

THE WIT AND WISDOM

OF

LORD LYTON

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

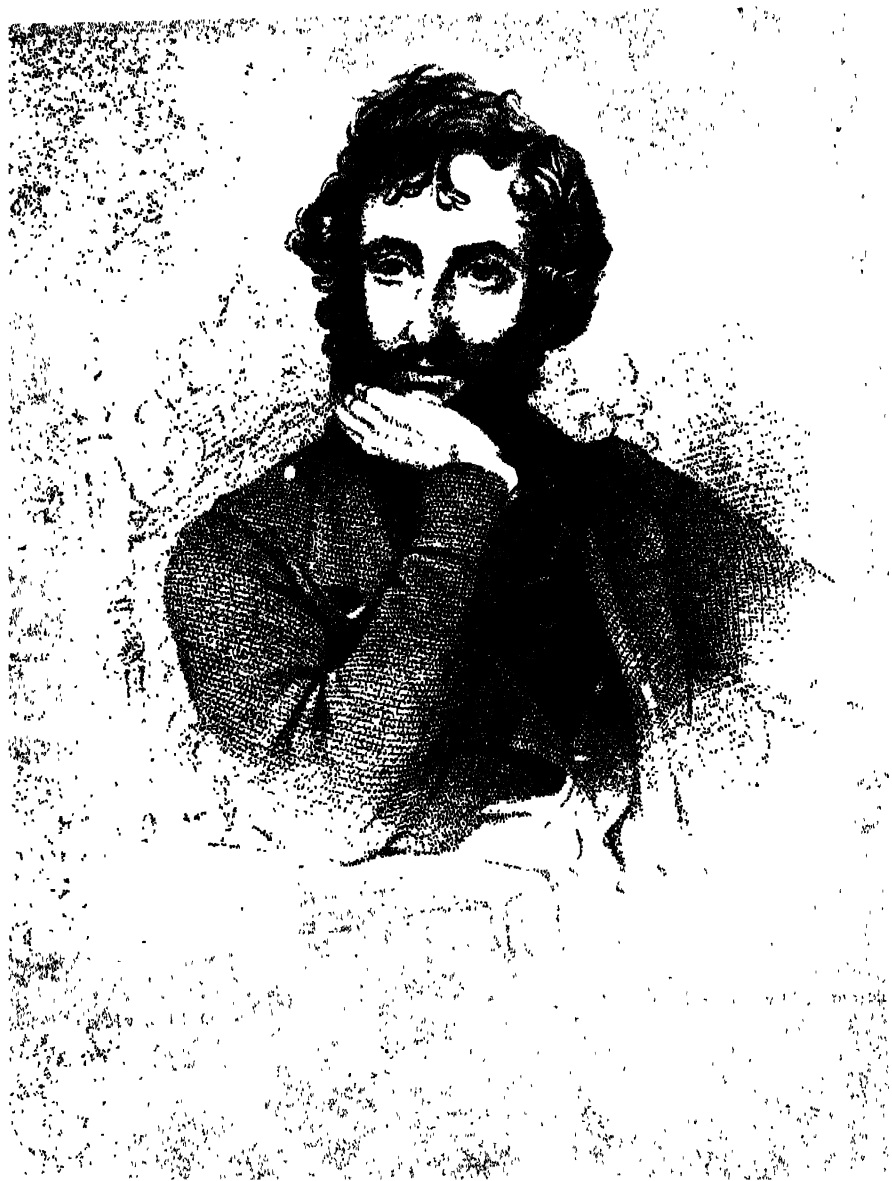
OF
EDWARD BULWER
LORD LYTONS.

WITH
IMPRESSIVE HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC
PASSAGES FROM HIS WORKS

SELECTED
BY
CHARLES KENT

" I do confess that I have wished to give
My land the gift of no ignoble name "

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
NEW YORK: 9 LAFAYETTE PLACE
1883



CONTENTS.

