely". She used to pray alone for hours together in church, giving utterance to the inspiration of her heart in her own words, being dissatisfied with the prescribed formulas. She gave herself up to asceticism, and imposed upon herself unnecessary and unprofitable penances. The glowing and masterly psychological description she gives of her condition at that time, is, in many respects, calculated to provoke doubt; on the whole, however, it conveys the impression that in the religious rhapsodies of her novels, George Sand is only giving utterance to what she actually felt. The first reaction proceeded, probably, not from any diminution of her belief, but from other causes. She imagined that the superior of the convent had treated unjustly a friend of hers to whom she was strongly attached, and was led to ask herself if everything in the religious world was in reality as perfect as it appeared to be. It struck her also that another friend, with whom she was associated in religious exercises, laid too much stress upon the outward forms of religion. Her own idea was that the soul alone was concerned, that the form was only a secondary consideration, and that exaggerated ceremonies only tend to materialise religion. These reflexions, to which was added a feeling of bodily weakness, cooled the ardor of her religious enthusiasm. She now began to feel remorse and to regard herself as a sinner excluded from salvation. Happily the English nuns had no desire to encourage their pupils in the indulgence of a spirit of ecstasy and asceticism, and the practical advice which her father confessor gave her was, to change altogether her mode of life, to take bodily nourishment, to amuse herself, and to resume her intercourse with her companions. She was sensible enough to take the advice, and to adopt a more cheerful mode of life, and the beneficial result was health, both to body and mind. The crisis of her religious fervor was past, and although she had not wholly given up the inten-

tion of taking the veil, her resolution was shaken and she became tranquil and happy.

Her grandmother regarded these conventual propensities with dismay, and, lest they should assume a more serious aspect, she took her away from the convent. Aurore was greatly distressed at this, for she had begun to look upon the institution, in which she had spent three years, as an earthly paradise. She was still more painfully affected when her guardian, in view of her own approaching death, began to talk of having her married. This was a subject which above all others she dreaded, and she was glad to be able to retire to Nohant without the project being realised. Her bodily health was now perfectly re-established, and her mind tranquil. As the countess became daily more and more feeble, the girl was left pretty much to her own uncontrolled desires and inclinations. She was indefatigable in riding, in gymnastics, in the study of languages and the fine arts, devoting to each a certain number of hours daily; but the greater portion of her time was devoted to reading. She ransacked the castle library and devoured its contents. She read, amongst other things, 'Le génie du Christianisme," which had been recommended to her by her Paris confessor. From this work she learnt that Catholicism had struck into a new path, and that the majority of its adherents were dissatisfied with the religion which at the English convent was considered as the acme of perfection. She exchanged Thomas-á-Kempis for Chateaubriand, and soon conceived other ideas. She no longer thought of taking the veil, but determined to devote herself to a career of usefulness, and sought to draw pleasure and instruction from every good book on which she could lay her hands. She read Locke, Aristotle, and Leibnitz, though a girl of sixteen can scarcely be expected to comprehend the writings of these authors, or to profit by them. Finally she came to Rousseau. This writer suited her exactly; for her he was the herald *par excellence* of the great doctrines of equality and fraternity, under whose mighty influence her life was to be passed. Whilst she was hesitating whether to sympathise with Catholicism, or turn her back upon it, Jean Jacques came and preached to her of liberty, equality, and love. He, at least, was easy to understand; his passion overpowered, his style captivated her. Watching through the long hours of the night at the bedside of her grandmother during her last long and fatal illness, she began to brood over René and Byron. She mourned over the poor and oppressed; she thought the world was turned upside down, and was afflicted with suicidal mania. In a word, she was passing through her period of Weltschmerz, and although she soon overcame this state of mind, a few leading ideas belonging to that time stamped themselves indelibly upon her memory, and to these she clung with remarkable tenacity during the remainder of her life. There is something of Rousseau in her style, and of Chateaubriand in her social views, of which she was never able to divest herself.

A sad time it was for Aurore which followed the death of the Lady of Nohant. Nohant Castle now became her own property, but the will contained a clause which perpetuated the exclusion of the mother from all participation in the bringing up of her daughter, and appointed a relative as her guardian. Madame Dupin, who was excessively annoyed at this, stood upon her legal rights, dishonored

her mother-in-law in her grave, and rendered herself extremely obnoxious to her daughter, who, as the mother would neither allow her to return to the convent nor to reside at Nohant, consented to accompany her to Paris. The consequence was that all her relatives on the father's side turned their backs upon her. Added to this was the ill-treatment which she soon began to experience from her mother, and into the details of which she enters with unpleasing amplitude in her memoirs. No daughter, even if she were the best writer in the world, is justified in so exposing the faults of a mother, and especially such as are committed against herself. She was unable to adapt herself to the circumstances and to seek consolation in study; life became every day more insupportable, and her mother more ill-natured and irritable, insomuch that Aurore was led to regard her as insane. Offers of marriage were made only to be refused, for she had again conceived the idea of taking the veil. At last the scene changed. Her mother, observing Aurore's mental sufferings and impaired health, bethought herself of sending her for a few months to Plessis. There, in the society of a plain but respectable family, her body and mind assumed a healthier tone, and the happy domestic circle into which she had been thrown taught her that marriage has its advantages. Here she made the acquaintance of Casimir Dudevant, a young friend of the family with whom she was residing; and after a short intimacy he ended by proposing for her hand. We have seen, in several biographies of George Sand, the most ridiculous assertions made respecting this young man, some making him old, bald, and grey, whilst others again have elevated him to the rank of a marquis. The fact is, he had no title of nobility whatever, and so far from being either old, bald, or grey, he was only 27 years of age, with handsome blond hair, and a character against which nothing evil could be alleged. After a brief delay, caused by the whimsical conduct of Aurore's mother, who several times gave her consent and several times withdrew it, the young couple were married on the 22nd of September, 1822, shortly after the bride had completed her eighteenth year. There has been much discussion as to whether the marriage was a voluntary act on the part of Aurore, or not; some date its origin from the lifetime of her grandmother, who, it is alleged, arranged it against the will of both her daughter-in-law and her grandchild. Apart from the circumstance, however, of the old countess having long been dead, the *Histoire de ma Vie* places the fact beyond dispute that George Sand's marriage was entered into of her own free will. It was her mother only who during the negotiations had thrown impediments in the way. In her memoirs she never mentions her mother again after the marriage; save when, speaking of her death, which happened several years after, she describes their latter relations in a manner partly pathetic, partly repulsive.

The young couple took up their residence at Nohant, where Aurore now began to interest herself in feminine occupations, which hitherto she had entirely neglected, and on the moral advantages of which her memoirs contain a lengthy essay. In the summer of 1823 she went to Paris, where, on the 30th of June, she gave birth to her son Maurice, now so well known both as an author and a painter. She spent the winter at Nohant, occupied with her little child. At

first Monsieur and Madame Dudevant lived peaceably and amicably together, but her superior attainments on the one hand, added to his coldness and indifference on the other, soon rendered them both unhappy. No fellowship of mind or community of soul existed between them. Neither of them desired to conceal anything from the other, but there was no subject on which they could discourse. "We never quarrelled;" she says, "on the contrary, I tried hard to see everything with his eyes, but no sooner had I put myself in unison with his ideas than I found myself in contradiction with my own, and fell into inexpressible sadness." She was dissatisfied with the alterations he began to make in the house, grounds, and gardens, in 1824, and in order to dissipate her melancholy, at the suggestion of her husband, she went to spend the summer of that year in Plessis, with the same excellent family where she had first made his acquaintance. At the time of Louis XVIII.'s death, she and her husband occupied a villa in Ormesson, near Paris; afterwards they went to reside in Paris, on which occasions she paid a visit to the English convent, this time not to be received as a nun, but to show her infant son. On her 21st birthday she undertook an excursion to the Pyrenees, respecting which there is a short diary in her memoirs. Returning to Nohant Castle after one year's absence, she left it very seldom during the next five years, and only for a few days at a time. She occupied herself with domestic affairs, and whilst her husband devoted himself to the occupations he found most agreeable, and chose the society most congenial to his own tastes, she gathered around her a small circle of friends of both sexes. He had no taste for the studies of his wife, and no sympathy with her contemplative nature. "I never", she says, "spoke to him of my inward struggles; he would have understood nothing of an anguish of mind that he had never felt."

In September 1828 Aurore gave birth to a daughter who was named Solange after the patroness saint of the Berry; but, alas! the evanescent consolation which this event brought with it faded away like a dream, and left her as wretched and inconsolable as ever. Soon after she received a visit from Jules Sandeau, then a man of rising talent, and now one of the most distinguished members of the French Academy. He at once recognised her talents and tastes, which were akin to his own, and conceived a strong affection for her. In him she found that encouragement and sympathy which were totally wanting in her husband. Néraud the botanist—whom she styled as "Le Malgache"—equally sympathised with her condition. With him she studied botany by way of amusement, and we may trace the result of these studies in some of her "Lettres d'un Voyageur—(Lettres à propos de Botanique)". At last this good-natured man departed, driven away by the jealousy of Madame Dudevant.

Aurore had found the sum allowed by her husband for household expenses insufficient for this purpose, and a year after their marriage she had given the reins of domestic government entirely into his hands. Since then, she had been obliged to apply to him for every franc she required for her own personal use. She had even given up the 1500 francs per annum which had been secured to her by the marriage settlement for the requirements of her toilet. No longer

able to afford pecuniary aid to the poor whom she had taken under her protection, she now constituted herself their gratuitous adviser, physician, and apothecary, having learnt a little of medicine from old Deschartres. Her charitable feeling was one of her finest qualities, but her limited resources prevented its exercise, and her dependence upon her husband being repugnant to her made her long for the possession of means of her own. It was this idea which more than any other determined her to become a writer. She relates that, whilst writing at Nohant for her own amusement, she found she possessed the faculty of writing quickly, continuously, and without effort; that ideas flowed from her pen as if of their own accord; and she thought she possessed sufficient knowledge of human nature to enable her to pourtray character. She felt that of all the things of which she was capable literature afforded her the greatest chance of success, and would be the most remunerative. She had not sufficient confidence in herself to be ambitious, and she could not, as she tells us, "rely upon her small amount of genius". But her love of nature, her capacity for analysing feelings and delineating character, seemed to her to form a sufficient foundation for a beginning, and she hoped at the same time that the circle of her ideas would widen as soon as she became better acquainted with men and things. Having pondered over all this to her own satisfaction, she proposed one day to her husband that henceforward she should be allowed to spend three months alternately at Paris and at Nohant, taking with her her daughter Solange, whilst Maurice was to remain with him under the care of the tutor who had enjoyed her confidence for many years; and to defray the expenses of her residence in Paris, she was to be allowed the 1,500 francs per annum, which in any case belonged to her. This sum, which was to be spread over six months and paid at the rate of 250 francs a month, was certainly not extravagant; but as her object in going to the metropolis was to write, this would secure her a larger income. Monsieur Dudevant gave his consent to this proposal, thinking probably that it was nothing but a whim of which his wife would doubtless soon grow tired.

In 1831, then, pursuant to this arrangement, Aurore Dudevant Dupin proceeded to Paris, accompanied by her little daughter. Her first duty was to pay a visit to the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, but the nuns could neither console her, nor solve the social problem for her, and her awakened energy did not suffer her long to remain inactive. As she had determined to keep aloof from most of her relatives, she paid a visit to each once for all. She went, accordingly, to her mother-in-law, who, on hearing that it was Aurore's intention to write books, pronounced the idea to be a singular one, but on the whole did not discourage it. She only begged that the family name of Dudevant "might not appear on the title-pages of printed books". This the future authoress promised, and she has kept her word.

(*To be continued.*)

The Irrational Knot.

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Author of "An Unsocial Socialist", etc.

Chapter I.

At seven o'clock on a fine evening in April, the gas had just been lighted in a room on the first floor of a house in York Road, Lambeth. A man, recently washed and brushed, stood on the hearthrug before a pier glass, arranging a white necktie, part of his evening dress. He was about thirty, well grown, and fully developed muscularly. There was no cloud of vice or trouble upon him: he was concentrated and calm, making no tentative movements of any sort (even a white tie did not puzzle him into fumbling), but acting with a certainty of aim and consequent economy of force, dreadful to the irresolute. His face was brown; but his auburn hair classed him as a fair man.

The apartment, a drawingroom with two windows, was dusty and untidy. The paint and wall paper had not been renewed for years; nor did the pianette, which stood near the fireplace, seem to have been closed during that time; for the interior was dusty, and the inner ends of the keys begrimed. On a table between the windows were some tea things, with a heap of milliner's materials, and a brass candlestick which had been pushed back to make room for a partially unfolded cloth. There was a second table near the door, crowded with coils, batteries, a galvanometer, and other electrical apparatus. The mantelpiece was littered with dusty letters; and two trays of Doulton ware which ornamented it were filled with accounts, scraps of twine, buttons, and rusty keys.

A shifting rustling sound as of somebody dressing, which had for some minutes been audible through the folding doors, now ceased; and a handsome young woman entered. She had thick black hair, fine dark eyes, an oval face, a clear olive complexion, and an elastic figure. She was incompletely attired in a petticoat that did not hide her ankles, and stays of bright red silk, with white laces and seams. Quite unconcerned at the presence of the man, she poured out a cup of tea, carried it to the mantelpiece, and began to arrange her hair before the glass. He, without looking round, completed the arrangement of his tie; looked at it earnestly for a moment; and said, "Have you got a pin about you?"

"There is one in the pincushion on my table," she said; "but I think it's a black one. I dont know where the deuce all the pins go to." Then, casting off the subject, she whistled a long and florid cadenza, and added, by way of instrumental interlude, a remarkably close imitation of a violoncello. Meanwhile the man went into her room for the pin. On his return she suddenly became curious, and said, "Where are you going to-night, if one may ask?"

"I am going out."

She looked at him for a moment, and turned contemptuously to the mirror, saying, "Thank you. Sorry to be inquisitive."

"I am going to sing for the Countess of Sunbury at a concert at Wandsworth."

"Sing! You! The Countess of Bunbury! Does she live at Wandsworth?"

"No. She lives in Park Lane."

"Oh! I beg her pardon." The man made no comment on this; and she, after looking doubtfully at him to assure herself that he was in earnest, continued, "How does the Countess of Whatshername come to know *you*, pray?"

"Why not?"

A long pause ensued. Then she said: "Stuff!"; but she did not feel sure that he was not telling the truth. Her exclamation had no apparent effect on him until he had buttoned his waistcoat and arranged his watch chain. Then he glanced at a sheet of pink paper which lay on the mantelpiece. She snatched it at once, opened it, stared incredulously at it, and said,

"Pink paper, and scalloped edges! How filthily vulgar! I thought she was not much of a Countess. Ahem! 'Parnassus Society for the Propagation of the Arts. A concert will be given at the Savings Bank, Wandsworth, on Tuesday, the 25th April, by the Countess of Sunbury, assisted by the following ladies and gentlemen. Miss Elinor McQuench'—such a name! 'Miss Marian Lind'—who's Miss Marian Lind?"

"How should I know?"

"I only thought, as she is a pal of the Countess, that you would most likely be intimate with her. 'Mrs. Leith Fairfax.' There is a Mrs. Leith Fairfax who writes novels, and very rotten novels they are, too. Who are the gentlemen? 'Mr. Marmaduke Lind'—brother to Miss Marian, I suppose. 'Mr. Edward Conolly'—save the mark: they must have been rather hard up for gentlemen when they put *you* down as one. The Conolly family is looking up at last. Hm! nearly a dozen altogether. 'Tickets will be distributed gratis to the families of working men by the Rev. George Lind'—pity they didnt engage Jenny Lind on purpose to sing with you—'secretary to the Society. A limited number of front seats at one shilling. Please turn over. Part I. Symphony in F: Haydn. Arranged for four English concertinas by Julius Baker. Mr. Julius Baker; Master Julius Abt Baker; Miss Lisette Baker (aged 8); and Miss Totty Baker (aged 6½)'. Good Lord! 'Song: Rose softly blooming: Spohr. Miss Marian Lind.' I wonder whether she can sing! 'Polonaise in A flat major: Chopin'—what rot! As if working people cared about Chopin. Miss Elinor McQuench is a fool, I see. 'Song: *Il balen.*' Of course: knew you would try that. Oho! Here's something sensible at last. 'Nigger melody. Uncle Ned. Mr. Marmaduke Lind, accompanied by himself on the banjo.'

Dum, drum. Dum, drum. Dum, drum. Dum—
'And there was an ole' nigga; and his name was Uncle Ned;
An' he's dead long ago, long ago.
And he had no hair on the top of his head
In the place where the wool ought to grow.'

Mr. Marmaduke Lind will get a double *encore*; and no one will take the least notice of you or the others. 'Recitation. The Faithful Soul. Adelaide Proctor. Mrs. Leith Fairfax.' Well, this certainly

is a blessed attempt to amuse Wandsworth. *Another* reading by the Rev.——"

Here Conolly, who had been putting on his overcoat, picked the programme deftly from his sister's fingers, and left the room. She, after damning him very heartily, returned to the glass, and continued dressing, taking her tea at intervals until she was ready to go out; when she sent for a cab, and bade the driver convey her to the Bijou Theatre, Soho.

Conolly, on arriving at the Wandsworth Savings Bank, was directed to the secretary's office, which served as green room on this occasion. He was greeted by a clean shaven young clergyman who protested that he was glad to see him there, but did not offer his hand. Conolly thanked him briefly, and went without further ceremony to the table, where he placed his hat and overcoat on a heap of similar garments. Then he looked at his programme, and calculated how soon his turn to sing would come. Then he unrolled his music, and placed two copies of "*Il balen*" ready to his hand upon the table. Having made these arrangements with a self-possession that quite disconcerted the clergyman, he turned to examine the rest of the company.

His first glance was arrested by the beauty of a young lady with light brown hair and gentle grey eyes, who sat near the fire. Beside her, on a lower chair, was a small, lean, and very restless young woman with keen dark eyes staring defiantly from a worn face. These two were attended by a jovial young gentleman with curly auburn hair, who was twanging a banjo, and occasionally provoking an exclamation of annoyance from the restless girl by requesting her opinion of his progress in tuning the instrument. Near them stood a tall man, dark and handsome. He seemed unused to his present circumstances, and contemptuous both of the company and of the object for which they were assembled.

The clergyman, who had just conducted to the platform an elderly professor in a shabby frock coat, followed by three well washed children, each of whom carried a concertina, now returned and sat down beside a middle-aged lady, who made herself conspicuous by using a gold framed eyeglass so as to convey an impression that she was an exceedingly keen observer.

"It is fortunate that the evening is so fine," said the clergyman to her.

"Yes, is it not, Mr. Lind?"

"My throat is always affected by bad weather, Mrs. Leith Fairfax. I shall be so handicapped by the inevitable comparison of my elocution with yours, that I am glad the weather is favorable to me, though the comparison is not."

"No," said Mrs. Fairfax, with decision. "I am not in the least an orator. I can repeat a poem: that is all. Oh! I hope I have not broken my glasses." They had slipped from her nose to the floor. Conolly picked them up, turned them with his fingers like one used to handle mechanical contrivances, and straightened them.

"No harm done, madame," said he, handing them to her.

"Thank you. You are very kind, very kind indeed." Conolly nodded, and turned again towards the other group.

"Who is that?" whispered Mrs. Fairfax to the clergyman.

"Some young man who attracted the attention of the Countess by his singing. He is only a workman."

"Indeed! Where did she hear him sing?"

"In her son's laboratory, I believe. He came there to put up some electrical machinery, and sang into a telephone for their amusement. You know how fond Lord Jasper is of mechanics. Indeed it was he, rather than the Countess, who thought of getting him to sing for us."

"How very interesting! I saw that he was clever when he spoke to me. There is so much in trifles—in byplay, Mr. Lind. Now, his manner of picking up my glass had his entire history in it. You will also see it in the solid development of his head. That young man deserves to be encouraged."

"You are very generous, Mrs. Leith Fairfax. It would not be well to encourage him too much, however. You must recollect that he is not used to society. Injudicious encouragement might perhaps lead him to forget his real place in it."

"I do not agree with you, Mr. Lind. You do not read human nature as I do. You know that I am an expert. I see men as he sees a telegraph instrument, quite uninfluenced by personal feeling."

"True, Mrs. Leith Fairfax. But the heart is deceitful above all things and des—— at least I should say—. That is, you will admit that the finest perception may err in its estimate of the inscrutable work of the almighty."

"Doubtless. But really, Mr. Lind, human beings are *so* shallow! I assure you there is nothing at all inscrutable about them to a trained analyst of character. It may be a gift, perhaps; but people's minds are to me only little machines made up of superficial motives."

"I say," said the young gentleman with the banjo, interrupting them; "have you got a copy of 'Rose softly blooming' there?"

"I!" said Mrs. Fairfax. "No, certainly not."

"Then it is all up with the concert. Douglas has forgotten Marian's music; and there is nothing for Nelly—I beg pardon, I mean Miss McQuench—to play from. She is above playing by ear."

"I cannot play by ear," said the restless young lady.

"It is hardly worth remarking that I did not *forget* Miss Lind's music," observed the tall man, coldly. "I conceived it to be the duty of a servant, or a retriever, to carry about the necessary luggage."

"Having nobody half so intelligent as the one or so trustworthy as the other to depend on," said Miss McQuench, "I brought my own music; and I am very sorry I had not the good sense to bring Marian's too."

"Bravo, Nelly! Bravo!" cried the banjo player. The tall man turned haughtily away.

"If you will sing 'Coal black Rose' instead, Marian, I can accompany you on the banjo, and back you up in the chorus. The Wandsworthers—if they survive the concertinas—will applaud the change as one man."

"Joking apart though, Marmaduke," said the beautiful young lady anxiously; "what shall I do? If somebody will vamp an accompaniment, I can get on very well without any music. But if I try to play for myself I shall break down."

Conolly here stepped aside, and beckoned to the clergyman.

"That young man wants to speak to you," whispered Mrs. Fairfax.

"Oh, indeed. Thank you," said the Rev. Mr. Lind, stiffly. "I suppose I had better see what he requires."

"I suppose you had," said Mrs. Fairfax, with some impatience.

"I dont wish to intrude where I have no business," said Conolly quietly to the clergyman; "but I can play that lady's accompaniment, if she will allow me."

"I am sure she will not object," said the other, relieved by the offer. "Your services will be most acceptable. Excuse me for one moment, whilst I inform Miss Lind."

He crossed the room to the lady, and said in a lower tone, "I think I have succeeded in arranging the matter, Marian. That young man says he will play for you."

"I hope he *can* play," said Marian doubtfully. "Who is he?"

"His name is Conolly. Jasper told us about him."

Miss Lind's eyes lighted. "Is that he?" she whispered, glancing curiously across the room at him. "Bring him and introduce him to us."

"I do not think it can be necessary to introduce this young workman to your sister," said Douglas, without lowering his voice sufficiently to prevent Conolly from hearing him. The clergyman hesitated.

"It is quite necessary: I do not know what he must think of us already," said Marian, ashamed, and looking apprehensively at Conolly. He was staring deliberately at Douglas, who, after a vain attempt to ignore him, had eventually to turn away. The Rev. Mr. Lind then led the electrician forward, and avoided a formal presentation by saying genially,

"Here is Mr. Conolly, who will extricate us from all our difficulties."

Miss McQuench nodded. Miss Lind bowed. Marmaduke shook hands good-naturedly, and retired somewhat abashed, thrumming his banjo. Just then a faint sound of clapping was followed by the return of the quartet party, upon which Miss Lind rose and moved hesitatingly toward the platform.

"Permit me," said Douglas, offering his hand.

"Nonsense, Sholto," said she, laughing. "They will expect you to do something if you appear with me."

"Allow *me*, Marian," said the clergyman, as Douglas, frowning, bowed and stood aside. She, pretending not to notice her brother, turned towards Conolly, who at once passed the Rev. George, and led her to the platform.

"The original key?" he enquired, as they mounted the steps.

"I dont know," she said, alarmed.

For a moment he was taken aback. Then he said, "What is the highest note you can sing?"

"I can sing A sometimes—only when I am alone. I dare not attempt it before people."

Conolly sat down, knowing now that Miss Lind was a commonplace amateur. He had been contrasting her with his sister, greatly to the disparagement of his home life; and he was disappointed to find the lady break down where the actress would have succeeded so well. Consoling himself with the reflexion that if Miss Lind could not rap

out a B flat like Susanna, neither could she rap out an oath. he played the accompaniment much better than Marian sang the song. Meanwhile, Miss McQuench, listening jealously in the green-room, hated herself for her inferior skill.

"Cool, and reserved, is the modern Benjamin Franklin," observed Marmaduke to her.

"Better a reserved man who can do something than a sulky one who can do nothing," she said, glancing at Douglas, with whom the clergyman was striving to converse genially.

"Exquisite melody, is it not, Mr. Douglas?" said Mrs. Fairfax.

"I do not care for music," said Douglas. "I lack the maudlin disposition in which the taste usually thrives."

"Mr. Douglas despises everything that he has no faculty for. He understands his own dignity far too well to court exposure by pretending to musical knowledge."

"Miss McQuench is always ready to answer for me," said Douglas coldly; "and doubtless she is well qualified to do so, though she can hardly sympathize with the value that I confess I place on personal dignity."

"On the contrary," retorted Miss McQuench, "I cannot conceive anything better calculated to excite sympathy than the spectacle of a man devoting his life to self-worship."

Douglas dropped his eyelids as if ashamed of the bitterness of his assailant, and, without taking further notice of her, entered into conversation with Mrs. Fairfax.

Meanwhile, Miss Lind had sung her song, and had received a round of grateful but not enthusiastic applause.

"Thank you, Mr. Conolly," she said, as she left the platform. "I am afraid that Spohr's music is too good for the people here. Dont you think so?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Conolly. "It is only that they will not admire a song because it is classical, or by this, that, or the other composer. They wont take Spohr's good intentions for granted unless you realize them."

Miss Lind colored, and returned in silence to her seat beside Miss McQuench, feeling that she had exposed herself to a remark that no gentleman would have made.

"Now then Nelly," said Marmaduke; "the parson is going to call time. Keep up your pecker. Come, get up, get up."

"Do not be so boisterous, Duke," said Marian. "It is bad enough to have to face an audience, without being ridiculed beforehand."

"Marian," said Marmaduke; "if you think Nelly will hammer a love of music into the British workman, you err. Most of them get their living by hammering; and they will most likely resent feminine competition. Bang! There she goes. Pity the sorrows of a poor old piano; and let us hope its trembling limbs wont come through the floor."

"Really, Marmaduke," said Marian impatiently, "you are excessively foolish. You are like a boy fresh from school."

Marmaduke, taken aback by her sharp tone, sat down laughing. "You have put Marian in a rage for once, my boy," he cried, shak-

ing his left hand with his right. "Three cheers for you! That is the first time I ever saw you lose your temper, Marian. I'm awfully sorry, of course; but I am glad I saw it just for once. Hallo, Douglas; you dont look very amiable. I have no objection to your scowling, if you enjoy it; provided you do it in a strictly impersonal way. At present you look as though you were scowling at me."

Douglas regarded Marmaduke for a moment with increased severity. Then, changing his expression to one of tenderness, he bent towards Marian and said in a low voice,

"You are tired of this place. The room, too, is very draughty. I fear it will give you cold. Let me drive you home now. An apology can be made for whatever else you are supposed to do for these people. Let me get your cloak and call a cab."

Marian laughed. "Thank you, Sholto," she said; "but I assure you I am quite happy. Pray do not look offended because I am not so uncomfortable as you think I ought to be."

"I am glad you are happy," said Douglas in his former cold tone. "I fear my presence is rather a drawback to your enjoyment than otherwise."

"I told you not to come, Sholto; but you would. Why not adapt yourself to the circumstances, and be agreeable?"

"I am not conscious of being disagreeable."

"I did not mean that. —Or stay! I suppose I did mean it. I do not like to see you making an enemy of everyone in the room, and forcing me to say things that I know must hurt you."

"To the enmity of your new associates I am supremely indifferent, Marian. To that of your old friends I am accustomed. I am not in the mood to be lectured on my behavior at present: besides, the subject is hardly worth pursuing. May I gather from your remarks that I shall gratify you by withdrawing?"

"Yes," said Marian, flushing slightly, and looking steadily at him. Then, controlling her voice with an effort, she added, "Do not try again to browbeat me into telling you a falsehood, Sholto."

Douglas looked at her in surprise. Before he could answer, Miss McQuench reappeared.

"Well, Nelly," said Marmaduke; "is there any piano left?"

"Not much," she replied, with a sullen laugh. "I never played worse in my life."

"Wrong notes? or deficiency in the sacred fire?"

"Both."

"I believe your song comes next," said the clergyman to Conolly, who had been standing apart, listening to Miss McQuench's performance.

"Who is to accompany me, sir?"

"Oh—ah—Miss McQuench will, I am sure," replied the Rev. Mr. Lind, smiling nervously. Conolly looked grave. The young lady referred to closed her teeth with a snap, frowned, and said nothing. Marmaduke chuckled.

"Perhaps you would rather play your own accompaniment," said the clergyman.

Conolly shook his head decisively, and said, "I can do only one thing at a time, sir."

"Oh, they are not very critical: they are only workmen," said the clergyman, and then reddened deeply as Marmaduke gave him a very perceptible nudge.

"I must not take advantage of that, as I am only a workman myself," said Conolly. "I had rather leave the song out than accompany myself."

"Pray dont suppose that I wish to be disagreeable, Mr. Lind," said Miss McQuench, as the company looked doubtfully at her; "but I have disgraced myself too completely to trust my fingers again. I should spoil the song if I played the accompaniment."

"I think you might try, Nell," said Marmaduke reproachfully.

"I might," retorted Miss McQuench; "but I wont."

"If somebody doesnt go out and do something, there will be a shindy," said Marmaduke.

Marian hesitated a moment and then rose. "I am a very indifferent player," she said; "but since no better is to be had, I will venture:—if Mr. Conolly will trust me."

Conolly bowed. Douglas moved as though to remonstrate.

"If you would rather not," said Miss McQuench, shamed into remorse, "I will try the accompaniment. But I am sure to play it all wrong."

"You are, Nelly," said Marmaduke. "You have lost your chance; and you shall not touch the piano if you were a hundred times as willing, just to punish you for being sulky."

"I think Miss McQuench had better play," said Douglas sternly.

Conolly looked at Marian, received a reassuring glance, and went to the platform with her without further ado. She was not a sympathetic accompanyist; but, not knowing this, she was not at all put out by it. She felt too that she was, as became a lady, giving the workman a lesson in courtesy which might stand him in stead when he next accompanied "Rose, softly blooming". She was a little taken aback on finding that he not only had a rich baritone voice, but was, as far as she could judge, an accomplished singer, pronouncing Italian with ease, and singing expressively without offending her taste by the least exaggeration. He was encored; and she played very nervously the second time.

"Really," she said as they left the platform, "you sing most beautifully."

"One would hardly have expected it," he said with a smile.

Marian, annoyed at having this side of her compliment exposed, did not return the smile, and went to her chair in the green room without taking any further notice of him.

"I congratulate you," said Mrs. Leith Fairfax to Conolly, looking at him, like all the rest except Douglas, with a marked access of interest. "Ah! What wonderful fire and depth there is in Italian music!"

He assented politely with a movement of his head.

"I know nothing at all about music," said Mrs. Fairfax.

"Very few people do."

"I mean technically, of course," she said, not quite pleased.

"Of course."

Loud applause here followed the conclusion of the first verse of "Uncle Ned".

"*Do* come and listen, Nelly," said Marian, returning to the door. Miss McQuench accordingly joined her, conversing with her in whispers as they listened. Mrs. Fairfax and Conolly presently went to the door too.

"Would you not like to help in the chorus, Nelly?" said Marian in a low voice.

"Not particularly," said Miss McQuench.

"Your silliness is infectious, Marian," said Mrs. Fairfax, ashamed of feeling as much delighted with 'Uncle Ned' as the audience, who had begun to join uproariously in the refrain.

"Sholto," said Marian; "come and share our vulgar joy. We want you to join in the chorus."

"Thank you," said Douglas, "I fear that I am too indifferent a vocalist to do justice to a burden with which I must confess myself very insufficiently acquainted."

"Sing with Mr. Conolly and you cannot go wrong," said Miss McQuench.

"Hush," said Marian, interposing quickly lest Douglas should retort. "There is the chorus. Shall we really join?"

Conolly struck up the refrain without further hesitation. Marian sang with him. Mrs. Fairfax and the clergyman looked furtively at one another, but forbore to swell the chorus. Miss McQuench sang a few words in a piercing contralto voice, and then stopped with a gesture of impatience, feeling that she was out of tune. Marian, with only Conolly to keep her in countenance, felt relieved when Marmaduke, thrice encored, entered the room in triumph. Whilst he was being congratulated, Douglas bent over Miss McQuench, who was pretending to ignore Marmaduke's success.

"I trust, Miss McQuench," he said in a low voice, "that you will be able to spare Marian from again having to second the performances of that young man."

"She accompanies him much better than I should," said Miss McQuench.

"Your playing is quite good enough for him."

"How mean it is of you to be jealous of a plumber!" said Miss McQuench, with a quick glance at him which she did not dare to sustain, so fiercely did he return it. When she looked again, he seemed unconscious of her presence, and was buttoning his overcoat.

"Really going at last, Sholto?" said Marian. Douglas bowed.

"I told you you wouldnt be able to stand it, old man," said Marmaduke. "Mrs. Bluestockings wont be pleased with you for not waiting to hear her recite." This referred to Mrs. Fairfax, who had just gone upon the platform.

"Good night," said Miss McQuench shortly, anxious to test how far he was offended, but unwilling to appear solicitous for a reconciliation.

"Until to-morrow, farewell," he said, approaching Marian, who gave him her hand with a smile; Conolly looking thoughtfully at him meanwhile. He then left the room; and quiet prevailed until Mrs.

Fairfax came back, and the concertinists, who had been sitting unnoticed in a corner, silent except for a few efforts of the head of the family to engage the Rev. George in conversation, went to the platform.

"Shall I have the pleasure of playing the accompaniment to your next song?" said Conolly, sitting down near Marian.

"Thank you," said Marian, shrinking a little; "I think Miss McQuench knows it by heart." Then, still anxious to be affable to the workman, she added, "Lord Jasper says you are a great musician."

"No: I am an electrician. Music is not my business: it is my amusement."

"You have invented something very wonderful, have you not?"

"I have discovered something; and I am trying to invent a means of turning it to account. It will be only a cheap electro-motor if it comes to anything."

"You must explain that to me some day, Mr. Conolly. For the present I must submit to the humiliation of being ignorant of what an electro-motor means."

"I ought not to have mentioned it," said Conolly. "It is so constantly in my mind that I am easily led to talk about it. I try to prevent myself; but the very effort makes me think of it more than ever."

"But I like to hear you talk about it," said Marian. "I always try to make people talk shop to me; and of course they always repay me by trying to keep on indifferent topics, of which I know as much —or as little—as they."

"When a man has been hard at it all day, he likes to shut up the shop and talk nonsense enjoyably—except, of course, when he wants to show off."

"Oh Mr. Conolly! I hope you are not a cynic. Cynicism is so hackneyed."

"Not of the sort you mean, Miss Lind. There are two styles of cynicism. There is the man who believes everybody and everything to be as mean as they can be. That theory can be made to square with the best remembered half of general experience. Then there's the robust fellow, who has been out in the world, and can face a little unpleasant truth without flinching. Now, your squeamish folk, who go about pretending that everything is perfect, invariably set such a fellow down as a cynic; and I suppose they would call me one."

"I dont think it is right to be satisfied with anything that is not perfect."

"'Things might be worse' is just as good philosophy as 'Things might be better'. I know, and everybody knows, that self-gratification, near or remote, is the object of every voluntary human action; but that knowledge does not take all the good out of life for me, as the squeamish folk suppose. As long as I derive as much pleasure from witnessing an honest or generous action as they do, what practical difference is there between us? And why am I to be called a cynic because I can see and tolerate a little flaw here and there? There is no such thing—more's the pity—as perfect insulation; but we can work fairly well without it."

"Which means?" said Marian.

"Which means shop again," replied Conolly. "I have run into a long digression because you called me a vulgar cynic."

"Oh no: indeed I did not. Perhaps your views are right. You are so much in the genuine work-a-day world that you should be better able to judge than I. But it seems to me that the world wants gentleness and thought for others so much, that any feeling of contentment with its present state is wrong."

"To tell you the truth, Miss Lind, I am as discontented as any man on earth. But when one person gives one view, another person gives another, by way of counterbalance; and so it comes about that people are constantly arguing against their own habits and convictions out of mere contrairiness—as they say in Ireland."

"Have you ever been in Ireland?"

"Yes, once. That was only for three hours, at Queenstown."

"Then you have been to America?"

"Yes. I am, in fact, an Irish American, or an American Irishman. I am an Italian too, and being an electrician, accustomed to disregard space, I may claim cosmopolitanism with more reason than most men."

"What do you mean, Mr. Conolly?"

"Well, my grandfather was an Irish sailor with such a tremendous voice that a Neapolitan music master brought him out in opera as a *buffo*. When he had roared his voice away, he went into the chorus. My father was reared in Italy, and looked more Italian than most genuine natives. He had no voice; so he became first accompanyist, then chorus master, and finally trainer for the operatic stage. He speculated in an American tour, married out there, lost all his money, and came over to England, when I was only twelve, to resume his business at Covent Garden. I stayed in America five years longer, during which time I took to electricity."

"I suppose your father taught you to sing."

"No. He never gave me a lesson. The fact is, Miss Lind, he was a capital man to teach stage tricks and traditional renderings of old operas; but only the exceptionally powerful voices survived his method of teaching. He would have finished my career as a singer in two months if he had troubled himself to teach me. Never go to Italy to learn singing."

"I fear you are a cynic—of the bad kind—after all. You ought either to believe in your father or else be silent about him."

"And so waste the knowledge derived from his experience? No, Miss Lind; that would be immoral."

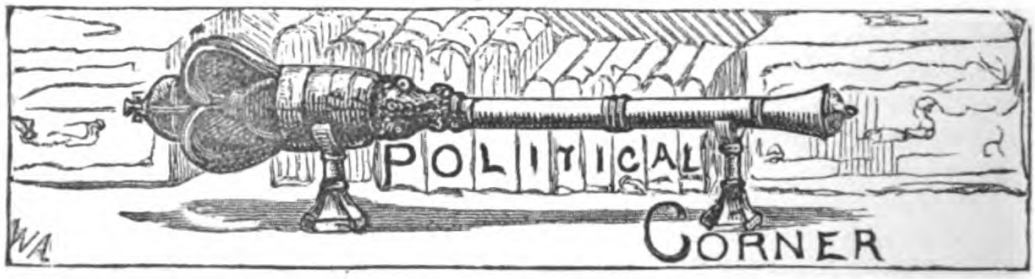
"Immoral! Is it immoral to hide the failings of those whom we love? I can understand now how your musical and electrical tastes became mixed up; but you should not confuse your duties. But pray excuse me:" (Conolly's eyes had opened a little wider) "I am lecturing you, without the least right to do so. It is a failing of mine which you must not mind."

"I have invited your censure by telling you a long story about myself. It is not often that I—in fact, I never before had the oppor-

tunity of talking about myself to a lady; and, now that it has come, I fear I have abused it."

Marian laughed. "We had better stop apologizing to one another," she said. "What about the accompaniments to our next songs?" And so the conversation returned to the subject of music.

(To be continued.)



SINCE last month the position of the Gladstone ministry has been sorely imperilled by the disastrous course of events in the Soudan, and from the wilds of Afghanistan we have rumors of further difficulty. So far as one can judge at the moment, the Redistribution Bill will pass without serious change, and the general election will come before Christmas, but what will come after is not so easy of prophecy. Mr. Gladstone's great age and failing strength would in any case make the next few months serious for the Liberal party, but it is clear that with his retirement there will be further losses to the ranks of "Liberal" leaders.

A GOOD illustration of the mischief of the autumn compromise may be found in the discussion on Professor Bryce's motion for disfranchising the Universities as boroughs to return any member. Sir C. Dilke, on behalf of the Government, said that the Bill being the result of an arrangement between different parties, it would be impossible for the Government to agree to the amendment. At the same time he might state his own opinion that Professor Bryce had made out an unanswerable case against University representation.

MR. HOPWOOD'S Affirmation Bill, which is wisely inclusive of all possible cases, has been introduced, read a first time, printed, and—blocked. Many scores of resolutions from all parts of England, Wales, and Scotland, representing every shade of Liberal opinion, have been sent to Mr. Gladstone, asking the Cabinet to afford facilities for the second reading. There is a solid array of petitions in favor of the Bill, and at present not a solitary hostile petition.

AS far as it is possible to speak with any degree of certainty in a grave matter, subject to judicial decision, the examinations of the witnesses against the persons charged with complicity in the recent dynamite explosions give ground for believing that the secret of the previous railway station explosions will be solved during the present trial.

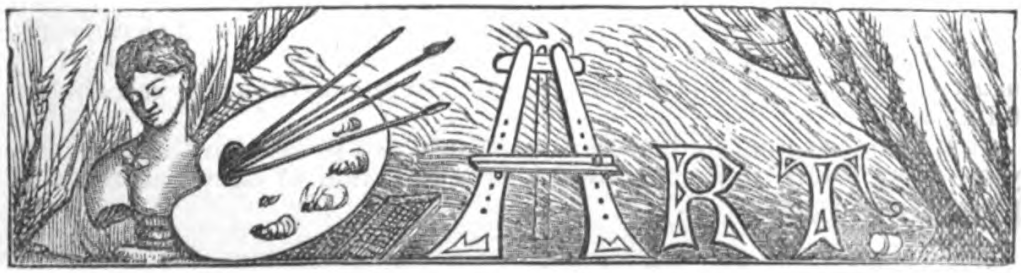
WITH President Cleveland's accession to office there is of course a new ministry in the United States, but except on the question of silver coinage, which is creating some excitement in the Pacific States, there is no special political question raised, and the Presidential address might almost have been delivered by a Republican instead of by a Democrat. The declaration in favor of Civil Service reform was distinct, and it will be well for the political future of the United States if the new President is loyally encouraged to persevere in this reform.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S speech in the Reichstag on the colonial policy of Germany shows considerable irritation against England. In one point I cordially endorse the German Chancellor, *i.e.*, in his declaration that "our whole costly service of diplomacy is superfluous".

THE difficulty between France and China is an increasing rather than a lessening quantity. The losses by sickness amongst the French soldiers are greater than those killed or disabled in actual fighting. In real encounters the French win, but the end is no nearer, and the bitter feeling amongst the Chinese has been increased by the almost total destruction by the French navy of the native mercantile and fishing coasting craft near Formosa. In Paris French financial troubles are likely to aggravate the situation, and this, in the near Presidential contest, may have serious meaning. M. Brisson's chances for the Presidency of the Republic are considered as having lessened, and some think M. Léon Say more likely than M. Jules Ferry to succeed M. Grévy.

A DETERMINED effort should be everywhere made by Radicals to create sound public opinion, and to exercise pressure on the Ministry, with reference to Egypt and the Soudan. The lives lost cannot be recalled; the treasure already wasted is irrecoverable; but English Radicals should sternly protest against further aggression against the unfortunate Soudanese, with whom we had originally no legitimate cause of strife, and who have only defended their own land. There is great talk that British prestige will be weakened if our troops are withdrawn, but if this be true it is a lesser evil than that we should for revenge or for conquest continue to send men either to die in the desert or to destroy the Arab tribes, whom we so unjustly describe as "rebels". From first to last this Egyptian business has been a mixture of blundering and criminality. It is now assuming such serious proportions, and may involve such sore consequences, that it is some little relief to find even a small outside feeling growing against the Jingo madness so fraught with possible ruinous disaster.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.



MUSIC.—Since the appearance of Herr Joachim at the Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts, crowded audiences have once more assembled each week in St. James's Hall. The greatest of living violinists is playing this season in his most exquisite fashion, and I suppose few who really care for music allow the short time he is with us to pass without taking every opportunity of hearing him. A very interesting concert was given on Monday, March 2nd. The favorite Quartet in D minor by Mozart stood first on the programme, and was admirably given by MM. Joachim, Ries, Strauss, and Piatti. The most notable feature of this Quartet is the Minuet: that is equal to any that Mozart, who stands unsurpassed in this particular form of musical composition, has written. Herr Joachim played the part allotted to the first violin with a grace and delicacy of touch indescribably beautiful. Signor Bottesini created great interest by his

performance of an Andante and Rondo of his own composition, on the instrument that he himself has invented, and called the Contra-basso. This Contra-basso is a very Gargantua among string instruments, and the skill with which Signor Bottesini defied and so far overcame its unwieldiness as to produce rapid and brilliant passages, gained repeated and well-deserved applause, replied to by the inevitable encore that is becoming too marked a feature at the classical concerts. The great disadvantage of the new instrument is that, to any one irreverently inclined, its management calls for an amount of gymnastics somewhat conducive to merriment, and suggests the not unlikely possibility that the Contra-basso may prove too refractory, and an undignified collapse of both instrument and performer be the result. The bass-notes, too, when played rapidly, had a disagreeable buzzing sound that made them much less pleasing than the deep notes of the violoncello. Gade's Sonata Op. 6, for pianoforte and violin, was given for the first time at these concerts. This work shows considerable originality, and was admirably rendered by Miss Zimmerman and Herr Joachim. The chief items worthy of special notice at the concert on March 9th, were Spohr's Concerto in A Minor, No. 8 (Scena Cantante), magnificently played by Herr Joachim, the pianoforte accompaniment being arranged from the orchestral score by M. David; and Mr. Santley's fine rendering of Schumann's dramatic song "Belshazzar".

It is much to be wished that Mr. Chappell would devise some method of preventing the distraction caused by late comers to the stalls. On each occasion that I have been present the rhythmic sequence of movements in the opening piece has been broken by a wait between the sections that could be reckoned by minutes. Why should not the doors be closed at the commencement of the concert and kept so until the end of the first piece? Habitual delinquents would then learn that they have the choice between their dinners and the music, and would at least, if they prefer the former, be debarred from interfering with the enjoyment of those who decide for the music; not to speak of the advantage of courtesy to the musicians.

Herr Rubinstein has stated his intention of coming to London to conduct the first performance of his new work, "Paradise Lost". It is to be hoped that this decision will remain unaltered, as there will then be a possibility that he will give a series of recitals before leaving England.

Herr Franke announces that he will give six representations of "Tristan und Isolde" at the end of June or beginning of July, provided that a sufficient guarantee fund can be raised. As "Tristan und Isolde" is held by many to be Wagner's finest opera, this necessary condition will probably be fulfilled.

It is bad news that Madame Schumann will not be heard in England this year. Her health is in too precarious a condition to allow her to make professional engagements.

SAVOY THEATRE, March 14th.—A new work by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert is always an event in theatrical and musical annals. The crowded state of the house on the first night certainly testified to considerable interest in the forthcoming opera. It has been known for some time that Mr. Gilbert intended in his new play to introduce us to "fresh fields and pastures new"; to lay aside his satire on Society's crazes; and to lay the scene of his new conception of "topsy-turvydom" in Japan. The story is not particularly remarkable for its coherence, but a sketch of the main features will serve to show that the elements of thorough-going fun are present. "The Mikado, or The Town of Titipu", is the title of the opera. Ko-Ko (Mr. Grossmith) who holds the post of chief executioner, purposes to marry his ward Yum-Yum (Miss L. Braham). Yum-Yum, however, has fallen in love with Nanki-Poo (Mr. Lely) the son of the Mikado, who has left his father's palace, to avoid marrying Katisha (Miss Brandram), an

elderly and unattractive lady. He is living in Titipu disguised as the second trombone in a German band. Owing to an order from the Mikado (Mr. Temple), Ko-Ko finds himself in the awkward predicament of being obliged to behead himself or to find a substitute within a month. Although Chief Executioner he has "never even killed a blue-bottle", and he declines to try his 'prentice hand on himself, making as his excuse: "As official Headsman my reputation is at stake, and I can't consent to embark on a professional operation unless I see my way to a successful result". It is therefore arranged that Nanki-Poo shall marry Yum-Yum; but that at the end of a month, he is to be sacrificed as a substitute for Ko-Ko; and his widow is to become the bride of the Chief Executioner. This happy arrangement is overthrown by the discovery that the law in Titipu enacts that the wife of a decapitated citizen must be buried alive. Yum-Yum refuses to suffer "such a stuffy death", but the threatened arrival of the Mikado makes some immediate action necessary. It is at length decided that Nanki-Poo shall be reported as dead. The Mikado enters and, after listening to the exact and harrowing details of the victim's death, proceeds to make inquiries for his son, whom he knows to be living in disguise in Titipu. Katisha, who is also in search of her missing lover, picks up the warrant of execution, and finds in it the name of Nanki-poo. The Mikado acknowledges the moral innocence of the offenders, but condemns them to a death which is "Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead." Pending the preparation for this cheerful punishment, the Mikado retires to lunch. During his absence a solution of the difficulties is arrived at. Ko-Ko is to marry Katisha. Nanki-Poo can then declare himself to be alive, obtain pardon for his supposed executors, and thus secure a happy ending. One important personage must not be forgotten—Pooh-Bah (Mr. Barrington), who is, according to his own account, "a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. . . . I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmic, primordial, atomic globule." This aristocratic individual consents to humble his pride and accepts "*with the salaries attached to them*," the posts of "First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one."

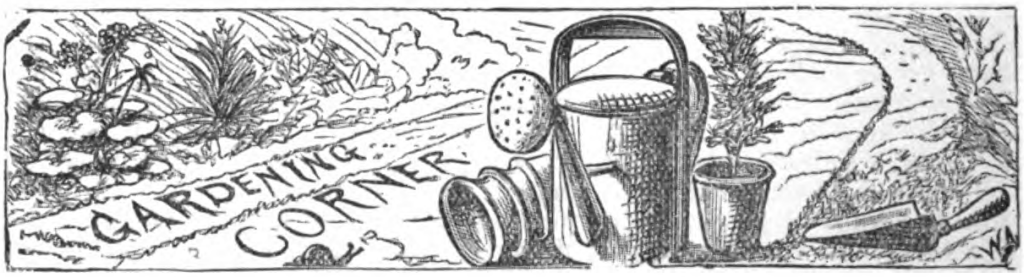
Mr. Grossmith was not well-up in the dialogue, and at times palpably hesitated, but with that slight exception the performance went perfectly. The acting was excellent, the dances and grouping, models of drilling and arrangement. I believe some doubt was felt as to whether Japanese toilets can be really pretty. Such a fascinating effect was obtained, however, that there seems every probability that Messrs. Liberty may expect a sudden demand for Japanese costumes.