I. FALKLAND	1
II. PELHAM	4
III. THE DISOWNED	14
IV. DEVEREUX	21
V. PAUL CLIFFORD	31
VI. EUGENE ARAM	37
VII. PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE	51
VIII. GODOLPHIN	58
IX. ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH	69
X. LAST DAYS OF POMPEII	78
XI. THE STUDENT	92
XII. RIENZI	95
XIII. LEILA	102
XIV. CALDERON	104
XV. THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIÈRE	105
XVI. ATHENS	108
XVII. ERNEST MALTRAVERS	113
XVIII. ALICE	127
XIX. THE LADY OF LYONS	140
XX. RICHELIEU	146
XXI. MONEY	149
XXII. NIGHT AND MORNING	157
XXIII. ZANONI	172
XXIV. THE LAST OF THE BARONS	193

	PAGE
XXV. THE NEW TIMON	210
XXVI. LUCRETIA	217
XXVII. HAROLD	231
XXVIII. KING ARTHUR	251
XXIX. THE CAXTONS	257
XXX. MY NOVEL	278
XXXI. NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM	313
XXXII. WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?	315
XXXIII. ST. STEPHEN'S	328
XXXIV. A STRANGE STORY	333
XXXV. CAXTONIANA	341
XXXVI. POEMS	350
XXXVII. THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS	356
XXXVIII. THE RIGHTFUL HEIR	358
XXXIX. WALPOLE	359
XL. THE COMING RACE	360
XLI. KENELM CHILLINGLY	370
XLII. THE PARISIANS	390
XLIII. DARNLEY	411

* * The Works are here given in strict chronological order—the numerals at the close of the extracts, save only in the instance of those taken from the Plays and Poems, having reference throughout to the Knobworth Edition.

WIT AND WISDOM OF LORD LYTTON.

I.—FALKLAND.

Grief the True Teacher.

Alas! there is no fool like him who wishes for knowledge! It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom, not from flowers, but thorns.—*Falkland*, 14.

Egotism among the Million.

Have you ever remarked that people who live the most by themselves reflect the most upon others; and that he who lives surrounded by the million never thinks of any but the one individual—himself?—*Falkland*, 24.

Mr. Mandeville's Dead Level.

Neither in person nor in character was he much beneath or above the ordinary standard of men. He was one of Nature's Macadamised achievements. His great fault was his equality; and you longed for a hill, though it were to climb, or a stone, though it were in your way. Love attaches itself to something prominent, even if that something be what others would hate. One can scarcely feel extremes for mediocrity.—*Falkland*, 26.

Carpe Diem.

I do not know if you ever felt that existence was slipping away without being put to its full value: as for me, I am never conscious of life without being also conscious that it is not enjoyed to the utmost. This is a bitter feeling, and its worst bitterness is our ignorance how to remove it.—*Falkland*, 34.

Passion, an Avalanche.

Passion is the avalanche of the human heart—a single breath can dissolve it from its repose.—*Falkland*, 44.

Futility of Human Aspirations.

We pass our lives in sowing what we are never to reap! We endeavour to erect a tower, which shall reach the heavens, in order to escape *one* curse, and lo! we are smitten by *another*! We would soar from a common evil, and from that moment *we are divided by a separate language from our race!*—*Falkland*, 46.

Sole Joy in Life.

Constantly engaged, as we are, in looking behind us or before, if there be one hour in which we feel only the time being—in which we feel sensibly that we live, and that those moments of the present are full of the enjoyment, the rapture of existence—it is when we are with the *one* person whose life and spirits have become the great part and principle of our own.—*Falkland*, 49.

The Eternal Silences.

I have watched over the tomb: I have called, in the agony of my heart, unto her who slept beneath; I would have dissolved my very soul into a spell, could it have summoned before me for one, *one* moment, the being who had *once* been the spirit of my life! I have been, as it were,

entranced with the intensity of my own adjuration; I have gazed upon the empty air, and worked upon my mind to fill it with imaginings; I have called aloud unto the winds, and tasked my soul to waken their silence to reply. All was a waste—a stillness—an infinity—without a wanderer or a voice! The dead answered me not, when I invoked them; and in the vigils of the still night I looked from the rank grass and the mouldering stones to the Eternal Heavens, as man looks from decay to immortality! Oh! that awful magnificence of repose—that living sleep—that breathing yet unrevealing divinity, spread over those still worlds! To *them* also I poured my thoughts—but *in a whisper*. I did not dare to breathe *aloud* the unhallowed anguish of my mind to the majesty of the unsympathising stars! In the vast order of creation—in the midst of the stupendous system of universal life, my doubt and inquiry were murmured forth—a *voice crying in the wilderness, and returning without an echo, unanswered unto myself.*—*Falkland, 77.*

Spiritual Familiars.

Are there not “more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy?” A Spirit may hover in the air that we breathe: the depth of our most secret solitudes may be peopled by the invisible: our uprisings and our down-sittings may be marked by a witness from the grave. In our walks the dead may be behind us; in our banquets they may sit at the board; and the chill breath of the night wind that stirs the curtains of our bed may bear a message our senses receive not, from lips that once have pressed kisses on our own! Why is it that at moments there creeps over us an awe, a terror, overpowering, but undefined? Why is it that we shudder without a cause, and feel the warm life-blood stand still in its courses? *Are the dead too near? Do unearthly wings touch us as they flit around?*—*Falkland, 99.*

II.—PELHAM.

An Exquisite's View of Vulgarians.

Vulgar people know nothing of the necessaries required in good society, and the credit they give is as short as their pedigree.—*Pelham*, 7.

Jewels in Pawn.

My mother was just setting off on a visit to the Duchess of D——; she declared it was impossible to go without her diamonds. The chief of the bailiffs declared it was impossible to trust them out of his sight. The matter was compromised—the bailiff went with my mother to C——, and was introduced as *my tutor*. “A man of singular merit,” whispered my mother, “but so shy!” Fortunately, the bailiff was abashed, and by losing his impudence he kept the secret. At the end of the week the diamonds went to the jeweller’s, and Lady Frances wore paste.—*Pelham*, 7.

Serenity in High Life.

The distinguished trait of people accustomed to good society, is a calm, imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least; they eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money, in quiet; while low persons cannot stake up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it.—*Pelham*, 8.

University Cads.

The men drank beer by the gallon, and ate cheese by the hundredweight—wore jockey-cut coats, and talked slang—

rode for wagers, and swore when they lost—smoked in your face, and expectorated on the floor. Their proudest glory was to drive the mail—their mightiest exploit to box with the coachman—their most delicate amour to leer at the barmaid.—*Pelham*, 12.

A Coxcomb.

After various cogitations as to the particular character I should assume, I thought nothing appeared more likely to be obnoxious to men, and therefore pleasing to women, than an egregious coxcomb; accordingly, I arranged my hair into ringlets, dressed myself with singular plainness and simplicity (a low person, by-the-bye, would have done just the contrary), and, putting on an air of exceeding languor, made my maiden appearance at Lord Bennington's.—*Pelham*, 34.

Flattery an Infallible Touchstone.

If you are ever at a loss as to the individual character of a person you wish to gain, the general knowledge of human nature will teach you one infallible specific,—*flattery!* The quantity and quality may vary according to the exact niceties of art; but, in any quantity and in any quality, it is more or less acceptable, and therefore certain to please. Only never (or at least very rarely) flatter when other people, besides the one to be flattered, are by; in that case you offend the rest, and you make even your intended dupe ashamed to be pleased.

In general, weak minds think only of others, and yet seem only occupied with themselves; *you*, on the contrary, must appear wholly engrossed with those about you, and yet never have a single idea which does not terminate in yourself: a fool, my dear Henry, flatters himself—a wise man flatters the fool.—*Pelham*, 39.

English Abroad.

We were not long driving to the Palais Royal. Véry's was crowded to excess—"A very low set!" said Lord Vincent (who, being half a Liberal, is of course a thorough aristocrat), looking round at the various English who occupied the apartment.

There was, indeed, a motley congregation; country esquires; extracts from the universities; half-pay officers; city clerks in frogged coats and mustachios; two or three of a better-looking description, but in reality half-swindlers, half-gentlemen; all, in short, fit specimens of that wandering tribe, which spread over the continent the renown and the ridicule of good old England.—*Pelham*, 40.

Pearls before Swine.

Véry is, indeed, no longer the prince of restaurateurs. The low English who have flocked thither, have entirely ruined the place. What waiter—what cook *can* possibly respect men who take no soup, and begin with a *rôti*; who know neither what is good nor what is bad; who eat *rog-nons* at dinner instead of at breakfast, and fall into raptures over *sauce Robert* and *piéds de cochon*; who cannot tell, at the first taste, whether the *beaune* is *première qualité*, or the *fricassée* made of yesterday's chicken; who suffer in the stomach after a *champignon*, and die with indigestion of a *truffle*? O! English people, English people! why can you not stay and perish of apoplexy and Yorkshire pudding at home?—*Pelham*, 41.

Wisdom and Greatness.

We know not our own characters till time teaches us self-knowledge: if we are *wise*, we may thank ourselves; if we are *great*, we must thank fortune.—*Pelham*, 45.

PELHAM.

Manners.