The music is really good—too good, in fact, to be fairly judged by one hearing. In general quality it is considerably above the work lately done by Sir A. Sullivan. There are also an unusual number of songs, that are likely to have a success apart from their connexion with the opera. Prominent among these are Katisha's song: "Hearts will not Break"; Ko-Ko's sham sentimental story of the little tom-tit with the refrain "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow"; the madrigal "See how the Fates their gifts allot", and the mock-heroic duet between Ko-Ko and Katisha, "There is beauty in the bellow of the blast". A clever piece of patter-song writing in the first Act is a trio for Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Pish-Tush. The dialogue is bright and funny throughout, and at times rises to the level of genuine wit. Thoroughly Gilbertian is the skilful avoidance of all gruesomeness, although the plot borders so closely on tragic subjects. Even the office of executioner becomes inoffensive when you learn that the official "*Can't* kill anything".

An ingenious suggestion on the subject of punishment for crime is offered by the Mikado, who proposes in song—

"To let the punishment fit the crime,
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment."

A celebrated physician is reported to have told a patient suffering from over-work to go and see "Patience". I would now advise any one fatigued or depressed to go and enjoy a hearty laugh at the Japanese opera at the Savoy.



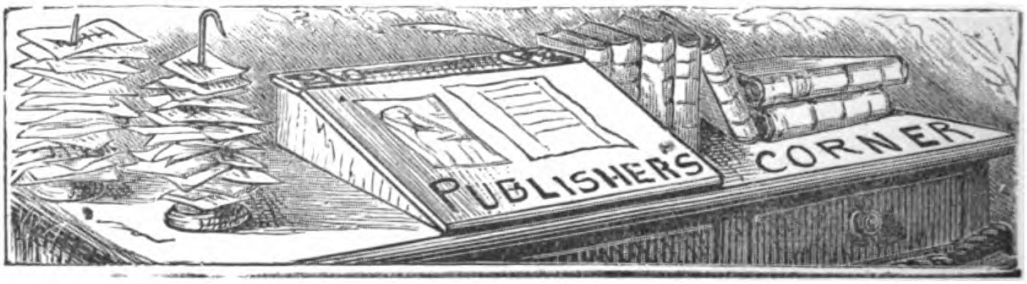
THIS should be one of the busiest months; every day will give employment, and a difficulty will be found in determining what to do first. In the vegetable garden successional sowings of all leading crops have to be looked after. About the second week sow a pinch of Beet for early use, although the sowing for the main crop may be left till May, and that for winter use may be deferred till June. To secure quick vegetation the seeds should be soaked in tepid water for twelve hours or so before sowing. Sow in drills one inch deep and a foot apart, covering in with friable soil. When the plants have attained three or four leaves, thin out till they stand 9 inches apart. An economy in the use of seeds may be effected if say three seeds are dropped at that distance apart in the drill, when, if they all come up, the two superfluous ones can easily be removed. Sowings of all the Brassica family, where successional crops of these are in request, must be made from the middle of this month on till June. Kidney Beans may be sown towards the end of the month if the soil is warm and the season favorable. And successions of these may be sown till the middle of June. These are a delicious and nutritious garden product, and deserve the attention of cottagers and others, as they are very prolific and yield as great a return per square yard as any vegetable we know. Many varieties are offered for sale, but we commend Negro Longpod, and Ne plus Ultra as possibly the best for a general crop. Runner Beans or Scarlet Runners are extremely prolific and are at the same time very ornamental, and can be sown and grown to hide any unsightly objects by fixing poles in the ground 8 feet long and 4 feet apart, up which they will climb. Sow 4 or 6 beans about half an inch deep around each pole, placing the eye downwards. Thin out to three plants to a pole if the ground is rich; pinch off the ends when the plants overrun the poles. This induces more perfect growth below and encourages fruitfulness. Of these we recommend the sowing of two varieties: the Painted Lady, or York and Lancaster—a very ornamental and useful sort—and the Scarlet Champion, prolific and very long-podded. If by any mischance your main crop of Onions was not sown last month get them in at once, for in Onion is strength, and a garden without it lacks flavor. All men and women love the Onion, although all are not prepared to confess their love, and would rather have their affection for it concealed. The act of eating Onions seems to be regarded by some as a sort of Eleusinian mystery; not a breath of it

must get abroad; on the days that they eat thereof they retire within themselves and hold communion with one of the most pungent and penetrating manifestations of the moral vegetable world. But why this secrecy in the use of such a delightful and health-giving vegetable? The aroma its use imparts to the breath need be no bar to its open use and enjoyment, since it can be so easily obliterated by the chewing of a parsley leaf after the eating of Onions cooked or crude. This is a digression, however, as my purpose here is to show how Onions are to be sown. To grow them successfully the ground cannot well be made too rich, and must have more or less manure to every crop, for it is a plant producing numerous roots which spread to a great extent as well as penetrate deeply, absorbing nourishment from every part of the soil. It is an excellent crop to follow Cabbages, yet as regards rotation of crops the Onion occupies an anomalous position, for it is, in our own practice, and we have seen it with others in various localities and diversities of soil and situation, grown on the same ground from year to year, producing good crops every year; and we have heard of instances where this has been done for half a century. The best time to prepare the ground for Onions is in the Autumn, when it should be deeply trenched and heavily manured. As early in March as the ground is workable commence operations. If, however, the work was not overtaken then, proceed as follows, now and at once. Level the ground with a rake, and roll or tread it firmly. Sow thinly in drills about a quarter of an inch deep and 9 in. apart. Cover with fine soil and press down with the back of the spade. If the weather is favorable the plants will come up and define the rows in about two weeks. Keep clear of all weeds by hoeing, and give an occasional watering with liquid manure. Be careful not to hoe deep or to draw the soil about the bulbs, for the more the onion rises out of the ground the firmer it gets and the better it keeps. When the plants are some inches high thin to two inches apart. A good top-dressing of wood-ashes applied after weeding and thinning is very beneficial, as will be shown by the dark and healthy green color the plants take on after its application; it also tends to save the crop from ravages of the maggot.

In the flower garden and in the flower borders hardy annuals of all sorts may be sown this month, either in lines or in clumps and patches. Many of these seeds being exceedingly small, it is indispensable to ensure their vegetating regularly and freely that the soil be carefully prepared and the surface made very fine before sowing; also, that the depth they are covered over be regulated by the size of the seed. Seeds of the type of Love-lies-bleeding and Virginia Stock, etc., should be covered no deeper than about a quarter of an inch to half an inch, because they would then be beyond the reach of atmospheric influence, which is such an essential agent in exciting germination. Larger seeds again, such as Sweet Peas and Lupins, may be covered from one to two inches, and others proportionally according to size. Sowings made early this month will bloom all through the first half of summer, and one or two sowings made a few weeks later will keep up a display till the autumn frosts set in. Many of the hardier kinds, such as Collinsia, Nemophila Silene, and the Californian varieties, make a good display in spring in favorable localities, if sown early in August in sheltered spots, then thinned out when ready and allowed to stand the winter. As a rule, it is best to sow the seeds pretty thickly and to thin out early, allowing sufficient space to each plant according to its height and habit. Sorts which are of weak or tall growth are all the better for a few well-feathered branches stuck in about them, to enable them to withstand strong winds, but such support must be put in while the plants are young, that they may distribute their branches well over them, and the sticks be hid from view. Their season of beauty may be greatly prolonged if care be taken to pick off the flowers as they fade, without allowing them to ripen seed, and by watering freely during hot dry weather. Of half-hardy annuals we have not left ourselves

room in this paper to drop even a hint, and of tender or greenhouse annuals we have only space to say that many of these make most useful plants for indoor decoration for summer months, and many of them, such as Balsam and Cockscomb, stand high in popular estimation and well deserve every attention that can be paid to the development of their qualities. Sow from early March to the middle of April, according to the time you desire them to be in bloom. Make up pots or seed-pans as we directed in our last month's paper, and after sowing plunge the pots or pans in a pit or frame with a moist heat of from 70 to 75 degrees. The soil must be kept moist and shaded from bright sunshine until the plants appear, and should they require water give it sparingly to prevent damping off until they attain strength. As soon as they have developed their second pair of leaves, pot off into small pots, using light rich soil. Keep them at all times as close to the glass as possible to prevent "drewing", and give air on every available occasion. Re-pot into larger sizes as they require, never allowing the roots to be pot-bound, until you have them potted into the size in which you intend them to flower. Give occasional waterings with weak liquid manure, and when full grown and the flowers have set give liquid manure pretty copiously. It will add to their sweetness and light, and will prolong their period of flowering.

W. ELDER.



IN *To-Day*[1] for March Miss Lord's translation of Henrik Ibsen's remarkable drama "Ghosts", is concluded; and the interesting account of Ferdinand Freiligrath, by his daughter, is continued. There is a transcendental essay on Communism by the Rev. R. Heber Newton; and a paper on "Socialism and National Sobriety", by the Rev. George Sale Reaney, from which it appears that Socialists believe—or at least Mr. Reaney does—that Socialism will be attained before people have even learned to be sober. Mr. R. P. B. Frost's article on "The Unemployed" is worth reading.

The Socialist League has joined its voice, in a vigorous manifesto, to the protest that is now being made against the war in the Soudan.[2]

Household Right[3] starts a crusade against continued house-rents, in which we wish it success. It is right that those who use a house should pay for its materials and for the use of labor employed on it; but it is not fair that a householder should pay rent, say for twenty years, and should then deliver over the house in perfect repair, and have nothing to show for his expenditure.

"A Respectable Woman" writes forcibly against the evils of prostitution and of continued celibacy.[4] The proposed remedy is curious; the marriage tie is to be maintained in some obscure way, which is to be consistent

[1] *ToDay*. London: Modern Press, 13 and 14, Paternoster Row.

[2] Manifesto of the Socialist League on the Soudan War. League Office, 27, Farringdon Street, E.C.

[3] *Household Right*. London: G. Standring, 8 and 9 Finsbury Street, E.C.

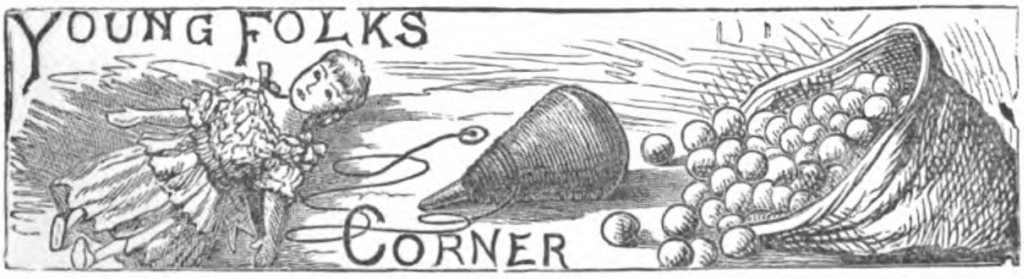
[4] "The Future of Marriage." By a Respectable Woman. London: Mode Press, Paternoster Row.

with the wife lending her husband to some other woman, and the husband lending his wife to some other man. The arrangement seems to us adapted for the sanction and perpetuation of prostitution, rather than for its cure, and a reversion towards the barbarous relations of the sexes rather than a step towards a higher morality. It is much to be regretted that the author has not the courage to sign her name. Pamphlets on purely social questions should not be anonymous.

The Proportional Representation Society continues to propagate its views by gratis leaflets. A report of an address by Mr. Albert Grey, and and an expository sketch[2] are added to the list.

The fourth issue of the new Brussels review, *La Société Nouvelle*,[3] maintains the high standard of solidity set up by previous numbers; and while sociology is the leading feature, the writing has for the most part a freshness not always associated with that science. The continued article on Australian marriages ought this month to be widely attractive, as it goes into the origin of the unpopularity of mothers-in-law, whieh is stated to be universal, and of extremely ancient standing.

The Anti-clerical League of France has published a brief handbook for the Anti-clerical Congress proposed to be held at Rome in the coming summer. The Congress is to open on Saturday, May 30th, "in a palace in the centre of Rome". It will close on "Monday, 2nd June" (*sic*) by a "very short solemn assembly, at the end of which all the French, Italian, Spanish, and Swiss delegates will assemble at the Capitol to lay down crowns before the gigantic bust of Garibaldi." The League has also issued a report[5] of its Congress at Lyons last year, and an account[6] of its rules and principles, which is particularly worthy the attention of British Freethinkers. The number of the League's Journal[7] for 7th January last is entirely devoted to the subject of the projected Conference at Rome, and gives a map for the guidance of its readers.



Princess Vera.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

Feeling much refreshed by his rest and his dinner, Karl waved his hand airily to the old woman and stepped briskly on his way, thinking all the while how he should address the Duke, and what the

[1] "An Address by Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., to the Newcastle Democratic Club." [2] "Is Proportional Representation a Puzzle?" Office, Palace Chambers, 9, Bridge-street, Westminster.

[3] *La Société Nouvelle.* Bruxelles, Rue des Minimes, 10.

[4] "Congrès Anti-Clérical de Rome." [5] "Congrès Anti-Clérical de Lyon." [6] "Ligue Anti-Cléricale, Union de France: Statuts de l'Association." [7] *La République Anti-Cléricale.* Paris: Librairie Anti-Cléricale, 26 and 35, Rue des Ecoles.

Duke would say. Karl had no doubt that his father would be immediately liberated, and he thought to himself that after he had pleaded his father's cause he would say a few words on behalf of that poor old woman whose lamentations were still echoing in his ears. He felt very sure that the Grand Duke would be terribly angry with his servants for their brutal conduct towards her and her son.

After he had walked an hour or so, Karl found himself at the entrance of the little forest town which environed the Grand Duke's Castle. The miserable appearance of the town made the boy's heart sink. Half opened doors showed dirty houses, slovenly women gossiped from the windows, uncleanly ragged men lounged about the streets; but, worse than dirty houses, slovenly women, and loafing men, Karl saw scores of dirty, half-naked little children lying wallowing in the gutters, or eagerly turning over heaps of refuse in search of something to eat. Gillim was poor, but his children had never seen such squalid misery as this! And that was the aspect of the town right up to the Castle gates.

At the gates paced two men-at-arms. Looking through this entrance Karl saw the beautifully-kept gravel walks and profusion of flowers. As the boy involuntarily turned and gazed upon the misery behind him, the marked contrast between what the gates shut in and what they shut out struck him with terrible pain. He began to fear lest after all he should not be able to convince the Grand Duke of his father's innocence. If he were a good man, surely he would not suffer so much wretchedness at his very doors; there, at least, he must know that it existed.

Karl was about to walk boldly through the gates when he was stopped by the men-at-arms.

"What do you want?" asked one.

"What should the child want, except to see his mother or aunt or some one employed at the Castle?" said the other. "Isn't that so, my little man?"

"No," answered Karl truthfully; "I want to see the Grand Duke."

"And what may your Highness want with the Duke?" asked the first man, winking at his companion.

"That is a matter I will explain to the Grand Duke himself, and none other," replied Karl resolutely.

"Just as though the Grand Duke would listen to the like of

you," exclaimed the first man scornfully. "Come, be off with you!"

"Yes, my little man, you had better go before worse comes of it," said the other, kindly.

But Karl would not be deterred, and again sought to enter.

"Well, if you will put your head into the lion's mouth, here goes," said the first man, and he sounded a great blast on the horn which hung at the gate.

"That was too bad," muttered the second, "why not have let the child go in quietly?"

A whole troop of gaudily dressed servitors came running up the gravelled walks.

"An important visitor for the Grand Duke," said the man-at-arms.

"Where?" cried the serving men, gazing about them open-mouthed.

"Here!" answered the man-at-arms, pointing to the boy, who stood half frightened at this sudden rush of people.

"And what can a common boy like that want with our gracious master?" asked a man whose black attire distinguished him from the others.

"Please, sir," answered Karl, "through some mistake my father Gillim, who is a forester on the further side of the forest, has been sent to prison."

"And well he deserved it, I have no doubt," said the man in black, "and you will get the richest thrashing you ever had in your life for daring to think of coming to disturb our gracious lord. Seize him, strip him, and thrash him within an inch of his life!" he commanded, turning to some of the gaily-dressed servitors who stood around.

At this moment a brilliant troop of horsemen came galloping through the squalid street which lay before the gates. There was a cry of "The Duke, the Duke!", and the serving-men fell back, ranging themselves on either side of the gravelled walk, humbly bending the knee.

The foremost and most magnificently-dressed rider checked his beautiful steed and gazed angrily around.

"What is the meaning of this tumult?" he asked wrathfully.

The man in black stepped forward, and humbly bowing, answered: "Most mighty Duke of Thalkith! most gracious Lord of the Buckler!

most puissant torrent descended from many Waters! this villain boy has the audacity to seek an audience of your Highness."

"Boy, how is it that you have dared intrude yourself upon our presence?" haughtily asked the Duke, turning to poor Karl.

"My lord," answered the boy boldly, "through some inadvertence my father, Gillim, one of your Highness' foresters, has been charged with stealing sticks from your Highness' forest, and has been wrongfully cast into prison."

"Andreas, see into this matter," said the Duke carelessly to the man in black as he shook the reins on his horse's neck and signed to his train to move on.

But Karl was not to be put off so easily. He sprang forward, and seizing the horse's bridle, cried: "My lord Duke, my lord Duke, pray believe my father is innocent, and yourself give orders for his immediate release!"

The Duke's face grew purple with passion. "You insolent rascal," he burst forth, almost choking in his rage, "how dare you lay hands upon my horse? Your father's imprisonment shall be doubled as a punishment for sending you here, and as for you, this shall teach you to come whining to me again," and he raised his heavy riding-whip and brought it down on Karl's head with such force that he fell stunned to the ground. The Duke pushed his horse forward over his victim's prostrate form, but the gentle animal daintily raised his beautiful legs and passed over the boy without touching him. The whole of the Duke's train followed their leader's example, but not a single hoof so much as brushed Karl's senseless body.

When everyone was gone the man-at-arms, who had already spoken kindly to Karl, bent down over him and murmured: "Poor boy! poor boy! Hist, Margaret!" he called softly to a woman, who, standing at a little distance beyond the gates, had been watching the scene with pale and anxious face. "Take the boy home. Tend him, feed him, and start him back through the forest again. It would be as much as his life is worth if black Andreas comes back and finds him here."

With some little difficulty they brought Karl back to life again, and then Margaret half-carried, half-led him through the town to her cottage, which was but a stone's throw from the forest. The good woman bathed Karl's head, and set a basin of bread and milk before him. As he languidly eat it he thought sadly of his poor father still in prison and the Duke's threat of further imprisonment; he

thought, too, of the old woman still in the forest; and at length, shaking his head with decision, he said aloud: "I must find the Princess Vera".

"'The Princess Vera!' what do you know about the Princess Vera?" said Margaret hastily, with a frightened air.

"I am going to find her," said Karl simply.

"Do you know that the Duke, who, like so many others, lies under the spell of Queen Glamma, has forbidden her name to be uttered in this town?"

"I do not wonder," rejoined Karl, thinking of his late treatment.

"No one can find the Princess who is not pure in heart and pure in purpose; if, after you set out on your quest, you tell the tiniest falsehood, if you are guilty of the smallest deception, if you cheat or steal, you will never see Vera's face. In defiance of the Duke's command, in this house we are guided by the laws of Vera, and no one who lies in thought or deed is allowed to stay in it. I believe you are an honest boy, and have no fear in asking you to pass the night with us, so that to-morrow you may start on your way refreshed."

In the night Karl, who had thankfully accepted Margaret's invitation, had a most remarkable dream. He dreamed that a woman came and stood by his bedside. She was fairer than any woman he had ever seen—but that was not wonderful, for Karl had not seen many women—she was of middle height, with long brown hair which rippled in waves over her shoulders and behind her back. Her face was so pure and simple that in his dream he at first thought it was the face of a child, but when she turned her eyes upon him, so steady and calm, with such a look of unswerving truth in their luminous grey depths, he knew they were the eyes of a woman, and his own fell beneath her gaze.

"Look up, Karl," said a voice, whose purity and sweetness fell like music on his ear, "thou hast never despised my laws; thou hast suffered for me as, alas! too many have done. Look up: no pure heart has cause to fear Vera!"

It was a feeling of reverence, not fear, which had caused Karl's eyes to fall, but now at this command he raised them and met Vera's unflinchingly.

"And so, poor child," continued Vera, kindly, "thou hast determined to search for me, and restore me to my rightful place in men's hearts?"

Karl answered steadily that such was his purpose.

"But if thou dost swerve one hair's breadth from the straight line of truth, thou wilt never find me, and wilt, moreover, bring much suffering upon thee and thy kindred."

Karl answered modestly that his parents had always taught him to be honest, and he was not afraid to trust himself.

"From this moment, until thou hast found the place where Glamma keeps me concealed, and replaced me on my throne, thou mayst not see thy parents. If thou dost never find me thou wilt never see them again."

For a moment Karl's heart sank, but at length he answered with confidence: "I am not afraid; I shall find you sooner or later, and then my father and mother, and Gillim and Marta, living in perfect happiness, will welcome me back with joy. Could you not, as you are here," he continued, "just give me a little hint where you may be found?"

"Dost thou fear a long search?" asked Vera sternly.

"No, it isn't that," readily answered the boy, "but the sooner you are found the better it will be for the world."

Vera sighed. "Alas! no," she said, "I cannot show thee plainly where I am hidden, but I can help thee to find paths which will lead to my prison. To-morrow morning when thou goest hence, cross the rivulet and follow the path which goes away from the stream into the forest. Count a hundred pines; at the foot of the one hundredth thou wilt find two cones; break them, and use what is therein."

With that Vera gathered up her flowing white skirts, and in the morning, when he awoke, for the life of him Karl could not remember what became of her after that action.

He told Margaret his dream, whereat she marvelled much. At length she said, "Since the vision of Vera has been vouchsafed to you under this roof, where nought but truth has prevailed this many a year, I cannot doubt your fitness for the task you have undertaken. Go on your way, and may success attend you! My sons will go with you to the hundredth pine tree, and then they can there make their choice to fare with you, or return and become, like their father, serving men to a wealthy heartless lord."

Margaret filled Karl's little wallet with food, and likewise provisioned her two sons, Fritz and Josef, in case they should elect to share Karl's fortunes, and directly after breakfast all three were making their way across the rivulet to the path which led into the

forest. They agreed that each should note separately the first pine and count off a hundred pines to himself, and when that number of trees had been passed they should each cry "Halt!". They did this in order that they might arrive at the right tree without difficulty, because the pine trees grew very thickly and cones lay under them all.

They walked on quite quietly, intent upon not missing a tree, until, after a few minutes, there was a simultaneous shout "Halt! Halt! Halt!". They found themselves standing by a magnificent tree, tall, straight, and of enormous girth. At the foot lay two very ordinary looking cones.

Karl took them up and broke them open; in one was a key and in the other a ball of yellow silk, which Karl no sooner took hold of than it began to turn over and over like a live thing, unwinding itself until only the end was left in Karl's hand.

"I wonder what the key is for," said Fritz.

"And the silk," added Josef.

At once all the air seemed filled with little voices crying "Follow! follow! follow!"

"That means that this silken thread is a clue, and we are to follow it," said Karl with an air of conviction, while the others stood gazing at him wonderingly. "Are you coming with me?"

"Of course we are. Do you think we are going back to be knocked about by Andreas, or his master, the Duke?" said Josef; "we know better than that. Whatever fate there is in store for us with you, it can't be worse with us than if we remained with the Duke. Eh, Fritz?"

Fritz nodded, but Karl looked grave.

"That is not purity of purpose: that is self-interest. Unless you can both assure me that to find the Princess Vera is the greatest desire of your lives, I cannot take you with me."

Fritz and Josef both vowed that it was; and indeed that was true enough, for they had been taught to believe that everything would go right when Vera was found.

Guided by the silken cord the boys went gaily on, admiring the beautiful trees, delighting in the joyous song of the birds, and rejoicing in the radiance of the sun. Suddenly the silk, which had been drawn taut and firm from Karl's hand, slackened and fell in a loop to the ground.

"A box!" shouted Fritz, discerning the sharp outlines under a coverlet of fir needles.

The box was soon brought out from its bed; it was locked. Karl tried his key; it fitted the lock perfectly. The lid was raised, and there lay a white silken banner with its letters of gold, "WE SEEK FOR VERA." Beneath the banner was a small steel mirror, exquisitely polished, with the inscription cut round it, "A friend in need".

"I don't see what good a mirror can be," said Fritz.

"Neither do I at present, but as it was in the box with the banner we had better take it along," rejoined Karl.

Still following the clue, they walked in the forest the whole of that day without meeting any more adventures. They started again at an early hour in the morning, Karl feeling rather cast down, for Fritz and Josef had killed one of the gay little birds for its bright plumage and had at first denied it. They had ended by acknowledging their fault, however, and promised never to do such a thing again. But Karl, remembering the words of the vision, could not help feeling uneasy lest ill should come of it.

(*To be concluded.*)

Puzzles.

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Behead to grow feeble, and leave great pain.
2. Behead an emblem of peace, and leave alive.
3. Behead nigh, and leave a part of the head.
4. Behead elegant manners, and leave contests on foot.
5. Behead a fabled spirit, and leave gay.
6. Behead an incident, and leave to emit.
7. Behead a small singing bird, and leave a chest.
8. Behead legal, and leave dreadful.
9. Behead a declamation, and leave an allowance of provisions.
10. Behead to blow, and leave astern.

The beheaded letters give the name of a poet. [12 marks.]

FLOWER BLANKS.

Fill each blank with the name of a flower, which word will also be appropriate to the subject of the sentence.

1. I do not wish to be impatient, but when I am engaged in such a delicate occupation as gilding this vase I wish you would ——.

2. How can you expect me to be satisfied with your work, Bridget, when

you are so careless? Bring your —— here, and let me see if you can make this room look more cleanly.

3. Unhappy young man! Your bad conduct is breaking your mother's heart; and you will —— it when it is too late.

4. Oh! that you would begin now to heal the wound by the —— of your loving regard to her wishes.

5. That was a very acceptable Christmas present of money that Tom gave his sister, it looked so rich, just from the ——.

6. It was the greatest —— of the season at Mrs. Smith's reception last night.

7. Father bought a —— colored horse yesterday.

8. I wish it had been a ——. [8 marks.]

SQUARE WORDS.

1. Affection.
   Part of a range.
   To sell.
   Conclusions. [4 marks.]

2. To tie.
   Part of the stem of a plant.
   Poems.
   To prove. [4 marks.]

CHARADE.

My first is to be found in most houses; my second is often done in my third by weary seamstresses; and my whole is a science. [4 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. Three lines of paling run side by side for a distance of 90 feet. The rails are respectively 2, 3, and five feet apart. How often will a person walking outside the palings, on looking across them, see three rails in a line. [8 marks.]

2. What number is that which exceeds the sum of its fourth, fifth, and and sixth parts by 161. [8 marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

Anagrams.

1. Authorities. 2. Overshadowings. 3. Premeditation. 4. Indignation. 5. Reputation. 6. Comprehension.

Buried Authors.

Steele. Butler. Temple. Hunt. Spencer. Gray. Lamb. Boyle. Bacon. Swift. Shelley.

Conundrums.

1. CLIO (One of the nine muses.)
2. Absence of body.
3. Or—ange—Orange.

Cracked Nuts.

1. If the tree grew 36 inches in the first year, and one inch less every succeeding year, it will stop growing at the end of 36 years. Its height will then be 36+35+34 etc. down to 1 inches. = 666 inches. = $18\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

$(18\frac{1}{2})^3$ = value in pence.

= £26 7 $7\frac{5}{8}$.

The sum of the number of inches is most easily obtained by using the formula in arithmetical progression

$$S = \frac{n}{2}\left(2a + (n-1)d\right) \quad \therefore\ S = {}^{36}/_{2}\,(2 + 35 \times 1)$$

$$= 18 \times 37 = 666.$$

2. In 35 days he spends £$15\frac{2}{5}$

„ 1 „ „ £$15\frac{2}{5} \div 35$

„ 365 „ „ £$15\frac{2}{5} \div 35 \times 365$

$$= \frac{77 \times \overset{73}{\cancel{365}}}{\cancel{5} \times 35} = £\frac{5621}{35} = £160\ 12s.$$

$\therefore$ Annual income = £260 12s.

Total Marks Possible, 37.—Olivia, 37; Hawkeye, Reynard, Quicksilver, 33; Thasso, Chi Lung, 30; Sprinter, 29; Hypatia, 28; Ivalix, 27; Alice, 24; Valiant, 21; Loki, 16; Eureka, 15.

To Correspondents.—Reynard: You would do wisely to enclose your answers in an envelope, to avoid risk of losing them.—Alice, Sprinter, Thasso: You have made slight errors in working Nut 1, but as the working is shown, and the method correct, few marks have been lost.

PRIZES.

Quarterly Prizes.—Total marks possible, 112.—No competitor gains the full number, but Hawkeye (F. T. Wright) takes the first prize with 103 marks. Olivia (Emily Meynell) the second with 98 marks. Hypatia (Georgina Warrener) the third with 93. To avoid sending duplicates, each prize-winner is requested to send the names of books previously received to Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street.

Young Folks' Puzzle-Corner Rules.

Any girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on pages 254 and 255. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

London: Printed by Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh, 63, Fleet Street, E.C.

OUR CORNER.

The May Number will contain a Second Article on

FREEMASONRY,

By **CHARLES BRADLAUGH.**

THE COURSE OF REFORM AFTER 1884—5. By **ANNIE BESANT.**

A continuation of L. KATSCHER'S

GEORGE SAND.

And of ARTHUR GIGADIBS'

UPSHOT OF HAMLET.

The second instalment of

THE IRRATIONAL KNOT.

By **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.**

In consequence of a rather sharp attack of illness I have been obliged to omit my Autobiographical Sketches and the Science Corner from the present number.

ANNIE BESANT,

EDITOR.

THEOLOGICAL PAMPHLETS

BY

ANNIE BESANT.

A World without God. Reply to F. P. Cobbe. 3d.

The Fruits of Christianity. Fifth Thousand. 2d.

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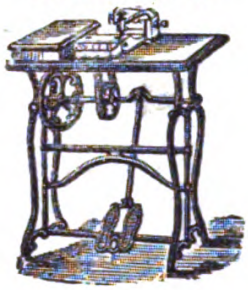

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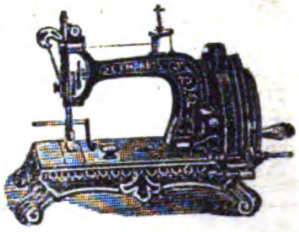

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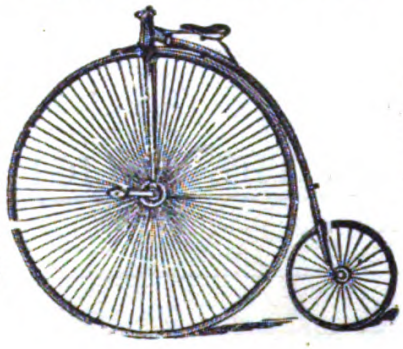

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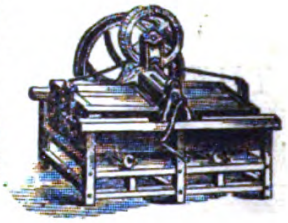

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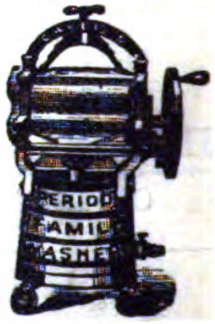

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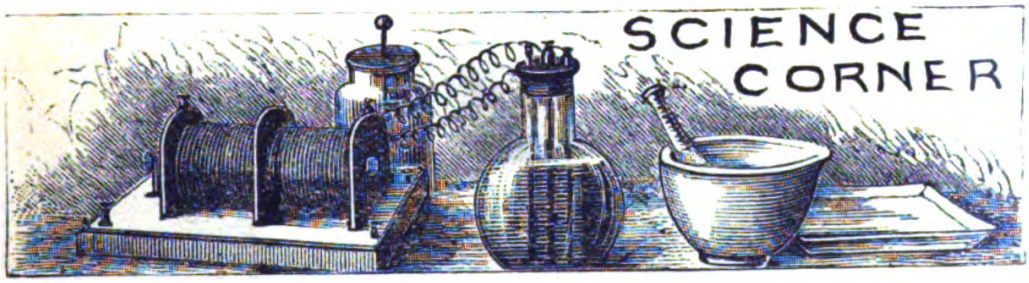

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Our Corner.

May 1, 1885.

What Freemasonry is, what it has been, and what it ought to be.

II.

(*Continued from page* 198.)

Is Freemasonry an institution Atheistic and revolutionary in its tendencies, such as is painted from the Vatican? or as denounced by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham? or is it fairly represented as an almost orthodox Christian fraternity, as by the declarations and practices of the Grand Lodge of England? or is there one Freemasonry of England and the English Colonies and another of the European Continent? and if it be true that there is difference of doctrine and of practice in any of the great Masonic bodies, then which of these represents the truer Freemasonry?

Is Freemasonry real in England as an institution on the whole fairly charitable, but specially noteworthy for its lodge dinners and and social gatherings, and its high aristocracy of office? or is it real as in France, Italy, Belgium: as an institution in which equality is advocated and sought in fraternity by the education of the ignorant, the enfranchisement of the enslaved, the strengthening of the weak?

It is impossible to answer without looking to the history of Freemasonry as well us to its official declarations. Louis Blanc in his "Histoire de la Révolution Francaise", book 1, cap. 3, says:

"On the eve of the French Revolution Freemasonry found that it had secured an immense development. Spread through the whole of Europe it seconded the meditative genius of Germany, silently agitated France, and everywhere presented the picture of a society founded on principles the opposite of those prevalent in civil society. In the Masonic lodges the pretentions of hereditary pride were disregarded, and the privileges of birth set on one side. When the candidate for initiation entered into the chamber for reflexion, he read upon the walls hung with black and covered with funereal emblems the following characteristic inscription: 'If you hold to class distinctions go away; there are none known here'. From the discourse of the orator on reception the new comer learned that the object of Freemasonry was to efface the distinctions of color, rank, and country; to extirpate national hatreds. . . . Thus, by the sole fact of its constitutive basis, Freemasonry tended to decry the institutions and ideas of the external world. . . . In the bosom of the lodge rich and poor, noble and plebeian, were bound to recognise each other as equal, to call each 'brother'."

In truth there are two Masonic currents drifting in very opposite directions. For more than two hundred and fifty years there has been in Europe a royalist and a democratic Freemasonry. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, when the Stuart power was first broken by the Commonwealth, the Cavaliers almost monopolised the lodges. In 1688, when James II. fled to France, the aristocratic exiles established lodges in that country which were purely associations in which the royalist conspirators encouraged one another, and by communication with their brethren in England kept alive the Jacobite spirit. It is said that there was a chapter founded at Arras by the Pretender, Charles Edward, of which the father of Robespierre was Master.

In England and Scotland the spirit of the Stuart and Jacobite period has survived in Masonic circles, and there is not in any British Masonic lodge any other tendency than to support Royalism and respectability. This was so recognised in England that when, in the Tory reaction of 1819, sweeping enactments of harsh and oppressive character were passed against nearly all kinds of associations, the Freemasons were specially exempted from the penalties imposed against bodies who used secret signs and passwords, and exacted oaths or pledges of secrecy from those who became members.

In 1772, when Philippe Egalité was Grand Master of the Grand Orient of France, French Freemasonry really adopted the democratic

basis which, despite the various troubles it has had to struggle against, it has preserved to the present day.

A recent letter by the *Times* Paris correspondent shows that he regards Freemasonry in France as a vital political force, one capable of giving and, as he thinks, actually now giving, important support to M. Henri Brisson, the new Prime Minister.

In the United States, American Freemasons for a long time excluded all colored men, and there are still, I believe, lodges where this prohibition is maintained, but I have been present in a New England lodge at the same time with the colored King of the Hawaian Islands, and Joshua Smith, the devoted friend of Sumner, born a slave, and afterwards Senator of the State of Massachusetts.

In England, since the cessation of Jacobite plots, the carefully guarded forms, signs, and pass words, have concealed nothing that all the world, enemies and friends, might not have known: they were as the elaborate letter lock to the empty iron chest. In France and in Italy the lodge doors served as shields to the proscribed; the grip and word often sufficed to denote and guarantee the imperilled brother struggling for human redemption under conditions always of great difficulty, and sometimes of serious danger. In England an advertisement card or signboard showed that the brethren expected commercial preferences. On the Continent the help given was to the fraternal worker for human freedom. The spirit of modern Freemasonry is not unfairly stated by Dr. Louis Aimable, speaking in his official capacity as Orator General of the Grand Orient of France, in the closing speech of the Assembly General. Declaring that Freemasonry works for the moral and material amelioration, and intellectual and social perfection of humankind, he adds: "This means that we co-operate to prepare mankind, to the best of our strength and means, for the solution of the many and complex questions which together make up what is called the social question: that is to say, that lamentable question of misery and suffering which has endured under various forms from the very earliest ages. We mean that these questions shall be solved, not by violence, nor by predetermined systems, but by the progressive application of our principles, so as to more and more diminish the number of disinherited and to render them less and less miserable. In preparing such solutions we work for the common happiness, social peace, and progress of the country." True Freemasonry should be of no religion. The Scotch Chaplain who, in his printed speech, points to the Bible used in the lodges

and accepted as the word of God, forgets that this cannot be true for such Jews as are brethren—at any rate as far as the New Testament is concerned—nor for the Mahommedan brother. Yet there are most certainly hundreds of Jewish and Mahommedan Freemasons. In Constantinople, in Odessa, in Cairo, as in Paris, Berlin, and London; in Ceylon and the Hawaian Islands, as in Italy and Spain, there are Masonic temples where those who are ranged to either pillar, as well as the illustrious seated in the east, are avowedly of distinct and often of opposing faiths. But under the temple roof the strife of creeds should be hushed, work should be the only worship, work for the redemption of long-suffering humankind.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

The Redistribution of Political Power.

III.—Results of the Reform Bill of 1884.

In the articles printed in the March and April numbers of *Our Corner* on "The Redistribution of Political Power", I have tried to trace the results of Reform as seen exemplified in our past. This month I propose to outline results which are yet in the future, but which lie in the direct line of evolution, and are but an expansion and a development of principles already accepted by the Legislature. What legislative action is likely to be taken by the Reformed Parliament with respect to the conditions of Labor, Religious Liberty and Equality, the Tenure of Land, the Education of the People? As in the past, so in the future, the new Parliament will be full of reforming energy; again we stand on the threshold of great changes, changes to which some look with fear and some with hope.

We have already seen that the principle of legislative interference between employers and employed has been largely acted on by Parliament since 1832. There is no reason to suppose that the new Parliament will be more careless of the interests of the workers than its predecessors have been; indeed, elected as it will be, by a larger number of handworkers than have ever before taken part in the choice of representatives of the Commons, it will probably be more inclined to legislate in the interests of Labor than any Parliament we have yet seen.

The hours of labor have been shortened at successive intervals since 1801, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that a further shortening of these hours will soon be made. The ordinary London operative now works for a ten hours' day, from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. with an hour's interval for dinner. Mr. Howell says on this: "If we take the metropolis we shall find that a building operative has to be at his work at six o'clock in the morning, and he now leaves at five o'clock at night. But he has often to walk four or five miles to his work, so

that he has to leave home at five and cannot reach home again until six, making a total of thirteen hours. . . . An hour's walk is often very exhilarating to a business man, shut up in an office all day, but to a mason, carpenter, bricklayer, or plasterer, who has frequently to plod through the rain or drifting snow, it is painfully exhausting, especially when it has to be done before six o'clock in the morning."[1]

There can be no doubt in the minds of reasonable people that a ten hours' day is too long. But if that be so, what shall we say to the hours of labor of shopmen and shopwomen, who in most large shops in London begin at 8 a.m. or 9 a.m. and continue at work until 7 p.m. or 8 p.m.? In the smaller shops things are still worse, and, going through a poor neighborhood, we see provision shops open until 10 p.m. or even 11 p.m. served by exhausted men and women, whose pale cheeks and languid movements tell of the strain which is destroying their vitality. The new Parliament should pass an Eight Hours Bill, making the legal day a day of eight hours only, and giving one half-holiday in the week, so that the weekly hours of labor shall not exceed forty-four. In time to come I trust that the hours of labor will be yet further shortened, but the passage of an Eight Hours Bill would mark a good step forward. Looking at the question from a rational point of view, it is surely clear that a human being should not be required to give more than eight hours out of the twenty-four — one third of his time — for absolute breadwinning. Another seven or eight hours must be given to sleep, leaving eight for meals, exercise, recreation, and study. The last eight are short enough for their varied uses, and I look forward to a time when the first section shall be shortened and the third lengthened; but if every worker had even eight hours of freedom in the day, his life would be a far more human and far more beautiful thing than it is at the present time.

The establishment of an eight hours' day would also help to distribute toil a little more evenly than it is distributed now; the same amount of work will have to be performed, and if each pair of hands only does ⅔ of the work it now does, additional pairs of hands must execute the remainder. At present some are being worn out with excessive labor, while others are clamoring for employment; shorter hours for the present workers mean work for the now idle hands.

Legislation on the sanitary—or rather insanitary—conditions of various trades is urgently required. I need only mention the white-lead makers, the Sheffield grinders, the miners in dangerous workings, to remind my readers of well-known scandals. Some would leave all remedial measures to voluntary effort and to the influence of "humanity". But humanity looks on them indifferently to-day: it shops at all hours, careless of the suffering inflicted: it says "How sad!" when it reads of special distress, and goes on with its dinner: it contemplates the conditions under which they live who feed and clothe and serve it, and murmurs platitudes about "differences of ranks", and happiness being "pretty evenly distributed, after all": and so it will remain until the strong arm of the law shall compel it

[1] "The Conflicts of Capital and Labor." By G. Howell. Pp. 295, 296.

to do justice, and shall force it to yield as obedience what it will never yield to prayer.

We may reasonably hope that Religious Liberty and Equality will be rendered complete by the new Parliament. The liberty to make an affirmation in all cases in which an oath is now required will, I trust, be granted by the present Legislature; if not, the passage of an Affirmation Bill will be one of the first duties of the Reformed Parliament. An amending Burials Bill, giving to unbelievers the right to an "orderly service" at the graveside (see p. 202), will probably pass without much difficulty. Nor is there much likelihood of serious opposition to a Bill for repealing "all the statutes inflicting penalties for opinion, or placing hindrances in the way of lectures and discussions", and for annulling "the present penal and disabling effect of the common law".[1] The general confession by hostile Christians that the latest prosecutions for blasphemy have only injured their religion and strengthened Freethought, shows that the rusty sword of persecution is not likely to be often used by them in the future, and it is noticeable that Radical candidates for the next Parliament are very generally pledging themselves to a repeal of the obnoxious statutes.

There remains the greatest of all the religious changes—the disestablishment and disendowment of the English, Welsh, and Scotch Churches: the public national confession that henceforward the State will concern itself only with the conduct and no longer with the speculations of its citizens. The disestablishment of the Churches will be easily enough effected; the English and Welsh bishops will disappear from the House of Lords as quietly as did their Irish brethren, to the advantage of that House, by the removal of a special obstructiveness, and, let us hope, to the advantage of those dioceses to which their attention will thenceforth be more completely confined. The disendowment clauses of the Bill will present far more difficulty, not only from the vast wealth with which they will deal, but also from the complexity of the interests concerned. The cry of "Sacrilege" and of "Robbery" is sure to be raised when Parliament lays its hands on "Church property". Those who use such epithets will have to be reminded that an enormous part of the Church's wealth is drawn from lands given to the Roman Catholic Church by pious Papists, and that if it be theft for the State to divert to new ends property given to a corporation within its limits, then the first theft was made when Henry VIII. by Act of Parliament severed the Church in England from the Papal obedience, and it does not lie with the receiver of stolen goods to complain of robbery when the goods are again removed. Every one knows that many fellowships of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were charged with the payment of masses for the souls of the defunct donors; Protestants who regard masses for the dead as "dangerous deceits" have gaily pocketed the Papists' money, and have left their souls unprayed and unpaid for. The Church as by law established has been quite content to fatten on the spoils of its Roman predecessor, and it is with but a bad grace that it commences to pose as the injured innocent, when a second transfer of the cash

[1] "The Laws relating to Blasphemy and Heresy." By Charles Bradlaugh. P. 31.

is proposed. The ground which we should take in dealing with Church funds is a simple one; the State cannot allow the hands of long-mouldered corpses to determine the disposition of wealth now in its midst, and is itself the supreme arbiter in dispensing huge accumulations made by the generations of its dead. Funds which are annually voted to the Church can be stopped by omission of the votes; the rest must be dealt with by the Bill. It is earnestly to be hoped that the State will retain in its own hands all the glebe lands. Their rental will then form a source of national income and will go to lighten the general burden of taxation. The rental of the ecclesiastical buildings to bodies desiring to use them for religious worship, lectures, etc., will form another large item on the credit side of the national balance-sheet. Some provision out of these funds will have to be made for the aged beneficed clergy, as it would be cruel to turn them out helpless into the world. The clergy of the future will have to be supported by their own congregations, as Dissenting ministers are supported now, and "Church people" will no longer be religious paupers, with their souls fed and clothed at the expense of their neighbors.

Changes in the Tenure of Land, vaster than any hitherto attempted, will probably be made by the Reformed Parliament. The huge masses of agricultural laborers now dowered with the vote have been wearing the agricultural shoe long enough to know where it pinches, and they are likely to prove energetic shoemakers. The changes to be made will be radical changes, involving the substitution of a rational system of land-holding for the quasi-feudal one now existing. The new system will be based on the recognition of the principle that land, being the sole fundamental means of existence for all, cannot expediently be regarded as the private property of individuals. Since men can only live by virtue of what they obtain from land, so long as land belongs to a set of individuals in a nation the remainder of the nation must work for these at whatever wages they will give, and freedom of contract between those who hold the means of existence and those who need them becomes a meaningless phrase. Hence, unearned accumulations of wealth for the privileged class, and continual struggle for existence for the unprivileged, with an ever-widening gulf between the unjustly rich and the unjustly poor. The substitution of the new system for the old implies too vast a change to be wrought at once; but it is essential that every alteration made in the present tenure of land shall be an alteration tending towards the goal of nationalisation, and not a mere tinkering of abuses on the present basis. The more drastic of the proposals put forward by the Land Law Reform League should be transformed into law by the new Parliament. (I omit the suggested reforms on which all Liberals are agreed, such as cheap transfer, security for improvements, etc.) Thus: cultivable land kept uncultivated and not used for public purposes should be forfeit to the State, "with payment to the dispossessed landowner of say twenty years' purchase at the average annual value of the land for the seven years prior to the" dispossession. "Annual value" is to be understood as meaning the amount obtained from it by the owner: in many shameful cases this is only a few head of game. "Payment to be made by bonds of the State, bearing the same interest as the consolidated debt." "*The land to be*

State property, and to be let to actual tenant cultivators. . . . . The amount paid as rent to the State to be applied to the payment of the interest [on the bonds], and to form a sinking fund for the liquidation of the principal." The words I have italicised are of vital importance; this forfeited land is not to be sold; it is to be let by the State. Thus the State will become a landholder on a large scale, and a huge step towards nationalisation will be made. The glebe lands above spoken of will add another great slice to the national estate, and no acre of land acquired by the State must ever again be sold to an individual. The breaking up of large estates and the further acquisition of land by the State will be brought about by the imposition of a graduated land-tax, "say, the normal tax on the first 5,000 acres, a double tax on the second 5,000 acres, again doubled on the next 10,000 acres", and so on. As the amount thus imposed as tax would soon exceed the value of the land, unduly large estates would be made untenable, and the owners would be forced to sell. "Re-valuation of lands for the more equitable imposition of the land-tax" is another matter of pressing importance, the nominal tax of 4s. in the £ being in many cases now a real tax of ¾d. 1d. or 1½d. If the land-tax were levied on the present value of land, instead of on the value it had nearly 200 years ago, it would amount to about £50,000,000 a year, and this fourth part of the income from land would go into the Exchequer of the State, instead of into the ever-gaping pockets of the privileged class.

Before very long, also, Parliament must take into consideration cases like those of the Dukes of Portland, Bedford, and Westminster, whose predecessors let out land on building leases, and who come into possession, as the leases fall in, of houses to the building of which they have not contributed a penny. This shameful confiscation of other people's property should be stopped and that speedily, or else we may hereafter be called on to compensate these all-swallowers for depriving them of property to which they have not the smallest title, and which they should not be allowed to acquire.

The education of the young will, I hope, receive at the hands of the Reformed Parliaments wide extension and development. The State schools will probably become entirely secular, religious education being left to the various religious sects and to teachers selected by the parents. Compulsion will be enacted by the law of the land instead of by bye-laws, as at present. School fees paid by the parent, already avoidable by the very poor, will be entirely abolished, and the whole cost of education will be charged on the rates, instead of the greater part only, as at present. The abolition of these will relieve the teachers from much heavy clerical work, now imposed on them; will do away with all the machinery for enquiry which now exists to deal with cases in which the remission of fees is asked; and will reduce to a minimum the prosecutions for non-attendance, and the cost of the army of officials now needed to enforce it. Thus will the work of 1870 and 1876 be completed, and we shall have a system of National Education, secular, compulsory, and rate-supported.

What shall be included in this education is a question too wide for discussion at the close of this paper. I look forward to a time when every child shall receive in the national schools the elements of a

literary, scientific, artistic, and technical education; when neither boy nor girl shall leave the school ignorant of the glories of our literature, of the wonders of science, of the delight in beauty, of some definite means of bread-winning. Be it tailoring, or dressmaking, or cookery, or carpentering, or any one of the many trades needed in a civilised society, every pair of hands should be able to do at least some one thing well, by which a living may be honestly earned. The maturity that follows a youth spent in such training will be useful to the State, and enjoyable to the individual; and such a maturity it should be the object of educational laws to make possible for every citizen.