What a rare gift is that of manners ! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart ! Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or even talent, if it fall short of genius—they will more than supply all. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree ; viz., he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require, possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but luck and opportunity to become “*great.*”—*Pelham*, 46.

A Scarecrow.

Monsieur Margot was a tall, solemn man, with a face of the most imperturbable gravity. He would have been inestimable as an undertaker. His hair was of a pale yellow ; you would have thought it had caught a bilious complaint from his complexion ; the latter was, indeed, of so sombre a saffron, that it looked as if ten livers had been forced into a jaundice, in order to supply its colour. His forehead was high, bald, and very narrow. His cheekbones were extremely prominent, and his cheeks so thin, that they seemed happier than Pyramus and Thisbe, and kissed each other inside without any separation or division. His face was as sharp and almost as long as an inverted pyramid, and was garnished on either side by a miserable half-starved whisker, which seemed scarcely able to maintain itself amidst the general symptoms of atrophy and decay. This charming countenance was supported by a figure so long, so straight, so shadowy, that you might have taken it for the Monument in a consumption !—*Pelham*, 52.

A mere Foible.

We all have our little foibles, as the Frenchman said, when he boiled his grandmother's head in a pipkin.—*Pelham*, 75

Something like a Dinner.

We all *three* once more entered the *fiacre*, and drove to the celebrated restaurateur's of the Rue Mont Orgueil. O blissful recollections of that dinner! how at this moment you crowd upon my delighted remembrance! Lonely and sorrowful as I now sit, digesting with many a throe the iron thews of a British beefsteak—*more Anglico*—immeasurably tough—I see the grateful apparitions of *Escallopes de Saumon* and *Laitances de Carpes* rise in a gentle vapour before my eyes! breathing a sweet and pleasant odour, and contrasting the dream-like delicacies of their hue and aspect, with the dire and dure realities which now weigh so heavily on the region below my heart! And thou, most beautiful of all—thou evening star of *entremets*—thou that delightest in truffles, and gloriest in a dark cloud of sauces—*exquisite foie gras!*—Have I forgotten thee? Do I not, on the contrary, see thee—smell thee—taste thee—and almost die with rapture of thy possession? What, though the goose, of which thou art a part, has, indeed, been roasted alive by a slow fire, in order to increase thy divine proportions—yet has not our *Almanach*—the *Almanach des Gourmands*—truly declared that the goose rejoiced amid all her tortures—because of the glory that awaited her? Did she not, in prophetic vision, behold her enlarged and ennobled *foie* dilate into *pâtés* and steam into *sautés*—the companion of truffles—the glory of dishes—the delight—the treasure—the transport of gourmands! O, exalted among birds—apotheosised goose, did not thy heart exult even when thy liver parched and swelled within thee, from that most agonising death; and didst thou not, like the Indian at the stake, triumph in the very torments which alone could render thee illustrious?—*Pelham*, 81.

Vanity an universal Irritant.

For a coxcomb there is no mercy—for a coquette no pardon. They are, as it were, the dissenters of society—no crime is too bad to be imputed to them; they do not believe the religion of others—they set up a deity of their own vanity—all the orthodox vanities of others are offended. Then comes the bigotry—the stake—the *auto-da-fé* of scandal. What, alas! is so implacable as the rage of vanity? What so restless as its persecution? Take from a man his fortune, his house, his reputation, but flatter his vanity in each, and he will forgive you. Heap upon him benefits, fill him with blessings: but irritate his self-love, and you have made the very best man ungrateful. He will sting you if he can: you cannot blame him; you yourself have instilled the venom. This is one reason why you must rarely reckon upon gratitude in conferring an obligation. It is a very high mind to which gratitude is not a painful sensation.—*Pelham*, 85.

Simplicity in Aristocratic Life.

The higher the rank, the less pretence, because there is less to pretend to. This is the chief reason, wrote my mother, why our manners are better than low persons'; ours are more natural, because they imitate no one else; theirs are affected, because they think to imitate ours; and whatever is evidently borrowed becomes vulgar. "Original affectation is sometimes good *ton*,—imitated affectation, always bad.—*Pelham*, 105.

Pleasure!

No business is half as fatiguing as pleasure.—*Pelham*, 105.

Principles first, Facts afterwards.

The object of education is to instil *principles* which

desirable so far as they illustrate those principles ; principles ought therefore to precede facts ? What then can we think of a system which reverses this evident order, overloads the memory with facts, and those of the most doubtful description, while it leaves us entirely in the dark with regard to the principles which could alone render this heterogeneous mass of any advantage or avail ? Learning, without knowledge, is but a bundle of prejudices ; a lumber of inert matter set before the threshold of the understanding to the exclusion of common sense.—*Pelham*, 145.