The lines here sketched are not likely to be followed out in any one Parliament, however great the impulse for improvement, but it is along these lines that the reforming energy will travel, if the study of the past shed any light upon the future of Reform. ANNIE BESANT.

The Irrational Knot.

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,
AUTHOR OF "AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST", ETC.

CHAPTER I. (*continued*).

MEANWHILE, Marmaduke, tired of bantering Miss McQuench, became curious about Marian and Conolly.

"I say, Nelly," he whispered; "Marian and that young man seem to be getting on uncommonly well together. She looks sentimentally happy; and he is obviously delighted with himself. Must I kick him if he makes any advances to her? He looks strong."

"Do. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you well beaten."

"Then I wont touch him. If I licked him, both you and Marian would be disappointed. If he licked me, I should feel disappointed myself. Look at the light of love in Marian's eyes."

"Hmf!"

"Dont be jealous, Nelly."

"I am not jealous, Marmaduke. Why should I be?"

"Out of pure cussedness. Not that you care for the electric man; but because you hate anyone to fall in love with anyone else when you are by."

"I wish you would go away."

"Why? Dont you like me?"

"I *loathe* you. Now, perhaps you understand me."

"That's a nice sort of thing to say to a fellow," said Marmaduke, roused. "I have a great mind to bring you to your senses as Douglas does, by not speaking to you for a week."

"I wish you would let me come to my senses by not speaking to me at all."

"Oh! Well, I am off; but mind, Nelly, I am offended. We are no longer on speaking terms. Look as contemptuous as you please: you will be sorry when you think over this. Remember: you said you loathed me."

"So I do," said Elinor stubbornly.

"Very good," said Marmaduke, turning his back on her, and sauntering across the room to Mrs. Fairfax. The clergyman took this opportunity to leave her and interrupt his sister's conversation with Conolly, who gave place to him without hesitation, and, seeing Miss McQuench unoccupied like himself, ventured to approach her.

"The concert is a great success. Do you not think so?" he said deferentially.

"I am sure I dont know."

"The fine weather is in its favor."

Miss McQuench did not reply, but glanced disdainfully up at him.

"Perhaps you find it rather fatiguing," he added.

She was afraid not to answer him; but she fancied that he was looking down upon her with the amused interest which a sulky child inspires; and this she resented. "I may as well be fatigued here as anywhere else," she said. "Wherever one goes, small talk and littleness of mind seem to be inevitable."

"Yes," he said, smiling: "it's a stupid world, is it not?"

"Are you satisfied with it?" she said, sharply.

"Well, no," he replied, still smiling: "I cannot pretend that I am exactly satisfied. At times I am violently disgusted with it. At others I tolerate it with sufficient complacency. I guess most people vary in the same way. If you want to produce a thorough discord, take a person in the disgusted mood, and make her—or him, of course: I am not thinking of anyone in particular—make her talk to a person in the complacent mood."

"I am never in the complacent mood. I dont know how anyone with a mind can be."

"Unfortunately, I am. But I am familiar with the other mood, like most men."

"Indeed! I thought women and poets had a monopoly of despair."

"I wish they had. Ladies never give our unfortunate sex credit for our worst afflictions, diffidence and cowardice."

"And are you a coward, Mr. Conolly?" she said, glancing spitefully at Marmaduke, who was talking to Mrs. Fairfax.

"That depends on circumstances," replied Conolly. "I am very courageous in affairs which I feel confident of managing with credit."

"Suppose someone challenged you to fight a duel."

"I should decidedly object to gratify him."

"Not even for the sake of a woman?"

"Not for anybody. Fancy yourself standing patiently whilst some ill-tempered person fired pistols at you. Ugh!"

"Of course, if you choose to look at it in that way, it is unpleasant."

"There is no choice in the matter. I could not look at it in any other."

"Perhaps *you* could not. Thank heaven, there are still men who could."

"They must be singularly unimaginative persons."

"That shows how little you know," said she impetuously. "Mr.

Douglas—that tall gentleman who was here to night—challenged a celebrated French duellist, and shot him."

"Dead?"

"No," said Miss McQuench, shuddering in spite of herself. "He wounded him severely."

"He must have been nearly as uncomfortable whilst the man was in danger, as he doubtless was until he was out of danger himself. Excuse me: I am not aspersing his courage: I am only giving him credit for common sense. May I ask what induced him to court all this anxiety and risk. Not, I presume, a desire to kill his adversary, though that is after all the only reasonable motive for duelling with which I am acquainted."

"He fought because the man doubted his word of honor."

"Surely not. In what way could the accuracy of his aim prove the accuracy of his statements? He fought simply to prove—perhaps to himself—that he was not afraid of the duellist."

"Indeed! And do you not think that that was worth proving?"

"No; because in the first place it was probably not true; and in the next, he actually proved nothing except that he valued the esteem of foolish people—including the duellist—more than the integrity of his person. How if the Frenchman had chanced to shoot him?"

"You do not seem to understand that the difference between a brave man and a coward is that the one never admits the possibility of defeat, nor the other of victory."

"On the contrary: that, as I have said, is exactly my own case. When certain of success, I am brave as a lion. When the odds are against me, I tremble."

"I dont mean anything like your case. I am speaking of true courage, that delights in danger, and fights everything and everybody that disputes its independence."

"Ah! I remember how terribly out of conceit with myself I used to be for not possessing that tremendous vein of daring."

"When was that, pray?"

"In my boyhood—when I believed in it."

"And have you no better reason for disbelieving in it than your own lack of it? You might as well say that there is no such thing as black hair because your own is"—Miss McQuench looked at Conolly's auburn hair, and stopped.

"Because my own is red," said he, prompting her.

"Nonsense. Your hair is *not* red."

"The color is not material to the argument, Miss McQuench. I believe in the existence of black hair, because I have seen it upon other heads. But I have never met a person who realized your ideal of a brave man. Have you?"

"Hundreds of times," said Elinor energetically. Conolly raised his eyebrows. "At least," she continued, "I know only one; but I have met him often. The noblest virtues are also the rarest."

Whilst she was speaking, the concertinists returned from the platform; and a servant appeared with refreshments, which the clergyman invited Marmaduke to assist him in dispensing. Conolly, considering the uncorking of bottles of soda water a sufficiently skilled

labor to be more interesting than making the very small talk which these ladies seemed to consider serious and even rather original, went to the table and busied himself with the corkscrew.

"Well, Nelly," said Marian, drawing her chair close to Miss McQuench, and speaking in a low voice: "what do you think of Jasper's workman?"

"Not much," replied Elinor, shrugging her shoulders. "He is very conceited, and very coarse."

"Do you really think so? I expected to find you delighted with his unconventionality. I thought him rather amusing."

"I thought him extremely aggravating. I hate to have to speak to people of that sort. He talks like the hero of a trades' union debating society."

"Then you consider him vulgar," said Marian, disappointed.

"N—no. Not vulgarer than anybody else. He couldnt be that. But he affects that sordid, contradicting, bullying sort of common-sense which I detest above all things."

"How odd? Common-sense is precisely the quality in which I suspected him of being deficient."

"Sherry and soda, Marian?" said Marmaduke, approaching.

"No, thank you, Marmaduke. Get Nelly something."

"As Miss McQuench and I are no longer on speaking terms, I leave her to the care of yonder scientific amateur, who is at present pledging the Rev. George in a glass of sherry at eighteen shillings the dozen—a proceeding which he will probably regret before dawn."

"Dont be silly, Marmaduke. Bring Nelly some soda water."

"Do nothing of the sort," said Miss McQuench.

Marmaduke bowed and retired.

"What is the matter between you and Duke now?" said Marian.

"Nothing. I told him I loathed him."

"Oh! I dont wonder at his being a little huffed. How *can* you say things that you dont mean?"

"I do mean them. What with his folly, Sholto's mean conceit, George's hypocrisy, that man's vulgarity, Mrs. Fairfax's affectation, your insufferable amiability, and the dreariness of those concertina people, I feel so wretched that I could find it in my heart to loathe anybody, no matter whom."

"Nonsense, Nelly! You are only in the blues."

"*Only* in the blues," said Miss McQuench sarcastically. "Yes. That is all."

"Take some sherry. It will brighten you up."

"Dutch courage! Thank you: I prefer my present moroseness."

"But you are not morose, Nelly."

"Oh stuff, Marian! Dont throw away your amiability on me. Here comes your new friend with refreshments. I wonder was he ever a waiter? He looks exactly like one."

After this the conversation flagged. Mrs. Fairfax grew loquacious under the influence of sherry; but presently a reaction set in, and she began to yawn. Miss McQuench, when her turn came, played worse than before; and the audience, longing for another negro melody, paid little attention to her. Marian sang a religious song, which was received with the respect usually accorded to a dull sermon. The

clergyman read a comic essay of his own composition; and Mrs. Fairfax recited an ode to Mazzini. The concertinists played an arrangement of a quartet by Onslow. The working men and women of Wandsworth gaped; and a few who sat near the door slipped out. Even Miss McQuench pitied them.

"The idea of expecting them to be grateful for an infliction like that!" she said. "What do people of their class care about Onslow's quartets?"

"Do you think that people of any class, high or low, would be gratified by such an entertainment?" said Conolly, with some warmth. No one had sufficient spirit left to reply.

At last the concertinists went home; and the reading drew to a close. Conolly, again accompanied by Marian, sang "Tom Bowling". The audience awoke, cheered the singer heartily, and made him sing again. When he returned to the green room, Miss M'Quench, much affected at the fate of Bowling, and indignant with herself for being so, stared defiantly at Conolly through a film of tears. When Marmaduke went out, the people also were so moved that they were ripe for laughter, and with roars of merriment forced him to sing three songs, in the choruses of which they joined. Eventually the clergyman had to bid them go home, as Mr. Lind had given them all the songs he knew.

"I suppose you will not come with us, Duke," said Marian, when all was over, and they were preparing to leave. "We can drop you at your chambers if you like; but you will have to sit on the box. Mrs. Leith Fairfax, George, Nelly, and I, will be a carriageful."

Marmaduke looked at his watch. "By Jove," he cried; "it is only ten. I forgot how early we began to-night. No thank you, Marian: I am not going your way; but you may take the banjo and keep it until I call. I'll just see you safely off—but be quick. The carriage is waiting."

They went out all together; and the ladies, followed by the clergyman, entered their carriage and drove away, leaving Marmaduke and Conolly standing together on the pavement. Having shared the success of the concert, each felt well disposed to the other.

"What direction are you going in?" said Marmaduke.

"Eastward," replied Conolly. "This place is rather out of the way."

"Have you anything particular to do before you turn in for the night?"

"Nothing at all."

"Then I'll tell you what it is, old man. Let's take a hansom, and drive off to the Bijou. We shall just be in time for the burlesque; and—look here. I'll introduce you to somebody. Eh?"

Conolly looked at him; nodded; and burst out laughing. Marmaduke, who had set him down as a cool, undemonstrative man, was surprised at his hilarity for a moment, but presently joined in it. Whilst they were both laughing a hansom appeared; and Conolly, recovering himself, hailed the driver.

"We shall get on together, I see," said Marmaduke, jumping into the cab. "You are the sort of fellow I like. Hallo! The Bijou

Theatre, Soho; and drive as fast as you can afford to for half a sovereign."

"Right you are, sir," replied the driver, whipping his horse.

The rattling of the cab silenced Conolly; but his companion persisted for some time in describing the burlesque to which they were going, and particularly the attractions of a Mademoiselle Lalage Virtue who enacted a principal character therein, and with whom he seemed to be in love. When they alighted at the theatre, Marmaduke paid the cabman; and Conolly took advantage of this to enter the theatre and purchase two stall tickets, an arrangement which Lind, suddenly recollecting his new friend's position, disapproved of, but found it useless to protest against. He forgot it on hearing the voice of Lalage Virtue, who was at that moment singing within; and he went to his stall with his eyes turned to the stage, treading on toes and stumbling as little boys commonly do when they walk in one direction and look in another. An attendant, who seemed to know him, proffered a glass for hire. He took it, and levelled it at Mademoiselle Lalage, who was singing some trivial couplets much better than they deserved. Catching sight of him presently, she greeted him with a flash of her dark eye that made him writhe as though his heart had received a fillip from a ponderable missile. She did not spare these roguish glances. They darted everywhere; and Conolly, looking about him to note their effect, saw rows of callow young faces with parted lips and an expression which seemed to have been caught and fixed at the climax of a blissful chuckle. There were few women in the stalls; and the silly young faces were relieved only by wicked or weak old ones.

The couplets ended amidst great applause. Marmaduke placed his glass on his knees, and, clapping his hands vigorously, turned to his companion with a triumphant smile and mutely invited him to clamour for a repetition of the air. But Conolly sat motionless, with his arms folded, his cheek flushed, and his brow lowered.

"You dont seem used to this sort of thing," said Lind, somewhat disgusted.

"It was well sung," replied Conolly: "—far better than any of these creatures know."

"Then why dont you clap?"

"Because I do not wish to hear it again."

Marmaduke looked at him, and began to think that he was an ignorant, priggish fellow after all. But as the burlesque went on, Mademoiselle Lalage charmed away these disagreeable impressions. She warbled in an amorous duet, and then sang the pleasures of champagne; tossing her head; waving a gilt goblet; and, without the least appearance of effort, working hard to captivate those who were to be won by bold smiles and arch glances. She displayed her person less freely than her colleagues, being, not more modest, but more skilful in the art of seduction. The slang that served for dialogue in her part was delivered in all sorts of intonations, now demure and mischievous, anon strident and mock tragic. Marmaduke was delighted.

"What I like about her is that she is such a genuine little lady," he said, as her exit released his attention. "With all her go, she is

never a bit vulgar. Off the stage, she is just the same. Not a spark of affectation about her. It is all natural."

"You know her, then?" said Conolly.

"I should think I do," replied Marmaduke energetically. "You have no idea what a rattling sort she is."

"To you, who only see her occasionally, no doubt she gives—as a rattling sort—a heightened charm to the order, the refinement, the—the beauty of the home life which you can enjoy. Excuse my introducing such a subject, Mr. Lind; but would you bring your cousin—the lady who sang to-night at the concert—to see this performance?"

"I would, if she asked me to," said Marmaduke, somewhat taken aback.

"No doubt. But should you be surprised if she asked you?"

"Not a bit. Fine ladies are neither such fools nor such angels as you—as some fellows think. Miss Lind's notion is to see everything. And yet she is a thoroughly nice woman too. It is the same with Lalage there. She is not squeamish, and she is full of fun; but she knows as well as anybody how to pull up a man who doesnt behave himself."

"And you actually think that this Lalage Virtue is as respectable a woman as your cousin?"

"Oh, I dont bother myself about it. I shouldnt have thought of comparing them if you hadnt started the idea. Marian's way is not the other one's way; and each of them is all right in her own way. Look here. I'll introduce you to Lalage. We will pick up somebody else to complete a party, and finish up with a supper at Jellicoe's."

"Are you privileged to introduce whom you like to Miss Lalage?".

"Well, as to that, she doesnt stand much on ceremony; but then, you see, that cuts two ways. The mere introducing is no difficulty; but it depends on the man himself whether he gets snubbed afterwards or not. By the bye, you must understand, if you dont know it already, that Lalage is as correct in her morals as a bishop's wife. I just tell you; because some fellows seem to think that a woman who goes on the stage leaves her propriety behind as a matter of course. In fact, I rather thought so myself once. Not that you shant find loose women there as well as anywhere else, if you want to. But dont take the depravity of the sex for granted on the stage any more than you would at a drawing-room in St. James's."

"Well," said Conolly, "you may introduce me; and we can consider the supper afterwards. Would it be indiscreet to ask how you obtained your own introduction? You dont, I suppose, move in the same circle as she; and if she is as particular as they are—so I am told—at St. James's, she can hardly form promiscuous acquaintanceships."

"A man at the point of death does not stop to think about etiquette. She saved my life."

"Saved your life! That sounds romantic."

"There was very little romance about it, although I owe my being alive now to her presence of mind. It happened in this way. I was brought behind the scenes one night by a fellow who had come up to town from Cambridge with me. We were not exactly drunk; but we were not particularly sober either; and I was very green at that time,

and made a fool of myself about Lalage, staring, clapping like a madman in the middle of her songs, getting into the way of everybody and everything, and so on. Then a couple of fellows whom we knew turned up, and we got chatting at the wing with some of the ballet. At last a fellow came in with a bag of cherries; and we began trying that old trick of taking the end of a stalk between the lips and drawing the cherry into the mouth without touching it with the hand. I tried it; and just as I was just getting the cherry into my mouth, some idiot gave me, in fun, a poke in the waistcoat. I made a gulp; and the cherry stuck fast in my throat. I began to choke. There was a great fuss, I believe; but nobody knew what to do; and whilst they were pushing me about, some thinking I was only pretending, the girls beginning to get frightened, and the rest shouting at me to swallow the accursed thing, I was getting black in the face, and my head was bursting—I could see nothing but red spots. Suddenly I got a shake; and then a little fist gave me a stunning thump on the back, that made the cherry bounce out against my palate. I gasped and coughed like a grampus: the stalk was down my throat still. Then the little hand manipulated my throat in some fashion that made me open my mouth wide; and the cherry was pulled out, stalk and all. It was Lalage who did this whilst the rest were gaping helplessly. I dont remember what followed. I thought I had fainted; but it appears that I nearly cried, and talked the most awful nonsense to her. I suppose the choking made me hysterical. However, I distinctly recollect the stage manager bullying the ballet girls, and turning us all out. I was very angry with myself for being childish, as they told me I had been; and when I got back to Cambridge I actually took to reading. A few months afterwards, I made another trip to town, and went behind the scenes again. She recognized me, and chaffed me about the cherry. I seized the opportunity; thanked her for her plucky help; went again; improved the acquaintance; and eventually came to know her very well."

"You doubt whether any of the ladies that were with us at the concert would have been equally useful in such an emergency?"

"I should think I do doubt it, my boy. Hush! Now that the ballet is over, we are annoying people by talking."

"You are right," replied Conolly. "Aha! Here is Miss Lalage again."

Marmaduke raised his opera glass to his eyes, eager for another smile from the actress. He seemed about to be gratified; for her glance was travelling towards him along the row of stalls. But it was arrested by Conolly, on whom she looked with perceptible surprise and dismay. Lind, puzzled, turned towards his companion, and found him smiling maliciously at Mademoiselle Lalage, who recovered her vivacity with an effort, and continued her part with more nervousness than he had ever seen her display before.

Shortly before the curtain fell, they left the theatre, and re-entered it by the stage-door.

"Queer place, isnt it?" said Lind.

Conolly nodded, but went forward like one well accustomed to the dingy labyrinth of old-fashioned stages. When they approached the

proscenium at the prompt side, Lalage met them. She was much heated by her exertions, thickly painted, and very angry.

"Well?" she said quarrelsomely.

Marmaduke, perceiving that her challenge was not addressed to him, but to Conolly, looked from one to the other, mystified.

"I have come to see you act at last," said Conolly.

"You might have told me that you were coming. I could have given you an order, although I suppose you would have preferred to throw away your money like a fool."

"I must admit, my dear," said Conolly, "that I could have spent it to much greater advantage."

"Indeed! And *you*," she said, turning to Lind, whose deepening color betrayed his growing mortification: "what is the matter with you?"

"I have played a trick on your friend," said Conolly. "He suggested this visit; and I did not tell him of the relation between us. Finding us on terms of familiarity, if not of affection, he is naturally surprised."

"As I have never tried to meddle with your private affairs," said Marmaduke to Lalage, "I need not apologize for not knowing your husband. But I regret——"

The actress laughed in spite of her vexation. "Why, you silly old man!" she exclaimed, "he is no more my husband than you are!"

"Oh!" said Marmaduke. "Indeed!"

"I am her brother," said Conolly, gravely.

"Why," said Mademoiselle Lalage fiercely, raising her voice, "what else did you think?"

"Hush," said Conolly: "we are talking too much in this crowd. You had better change your dress, Susanna; and then we can settle what to do next."

"You can settle what you please," she replied. "I am going home."

"Mr. Lind has suggested our supping together," said Conolly, observing her curiously.

Susanna looked quickly at them.

"Who is Mr. Lind?" she said.

"Your friend, of course," said Conolly, startled. "Mr. Marmaduke Lind."

Marmaduke became very red as they both waited for him to explain.

"I thought that you would perhaps join us at supper," he said to Susanna.

"Did you?" she said, threateningly. Then she turned her back on him and went to her dressing-room.

"Well, Mr. Lind," said Conolly: "what do you think of Mademoiselle Lalage now?"

"I think her annoyance is very natural," said Marmaduke gloomily. "No doubt you are right to take care of your sister; but you are very much mistaken if you think I meant to act badly towards her."

"It is no part of my duty to take care of her," said Conolly seriously.

"My sister is her own guardian; and I have never encouraged her to suppose that her responsibility lay with anyone but herself."

"It does not matter now," said Marmaduke; "for I intend never to speak to her again."

Conolly laughed. "However that may turn out," he said, "we are evidently not in the mood for further conviviality; so let us postpone the supper to some other occasion. May I advise you not to wait until Susanna returns. There is no chance of a reconciliation to-night."

"I do not desire a reconciliation," said Marmaduke angrily.

"Of course not: I had forgotten," replied Conolly placably. "Then I suppose you will go before she has finished dressing."

"I shall go now," said Marmaduke, buttoning his overcoat, and turning away.

"Good-night," said Conolly.

"Good-night," muttered Marmaduke ungraciously, and disappeared amidst the scenes.

Conolly waited a moment so that he might not overtake Lind. He then went for a cab, and waited at the stage door until his sister came down, frowning. She got into the hansom without a word.

"Why dont you have a brougham, instead of going about in cabs?" he said, as they drove away.

"Because I like a hansom better than a brougham; and I had rather pay four shillings a night and travel comfortably, than thirteen and be half suffocated."

"I thought the appearance of——"

"There is no use in your talking to me. I cant hear a word you say whilst we are going over these stones."

When they were alone together in their drawing-room in Lambeth, he, after walking up and down the room a few times, and laughing softly to himself, began to sing the couplets from the burlesque.

"Are you aware," she inquired, "that it is half-past twelve, and that the people of the house are trying to sleep."

"True," said he, desisting. "By the bye, I, too, have had my triumphs this evening. I shared the honors of the concert with Master Lind, who was so delighted that he insisted on bringing me off to the Bijou. He loves you to distraction, poor devil."

"Yes: you made a nice piece of mischief there. Where is he?"

"Gone away in a rage, swearing never to speak to you again."

"Hm! And so his name is Lind, is it?"

"Didnt you know?"

"No, or I should have told you when I read the programme this evening. The young villain pretended that his name was Marmaduke Sharp."

"Ah! The name reminds me of one of his cousins: a little spitfire who snaps at everyone who presumes to talk to her."

"His cousins! Oh, of course: you met them at the concert. What are they like? Are they swells?"

"Yes: they seem to be. There were only two cousins: Miss M'Quench, and a young woman named Marian, blonde and rather good looking. There was a brother of hers there; but he is only a

parson; and a tall fellow named Douglas, who made rather a fool of himself. I could not make him out exactly."

"Did they snub you?"

"I dont know. Probably they tried. Are you intimate with many of our young nobility under assumed names?"

"Steal a few more marches to the Bijou, and perhaps you will find out."

"Good night! Pardon my abrupt departure; but you are not the very sweetest of Susannas to-night."

"Oh, *good* night."

"By the bye," said Conolly, returning, "this must be the Mr. Duke Lind who is going to marry Lady Constance Sunbury, my noble pupil's sister."

"I am sure it matters very little whom he marries."

"If he will pay us a visit here, and witness the working of perfect frankness without affection, and perfect liberty without refinement, he may find reason to conclude that it matters a good deal. Goodnight."

(To be continued.)

The Upshot of "Hamlet".

By Arthur Gigadibs.

III.

I have made bold to say that I cannot, *à priori*, conceive it as at all likely that even Shakspere could fit a number of modern and sophisticated personages to the leading situations of the barbaric "Hystorie of Hamblet"—especially that he should put a metaphysical and poetic Hamlet through the procedure and experiences of the barbarian of the story—and still preserve a calculated consistency throughout. To conceive a cultured Hamlet who shall abstain from avenging his father is one thing; to carry him consistently through the career of the astute savage who shammed madness to save his life is another. And the thesis here undertaken is that, the Germans notwithstanding, it was at least not the invariable practice of Shakspere to plan a drama with the idea of applying a definite principle or conveying a subtle lesson; that, on the contrary, he in many cases assuredly set about re-writing old stories or plays with no other purpose, in the strict sense of the term, than that of furnishing his company, as he could so well do, with a more vigorously written set of parts than was supplied by the plays before him; and that "Hamlet" was demonstrably produced in this spirit; whether we regard it as based mainly on the previous "Hamlet", or merely on the "Hystorie". It is one of Mackenzie's remarks that "It may, perhaps, be doing Shakspere no injustice to suppose that he sometimes began a play without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece". And Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps thus distinctly expresses himself: "Unless we bear in mind that Shakspere's treatment of the story of Hamlet was influenced by the succession of events in the

older tragedy, and that the construction of his own drama was to some extent fettered by the circumstances under which he wrote, there can be no æsthetic criticism on 'Hamlet' which will be other than one that involves an unsuccessful attempt to reconcile inconsistencies that are not explicable on any other hypothesis". It is now further submitted, however, that the character of parts of "Hamlet" was in large measure determined by the peculiar attitude of Shakspere during some years of his life toward his vocation and toward life in general; by tendencies which Poe refers to as the "whims" of the poet, but which were of a somewhat graver character than we usually associate with that term.

First, then, as to the conception and execution of the tragedy as a whole. Many of those who read "Hamlet" critically, and without having their faculties mesmerised by the preconceived harmonies of the metaphysicians, must have had that sense of dissatisfaction with the repetition of the appearance of the Ghost which was experienced by some of the common-sense critics of last century. Why have we two scenes? Why does not Horatio, who came to attend the late king's funeral, present himself to his bosom friend Hamlet until after he has spent his night at watch, two months afterwards? Or, to put it conversely, how could Hamlet speak as he does in Act III., Scene 2, of Horatio, whom he had received in the first Act as a mere acquaintance, with a "Horatio, or I do forget myself"? Horatio in the first scene explains that "this our watch" is held because of the warlike preparations of young Fortinbras; and an account is given of a "post-haste and romage through the land" by way of counter preparation. Why are these preparations introduced? There is no satisfactory answer. Of course the metaphysicians, who as a rule have no eye for dramatic construction, find reasons as plentiful as blackberries; but the very fact that we have choice of so many shows how methodless is the metaphysical manner of inquiry. Honestly and critically looked at, the accounts of the warlike preparations in Norway and Denmark cumber the ground; not being necessary for the mere purpose of introducing Fortinbras in the fourth Act and at the close. Here, it must be said, Shakspere departs from the "Hystorie", which only mentions the combat between the late king and the king of Norway (Collere) by way of random illustration of his late majesty's prowess. But is the invention of the superfluous Fortinbras element in the tragedy his own? Certainly it is not in the German play; and it would be an imitation of the metaphysical method to argue that Shakspere was unlikely, *à priori*, to have effected such an apparently purposeless innovation, and must have followed a previous drama. But if we do not assume imitation it is hardly possible to escape the inference that he had at first had in his mind some turn of affairs which he subsequently discarded. A much more serious difficulty is the soliloquy of Hamlet as to the future life and the "undiscover'd country from whose bourne no traveller returns" — this shortly after he has seen his father's Ghost. Here again there are suggested explanations in plenty; but what *can* explain away such a difficulty? Coleridge, so far as his meaning can be made out, would have us represent Hamlet as overlooking the circumstance of the Ghost's appearance by reason of his

fatal overintellectuality; others suggest that the soliloquist was merely thinking of the impossibility of a permanent return. Of the two theories it is difficult to say which is the worse. More straightforward critics frankly admit that the soliloquy is simply an exhibition of Shakspere's "royal carelessness". There are, as it happens, reasons for adopting the view that the "To be" soliloquy was suggested to Shakspere by perusal of Montaigne, Florio's translation of whose Essays appeared in 1603; indeed there is cause to suspect that the extent of Shakspere's obligations to Montaigne is greater than is commonly supposed. To the argument of Dr. Elze, that there can be no question of originality in regard to such speeches as the "To be" soliloquy, we might bow if that were the only point of correspondence between the dramatist and the essayist; but when we find in "Hamlet" echoes from the 19th, 20th, 22nd, 40th and 56th essays of Book I. and the 1st and 3rd of Book II.; in "Measure for Measure" many echoes of the 19th; and in the 146th Sonnet yet others, it is difficult to avoid the inference that the poet had these thoughts suggested to him by his reading of Florio's translation, just as he admittedly was reminiscent of Montaigne in the "Tempest".[1] Not only is Hamlet's soliloquy strikingly suggestive of the essay (the 19th) "That to philosophise is to learn to die"; of the next, "On the Force of Imagination"; and of passages in the 40th ("The Relish of Goods and Evils", etc.); in the 58th (Of the Inconstancy of our Actions"); in that on "The Custom of the Isle of Cea", and in that on Physiognomy;[2] but his "nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so" —a speech not found in the First Quarto—is closely parallel with

[1] Since this essay was written, there has appeared a book entitled "Shakspere and Montaigne," by Jacob Feis, in which some of the points I have noted are touched on, and one or two other serviceable suggestions are made. But the book as a whole is one of the most desperate examples of the idolatrous and fantastic method of Shakspere-interpretation. Its thesis is that "Shakspere wrote his 'Hamlet' for the great and noble object of warning his contemporaries against the disturbing inconsistencies of the philosophy of Montaigne who preached the rights of Nature, while yet clinging to dogmatic tenets which cannot be reconciled with those rights;" and that it is on the contradictions in the life and work of Montaigne "that the enigmatic, as yet unexplained, character of Hamlet reposes". This astonishing proposition is elaborated without a single reference to the circumstance that "Hamlet" is based on the theme of an earlier play. One or two citations will give the reader an adequate notion of Mr. Feis's exegetical method. Quoting Hamlet's phrase that his "imaginations are as foul as Vulcan's stithy," he says: "We do not doubt that this is a sly thrust at Florio, who, in the preface to his translation, calls himself 'Montaigne's Vulcan,' who hatches out Minerva from that 'Jupiter's bigge brain'". On the Queen's phrase "thunders in the index," he has the note: "'*Index*', in our opinion, does not signify either the title, or prologue, or the indication of the contents of a book, but is an allusion to the Index of the Holy See and its thunders". Again, because Florio spoke of Montaigne as a whale he had sought to capture, and of his colleague Deodati as a "guide-fish", Mr. Feis is convinced that Hamlet's calling Polonius a fishmonger, and the phrase "very like a whale" are "well-directed hits" at English Montaignists. Quoting from "The Return from Parnassus," he has this note on the phrase "a cup of Frenchman's Helicon": "Who else can be meant by the 'Frenchman's Helicon' than Montaigne? He is satirically called 'Helicon', as he is taken down from his height in 'Hamlet'". And there are even wilder shots in the book than that.

[2] Mr. Feis points out that Florio renders "anéantissement", in the translation of the Apology of Socrates in the essay on "Physiognomy", by "consummation",

a passage in the 40th Essay; his reflexion on the need for use of the reason closely resembles another passage of the same; and his exhortation to his mother as to the effects of habit is equally suggestive of the 22nd Essay, "Of Custom", and of the proverbial phrase about custom in the 10th essay of Book III. Ben Jonson's allusion in "Volpone" to borrowings from "Montaignie" might just as well be to these echoes as to the passage from the "Tempest", supposing the latter play to have existed in 1607, which in point of fact is highly improbable. Ben and Shakspere, likely enough, discussed Montaigne together. It may be worth noting (1) that the scholastic phrase "discourse of reason", in Act I., Sc. 2 (pronounced by Charles Knight finely Shaksperean), which Shakspere has not used in any earlier play—but which seems to have struck his fancy, as he uses it in "Troilus and Cressida", II., 2, and has "discourse of thought" in "Othello" IV., 2—occurs in Florio's translation of the 19th Essay, and of the "Apologie de Raimond Sebond", and is not found in the First Quarto; (2) that Hamlet's characterisation of Horatio in Act III., Sc. 2, as "one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing", does not appear in the First Quarto, and recalls the lines of Horace:

> "Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
> Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ
> Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus"—

quoted and expanded by Montaigne (and translated by Florio) in the 19th Essay; and (3) that the early part of the second scene in Act V., in which Hamlet tells Horatio his story only after he has been a long time with him in the churchyard, and in which he observes that

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough-hew them how we will—

does not occur in the First Quarto, and recalls Montaigne's 33rd Essay, "That Fortune is oftentimes observ'd to act by the Rule of Reason," which has the phrase "Fortune has more judgment than we"—translating Menander. It will perhaps be said that to conceive Shakspere thus indebted to another writer for the suggestion of many of his thoughts is to rob him of much of his glory; but the answer on this head is as easily made as in regard to the question of the poet's use of other men's plots. To say, as we all do, that Shakspere was the prince of poets, is to pronounce him the greatest of all stylists; and the function of the stylist is not so much to evolve new propositions as to clothe valuable thoughts in the very best language. Who enjoys Prospero's magnificent utterance after the mythological interlude any the less because some of the lines were undoubtedly suggested by some in the Earl of Stirling's "Darius"? What says Goethe in regard to *his* borrowings? "What would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand things: wise and foolish have brought me, without sus-

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the peculiar term being here a specially conspicuous link between the "To be" soliloquy and the essay. But it is probable that Shakspere knew something of Montaigne in the original.

pecting it, the offerings of their thoughts, faculties, and experience. My work is an aggregation of things taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe." And what says the good, wise, loquacious, quotatious Montaigne himself? "That which a man rightly knows and understands, he is the free disposer of at his own full liberty, without any regard to the author from whence he had it, or fumbling over the leaves of his book." "'Tis no more according to Plato than according to me."

The question, however, is as to the construction of the plot of "Hamlet", and the point in hand is that, whether or not he wrote the "To be" soliloquy originally somewhat as it appears in the First Quarto, and whether or not he was inspired by his perusal of Montaigne to insert it at haphazard *after* the tragedy had been rough-written or adapted, Shakspere in that passage created an inconsistency in his narrative of the most formidable description. But if so much be admitted, where can the line be drawn? If the dramatist could commit a lapse "gross as a mountain, open, palpable", is there anything unwarrantable in saying that the more obscure perplexities of the play are likewise the result of lack of circumspection? We have seen with what headlong haste "Measure for Measure" was constructed; and how its unsatisfactory incidents arose either out of adherence to the lines of the original or from hand-to-mouth improvement. We have seen that the new Hamlet, the student of Wittenberg, followed the barbarian in simulating madness, though, so far from there being any reason in the changed situation why he should do so, his conduct actually awakened the king's suspicion, which otherwise would have slept. The prototype saved his life by creating the impression that he was insane: Fengon proposed to leave him alone if he were only satisfied that the madness was genuine. Had the Hamlet of the tragedy but preserved his usual mien he would have incurred no risk, the king showing no disposition to meddle with him. This is the justification—such as it is—of those who hold that the Hamlet of the tragedy is to be regarded as really mad; a position which, however, is untenable in view of the numerous indications to the contrary. Poe, in the very passage in which he protests against Hamlet-harmonies, goes on to suggest that—

> "It must have been well known to Shakspere that a leading feature in certain more intense classes of intoxication (from whatever cause) is an almost irrepressible impulse to counterfeit a further degree of excitement than actually exists. Analogy would lead any thoughtful person to suspect the same impulse in madness—when beyond doubt, it is manifest. This Shakspere *felt*—not thought. He felt it through his marvellous power of *identification* with humanity at large—the ultimate source of his magical influence upon mankind. He wrote of Hamlet as if Hamlet he were; and having, in the first instance, imagined his hero excited to partial insanity by the disclosures of the ghost—he (the poet) *felt* that it was natural he should be impelled to exaggerate the insanity."

This is as subtle and as plausible as any of the suggestions of the metaphysicians; but, like these, it is disallowed on a perception of the obvious fact that Shakspere, in making his hero sham madness, was following the old story and the old play. The dramatist who conceived a secret-revealing Ghost and yet retained the sham madness,

introduced a new flaw into the story, and that flaw Shakspere retained.

On the other hand, however, there is an important correspondence between tragedy and story precisely in this respect of the futility of Hamlet's feigning. In the tragedy we find him incurring suspicion by a gratuitous assumption of mental derangement—an assumption so ill-managed as never to convince the king; and further giving gratuitous proof of his sanity by the stratagem of the play: in the story, Hamblet, whose safety lies in his keeping up the belief that he is insane, gratuitously disturbs that belief by dropping hints which are too significant by half. This I call an important correspondence: how important, will be realised when it is placed beside others of a similar kind. We have seen, for instance, that the guilt of Gertrude is treated with a certain ambiguity in both tragedy and story: turn we now to the relations between Hamlet and Ophelia. The dramatist has nowhere gone further beyond the original story than in the creation of Ophelia; but it happens singularly enough that just as Hamlet's relation to Ophelia is full of perplexity, the precise relation between Hamblet and the "faire and beautifull woman" who loved him "more than her selfe" is unintelligible. The lady loves and is loved by Hamblet; yet she is chosen to carry out a stratagem by which his secret is to be discovered; and the narrator finally leaves a somewhat dubious impression as to the relation between the lovers, though an unfavorable inference would seem to be the right one. Readers will remember the theory of Tieck and Goethe as to the character of Ophelia. Now, what Shakspere has done in Hamlet's interview with Ophelia is to make him wildly objurgate feminine frailty in general and tell Ophelia she had better go to a a nunnery; and he has previously made both father and brother in the plainest way warn her to beware of falling. Æsthetic criticism has hitherto busied itself with characterising Laertes and explaining how Hamlet could rave so at Ophelia and yet love her dearly—a kind of explanation which might be thought to be rendered needless by the simple fact that Ophelia is not wounded, but simply laments her lover's madness. Mackenzie anticipated Charles Lamb in a subtle explanation of the kind referred to; but no explanation in the least degree plausible has been given of Hamlet's later behavior—his leaping into the grave and ranting there; and his prompt forgetting of Ophelia afterwards. The most natural explanation, if one be attempted, would be simply that Hamlet at the funeral bethought himself of further shamming madness; but such an explanation would only add to the old puzzle; which, again, is further complicated by Hamlet's declaration to Laertes that he was mad when he killed Polonius. In short, the relations between Hamlet and Ophelia in the play have a certain significant measure of correspondence to those indicated in the "Hystorie", where the "faire" one absolutely drops out of the narrative when the story of the strategem is told, and is no more heard of, she and her deep-rooted love. They were not fully and independently thought out by the dramatist any more than the character and conduct of Hamlet as a whole. In Act II., scene 2, Ophelia tells her father how Hamlet has affrighted her by appearing before her in a condition of apparent madness; an incident to all appearance conceived as part

of Hamlet's scheme of shamming madness; yet a few hours afterwards she asks the Prince "how does your honour for this many a day?" and tells him she has some remembrances of his which she has "longed long to re-deliver"; and that his rich gifts have waxed poor because of his unkindness. That in stringing together these irrelated scenes Shakspere was working over a previous play, seems to me more than probable; but this at least, is certain, that here as elsewhere he was composing or adapting with extreme rapidity; and that if he re-touched his work he did not do so on any systematic plan of remedying its inconsistencies. In Act V., Hamlet, it will be remembered, only tells Horatio of his alteration of the ambassadors' letters after he has been some time with him; and if this narration is not supposed to have taken place at some days' interval we shall have to assume that Laertes and Hamlet had their fencing match on the very day of Ophelia's funeral. It only remains, before it is attempted to come at the "upshot" of all these details, to draw attention once more to the fact that while Gertrude's infidelity during her husband's life is distinctly alleged in the Ghost's speech, as it is in the "Hystorie", Hamlet in the tragedy, as in the story, treats his mother as if her chief guilt lay in her continued connexion with Claudius, and as if change of conduct on her part could atone for her former vice. Shakspere's Gertrude, it is noteworthy, does not once repudiate her son's charge of complicity in her husband's murder; does not even ask him to go into details [two lines of emphatic disclaimer in the First Quarto disappear in the Second]; while the Geruth of the "Hystorie" weakly protests that she had no hand in the crime and would have saved her husband if she could. The exhortation of the Ghost to Hamlet to spare his mother would indeed seem to have been inserted in order to give some color to Hamlet's comparative leniency towards his mother. But in the tragedy as in the story the Queen goes on living with the usurper as usual till the catastrophe. Hamlet's utterly idle advice to his mother certainly gives some support to the doctrine that his was essentially a weak nature; and, taken in connexion with the Ghost's allusion to his "almost blunted purpose" and some of the soliloquies, goes far to indicate that the dramatist, after sketching his play on the lines of the story and the previous play, designed some touches which should represent him as having palled in resolution. But the old inconsistencies and difficulties remain.

The ground having thus been gone over, there obtrudes itself with a new insistence the original question, What is the upshot? And it becomes apparent that the question can hardly be answered finally without laying down some rather comprehensive propositions in regard to Shakspere's genius and character. It has been submitted that an examination of his plays shows him to have constructed them, or many of them, with remarkable rapidity; to have generally followed his models, only deviating on compulsion of good taste, and then with a promptitude amounting to recklessness; and to have presented without substantial modification characters originally ill-conceived. It has been further submitted—the one proposition, it is contended, is involved in the other—that in thus working Shakspere brought the shaping and electrifying power of his imagination to bear on scene after scene, speech after speech, situation after situation; but fre-

quently did not consistently conceive a character and its career as wholes; and that consequently many inconsistencies in the great plays, which metaphysicians and idolaters have tried to explain away, like others which they have for the most part ignored, are real inconsistencies, testimonies to the carelessness, if not to the indifference, of the poet, and not to his subtlety. But this only sets forth the negative idiosyncracies of Shakspere; and study of these is sure to lead to question whether they do not imply some of a positive order. The inquiry must go further. It will inevitably be asked: Why was this mighty dramatist thus careless? How could he thus confuse the action of the plays into which he poured such glorious poetry? It is in answering these questions, with especial regard to the tragedy of "Hamlet", that this dissertation may claim to present what account it finally gives of the "upshot of 'Hamlet.'"

Poe, it will be remembered, attributed whims as well as vacillations and indolences to the poet; and the concept of indifference has been above suggested as an alternative to that of carelessness. In point of fact, just as the indolences have been admitted, in one form or another, by writers who yield to none in adoration of the poet, so have they conceded that certain forms of caprice are exhibited in some of the dramas. To show as much with all possible brevity, let us glance at the criticisms on "Troilus and Cressida". That play, which repays study fully as well as any of the great tragedies, was for long almost a greater puzzle to readers than "Hamlet". Dryden, missing its spirit, treated it as a piece of 'prentice-work; Coleridge confesses to "scarcely knowing what to say of it"; and Schlegel seems to have been the first to see that it was essentially a travesty. As to this there is now almost no dispute; and the only difficulty for the docile reader is as to whether he shall join with Mr. Lloyd in heartily admiring the play on the ground that "the style is exuberant, abounding full and glowing in juice and vivacity and copious recuperation"; with Dr. Ulrici in pronouncing it a carefully planned effort to counteract an undue estimation of the ancients; or with Gervinus and Mr. Furnivall in turning away from it as Shakspere's most unpleasing play. If not the whole, certainly a large part of it, is written in a spirit of bitter satire—for the tone goes beyond irony—and it is scarcely possible for any but born idolaters to hold with Dr. Ulrici that the dramatist wrote with perfect coolness and deliberate didactic purpose. From that conception of Shakspere as a compound of Mill and Carlyle the mind turns with a sense of relief to the emphatic teaching of Mr. Furnivall that the poet during a period of some years was filled with a spirit of bitterness which expressed itself in a series of plays more or less touched with a moral gloom. Mr. Spedding by no means overthrew this theory in his essay "Why Did Shakspere write Tragedies?", thoroughly as he disposed of Mr. Furnivall's "links" and "hooks-and-eyes". Mr. Furnivall, indeed, may fitly be pronounced the Luther of Shaksperology; his strong understanding having broken through many superstitions and pierced to some central truths, though it is still somewhat hospitable to fantasies. If admirers of Shakspere are loth to give ear to such an account of their idol without further urging, let them turn to the

remark of Hallam that

"there seems to have been a period in Shakspere's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pangs of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind." *Lit. of Europe*, Part III., c. vi., 42.

(*To be concluded.*)

Autobiographical Sketches.

By Annie Besant.

XVI.

The week which intervened between the verdict of the jury and the day on which we were ordered to appear in Court to receive sentence was spent by us in arranging all our affairs, and putting everything in train for our anticipated absence. One serious question had to be settled, but it did not need long consideration. What were we to do about the Knowlton pamphlet? We promptly decided to ignore the verdict and to continue the sale. Recognising that the fact of this continued sale would be brought up against us in Court and would probably seriously increase our sentence, we none the less considered that as we had commenced the fight we were bound to maintain it, and we went on with the sale as before.

On June 28th we attended the Court of Queen's Bench to receive judgment, the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Mellor being on the Bench. We moved to quash the indictment, on arrest of judgment, and for a new trial, the first on the ground that the indictment did not set out the words complained of. The judges were against us on this, but it is interesting to note that the Lord Chief Justice remarked that "the language of the book is not open to any particular objection". I argued that the jury, having exonerated us from any corrupt motive, could not be regarded as having found us guilty on an indictment which charged us with a corrupt motive: the Lord Chief Justice held that "in the unnecessary and superfluous part of the indictment, there is no judgment against you", and refused to believe that anyone would be found afterwards so base as to accuse us of evil intent, because of the formal words of the indictment, the jury having acquitted us of any corrupt intention. The judge unfortunately imputed to others his own uprightness, and we have found many—among them Sir W. T. Charley, the present Common Sergeant—vile enough to declare what he thought impossible, that we were found guilty of wilfully corrupting the morals of the people. The judges decided against us on all the points raised, but it is due to them to say that in refusing to quash the indictment, as Mr. Bradlaugh asked, they were misled by the misrepresentation of an American case by Sir Hardinge Giffard, and, to quote the words of the Lord Chief Justice, they sheltered themselves "under the decisions of the American

Courts, and left this matter to be carefully gone into by the Court of Error".

The question of sentence then arose, and two affidavits were put in, one by a reporter of the *Morning Advertiser*, named Lysaght. This individual published in the *Advertiser* a very garbled report of a meeting at the Hall of Science on the previous Sunday, evidently written to anger the Lord Chief Justice, and used by Sir Hardinge Giffard with the same object. In one thing, however, it was accurate, and that was in stating that we announced our intention to continue the sale of the book. On this arose an argument with the Lord Chief Justice; he pointed out that we did not deny that the circulation of the book was going on, and we assented that it was so. It was almost pathetic to see the judge, angry at our resolution, unwilling to sentence us, but determined to vindicate the law he administered. "The question is," he urged, "what is to be the future course of your conduct? The jury have acquitted you of any intention to deliberately violate the law; and that, although you did publish this book, which was a book that ought not to have been published, you were not conscious of the effect it might have, and had no intention to violate the law. That would induce the Court, if it saw a ready submission on your part, to deal with the case in a very lenient way. The jury having found that it was a violation of the law, but with a good motive or through ignorance, the Court, in awarding punishment upon such a state of things, would, of course, be disposed to take a most indulgent view of the matter. But if the law has been openly set at defiance, the matter assumes a very different aspect, and it must be dealt with as a very grave and aggravated case." We could not, however, pledge ourselves to do anything more than stop the sale pending the appeal on the writ of error which we had resolved to go for. "Have you anything to say in mitigation?" was the judge's last appeal; but Mr. Bradlaugh answered: "I respectfully submit myself to the sentence of the Court"; and I: "I have nothing to say in mitigation of punishment".

The sentence and the reason for its heavy character have been so misrepresented, that I print here, from the shorthand report taken at the time, the account of what passed:—

"The Lord Chief Justice, after having conferred for some minutes with Mr. Justice Mellor, said: The case has now assumed a character of very, very grave importance. We were prepared, if the defendants had announced openly in this Court that having acted in error as the jury found —of which finding I think they are entitled to the benefit—but still having been, after a fair and impartial trial, found by the jury guilty of doing of that which was an offence against the law, they were ready to submit to the law and to do everything in their power to prevent the further publication and circulation of a work which has been declared by the jury to be a work calculated to deprave public morals, we should have been prepared to discharge them on their own recognisances to be of good behavior in the future. But we cannot help seeing in what has been said and done pending this trial, and since the verdict of the jury was pronounced, that the defendants, instead of submitting themselves to the law, have set it at defiance by continuing to circulate this book. That being so I must say that that which before was an offence of a comparatively slight character—looking to what the jury have found in reference to the contention of the defendants—now assumes the form of a most grave and aggravated offence, and as such we

must deal with it. The sentence is that you, Charles Bradlaugh, and you, Annie Besant, be imprisoned for the term of six calendar months; that you each pay a fine of £200 to the Queen; and that you enter further into your own recognisances in a sum of £500 each to be of good behavior for the term of two years; and I tell you at the same time that you will not be of 'good behavior' and will be liable to forfeit that sum if you continue to publish this book. No persuasion or conviction on your part that you are doing that which is morally justifiable can possibly warrant you in violating the law or excuse you in doing so. No one is above the law; all owe obedience to the law from the highest to the lowest, and if you choose to set yourself at defiance against the law—to break it and defy it—you must expect to be dealt with accordingly. I am very sorry indeed that such should be the result, but it is owing to your being thus contumacious, notwithstanding that you have had a fair trial, and the verdict of a competent jury, which ought to have satisfied you that you ought to abstain from doing what has been clearly demonstrated and shown to be wrong.

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: Would your lordship entertain an application to stay execution of the sentence?

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Certainly not. On consideration, if you will pledge yourselves unreservedly that there shall be no repetition of the publication of the book, at all events, until the Court of Appeal shall have decided contrary to the verdict of the jury and our judgment; if we can have that positive pledge, and you will enter into your recognisances that you will not avail yourselves of the liberty we extend to continue the publication of this book, which it is our bounden duty to suppress, or do our utmost to suppress, we may stay execution; but we can show no indulgence without such a pledge.

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: My lord, I meant to offer that pledge in the fullest and most unreserved sense, because, although I have my own view as to what is right, I also recognise that the law having pronounced sentence, that is quite another matter so far as I, as a citizen, am concerned. I do not wish to ask your lordship for a favor without yielding to the Court during the time that I take advantage of its indulgence.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: I wish you had taken this position sooner.

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: If the sentence goes against us, it is another matter; but if you should consent to give us time for the argument of this writ of error, we would bind ourselves during that time. I should not like your lordship to be induced to grant this request on the understanding that in the event of the ultimate decision being against me I should feel bound by that pledge.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: I must do you the justice to say that throughout the whole of this battle your conduct has been straightforward since you took it up.

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: I would not like your lordship to think that, in the event of the ultimate decision being against us, there was any sort of pledge. I simply meant that the law having pronounced against us, if your lordship gives us the indulgence of fighting it in the higher Court, no sort of direct or indirect advantage shall be taken of the indulgence.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: You will not continue the publication?

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: Not only will I stop the circulation of the book myself, but I will do all in my power to prevent other people circulating it.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Then you can be discharged on your own recognisances for £100, 'to be of good behavior', which you will understand to mean, that you will desist from the publication of this work until your appeal shall have been heard, and will engage to prosecute the appeal without delay.

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: Certainly; until the present, I have undoubtedly circulated the book. Although there is a blunder in the affidavits I do not

disguise the matter of fact. I shall immediately put the thing under my own control, and I will at once lock up every copy in existence, and will not circulate another copy until the appeal is decided.

"Mr. JUSTICE MELLOR: It must be that you will really, to the best of your ability, prevent the circulation of this book until this matter has been determined.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: And what Mr. Bradlaugh says, I understand that you, Mrs. Besant, also assent to?

"Mrs. BESANT: Yes: that is my pledge until the writ of error has been decided. I do not want to give a pledge which you may think was not given honestly until the appeal is decided. I will give my pledge, but it must be understood that the promise goes no further than that.

"Mr. JUSTICE MELLOR: You will abstain yourself from circulating the book, and, so far as you can, suppress its circulation?

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: Every copy that is unsold shall be at once put under lock and key until the decision of the case.

"The SOLICITOR-GENERAL: My lord, I think there should be no misunderstanding upon this; I understand that the defendants have undertaken that during the pendency of the appeal this book shall not be circulated at all. But if the decision should be against them they are under no pledge not to publish.

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: I hope your lordship will not ask us what we shall do in future.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: We have meted out the amount of punishment upon the assumption—there being no assertion to the contrary, but rather an admission—that they do intend to set the law at defiance. If we had understood that they were prepared to submit themselves to the law, we should have been disposed to deal with them in the most indulgent manner; but as we understood that they did not intend this, we have meted out to them such a punishment as we hope, when undergone, will have a deterrent effect upon them, and may prevent other people offending in like manner. We have nothing to do with what may happen after the defendants obtain a judgment in their favor, if they do so, or after the sentence is carried out, if they do not. Our sentence is passed, and it will stand, subject only to this, that we stay execution until a writ of error may be disposed of, the defendants giving the most unqualified and unreserved pledge that they will not allow another copy of the book to be sold.

"Mr. BRADLAUGH: Quite so, my lord; quite so."

We were then taken into custody, and went down to the Crown Office to get the form for the recognisances, the amount of which, £100, after such a sentence, was a fair proof of the view of the Court as to our good faith in the whole matter. As a married woman, I was unable to give recognisances, being only a chattel, not a person cognisable by law; the Court mercifully ignored this—or I should have had to go to prison—and accepted Mr. Bradlaugh's sole recognisance as covering us both. It further inserted in the sentence that we were "to be placed in the First Class of Misdemeanants", but as the sentence was never executed, we did not profit by this alleviation.

The rest of the story of the Knowlton pamphlet is soon told. We appeared in the Court of Appeal on January 29th, 30th, and 31st, 1878. Mr. Bradlaugh argued the case, I only making a brief speech, and on February 12th the Court, composed of Lords Justices Bramwell, Brett, and Cotton, gave judgment in our favor and quashed the indictment. Thus we triumphed all along the line; the jury acquitted us of all evil motive, and left us morally unstained; the Court of Appeal quashed

the indictment, and set us legally free. None the less have the ignorant, the malicious, and the brutal, used this trial and sentence against us as a proof of moral obliquity, and have branded us as "vendors of obscene books" on this sole ground.

With the decision of the Court of Appeal our pledge not to sell the Knowlton pamphlet came to an end, and we at once recommenced the sale. The determination we came to was announced in the *National Reformer* of March 3rd, and I reprint here the statement I wrote at the time in Mr. Bradlaugh's name as well as my own.

"THE PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

"THE first pitched battle of the new campaign for the Liberty of the Press has, as all our readers know, ended in the entire defeat of the attacking army, and in the recapture of the position originally lost. There is no conviction—of ours—registered against the Knowlton Pamphlet, the whole of the proceedings having been swept away; and the prosecutors are left with a large sum out of pocket, and no one any the worse for all their efforts. The banker's account of the unknown prosecutor shows a long and melancholy catalogue of expenses, and there is no glory and no success to balance them on the other side of the ledger. On the contrary, our prosecutors have advertised the attacked pamphlet, and circulated it by thousands and by hundreds of thousands; they have caused it to be reprinted in Holland and in America, and have spread it over India, Australia, New Zealand, and the whole continent of Europe; they have caused the Population Question to be discussed, both at home and abroad, in the press and in the public meeting; they have crammed the largest halls in England and Scotland to listen to the preaching of Malthusianism; they have induced the publication of a modern pamphlet on the question which is selling by thousands; they have enormously increased the popularity of the defendants, and made new friends for them in every class of society; in the end, Knowlton is being circulated as vigorously as ever, and since the case was decided more copies have been sold than would have been disposed of in ten years at the old rate of sale. Truly, our prosecutors must feel delighted at the results of their labors.

"So much for the past: what as to the future? Some, fancying we should act as they themselves would do under the like circumstances, dream that we shall now give way. We have not the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. We said, nearly a year ago, that so long as Knowlton was prosecuted we should persist in selling him; we repeated the same determination in Court, and received for it a heavy sentence; we repeat the same to-day, in spite of the injudicious threat of Lord Justice Brett. Before we went up for judgment in the Court of Appeal we had made all preparations for the renewal of the struggle; parcels were ready to be forwarded to friends who had volunteered to sell in various towns; if we had gone to jail from the Court these would at once have been sent; as we won our case, they were sent just the same. On the following day orders were given to tell any wholesale agents who inquired that the book was again on sale, and the bills at 28, Stonecutter Street, announcing the suspension of the sale, were taken down; from that day forward all orders received have been punctually attended to, and the sale has been both rapid and steady. There is, however, one difference between the sale of Knowlton and that of our other literature: Knowlton is not sold across the counter at Stonecutter Street. When we were arrested in April 1877, we stopped the sale across counter, and we do not, at present, intend to recommence it. Our reason is very simple. The sale across counter does not, in any fashion, cause us any additional risk; the danger of it falls entirely on Mr. Ramsey and on Mr. and Mrs. Norrish; we fail to see that there is any courage in running other

people into danger, and we prefer, therefore, to take the risk on ourselves. We do not intend to go down again and personally sell behind the counter; we thought it right to challenge a prosecution once, but, having done so, we intend now to go quietly on our ordinary way of business, and wait for any attack that may come.

"Meanwhile, we are not only selling the 'Fruits of Philosophy', but we also are striving to gain the legal right to do so. In the appeal from Mr. Vaughan's decision Mr. Bradlaugh again raises all the disputed questions, and that appeal will be argued as persistently as was the one just decided in our favor. We are also making efforts to obtain an alteration of the law of libel, and we hope soon to be able to announce the exact terms of the proposed Bill.

"My own pamphlet, on 'The Law of Population", is another effort in the same direction. At our trial the Lord Chief Justice said, that it was the advocacy of the preventive checks which was the assailable part of Knowlton; that advocacy is strongly and clearly to be found in the new pamphlet, together with facts useful to mothers, as to the physical injury caused by over-rapid child-bearing, which Knowlton did not give. The pamphlet has the advantage of being written fifty years later than the 'Fruits of Philosophy', and is more suitable, therefore, for circulation at the present day. We hope that it may gradually replace Knowlton as a manual for the poor. While we shall continue to print and sell Knowlton as long as any attempt is made to suppress it, we hope that the more modern pamphlet may gradually supersede the old one.

"If another prosecution should be instituted against us, our prosecutors would have a far harder task before them than they had last time. In the first place, they would be compelled to state, clearly and definitely, what it is to which they object; and we should, therefore, be able to bring our whole strength to bear on the assailed point. In the second place, they would have to find a jury who would be ready to convict, and after the full discussion of the question which has taken place the finding of such a jury would be by no means an easy thing to do. Lastly, they must be quite sure not to make any legal blunders, for they may be sure that such sins will find them out. Perhaps, on the whole, they had better leave us alone.

"I believe that our readers will be glad to have this statement of our action, and this assurance that we feel as certain of winning the battle of a Free Press as when we began it a year ago, and that our determination is as unwavering as when Serjeant Outram arrested us in the spring of last year.—ANNIE BESANT."

Several purchases were made from us by detectives, and we were more than once threatened with prosecution. At last evidence for a new prosecution was laid before the Home Office, and the Government declined to institute fresh proceedings or to have anything more to do with the matter. The battle was won. As soon as we were informed of this decision, we decided to sell only the copies we had in stock, and not to further reprint the pamphlet. Out-of-date as was much of its physiology, it was defended as a symbol, not for its intrinsic worth. We issued a circular stating that—

"The Knowlton pamphlet is now entirely out of print, and, 185,000 having been printed, the Freethought Publishing Company do not intend to continue the publication, which has never at any time been advertised by them except on the original issue to test the question. 'The Law of Population', price 6d., post free 8d., has been specially written by Mrs. Besant to supersede the Knowlton pamphlet."

Thus ended a prolonged resistance to an unfair attempt to stifle

discussion, and, much as I have suffered in consequence of the part I took in that fight, I have never once regretted that battle for the saving of the poor.

In July, 1877, a side-quarrel on the pamphlet begun which lasted until December 3rd, 1878, and was fought through court after court right out to a successful issue. We had avoided a seizure warrant by removing all our stock from 28, Stonecutter Street, but 657 of the pamphlets had been seized at Mr. Truelove's, in Holborn, and that gentleman was also proceeded against for selling the work. The summons for selling was withdrawn, and Mr. Bradlaugh succeeded in having his name and mine inserted as owners of the books in the summons for their destruction. The books remained in the custody of the magistrate until after the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, and on February 12th, 1878, Mr. Bradlaugh appeared before Mr. Vaughan at Bow Street, and claimed that the books should be restored to him. Mr. Collette, of the Vice Society, argued on the other hand that the books were obscene, and ought therefore to be destroyed. Mr. Vaughan reserved his decision, and asked for the Lord Chief Justice's summing-up in the Queen *v.* Bradlaugh and Besant. On February 19th he made an order for the destruction of the pamphlets, against which Mr. Bradlaugh appealed to the General Sessions on the following grounds:

"1st. That the said book is not an obscene book within the meaning of the 20th and 21st Victoria, cap. 83. 2nd. That the said book is a scientific treatise on the law of population and its connection with poverty, and that there is nothing in the book which is not necessary and legitimate in the description of the question. 3rd. That the advocacy of non-life-destroying checks to population is not an offence either at common law or by statute, and that the manner in which that advocacy is raised in the said book, 'The Fruits of Philosophy', is not such as makes it an indictable offence. 4th. That the discussion and recommendation of checks to over-population after marriage is perfectly lawful, and that there is in the advocacy and recommendations contained in the book 'Fruits of Philosophy' nothing that is prurient or calculated to inflame the passions. 5th. That the physiological information in the said book is such as is absolutely necessary for understanding the subjects treated, and such information is more fully given in Carpenter's treatises on Physiology, and Kirke's 'Handbook of Physiology', which latter works are used for the instruction of the young under Government sanction. 6th. That the whole of the physiological information contained in the said book 'The Fruits of Philosophy', has been published uninterruptedly for fifty years, and still is published in dear books, and that the publication of such information in a cheap form cannot constitute an offence."

After a long argument before Mr. Edlin and a number of other Middlesex magistrates, the Bench affirmed Mr. Vaughan's order, whereupon Mr. Bradlaugh promptly obtained from the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Mellor a writ of *certiorari*, removing their order to the Queen's Bench division of the High Court of Justice with a view to quashing it. The matter was not argued until the following November, on the 9th of which month it came on before Mr. Justice Mellor and Mr. Justice Field. The Court decided in Mr. Bradlaugh's favor and granted a rule quashing Mr. Vaughan's order, and with this fell the order of the Middlesex magistrates. The next thing

was to recover the pamphlets thus rescued from destruction, and on December 3rd Mr. Bradlaugh appeared before Mr. Vaughan at Bow Street in support of a summons against Mr. Henry Wood, a police inspector, for detaining 657 copies of the "Fruits of Philosophy". After a long argument Mr. Vaughan ordered the pamphlets to be given up to him, and he carried them off in triumph, there and then, on a cab. We labelled the rescued copies and sold every one of them, in mocking defiance of the Vice Society.

The circulation of literature advocating prudential checks to population was not stopped during the temporary suspension of the sale of the Knowlton pamphlet between June, 1877, and February, 1878. In October, 1877, I commenced in the *National Reformer* the publication of a pamphlet entitled: "The Law of Population, its consequences, and its bearing upon human conduct and morals". This little book included a statement of the law, evidence of the serious suffering among the poor caused by over-large families, and a clear statement of the checks proposed, with arguments in the irfavor. The medical parts were omitted in the *National Reformer* articles, and the pamphlet was published complete early in November, at the price of sixpence—the same as Knowlton's—the first edition consisting of 5,000 copies. A second edition of 5,000 was issued in December, but all the succeeding editions were of 10,000 copies each. The pamphlet is now in its ninetieth thousand, and has gone all over the civilised world. It has been translated into Swedish, Danish, Dutch, French, German, and Italian, and 110,000 copies have been sold of an American reprint. On the whole, the prosecution of 1877 did not do much in stopping the circulation of literature on the Population Question.

The "Law" has been several times threatened with prosecution, and the initial steps have been taken, but the stage of issuing a warrant for its seizure has never yet been reached. Twice I have had the stock removed to avoid seizure, but on each occasion the heart of the prosecutors has failed them, and the little book has carried its message of mercy unspeeded by the advertisement of prosecution.

The struggle on the right to discuss the prudential restraint of population did not, however, conclude without a martyr. Mr. Edward Truelove, alluded to above, was prosecuted for selling a treatise by Robert Dale Owen on "Moral Physiology", and a pamphlet entitled, "Individual, Family, and National Poverty". He was tried on February 1st., 1878, before the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of Queen's Bench, and was most ably defended by Professor W. A. Hunter. The jury spent two hours in considering their verdict, and then returned into Court and stated that they were unable to agree. The majority of the jury were ready to convict, if they felt sure that Mr. Truelove would not be punished, but one of them boldly declared in Court: "As to the book, it is written in plain language for plain people, and I think that many more persons ought to know what the contents of the book are". The jury was discharged, in consequence of this one man's courage, but Mr. Truelove's persecutors — the wretched Vice Society—were determined not to let their victim free. They proceeded to trial a second time, and wisely endeavored to secure a special jury, feeling that as prudential restraint would raise wages by limiting the supply of labor, they would be more likely to obtain

a verdict from a jury of "gentlemen" than from one composed of workers. This attempt was circumvented by Mr. Truelove's legal advisers, who let a *procedendo* go, which sent back the trial to the Old Bailey. The second trial was held on May 16th at the Central Criminal Court before Baron Pollock and a common jury, Professor Hunter and Mr. J. M. Davidson appearing for the defence. The jury convicted, and the brave old man, sixty-eight years of age, was condemned to four months' imprisonment and £50 fine for selling a pamphlet which had been sold unchallenged, during a period of forty-five years, by James Watson, George Jacob Holyoake, Austin Holyoake, and Charles Watts. Mr. Grain, the counsel employed by the Vice Society, most unfairly used against Mr. Truelove the fact that he had sold my "Law of Population", a pamphlet which contained, Baron Pollock said, "the head and front of the offence in the other [the Knowlton] case". I find an indignant protest against this odious unfairness in the *National Reformer* for May 19th. "My 'Law of Population' was used against Mr. Truelove as an aggravation of his offence; passing over the utter meanness—worthy only of Collette—of using against a prisoner a book whose author has never been attacked for writing it—does Mr. Collette, or do the authorities, imagine that the severity shown to Mr. Truelove will in any fashion deter me from continuing the Malthusian propaganda? Let me here assure them, one and all, that it will do nothing of the kind; I shall continue to sell the 'Law of Population' and to advocate scientific checks to population, just as though Mr. Collette and his Vice Society were all dead and buried. In commonest justice they are bound to prosecute me, and if they get, and keep, a verdict against me, and succeed in sending me to prison, they will only make people more anxious to read my book, and make me more personally powerful as a teacher of the views which they attack."

A persistent attempt was made to obtain a writ of error in Mr. Truelove's case, but the Tory Attorney-General, Sir John Holker, refused it, although the ground on which it was asked was one of the grounds on which a similar writ had been granted to Mr. Bradlaugh and myself. Mr. Truelove was therefore compelled to suffer his sentence, but memorials signed by 11,000 persons asking for his release were sent to the Home Secretary from every part of the country, and a crowded meeting in St. James' Hall, London, demanded his liberation with only six dissentients. The whole agitation did not shorten Mr. Truelove's sentence by a single day, and he was not released from Coldbath Fields prison until September 5th. On the 12th of the same month the Hall of Science was crowded with enthusiastic friends, who assembled to do him honor, and he was presented with a beautifully illuminated address and a purse containing £177 (subsequent subscriptions raised the total amount to £197 16s. 6d.).

It is scarcely necessary to say that one of the results of the prosecutions was a great agitation throughout the country, and a wide popularisation of Malthusian views. Some huge demonstrations were held in favor of free discussion; on one occasion the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, was crowded to the doors; on another the Star Music Hall, Bradford, was crammed in every corner; on another the Town Hall, Birmingham, had not a seat or a bit of standing-room unoccu-

pied. Wherever we went, separately or together, it was the same story, and not only were Malthusian lectures eagerly attended, and Malthusian literature eagerly bought, but curiosity brought many to listen to our Radical and Freethought lectures, and thousands heard for the first time what Secularism really meant.

The press, both London and provincial, agreed in branding the prosecution as foolish, and it was widely remarked that it had resulted only in the wider circulation of the indicted book, and the increased popularity of those who had stood for the right of publication. The furious attacks since made upon us have been made chiefly by those who differ from us in theological creed, and who have found a misrepresentation of our prosecution served them as a convenient weapon of attack. During the last few years public opinion has been gradually coming round to our side, in consequence of the pressure of poverty resulting from wide-spread depression of trade, and during the sensation caused last year by "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London", many writers in the *Daily News*—notably Mr. G. R. Sims—boldly alleged that the distress was to a great extent due to the large families of the poor, and mentioned that we had been prosecuted for giving the very knowledge which would bring salvation to the sufferers in our great cities.

Among the useful results of the prosecution was the establishment of the Malthusian League, "to agitate for the abolition of all penalties on the public discussion of the population question", and "to spread among the people, by all practicable means, a knowledge of the law of population, of its consequences, and of its bearing upon human conduct and morals". The first general meeting of the League was held at the Hall of Science on July 26th, 1877, and a council of twenty persons was elected, and this Council on August 2nd elected Dr. C. R. Drysdale, M.D. President, Mr. Swaagman Treasurer, Mrs. Besant Secretary, Mr. Shearer Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Hember Financial Secretary. Since 1877 the League, under the same indefatigable president, has worked hard to carry out its objects; it has issued a large number of leaflets and tracts; it supports a monthly journal, the *Malthusian*; numerous lectures have been delivered under its auspices in all parts of the country; and it has now a medical branch, into which none but duly qualified medical men and women are admitted, with members in all European countries.

Another result of the prosecution was the accession of "D." to the staff of the *National Reformer*. This able and thoughtful writer came forward and joined our ranks as soon as he heard of the attack on us, and he further volunteered to conduct the journal during our imprisonment. From that time to this—a period of eight years—articles from his pen have appeared in our columns week by week, and during all that time not one solitary difficulty has arisen between editors and contributor. In public a trustworthy colleague, in private a warm and sincere friend, "D." has proved an unmixed benefit bestowed upon us by the prosecution.

Nor was "D." the only friend brought to us by our foes. I cannot ever think of that time without remembering that the prosecution brought me first into close intimacy with Mrs. Annie Parris—the wife of Mr. Touzeau Parris, the Secretary of the Defence Committee

throughout all the fight—a lady who, during that long struggle, and during the for me far worse struggle that succeeded it, over the custody of my daughter, proved to me the most loving and sisterly of friends. One or two other friendships which will, I hope, last my life, date from that same time of strife and anxiety.

The amount of money subscribed by the public during the Knowlton and succeeding prosecutions gives some idea of the interest felt in the struggle. The Defence Fund Committee in March, 1878, presented a balance-sheet, showing subscriptions amounting to £1,292 5s. 4d., and total expenditure in the Queen *v.* Bradlaugh and Besant, the Queen *v.* Truelove, and the appeal against Mr. Vaughan's order (the last two up to date) of £1,274 10s. This account was then closed and the balance of £17 15s. 4d. passed on to a new Fund for the defence of Mr. Truelove, the carrying on of the appeal against the destruction of the Knowlton pamphlet, and the bearing of the costs incident on the petition lodged against myself. In July this new fund had reached £196 16s. 7d., and after paying the remainder of the costs in Mr. Truelove's case, a balance of £26 15s. 2d. was carried on. This again rose to £247 15s. 2½d., and the fund bore the expenses of Mr. Bradlaugh's successful appeal on the Knowlton pamphlet, the petition and subsequent proceedings in which I was concerned in the Court of Chancery, and an appeal on Mr. Truelove's behalf, unfortunately unsuccessful, against an order for the destruction of the Dale Owen pamphlet. This last decision was given on February 21, 1880, and on this the Defence Fund was closed. On Mr. Truelove's release, as mentioned above, a testimonial to the amount of £197 16s. 6d. was presented to him, and after the close of the struggle some anonymous friend sent to me personally £200 as "thanks for the courage and ability shown". In addition to all this, the Malthusian League received no less than £455 11s. 9d. during the first year of its life, and started on its second year with a balance in hand of £77 5s. 8d.

The propaganda of Freethought was not forgotten while this Malthusian quarrel was raging, and in August 1877 the Freethought Publishing Company issued the first English edition of lectures by Colonel Robert Ingersoll, the eminent Freethought advocate of the United States. Since that time various other publishers have circulated thousands of his lectures, but it has always been to me a matter of satisfaction that we were the first to popularise the eloquent American in England. The ruling of the Lord Chief Justice that a book written with pure intention and meant to convey useful knowledge might yet be obscene, drew from me a pamphlet entitled, "Is the Bible Indictable?", in which I showed that the Bible came clearly within the judge's ruling. This turning of the tables on our persecutors caused considerable sensation at the time, and the pamphlet had, and still has, a very wide circulation. It is needless to add that the Sunday Freethought lectures were carried on despite the legal toils of the week, and, as said above, the large audiences attracted by the prosecution gave a splendid field for the inculcation of Freethought views. The National Secular Society consequently increased largely in membership, and a general impulse towards Freethought was manifest throughout the land.

The year 1878, so far as lecturing work was concerned, was largely

taken up with a crusade against the Beaconsfield Government and in favor of peace. Lord Beaconsfield's hired roughs broke up several peace meetings during the winter, and on February 24th Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Auberon Herbert, at the request of a meeting of working-class delegates, held in Hyde Park a "Demonstration in favor of Peace". The war party attacked the meeting and some sharp fighting took place, but a resolution "That this meeting declares in favor of peace" was carried despite them. A second meeting was called by the Working Men's Committee for March 10th, and a large force of medical students, roughs, militia-men, and "gentlemen", armed with loaded bludgeons, heavy pieces of iron, sticks with metal twisted round them, and various sharp-cutting weapons, went to Hyde Park to make a riot. The meeting was held and the resolution carried, but after it had dissolved there was some furious fighting. We learned afterwards that a large money reward had been offered to a band of roughs if they would disable Mr. Bradlaugh, and a violent organised attack was made on him. The stewards of the meeting carried short policemen's truncheons to defend themselves, and a number of these gathered round their chief and saved his life. He and his friends had to fight their way out of the park; a man, armed with some sharp instrument, struck at Mr. Bradlaugh from behind, and cut one side of his hat from top to brim; his truncheon was dinted with the jagged iron used as weapon; and his left arm, with which he guarded his head, was one mass of bruises from wrist to elbow. Lord Beaconsfield's friends very nearly succeeded in their attempt at murder, after all, for a dangerous attack of erysipelas set in, in the injured arm, and confined Mr. Bradlaugh to his room for sixteen days.

The provinces were far more strongly against war than was the capital, and in them we held many large and enthusiastic meetings in favor of peace. At Huddersfield the great Drill Hall was crammed for a lecture by me against war, and throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire, scarcely a voice was ever raised in crowded meetings in defence of the Beaconsfieldian policy. A leaflet of mine, entitled "Rushing into War", was reprinted in various parts of the country, and was circulated in tens of thousands, and each Freethought leader worked with tongue and pen, on platform and in press, to turn the public feeling against war. The Freethought party may well take credit to itself for having been first in the field against the Tory policy, and for having successfully begun the work later carried on by Mr. Gladstone in his Midlothian campaign. They did more than any other party in the country to create that force of public opinion which overthrew the Tory Government in 1880.

(*To be continued.*)

George Sand.

By LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

Author of "Charakterbilder aus dem 19 Jahrhundert", "Bilder aus dem Englischen Leben", etc.

II.

The wish of the young wife to be to a certain extent independent, was now fulfilled. Along with Jules Sandeau, she hired three small rooms on the Quai Saint-Michel at a yearly rental of 300 francs. It need not excite our surprise that she scarcely ever mentions the name of Sandeau in her autobiography. She could see from her balcony the Seine, the church of Notre Dame, and the St. Jacques Tower; but as a set-off to these she could also see the Morgue. It was inconvenient, certainly, to climb up to the fifth story, but then, the rent was moderate. Her victuals she got from a restaurant close by, and in order to save the expense of a servant she performed all the house duties herself, even to washing her own and her child's linen. To provide herself with household furniture, however, was a problem not so easily solved, more especially as she was unwilling either to borrow or to overstep her finances. At last she obtained credit for the furniture, but the payment of the 500 francs to which it amounted was a source of great anxiety to her. To save the expense of fuel in winter, she left her daughter to the care of a friendly neighbor when she went out; for, having no books, she was in the habit of going to the Bibliothèque Nationale, where she could have both books and warmth for nothing. In order to become acquainted with the subjects, ideas, and etiquette of the time, she desired to divest herself of every provincial attribute. She had an intense love for the theatre, but with her slender means such costly entertainments were not to be thought of, and it was a puzzle to her how her friends Sandeau, Planet, and others, whose means were also small, were able to participate in every object in which young people of education and refinement usually take an interest. At last she thought her way out of the dilemma. It had often struck her how quickly her clothes wore out, and she had felt how difficult it was for her to renew them. She recollected also her mother having once told her that she had made the same reflexion, and that at the suggestion of her husband, and in order that they might have an opportunity of attending theatres and other places of amusement, she began to wear men's clothes. Dressed as a woman, she would not have been admitted to the pit of the theatres. It now occurred to Aurore that in her childhood she had frequently gone about dressed as a boy. Her mind was now made up, and she proceeded forthwith to carry her plan into execution. She ordered a grey cloth suit of stout and durable material, and when to this were added a woollen cravat, boots, and a grey hat, she looked like a young student in his first term. In this way she was able to go abroad anywhere and in all sorts of weather. Without attracting attention she could go into the pit of the theatres, into museums, libraries, and even hotels, returning home at any hour, without anyone except her intimate friends having the

slightest idea that the slim and beardless youth was in reality a woman in disguise. Besides, she did not go to the theatres alone, but surrounded and protected by her friends, who formed a barrier around her, a proceeding by no means superfluous, on account of the annoyance of the *claque* at that time. From this it will be seen that it was not a passion for scandal, or a desire to appear singular, that induced our authoress to wear men's apparel, but that she was urged to it by motives of prudence and economy.

Thus our heroine, who had gone to Paris with a mind filled with good intentions and a world of her own sad experiences, but without any actual knowledge of the realities of life, adapted herself to her circumstances, and buckled on her armor for the struggle she saw she must inevitably encounter. Books and her own intuitive perceptions were her sole guides, but she knew that she must work if she intended to turn her theoretical and practical knowledge to account. At first she had no opportunity of writing, so she tried painting, and exhibited a picture which nobody purchased. She had great ability in painting snuff-boxes and similar things, but the necessary outlay for this branch of art was nearly as great as the income she could have derived from it. This she had experienced at home, in her endeavors to earn money in this way for the relief of the poor. She began her literary career by writing for Brandus' *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, though she makes no allusion to this in her memoirs; neither does she mention that she published a novel, "La Primadonna", in the *Revue de Paris*. On the other hand, she speaks of an interview she had with Delatouche on the subject of a romance she had written, which he pronounced to be such a decided failure that she burnt it. Delatouche was also a Berrichon, and gave a friendly reception both to her and Sandeau. He had purchased the *Figaro* a short time previously, and employed them both, along with Felix Pyat, upon it as journalistic apprentices. They had seats in his office, and every morning they had to write under his guidance extemporaneous articles, in which they were required to display "both ability and style". Our heroine at the commencement manifested so little talent as a journalist that during the first month she earned only from 12 to 15 francs. Delatouche advised her to write novels, and she wrote "Rose et Blanche", which Sandeau afterwards revised. This work, whilst it only foreshadows the ideas of the future George Sand, was not altogether unworthy of the higher flight which French literature took at that time. Nevertheless it contains on the whole so many faults that the name of the author alone has been able to rescue it from oblivion. "Rose et Blanche", for which the publisher paid 400 francs, appeared under the pseudonym of "J. Sand", Aurore concealing her name in accordance with the promise made to her mother-in-law, and Sandeau suppressing his from a fear of arousing the displeasure of his relatives, on whom he was dependent for support.

According to the arrangement with her husband, Madame Dudevant returned to Nohant regularly, but very unwillingly, every three months. She felt now more acutely than ever the injustice and ignominy she was forced to endure, and this feeling contributed not a little to the development of her mental powers, which up to that

time had, to use her own expression, "been slumbering within her". Stimulated by the success of her first work, before returning to Nohant a second time she conferred with Sandeau about a new novel, and it was arranged that each of them should have half completed by the time she came back to Paris. But she knew that her colleague was a sluggard who was fonder of sleeping than of working; and, trusting to herself alone, she wrote the whole of "Indiana" during her three months' residence at home. She had removed from the Quai Saint Michel, where she found she consumed too much fuel, to the Quai Malaquais; and on her return there she found that her friend had not written a single line. Then, tossing him her manuscript she said, "Read that". And he read, and read, and admired, and was spell-bound. He declared the work to be such a masterpiece that he could not comply with her wish to revise it. The publisher of "Rose et Blanche", as well as Aurore herself, would have retained the *nom de plume* "J. Sand"; but Sandeau, who in fact had had no hand whatever in the work, would not hear of it. Under these circumstances Delatouche was appealed to, and he advised that the surname of "Sand" should be adhered to, and that she should select as Christian name that of the patron saint of the day, which happened to be George. Such is the origin of "George Sand", a title which from that time Aurore Dudevant never laid aside.

Indiana is a young, handsome, vivacious, weak, uneducated, submissive, suffering, sensitive, ethereal Spanish Creole. Her mother is dead, and her father exacts from her the strictest obedience. Her cousin, Ralph Brown, who is ten years her senior, is her sole tutor and companion. He inherits large estates and, in order to please his relatives, marries a woman for whom he has no affection, and who soon after dies. At the desire of her father, Indiana, too, marries without affection a rich, old, pensioned French colonel, named Delmare, who is engaged in commerce: a brutal, morose, selfish, stern, weak-minded, despotic tyrant. They leave Indiana's home, the isle of Bourbon, and go to Paris, Ralph accompanying them. This taciturn, impenetrable, and apparently unsusceptible Englishman loves his cousin, but without divulging his love, whilst she regards him with indifference. He is continually striving to adjust the dissensions arising between husband and wife. Raymon de Ramière forms a striking contrast to Ralph. He knows that Indiana is charming, but as he is not quite certain that she may not be all too virtuous and inexorable, he first of all has recourse to Noun, her maid, companion, and friend, a pretty, delicate, sparkling young girl from the West Indies, who finds him irresistible. The colonel, who sees Raymon in his house sometimes, is jealous of his wife and becomes more tyrannical than ever towards her. One night he takes Raymon for a house-breaker, and fires upon him, but, perceiving his error, he orders him to be taken into the house and nursed, an arrangement to which Indiana (to whom he is a stranger, and who has no idea of the relation in which he stands to Noun) has not the least objection. In the course of time he declares his passion for her. Noun perceives that he is beginning to love her mistress; she strives hard to win him back again, and finally drowns herself in dispair, but without disclosing to Indiana her reason for taking this step. In ignorance of his real character, Indiana reciprocates Ray-

mon's affection, but she is sufficiently virtuous to repel his importunities. Weary of her resistance, Raymon, like a thorough tactician, informs her of his connexion with Noun, but in such a way as to lead Indiana to believe that, dissatisfied with sensual love, he had found in her (Indiana) what his soul had so long and ardently desired—the treasures of a cultivated mind. That operates; the fortress which has so long held out surrenders at last. Indiana, who has long been unwilling to deceive her husband, lives now only for Raymon and thinks only of him. On learning that her husband, who in the meantime has become ruined, is preparing to leave France, and to take her with him, she is unwilling to abandon her lover; she flies from her house before the dawn of day, and seeks refuge with Raymon. He is not the man, however, to sacrifice himself for her protection; he reminds her of her duty, and begs of her to return home before her absence can be discovered. They separate; Indiana resolves to destroy herself, but is persuaded by Ralph to accompany her husband. She does so, but on receiving an affectionate letter from Raymon, pressing her to return, she determines to go back to France. On arriving in Paris, she finds him—married. Her despair now reaches its culminating point. Ralph's love for her is such that even her faults have been unable to shake it; her indifference and even her unkindness have been alike powerless to discourage him. He has been a silent observer of Indiana's love for Ramière, without once divulging his own; and now, when he sees that there is no longer any prospect of happiness for his cousin on this side the grave, he declares his love and proposes that they should become indissolubly united by death, that is to say, by joint self-destruction. To prevent scandal, they resolve not to die in Paris, but to return to the isle of Bourbon, and there, in the face of heaven, to throw themselves from a rock. Nothing comes of it, however, for during the passage Ralph's devotion awakens a feeling of love in Indiana's breast, and on arriving at the island, instead of destroying themselves, they make up their minds to lead a pastoral life together in a solitary hut.

This treatment of the subject is, to say the least, not particularly edifying; it is only the views which are defended in the novel that give it importance; but as we shall return to this subject later on, we may merely remark here that on the first appearance of the book, it was greeted by one portion of the public with a perfect storm of enthusiasm, and by the other with unmitigated condemnation. The greatest curiosity was manifested to know who "G. Sand" was. Was the author a man or a woman? There were evident traces of a female hand, but on the whole the work was considered too powerful not to have been written by a man. Jules Janin, who was in the secret, took a pride in mystifying the excited public in the *Journal des Débats*. The success of the book was as rapid as it was enormous, for everybody read *Indiana*. The critics displayed the most unparallelled excitement. Kératry, who, it is said, was on the point of writing a similar work, and who now saw his intention frustrated, was so excessively mortified by the unexampled success of *Indiana* that he actually committed suicide. Sainte-Beuve and Gustave Planche, the two principal contributors to the newly-established *Revue des deux Mondes*, directed their attention to the new and brilliant star now

rising in the literary firmament, and at once secured her services for Buloz' periodical. Mirecourt, in his short, frivolous, and very unreliable biography of George Sand, states that her publisher tore up the contract he made with her for 1200 francs, and of his own accord offered her a higher sum, but she has given a flat denial to this story, which, indeed, sounded *too* improbable.

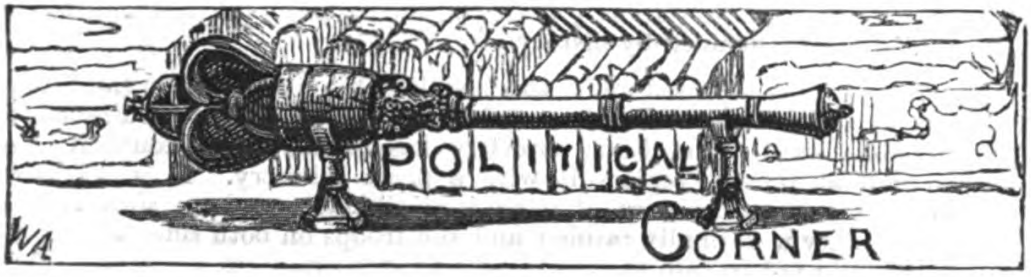
George Sand's next sojourn at Nohant was devoted to the writing of another novel, *Valentine*, a work marked by so much power, pathos, and eloquence, that the reader, in spite of any objections he may raise either to the contents or the doctrines of the book, is captivated almost before he is aware of it. Benedict, the hero, is of humble origin; his uncle Lhery, a rich old farmer, interests himself in the poor orphan boy, and takes care that he receives a good education. The result of this education is to make Benedict, who is proud and susceptible by nature, discontented alike with his best friends and with himself. Although plain in person he is endowed with singular powers of attraction, which enable him to win the love of three beautiful women. He imagines himself by turns to be enamoured of all of them, until at length his love centres in the unfortunate Valentine. The first of the three, Athenaïs, is Lhery's daughter, his own cousin. He is engaged to her, and looks forward to a large dowry. For a time he is enchanted with her, and she loves him sincerely, but afterwards her presence becomes insupportable to him. The second is Louise, daughter of the haughty count Raimbaults, who, on being expelled from the paternal roof, in consequence of having been seduced, finds an asylum, unknown to her parents, at Lhery's house. Shame at her *faux pas* has made Louise timid and suspicious. For a short time Benedict feels an inclination towards her, whilst she loves him ardently up to the moment of her death, concealing all the while a passion that is consuming her. To all outward appearance she regards him with indifference, in order that she may not appear ungrateful to Lhery. The story opens with a scene in Lhery's house. Lhery is on the point of attending a festival at a neighboring village, accompanied by his wife, his daughter, and Benedict. There Benedict sees Valentine, Louise's step-sister, for the first time; also her mother, the proud, haughty, arrogant, and heartless countess Raimbaults, a magnificently-drawn egoist, a mind without a heart, a genuine woman of the eighteenth century. Monsieur de Lansac is also there, a smooth, insinuating courtier and man of the world. Valentine is engaged to him, and the time for the wedding is close at hand. In his morbid imagination, Benedict has formed to himself an ideal which he is unwilling to see destroyed, and Valentine, not corresponding with this, fails to please him at first; but her beauty and her gentle disposition at length make so favorable an impression upon him that he falls violently in love with her. He arranges a secret interview between her and Louise, and also enables Valentine to see her sister frequently at Lhery's. Valentine returns his love, but it is only on the eve of her marriage that she becomes sensible of the state of her own heart. An exciting scene follows, full of protestations and tears. Meanwhile Benedict has quarrelled with his benefactor, and refused to marry Athenaïs, who now becomes engaged to Peter Blutty, a rich young

peasant, and is married on the same day as Valentine. Between the latter and Benedict there arise scenes of great violence and desperation. On the following day Lansac sets out on a diplomatic mission, leaving his young wife at home, ill of brain-fever. Benedict sends a bullet through his own head, which splits his skull, but fails to kill him. He is then conveyed to a neighboring country house, where he is nursed and tended by Louise, who still adores him. The prudent physician prescribes a meeting between the two patients, and this medicine works wonders; they quickly recover and see each other daily. Benedict swears that he will be satisfied with a platonic love. Louise has a touching part to play; with a broken heart and a noble self-denial she observes and furthers the progress of this love which is the death of her own hopes. Lansac plays only an insignificant part in the book, appearing seldom, perhaps too seldom. He, of all men the likeliest to lead a wife from the right path, now returns from his mission and finds that the connection between Valentine and Benedict is the topic of general gossip; but far from attempting to throw any impediment in the way of the two lovers, he only avails himself of the opportunity to extort from his wife the transfer of her property to himself. He sells everything, pays his gambling debts, leaves the lovers to themselves, decamps, and is soon after killed in a duel. His death having removed every difficulty, Valentine and Benedict are now at liberty to marry, but a frightful catastrophe intervenes and leads to a tragical finale. Valentine has found a shelter under the roof of Athenaïs, whose husband, ignorant of Benedict's love for Valentine, imagines that his stealthy visits to his house have reference to Athenaïs. He gets jealous, waylays Benedict, and kills him one day in his own house. Valentine, on hearing of the sad event, is seized with convulsions. Louise, who is called in to attend to her, overcome by her own grief, reproaches Valentine with having been the cause of Benedict's death, and with having turned his love away from her. Exhausted by the emotion, she faints away; but when she recovers from her swoon she forgets her anger, and nurses her unhappy sister tenderly, but unavailingly, for Valentine dies a few days afterwards.

This book, like its predecessor, had an immense success, and George Sand was enabled to say that she awoke one morning to find herself famous. Her material circumstances, too, had improved. With the 3,000 francs which she had received for "Indiana" and "Valentine", she could discharge a number of small debts, keep a servant, and generally make her life more agreeable than it had hitherto been. About this time, her husband took their son to Paris to a middle school; but, as he afterwards wrote, "in order neither to incommode her nor be incommoded by her", he did not make her house his home during his brief stay there. Her friendship with Sandeau had already come to an end, but the reason of this separation, which to all appearance she regarded as an unpleasant one, lies shrouded behind a dense veil which, notwithstanding all that has been said and written on the subject, we are unable to penetrate. George Sand has restricted herself to contradicting a number of nonsensical assertions of Mirecourt's, without informing the world of the real circumstances of the case. In her letter to Mirecourt (1847) she also enlarges upon his declaration

that *Indiana* consists of incidents deduced from her own life. In reply to this ludicrous statement, she declares that, if she had ever really been situated like Indiana, she would have taken especial care not to proclaim it to the world.

(*To be concluded.*)



AND so "civilized Europe" is now outpouring itself against "barbarism" in various parts of the world. France, in Tunis, Madagascar, Tonquin, and Formosa. Italy in Massowah, the first step on an unmeasured journey. Belgium and associates, company-mongering in the new Congo state. Germany new caught with colonization fever at the Cameroons and elsewhere. England in the Soudan and in Bechuanaland. And the "barbarians" are learning from their "Christian and civilized" instructors the "ennobling" art of war. The Chinese fight the French, and the naked Arabs fight the English, each with unexpected vigor and courage, and the newspapers, greedily bought, give us the story of the slaughters with fulness of sickening and horrible details.

THOSE connected with the Metropolitan Fire Brigade well know that when a great conflagration reddens the evening sky in any great city, other fires often break out as if some incendiaries seized the moment to work their criminal ends. So, with our men engaged in killing in the Soudan, and Indian troops brought to help, there comes from the extreme north of the Afghan frontier the cry of possible war, and while Canada sends her contingent to help us in Egypt, there is the outburst of revolt in Manitoba.

I HAVE even yet faint hope that the Russo-Afghan question may tide over without general war, for I cannot believe that the Czar desires, or that Russian finance can afford, war. Unfortunately, Indian military authorities are always anxious for fair or other excuse for employment of the large forces constantly equipped for warlike effort, and Afghanistan and its ruler are in that stage of semi-civilisation *quand la force prime le droit*. In the attack on the Afghans the Russians appear to have shown bad faith, but there is little doubt that the Afghans had provokingly advanced their troops to further occupy the portion of territory under dispute.

THE Manitoba outbreak is very serious, and as far as I can judge the half-breeds have real grounds of complaint that the Dominion Government has not fulfilled to them the promises made at the close of the former Manitoba rising. It is said that the Dominion Government has sent Mr. Joseph Royal, M.P., to the North-West with instructions to negociate with Reil for the settlement of the half-breeds' demands, but as blood has been shed and both sides are angry, and the strife is further complicated by the Indians joining, it is more than probable that the end will be the further progress of "civilization" by the extermination of the Indians and

half-breeds; for though these may have wrongs needing redress the superior race has money and arms.

In France poverty and misery are growing in the great centres, and are accompanied by a sullen quietude pregnant with alarming menace. So many were killed in Paris, in Marseilles, and in Lyons in 1871, and the fourteen years since have hardly blotted out the blood marks or filled up the bullet holes. The financial state of the Government is simply shocking, and unless a new policy can be pursued by the new ministry it must kill the Republic, which, indeed, only endures now because both Legitimist and Imperialist are condemned by history.

As I have often repeated under this heading, the line taken by the Ferry ministry on the Tonquin difficulty may have very fatal results in France to the Republic itself. The Ferry ministry has fallen, but I doubt if the French will at present replace it with a peace ministry. It is officially announced that preliminaries of peace with China have been signed, but until the treaty is formally ratified and the troops on both sides are withdrawn it would not be safe to consider the Chinese question as ended.

The creation of the new Congo State may drag the Belgian people into larger expenditure and heavier responsibilities than they are prepared for. The great European powers have made their arrangements without any regard to the rights or feelings of the native populations, though experience teaches that the African may scarcely accept subjection or extermination without remonstrance.

I have doubts whether Signor Mancini will have any reason to congratulate himself on the despatch of the Italian armed forces to the Red Sea coast. The satisfied pride of the first few days has diminished. The enthusiasm for the small crusade shadowed out by one of the Cardinals has lessened. The heavily-taxed Italian hardly sees the profit return for the millions of lire which may be covered by the sands of the desert.

In Denmark the slow marching legal revolution is solidifying into a very serious and critical state of things. The king has apparently dreams of his prerogative not unlike those of Charles I. 240 years ago. Legislation is at a complete standstill, and, the budget having been rejected, the financial difficulty is met by a provisional budget promulgated by the king. The people insist on the dismissal of the Conservative ministry, and the king obstinately refuses.

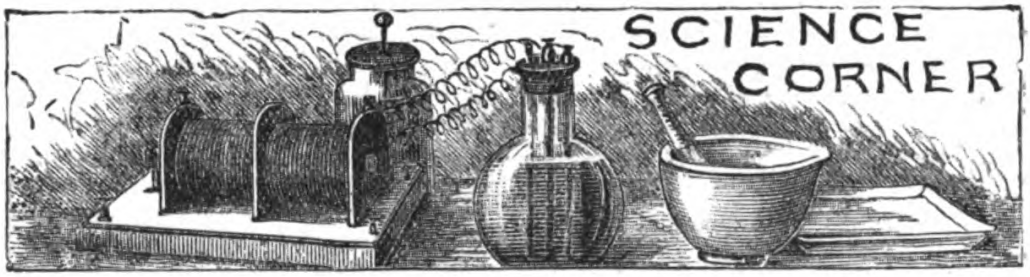
The Redistribution Bill is passing the House with much talk and very little alteration, such amendments as are made being of unimportant character. It seems now settled that the general election is to take place about the middle of November.

A paper issued by an Ulster Liberal estimates that—even if all differences are sunk between Liberals and Conservatives—Mr. Parnell and his friends will secure eighty-six seats at the next general election.

Mr. Hopwood's Affirmation Bill has been blocked persistently by Mr. Warton, and, by way of relay, by Mr. Callan, Mr. P. A. Muntz and Mr. Alderman Fowler. Resolutions have been sent from all parts of England asking the Government to give a day for the second reading; the Government does not refuse, nor does it consent. It evades. Possibly before the next *Corner* is issued it will have to make up its mind.

On its Soudan policy, or want of policy, the Government too is being challenged by the people. The great meeting at St. James's Hall, and its unanimous declaration against the continuance of the cruel and useless butchery in the Soudan, is only one amongst many indications of the growing feeling.

Charles Bradlaugh.



IT is stated that a new and very simple process serves to purify water for drinking purposes. Add to the water a little of a solution of iron perchloride and let the mixture stand for some hours; then add some lime-water. A copious precipitate results, which can be filtered off, and it is alleged that this precipitate contains organic as well as inorganic impurities, and that the filtrate is perfectly wholesome and may be safely used for drinking.

THE Fall of Niagara is being used to obtain electricity. Some magneto-electrical machines in Messrs. Quimby and Co's mill are being driven by its waters, and these supply a number of telephones at a distance. Mr. Ruskin ought to approve of this new utilisation of water-power.

IT would be interesting to know the causes of the great increase of the mortality from cancer. According to Mr. Whitehead, the President of the Manchester Medical Society, the deaths in 1882 were 14,057, as against 4,807 in 1849. The *Academy* quotes from Mr. Whitehead's address the following statistics, showing the proportion borne by deaths from cancer to the total number of deaths:—

In	1849	it was	1 in	90
,,	1851	,,	1 ,,	73
,,	1870	,,	1 ,,	52
,,	1880	,,	1 ,,	40
,,	1882	,,	1 ,,	36

"Mr. Whitehead considers", says the *Academy*, "that these figures do not adequately represent the extent of the increase, as the earlier returns included under the head of cancer other growths, such as fibroids, polypi, lupus, etc., which are now distinguished from it; while the chimney-sweeper's cancer, which added largely to the earlier statistics, has now practically disappeared. In 1882 twice as many females died from cancer as males. The proportionate increase in the number of deaths from 1849 to 1882 has been considerably greater among men than among women." Dr. Allinson, writing to the *Times*, suggests that this increase of cancer may be due to excessive meat-eating.

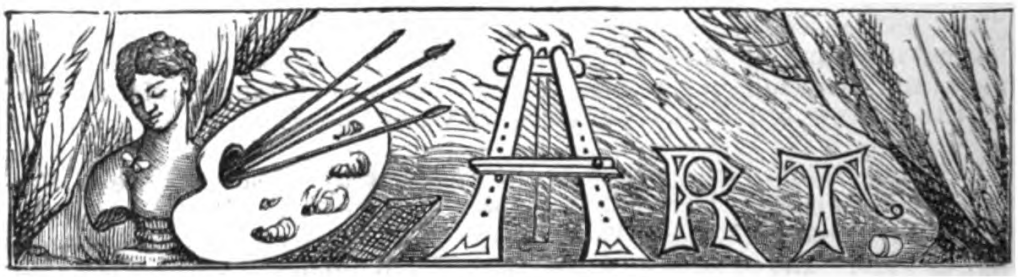
THE *Athenæum* quotes some predictions of Herr Rudolph Jall, a German geologist, in connexion with his statement that "colliery explosions coincide with or follow closely upon earthquakes". He says that March 30th, June 12th, July 12th, and September 9th and 24th, will be dangerous all over Europe. March 30th was not, so far as I know, marked by any catastrophe.