Fiat Justitia.

In the science of private morals, which relate for the main part to ourselves individually, we have no right to deviate one single iota from the rule of our conduct. Neither time nor circumstance must cause us to modify or to change. Integrity knows no variation ; honesty no shadow of turning. We must pursue the same course—stern and uncompromising—in the full persuasion that the path of right is like the bridge from earth to heaven, in the Mahometan creed ;—if we swerve but a single hair's breadth, we are irrevocably lost.—*Pelham*, 150.

Pelham on Dress.

Dress so that it may never be said of you, “ What a well-dressed man ! ”—but, “ what a gentlemanlike man ! ”—*Pelham*, 174.

A Trifler or a Philosopher ?

He who esteems trifles for themselves, is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher.—*Pelham*, 175.

Tasteless Profusion.

We sat down, six in number, to a repast at once incredibly bad, and ridiculously extravagant; turtle without fat—venison without flavour—champagne with the taste of a gooseberry, and hock with the properties of a pomegranate. Such is the constant habit of young men; they think anything expensive is necessarily good, and they purchase poison at a dearer rate than the most *medicine-loving* hypochondriac in England!

Of course, all the knot declared the dinner was superb; called in the master to eulogise him in person, and made him, to his infinite dismay, swallow a bumper of his own hock. Poor man! they mistook his reluctance for his diffidence, and forced him to wash it away in another potation. With many a wry face of grateful humility, he left the room, and we then proceeded to pass the bottle with the *suicidal* determination of defeated Romans.—*Pelham*, 188.

Looking to the Future.

It does not seem to me natural to the human heart to look *much* to the past; all its plans, its projects, its aspirations, are for the future; it is *for* the future, and *in* the future, that we live. Our very passions, when most agitated, are most anticipative. Revenge, avarice, ambition, love, the desire of good and evil, are all fixed and pointed to some distant goal; to look backwards, is like walking backwards—against our proper formation: the mind does not readily adopt the habit, and when once adopted, it will readily return to its natural bias. Oblivion is, therefore, a more easily obtained boon than we imagine. Forgetfulness of the past is purchased by increasing our anxiety for the future.—*Pelham*, 216.

•An Irreparable Loss!

“A bad dinner, Mr. Pelham, a bad dinner is the most serious—I may add, *the* most serious calamity.”

“Yes,” I replied, “for it carries with it no consolation; a buried friend may be replaced—a lost mistress renewed—a slandered character be recovered—even a broken constitution restored: but a dinner once lost, is irremediable; that day is for ever departed; an appetite once thrown away can never, till the cruel prolixity of the gastric agents is over, be regained. ‘*Il y a tant de maîtresses*’ (says the admirable Corneille), ‘*il n’y a qu’un dîner.*’”—*Pelham*, 232.

Young Ambition.

In youth, to endeavour is to succeed.—*Pelham*, 249.

Tact.

There is no situation which a little tact cannot turn to our own account: manage *yourself* well, and you may manage all the world.—*Pelham*, 251.

Man's Proper Study.

I study Nature rather in men than fields, and find no landscape afford such variety to the eye, and such subject to the contemplation, as the inequalities of the human heart.—*Pelham*, 251.

Imitation intrinsically Base.

Nothing is so plebeian as imitation.—*Pelham*, 298.

Bulls that are Bores.

We are a very sensible, thinking, brave, sagacious, generous, industrious, noble-minded people; but it must be confessed that we are terrible bores to ourselves and all the rest of the world.—*Pelham*, 299.

On Horseback.

I know few counsellors more exhilarating than a spirited horse. I do not wonder that the Roman emperor made a consul of his steed. On horseback I always best feel my powers, and survey my resources : on horseback I always originate my subtlest schemes, and plan their ablest execution. Give me but a light rein, and a free bound, and I am Cicero—Cato—Cæsar ; dismount me, and I become a mere clod of the earth which you condemn me to touch : fire, energy, *ethereality*, have departed ; I am the soil without the sun—the cask without the wine—the garments without the man.—*Pelham*, 339.

Friends in Need.

It is by the bed of sickness, or remorse, that the ministers of God have their real power ! it is here that their office is indeed a divine and unearthly mission ; and that in breathing balm and comfort, in healing the broken heart, in raising the crushed and degraded spirit—they are the voice and oracle of the FATHER, who made us in benevolence, and will judge us in mercy !—*Pelham*, 420.