DR. FOOTE in the American *Health Monthly* quotes Professor Brooks as remarking that "a favorable environment causes an excess of female births, and an unfavorable environment an excess of male births". Dr. Foote writes: "His theory is that the female is the conservative factor in repro-

duction, transmitting or holding a race of animals or men as they are, and that new variations are caused by the influence of the male. So he thinks that when the environment or surroundings of any kind of animal or plant are unfavorable to its continued existence there is an excess of male births, tending to greater variation, which is Nature's method of enabling this kind of animal or plant to suit itself to its environment. He says it is a fact that domesticated animals, being in a favorable environment, are unusually fertile and produce an excess of females. But wild animals in captivity are rather infertile and are more apt to produce males than females."

THE Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice needs a Zoological assessor. It has decided that a crayfish is a "fish". The magistrates of a district near the River Yare did not regard the creature as coming within the definition of a fish, but the London judges are against them. We shall have them deciding next that a hedgehog is an insect, as did the railway guard puzzled as to the fare chargeable on that prickly traveller.

ANNIE BESANT.



MR. CARL ROSA deserves commendation and encouragement for his determined attempts to induce English people to believe that they have operas written by their own countrymen worth listening to, and that it is not absolutely necessary for musical purposes that a libretto should be in Italian, and that all the principal singers should be foreigners, at least in name. Mr. Rosa discards the system of costly primadonnas, and depends upon good all-round work, and the production of new operas, for success. His programme for the Easter holidays was wisely composed of the old favorites, "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl", and the ever-popular "Carmen" and "Faust". The chief feature of the season, however, is the production of Mr. Goring Thomas' "Nadeshda". Massenet's "Manon" is also promised. Not only are the leading singers able and accomplished, but the orchestra and chorus are efficient, and the scenery well-devised and effective. Whether Mr. Rosa will succeed in his attempt to establish English opera on a more lasting basis than hitherto one cannot say, but signs are not wanting that the days of Italian opera are numbered: the season grows ever shorter; and one house instead of two now suffices for the attendance of its votaries. Its attractions this year need to be increased by the engagement of the rival primadonnas, Mesdames Patti and Nillson, by the same manager.

THE new sketch "Hobbies" that now forms the first part of the German-Reed Entertainment, is worth seeing both for its intrinsic merit as a piece of bright amusing writing and for the careful finish of its performance. The constant acting together of the little company at St. George's Hall results in general fitness and smoothness, often conspicuous by their absence from more ambitious performances. In "Hobbies" we have an old gentleman of the German professor type, admirably played by Mr. A. Reed, whose life is devoted to inventions. Naturally his patents rarely act when re-

quired; if not so far out of order as to be incapable of any work, they playfully exhibit their powers by sudden explosions at unexpected moments in contrary directions from those intended by the inventor. A patent spray-producer, filled with laughing-gas instead of with the customary perfume, warranted to produce hilarity under the most depressing circumstances, and a canometer, or mechanical barking dog, are the only machines that do not come signally to grief. The music is by Mr. George Gear; an amusing song, "What Might Have Been", and a quintett "Hot Water", are pretty and original. Mr. Corney Grain also introduces a new musical sketch, in which he is as inimitably funny as ever. He takes the audience into his confidence with regard to his views on Society music. It would be as well if the entertainment finished with Mr. Grain's clever performance: the concluding farce "A Peculiar Case", though well enough in its way, is decidedly an anti-climax.

The first Sunday in April, known among artists as "Show Sunday", happened this year to come in the middle of the Easter holidays, and as a consequence the most notable studios were somewhat less crowded than usual. Still a great number of people fulfilled their customary round; one lady remarked she had already visited fifteen studios since lunch, and contemplated looking in at about a dozen more before dinner. It seems more than probable that the impressions left on many minds at the end of the day must bear a strong resemblance to those experienced by the Art critic in *Punch*, whose notions were hazy and notes somewhat mixed, owing to oft-repeated refreshment in the form of dry sherry and brandy-and-soda.

The sight of pictures on their own easels is a very convincing proof that the arrangement in an ordinary picture gallery is calculated to detract in every way from their appearance. Mr. Frith this year sends a much more important work to the Academy than he has done of late. For subject he has taken a scene from the life of Mary Stuart. John Knox, after rebuking the Queen, is passing through the outer chamber, and pauses on the threshold to remonstrate with the ladies-in-waiting and courtiers on the frivolity of their lives. These are playing at "kiss-in-the-ring", which in its older form was played seated in a circle on the ground. One couple has risen and is standing in the centre of the foreground, while the rest look startled and disturbed. In the inner room, of which the door stands open, we see Mary, whom Mr. Frith has depicted as penitent and tearful.

Mr. Briton Rivière's chief picture is called "The Sheep-stealer". The large canvas represents a gloomy moon-lit scene, a man with his dog crouching behind a wall, and a flock of sheep approaching in the distance. A smaller picture, "Stolen Kisses", a little girl in pale blue dress and dark blue stockings trying to ward off the caresses of her dog, is very charming.

Mr. Calderon sends to the Grosvenor a picture of "Andromeda" that bids fair to rival his exquisite "Aphrodite" of last year. Mr. Burne Jones will have no picture exhibited this year. Before the opening of the Academy and Grosvenor several minor exhibitions invite inspection. Mr. Tooth has at his galleries in the Haymarket two fine pictures by the great French artist, M. Gerôme, "In the Desert", and "The Bath".

An immense picture, "Summer", by the Viennese artist, Hans Makart, is on view at 157, New Bond Street. The subject is treated after the fashion of that particular school of artists which always depicts summer-time by groups of female bathers. Hans Makart gives us the interior of a gorgeous pavilion opening into a marble bath. Within the pavilion is a curious mixture of figures and occupations. To the right some ladies in very full court dress are playing chess, while the rest of the canvas is occupied by others in various stages of dress and undress, entering or leaving the bath. The figures are fully life-size, and on the whole, though the picture is not in accordance with English taste, it is interesting as the last and greatest work

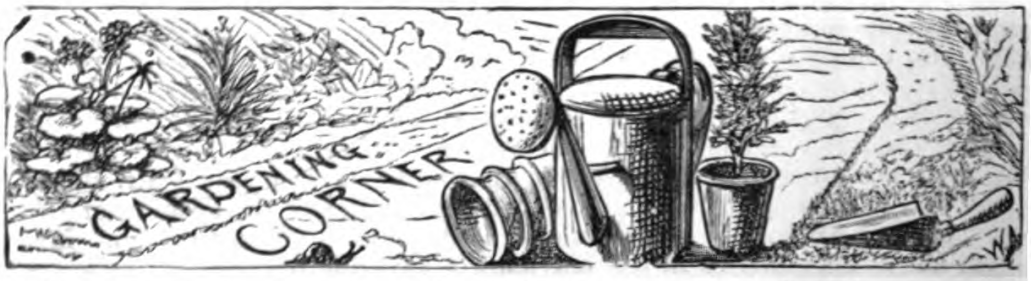
of a painter whose continental fame is great, and whose death in the autumn of last year was so much lamented.

I fancy that the greater number of those who go to see the paintings of Jan Van Beers at the "Salon Parisien" must come away the sadder as well as the wiser for the visit. The wiser for having seen to what perfection the painting of flesh tints and fair faces can be carried; the sadder that talent approaching genius should be wasted on subjects frivolous even when not objectionable, and of the class that is usually exhibited in tobacconists' windows, or used to decorate match-boxes.

The Exhibition of Women's Industries, which has been held in Bristol has proved highly successful. This is the first organised effort that has been made to bring together a collection of specimens in illustration of women's work in the departments of art and industry. There were good displays of pictures, wood-carving, china and glass painting, embroidery, etc., and also a large collection of products of such industries as pottery, printing, and steel pen making, in which woman's work has a large share. It is probable that the exhibition will be repeated on a more extensive scale another year.

One of the rooms in the British Museum left vacant by the removal of the natural history collection to South Kensington, has been appropriated for the display of works of mediæval art and curiosities. Many of these objects have been lying in out-of-the-way holes, corners, and drawers, ever since they passed into the possession of the museum. There is quite a host of quaint and beautiful odds and ends, now for the first time arranged in anything like order. Among them are Mr. Maskell's collection of ivory carvings, and the Celtic chessmen from the Isle of Lewis; Lady Fellows's group of horological implements, watches, and time measurers of all sorts dating from the middle of the sixteenth century; Arabian, Venetian, Nuremberg, and North German brass-work; some noted astrolabes; some talismans, including the famous ball of dark crystal known as "Dr. Dee's show stone," and mentioned by the noted wizard in his "Diary." Here, also, is placed the "Cellini Cup," which used to be in the Print Room.

ELIZABETH CRACKNELL.



A CHAPTER on Herbs may, we think, be in place in our hints to gardening amateurs, since included in that category of the vegetable kingdom are comprehended most plants more or less scented, and used in some culinary way, or for other purposes which render advisable their cultivation. They were favorites with our forefathers, and many of them have had a place in gardens from time immemorial, It was a garden of herbs, we are told, the Israelitish king of old intended to have made of his neighbor's vineyard which he coveted. As space will not admit of our going into detail on the cultivation of each herb individually, we will arrange them in groups so that the treatment of one may in a great measure suffice for others in its class.

ANNUAL HERBS.—Basil, Sweet Marjoram, Summer Savory, Chevril, Borage, and others, are in ordinary every-day use and all more or less ripen, seed, and require resowing from year to year. The first three we have found to succeed best by raising them in a seed pan plunged in a gentle bottom heat in a frame or other structure where such heat was at command. We sowed them in time to be ready for planting out in May. Chevril, being less delicate, is seldom treated to such indulgence, and Borage frequently ripens to seed and sows itself, so that when once sown a continuous supply may be counted on. The use of Borage dates back to a remote period; so does Sweet Marjoram. And in Shakspere's "All's Well that Ends Well", we have a hint as to the use of the latter in the words of the Clown, Act iv., sc. 5, "Indeed, sir, she has the Sweet Marjoram of the sallad, or rather the herb-of-grace". This mixing of Marjoram in a salad has force and point if it suited Shakspere's palate, but his comparison of a lady's hair to the buds of Marjoram in his xcix. Sonnet is not very intelligible:—

> "The lily I condemned for thy hand
> And buds of Marjoram had stolen thy hair."

There are several other plants in more or less repute that might be added to this class, as Caraway, Purslane, Coriander, Marigold, &c., &c. Caraway seems to have been a great favorite of old and frequent mention is made of it in ancient writers. They seem to have enjoyed it as an accompaniment to apples; thus Justice Shallow in 2nd Henry IV., Act v., sc. 3, says to Falstaff: "Nay, you shall see mine orchard, in which in an arbour we shall cut a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of Caraways and so forth".

The Marigold has also honorable mention in old writers, Shakspere having at least five allusions to it. And although there are no less than three plants which claim to be the Marigold to which he alludes, our own opinion is that the garden Marigold (Calendula officinalis) is the plant meant, and it is this we advise the amateur to find a place for in his garden, since its flowers are as seasonable now in a dish of broth as they were in the days of our great grandmothers, who esteemed them highly.

PERENNIAL HERBS.—Of this class we have several which a botanist would not willingly call herbs, as some of them contain hard woody matter, which does not die down in winter, such as Hyssop, Sage, Winter Savory, Lavender, Rosemary, and others. All these may be classed as low-growing ever-green shrubs. By practical gardeners, if not by botanists, however, these are all classed as herbs, and form important items in the herb-border or garden. The treatment of all is much the same; they are all most readily propagated from cuttings, which if taken off with a heel or at the junction of the young growth with the old wood, and put in during damp or cloudy weather in early summer, strike root freely. Sage is perhaps the most delicate of this class, and requires to be grown in a dry soil and situation. When grown in a cold and exposed situation it is liable to be cut off in winter, and in any case it is best to make new plantings of it every season, as the old plants in the most favorable circumstances are apt to die off at the collars. Hyssop is more hardy, but is less used, although Spenser spoke of it as—

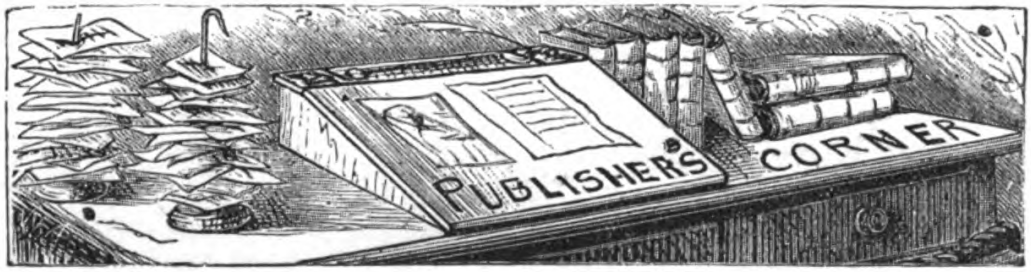
> "Sharp Isope good for greenwounds remedies".

Winter Savory is also a hardy plant. Lavender may last four or five years, seldom longer; like Sage it requires a light dry soil and few plants emit such a delicious scent, whilst the mention of its name always recalls the grand old angler, Isaac Walton's pleasant picture of "an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, Lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck against the wall, and my hostess, I may tell you, is both

cleanly and handsome". Is it from this familiar old-fashioned picture, or from some inherent charm in the plant, that the smell of Lavender is always associated with cleanliness and freshness? Thyme, another delightfully scented, old-fashioned herb, has a hard woody stem which lasts as long as the plant lives, which may be regarded as three years. It seeds freely, however, and reproduces itself and is very accommodating as to situation, although it prefers a dry one; and when grown on such, its aromatic qualities are better developed. The garden Thyme should find a place in every herb garden or border; and there are a few species which make good plants for the rock-work, such as *T. lanceolatus*, from Greece, a very low-growing shrub with narrow-pointed leaves; *T. carneosus*, which makes a pretty little shrub; and others. The Corsican Thyme (*Mentha requirni*) is perhaps the lowest and closest growing of all herbs, making a dark-green covering to the soil, and having a very strong scent, though more resembling Peppermint than Thyme. Of other herbs that ought to find a place in any collection we have only space to give the names. Fennel is a true herbaceous perennial on stiff, cold, wet soils. It is apt, however, to die off after seeding. Tansy is also a herb of somewhat similar habit, and while mentioning these two plants, we may point them out as possessing foliage of as great beauty as any fern we know of. Angelica likes a stiff soil, while Tarragon has to be humoured with one of a contrary character. Rue often attains to the character of a shrub; so also does Rosemary, the favourite evergreen with our forefathers, who used it as the emblem of constancy and perpetual remembrance, especially at weddings and funerals; and so says Herrick of *The Rosemarie Branch*,

> "Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
> Be't for my bridall, or my buriall."

Mint, Lemon Thyme, Pennyroyal, and Camomile should be found in the herb border. The last, however, will require replanting every second year, or even every year, and that, too, upon fresh ground. The flowers of double Camomile have been in great repute for certain purposes for a long time, but whether the double contains more virtue than the single is more than we know. A bed of Camomile, however, is always an interesting object. Burnet, Chives, Vervain, Garden Balm, and Balm of Gilead, and one or two kinds of Sorrel generally find a place in the herb border. Generally speaking, a medium soil suits all, but some require a little more sun than others, and some, as Mint and Pennyroyal, do tolerably well in the shade; whilst Sage deserves one of the best places at command, as likewise does Tarragon. The rotation of cropping is also necessary here as elsewhere, and a due regard to propagating at the right season such plants as want it will do much to maintain the uniform neatness of cropping that is always desirable. And having stocked our herb garden do we wish to draw a moral from it? Here is one from the pen of the master. Iago: "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant Nettles or sow Lettuce, set Hyssop or weed up Thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or maimed with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills;" Othello, Act i., scene 3. Who would have hoped to find such a lesson of wisdom drawn from the simple herb garden in the mouth of the greatest knave and villain in the whole range of Shakspere's writings? It is the preaching of a deep hypocrite, and while we may hate the preacher we can thank him for the lesson. W. ELDER.



THE *Christian Socialist*[1] is the best of the various journals now advocating Socialism in England. The April number contains an interesting article on Lord Wemyss' letter on the "Shop Hours Labor League", as well as the letter itself; and has also a very clever address on "Socialism", delivered before the Liberal Social Union by Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Joynes issues some vigorous Rhymes,[2] which will prove welcome to his comrades.

We hear that Messrs. Dean and Son intend issuing a weekly paper printed in chromo-lithography. This will be the first colored-picture paper ever issued.

The *Church Reformer*,[3] edited by the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, is a very cheap twopennyworth. In its article on "Two Atheists on the Land Question" it curiously misapprehends Mr. Bradlaugh's statement that "the land had never belonged to the people and so could not be restored to them". It criticises this perfectly accurate statement of fact as though Mr. Bradlaugh were opposed to the gradual passing of the land into the hands of the State. A thing can only be *restored* when it is given back to some one who before possessed it. To speak of the *restoration* of the land to those who have never possessed it is absurd. Why should loose speakers be angry because some people try to be accurate in their use of words?

Under the title of "The Imperial Parliament" a series of short volumes on current political topics is about to be issued, under the editorship of Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. Each volume will be complete in itself, uniform in crown 8vo, neatly bound in a permanent form and issued at the price of 1s. Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., of London, are to be the publishers. Nine volumes are already arranged for. The subject of the first volume of the series, which will be published immediately, is "Imperial Federation", and is treated by the Marquis of Lorne. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., will follow with a volume on "Representation", and Messrs. Wm. Rathbone, M.P., A. Pell, M.P., and F, C. Montague will together write on "Local and County Government". These three volumes will be produced shortly. In the course of the summer and autumn Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., and Mr. Wm. Hoyle will together contribute a volume on "Local Option"; Mrs. Ashton Dilke and Mr. Wm. Woodall, M.P., will write on "Women's Suffrage"; and Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., and Mr. Carvell Williams, on "Disestablishment". Mr. H. Broadhurst, M.P., and Mr. R. T. Reid, M.P., combine on "Leasehold Enfranchisement", while Mr. Baxter, M.P., will produce a volume on "Taxation and Tariffs", and Mr. Bryce, M.P., one on the "Reform of the House of Lords". Other volumes will follow.

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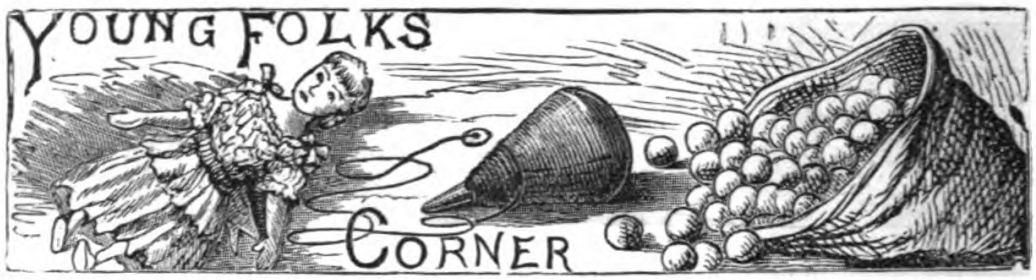
[1] The *Christian Socialist*. London: Modern Press, 13 and 14 Paternoster Row, E.C.

[2] *Socialist Rhymes*. By J. L. Joynes. London: Modern Press, 13 and 14 Paternoster Row, E.C.

[3] The *Church Reformer*. London: F. Verinder, 16, Southampton Street, Covent Garden, W.C



Princess Vera.

(*Concluded from page* 245.)

They had not proceeded far this second morning before they heard the neighing of horses, champing of bits, and trampling of hoofs. A few more steps brought them in sight of a woman on horseback. She was of magnificent proportions, far above the ordinary size of men. On her head she wore a helmet of glittering steel, in her hand she carried a long tapering lance, and at her saddle bow the boys could see a pair of pistols. A man, in a complete suit of chain armor, stood at her horse's head. As she turned her eyes upon the boys, Fritz and Josef fell on their knees before her, but Karl stood upright, mentally contrasting the gaze of this woman with that of the vision which he had seen two nights earlier: *her* eyes so calm, so steady, so true; the eyes of this one dazzling, threatening, smiting, seeming almost to flash fire.

"Well my lads," said she, smiling, "have you come to enrol yourselves amongst my followers?".

There was something so ferocious and cruel in her smile that Karl could not help shuddering as he replied: "No, madam".

"You cannot know who I am," she said, frowning slightly: "I am the Lady Bella, I am known in all lands and on all seas, kings woo me, ministers court me, and statesmen cherish me. I make and unmake nations. If you will follow in my ranks, my handmaid, Vangloria, shall weave laurel wreaths for your brows, and write your names in the Book of Fame."

"Madam, we thank you, but we are vowed to seek the Princess Vera," answered Karl respectfully.

"What is the Princess Vera or any other princess to me!" ex-

claimed Lady Bella contemptuously with the frown deepening on her brow.

"If I come," said Josef, "shall I have a horse and helmet like yours?"

"That and more," promised the Lady Bella.

"Josef, Josef, do not be beguiled, do not be turned from your allegiance to our one true Lady Vera, I implore you," cried Karl.

"But I can fight for Vera, can I not, Madam?" asked Josef.

"You can fight for any one you like," answered the accommodating Lady Bella.

Fritz too, begun to show signs of deserting to the Lady Bella when Karl bethought himself of his mirror. As soon as his eyes fell upon its bright surface he uttered a cry, and at this Fritz turned to look in the mirror also. This is the picture they saw: Bella in the background scarcely discernible in the cloud of smoke and fire; in the foreground men and horses, dead and dying, with Vangloria weaving laurel wreaths which faded as she wove them and dropped to pieces almost before they left her fingers; while, as each wreath was woven, she wrote a name in a big book and the name faded out almost ere the ink was dry. This picture vanished and was replaced by one representing the horrors of Famine and Pestilence.

"Josef, Josef, come away, come with us," entreated Karl; "you are sacrificing Truth to War!" But Josef only smiled: he was already mounted on the back of a beautiful steed, and before Karl could renew his entreaties was galloping away with the Lady Bella and her train.

Karl was very sad at this disaster, but Fritz looked after the retreating riders with regret and murmured, "I wish they had taken me too!".

Karl said somewhat scornfully: "If you wish to be a man-at-arms you had better go back ere it is too late and take service with the Grand Duke. If you wish to slay and be slain, go to him. My errand is peace; if you wish for war you must leave me."

"I don't want to fight," answered Fritz; "but the Lady Bella and her men did look very fine, now didn't they?"

Karl was obliged to acknowledge that they did.

The silken cord was straining in Karl's hand, so the boys began to move on again, speculating as to what would become of Josef and how they should tell Margaret.

A sudden turn in the forest brought them to a broad green plain,

at the far side of which they could see a high wall and enormous gates glittering and flashing with a golden light beneath the rays of the sun. When Karl and Fritz neared these gates they found, much to their surprise, that they were fashioned like a spider's web: each slender thread was of pure gold and of infinite strength. In the stone archway over the top of the gates were cut the words, "THE CITY OF TEMPLES".

Karl was greatly astonished to find that his clue was guiding him quite up to these gates, and as he and his companion touched them the golden web divided and the strands (each no thicker than a fairy's skipping rope!) which before had appeared continuous and without break, now slowly fell apart to allow the boys to enter. No sooner were Karl and Fritz through than each broken strand flew back into its former position.

"If there were only a spider I should feel something like a fly," laughed Fritz, half-uneasily. "Suppose we go back." Suiting the action to the word, Fritz turned to the web-like gates and tried to open them, but his efforts were quite vain: the web remained absolutely immovable.

"I am afraid it is no good, Fritz," said Karl, "I must confess I don't feel quite happy, but let us be guided by the clue. I feel quite sure we may follow that fearlessly, while we remain pure and true."

About a hundred paces from the gates they came to the first temple. The roof was arched, and the inside was painted blue like the heavens; on the eastern side, just above the horizon, was a great yellow disc before which white-robed men were humbly kneeling. A little further on, on the other side of the way, was the second temple. Here the priests wore black robes embroidered with yellow flames, and within the temple Karl and Fritz saw fires burning. At another temple they saw carved in black stone the images of a mother and child, at another there was a carved image with three heads, at another a sacred elephant, and at yet another a golden calf.

Karl dragged Fritz hurriedly past these numerous temples, and after the first two would not let him stay to examine any; he felt sure there must be some snare in this dreadful city where everyone seemed grovelling on their knees with their faces bowed to the ground, instead of standing erect in the full light of the day. He needed not his mirror to tell him that these were some of the temples that the old woman told him Queen Glamma had caused to be raised to false gods and goddesses to still further alienate the hearts of the people from

the Princess Vera. As the boys were hastening along they heard the sound of music, and they involuntarily stayed to listen. It was choral music, now loud, now soft; now passionate, now pathetic; now full of majesty or defiance, now a very cry of lamentation. The swell of the music grew louder and louder; it was surely coming towards them! How rich the voices! what delightful harmony! what a glorious volume of sound it was that burst full upon their ears in a gladsome strain of triumph as the singers came into sight! The white-robed singers, all boys and men, defiled past Karl and Fritz, and they, alas! bewitched by the magic of the music, forgot the Princess Vera and followed the surpliced train.

Before they quite realised whither they were going they found themselves within a temple of indescribable magnificence. The carved domed roof, the carved ivory reading desks, the pictures on the walls painted by masters' hands, the gaudily painted images of men and women, filled Karl and Fritz with unspeakable wonder. The inanimate portion of the scene was, moreover, the least striking part. On a couch, raised some few feet from the floor, reclined a woman clothed in purple velvet; around her stood white-haired men dressed in scarlet robes adorned with priceless lace; below these were a vast number of men in black. In groups here and there were pale-faced, sad-eyed women who kept up a melancholy chaunt which could now and again be heard through the choristers' song of triumph; little boys moved hither and thither, swinging their censers to and fro, ceaselessly, sending forth clouds of incense, and making the air heavy with faint odors. The jubilant song of the men and boys ceased, and the under-current of melancholy from the women now became the primary refrain, but it was so soft and so monotonous that the ear soon disregarded it. The woman in red raised herself upon her couch and signed to one of her black-robed attendants to bring the two boys to her.

Fritz cast himself on his knees before the couch, and Karl, half stupefied with the heavy atmosphere, mechanically followed his companion's example.

"Rise, my children, rise! It is only the impenitent who need fear me: the penitent sinner I absolve from all his sins," said the Lady Roama in full rich tones. "Have you come to enter my service and be numbered in my fold?"

"No, your Highness," answered Karl, as the thought of the

Princess Vera came as a flash to clear his dulled brain; "we are two poor boys seeking the Princess Vera".

"Then you have found her," rejoined Lady Roama unhesitatingly, with a bewildering smile. "I am the Princess Vera."

As these words were uttered in slow deep tones Karl looked up in astonishment. *This* woman his dear Princess! This woman, with her dark langorous eyes, her bright black hair, her olive skin and full scarlet lips! This woman, reclining with voluptuous ease in purple velvet: this the Princess Vera! Where the calm brow and clear steady eyes? where the slender grace and modest white robe? Before Karl had recovered from his amazement at this unexpected declaration, Fritz had sprung from his side and had thrown himself down at Lady Roama's feet and had acknowledged her as the true Princess.

As but a short time before Karl had called to Josef so now he called to Fritz: "Come away, come away, you are beguiled! Do you not see that this crimson woman could not possibly be the Princess Vera?"

Lady Roama smiled contemptuously, and with cold, measured voice said to an attendant: "Take this boy away: I do not wish to see him any more," she added significantly.

Two soldiers, into the back and breast of whose garments was wrought a flaming red cross, seized poor Karl and placed him in the midst of an escort of black-robed attendants. His captors immediately took him out of the temple, intending to cast him into prison, but, fortunately for Karl, their intentions were frustrated. Just after leaving the temple of Roama they fell in with a band of men dressed entirely in yellow, who far outnumbered Karl's black escort. The sight of the black-robed men with the red cross soldiers seemed to infuriate the yellow men, whilst the yellow men seemed to have a maddening effect on the black.

"Down with the Crimson Woman!" shouted the yellow men.

"Kill the Yellow Men!" cried the priests of Roama.

The black and the yellow soon came to blows, the two soldiers forgot Karl and joined in the fray. Karl thought that it was a splendid opportunity to escape, so without staying to see which would be victorious, he took to his heels and set off running as fast as he could.

He went on for nearly two hours before he ventured to take a good look round to see where he had got to. He had vaguely noticed long before that he had left the forest behind him, then he had passed

through wild uncultivated tracts, then pasture-land and corn-fields, and now here he was in a beautiful garden. He had lost his clue and his mirror, his silken banner alone remained to him, and this he now unfurled and gazed upon with sorrowful eyes.

"'We seek for truth,'" he repeated sadly, "there is now only 'I': Josef was allured by the vain and dazzling promises of war, and poor Fritz has gone over to Roama, I myself was nearly lost through forgetting the Princess. Alas! poor fly, the spider was not long in coming," he added, remembering Fritz's laughing remark at the gates.

At first he thought himself alone in this garden, but a little tapping made him look round and he saw an aged man, knocking little pieces off a rock which lay half buried in the ground, and conversing in low tones with three or four younger men who stood around him. A little further there was another man who was peering through a glass at a tiny flower.

"I am very hungry," Karl said half aloud. "I wonder if that old gentleman would let me break pieces off that rock for him for a piece of bread."

"Hungry are you, my boy?" said a kindly voice behind him.

Karl started, and looking round saw a tall but well-proportioned maiden. "I will show you where you can get something to eat; meanwhile, you shall tell me how you came here. It is seldom little boys wander into my garden." Thus saying, this tall fair-haired maiden took Karl by the hand and led him to the stream which ran through the garden, and Karl noticed that as she passed every one reverently took off his cap. She made Karl sit on a rustic seat by the rippling water, which sparkled in the rays of the setting sun, and presently brought him a plate full of strawberries and the most delicious bread-and-butter he had ever tasted. Without the faintest feeling of mistrust Karl told her his little history and his search for Vera.

"In my garden," said the maiden proudly, "you will find several who will enrol themselves under your banner. There are many here who know some of the different ways which lead to Vera's prison, some have followed them a little way, but Glamma has been so cruelly persecuting that none now dare go very far alone, and there has been no one to lead them. My name is Scya, and this is my house and garden. Here we study the secrets of nature, and many men come to me and vow to devote their lives to me and to expound the truths

I teach. I myself will put you in the right way for finding the Princess Vera's prison."

Scya took the boy by the hand and led him into the house. They passed through several rooms. In every room were men earnestly engaged in some pursuit; one room his guide told him was a chemical laboratory, one a biological, one an electrical, one a physiological, and, besides these, there were many more too numerous to mention. At length they came to a hall with a platform at one end and the rest entirely filled up with seats. This Scya told him was the theatre where the different professors lectured to the students.

She caused a great bell to be rung, and soon the seats were filled with men, young and old, and here and there an earnest-eyed woman. Scya took the boy on to the platform, and unfurling his banner asked if there were any willing to use the knowledge they had gained in her garden in aiding to restore Vera to her rightful supremacy amongst men.

At first there was hesitation, and then some one tremblingly uttered the name "Glamma". Scya turned her blazing eyes upon the speaker. "Coward," she cried, "you are unworthy to live in my house!"

Thereupon uprose a man from amongst the audience whose hair was whitened by the frosts of many winters, and upon whose face Time had set many a mark and crease, but whose blue eye was as keen and piercing, whose hand was as firm and steady, as when his skin was smooth and his hair was brown. "Madam, I will go with the child." That was all he said, but immediately there was a tumult: younger men prayed him not to risk his valuable life, they would go if only he would stay. The old man smiled gently. "I have hesitated too long," he said. "This child has come to show me my duty. I have let the fear of Glamma and her crew terrify me. I have let my love for my worshipful mistress engross me. I see my error before it is too late. I openly declare myself a loyal subject of the Princess Vera."

To make a long story short, a large number enrolled themselves under Karl's banner, and the next morning a goodly company, with Scya, the old Professor, and Karl, at their head, set out for Vera's prison. Glamma's ministers were very much afraid of Scya, and when they saw her so strongly supported they did not dare to attack any of the leaders of the band, although it is much to be feared that some of the half-hearted ones in the rear were seized and imprisoned.

After wandering for many days they were joined by a fairy-like little girl who said her name was Mytha, and that she could take them to Vera's prison.

"I leave you to follow Mytha:" said Scya, "you have no further use for me.'

Regretfully they parted from their fair-haired mistress, and followed instead the gay, talkative little Mytha, who led them straight to the edge of a well.

With a joyous, blithesome laugh, Mytha pointed into the well. "You must go down, down, down, right to the very bottom, and there you will find your Princess." With that she danced away.

"At the bottom of a well! Just what the old woman said," cried Karl. But amongst his followers there were signs of discontent and disbelief. "Just fancy anyone believing they would find Vera down in a dark hole like that." But Karl did believe it, and the old Professor had determined to follow him wherever he went. Without more ado they began to descend the well, and found the descent much easier than they had expected. There was no water at the bottom: it was quite dry, and a stream of light coming through an archway at the side showed them a subterranean passage. Following this they found themselves, after a few moments, in a lofty hall full of a clear white light, the source of which they could not see. The floor, roof, and walls of the hall were of white marble, all was of pure white, save that at the far end there was a sort of alcove raised a few feet above the floor, covered with a black curtain. With hasty steps the master and the boy moved towards the curtain, and, moved by the same impulse, simultaneously tore the veil aside. There Karl saw his vision realised, and the old master saw revealed to him the living image of Truth. The Princess Vera was found.

* * * * * * *

Once liberated from her captivity, there was no difficulty about re-establishing the supremacy of Vera in the hearts of men. At the mere advent of Vera Glamma disappeared, and with her her sisters Bella and Roama. The City of Temples fell into ruins.

There was much rejoicing all over Keinlund at the restoration of the Princess; men forgot their evil ways of thinking: they once more became true and faithful, and ceased to lie or cheat or steal. The Grand Duke built a new cottage for the poor old woman Karl had met in the forest, but alas! he could not give her back her dead son.

Gillim was liberated, and the Duke pressed him to take money in compensation for his false imprisonment, but Gillim refused it. No money could blot out from his dear wife's memory the agony she endured whilst her husband lay in prison. There are some faults which no repentance can amend.

As for Karl, he went home, embraced his father, mother, his brother Gillim and little Marta, and prayed them to allow him to become a votary of Scya. They were loth to part with him, but as his heart seemed set upon it they let him go.

The next day found him at the gate of Scya's beautiful garden, wherein he humbly sought admittance. He was joyfully welcomed and became the old master's favorite pupil.

He still dwells in that delightful abode of wisdom; he uncovers his head reverently before its great mistress and toils unceasingly to make the name of Vera known beyond the bounds of Keinlund—yea, unto the furthermost limits of the earth!

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

Puzzles.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A plank.
2. An amphibious animal.
3. To expiate.
4. Taxes.
5. Costume. [4 marks.]

Show how to arrange four digits in four rows, so that in whatever way they are added their sum equals 34. [6 marks.]

BEHEADED WORD.

I am a dishonest man; behead me, and I am what most people would like to gain in winter; behead again, and I am what everybody does at dinner time; behead again, and I am a preposition. [3 marks.]

ANAGRAMS.

1. A true sign. 2. Ann wears blue. 3. I merit a slip. 4. Call, O Hymen. 5. Iron shod. 6. Mad policy. [6 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. The quotient in a division sum equals six times the divisor, and the divisor equals six times the remainder; the three amount together to 516; find the dividend. [8 marks.]

2. The price of 2 turkeys and 9 fowls is £3, and the price of 5 turkeys and 3 fowls is £4 5s. What is the price of a turkey and a fowl? [8 marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

Beheaded Words.—Longfellow.

L anguish.
O live.
N ear.
G races.
F airy.
E vent.
L ark.
L awful.
O ration.
W aft.

Flower Blanks.

1. Touch-me-not. 2. Broom. 3. Rue. 4. Balm. 5. Mint. 6. Rush. 7. Sorrel. 8. Bay.

Square Words.

1.
L o v e.
O v e n.
V e n d.
E n d s.

2.
K n o t.
N o d e.
O d e s.
T e s t.

Charade.

Mat—hem—atics. Mathematics.

Cracked Nuts.

1. L. C. M. of 2, 3, 5 = 30.

∴ The rails will be seen in line every 30 feet. Length of rail = 90 feet.

∴ The rails will be seen in line *three times.*

2. Let x rep. the number.

$$\text{Then } x - 161 = \frac{x}{4} + \frac{x}{5} + \frac{x}{6}$$

L. C. M. of denominators = 60

$$\therefore 60x - 9660 = 15x + 12x + 10x.$$

$$23x = 9660 \quad \therefore x = 420.$$

∴ Number required is 420. Or without using x the statement can be

The number = $(\frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{5} + \frac{1}{6})$ of itself + 151 = $\frac{37}{60}$ of itself + 161.

$$\therefore \tfrac{23}{60} \text{ of number} = 161$$

$$\therefore \text{Number} = 161 \times \tfrac{60}{23} = 420.$$

The Algebraic method is neater and should be used in preference.

TOTAL MARKS POSSIBLE, 40.—Thasso, Hypatia, 39; Quicksilver, Hawkeye, 38; Olivia, 37; Reynard, 36; Chi Lung, Sprinter, 35; Beelzebub, 33; Alice, 29; Loki, 28; Cromwell, Verax, 20; Jumbo, 19.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In *Flower Blanks*, other flowers than those given in the solution have been accepted when they completed the sense of the sentence, such as *Chestnut* for No. 7; *Balsam* and *Heartsease* for No. 4; but *Forget-me-not* will not do for No. 1.

CORRECTION IN PRIZES.—Olivia (EMILY MEYNELL) first prize with 111 marks; Hawkeye (F. T. WRIGHT) second prize with 106 marks; Chi Lung (H. LANGLEY) third prize with 99 marks.

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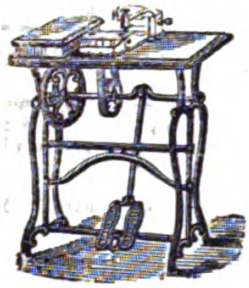

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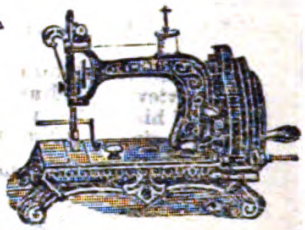

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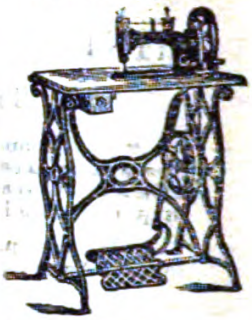

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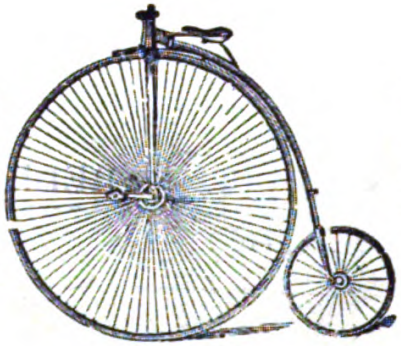

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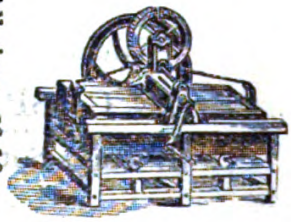

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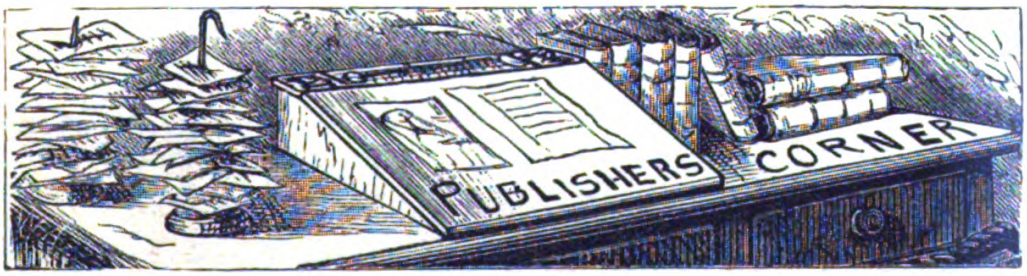

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Our Corner.

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Autobiographical Sketches.

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XVII.

The year 1878 was a dark one for me; it saw me deprived of my little daughter, despite the deed of separation by which the custody of the child had been assigned to me. The first notice that an application was to be made to the High Court of Chancery to deprive me of this custody reached me in January 1878, while the decision on the Knowlton case was still pending, but the petition was not filed until April. The time was ill-chosen; Mabel had caught scarlet fever at a day-school she was attending, and for some days was dangerously ill. The fact of her illness was communicated to her father, and while the child was lying ill in bed, and I had cancelled all engagements so that I might not leave her side, I received a copy of the petition to deprive me of her custody. This document alleged as grounds for taking away the child:—

"The said Annie Besant is, by addresses, lectures, and writings, endeavoring to propagate the principles of Atheism, and has published a book intituled: 'The Gospel of Atheism'. She has also associated herself with an infidel lecturer and author, named Charles Bradlaugh, in giving lectures and in publishing books and pamphlets, whereby the truth of the Christian religion is impeached, and disbelief in all religion is inculcated.

"The said Annie Besant has also, in conjunction with the said Charles Bradlaugh, published an indecent and obscene pamphlet called 'The Fruits of Philosophy'.

"The said pamphlet has recently been the subject of legal proceedings in the course of which the said Annie Besant publicly justified its contents and publication, and stated, or inferred, that in her belief it would be right to teach young children the physiological facts contained in the said pamphlet. [This was a deliberate falsehood: I had never stated or inferred any-

thing of the kind.] The said Annie Besant has also edited and published a pamphlet intituled 'The Law of Population; its consequences, and its bearing upon human conduct and morals', to which book or pamphlet your petitioners crave leave to refer."

The petition was unfortunately heard before the Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel, a man animated by the old spirit of Hebrew bigotry and who had superadded to this the coarse time-serving morality of "a man of the world", sceptical of all sincerity, and contemptuous of all self-devotion to a cause that did not pay, as of a weakness to which he was himself singularly unassailable. The treatment I received at his hands on my first appearance in Court told me what I had to expect. After my previous experience of the courtesy of English judges, I was startled to hear a harsh loud voice exclaim, in answer to a statement from Mr. Ince, Q.C., that I appeared in person:—

"Appear in person? A lady appear in person? Never heard of such a thing. Does the lady really appear in person?"

After a variety of similar remarks, delivered in the most grating tones and with the roughest manner, Sir George Jessel tried to attain his object by browbeating me directly.

"Is this the lady?"

"I am the respondent to the petition, my lord—Mrs. Besant."

"Then I advise you, Mrs. Besant, to employ counsel to represent you if you can afford it, and I suppose you can."

"With all submission to your lordship, I am afraid I must claim my right of arguing my case in person."

"You will do so if you please, of course, but I think you had much better appear by counsel. I give you notice that, if you do not, you must not expect to be shown any consideration. You will not be heard by me at any greater length than the case requires, nor allowed to go into irrelevant matter, as persons who argue their own cases generally do."

"I trust I shall not do so, my lord; but in any case I shall be arguing under your lordship's complete control."

This encouraging beginning may be taken as a sample of the case; Mr. Ince, the counsel on the other side, was constantly practising in the Rolls' Court, knew all the judge's peculiarities, how to flatter and humor him on the one hand and how to irritate him against his opponent on the other. Nor was Mr. Ince above using his influence with the Master of the Rolls to obtain an unfair advantage, knowing that whatever he said would be believed against any contradiction of mine: thus he tried to obtain costs against me on the ground that the public helped me, whereas his client received no subscriptions in aid of his suit; yet as a matter of fact subscriptions had been collected for his client, and the Bishop of Lincoln, and many of the principal clergy and churchmen of the diocese had contributed liberally towards the persecution of the Atheist.

Mr. Ince and Mr. Bardswell argued that my Atheism and Malthusianism made me an unfit guardian for my child; Mr. Ince declared that Mabel, educated by me, would "be helpless for good in this world", and "hopeless for good hereafter", outcast in this life and damned in the next; Mr. Bardwell implored the Judge to consider that my custody of her "would be detrimental to the future pros-

pects of the child in society, to say nothing of her eternal prospects". I could have laughed, had not the matter been so terribly serious, at the mixture of God and Mrs. Grundy, marriage-establishment and hell, presented as an argument for robbing a mother of her child. Once only did judge and counsel fall out; Mr. Bardswell had carelessly forgotten that Sir George Jessel was a Jew, and lifting eyes to heaven said:—

"Your lordship, I think, will scarcely credit it, but Mrs. Besant says in a later affidavit that she took away the Testament from the child, because it contained coarse passages unfit for a child to read."

To his horror, Sir George Jessel considered there were "some passages which a child had better not read in the New Testament", and went on:—

"It is not true to say there are no passages that are unfit for a child's reading, because I think there are a great many.

"Mr. BARDSWELL: I do not know of any passages that could fairly be called coarse.

"Sir G. JESSEL: I cannot quite assent to that."

With the exception of this little outburst of religious feeling against the book written by apostate Jews, Jewish judge and Christian counsel were united in their hatred of the Atheist. My argument fell on deaf ears; I distinctly admitted that I was an Atheist, that I had withdrawn the child from religious instruction at school, that I was the author of the "Gospel of Atheism", "The Fruits of Christianity", "The Freethinkers' Text Book, Part II.", and "The Law of Population", produced against me: I claimed her custody on the ground that it was given me by the deed of separation executed by the father who was trying to set it aside, and that no pretence was made that the child was neglected, the admission being, on the contrary, that she was admirably cared for: I offered lastly, if she were taken from me, to devote £110 a-year to her maintenance and education, provided that she were placed in the hands of a third person, not of her father. Sir George Jessel decided against me, as he had clearly intended to do from the very outset, and as the part of his judgment affecting Freethinkers as parents is of continued interest I reprint it here.

"I am glad to say that, so far as I can see, Mrs. Besant has been kind and affectionate in her conduct and behavior towards the child, and has taken the greatest possible care of her so far as regards her physical welfare. I have no doubt she entertains that sincere affection for the child which a mother should always feel, and which no merely speculative opinions can materially affect. But, unfortunately, since her separation from her husband, Mrs. Besant has taken upon herself not merely to ignore religion, not merely to believe in no religion, but to publish and avow that non-belief—to become the publisher of pamphlets written by herself, and to deliver lectures composed by herself, stating her disbelief in religion altogether, and stating that she has no belief in the existence of a providence or a God. She has endeavored to convince others, by her lectures and by her pamphlets, that the denial of all religion is a right and proper thing to recommend to mankind at large. It is not necessary for me to express any opinion as to the religious convictions of any one, or even as to their non-religious convictions. But I must, as a man of the world, consider what effect on a woman's position this course of conduct must lead to.

I know, and must know as a man of the world, that her course of conduct must quite cut her off, practically, not merely from the sympathy of, but from social intercourse with, the great majority of her sex. I do not believe a single clergyman's wife in England living with her husband would approve of such conduct, or associate with Mrs. Besant; and I must take that into consideration in considering what effect it would have upon the child if brought up by a woman of such reputation. But the matter does not stop there. Not only does Mrs. Besant entertain those opinions which are reprobated by the great mass of mankind, whether rightly or wrongly I have no business to say, though I, of course, think rightly, but she carries those speculative opinions into practice as regards the education of the child, and from the moment she does that she brings herself within the lines of the decisions of Lord Chancellors and eminent judges with reference to the custody of children by persons holding speculative opinions, and in those cases it has been held that before giving the custody of a child to those who entertain such speculative opinions the Court must consider what effect infusing those opinions as part of its practical education would have upon the child. That is undoubtedly a matter of the greatest importance. Upon this point there is no conflict of testimony whatever. Mrs. Besant herself says that she prohibited the governess from giving any religious education to the child, and has prevented the child from obtaining any religious education at all. When the child went to school—a day school, as I understand —Mrs. Besant prohibited the governess of that school from imparting any religious education, in the same way that she had prohibited the former governess, who was a home governess, from giving any religious education, and Mrs. Besant gave none herself. It is, therefore, not only the entertaining and publishing these opinions, but she considers it her duty so to educate the child as to prevent her having any religious opinions whatever until she attains a proper age. I have no doubt that Mrs. Besant is conscientious in her opinions upon all these matters, but I also have a conscientious opinion, and I am bound to give effect to it. I think such a course of education not only reprehensible but detestable, and likely to work utter ruin to the child, and I certainly should upon this ground alone decide that this child ought not to remain another day under the care of her mother."

As to the publication of the Knowlton pamphlet, Sir George Jessel decided that that also was a good ground for separating mother and child. He committed himself to the shameful statement, so strongly condemned by the Lord Chief Justice, that Dr. Knowlton was in favor of "promiscuous intercourse without marriage", and then uttered the gross falsehood that his view "was exactly the same as was entertained by the Lord Chief Justice of England". After this odious misrepresentation, I was not surprised to hear from him words of brutal insult to myself. I print here an article on him written at the time, not one word of which I now regret, and which I am glad to place on record in permanent form, now that only his memory remains for me to hate.

SIR GEORGE JESSEL.

DURING the long struggle which began in March, 1877, no word has escaped me against the respective judges before whom I have had to plead. Some have been harsh, but, at least, they have been fairly just, and even if a sign of prejudice appeared, it was yet not sufficient to be a scandal to the Bench. Of Sir George Jessel, however, I cannot speak in terms even of respect, for in his conduct towards myself he has been rough, coarse, and unfair, to an extent that I never expected to see in any English judge. Sir George Jessel is subtle and acute, but he is rude, overbearing, and coarse; he has the sneer of a Mephistopheles mingled with a curious monkeyish

pleasure in inflicting pain. Sir George Jessel prides himself on being "a man of the world", and he expresses the low morality common to that class when the phrase is taken in its worst sense; he holds, like the "men of the world", who "see life" in Leicester Square and the Haymarket, that women are kept chaste only through fear and from lack of opportunity; that men may be loose in morals if they will, and that women are divided into two classes for their use—one to be the victims and the toys of the moment, the others to be kept ignorant and strictly guarded, so as to be worthy of being selected as wives. Sir George Jessel considers that a woman becomes an outcast from society because she thinks that women would be happier, healthier, safer, if they had some slight acquaintance with physiology, and were not condemned, through ignorance, to give birth to human lives foredoomed to misery, to disease, and to starvation. Sir George Jessel says that no "modest woman" will associate with one who spreads among her sex the knowledge which will enable her sisters to limit their families within their means. The old brutal Jewish spirit, regarding women as the mere slaves of men, breaks out in the coarse language which disgraced himself rather than the woman at whom it was aimed. Sir George Jessel might have been surprised, had he been in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the following day, and had seen it filled with men and women, quiet looking, well dressed, and respectable, and had heard the cries of "Shame on him!" which rang round the hall, when his brutal remark was quoted. Such language only causes a re-action towards the insulted person even among those who would otherwise be antagonistic, and Sir George Jessel has ranged on my side many a woman who, but for him, would have held aloof.

Sir George Jessel is a Jew; he thinks that a parent should be deprived of a child if he or she withholds from it religious training. Two hundred years ago, Sir George Jessel's children might have been taken from him because he did not bring them up as Christians; Sir George Jessel and his race have been relieved from disabilities, and he now joins the persecuting majority, and deals out to the Atheist the same measure dealt to his forefathers by the Christians. The Master of the Rolls pretended that by depriving me of my child he was inflicting no punishment on me! If the Master of the Rolls have any children, he must be as hard-hearted in the home as he is on the bench, if he would not feel that any penalty was inflicted on him if his little ones were torn from him and handed over to a Christian priest, who would teach them to despise him as a Jew, and hate him as a denier of Christ. Even now, Jews are under many social disabilities, and even when richly gilt, Christian society looks upon them with thinly-concealed dislike. The old wicked prejudice still survives against them, and it is with shame and with disgust that Liberals see a Jew trying to curry favor with Christian society by reviving the obsolete penalties once inflicted on his own people.

Sir George Jessel was not only brutally harsh; he was also utterly unfair. He quoted the Lord Chief Justice as agreeing with him in his judgment on Knowlton, on points where the Chief had distinctly expressed the contrary opinion, and he did this not through ignorance, but with the eloquent words of Sir Alexander Cockburn lying in front of him, and after I had pointed out to him, and he had deliberately read, or professed to read, the passages which contained the exact contrary of that which he put into the Chief's mouth.

Of one thing Sir George Jessel and his Christian friends may be sure: that neither prosecution nor penalty will prevent me from teaching both Atheism and Malthusianism to all who will listen to me, and since Christianity is still so bigoted as to take the child from the mother because of a difference of creed, I will strain every nerve to convert the men and women around me, and more especially the young, to a creed more worthy of humanity.

Sir George Jessel pretended to have the child's interests at heart: in reality he utterly ignored them. I offered to settle £110 a year on the child if she was placed in the charge of some trustworthy and respectable person, but the Master did not even notice the offer. He takes away the child from plenty and comfort, and throws her into comparative poverty; he takes her away from most tender and watchful care, and places her under the guardianship of a man so reckless of her health, that he chose the moment of her serious illness to ask for her removal; he takes her away from cultured and thoughtful society to place her among half-educated farmers. Nay, he goes further: Dr. Drysdale's affidavit stated that it was absolutely necessary at present that she should have her mother's care; and Sir George Jessel disregards this, and, in her still weak state, drags her from her home and from all she cares for, and throws her into the hands of strangers. If any serious results follow, Sir George Jessel will be morally, though not legally, responsible for them. In her new home she can have no gentle womanly attendance. No Christian lady of high character will risk the misconstruction to which she would be exposed by living alone at Sibsey Vicarage with a young clergyman who is neither a bachelor nor a widower; the child will be condemned either to solitary neglect at home, or to the cold strictness of a boarding-school. She is bright, gay, intelligent, merry now. What will she be at a year's end? My worst wish for Sir George Jessel is that the measure he has meted out to me may, before he dies, be measured out to him or his.

There is little to add to the story. I gave the child up, as I was compelled to do, and gave notice of appeal to the Court of Appeal against the order of the Master of the Rolls. Meanwhile, as all access to the children was denied me by the father, I gave him notice that unless access were given I would sue for a restitution of conjugal rights, merely for the sake of seeing my children. As the deed of separation had been broken by his action, I supposed that the courts would not permit it to be broken for his advantage while holding it binding on me. Unhappily, at this critical point, my health gave way; the loneliness and silence of the house, of which my darling had always been the sunshine and the music, weighed on me like an evil dream; at night I could not sleep, missing in the darkness the soft breathing of the little child; her cries as she clung to me and was forcibly carried away rang ever in my ears; at last, on July 25th, I was suddenly struck down with fever, and had the rest of pain and delirium instead of the agony of conscious loss. While I was lying there prostrate an order was served on me from the Master of the Rolls, granted on Mr. Besant's application, to restrain me from bringing any suit against him. As soon as I recovered, I took steps for contesting this order, but no definite action could be taken until after the Long Vacation. The case came on for hearing first in November, 1878, and then in January, 1879. All access to the children had been denied me, and the money due to me had been withheld. By this my opponent had put himself so completely in the wrong that even the Master of the Rolls uttered words of severe condemnation of the way in which I had been treated. Then a curious interlude took place. The Master of the Rolls advised me to file a counter-claim for divorce or for judicial separation, and I gladly agreed to do so, feeling very doubtful as to the Master of the Rolls' power to do anything of the kind, but very glad that he should think he had the authority. While the claim was being prepared, I obtained access to the

children under an interim order, as well as the money owing to me, and at the end of March the case again came before the Master of the Rolls. The claim filed alleged distinct acts of cruelty, and I brought witnesses to support the claim, among them the doctor who had attended me during my married life. Mr. Ince filed an answer of general denial, adding that the acts of cruelty, if any, were "done in the heat of the moment". He did not, however, venture to contest the case, although I tendered myself for cross-examination, but pleaded the deed of separation as a bar to further proceedings on my part; I argued on the other hand that as the deed had been broken by the plaintiff's act, all my original rights revived. Sir George Jessel held that the deed of separation condoned all that had gone before it, if it was raised as a bar to further proceedings, and expressed his regret that he had not known there would be "any objection on the other side", when he advised a claim for a judicial separation. On the final hearing of the case in April in the Rolls' Court Sir George Jessel decided that the deed of separation was good as protecting Mr. Besant from any suit on my part to obtain a decree for the restitution of conjugal rights, although it had been set aside on the one matter of value to me—the custody of my child. The net result of the proceedings was that had I gone to the Divorce Court in 1873, I might have at least have obtained a divorce *a mensa e thoro*; that in my desire to avoid publicity, and content in what I believed to be secure possession of my child, I had agreed to a deed which fully protected Mr. Besant against any action on my part, but which could be set aside by him for the purpose of robbing me of my child.

The argument in the Court of Appeal came on during April, and was, as I expected, decided against me, the absolute right of the father being declared, and a married mother held to have no sort of claim over her own children. The worst stigma affixed to marriage by the law of England is this ignoring of any right of the married mother to her child; the law protects the unmarried, but insults the married, mother, and places in the hands of the legal husband an instrument of torture whose power to agonise depends on the tenderness and strength of the motherliness of the wife. In fact the law says to every woman: "Choose which of these two positions you will have: if you are legally your husband's wife you can have no legal claim to your children; if legally you are your husband's mistress, then your rights as mother are secure".

But one thing I gained in the Court of Appeal. The Court expressed a strong view as to my right of access, and directed me to apply to Sir George Jessel for it, stating that it could not doubt that he would give it. I made the application and obtained an order of access to the children, seeing them alone, once a month; of a visit of the children to London twice a year, with their governess, for a week each time; of a week at the sea-side in similar fashion once a year; of a weekly letter from each of them with the right of reply. This order, obtained after such long struggle, has proved useless. The monthly visit so upset my poor little daughter, and made her fret so constantly after me, that in mercy to her I felt compelled to relinquish it; on the first visit to the seaside, I was saddled with the cost of maintaining the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Child, who were placed as guardians

of the children, and who treated me in their presence as though I were a dangerous person from whom they were to be protected. To give but an instance of the sort of treatment I received, I wished Mabel to have the benefit of sea-bathing, and was told that she could not be allowed to bathe with me, and this with a suggestiveness that sorely taxed my self-control. I could not apply to the Court against the ingenious forms of petty insult employed, while I felt that they must inevitably estrange the children from me if practised always in their presence. After a vain appeal that some sort of consideration should be shown to me, an appeal answered by a mocking suggestion that I should complain to the Master of the Rolls, I made up my mind as to my future course. I resolved neither to see nor to write to my children until they were old enough to understand and to judge for themselves, and I know that I shall win my daughter back in her womanhood though I have been robbed of her childhood. By effacing myself then, I saved her from a constant and painful struggle unfitted for childhood's passionate feelings, and left her only a memory that she loves undefaced by painful remembrances of her mother insulted in her presence.

Unhappily Sir George Jessel has terribly handicapped her future; left to me she would have had the highest education now open to girls; left to her present guardian she receives only fifth-rate teaching, utterly unfitted for the present day. Twice I have offered to bear the whole expense of her education in the High School at Cheltenham, or in some London College, without in any way appearing in the matter, but each time my offer has been roughly and insultingly refused, and the influence that marred the mother's life is undermining the future happiness of the child's. But I am not without hope that I may be able to obtain from the Court of Chancery an order for the benefit of its ward, and I trust before very long that I shall be able to insure to my child an education which will fit her to play her part worthily when she reaches womanhood. I had hoped to save her from the pain of rejecting a superstitious faith, but that is now impossible, and she must fight her way out of darkness into light as her mother did before her. But in order that she may do so education now is of vital importance, and that I am striving to obtain for her. I live in the hope that in her womanhood she may return to the home she was torn from in her childhood, and that in faithful work and noble endeavor she may wear in future years in the Freethought ranks a name not wholly unloved or unhonored therein, for the sake of the woman who has borne it in the van through eleven years of strife.

THE END.

George Sand.

By LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

Author of "Charakterbilder aus dem 19 Jahrhundert", "Bilder aus dem Englischen Leben", etc.

III.

George Sand continued to live alternately at Paris and at Nohant. During the second and the third years of her Paris sojourn, she was more than ever a prey to illusions. She lived in an ideal world, gave herself up entirely to her own thoughts, brooded over her troubles, and regarded everything with the eye of a visionary. To this may be attributed in a great measure the fearlessness with which she then wrote, the intensity with which she gave utterance to her feelings, and the impracticable character of her theories. To this we may also add the general influence of the period in which her mind was matured. Matters wore a gloomy aspect in Paris at that time. The July Republic had ended in the bloody sacrifices made to the Orleans dynasty, cholera had decimated the population, and Saint Simonism had failed. Art by its deplorable errors had dishonored the cradle of its romantic reform. In fine, it was a period of general gloom. Personally, too, George Sand had abundance of domestic troubles. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the style she adopted had something ideal, unusual, metaphysical, and even Saint-Simonian about it. The first work she wrote in this frame of mind, "Lelia" (1833), bore such evident traces of these influences that she herself designates it as the product of a disordered brain. "Lelia" is an inscrutable poem, but also a dangerous romance which none but strong-minded people ought to read. Like "Werthers Leiden", "Childe Harold", and "Réné", it is too terrible for the young and feeble. It is the most terrific outcry of scepticism that ever issued from human breast. It overpowers the mind, and in spite of all the wild frenzy at which the reader is often staggered, there is a sincerity about it which goes straight to the heart. The authoress herself confessed that it was destitute of common sense, and, judged by this standard, it is indeed one of the most unconnected, foolish, morbid, and useless books imaginable. Nevertheless, as the offspring of spontaneous inspiration, it has occupied the attention of the artistic world in a remarkable degree.

Shortly after the publication of "Lelia", Bulon gave a banquet to the contributors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, at the celebrated restaurant "Aux Trois Frères Provençaux". There George Sand made the acquaintance of Alfred de Musset. A love intrigue immediately sprang up between them, and they went to Italy together. Musset was taken dangerously ill and she nursed him tenderly. Later on disputes arose between them and they separated. As in her quarrel with Sandeau, so is there an air of mystery respecting her quarrel with Musset. Our fair traveller spent her money freely in Italy, in consequence of which she was obliged to work hard in Venice for several months. She sent from there to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the three stories, "André",

"Leone Leoni", and "Mattea", some of her "Lettres d'un Voyageur", and "Lettres d'un Oncle". These two series of letters, which were afterwards amalgamated, are rather the fearless and open-hearted confessions of a loving and confiding heart than the utterances of a sceptical and unbelieving mind like that of Lelia. Tears, anger, imprecations, and scornful irony are indiscriminately launched therein against the decrees of destiny, but we find also evidences of an upright, strong and loving mind, alike capable of giving and receiving pleasure. These letters, therefore, have a much higher psychological value than "Lelia". Another result of her *liaison* with Musset and of her sojourn in Italy is "Le Secrétaire Intime". This title has reference to her connexion with Musset, and to his having accompanied her to Italy in the capacity of private secretary. After an absence of more than a year she returned to France in September 1834. She spent a few weeks at Nohant and went to Paris in October. In January we find her again at Nohant, in February and March at Paris, and in April again at Nohant. Completely worn out both in body and mind by these frequent and monotonous journeys between Paris and Nohant, she longed for a change, and would have set out immediately to some distant land, if her love for her children had not kept her back. Her best friends advised her to leave Paris again for another year as the best thing she could do, not only for herself but for her children, whom she was spoiling by over-indulgence, and who learnt nothing when she was at home. Planet wrote to her: "Your husband is exasperated by your presence, and you are in imminent danger of falling ill both physically and mentally. You must withdraw from the scene and the cause of your sufferings." She allowed herself to be persuaded, took steps to provide herself with the necessary travelling funds, left Paris without taking leave of anyone, not even of her own son, and went to Nohant to arrange with some friends respecting the care of her children in case of her death. She had made up her mind to go to the East, but this intention was abandoned, Fleury having counselled her to take the opinion of the celebrated lawyer Michel of Bourges, respecting her position and plans. Fleury accompanied her to Bourges, where she had an interview of nine hours' duration with Michel, to whom in the "Histoire de Ma Vie" and in her later "Lettres d' un Voyageur" she gives the soubriquet of Everard. She was amazed at his genius and intellect, and the real object of the visit was entirely lost sight of. Everard had read "Lelia" and had both admired and condemned it, and now he was suddenly brought face to face with the authoress herself, who had come to seek his advice with respect to those very wrongs and iniquities under the influence of which "Lelia" had been produced. Though an invalid, he was in the full possession of all his mental faculties. In his person he combined every good and noble quality: a profound understanding, an ardent enthusiasm, a capacious mind and acute perception, amiability, delicacy, friendly feeling, and indomitable physical courage. But he suffered in the chest, the stomach, and the liver. These sufferings were the more touching the more Everard endeavored not to heed them. Though not yet forty, he was so lean, bald, and bowed down that he looked twenty years older. When he spoke, however, a vivid light overspread his pale countenance, his

eyes sparkled, his nostrils dilated, his snowy teeth glistened; and instead of an invalid he might have been taken for a young and powerful man. In his inner as in his outer bearing he showed plenty of contradictory features; he was imperative though tender, and in conversation he was tyrannical though mild.

After that conference George Sand and Everard corresponded for some time; then the latter came to Paris, and they saw each other daily. He gradually inspired her with a great portion of his high-flown social views, which she has incorporated in several of her novels. He took such bold flights at times that she was afraid to follow him. She was often greatly shocked at the consequences he drew from Babeuf's theories. After a nocturnal promenade which Fleury, Everard, and she made in the vicinity of the Port des Saints-Pères, she became sick of Socialism. She again resolved to go to the East, but abandoned the idea as soon as Everard had moderated a little his feverish mental excitement and become *sage et vrai* instead of *malade et halluciné*. Shortly afterwards he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for some little political trespass, but was allowed to delay the execution of the sentence up to November. He returned to Bourges, whilst George Sand went back to Nohant; but her sojourn there became more painful than ever: her presence being found to be *positivement gênante*. Everyone felt that such a state of things could no longer be endured. Her friends endeavored to arrange some method by which she would be relieved from spending half of every year at the Castle. Besides her own 1,500 francs, her husband now allowed her a similar sum for their daughter, but this amount, added to her then small literary income, was insufficient to enable her to live altogether in Paris, more especially as she had to defray the expenses of Solange's education. Her husband was asked to double the allowance, and to this he agreed; but when it became a question of payment, he not only declared that he could not afford to pay so much, but he prevailed upon Aurore to sign a number of documents with a view of improving his financial position, which had been impaired by ruinous speculations. This proving insufficient, he proposed that they should sell Nohant Castle and retire with the proceeds to the South of France. They signed an agreement to that effect which, however, was torn up next day by Monsieur Dudevant; whereupon his wife went to Paris. After a lapse of two months she again visited her home, but with no better result; so that she determined to establish her residence in Paris until some settlement should be arrived at. There, in the same year (1835), she made the acquaintance of Madame Dorval, Pierre Leroux, and Lamennais. Slander had been very busy with the reputation of the great tragedienne just named, as well as with her own; nevertheless she frequented her society more than that of anyone else, and against the advice of many of her friends, she remained faithful to her until her death, which happened in 1849. She devoted to her the longest and most enthusiastic chapter in her memoirs, rich as they are in long and enthusiastic chapters. Leroux, like Everard, filled her head with Socialism, the traces of which are to be found in some of her works.

Those who look upon George Sand's "Spiridion" as one of the results of her intercourse with Lamennais, may not be far wrong.

"L'Uscoque", a vividly written Venetian pirate-story, appeared shortly before "Spiridion", to which it was generally considered superior. That annoyed our authoress, who regarded "Spiridion" as her best work, and its depreciation by the public as a sign of bad taste—another example of the truth of the theory that, as a rule, authors, like mothers, are the most infatuated with the most unruly of their children. The beginning of "Spiridion" excites a feeling of curiosity which the sequel fails to satisfy. The burning desire of the writer to open up to her readers new realms of thought is apparent in every line of the opening portion of the story. She makes almost superhuman efforts to accomplish this end, but without any corresponding results: neither Angel nor Alexis, neither Fulgence nor Spiridion, succeeds in well introducing us into this unknown world in which we expect to see the truth from face to face. As a work of art, "Spiridion" has no charm; as a philosophical work it is without vigor. The tale is not very interesting, and the heroes declaim too much and act too little. The ideas to which the narrative serves as a frame-work are too unreal and impalpable. The book fails to move us like "Lelia"; neither does it amuse, instruct, or enlighten us. The reason probably is that the author, relying too much upon her brilliant talents, has not maturely reflected upon the new religious direction into which she has been drawn. The conviction is frequently forced upon the reader that she is still partly a novice in the task she has undertaken. A similar judgment may be passed upon the fragment "Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre", which is probably an emanation from from the undigested mysticism of Leroux, and is meant to be a kind of *Faust*. We question if it was wise of George Sand to imitate this creation of Goethe's. She calls her Faust Albert, gives him Mephistopheles as a companion, and even puts into the latter's mouth the words: "Mystical pedant! thou givest me more trouble than Master Faust, thy ancestor!" It is remarkable that an eminent critic in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* spoke rather disparagingly of "Spiridion" and "Les Sept Cordes", although these works had appeared in the same periodical.

Madame Dudevant entertained the idea of going to settle at Bourges, in view of which she went there for some time; but the thought of her children caused her to change her mind. On her return to Paris she received a letter from her illegitimate half-brother Hippolyte, in which he requested her to go to Nohant; her husband, he said, was willing to give up Nohant to her, and to retire with half the rent. She went, and found M. Dudevant ready to negotiate with her to that effect; but he treated her so contemptuously that she left before anything had been done. A crisis now appeared inevitable. In October she went to the castle for a few days to see her son before the termination of the holidays, when there occurred such a vehement quarrel between husband and wife that the latter came to the determination to avoid such scenes for the future, in order to prevent the children from losing all respect for their parents. They had entered into an arrangement shortly before based on the understanding contained in Hippolyte's letter; but Aurore, whose husband had already given her so many proofs of his fickleness and caprice, had lost all confidence in him, and consulted Rollinat respecting her position.

Rollinat was reluctant to do anything without Everard, and drove over with her to Bourges in order to confer with him. They came to the determination to sue for a judicial separation, and George Sand was instructed not to appear again at Nohant. She now spent a few weeks with Duteil in La Châtre, whilst Everard instituted legal proceedings. She states that, in the event of her losing the law-suit, it was her intention to go to America with her children, and to provide herself with the necessary means she had borrowed 10,000 francs from various friends. In February 1836, however, the court decreed a separation and ordered the children to be handed over to their mother. We may gather from between the lines of Michel's opening address (and although the fact is nowhere expressly mentioned, it does not seem to have been otherwise), that Dudevant was not only jealous of his wife, but that he had treated her with brutality, if he had not actually struck her; whilst, on the other hand, it came out in evidence that he had consoled himself for her frequent absences by indulging in all sorts of orgies. After the court's decision he left Nohant, where Aurore now went pending Duteil's negotiations with Dudevant, the result of which was that the latter gave his signature to an arrangement highly favorable to his own interests, which, at the instance of his stepmother, he afterwards revoked. At the same time he got the judicial judgment cancelled in consequence of the non-observance of some legal formality, and when it was confirmed by a new trial, he appealed against it again, but unsuccessfully. It was only now that his wife was able to take final possession of Nohant, but for the next two years M. Dudevant caused her every kind of annoyance. On one occasion he carried off Solange, and on another he threatened to do the same with Maurice. It was only in 1838, after she had paid him down 50,000 francs, that he ceased troubling her.

If George Sand still continued to write, it was no longer pecuniary necessity that urged her to it. Her capacity for writing once developed, she was impelled to give utterance to her grief over the wrongs under which she saw society was suffering, and to allow free scope to her thoughts respecting the condition of her own sex.

Chopin, as is well known, had a marked aversion to blue-stockings and strong-minded women. For this reason he refused for a long time to make the acquaintance of George Sand. When he had once seen her, however, he conceived such a liking for her that they became the closest of friends, and continued so for many years. As he was very fickle, she felt flattered by his friendship. This is the reason why she had the greatest patience with all his disagreeable qualities. She had a boundless and exaggerated admiration for his music. It has been said that she has drawn his figure in "Lucrezia Floriani", but she has convincingly contradicted this assertion. In the "Histoire de Ma Vie", however, she furnishes her readers with an extremely fine and animated sketch of his character and individuality. Her son was suffering from rheumatism and heart-disease; and in order to restore his health she determined to go and spend the winter of 1839-40 on the island of Majorca. Chopin, whose lungs were affected, begged permission to make one of the party, but the climate did not agree with him and he became so ill that their stay there was rendered entirely disagreeable. Nevertheless George Sand has given

a splendid description of the Balearic Islands in "Un Hiver au Midi". On her return from the South, she meant to abandon a literary career and to become the teacher of her children; but on seeing that she was no good teacher, she was obliged to send Solange to a boarding-school and Maurice to Paris. She passed every winter in the metropolis, and every summer at Nohant, in the society of Chopin, who was unable to tear himself from her side. In the course of time he became excessively nervous and morose. In health and good humor he was the most amiable of men, but in sickness, or when out of temper, he was insupportable. Maurice, now a grown-up youth, lost all patience with him and, on the occasion of a quarrel with him, declared he would leave the house; and when Aurore attempted to interfere, the composer exclaimed: "You love me no longer," and left her for ever. They met only once again, many years afterwards.

Those who hold that George Sand was mentally influenced by all men who enjoyed her intimate friendship will recognise in the musical romance "Consuelo", and its continuation "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt", a product of the Chopin period. These two works have been commented upon by a large number of enthusiastic critics, the majority of whom have declared them to be the best productions of our author's powerful pen.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Remarkable Trial.

"I honor thee! Wherefore? Hast thou ever mitigated the pangs of the burdened? Hast thou ever stopped the tears of the troubled? Have not almighty Time and eternal Fate, thy lords and mine, welded me into man?"—GOETHE ("Prometheus").

The Madrid newspapers contain accounts of a remarkable trial for murder which has recently taken place in that city. The following is a condensed report.

DUKE CŒLESTIS is a nobleman of ancient race and vast possessions in Andalusia. It is reported indeed that the first of the family was a Jew pedlar who travelled about with an "ark" or box containing pots, walking-sticks, and other cheap wares; and at last grew rich by cheating, slave-dealing, and highway robbery. But that is a long time ago; and the Duke's ancestors have been settled in Andalusia time out of mind. The present possessor of the title is a very aged man. No one remembers when he was born, and his youth was spent in times when feudal privileges were in full force. As a young man he robbed and murdered his vassals, and appropriated their wives and daughters with impunity, while exacting a slavish reverence and obedience. These "good old times", however, are gone for ever. The Duke's old age has fallen on evil days, when even Spanish peasants have the audacity to think that their lives, property, and honor should not be at the mercy of any noble, however exalted. Hence the rela-

tions between the Duke and his tenantry have been rather strained of late.

Count Emmanuel, the second prisoner, is the son of a carpenter's wife. The old Duke either was or believed himself to be his father. He brought him up, declared him his heir, and procured for him a patent of nobility. The young man soon showed a disposition very similar to the Duke's, and when he came of age took the whole management of the estate into his hands. He and his servants exacted a tenth part of their property from the tenantry, already ground down by taxation. He also established a kind of *parcs-aux-cerfs* called "nunneries", in which he persuaded or forced the most beautiful girls on the estate to immure themselves. These unfortunate victims of tyranny were called the brides of Emmanuel, and at first some of them believed themselves greatly honored by the preference. Latterly, however, the exactions of the young Count have provoked as much discontent as those of the Duke, and neither his purse nor his harem have been so easily replenished as formerly.

The third prisoner was the Duke's steward, a man as old as his master, and the faithful servant of all his depredations, crimes, and extortions. He had also acted the part of Pandarus in the Duke's intrigues, not without suspicion of occasionally making love on his own account. Village gossip asserted that Count Emmanuel was really the steward's son. Be this as it may, the steward has for many years been the confidential servant of both father and son, whose names and titles he often assumed, and enjoyed equal authority with them in the management of the estate.

The terrible event which has brought all three to the bar of justice occurred on the 25th of last December—Count Emmanuel's birthday. On that occasion, according to custom, the tenantry assembled at the Castle to offer their congratulations. They were entertained in the grounds, and all was festivity and enjoyment, peace and good will. Suddenly the ground shook: there was a succession of fearful explosions: the buildings in which numbers were feasting or dancing fell on their occupants. Many were crushed to death. The survivors fled to their homes. But they found that the surrounding villages had been destroyed in a similar manner. The unfortunate inhabitants wandered on the mountains, where many were frozen to death. It was estimated that over two thousand perished. A vast district in the beautiful province of Andalusia presented at the close of last year a scene of desolation, mourning, and woe.

Opinions differed as to the cause of the catastrophe. Some considered it a natural event. But the inhabitants generally believed that the calamity was to be ascribed to the vengeance of Duke Cœlestis. Many hints had been let drop previously by the Count and the steward that the Duke was angry, and that some dire event was impending. Under these circumstances it may be thought that the inhabitants of the district would have rushed to the castle and burnt it over the owner's head. Such, however, is the slavish superstition and ignorance of Spanish peasants that a deputation from the survivors actually waited upon the Count to beg him to use his influence with his father to spare their lives and property. The Count replied in haughty and reproachful language, reminded the deputies of the

many offences they and their ancestors had committed, and added that they owed their lives and possessions to the Duke, who might lawfully do what he willed with his own.

But no nobleman, however powerful, can in the nineteenth century play the part of the Maréchal de Rays[1] with impunity. Reports of the calamity, and of the suspicions it had excited, reached Madrid, and the Government ordered a strict inquiry to be instituted; the result of this was the arrest of the Duke, the Count, and the steward, and their indictment on a charge of murder. The evidence against the prisoners was overwhelming. Vast quantities of gunpowder, dynamite, and other destructive agents were discovered in the vaults of the Castle. From these depositories long tunnels had been constructed beneath the buildings, which had been destroyed. The villages, and indeed every house on the property, were found to have been undermined in a similar manner, so that every human being on the estate was at the Duke's mercy whenever he might think fit to put a match to the subterranean explosives. But the most damning piece of evidence adduced against the prisoners was a diary, or history of the ducal family from the earliest times, written by various secretaries under the direction and inspiration of the steward. This extraordinary narrative contains much curious information concerning the origin of this terrible race, but the portion of most importance is that which concerns the present Duke. According to the diary, the latter when a young man was the benevolent patron and friend of his dependents. He loaded them with benefits, admitted them into his private parks and gardens, allowed them to kill game and gather fruit at pleasure, reserving only for his own use the fruit of one particular tree. Things went on happily for some time until the Duke dismissed some of his servants. One of these, named Nicholas, persuaded some of the villagers to steal the fruit of the forbidden tree. In his rage when he discovered that his favorite tree had been plundered, the Duke uttered a terrible curse on every man, woman and child on his estate. He excluded all persons from his gardens, and placed guards with drawn swords at the gates to kill anyone who might approach. He proceeded with savage vindictiveness to punish all his tenantry for the fault of one or two individuals. He sent his servants to sow "thorns and thistles" on every farm, imported lions, wolves, bears, and many other savage beasts, which he let loose in the woods to prey on the inhabitants, and filled the rivers with crocodiles and other destructive monsters. He also forbade all intercourse between his servants and the offending villagers. Some of the former, however, tempted by the beauty of the village maidens, disobeyed this command, which enraged their Lord still more. Finally the Duke determined to destroy all the inhabitants of his vast estates, and opened a huge reservoir near the castle, which flooded the entire valley. In this inundation, according to the diary, "every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven". Eight persons only escaped on a raft. The Duke was mercifully pleased to

[1] Gilles de Laval, Lord of Rays and a Marshal of France, was executed about 1450 for murder and sorcery. He is the original of Blue Beard.

spare their lives, and to promise that he would not again destroy them or their descendants *by water*. The posterity of these survivors repeopled the desolated valleys, but soon incurred the displeasure of their Lord by attempting to build a tower as lofty as the ducal castle. Much illfeeling ensued, and the Duke hit upon a new way of tormenting and oppressing his vassals. He chose the inhabitants of one district to be his own people. He gave them rights and privileges not enjoyed by the rest of his tenantry, and encouraged them to rob, ravish, and murder their neighbors. A Hebrew cattle dealer who had won the Duke's favor by killing (or consenting to kill) his own son, in obedience to a capricious command, was the principal man in this privileged community. At later periods a fugitive murderer and a runaway shepherd who had turned outlaw enjoyed the Duke's favor, and the latter is described in the diary as "a man after his own heart". Both justified this preference by committing a number of horrible butcheries and outrages on the defenceless inhabitants of the neighboring villages. In fact, this portion of the diary is a sickening record of murder, robbery, and lust. It is particularly recorded that all unmarried women were at the disposal of the murderers of their fathers and brothers, except those who were reserved for the Duke's harem, or to satisfy the requirements of his servants. Nevertheless this community in crime did not produce a cordial feeling between the tyrant and his favored people. They did not always submit patiently to his exactions, and he sometimes punished their rebellions by butcheries similar to those inflicted on less favored tribes. On one occasion the Duke was so enraged that he burnt their village, including a house he had erected for himself in their midst, and sold the inhabitants into slavery. He afterwards, however, permitted some who made humble submission to return. The first part of the diary concludes with an account of these events, and terrible threats as to what the Duke would do if his retainers did not behave better for the future.

The second part contains an account of the birth of Count Emmanuel, and his adoption as the Duke's heir. And then comes the most extraordinary portion of the whole diary. It relates that the Duke had constructed a huge lime-kiln at the rear of his castle, which he kept burning night and day, and called "the lake of fire". Into this he cast those servants who offended him, and also from time to time any of the villagers who incurred his displeasure. The Count, it is said, pitying the sufferings of these miserable creatures, entered into an agreement with his father to the following effect. The son consented to allow himself to be fastened to a cross for three hours, and to suffer some other indignities. The old Duke's sense of justice being thus satisfied, he promised to spare any persons whom Count Emmanuel might select, and to deport them to another estate in a distant country, where they should enjoy every happiness and luxury. All other persons on the estate who refused to be the Count's servants, or who found no favor in his eyes, however good and virtuous, were to be thrown sooner or later into "the lake of fire", and "tormented day and night for ever". The Count employed twelve heralds to announce these "good tidings" to the wretched tenantry, and to extol the goodness and mercy of his father and himself in all quarters. The

second part of the diary concludes with ominous threats of a calamity similar to that which happened on the 25th of last December, only on a larger scale. The Duke and Count would one day, it says, destroy every house on the estate and cast all persons except those whose names are written in the Count's memorandum book into the fiery pit. These last receive vague assurances that their lives shall be spared, and that they will enjoy boundless prosperity in some distant and unknown land. This horrible record of cruelty and tyranny is filled with praises of the justice, clemency, generosity, and goodness of the Cœlestis family. The Duke is described as a merciful, gracious, long-suffering being: "slow to anger and of great kindness": "not willing that any should perish". The virtues of the Count and the Steward are extolled in similar terms.

There was no attempt made at the trial to dispute the accuracy of the diary and the confessions or rather boasts of the prisoners fully corroborated it. The advocates for the defence were instructed to take a course of which some of them seemed half ashamed, and which certainly aggravated the guilt of the accused. It was actually contended that right and wrong have not the same meaning they usually bear when the actions of an all-powerful being like Duke Cœlestis are in question. The possession of unlimited power, it was said, placed him above all law, and it was foolish and impious to cite him before a human tribunal. Ancient charters were produced giving the dukes despotic power over all their vassals, and it was maintained that the various acts of severity related in the diary, as well as the explosions of the 25th of December, were necessary for the prosperity of the estate and the good of the tenantry. "If all the Duke's designs for the good of his people" said one of his advocates "were before this court, and could be understood by it, it would be seen that everything has been done for the best, that the estate could not be better managed than it has been, that all the Duke's acts have arisen from the purest benevolence. The fiery pit, which has excited the presumptuous indignation of my client's enemies, is a merciful and necessary provision for the preservation of order and the execution of justice on the estate. The Duke is just as well as merciful, and will by no means clear the guilty."

This defence, however, produced no effect on the court and jury. The latter at once found all the prisoners guilty, and the judge, in passing sentence of death, commented in impressive language on the enormity of their crimes. The murders of which the prisoners had been convicted, however cruel and treacherous, were, he said, but a small part of their criminality. In fact their whole existence had been a crime against Humanity. "Society can no longer tolerate the existence of beings who, while making loud professions of justice and benevolence, have surpassed in the atrocity of their acts all criminals who have hitherto stood at the bar of human justice. Your long career of cruelty and oppression", said his lordship, addressing the Duke, "is now at an end. Perish as you deserve amid the execrations of mankind. The vast possessions you have so long enjoyed and misused are confiscated to the State, and will be used to compensate the families of your victims, and the survivors among those who have suffered by your crimes."

ALEXANDER DUNBAR.

The Irrational Knot.

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,
Author of "An Unsocial Socialist", etc.

Chapter II.

Marian Lind lived at Westbourne Terrace, Paddington, with her father, the fourth son of a younger brother of the Earl of Sunbury. Mr. Reginald Harrington Lind, at the outset of his career, had no object in life except that of getting through it as easily as possible, and this he understood so little how to achieve, that he suffered himself to be married at the age of nineteen to a Lancashire cotton spinner's heiress. She bore him three children, and then eloped with a professor of spiritualism, who deserted her on the eve of her fourth confinement, in the course of which she caught scarlet fever and died. Her child survived; but was put out to nurse and starved to death in the usual manner. Her husband, disgusted by her behavior (for she had been introduced by him to many noblemen and gentlemen, his personal friends, any of whom, on the slightest encouragement, would, he felt sure, have taken the place of the foreign charlatan she had disgraced him by preferring), consoled himself for her bad taste and subsequent decease by entering into her possessions, which comprised a quantity of new jewellery, new lace, and feminine apparel, and an income of nearly seven thousand pounds a year. After this, he became so welcome in society that he could have boasted with truth at the end of any July that there were few marriageable women of gentle birth in London who had not been submitted to his inspection with a view to matrimony. But finding it easy to delegate the care of his children to school principals and hospitable friends, he concluded that he had nothing to gain and much comfort to lose by adding a stepmother to his establishment; and, after some time, it became the custom to say of Mr. Lind that the memory of his first wife kept him single. Thus, whilst his sons were drifting to manhood through Eton and Cambridge, and his daughter passing from one relative's house to another's on a continual round of visits, sharing such private tuition as the cousins with whom she happened to be staying happened to be receiving just then, he lived at his club and pursued the usual routine of a rich gentleman-bachelor in London.

In the course of time, Reginald Lind, the eldest child, joined the army, and went to India with his regiment. His brother George, less stolid, weaker, and more studious, entered the Church. Marian, the youngest, from being constantly in the position of a guest, had early acquired habits of self-control and consideration for others, and escaped the effects, good and evil, of the subjection in which children are held by the direct authority of their parents.

Of the numerous domestic circles of her father's kin, that with which she was the least familiar, because it was the poorest, had sprung from the marriage of one her father's sisters with a Wiltshire gentleman named Hardy McQuench, who had a small patrimony, a habit of farming, and a love of hunting. In the estimation of the

peasantry, who would not associate lands, horses, and a carriage, with want of money, he was a rich man; but Mrs. McQuench found it hard to live like a lady on their income, and had worn many lines into her face by constantly and vainly wishing that she could afford to give a ball every season, to get a new carriage, and to appear at church with her daughters in new dresses oftener than twice a year. Her two eldest girls were plump and pleasant, good riders, and hearty eaters; and she had reasonable hopes of marrying them to prosperous country gentlemen.

Elinor, her third and only other child, was one of her troubles. At an early age, to disappear in the forenoon, be searched anxiously for all day, and return with a torn frock and dirty face at about six o'clock in the afternoon, was her weekly practice. She was stubborn, rebellious, and passionate under reproof or chastisement; governesses had left the house because of her; and from one school she had run away: from another eloped with a choir boy who wrote verses, and whom she deserted in a fit of jealousy, quarter of an hour after her escape from school. The only one of her tastes that conduced to the peace of the house was for reading; and even this made her mother uneasy; for the books she liked best were fit, in Mrs. McQuench's opinion, for the bookcase only. Elinor read openly what she could obtain by asking, such as Shakspere, the "Pilgrim's Progress", and—after some demur—the "Arabian Nights Entertainments". But there was always a collection of books, borrowed from friends, or filched from the upper shelf in the library, beneath her mattress. Nobody thought of looking there for them, and indeed the discovery of her sins was a serious matter for the informer as well as for herself. Her eldest sister, who had given her a small workbox on her eleventh birthday, had had the present thrown at her head two days later for reporting to her parents that Nelly's fondness for sitting in a certain secluded summer-house was due to her desire to read Lord Byron's poetry unobserved. Miss Lydia's forehead was severely cut; and Elinor, though bitterly remorseful, not only refused to beg pardon for her fault, but shattered every brittle article in the room to which she was confined for her contumacy. The vicar, on being consulted, recommended that she should be well whipped. This counsel was repugnant to Hardy McQuench; but he gave Mrs. McQuench leave to use her discretion in the matter. The mother thought that the child ought to be beaten into submission; but she was afraid to undertake the task, and only uttered a threat, which was received with stubborn defiance. This was forgotten next day when Elinor, exhausted by a week of remorse, terror, rage, and suspense, became dangerously ill. When she recovered, her parents were more indulgent to her, and were gratified by finding her former passionate resistance replaced by sulky obedience. Five years elapsed; and Elinor began to write fiction. The beginning of a novel, and many incoherent verses imitated from "Lara", were discovered by her mother, and burnt by her father. This outrage she never forgave. She was unable to make her resentment felt; for she no longer cared to break glass and china. She feared even to remonstrate lest she should humiliate herself by bursting into tears, as, since her illness, she had been prone to do in the least agitation. So she kept silence, and

ceased to speak to either of her parents except when they addressed questions to her. Her father would neither complain of this nor confess the regret that he felt for his hasty destruction of her manuscripts; but, whilst he proclaimed that he would burn every scrap of her nonsense that might come into his hands, he took care to be blind when he surprised her with suspicious bundles of foolscap, and snubbed his wife for hinting that Elinor was secretly disobeying him. Meanwhile her silent resentment never softened; and the life of the family was embittered by their consciousness of it.

One morning a letter from London announced that Mr. Lind had taken a house in Westbourne Terrace, and that he intended to live there permanently with his daughter. Elinor had not come down to breakfast when the post came.

"Yes," said Mrs. McQuench, when she had communicated the news: "I knew there was something wonderful the matter when I saw Reginald's handwriting. It is eighteen months since I heard from him last. I am very glad he has settled Marian in a proper home, instead of living like a bachelor and leaving her to wander about from one house to another. I wish we could have afforded to ask her down here oftener."

"Here is a note from Marian, addressed to Nelly," said Lydia, who had been examining the envelope.

"To Nelly!" cried Mrs. McQuench, vexed. "I think she should have invited one of you first."

"Perhaps it is not an invitation," said Jane.

"What else is it likely to be, child?" said Mrs. McQuench. Then, as she thought how much pleasanter her home would be without Elinor, she added, "After all, it will do Nelly good to get away from here. She needs change, I think. I wish she would come down. It is too bad of her to be always late like this."

Elinor came in presently, wearing a neglected black gown; her face pale; her eyes surrounded by dark circles; her black hair straggling in wisps over her forehead. Her sisters, dressed twinlike in white muslin and gold lockets, emphasized her by contrast. Being blonde and gregarious, they enjoyed the reputation of being pretty and affectionate. They had thriven in the soil that had starved Elinor.

"There's a letter for you from Marian," said Mrs. McQuench.

"Thanks," said Elinor, indifferently, putting the note into her pocket. She liked Marian's letters, and kept them to read in her hours of solitude.

"What does she say?" said Mrs McQuench.

"I have not looked," replied Elinor.

"Well," said Mrs. McQuench plaintively, "I wish you *would* look. I want to know whether she says anything about this letter from your uncle Reginald."

Elinor plucked the note from her pocket, tore it open, and read it. Suddenly she set her face to hide some emotion from her family.

"Marian wants me to go and stay with her," she said. "They have taken a house."

"Poor Marian!" said Jane. "And will you go?"

"I will," said Elinor. "Have you any objection?"

"Oh dear, no," said Jane, smoothly.

"I suppose you will be glad to get away from your home," said Mrs. McQuench.

"Very glad," said Elinor. Mr. McQuench, hurt, looked at her over his newspaper. Mrs. McQuench was huffed.

"I dont know what you are to do for clothes," she said, "— unless Lydia and Jane are content to wear their last winter's dresses again this year."

The faces of the young ladies elongated. "That's nonsense, mamma," said Lydia. "We cant wear those brown reps again."

"You need not be alarmed," said Elinor. "I dont want any clothes. I can go as I am."

"You dont know what you are talking about, child," said Mrs. McQuench.

"A nice figure you would make in uncle Reginald's drawing-room with that dress on!" said Lydia.

"And your hair in that state!" added Jane.

"You should remember that there are others to be considered besides yourself," said Lydia. "How would *you* like *your* guests to look like scarecrows?"

"How could you expect Marian to go about with you, or into the Park? I suppose——"

"Here, here!" said Mr. McQuench, putting down his paper. "Let us have no more of this. What else do you need in the Park than a riding habit? You have that already. Whatever clothes you want you had better get in London, where you will get the proper things for your money."

"Indeed, Hardy, she is not going to pay a London milliner four prices for things which she can get quite as good down here."

"I tell you I dont want anything," said Elinor impatiently. "It will be time enough to begrudge me some decent clothes when I ask for them."

"I dont begrudge——" Mrs. McQuench's husband interrupted her.

"That's enough, now, everybody. It's settled that she is to go, as she wants to. I will get her what is necessary. Give me another egg; and talk about something else."

Accordingly, Elinor went to live at Westbourne Terrace. Marian had spent a month of her childhood in Wiltshire; and had made of Elinor an exacting friend, always ready to take offence, and to remain jealous and sulky for days if one of her sisters, or any other little girl, engaged her cousin's attention long. On the other hand, Elinor's attachment was idolatrous in its intensity; and as Marian was sweet-tempered, and more apt to fear that she had disregarded Elinor's feelings than to take offence at her waywardness, their friendship endured after they were parted. Their promises of correspondence were redeemed by Elinor with very long letters at uncertain intervals, and by Marian with shorter epistles notifying all her important movements. Marian, often called upon to defend her cousin from the charge of being a little shrew, was led to dwell upon her better qualities. Elinor found in Marian what she had never found at her own home, a friend, and in her uncle's house a refuge from that of

her father, which she hated. She had been Marian's companion for four years when the concert took place at Wandsworth.

Next day, they were together in the drawing-room at Westbourne Terrace: Marian writing: Elinor at the pianoforte, working at some technical studies, to which she had been incited by the shortcoming of her performance on the previous night. She stopped on hearing a bell ring.

"What o'clock is it?" she said, after listening a moment. "Surely it is too early for a visit."

"It is only half-past one," replied Marian. "I hope it is not anybody. I have not half finished my correspondence."

"If you please, Miss," said a maid, entering, "Mr. Douglas wants to see you; and he wont come up."

"I suppose he expects you to go down and talk to him in the hall," said Elinor.

"He is in the dining-room, and wishes to see you most particular," said the maid.

"Tell him I will come down," said Marian.

"He heard me practising," said Elinor: "that is why he would not come up. I am in disgrace, I suppose."

"Nonsense, Nelly! But indeed I have no doubt he has come to complain of our conduct, since he insists on seeing me alone."

Miss McQuench looked sceptically at Marian's guileless eyes, but resumed her technical studies without saying anything. Marian went to the dining room, where she found Douglas standing near the window. He looked intently at her as she advanced and bade him good morning.

"Good morning," he said, "since you will have it so."

"Why, Sholto? Do you consider this an afternoon visit?"

"I have come to say something which I do not care to keep unsaid longer than I can help; so I ventured to regard myself as privileged to anticipate the usual hour, in order to secure a better chance of finding you disengaged."

"You have always been looked on as a privileged guest here, Sholto. But I believe you delight in stiffness and ceremony. Will you not come upstairs?"

"I wish to speak to you privately. First, I have to apologize to you for what passed last night."

"Pray dont, Sholto: it doesnt matter. I am afraid we were rude to you."

"Pardon me. It is I who am in fault. I never before made an apology to any human being; and I should not do so now without a painful conviction that I had compromised my dignity."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself—I mean for never having apologized before. I am quite sure you have not got through life without having done at least one or two things that required an apology."

"I am sorry you hold that opinion of me."

"How is Brutus's paw?"

"Brutus!"

"Yes. That abrupt way of changing the subject is what Mrs. Fairfax calls a display of tact. I know it is very annoying; so you

may talk about anything you please. But I really want to hear how the poor dog is."

"His paw is nearly healed."

"I'm so glad—poor old dear!"

"You are aware that I did not come here to speak of my mother's dog, Marian?"

"I suppose not," said Marian, with a smile. "But now that you have made your apology, wont you come upstairs? Nelly is there."

"I have something else to say—to you alone, Marian. I entreat you to listen to it seriously." (Marian looked as grave as she could.) "I confess that in some respects I do not understand you; and, before you enter upon another London season, through the follies of which I cannot be at your side, I would obtain from you some assurance of the nature of your regard for me. I do not wish to harass you with jealous importunity. You have given me the most unequivocal tokens of a feeling different from that which inspires the ordinary intercourse of a lady and gentleman in society; but of late it has seemed to me that you maintain as little reserve towards other men as towards me. I am not thinking of Marmaduke—he is your cousin. But I observed that even the working man who sang at the concert last night was received—I do not say intentionally—with a cordiality which might have tempted a more humbly disposed person than he seemed to be to forget——" Douglas, seeing Marian's bearing change suddenly, hesitated. Her beautiful gray eyes, always pleading for peace like those of a good angel, were now full of reproach; and her mouth, but for those eyes, would have suggested that she was at heart an obstinate woman.

"Sholto," she said, "I dont know what to say to you. If this is jealousy, it may be very flattering; but it is ridiculous. If it is a lecture, seriously intended, it is—it is really most insulting. What do you mean by my having given you unequivocal signs of regard? Of course I think of you very differently from the chance acquaintances I make in society. It would be strange if I did not, having known you so long and been your mother's guest so often. But you talk almost as though I had been making love to you."

"No," said Douglas, forgetting his ceremonious manner and speaking angrily and naturally; "but you talk as though I had not been making love to you."

"If you have, I never knew it. I never dreamt it."

"Then, since you are not the stupidest lady of my acquaintance, you must be the most innocent."

"Tell me of one single occasion on which anything has passed between us that justifies your speaking to me as you are doing now."

"Innumerable occasions. But since I cannot compel you to acknowledge them, it would be useless to cite them."

"All I can say is that we have utterly misunderstood one another," she said, after a pause.

He said nothing, but took up his hat, and looked down at it with angry determination. Marian, too uneasy to endure silence, added,

"But I shall know better in future."

"True," said Douglas, hastily putting down his hat and advancing

a step. "You cannot plead misunderstanding now. Can you give me the assurance I seek?"

"What assurance?"

Douglas shook his shoulders impatiently.

"You expect me to know everything by intuition," she said.

"Well, my declaration shall be definite enough, even for you. Do you love me?"

"No: I dont think I do. In fact I am quite sure I do not—in the way you mean. I wish you would not talk like this, Sholto. We have all got on so pleasantly together; you, and I, and Nelly, and Marmaduke, and my father. And now you begin making love, and stuff of that kind. Pray let us agree to forget all about it, and remain friends as before."

"You need not be anxious about our future relations: I shall not embarrass you with my society again. I hoped to find you a woman, capable of appreciating a man's passion even if you should be unable to respond to it. But I perceive that you are only a girl, not yet aware of the deeper life that underlies the ice of conventionality."

"That is a very good metaphor for your own case," said Marian, interrupting him. "Your ordinary manner is all ice, hard and chilling. One may suspect that there are depths beneath; but that is only an additional inducement to keep on the surface."

"Then even your amiability is a delusion! Or is it that you are amiable to the rest of the world, and reserve taunts of coldness and treachery for me?"

"No, no," she said, angelic again. "You have taken me too seriously. I did not mean to taunt you."

"You conceal your meaning as skilfully as—according to you—I have concealed mine. Good morning."

"Are you going already?"

"Do you care one bit for me, Marian?"

"I do indeed. Believe me, you are one of my special friends."

"I do not want to be *one* of your friends. Will you be my wife?"

"Sholto!"

"Will you be my wife?"

"No. I——"

"Pardon me. That is quite sufficient. Good morning."

When he was gone, Marian ran upstairs to the drawing-room, where Miss McQuench was still practising.

"Oh, Nelly," she cried, throwing herself into an easy chair, and covering her face with her hands. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" She lowered her hands, and looked whimsically at her cousin, who, despising this stage business, said impatiently,

"Well?"

"Do you know what Sholto came for?"

"To propose to you."

"Stop, Nelly. You do not know what horrible things one may say in jest. He *has* proposed."

"When will the wedding be?"

"Dont joke about it, please. I scarcely know how I have

behaved, or what the meaning of the whole scene is, yet. Listen. Did you ever suspect that he was—what shall I say?—*courting* me?"

"I saw that he was trying to be tender in his own conceited way. I fully expected that he would propose someday, if he could once reconcile himself to a wife who was not afraid of him."

"And you never told me."

"I concluded that you saw it for yourself; particularly as you encouraged him."

"There! The very thing he has been accusing me of! He said I had given him unequivocal tokens—yes, unequivocal tokens—that I was madly in love with him."

"What was the upshot of his visit?—if I may ask."

"I tried to explain things to him; but he persisted in asking me would I be his wife; and when I refused he would not listen to anything else, and went off in a rage."

"Yes: I can imagine Sholto's feelings on discovering that he had humbled himself in vain. Why did you refuse him?"

"Why! Fancy being Sholto's wife! I would as soon think of marrying Marmaduke. I cannot forget what he said about my flirting with him. Nelly: will you promise to tell me whenever you think I am behaving in a way that might lead anybody on to—like Sholto, you know?"

"Nonsense. If men choose to make fools of themselves, you cannot prevent them. Is it not humiliating to see a man like Sholto Douglas cutting such a sorry figure?"

Marian, ever anxious to understand and sympathize, looked puzzled. As her cousin volunteered no elucidation, she said, "Suppose he had made the same proposition to you, what would you have said to him?"

"There is no use in thinking what I would have said. Nobody will ever fall in love with me as long as you are beside me."

"Absurd! Are you quite sure you are not smitten with Sholto, Nelly? After his revelation, I suspect everybody."

"How can I be smitten with a man who cannot speak or even stand silent in my presence for two minutes without making a perfect passion of contempt surge up within me?"

"But why? Sholto is undoubtedly very clever—a sort of hero. He is an athlete; he got a gold medal, or something of that kind, at college; and he is the Newdigate poet."

"Newdigate poet! He will never be any other sort of poet. No. He is no hero. I wish he were."

"Why?"

"Because I could fall in love with him without despising myself for doing so."

"Nelly!"

"Dont be alarmed, Marian. There is nothing but a big If or two between half the men I know and my heart of hearts."

"And you would like to fall in love?"

"Dearly. I should have the satisfaction of feeling sure that there really is such a sentiment. Hush! I hear someone coming upstairs. It is Marmaduke, I think."

"Marmaduke would never come up so slowly. He generally mounts three stairs at a stride."

"Nevertheless, it is his step. I suppose he wont speak to me."

Marmaduke entered listlessly. "Good morning, Marian," he said, sitting down on an uncomfortable chair. "Good morrow, Nell."

Elinor, surprised at the courtesy, looked up and saluted him snappishly.

"Is there anything the matter, Duke?" said Marian. "Are you ill?"

"No, I'm all right. Rather busy: that's all."

"Busy!" said Elinor. "There must be something even more unusual than that, when you are too low spirited to keep up a quarrel with me. Why dont you sit on the easy chair, or sprawl on the ottoman, after your manner?"

"Anything for a quiet life," he replied, moving to the ottoman.

"You must be hungry," said Marian, puzzled by his obedience. "Let me get you something."

"No, thank you," said Marmaduke. "I couldnt eat. I've had lunch. I have come to pack up a few things of mine that you have here."

"We have your banjo."

"Oh, I dont want that. You may keep it, or put it in the fire, for all I care. I want some clothes that I left behind me when we had the theatricals."

"Are you leaving London?"

"Yes. I am getting tired of idling. I think I shall go down to Cambridge, and read a little. I have a notion of going in for the Indian Civil Service, or a student interpretership, or dragomanship, or something abroad."

"Unfortunately, those posts are not to be won in a week," said Miss McQuench; "and you will get tired of reading in four days at the utmost. I believe you have eaten something that disagrees with you."

"So do I," said Marian. "Come, Duke: I have plenty of good news for you. Nelly and I are invited to Sunbury Park for the autumn; and there will be no visitors but us three. We shall have the whole place to ourselves."

"Time enough to think of the autumn yet awhile," said Marmaduke, gloomily.

"Well," said Miss McQuench, "Here is some better news for you. Constance—Lady Constance—will be in town next week."

Marmaduke muttered something.

"I beg your pardon?" said Elinor, quickly.

"Nothing. Nothing."

"I may be wrong; but I thought I heard you say 'Blow Lady Constance!'."

"Oh, Marmaduke!" cried Marian. "How dare you speak so of your betrothed, sir?"

"Who says she is my betrothed?" he said, turning on her angrily.

"Why, everybody. Even Constance admits it."

"She ought to have the manners to wait until I ask her," he said, mollified by Marian's eyes. "I'm not betrothed to her; and I dont intend to become so in a hurry, if I can help it. But you neednt tell

your father I said so. It might get round to my governor; and then there would be a row."

"You *must* marry her some day, you know," said Elinor, maliciously.

"*Must* I? I shant marry at all. I've had enough of women."

"Indeed? Perhaps they have had enough of you." Marmaduke reddened. "You seem to have exhausted the joys of this world since the concert last night. Are you jealous of Mr. Conolly's success."

"Your by-play when you found how early it was at the end of the concert was not lost on us," said Marian demurely. "You were going somewhere, were you not?"

"Since you are so jolly curious," said Marmaduke, unreasonably annoyed, "I went to the theatre with Conolly; and my by-play, as you call it, simply meant my delight at finding that we could get rid of you in time to enjoy the evening."

"With Conolly!" said Marian, interested. "What kind of man is he?"

"He is nothing particular. You saw him yourself."

"Yes. But is he well educated, and—and so forth?"

"Dont know, I'm sure. We didnt talk about mathematics and classics."

"Well; but—do you like him?"

"I tell you I dont care a damn about him one way or the other," said Marmaduke, rising and walking away to the window. His cousins, astonished, exchanged looks.

"Very well, Marmaduke," said Marian softly, after a pause: "I wont tease you any more. Dont be angry."

"You havent teased me," said he, coming back from the window. "I feel savage to-day, though there is no reason why I should not be as jolly as a shrimp. Perhaps Nelly will play some Chopin, just to soothe me. I should like to hear that polonaise again."

"I should enjoy nothing better than taking you at your word," said Elinor. "But I heard Mr. Lind come in, a moment ago, and he is not so fond of Chopin as you and I."

Mr. Lind entered whilst she was speaking. He was a dignified gentleman, with delicately chiselled features and portly figure. His silky light brown hair curled naturally about his brow and set it off imposingly. His hands were white and small, with tapering fingers and small thumbs.

"How do you do, sir?" said Marmaduke, blushing.

"Thank you: I am better than I have been."

Marmaduke murmured congratulations, and looked at his watch as if pressed for time. "I must be off now," he said, rising. "I was just going when you came in."

"So soon! Well: I must not detain you, Marmaduke. I heard from your father this morning. He is very anxious to see you settled in life."

"I suppose I shall shake down some day, sir."

"You have very good opportunities—very exceptional opportunities, my young friend. Has Marian told you that Lady Constance is expected to arrive in town next week?"

"Yes: we told him," said Marian.

"He thought it too good to be true, and would hardly believe us," added Elinor.

Mr. Lind smiled at his nephew. "It is quite true, my boy," said he, kindly. "But before she arrives, I should like to have a talk with you. When can you come to breakfast with me?"

"Any day you choose to name, sir. I shall be very glad."

"Let us say to-morrow morning. Will that be too soon?"

"Not at all. It will suit me quite well. Good evening, sir."

"Good evening to you."

When Marmaduke was in the street, he stood for awhile considering which way to go. Before the arrival of his uncle, he had intended to spend the afternoon with his cousins. He was now at a loss for a means of killing time. On one point he was determined. There was a rehearsal that day at the Bijou theatre, and thither, at least, he would not go. He drove to Charing Cross, and drifted back to Leicester Square. He turned away from the theatre, and wandered down Piccadilly. Then he thought he would return as far as the Criterion, and drink. Finally he arrived at the stage door of the Bijou Theatre, and inquired whether the rehearsal was over.

"They've been at it since ten o'clock this morning, and will be pretty nigh 'til six," said the janitor. "Called the full band for them new pieces. Hows'ever, some of 'em 'll be goin' out for lunch presently. I'd as lief you'd wait here as go up, if you dont mind, sir. The guvnor is above; and he aint in the best o' tempers."

Marmaduke looked round irresolutely. A great noise of tramping and singing began overhead.

"They're at that procession," continued the doorkeeper. "It's the hentry of the French into Metz, Lord help 'em. There's been sixteen hextry 'uns took hon for it."

Here there was a rapid pattering of feet down the staircase. Marmaduke started, and stood biting his lips as Mademoiselle Lalage, busy, hungry, and in haste, hurried towards the door.

"Come! Come on," she said impatiently to him, as she went out. He hastened after her, and found her standing on the kerbstone, looking up and down the street.

"Go and get a cab, will you. I must have something to eat; and I have to be back by five. Do be qu——there goes a hansom. Hi!" She whistled shrilly, and waved her umbrella. The cab came, and was directed by Marmaduke to a restaurant in Regent Street.

"I am absolutely starving," she said, as they drove off. "I have been in since ten this morning; and of course they only called the band for half-past eleven. They are such damned fools: they drive me mad."

"Why dont you walk out of the theatre, and make them arrange it properly for next day?"

"Oh yes! And throw the whole day after the half, and lose my rehearsal. It is bad enough to lose my temper. I swore, I can tell you."

"I have no doubt you did."

"This horse thinks he's at a funeral. What o'clock is it?"

"It's only eight minutes past four. There is plenty of time."

When they alighted, Lalage hurried into the restaurant; scrutinized

the tables; and selected the best lighted one. The waiter, a decorous elderly man, approached with some severity of manner, and handed a bill of fare to Marmaduke. She snatched it from him; glanced at it; and addressed the waiter sharply.

"Bring me some turtle soup; and get me a steak to follow. Let it be a thick juicy one. If it's purple and raw I wont have it; and if it's done to a cinder, I wont have it: it must be red. And get me some spring cabbage and potatoes, and a pint of dry champagne—the decentest you have. And be quick."

"And what for you, sir?" said the waiter, turning to Marmaduke.

"Never mind him," interrupted Susanna. "Go and attend to me."

The waiter bowed and retired.

"Old stick-in-the-mud!" muttered the actress. "Is it half-past four yet?"

"No. It's only a quarter past. There's lots of time. Here's your soup."

Mademoiselle Lalage ate until the soup, a good deal of bread, the steak, the vegetables, and the pint of champagne—less a glassful taken by her companion—had disappeared. Marmaduke watched her meanwhile, and consumed two ices."

"Have an ice to finish up with?" he said.

"No. I cant work on sweets," she replied. "But I am beginning to feel alive again and comfortable. What is the time?"

"Confound the time!" said Marmaduke. "It's twenty minutes to five."

"Well, I'll drive back to the theatre. I need not start for quarter of an hour yet."

"Thank heaven!" said Marmaduke. "I was afraid I should not be able to get a word with you."

"That reminds me of a crow I have to pluck with you, Mr. Marmaduke Lind. What did you mean by telling me that your name was Sharp?"

"It's the name of a cousin of mine," said Marmaduke, attempting to dismiss the subject with a laugh.

"It may be your cousin's name; but it's not yours. By the bye, is that the cousin you're engaged to?"

"What cousin? I'm not engaged to anybody."

"That's a lie, like your denial of your name. Come, come, Master Marmaduke: you cant humbug me. You're too young. Hallo! What do *you* want?"

"Allow me, madame," said the waiter, removing some plates, and placing a bill on the table. Marmaduke put his hand into his pocket.

"Just wait a minute, please," said Susanna. The waiter again retired.

"Now then," she resumed, placing her elbows on the table, "let us have no more nonsense. What is your little game? Are you going to pay that bill, or am I?"

"I am, of course."

"There is no of course in it—not yet, anyhow. What are you hanging about the theatre after me for? Tell me that. Dont stop to think."

Marmaduke looked foolish, and then sulky. Finally he brightened, and said, "Look here. You're angry with me for bringing your brother last night. But upon my soul he deceived me. I had no idea——"

"That's not what I mean at all. You are dodging a plain question. When you came to the theatre, I thought you were a nice fellow; and I made friends with you. Now I find you have been telling me lies about yourself, and trying to play fast and loose. You must either give that up or give me up. I wont have you pass that stage door again if you only want to amuse yourself like other lounging aristocrats."

"What do you mean by playing fast and loose, and being a lounging aristocrat?" said Marmaduke angrily. "I hope you're not going to make a row here in public."

"No; but I have you where *you* cant make a row; and I intend to have it out with you once and for all. If you quarrel now, so help me Heaven I'll never speak to you again!"

"It is you who are quarrelling."

"Very well," said Susanna, opening her purse as though the matter were decided. "Waiter."

"I am going to pay."

"So you can—for what you had yourself. I dont take dinners from strange men, nor pay for their ices."

Marmaduke did not reply. He took out his purse determinedly; glanced angrily at her; and muttered, "I never thought you were that sort of woman."

"What sort of woman?" demanded Susanna, in a tone that made the other occupants of the room turn and stare.

"Never mind," said Marmaduke. She was about to retort, when she saw him looking into his purse with an expression of dismay. The waiter came. Susanna, instead of attempting to be beforehand with her companion in proffering the money, changed her mind, and waited. Marmaduke searched his pockets. Finding nothing, he muttered an imprecation, and, fingering his watch chain, glanced doubtfully at the waiter, who looked stolidly at the tablecloth.

"There," said Susanna, putting down a sovereign.

Marmaduke looked on helplessly whilst the waiter changed the coin and thanked Susanna for her gratuity. Then he said, "You must let me settle with you for this to-night. I've left nearly all my cash in the pocket of another waistcoat."

"You will not have the chance of settling with me, either to-night or any other night. I am done with you." And she rose and left the restaurant. Marmaduke sat doggedly for a quarter of a minute. Then he went out, and ran along Regent Street, anxiously looking from face to face in search of her. At last he saw her walking at a great pace a little distance ahead of him. He made a dash forward and overtook her.

"Look here, Lalage," he said, keeping up with her as she walked: "this is all rot. I didnt mean to offend you. I dont know what you mean, or what you want me to do. Dont be so unreasonable."

No answer.

"I can stand a good deal from you; but it's too much to be kept

at your heels as if I were a beggar or a troublesome dog. *Lalage.*" She took no notice of him; and he stopped, trying to compose his features, which were distorted by rage. She walked on. When she had gone twenty yards, she heard him striding behind her.

"If you wont stop and talk to me," he said, "I'll make you. If anybody interferes with me I'll smash him into jelly. It would serve you right if I did the same to you."

This occurred in the middle of a crossing. Susanna looked round, and saw him excited, red, and almost in tears. A few people had already stopped to see what the matter was.

"Come," she said, slipping her hand under his arm, and gently pressing her shoulder against his. "Be a good boy; and you shall talk as much as you please. Let us turn up here into Golden Square, and get across that way."

Marmaduke, subdued, delighted, and ashamed of his vehemence, obeyed in silence. Presently she asked him whether he liked walking so.

"I shouldnt mind walking fifty miles this way," he replied. "Lalage: you mustnt fancy that I am only making fun of you, as you seemed to think just now. I am really very fond of you. I cant help it; but it cuts me up when you are unkind. Perhaps you dont care whether it does or not?"

"I care about nobody but my friends."

"But I—look here, Lalage. What do you mean? I confess it was a silly thing to tell you a false name; but at the time I only thought of it as a jest. Besides, I was afraid of its coming to the ears of my governor, who thinks it's wrong to go to a theatre. I cant afford to quarrel with him."

"Nor with your cousin Constance."

"Who told you about her?"

"Never mind. You are engaged to her. Come: dont deny it. Out with it like a man."

"I am not: on my oath I'm not, Lalage. My people at home talk about a match between us as if it was a settled thing; and I darent repudiate it outright. But they shant bag me so easily as they expect."

"If you were a sensible man, you'd marry her."

"I tell you I dont want to marry her. I dont care for her. It doesnt seem to matter much to you whom I marry; but it does to me."

"Why didnt you let me know all this about yourself before? If you wish to keep your distance, why, keep it. But if we are to be friends, let us be like friends. What I object to is your chatting with me for half an hour, and then going elsewhere and washing your hands of me, as the public do. The public pay for looking at me: they are not let in on the stage: they only pay for an exhibition of my professional talent, which they get, and go. You get it, and dont go. If you only stay to pass away your time, I hate loungers, and would rather you kept away. If you want to have me a friend, treat me like one."

"You see, the way I am circumstanced——"

"Oh, bother your circumstances! I dont want you to introduce

me to your swell relations: it is not worth *my* while to waste time on people who cant earn their own living. I only want you to tell me about your troubles, when you have any; and not to be always chaffing."

"Why, that is what I have been always longing to do; but I was afraid to."

"Afraid! You need not have been. Dont be afraid to tell me anything again: it looks too like stand-offishness. And never mind your governor: we can get on without him. If you are hard up for money, and he is stingy, you had better get it from me than from the Jews."

"I couldnt do that," said Marmaduke. "In fact, I am well enough off. By the bye, I must not forget to pay you for that dinner. But if I ever am hard up, I will come to you. Will that do?"

"Of course: that is what I meant. Here we are at last. You mustnt come in: you would only be in the way. Come to-night, after the burlesque, if you like."

"Friends that make up a quarrel usually kiss, Lalage, dont they?"

"Not in the street, you booby. Good heavens! it's a quarter past five."

"No. It's only twelve minutes. Wait until a quarter past. Look here, Lalage: the honest truth is that I shall be ruined if I marry you openly. Let us be married quietly, and keep it dark until I am more independent."

"Married! Catch me at it—if you can. No, dear boy: I am very fond of you; and you are one of the right sort to make me the offer; but I wont let you put a collar round *my* neck. Matrimony is all very fine for women who have no better way of supporting themselves; but it wouldnt suit me. Dont look so dazed. What difference does it make to *you*?"

"But——." He stopped, and stood bewildered, gazing at her.

"Get out, you great goose," she said, and suddenly darted into the theatre, jostling him lightly as she turned, so that he was nearly overthrown.

Enamored as he was, some indefinite scruple gnawed at him as he recovered his balance and walked slowly away.

(To be continued.)

The Upshot of "Hamlet".

By Arthur Gigadibs.

IV.

Those who habitually regard Shakspere as a positively superhuman intelligence, passionless, errorless, "ohne Hast, ohne Rast", can of course dispose of every play as something produced with the guiding idea of artistically embodying a particular lesson. Turning to that "luminous fog" of German metaphysics which so many English readers have consented to take as the light of truth on Shakspere's page, we find in abundance such intimations as this of Dr. Ulrici:

"In 'King Lear', love is once more made the fundamental motive of human life"; and sermons such as can be fancied appending to such a text. But let any reader, for experiment's sake, clear his mind of all these pre-conceived harmonies and read "Lear" through with his eyes open, and their futility will become evident to him. "Lear" is truly described by Mr. Swinburne, in a comparatively chastened sentence, as a play in which "we look upward and downward, and (*sic*) in vain, into the deepest things of nature, into the highest things of providence; to the roots of life, and to the stars; from the roots that no god waters to the stars which give no man light; over a world full of death and life without resting-place or guidance". If ever a work was produced in the spirit of pessimism it is "Lear". To say this is not to imitate the harmonists. It is simply, without any attribution of ripened didactic motive to the dramatist, to sum up the tragedy, which is in every act—as Mr. Swinburne has said in other words—a commentary on the ejaculation of the sight-bereft Gloucester—

> As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
> They kill us for their sport.

To say that this tremendous vision of woe was calmly designed to teach Elizabethan playgoers that love is the fundamental motive of human life, is to turn the back on critical science once for all. Had the poet worked in the spirit of Nahum Tate, who excited Lamb's wrath by his substitution—really not ill-judged—of a happy ending for Shakspere's, Dr. Ulrici's theory might have had some plausibility; but the man who conceived the terrific and undeviating march of evil from the first to the last act of "Lear" was assuredly either but an abnormal poet with a diseased appetite for horrors, or a deep thinker stricken with a sense of the tragedy of all life, a despair of ever solving the riddle of the painful earth. Pessimism, in short—let it be put plainly—is the one æsthetic key to the tragedies and the tragic-comedies of Shakspere. Not that he sat down to convey lessons to his playgoing contemporaries: he was a partner and actor in a theatre, who wrote plays for his company; and being a man of genius, and not an intellectual abstraction, he put his philosophy into his work. And it is difficult to refuse assent to Mr. Furnivall's conclusion that the more tranquil spirit shown in the denoûments of the latest plays represents an attainment to serenity. It is, in fact, the comparative tranquillity which comes with age.

What immediately concerns us, however, is the singular fact that while Mr. Furnivall and others have detected Shakspere's pessimism; and while almost every critic admits that a spirit of bitter satire pervades the very conception of "Troilus and Cressida", no one seems to have asked whether "Hamlet" too is not infected with just such pessimism and such irony. At most Mr. Furnivall sees in the choice of its subject the result of the poet's saddened views of life; and it is placed by him accordingly in his unspeakable "unfit-nature or under-burden-failing group"—that is to say, Mr. Furnivall, despite disclaimers elsewhere, practically joins the Germans in regarding "Hamlet" as a seriously willed and calculated production with one central didactic idea. And it is of course natural that, being unable

to accept "Troilus and Cressida" with equanimity as an important revelation of Shakspere's mentality, he should fail to see that parts of "Hamlet" are almost as purely ironical in their significance, as wayward in their conception, as any part of the travesty of Homer.

After all, I could fain turn harmonist and metaphysician at this point, so strong is the temptation to embrace the theory that Shakspere was affected by the primitive story of Hamlet just as he was by the story of the siege of Troy, and that he sat down to treat it with his own incomparably subtle irony. But I withstand the glamor of the luminous fog, and strive faithfully to interpret the plain facts. Are they not plain? We are all agreed, it is to be hoped, that Shakspere, whether from constitutional carelessness or a conviction that it was not worth while to take much pains in playwriting for the Londoners of his day, left the action and development of many of his pieces in a seriously confused condition. We have seen that "Hamlet" was put together with anything but a vigilant eye to ordinary consistency of narrative; we have seen, surely, sufficient reason to conclude that adherence to the outlines of the "Hystorie" and, at least in part, to those of the previous play, with a complete transformation of several leading personages, and notably of Hamlet, has resulted in irreconcilable inconsistencies, and the production of an inconceivable character. So much, as our case goes, for the results of the poet's acts of omission. It only remains to make good the assertion of a measure of ironical purpose.

Charles Knight, demurring somewhat to the view that "Troilus and Cressida" is a travesty, points out that it is really, so far as the treatment of the heroes goes, a true reproduction of the Homeric story; a suggestion which, however, only confirms us by helping us to understand Shakspere's way of working. The fact that, while following the old story, he gave it a flavor of fine burlesque, surely proves that he was satirising the action—that he was struck by the ludicrous side of the ten years' war, with its innumerable stage-battles, all coming to nothing, and their plentiful accompaniment of heroic speeches. The difficulty for a critical and non-academic intellect in reading Homer in translation is that the human sympathies, which alone can be gratified under such circumstances, are constantly dulled by the difficulty of maintaining the sympathetic attitude for long together. Homer, poetry of expression apart, is pretty much on a par with Assyrian sculpture, in which we find that just where art is most primitive it is at the same time most artificial; so that we have endless processions of figures and actions of the simplest order, yet without natural simplicity of treatment. There is no escaping the inference that Shakspere felt the narrative of the Iliad to be just a little ridiculous. The man who could recreate the fire and iron of the Roman life could hardly do otherwise than poke fun at Homer's men when he placed them in drama. Quite serious treatment of them was to such a mind scarcely possible. And, to put the matter squarely, an entirely serious treatment of "Hamlet" was likewise not easy. The old playwright who introduced the Ghost and yet retained the Prince's expedient of sham madness—resorted to in the old story because there was no secret in the matter—had created an impracticable plot. The mock-madness of the Ghost-warned Hamlet, much

more than that of his prototype, is a fantastic departure from straightforwardness, dramatically on pretty much the same footing as the masterly inactivity of the heroes of the Iliad. Therefore, though Shakspere is of course much more serious in the Teutonic play than in the Greek, he could not but see the grotesque side of that too; and while there can be little doubt that he designed by some passages to portray the hero as deterred from action by a deep-rooted pessimism, we are bound, in view of the unmistakeable element of cynicism in "Troilus and Cressida", to admit that the violent vows of Hamlet were penned in the full perception that they were not greatly different from those of Achilles, Hector, and Ajax. Hamlet's declaration that he "wipes away all trivial fond records" is a most effective way of accounting for his entire abandonment of his amour with Ophelia; but there is practically no way of explaining the interview of the lovers and Hamlet's demonstration at Ophelia's grave save the strictly natural one of saying that the dramatist was treating the situations in a spirit of sarcasm—desiring either to show up Hamlet or to satirise the story. The speeches of Laertes and Hamlet, taken in connection with the conduct of each, are as far away from the spirit of sincerity as anything in "Troilus and Cressida". And a similar comment is surely the only reasonable one on the scene in which Hamlet, after sparing the king at his prayers, and stabbing Polonius behind the arras, follows up his impassioned reproaches of his mother with furious abuse of the king—only to be interrupted by the Ghost—the poor Ghost, "neither Christian, pagan, nor man", who still loves the weak woman who had been so grossly unfaithful to him even while he lived—with the words "I come to whet thy almost blunted purpose". The conception of Hamlet's purpose as "almost blunted" while he was heaping his wildest execrations on the murderer, is surely in part cynical, however serious in appearance be the son's outburst and the Ghost's impeachment. Just a touch of this cynicism—to go back for a moment—do we find in "Measure for Measure", when the would-be omniscient and philosophic Duke is seriously irritated by the reckless slanders of the fribble Lucio. That anatomy of the anatomist in itself threatens to throw the action out of gear, and it is small wonder that in giving himself up to it the poet has come as near conscious confusion as he could well do, short of fiasco.

Beyond this it is, broadly speaking, unsafe to go in drawing conclusions as to the poet's cynical purpose in any part of the tragedy; and the foregoing conclusions must be coupled with a further inference as to the extent to which "Hamlet" is touched with the pessimism of "Lear". If I were called upon to give a theory of "Hamlet" which should sum it up as the deliberate expression by the poet of one master-idea, I should certainly offer, as by far the most plausible keyword, that of Pessimism. Those highly-evolved moralists—Mr. Lowell is among them—who so censure Hamlet for not promptly killing his uncle as in duty bound, are evidently not given to considering how far "duty" in such circumstances was worth while to a thinking man. "He stabbed his uncle and lived happy ever afterwards" is the formula which in effect they would prescribe as the fit ending to a good Hamlet's history. As if the irreparable and unpardonable guilt of the Queen, the weak half-fidelity of Ophelia, and the proved con-

temptibility of courtiers and people in general, were not enough to poison life for ever for any prince with a higher range of feeling than the original barbarian. The child-changed Lear might have had happiness with Cordelia, had she been spared to him, but what joy was there left for Hamlet? The one relief to the moral gloom of the tragedy is the figure of the stoic Horatio, who would fain shuffle off the mortal coil with his dying friend. Some, indeed, see in the bellicose Fortinbras the intervention of a comfortable element; and with these it would be ungracious to dispute. Shakspere may have regarded Fortinbras as a relief: he certainly knew he was telling a tale of which the main moral was that life is sometimes well worth leaving. It is to be concluded, therefore, that his own pessimism partly determined the character of not a few of Hamlet's utterances[1]—that is, that, accustomed as he was to project the emotions of civilised humanity into all historic periods, he must needs add to the crafty policy of the Danish prince the sensibility of his own nature, and pronounce on the situation from his own standpoint.

The upshot of our investigation, then, is that this wonderful play is no spiritual unity, in any of the senses—fantastic, ludicrous, or captivating—in which it has been so represented; but is a heterogenous product representing the comparatively careless work of a great poet, whose very breadth of sympathy made him pessimist; who, to fall back on Goethe's phrase, was a supreme theatre-poet rather than a dramatist proper; whose lot it was to supply vigorously-written plays to the company of which he was a member; and who, being either constitutionally averse to calculating labor or, as is very conceivable (looking to such *insouciant* titles as "Twelfth Night, or What You Will", "As You Like It", and "A Winter's Tale"), convinced that it was not worth while to bestow much constructive pains on his work, took up any old play or old story that seemed promising and chimed with his mood, and filled it with new fire; generally putting matchless verse of his own in place of the weak stuff he worked on, but heeding little whether the outcome as a whole was coherent and consistent; improving on the framework sometimes, but doing so in the most makeshift fashion. Hence has the play before us been a source of fanciful speculations, ideal harmonies, and preposterous theories, innumerable and unspeakable. The last variorum edition of "Hamlet"—the compilation of Mr. Furness—taken as a whole, says Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, presents "an almost impenetrable mass of conflicting opinions, wild conjectures, and leaden contemplations; a huge collection of antagonistic materials which, if not repulsive, is certainly appalling". What has been attempted in this paper is to demonstrate that the only way to get a sound common ground is to regard Shakspere, not as a great systematic thinker and artist of superhuman consistency and altitude of view, but as a marvellously gifted poet with certain marked idiosyncracies, who worked on certain more or less thoroughly known dramatic materials with the object of making a good living as a member of a theatrical company. It will, perhaps, be said that this only amounts to a new, or comparatively new, conjecture: as to that readers must judge. What has been

[1] Rümelin, I find, has indicated this opinion.

attempted is to bring to bear to some extent on the study of Shakspere the method of science proper, emancipated alike from metaphysics and idolatry.

To do this properly is no simple matter. The common attitude of students and populace towards Shakspere in England is still hardly more critical than that of orthodox Christians towards the Bible; the fullest illustration of the poet's environment and way of working having been accomplished without any departure from the attitude consistent with the belief that he was a genius of positively boundless range, evolving all his ideas from his inner consciousness. Everywhere the production of "Hamlet" on the stage is reverently accepted by audiences who have hardly got the length of asking themselves whether they understand it, and are consequently far enough from challenging the complacent claims of actors to throw light on the problem; and the gross mediæval motive of "Much Ado about Nothing" is faced without wincing by critics and spectators who find signs of corruption and unhealthiness in any modern play where questions of female chastity are touched on. Much upholstery and the name of Shakspere silence all criticism. We have seen, indeed, that, to say nothing of such criticism as that of Pope and Johnson, the voice of truth and soberness has at times been raised; that Mackenzie a hundred years ago, though writing in a thoroughly appreciative spirit, hinted at Shakspere's lack of deliberation; that Poe had noted his "whims" and "indolences"; that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has pointed out how the poet's plays were determined in respect of incident by the originals; that Mr. Furnivall has frankly allowed the existence of minor carelessnesses, and lays stress on the obvious pessimism of one period of the poet's life. Mr. Arnold, too, it is worth noting, has expressed the opinion that Shakspere is the most gifted of all poets, but is not supreme as an artist—is hardly, strictly speaking, an artist at all. And Mr. George Henry Lewes, it may be remembered, pronounced "Hamlet" a gravely faulty play. But Mr. Halliwell Phillipps has been almost alone among English Shakspereans of recent times in indicating his belief that "Hamlet" is not a consistent and coherent whole; and this, it is submitted, is the view that scientific investigation must lead to. Not only that, but the ample material for an accurate estimate of Shakspere which has now been amassed must ere long be turned to complete account. It may not be easy for the world to make up its mind whether he was really, with all his genius, deficient in constructive power—a gift which, as it happens, is found in high development in playwrights with small power of characterisation, as Scribe—or whether he so lightly esteemed his audiences that he deemed no arrangement of a play too flimsy for them: whether he simply dashed off glorious poetry and made his characters speak as none else's simply because, as Archbishop Whately boldly put it, *he could not help it*; or whether it was a condition of his poetic genius that he could not give requisite heed to the conduct of his plots. This may be hard to settle, but critical science must resolutely face the problem. All the idiosyncracies of which the plays give evidence will have to be studied with another eye than that of mere devout recognition. That singular tendency to "outstrip time" must be studied psychologically and physiologically.

That complete dependence on other men for plots, and that lack of scruple about their nature; along with that marvellous power of giving new life to every character, will have to be scientifically considered. Questions will have to be raised which, no doubt, will often seem to uncritical readers purely fantastic. The quaint suggestion of Dr. Latham that "Yorick, the king's jester" may have had his origin in a "Gesta Eorici Regis", similar to the actual "Chronicon Eorici Regis", will doubtless be regarded by many as the last word of mad commentating. But the student will judge less hastily. It is conceivable, too, that many will see, in the historical study in which Mr. Gairdner has shown how details in popular gossip about two historical characters, Sir John Oldcastle and Sir John Fastolfe, enter into the conception of Shakspere's Falstaff, nothing but a piece of fanciful and far-fetched research. But it is by research on these methods that Shakspere will be understood. The old method—that is the metaphysical, as distinguished from the unripe criticism of the last century generally—is charmingly exemplified in the Essay on Falstaff by Maurice Morgann, in which the thesis that Falstaff is no coward—ably supported by the writer and amply borne out by much of the subject-matter—is carried to its conclusion without one question as to whether Shakspere had a rounded conception present to him all along, or whether he did not allow the character to be turned to whatever account audiences and players desired. Morgann, in short, treated Falstaff just as more distinguished writers have treated Hamlet.

Still further must the enquiry go. Not only will Shakspere's creations have to be passed through the crucibles of a new criticism, but his personality will have to be studied under a new microscope, and with a scientific regard to the phænomena of genius generally. A step in the critical process, it need hardly be said, will be an estimate of the conceptions of construction shown by Shakspere's contemporaries, among whom Ben Jonson, by the way, is by no means such a good plotmaker as he has been said to be. If Shakspere's faults are those of carelessness, Ben's are those of limited capacity. But such figures as Balzac and Goethe, Poe and de Musset, Tourguenief and Hugo—all the remarkable imaginative minds—must also be kept closely in view in future attempts to sum up the great dramatist and poet. A more rigorous method must be taken than those which have led to the judgment—adopted by Carlyle—that the mind which produced "Hamlet" might have constructed the "Novum Organum"—an opinion hardly more scientific in its way than the theory that Bacon wrote the plays. There is, indeed, no reason to fear that the most exhaustive comparative study will lead to conclusions of a more disillusioning character than many which have been come to by Shakspere's most devoted students and admirers. All along there has been the perplexity raised by the sonnets; and if we are to hold confidently with Mr. Furnivall that there was a loved and faithless Will and a loved and faithless mistress, and that the myriad-minded one was sincerely jealous of Chapman; or with the Reverend Mr. Fleay that he was incapable of a breach of the seventh commandment, but that he was jealous of Nash and wrote the sample of Æneas' tale to Dido in order to show his superiority to that writer—either way we

are pretty far removed from the vague orthodox notion that he sat serenely aloof from moral weakness, "above it all, alone with the stars".

I am especially sorry for Mr. Browning's sake, I confess, that this development of criticism is inevitable: it will make such sad havoc of his tenet that such minds as Shakspere's and his are impenetrable mysteries to ordinary men. Some of us, as it happens, have all along thought that Mr. Browning's personality was tolerably legible in his work; and when men make up their minds that Shakspere is measurable it is to be feared that the modern poet's "Why, then the less Shakspere he" will fail to impress. Above all, when it is fully realised that Shakspere was substantially a pessimist, Mr. Browning's naïf optimism, it is to be apprehended, will cease to pass for the sublimation of poetic philosophy.

But the definitive analysis and measurement of Shakspere is yet all to do: the æsthetic criticism of the past has on the whole left him as it found him[1]—the incarnate enigma who sedulously composed and published, with humble dedications to a noble patron, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece", counting thereby to win fame and money; who assiduously amassed a fortune and looked after it with the care of a good man of affairs; and who produced "Hamlet", "Lear", "Othello", and "Macbeth", in the way of business and left them to chance.

Thy Love is a Light.

THY love is a light that illumines my soul and conveys
Sweet passion of bliss to my spirit, erst buried in night,
And o'er my existence it sheddeth its brilliant rays—
Thy love is a light.

Thy love, beauteous maid, is not frigid like Cynthia's light,
Ethereal to touch, or unearthly and ghost-like to gaze,
It is human, and warm as the solar effulgency bright.

Thy love is a beacon that guides me to gain the green bays
Of fame, and to strive for a coronet fair to the sight;
Its mystical power I cannot find language to praise—
Thy love is a light.

FRED J. COX.

[1] Shortly after this paper was written there appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" magazine a series of articles by the late Mr. Richard Grant White on "The Anatomising of William Shakspere," in which the problem indicated by their title is handled with an ability and acuteness to which I take this opportunity of paying tribute. In Mr. Grant White Shaksperology has lost a clear head and a supple and versatile intellect.

Work for the Microscope.

Chapter I.—Introductory.

To my mind there is no subject of study so fascinating as that afforded by the examination of minute organic and inorganic structure by the aid of the microscope. The science of astronomy opens out a fine field of research, unequalled perhaps for sublimity, but the instruments required for the successful prosecution of that science are far more expensive and bulky than those used by the microscopist, and the patient waiting for seasons of favorable observation implies the possession of ample leisure by its votaries. Neither is there such infinite variety in the heavenly bodies viewed simply as objects calculated to arrest the attention of the individual of ordinary intelligence as in those studies which the microscope affords. To an ordinary observer, not a specialist, the separation of double stars, the resolution of nebulæ, the calculation of transits, and the detection of minute satellites, are of less interest than the discovery and observation of ever new forms and phases of minute structure. Hence the microscope is more replete with novelty than the telescope, and is therefore a greater favorite with those who have little leisure after the labor of the day for abstruse studies and wearisome vigils.

But as with the telescope, so the microscope is all but valueless to its possessor until the eye and hands have been trained to its use. The trained eye will see that which a novice would utterly fail to discern, and the skilful hand will readily prepare objects for examination which without such preparation would reveal none of their beauties or peculiarities of structure. Some instruction is necessary in order to overcome the initial difficulties which beginners experience; the requisite knowledge is not, however, very difficult of mastery, and once acquired it will become a source of life-long gratification to its possessor. I trust, therefore, that a short series of articles treating of these matters in a concise and practical fashion will be welcomed by a large section of the readers of *Our Corner*, and by way of preface I propose to devote this first chapter to a consideration of the construction and selection of the instrument itself.

Each individual will select his microscope according to the capacity of his purse. A useful achromatic instrument may be purchased of the manufacturers who make cheap instruments a speciality, at prices ranging from one to two pounds. Good microscopes can be bought at from £3 10s. to £5, usually having two objectives and one eye-piece, the objectives being half-inch and inch, or inch and quarter-inch. Better instruments may be purchased at all prices beyond £5 up to £200, or even more. The difference in price depends upon (1) the quality of the lenses; (2) the extent and the finish of the mechanical arrangements; (3) the number of accessories. The best course for intending purchasers to adopt is to procure the catalogues of various makers, choosing those whose names are a guarantee of good work, and make selection therefrom, which will be better done perhaps after we have indicated the tests to which a microscope should be subjected.

One word by way of caution. Have nothing to do with compound non-achromatic microscopes. They are cheap, and that is their sole recommendation. Their field of view is so very limited, and their chromatism is so bad that it is not worth while, now that achromatic glasses are so cheap, to be bothered with the obselete forms.

If a really high class instrument is desired, and financial resources are somewhat limited, there are two courses open. One is to get a good microscope *stand* without any accessories except just one objective of low power, and one eye piece, together with a condenser, and to add other glasses and accessories one by one subsequently. The other is to pay a visit to one of the depots for second-hand instruments in London, where microscopes by the best makers, equal in many cases to those brand new from the shops, are sold at a reduction of one third or one fourth on the original cost.

In making choice of an instrument we shall have to decide, in the first place, between the monocular and the binocular form. For special work involving the very frequent employment of high powers we are limited to the use of the single tube. But for the ordinary purposes of the observer, in botanical, histological, and entomological studies, the binocular arrrangement is, in my opinion, far superior to the other, by reason of its penetrative power, and the stereoscopic effect produced. In these the image of the object is directed through a prism into the second or diagonal tube. The centres of the eye pieces are made susceptible of slight variation to suit the eyes of different observers by means of a screw and milled head.

The microscope stand includes the foot, the stages, and mirror, and the tubes with the various screws and joints for the necessary movements. The foot should be broad enough, and sufficiently heavy, to sustain the weight of the tubes steadily when they are inclined at a low angle. To this portion of the instrument the inclining limb which carries the tube or tubes is attached by a trunnion axis, which is moved readily enough by the hand, but is sufficiently stiff to retain the limb in whatever position it is placed. In the heavier stands, however, the limb is frequently set by a small tightening handle attached to the axial joint. Upon the accurate fitting of the trunnion largely depends the rigidity and freedom from tremor of the instrument: a most essential condition, since, where the fittings are bad, a very slight movement—as for instance, that of a person walking across the room—is sufficient to throw minute objects out of focus.

To the limb there are attached the stage, the sub- or secondary stage, the mirror, and the optic tube. The stage of a microscope is the table upon which is placed the object under examination. This may consist of a simple plate of metal, pierced with a circular hole whose centre coincides with the axis of the tube, and furnished with spring clips of brass for retaining the object slide steadily in position, or it may assume a variety of modifications more or less elaborate in character. The stages of many microscopes are provided with two rectilinear screw movements at right angles with each other, by which the object is made to traverse the field of view in two directions, while first-class instruments are furnished with a third or circular movement by means of a worm wheel and endless screw, by which the stage is rendered capable of rotation around the axis of the optic tube. The

sub-stage is a secondary stage placed underneath the stage proper, and employed for carrying subsidiary apparatus—as the wheel of diaphragms, the polariscope, spot lens, &c.—and it is made to move to or from the upper stage by a rack and pinion, and also to rotate upon its axis. Beneath this again is placed the mirror, a concave lens of silvered glass, mounted in a frame and attached to the limb by a universal joint. Its purpose is, the illumination of transparent objects from below, and the universal joint allows the light to be thrown up at any angle from the mirror, according to the requirements of the object under examination.

That part of the limb of the microscope which is above the trunnion joint carries the optic tube, which has a range of sliding movement on the limb of from three to five inches. This movement is imparted by a rack and pinion arrangement, a couple of milled heads, one on each side of the limb, giving the required motion. But in microscopes of the better class there is another or "fine adjustment" provided, by which the tube is focussed very slowly with a screw of fine pitch revolved by a milled head. Then the rack or "coarse adjustment" is used for bringing the object glass nearly down to the slide, while the screw is employed for exact focussing. For the higher powers the fine adjustment is absolutely essential. The fitting of all these parts should be perfect—that is, the sliding surfaces should move freely over one another, but without the slightest degree of slackness; the pinion and rack should have no "backlash", so that when the movement of the milled head is reversed the tube shall answer to the movement directly; and the screw should move so freely that a light touch of the finger on the milled head which moves it may be sufficient for delicate focussing. If these conditions do not exist, a change in the direction of movement will of necessity be accompanied by a jerky motion, sufficient to throw an object which is being examined by a high power completely out of the field.

The lower end or nose of the tube is threaded with a fine screw to receive the object glasses or "objectives", as they are commonly termed. These are designated by their focal length and their angular aperture. The focal length of ordinary objectives ranges between four inches and one twentieth of an inch, and their angular aperture between ten degrees and 160 degrees. The greater the angular aperture, however, the less the focal distance, so that with the lenses of higher power and high angular aperture, the ordinary covering glasses of slides are too thick to allow of exact focussing. But immersion lenses as high as one-eightieth of an inch focus have been constructed in which this difficulty has been got rid of by the introduction of a drop of fluid, as water, between the objective and the cover of the slide. There is then less loss of light; the working distance of the objective is relatively greater than that of a dry front lens. The immersion principle is employed in lenses as low as an eighth.

In the selection of an object glass we must consider the work for which it is required, and there are four essential points to be considered, viz: Its defining power, its penetrating power, its resolving power, and the flatness of its field of view. All of these advantages cannot coexist in perfection in the same combination of lenses. Where very high resolving power is present, general clearness of definition is

necessarily sacrificed, since the former is obtained by increasing the angle of aperture, and hence the obliquity of the rays which it receives from the object under examination. For the resolution of the minute markings of the Diatomacæ these objectives of high angular aperture are essential, but for the ordinary work of the entomologist, the botanist, and histologist, those of medium and low apertures are to be preferred, because their greater focal length allows the rays from the object to approach in lines of less divergence, with the result of more uniform clearness of definition all over the field.

The defining power of an objective is of the first importance, and this depends upon the accuracy of its corrections for spherical and chromatic aberration. Spherical aberration is due to the converging of the light rays from a spherical surface to different foci, producing thereby blurred and indistinct images. In simple microscopes this is not corrected at all, but is partly masked by cutting off the rays from the marginal portions with a diaphragm, and thereby diminishing the field of view. But in all compound microscopes now made the aberration is corrected by combinations of the lenses, so that the error of a convex lens is neutralised by that of a concave, and the combined rays come to a single focus. Chromatic aberration is due to the decomposition into their elementary colors which the rays of light undergo in passing through a dense medium, and its effects are seen in tinted fringes round the marginal portions of the field. This also is partially masked in some cheap instruments by contracting the field of view, but in nearly all microscopes now constructed it is corrected by combinations of lenses of flint and crown glass, having different refractive and dispersive powers. In the best objectives there are usually six separate lenses employed, the concave and convex surfaces of each combination being cemented together with Canada balsam. The lens nearest the object and the double convex ones behind it are of crown glass; the concave lenses are of flint; and while the difference in the refractive and dispersive powers of the crown and flint renders the combination achromatic, the opposing curves are calculated to neutralise the spherical aberration. The more complete these corrections the better the defining power of the objective, and those of the highest workmanship are necessarily very expensive. Thus a first class $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of large angular aperture will cost as much as a very useful and moderately equipped instrument itself, which equipment will perhaps include a one inch and a quarter inch objective, an eye piece, condenser, and case. But it is satisfactory to know that these expensive lenses are not necessary for ordinary work, and that a slight amount of chromatism, evidenced by a blue zone around the margin of the field of view, will not interfere with clear definition.

The penetrating power of objectives signifies their power of defining clearly not only those portions of an object which are exactly in focus, but likewise those also which are a little out of focus, and this is incompatible with the existence of high angular aperture. Low magnifying power and moderate angular aperture are essential to its existence. This penetrating power is only, however, obtained in perfection in the binocular arrangement where the objects appear to stand out in actual relief.

By flatness of field is meant the distinct definition of the object

around the margin simultaneously with that of the central portions. This can only be obtained where the spherical correction is good. It is never present in cheap compound microscopes, and the performance of these, as well as that of third-rate objectives, is only rendered tolerable by shutting off the light from those marginal portions. This clearness of definition over the whole of the field at one time is one of the most valuable features in an objective, so that no alteration of focus is necessary when passing from the central parts to the margins, or vice versa.

The magnifying power of a microscope depends firstly upon the focal length of the objective, and secondly upon the magnifying power of the eye piece. The focal lengths of the objectives in commonest use are 2 inches, 1 inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, and $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. The eye pieces are designated by the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, or by the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the A, B, and C being alone necessary for ordinary observations. The type of eye piece commonly employed is the Huyghenian, composed of two plano-convex lenses corrected for spherical and chromatic aberrations, and the A or No. 1 has the lowest magnifying power of the series. The amount of magnification produced by the combined use of certain eye pieces and certain objectives is not exactly the same in all cases, but varies in the case of different makers. As a close average approximation we may note that a one inch objective with the A eye piece will magnify about 60 times linear, but the same objective with the B eye piece will magnify 80 times linear, and with the C eye piece about 120. So the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch with A, B, and C will give respectively 100, 130, 200. And the $\frac{1}{4}$ inch likewise 220, 350, 500. Where the eye piece is fitted to a draw tube instead of into the actual body, the magnifying power of either eye piece is susceptible of still further increase by drawing out the tube and thereby extending the focal length within moderate limits.

The apparent increase in *linear* dimensions is the only legitimate way of estimating the power of a lens. Thus if an object be magnified one hundred times, it means that it will appear one hundred times longer, and one hundred times wider than its natural size. But some makers of cheap goods would advertise a lens of that power as magnifying ten thousand times superficial, that is 100×100, which practice has a catchpenny look about it, and is calculated to deceive unwary folk.

There are many accessories to a microscope, the description of which we shall defer until occasion for their use arises. In our next article we shall take the subject of dissecting instruments for discussion.

J. Horner.

Charles Bradlaugh.[1]

THE following translation of part of Mr. van Houten's sketch of Mr Bradlaugh will be of interest to our readers :—

Charles Bradlaugh, the famous English popular leader, is in more than one sense a strong man. He possesses physical power which a champion boxer might envy him; he is endowed with a quickness of perception and a clearness of thought which have enabled him to baffle the efforts of England's greatest lawyers to defeat him; and his moral force gives him a purity in daily life which even his opponents are bound to respect. There may be men that rank as high in any one of these three particulars, but the combination of all to such a degree is only to be found in Charles Bradlaugh, and this forms the peculiarity of his person and the keynote to his career.

In a country like England, with its love for sport, his physical power gives him many admirers, and indeed it has often proved of great service to him. Many have been the attempts of the pious bigots to rid themselves of the accursed Atheist by violent personal attacks. If his intellectual faculties had permitted him to be so far prejudiced in favor of his country as to regard her people as *the chosen one*, he would have been a perfect type of John Bull.

Bradlaugh owes little or nothing to inheritance. His parents were poor, and his biographers make no mention of any hereditary intellect in his family. He is therefore an example of a truly remarkable man, at whose cradle nothing is found to warrant the expectation of a famous career. His education was of the most ordinary discription: he had often to struggle with poverty, and his stock of knowledge had to be acquired at such times as he could spare from the struggle for existence. It is a matter for reflexion that, brought up under such circumstances, he should rise to stand on a level with the first in the land who have entered upon their career assisted by all the advantages that hereditary transmission and wealth can bestow.

At a very early age he was thrown into the arena of conflict against prejudice and bigotry, which at once handicapped him in the means of getting a livelihood. If Bradlaugh has shown hatred against his oppressors now and then, it should be borne in mind that he was persecuted in the most foul and underhand way. During the whole of his life he has been attacked with all sorts of weapons, and it is only to his indomitable energy and prudence that he owes his escape so far. In the midst of all this persecution Bradlaugh has steadily grown to be a political and social power. The oath question, which has prevented his taking his seat in Parliament, has given him this advantage: that he was neither under the obligation to oppose the policy of Mr. Gladstone, nor to support its errors in foreign affairs. When next year a more democratic representative body enters Parliament, he will take his seat unfettered by party obligations.

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[1] "Mannen van Beteekenis in onze dagen." Contemporary Men of Note, by S van Houten, member of the Dutch Parliament.

In political matters Mr. Bradlaugh is politician only. His views on social and religious affairs he keeps distinct from his parliamentary work. This is best shown by the fact that many of his ardent supporters in Northampton belong to some religious denomination.

They vote for him because they see in him a true Radical and champion of their rights, unfettered by aristocratic family ties. Between Bradlaugh and men like Sir C. Dilke or Joseph Chamberlain there is not difference in theoretical opinions so much as difference of social connexions. The latter were soon placed in foremost positions, while the former is kept in the background, by a combination of Whigs and Tories, who fear to see their many unjust privileges attacked by so powerful a champion of the people.

The position of Sir C. Dilke and Joseph Chamberlain as members of the Cabinet has facilitated the progress of the Radical party; but while they are the thin end of the wedge, Bradlaugh forms the solid part of the wood which will force itself shortly into the gates of England's traditional institutions. If I see rightly he will next year share the position of leader of the Radical party in the House, with Messrs. Dilke and Chamberlain.

Will Mr. Bradlaugh be equal to that high position?

I believe yes.

For a political man he is still young (51).

Looking back on the difficult path behind him and the immense obstacles he has been able to overcome, the position of Radical leader in politics must seem to him comparatively easy. His physique will aid him again here: it will be impossible to weary him out. His aptness in the framing of his thoughts and his ability in debate will not be equalled. He is, moreover, ambitious of power, and "where there's a will there's a way". His unpopularity will soon decrease when he is listened to without prejudice, and his Atheism will end in Disestablishment of the Church, which is even now already eagerly sought for by all Dissenters. His views on the Land question will lead to the establishment of small holdings and the abolition of the law of entail. He will then be a popular leader, and even the London press will lift him up.

It is not improbable that foreign politics will be the question that will bring him to the fore. Bradlaugh is cosmopolite, and is free from the prejudice of most of his countrymen, who fancy that England stands above every other nation. Against fearful odds he lifted his voice against the Beaconsfield policy and the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which was the beginning of all the troubles in Egypt ever since. He has been consistent right through against this unfortunate muddle, and he has the advantage of being able to advocate withdrawal from the Soudan, not being hampered by pledges which make it impossible for Mr. Gladstone to do so. A most superficial acquaintance with Mr. Bradlaugh will suffice to see in him an Englishman from top to toe, but an Englishman of the best sort. He exacts that England shall respect the rights of even the weakest, but whosoever assails England's rights, were it the strongest or a combination of the strongest, would find in him a man ready to spend the last penny and the last drop of blood for the honor of his country.

England needs such policy, and the world at large would thereby be benefited. There is danger for universal peace in the wavering and nervous policy of the present Foreign and Colonial Offices. The old parties have failed in England's foreign policy. Beaconsfield, Salisbury, have shewn themselves too quarrelsome and aggressive; Gladstone, Granville, Derby, too wavering and undecided.

A clear and firm foreign policy I have during the last few years only noticed in the Radical prints.

Introspection.

In the flying-shadow moments came a something that was song;
Song, and something more than singing; love and laughter interwove,
And it loved away the burden and it laughed away the wrong;
It was laughter while it neared me, when it reached me it was love;
And I sat apart and pondered where I heard no more the crowd,
With its rush and crush and clatter on the wide highway of life;
And I shut away the grasping and the fawning and the proud,
Till I knew the song of laughter that had drowned the whirr of strife.

Care can never live with laughter, laughter lives alone with love,
And the twain have sung and soared and sought a vaster, sweeter heaven
Than the swerving thought of man hath dreamed in courts or clime above,
Earned by darkest, deepest-sunken crime, unlessened but forgiven;
Ah! my brother, Christ, I loved thee; nay! mayhap I love thee still;
Blot away the God and leave the brighter, better, grander man;
Love hath been, I doubt not, written on thy chart of life, but still
Brother Christ of man, I see not laughter mapped upon the plan.

Ah! it lived in childhood's innocence; it sang in water pure;
Nay! it dwelt in all of purity and innocence beside;
So it came the antidote of folly stolid and demure,
And diluted all of bitterness and curbed the mouth of pride;
Budding, leafing, blooming, fruiting all the wilted waste of soul;
Hushing in the harsher human all the craven cry of greed;
Living in each part and particle the essence of the whole;
Lifting all the good and blurring out the cruelty of creed.

And because I went apart and praised the tangible and true
In the praise of love and laughter, praying in the prayer of acts;
Came in hiss and howl, anathemas that all unharming flew
Thick and fast, a hail of hatred that could never war with facts.
But is Musa not the priestess of my sweet religious life
That shall lift me to the grandeur of a loftier end and aim?
While my priestess laughs the phantoms back into their bitter strife,
Love shall whisper the assurance that grows surer in the blame.

John Rowell Waller.

The Heretic at Burlington House.

SINCE last year a marvellous change has come over the spirit of my subject. I charged the headquarters of art with Mrs. Grundyism, but no longer can it be said that they do these things better in France; or that the exhibition was designed for English Tartuffes. The authorities seem to have been "dishing the Grosvenor". As last year, I shall follow Mr. Ruskin's advice to the reporter, and shall note merely "pictures likely to please".

165. No artist may exhibit more than eight works, and many a poor student is glad enough to get *one* hung. And the papers are very bitter on the Academicians who have grabbed for themselves the first seats in the Art Synagogue. It is at Mr. Herbert chiefly that the *Pall Mall* levels its diatribes of "farceur" and "shocking painter". But this picture by Mr. Goodall might well have been spared. A sprawling baby clutching at a non-natural pigeon is the symbolic way in which Canon Farrar and the artist are pleased to intimate that Jesus was a healthy and happy youngster. Mr. Goodall will be glad to know that two old tabbies loudly commended it.

172. Mr. Orchardson gives us Madame Récamier's Salon which should be interesting to students of the post Revolution period.

195. The popular painter of the Derby Day here portrays Knox. The stout Calvinist, after abusing Mary for her Roman Catholic intrigues, has a fling at the gilded youths and maidens in the antechamber, who find "Kiss in the Ring" much more interesting than Huguenot persecution.

212. Mr. Millais sends a portrait of an invalid enlightening some children about birds. A pleasant episode of patience and kindness.

233. Always look for Mr. Dendy Sadler. An old priest is amusedly gazing at a quite irresolvable Chinese monster. "Religion alone could make one swallow that" says he, dimly conscious, perhaps, of a back thrust. That priest ought to study Mr. Goodall's pigeon, Gustave Doré's angels, or Mr. Walt's idealisms. Other readers will prefer Mr. Sadler's Lea Roachers (1133), and his Salad Makers (136).

248. Stacey Marks, R.A., must of course be bracketted as a brother wit. He paints an ornithologist, a "lifelong lover of sweet fowls" such as Darwin might have been were his tastes less encyclopædic.

276. "A reading from Homer." To delude birds was a criterion with the old Greeks, but Mr. Alma-Tadema would deceive the very elect of washhandstand manufacturers. Absolutely faultless is that marble—marble which in an ever sootier metropolis must have increasing fascination for the cleanly and the wealthy. Mr. Beresford Hope's brother, builder of what is now the Junior Athenæum, may have had the same thought. I must say that I am getting a bit tired of lazy sprawling Greeks.

279. A grand old man, in a blue dressing gown, who has given some very good advice in his day—in short, Professor Blackie.

295. Andromeda, the 999th in my experience. Is Mr. Calderon's mind really *ars et præterea nihil*, that he must needs ring changes on this hackneyed myth? Can he not develop some neo-historical enthusiasm and illustrate Freeman and Stubbs? I long for the day when the suggesting of pictures shall have differentiated into a separate profession.

317. Marble not up to Alma-Tadema, but look at the old woman and child.

345. An inundated Nile village. Here Mr. Goodall is at his best.

503. More "lives of the saints". St. Eulalia, after martyrdom, was

shrouded, it seems, by a miraculous fall of snow. Shrouded, I daresay; but was the once famous Derby snowstorm miraculous?

543. Salome and, on a dish, John the Baptist. Mrs. Jopling has gone a little too far in the insouciance of Salome, or had she been "raised" in a butcher's shop?

554. Elijah upon Mount Horeb. Elijah, we know, sulked, as many better men have done, till pessimism vanished, and he again found a pleasurable "vocation" in life. The rough fare of the mountains during the vague period called forty days and nights would also aid in dietetic reform. Nothing specially Elijahish about him. Would do for Lear, or General Booth "in retreat".

625. A bit of honest realism. "Pharisee and Publican." The "double" of that Pharisee, to my knowledge, worked a swindling insurance society in the city.

694. Yes, I am a heretic. I don't believe Christian martyrs dreamed about angelic monstrosities. More likely of the injustice wrought in order to bolster up the tedious State ritual of sacrifices at the expense of their own simple hero-worship.

713—715. Three compartments forming a clever parody of Hamlet's encounter with Polonius. "How now?" A foxterrier becomes aware of a "sort of something" in a cage. "A rat!" At the expense of the painter's apparatus he has found out the something. "Dead—for a ducat—dead." That rat is a corpse. The engraving is sure to be popular.

725. "Job and his friends." Job's face suggests to me a philosopher of these latter days, who in a septisyllable proclaims the "open sesame" of the world's mystery. Is it Elihu who wears a small bank clerk's moustache and a faint mutton-chop whisker, and seems to indulge in invidious comparison between the wilderness and Gatti's?

736. The Napoleonic firmness of Pilate's face as he washes his hands is well rendered, and we see here the man, whom Renan has well depicted, rising superior to the petty caste prejudices of the Jews, and only anxious to save a seemingly inoffensive dreamer. No *suggestio falsi* here, misnamed idealism, as there is in one half of the number.

749. Where Simon is creeping out of the water, under Mr. Ruskin's kindly auspices, to meet Jesus.

774. Surely, Mr. Calderon, a refined young lady wouldn't undress herself in the middle of a moor merely to listen to a lark.

812. Charles Surface selling his ancestors. Mr. Pettie's faces are of course admirable in their humor.

868. Mr. Pettie again. "Zounds, Madam, you had no taste when you married me." Lady Teazle: "Very true, Sir Peter."

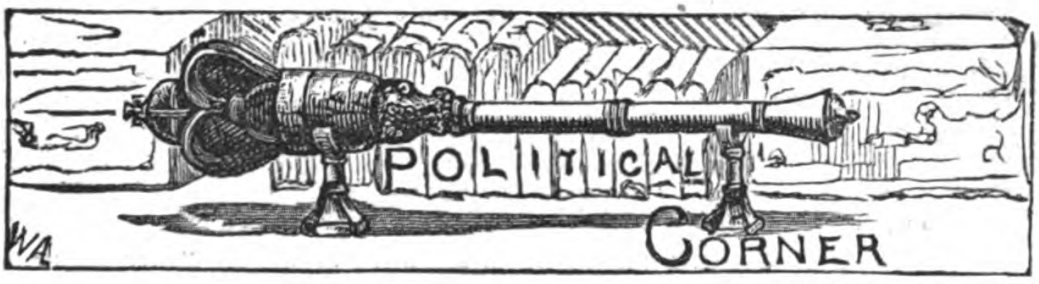
1111. "Jairus' daughter." Recalls to me vividly the first fruits of the late Dione collision near Gravesend, when just such a poor girl lay in the rector's barn awaiting identification. But why the halo?

1120. "Once bit, twice shy," is a ludicrous struggle between a little girl and a recalcitrant puppy, which is to have mustard applied to its nose. Surely, however, the double-handed distraction would have brought the young lady's *corrugatores supercilii* into action.

1129. "Too fond of her book" is a faithful study of a little girl, by Hawes Turner, who will, I hope, achieve great things in the future.

Hard fate obliges us to pass over the water-colors, the sculpture gallery, and the architectural drawings. We demur, however, to Mr. Armitage being allowed to fill up the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral with the common angelic monstrosities, devoid of the necessary complement of pectoral muscles. When will painters dissect out in a pigeon the organs of flight?

W. GREATHEED.



In view of the strong statements recently made in various journals as to Russian invasion of Afghan territory, it is worth referring to a letter written by the Indian Government to the Ameer of Afghanistan, on June 16th, 1883, and to the Ameer's reply on July 11th, 1883. The Ameer then made no claim to the western districts now in dispute with Russia; he did not even pretend to know the exact limits of his boundary with Bokhara. The Government of India was as ignorant as the Ameer, and in the above letters each asked the other for information and maps which neither could give. It is certain that Russia has no more right in the Turcoman country than the English have in Zululand, or in the North West provinces of India, but it is a little difficult to understand the show of moral indignation by suckling jingoes of the Ashmead Bartlett type, if we give them credit for any knowledge of our own history.

Apparently the intention to "smash the Mahdi" has been abandoned by the Government, and the mad project of a railway from Suakim to Berber is not to be persisted in. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, writing to the *Times*, brings shockingly grave charges against our troops and those in command in the Soudan. If only half what Mr. W. Blunt plainly states is true, our conduct has been shameful in the highest degree. It is not easy in any case to write patiently when one considers the enormous loss of life and waste of money in this most useless Soudan invasion.

The special and absurdly unnecessary congratulations of the Queen to General Graham on the useless slaughter of villagers and blowing up of a well show the kind of court influence which encourages war. Probably her Majesty meant this as a rebuke to John Morley and Mr. Labouchere. The just published letter of General Gordon to the ex-Viceroy Ismail shows that for two months Gordon could have left Khartoum by the northern route. Gordon's praise of Ismail's "glorious reign" helps to fix Gordon's true value.

It is difficult to understand how a great Liberal Government could be party to the forcible seizure of a poor little French newspaper. I used until some eight months ago, to receive the *Bosphore Egyptien*. It was then very anti-English, and may have grown worse, but we must have fallen very low to be afraid of a small newspaper.

Lord Salisbury very rightly says there are a large number of men sick and suffering in the Soudan "for interests and manœuvres not their own", but he omitted to add that these "interests" of bondholders and "manœuvres" of jingo politicians had been first fostered and rendered capable of present mischief under his own administration.

Parliament has voted the usual grant to Princess Beatrice, with a promise of select committee in the new Parliament to enquire into further additions to the Civil List. Of course Sir Stafford Northcote did not approve this. Mr. Labouchere opposed the grant on the lines taken some years since by me in my pamphlet on the Civil List and grants to the Royal family.

THE rebellion in Canada still continues, several engagements having occurred between the Dominion troops and the half-breeds and Indians. One of the telegrams is ominous: "the Indians say that a long and bloody Indian war is beginning". The outbreak in the Saskatchewan districts has admittedly resulted from the total disregard by the Dominion Government of every petition and appeal for settlement of the outstanding land claims and other grievances, and at Winnipeg a great meeting of loyal settlers expressed their regret that "the gross neglect of the authorities should have led to such a climax of misfortunes". In Manitoba there is serious dissatisfaction arising with the Government.

ROYALISM in Denmark begins to show fear of an actual armed collision. The promulgation of the provisional law forbidding the importation of firearms illustrates this fear. The Danes have hitherto managed their revolution so peacefully that there is hope that civil war may be averted, in which case the monarchy must soon cease.

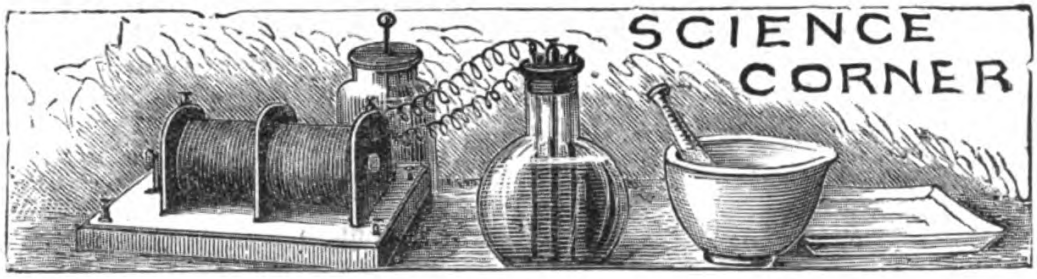
HAPPILY the war between France and China seems to have terminated, though the definite treaty has yet to be concluded, and it is even now not quite clear what is the actual position of the French in Tonquin. The Brisson ministry looks likely to last until after the general election. If M. Brisson is strong enough to hold office until the end of the year he will have much improved his prospects as possible successor to M. Grévy.

THE estimates of expenditure for 1885—6 hardly read pleasantly for any Radical. £88,872,000 is the amount proposed to be spent, and this even does not quite make the worst, because the home charges for Indian troops, about £1,350,000, are no longer included. When the Soudan expenditure is added the total will be close to, even if it does not exceed, £100,000,000 for the year.

NEARLY every Liberal candidate expresses himself in favor of the Affirmation Bill, but the Bill itself, blocked by four or five of the most rabid Conservatives, gets no assistance from the Liberal Government. Some four hundred resolutions from various political bodies in favor of the Bill have reached Mr. Gladstone, but the result as yet is nil. Even the Liberal members in the House do not venture to put pressure on the ministry.

THE question of the renewal in whole or in part, of the Crimes Act, Ireland, is now a serious one for the Cabinet. There are some few provisions as to change of venue and special jury, common to the law of England, which might be made permanent. The bulk of the special powers might well be allowed to drop with the expiring Act. In any case it is bad to have a coercion law applicable only to part of the kingdom. The proposals by Mr. Dickson, M.P., circulated by the Committee on Irish affairs, are "the abandonment of Coercion Acts, the passing of a Land Purchase Bill, a plan of local and county administrative control by representation of the ratepayers, the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy, and the establishment of a Royal residence in Ireland".

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.



KEEPERS of bees should observe whether their bees always show signs of disturbance before thunder storms. It is alleged that they become excited and irritable when a storm is approaching. Numerous and careful observations would prove or disprove this theory, advanced by Herr Emmerig of Laningen.

THE New York *Truthseeker* has the following: "Some interesting discoveries have been made in Florida by Prof. Lawrence Johnson, of the United States Geological Survey. Just south of Alachua county line he found several specimens and skeletons of animals which relatively belong to a not far distant period. In piles, and somewhat mixed, there were the remains of a mastodon; two or three specimens of the rhinoceros; a large stag; a camel, fully as large as the Arabian camel, but in structure more allied to the llama; also a tapir very much like the South American tapir, which lives in swampy places; two teeth of some carnivorous animal allied to the tiger and panther; one set of teeth and bones of a hippopotamus; several crocodiles or alligators, and innumerable other bones not identified. Apparently the territory south of Alachua was at one time a large fresh-water lake."

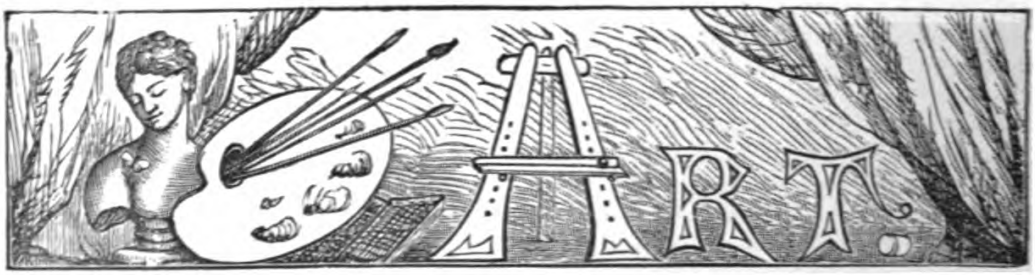
MR. N. DE MIKLONHO-MACLAY sends to *Nature* from the Biological Station, Watson's Bay, near Sydney, an interesting observation on the body-temperature of the Monotremata, the lowest Mammalian order. He finds the temperature of Echidna hystrix to be 28° C. and Ornithorhynchus paradoxus, 24.8° C. The mean body-temperature of other mammals is 38.4° C., but in the transitional forms the normal mammalian temperature is not reached. Thus is the truth of Evolution being constantly established by new observations.

MR. JOHN AITKEN sends to *Nature* a curious note on "The pupil of the eyes during emotion". "In this experiment it appears to the observer as if I had control over the muscles of the iris, as I can make the pupil of the eye large or small at will. Placing myself in front of, and looking towards, a window or other bright light, the observer is desired to watch the pupil and say when to contract or expand it. On the order being given, the pupil is seen to contract or expand as desired. This experiment can be easily made by anyone in the following manner:—The eye is directed towards the light and a point looked at, the eye being kept steady during the whole experiment. Under these conditions the bright light causes the pupil to contract automatically, and when desired to expand it all that is necessary is to take the attention away from the eye and fix it on some other part of the body—say by biting the tongue, pinching the arm, etc. By these means the sensitiveness of the retina is, for well-known reasons, reduced, and the pupil automatically dilates. To cause it again to contract, the mind has simply to be recalled to the eye and attention given to the visual impressions."

THE controversy on the cholera germ is still proceeding. M. Héricourt has published his opinion that the *Comma bacillus* is harmless, and so lends his testimony to clear the character of this apparently much maligned organism. Meanwhile another bacterium scare has been started, by the discovery that a variety of these germs are always present on bank-notes. I do not, however, fancy that many people will refuse notes on account of the dangers of the microbe.

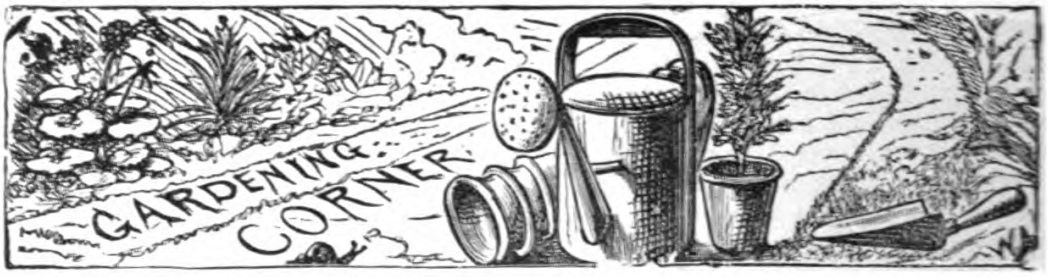
THE annual meeting of the British Association is to be held this year at Aberdeen, the incoming President being the Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair. The first session will be held on September 9th; the last on September 16th.

ANNIE BESANT.



DURING the past month Art has suffered an unusually severe blow at the hands of the Royal Academy by the opening of the annual exhibition at Burlington House. But as this painful subject is dealt with in another article, it only remains, as far as pictures are concerned, to treat of the Grosvenor Gallery, which is this year distinguished negatively by nothing from Mr. Burne Jones, nothing from Mr. Whistler, and next to nothing from Sir Frederick Leighton. In their absence Mr. W. B. Richmond takes a strong lead with a large history piece, a couple of sketches of Grecian scenery, and no less than eight admirable portraits, of which those of Miss Lettice Wormald and Mr. Andrew Lang are likely to be most popular. The delicacy, which is a charm in these portraits, reappears as a weakness in "An Audience in Athens during the representation of the Agamemnon". Aerial perspective exacted in this picture that the figures should be less and less emphasized as they stand further and further from the spectator. In order to leave sufficient scope for this gradation, the front row should have been handled with the maximum of force. But Mr. Richmond, apparently led into improvident habits by his portraits, which of course impose no such conditions on him, has painted his foremost figures almost as prettily and as squeamishly as he painted Miss Lettice Wormald, and so was compelled to fill the middle distance with ghosts of Greeks, and to dilute the colors of the background until they resembled those of a print gown washed at least twice too often. It should be mentioned, however, that the front row of figures, owing to the semicircular sweep of the bench on which they are seated, are partly in the foreground, and partly in the middle distance. Paul Veronese would have made room for depths of perspective by making the nearest man at each side a richly draped negro. Such an expedient would require some courage in these days of Christy Minstrel corner men. The fact that the centre of interest is not in the picture at all, but on the stage at which we only see the Greeks staring; and the scantiness of the audience, suggesting that the Agamemnon was "a frost", complete the unsatisfactory effect of the picture. Democrats will rejoice at Mr. Walter Crane's "Freedom" descending in angelic radiance upon an awakening youth, from whose limbs are falling the fetters forged by the hoary priest

and leaden-eyed king who sit in the background, dozing in dull confidence that their sway is everlasting. Mr. Crane, who has not the classic regard for a safely and therefore gracefully poised figure, has given his Freedom an air of falling downstairs, and being on the point of pitching head foremost upon an alarmed youth on the mat. A kindred defect appears in another picture by him in the overdone attitude of Pandora, who sprawls like an unskilful actress upon her box, which is large enough to contain her entire wardrobe. Nevertheless Mr. Crane's work is of a higher class than that of any other exhibitor in the Grosvenor gallery except Mr. Watts, who has sent a large picture of Love and Life. Life is represented by a narrow rocky path. A young girl is painfully traversing it, helped along by Love in the shape of an agreeable youth with wings and an encouraging smile. The absence of roundness in the outline of the girl's limbs produces a cadaverous appearance which sensibly diminishes her beauty, but intensifies the impression of sadness and weakness conveyed by the whole composition. Mr. Watts also exhibits some of his incomparable portraits. Mr. Millais's Gladstone is less striking than his last portrait of the eminent statesman, but is perhaps a better picture. Portraits of Robert Browning have been contributed by Mr. R. Barrett Browning and Mr. Lehmann. Mr. Browning has certainly not flattered his illustrious father; but his portrait is more valuable than that of Mr. Lehmann, who, painting on easier terms (Mr. Barrett Browning, commissioned by Baliol College, was handicapped by the academic gown of his sitter), has turned out the smarter but less impressive picture of the two. A couple of salmon fishing sketches in oil are recognizable as Mr. Boughton's by the prodigious noses with which this artist invariably decorates his figures. Features large out of all proportion to the scale of the wearers are also prevalent in the laborious work of Mr. T. M. Rooke. Mr. T. Erat Harrison exhibits a small Danae standing erect with the shower of gold sweeping round her in a whirlwind. The cool light in which the gold rains down, and the deep green hue of the walls, carry out a delightful scheme of color. Mr. C. W. Mitchell has tried the heroic style in his martyrdom of Hypatia, who is represented, as in Kingsley's novel, meeting her death at a Christian altar. The picture will not harrow the spectator as an adequate representation of the scene certainly would. The pursuers are invisible; and everything is left to our imagination and historical knowledge except the presence of an undraped woman, good looking, but not oppressively clever, in some embarrassing but not self-explanatory predicament in church. Mr. Alma Tadema displays his virtuosity in white marble by the familiar hemicyclium, with the usual blue sea beyond, in "Expectations". A solitary young lady has just got rid of the gentleman whom we are accustomed to see reciting Homer there, and is expecting someone else. Hence the title! "Who is it?" is a quotation from a lady who is looking over a wall. Both these pictures are unusally beautiful specimens of Mr. Alma Tadema's art. The subdued light in them veils with an imaginative air the shallowness of conception which so heavily discounts the glaring perfection of most of this painter's produce. More reflective work is that of Mr. Strudwick, whose "Golden Thread" is irreproachable so far as it goes; and Mrs. Stillman's beautifully colored and carefully finished "Love's Messenger": the texture of the flesh in which is, however, a distinct failure. Mr. Spencer Stanhope has depicted the birth of Venus, but has not elucidated what she is trying to do with her head, since there is no apparent reason why she should be trying to put it under her arm. The Grosvenor Gallery is always well provided with exhibitors who seem to have sought the most recondite sources for enlightenment in their art, but who, ignorant of the simple principle that economy of force always underlies grace of attitude and movement, perpetrate blunders in posing their figures that any professional dancer, fencer, boxer, circus athlete, or skilled actor (not to mention any intelligent observer of Greek statuary), could correct at a glance. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.



JUNE.

In the vegetable garden plenty of work falls to be done this month. As opportunity affords the planting out of all sorts of winter vegetables may be proceeded with. In planting out Brocoli, if the ground is light and rich it ought to be made as firm as possible, otherwise "clubbing" may be prevalent; besides, when Brocoli are grown on loose rich soil they are liable to become large and soft, and in that condition they are unfit to stand a severe winter. Being such a choice vegetable, no pains should be spared to have these in good condition; and as they come in at a season when other vegetables are scarce they should be prized and attended to carefully. Wright's Protecting, Carter's Champion, and Waterloo are varieties which, if planted now, will come to be serviceable next spring and early summer. Leeks may now be lifted from the seed-bed and planted out in rich ground. Some sow these in lines and thin out, leaving them to grow where sown. We prefer to sow a square patch and transplant, preparing ridges for them as for Celery, using manure, thoroughly decayed, in large quantities. The plants we place from 8 inches to 1 foot apart and earth them up as they grow. By this method a long blanched stem can be secured and a much larger amount of succulent edible matter is obtained from the same space of ground. Another method is to draw deep wide drills, and dibble the plants in, making good sized holes, allowing the plants to be put down as high as their leaves, and afterwards drawing the earth to them as they grow. We have had excellent crops by both methods. The earliest crop of Celery may be put out now if not already done; and to have this crop in a good crisp condition it requires a copious supply of water at the roots, and this also prevents its running to seed. This early crop if allowed to get a "check" through drought is very apt to "run" and become worthless. There are various ways of planting Celery, the common way being to dig out trenches, throwing the earth right and left in a ridge, and digging in a large quantity of decayed manure—cow and stable dung being the best in the bottom of each trench. When finished ready for the plants, the trenches should be about 1 foot deep, and from 1 foot to 6 feet wide, and in each trench from one to six rows of celery may be planted according to the width; in wet localities, however, the trenches should not be made so deep as above if the plants are to stand the winter. To make the most of the ground the tops of the ridges between the Celery rows may be planted with Lettuce or sown with Spinach, French Beans, &c. A sowing of Peas may be made this month, but they ought to be an early variety to come on quickly. In some localities, however, we have found the old Blue Prussian, when sown this month, give a good supply till cut down by frost. We need scarcely hint that all crops of Pease must be carefully supported with stakes, to be put in as soon as the support is needed.

A point of importance in all vegetable growing is the judicious thinning-out of all superfluous plants. Success depends much on doing this work early; but with such crops as Carrots, Onions, and some others, do not thin

out rashly or all at once, but rather follow the practice of Burns' father in reading the family Bible as described in the "Cotter's Saturday Night"—

"Wale a portion wi' judicious care."

In the case of Carrots and Onions immediately after thinning out a good dusting of soot thrown over them will be very beneficial, and if this is done just before or in the midst of a shower of rain its good effect will be seen very quickly. Cucumbers will require plenty of water at the roots in hot dry weather. If growing vigorously keep the wood thinned out, and when the fruit is set, to induce its swelling, pinch out the points of the shoots at the first joint above the fruit. Do not allow too many to swell at the same time. Most kinds are best if eaten when 9 inches or a foot long. Where these are growing in a garden frame on a hot-bed a regular temperature should be maintained of 65° to 75°, and it may be allowed to rise as much as 15° with sun heat through the day.

Amongst all crops the hoe should be kept going with vigor. In the war with the weeds no quarter must be given. Even the mere surface stirring of the soil among all growing plants is in itself such a decided benefit that the hoe might well be kept constantly at work. But the weeds are always to be found in some corner unsubdued. Wage war you may against them in great pitched battles; jubilate you may as a destroying angel when you have as you fondly imagine cut down the last weeds; but lo! like the forces of nature they are never-sleeping—guerilla-like they spring up on your right and on your left and the war has to be renewed. No wonder gardener Adam bolted from Eden when the "thistles" and "briars" sprang up and blighted his Asparagus beds and the Bind-weeds and Chickweeds in tangled masses choked his Strawberries. He at once saw that gardening was to be a Sisyphian labor, and so he "gave it up". Let no amateur in gardening soothe his mind with the hope of ever seeing his garden hoed—that is a dream he will never realise. Besides the weeds, insects and birds detract from the pleasure and profit of gardening. The first of these insiduously destroy, and are about as difficult to overcome as the weeds. Against the peckings and pilferings of the birds, however, we can easily guard. Netting fruit trees over is a most effectual method of keeping them off. For Strawberries it is a good system to place the netting on high stakes, with rails placed across to keep up the netting, which can be left as a fixture till the fruiting season is past. By this method there is little wear of the material, less stooping in gathering the fruit, and no labor taking off and on.

In the flower garden, beds that have been filled with bulbs that have done flowering may now be emptied and the roots can be taken up and placed in sand till thoroughly ripened, and then stored. The side shoots of Rockets and other border-plants may be placed in sandy soil in a shady position to strike root. And if annuals are wanted for late flowering and to succeed those sown in April, now is a good time to get in the seed. And where in mixed borders any failures may have taken place or blank spaces require filling up, sowings of such annuals as Shortia Californica, and Sweet Alyssum, &c., may be made. Attend to the staking out and stopping of Chrysanthemums so as to have well-shaped bushy plants. In hot dry weather give these plenty of water, and twice a week or so liquid manure will benefit them greatly. Never allow these to "flag" if possible during their whole period of growth. One severe flagging will cause them to lose their lower leaves and give you long, lanky, bare, and unsightly stems.

All plants in the window and greenhouse will now require plenty of water, and after hot days a sprinkling with a rose overhead will be of great service, by refreshing the foliage and washing off dust. Carefully avoid wetting the flowers. Balsams and Fuchsias should get plenty of air and

water, turning them round from day to day to equalise their growth; pick off the flowers till your plants attain the size you want them. Rose stocks for budding must be kept clear of all suckers from the roots and have all superfluous growths rubbed off. Budding may be commenced as soon as the stocks have grown enough and you find that the bark peels readily. In budding Roses there is no mystery: it is a simple operation. Choose your kind; cut off a bud with its leaf and have an inch of bark; make the bud and bark clean by taking all woody matter out; cut a slit in the bark of the stock where you wish to insert the bud or scion, make a cross slit thus + and place the bud in the nexus of the cross after raising the bark. Let the bark of the stock fit neatly over the bark which has the bud. Tie the whole together with a piece of matting or worsted thread. If the weather is hot and dry, place a little damp moss over the whole and it will soon be united. Undo the tying when assured that the junction is fairly effected.

W. ELDER.

THE *Child's Pictorial*[1] will be a very welcome visitor to the nursery, with its bright-colored pictures and short stories. There is a commendable absence of religion; indeed, God only appears in a picture-puzzle—a most appropriate place.

The *Republican*[2] has always some interesting matter, and we are glad to see in an editorial that it is in a flourishing condition.

La Société Nouvelle[3] maintains its admirable character, the articles by MM. Domela-Nieuwenhuis and Dr. Agathon de Potter being specially noticeable.

Mr. Parke's enquiry of the disposal of a vote[4] is having a very large circulation, and deserves it. It puts in plain language plain truths for plain people.

The "Jewish Life of Christ"[5] has long been out of print, and has now been reissued by Messrs. Foote and Wheeler. It gives the Jewish tradition of the illegitimate birth of Jesus and of his subsequent magical tricks; the notes added by the editors very largely increase the value of this interesting reprint.

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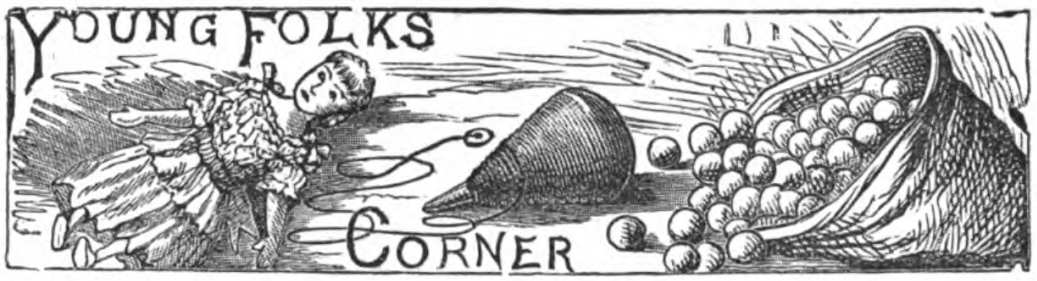
[1] *Child's Pictorial.* London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

[2] *Republican.* London: G. Standring, 8 and 9, Finsbury Street, E.C.

[3] *La Société Nouvelle.* Brussels: F. Larcher, Rue des Minimes, 10.

[4] "What Shall I do with my Vote?" By Ernest Parke. London: W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

[5] "Jewish Life of Christ." Edited by G. W. Foote and J. M. Wheeler. London: Progressive Publishing Company, 28, Stonecutter Street, E.C.



Janet's Lovers.

By the time that Janet was five and twenty she had had four lovers four devoted hearts which beat high for joy if their mistress had a kind word or glance to bestow upon them: four loyal servants ready to carry out their mistress' lightest wish (provided they understood it): four true affectionate friends: four watchful guardians. The first was named Toby; the second Bruin; the third Gyp; the fourth, and perhaps the most deeply regretted, was called Roy.

They varied in color from the bright fawn and cream of Roy's thick coat, through the darker red brown of Toby's, the black and tan of Gyp, to the silky black curls which were one of Bruin's great beauties. Janet never loved a white dog and a white dog never loved her. I have heard of people who never loved dogs at all, but I can hardly bring myself to believe it. I have even seen girls and boys run away from dogs as though they were frightened! What, frightened of a dog! The very thought of it makes me feel sad and sorry, and I am sure if any girl or boy who reads *Our Corner* should fancy that she or he has ever been afraid of dogs, after hearing how Janet loved her dogs and how they loved her, the father will be asked: "Please may I have a dear little soft puppy that I may love it and teach it, and that it may love and teach me?".

Janet's first dog was Toby. When Janet was about seven years old Toby came into the house. Toby was neither big nor little, tall nor short; he had reddish brown hair, neither curly nor straight: in truth he was very ugly: the only things beautiful about him were his white even teeth and his great melancholy brown eyes. As for his family, well—I feel reluctant to admit it—he had none. I am rather inclined to think that had he chosen he might have claimed distant kinship with the noble house of Scotch terriers, but he was not a sociable dog and I am not aware that he ever did choose. Janet,

then a pale, frail little maid, at once fell in love with dear ugly Toby, and she was told that if she would feed him herself she might have him for her own. The condition as to feeding had to be afterwards withdrawn, for Janet was always fancying it was time for Toby to have his breakfast, dinner, or tea, and was consequently always entreating food for "that poor Toby".

Toby was a dog of much education. If you said "Laugh, Toby", he would draw back the corners of his mouth, roll up his upper lip, thrust down the under, and disclose two rows of gleaming white even teeth in a ghastly grin. He would pretend to smoke a pipe in the corner of the room—always providing that the pipe was innocent of tobacco; he would make believe that he was a soldier "shouldering arms", only he would carry a stick instead of a gun; in fact he could do all sorts of tricks. Nor did Toby neglect the little refinements of life; if at the children's dinner he were given a bone, without any telling, he would quietly take it out into the kitchen and eat it on a mat there.

Toby was absolutely devoted to Janet and the other children; if they were spoken to harshly by any of the elders he would give a little low growl, and his upper lip would curl up and display his white teeth just as it did when he "laughed"; only instead of looking merry, with bright laughing eyes, Toby would look decidedly cross.

I have said he was not a sociable dog; I might even have gone further and said that at times he was actually quarrelsome. If Janet's father took him out, Toby would be sure to have one or two fights before he came back; but it was always safe to send him out with the children. With them he was on his best behavior, and his whole mind seemed concentrated on the thought of how he could best take care of them. If a passer-by happened to say a word which to Toby's mind seemed other than quite friendly or respectful, a low growl and a gleam of white teeth would make such a one hurriedly pass on his way. On one occasion a boy threw a stone at Janet, and but that he was able to put his garden gate between himself and Toby it would have fared ill with him, for the faithful dog was very angry at such an insult being offered to his little mistress.

Toby was generally voted a bad-tempered, quarrelsome dog, but although he was so bad tempered he would let the children do anything they pleased with him, and although he was so quarrelsome there was the little toy terrier, Tiny, who was also allowed to tease

to his heart's content, without provoking the smallest murmur of complaint from poor ugly old Toby. Tiny would pull at Toby's tail, bite his ears, snap at him, wake him up when he wanted to sleep; but, quarrel as he would and did with dogs of his own size or bigger, Toby was always kind to the little terrier. Tiny could not get upstairs by himself, so Toby used to lift him gently by the back of his neck and carry him up.

At length, after having over-eaten himself for several days successively, Tiny fell into a fit and died. Although he was no very great favorite with them, the children felt very much grieved at his death. They laid him in a box, covered him with flowers, and asked the gardener to dig a grave between the two lilac trees. Tiny was buried with great ceremonial, and Toby figured prominently amongst the mourners, for he at least had been very fond of the little dog. When the grave was closed up the gardener composed an epitaph and cut it into the block of wood which served as a headstone. It ran as follows:—

"Here lies poor Ti;
Fell in a fit
And was forced to die!"

One sad day it happened that Janet and the other children were sent out for a walk without their constant companion. When they returned they looked for him on every side; they called "Toby! Toby! Toby!" but no Toby answered. Janet sought for him everywhere, but never saw that dear ugly dog any more, and she sorrowed over his loss exceedingly. His end was shrouded in mystery; Janet was quite sure he had not run away, and yet if he had died why was his dead body not to be found? It was incomprehensible. Vague and dreadful rumors were afterwards current that Toby had been condemned to a violent death because of his ordinarily quarrelsome disposition, but Janet could not quite believe it. For a long time she lived in expectation of seeing him, and when at last she gave up hope she always kept a warm corner in her little heart for her ugly but loving old favorite.

Some little while before poor Toby's mysterious end, just as the children woke up one morning, Nurse put on their bed a big mass of black silky curls. "A bear! 'tis a bear!" they cried, as they saw a pair of bright eyes turn upon them, and the mass of silk curls made a ponderous dash for their noses. It was a three-months' old puppy claiming descent, on the one hand, from that most august family, the

St. Bernard, and, on the other, from the Retriever. He was as black as night, with the exception of his "shirt-front", which he kept dazzlingly white. He was called "Bruin" because of his fancied resemblance to a bear. When he grew to be eighteen months old he was almost as tall as Janet herself, and further possessed a broad chest and powerful frame. He was universally admitted to be a very handsome dog, but some people were afraid of him because of his size and strength. Bruin did not actually belong to Janet, but none the less was she fond of him and he of her. Some rude boys belonging to a school near would sometimes come to the top of the garden to tease and annoy the children; then Janet would go to Bruin's kennel, and, unfastening his collar, would say: "After them, Bruin, after them!". Bruin would rush forth and chase the youngsters right and left down the road, never touching one, and when he had cleared the place of intruders would joyfully return to his little friends to have his collar refastened. Oh! but it would have been quite a different matter if any of the elders had said "After them!"; the persons pursued would have had a sorry time when Bruin caught them.

Bruin's chief delights were for his master to take him for a swim in the river, and a romp with the children on the grass. In his games with the children he had a trick—which was thoroughly enjoyed by him and them—of knocking them down on the grass, and every time they tried to rise he would give them a little pat with his paw and down they would go again; this would be repeated again and again until the air resounded with the children's laughter and Bruin's short joyful barks.

As for swimming, Bruin could swim and dive like a fish. One day a parasol blew into the river, and Bruin jumped in after it; it filled with water and sank; so he dived after it and caught it by the handle; he pulled and pulled but couldn't get it out, because it had caught in the roots of a tree. Another time a large football fell into the river, and Bruin plunged in to fetch it out, but every time he touched it it bobbed away from him; so after many vain and fruitless efforts to rescue it he was obliged to let the ball have its own way, and go sailing merrily down to the sea. Little *contretemps* like this annoyed Bruin very much; he would swim round and round quite anxiously; it was so rare for him not to fetch out of the water anything that he was told to.

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

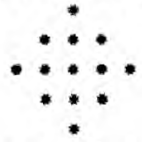
(To be concluded.)

Puzzles.

UNIONS.

1. Unite, by a vowel, a part of a wheel and a piece of land, and make the town where King Arthur is supposed to have held his court.
2. Unite, by a vowel, musical instruments and a combination of tones, and make an old-fashioned musical instrument.
3. Unite, by a vowel, a domestic animal and a high hill, and make a wild animal.
4. Unite, by a vowel, closely confined and expense, and make a solemn festival of the Jews.
5. Unite, by a vowel, a person and a sheep-pen, and make numerous.
6. Unite, by a vowel, to write and portable lodge, and make a person who repents of his sins.
7. Unite, by a vowel, equal value and a darling, and make a wall or rampart.
8. Unite, by a vowel, a word or expression and a people, and make an end.
9. Unite, by a vowel, a conjunction and a human being, and make the name of some East India Islands. [9 marks.]

INCREASING AND DIMINISHING DIAMOND.



1. A vowel; 2, tumult; 3, to worship; 4, mineral; 5, a vowel. [5 marks.]

OMNIBUS WORD.

From a word of four letters make eleven words.

The word a kind of food; a pronoun, having come in contact with, to corrode, a useful article for a house, a near relation, by, existing, having satisfied the appetite, horses connected, a beverage, subdued. [6 marks.]

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What river in England runs between two seas. [2 marks.]
2. Prove that heat travels faster than cold. [2 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. Ten men and six women earn £18 18s. in six days, and four men and eight women earn £6 6s. in three days. What are the daily earnings of a man and a woman. [10 marks.]
2. If the gas for five burners, five hours every day, for ten days, costs 4s. 3d.; how many burners may be lighted four hours every evening for fifteen days at a cost of £3 16s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

WORD SQUARE.

1.
B o a r d.
O t t e r.
A t o n e.
R e n t s.
D r e s s.

2.

9 9 9 7
7 9 9 9
9 9 7 9
9 7 9 9

BEHEADED WORD.

Cheat.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Signature. 2. Unanswerable. 3. Imperialist. 4. Melancholy. 5. Dishonor. 6. Diplomacy.

CRACKED NUTS.

1. Let x rep. the remainder.

Then $x + 6x + 36x = 516$

$43x = 516$

$\therefore \quad x = 12$

$\therefore$ As quotient multiplied by division plus the remainder = dividend

$432 \times 72 + 12 = 31116 =$ Ans.

2. Let x rep. price of one turkey in shillings, and y rep. price of one fowl in shillings.

Then (I). $2x + 9y = 60s.$ (II). $5x + 3y = 85s.$

Multiplying (II). by 3.

$2x + 9y = 60$

$15x + 9y = 255$

Subtracting, $13x = 195 \quad \therefore \ x = 15.$

$9y = 60 - 30 \quad \therefore \ 9y = 30 \quad \therefore \ y = 3\frac{1}{3}.$

$\therefore$ A Turkey cost 15s. and a Fowl 3s. 4d.

TOTAL MARKS POSSIBLE, 32.—Quicksilver, Hawkeye, 32; Loki, Olivia, Reynard, 31; Thasso, Chi Lung, 29; Hypatia, 27; Alice, 21; Beelzebub, 15; Jumbo, 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Jumbo: working *must* be shown in the calculations; how do you obtain your answer in Nut II.? Loki: you omitted to add remainder in Nut I.; working is shown, so only one mark is lost. Hypatia: see "Loki"; you should carefully check working before sending in—you have left unaltered slight error in Nut II. In the figure square 9 and 8 have also been accepted for the digits.

YOUNG FOLKS' PUZZLE-CORNER RULES.

ANY girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on page 383. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

London: Printed by ANNIE BESANT and CHARLES BRADLAUGH, 63, Fleet Street, E.C.

OUR CORNER.

The JULY Number will contain an interesting article sent from Burmah by **Captain CHARLES BINGHAM,** entitled

THE POPULATION OF A PEEPUL TREE.

An article by **CHARLES BRADLAUGH,**

HOW THE POOR LIVE AND WHERE THEY DWELL.

CONCERNING RITUAL.

By **JOHN ROBERTSON.**

The continuation of

THE IRRATIONAL KNOT.

By **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.**

The first of a series of articles on

THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIETY.

By **ANNIE BESANT.**

The conclusion of

GEORGE SAND.

By **LEOPOLD KATSCHER.**

ANNIE BESANT,

EDITOR

Three New Pamphlets.

THE RADICAL PROGRAMME.

BY

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

PRICE TWOPENCE. POST FREE TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY.

GORDON JUDGED OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

Everyone should read it.

BY

ANNIE BESANT.

PRICE TWOPENCE. POST FREE TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY.

FREEMASONRY: What it is, What it has been, and What it ought to be.

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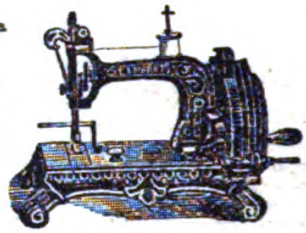

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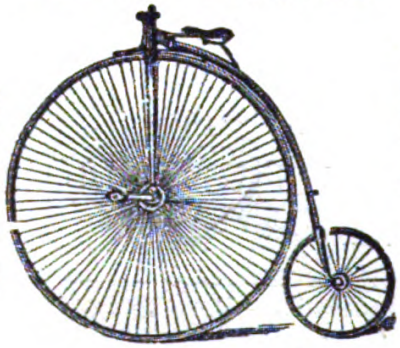

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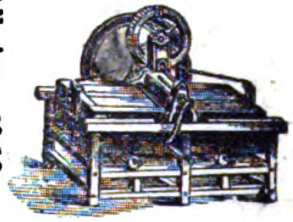

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