Cowardice.

Cowardice, which spoils the honest man, often redeems the knave.—*Pelham*, 445.

III.—THE DISOWNED.

Principle and a Free Constitution.

Principle to the mind is what a free constitution is to a people : without that principle, or that free constitution, the one may be for the moment as good—the other as happy, but we cannot tell how long the goodness and the happiness will continue.—*The Disowned*, 38.

Rooks Conventual.

From the summit of beeches, which would have shamed the pavilion of Tityrus, the rooks—those monks of the feathered people—were loud in their confused, but not displeasing, confabulations.—*The Disowned*, 40.

A Perfect Gentleman.

That man will never be a perfect gentleman who lives only with gentlemen. To be a man of the world, we must view that world in every grade, and in every perspective.—*The Disowned*, 72.

Ridicule of others Acceptable.

In vanity there is so great a mixture of envy that no compliment is like a judicious abuse—to enchant your acquaintance, ridicule his friends.—*The Disowned*, 73.

Suppers.

That was the age of suppers! Happy age! Meal of ease and mirth; when Wine and Light lit the lamp of

Wit! O, what precious things were said and looked at those banquets of the soul! There epicurism was in the lip as well as the palate, and one had humour for a *hors d'œuvre*, and repartee for an *entremet*. In dinner there is something too pompous, too formal, for the true ease of Table Talk. One's intellectual appetite, like the physical, is coarse but dull. At dinner one is fit only for eating; *after* dinner only for politics. But supper was a glorious relic of the ancients. The bustle of the day had thoroughly wound up the spirit, and every stroke upon the dial-plate of wit was true to the genius of the hour. The wallet of diurnal anecdote was full, and craved unloading. The great meal—that vulgar first love of the appetite—was over, and one now only flattered it into coquetting with another. The mind, disengaged and free, was no longer absorbed in a cutlet or burthened with a joint. The *gourmand* carried the nicety of his physical perception to his moral, and applauded a *bon mot* instead of a *bonne bouche*.—*The Disowned*, 91.

Conceit Invulnerable.

Vanity is the very antidote to conceit; for while the former makes us all *nerve* to the opinion of others, the latter is perfectly satisfied with its opinion of itself.—*The Disowned*, 111.

Benignity in Old Age.

Is there one being, stubborn as the rock to misfortune, whom kindness does not affect? For my part, kindness seems to me to come with a double grace and tenderness from the old; it seems in them the hoarded and long-purified benevolence of years; as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; as if the winds, which had broken the form, had

swept in vain across the heart, and the frosts, which had chilled the blood and whitened the thin locks, had possessed no power over the warm tide of the affections. It is the triumph of nature over art; it is the voice of the angel which is yet within us. Nor is this all: the tenderness of age is twice blessed—blessed in its trophies over the obduracy of encrusting and withering years, blessed because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave; because it tells us that the heart will blossom even upon the precincts of the tomb, and flatters us with the inviolacy and immortality of love.—*The Disowned*, 125.

Self-Esteem and Confidence, the Wings of Genius.

Rob Genius of its confidence, of its lofty self-esteem, and you clip the wings of the eagle: you domesticate, it is true, the wanderer you could not hitherto comprehend, in the narrow bounds of your household affections; you abase and tame it more to the level of your ordinary judgments, but you take from it the power to soar; the hardihood which was content to brave the thunder-cloud and build its cyrie on the rock, for the proud triumph of rising above its kind, and contemplating with a nearer eye the majesty of heaven.—*The Disowned*, 129.

Lord Borodaile's Hauteur.

Now, if there was a haughty man in Europe, it was Lord Borodaile. He was not proud of his birth, nor fortune, but he was proud of himself; and, next to that pride, he was proud of being a gentleman. He had an exceeding horror of all common people; a Claverhouse-sort of supreme contempt to "puddle blood;" his lip seemed to wear scorn as a garment; a lofty and stern self-admiration, rather than self-love, sat upon his forehead as on a throne. He had, as it were, an awe of himself; his thoughts were so many

mirrors of Viscount Borodaile, dressed *en dieu*. His mind was a little Versailles, in which *self* sate like Louis XIV., and saw nothing but pictures of *its* self, sometimes as Jupiter, and sometimes as Apollo. What marvel then, that Lord Borodaile was a very unpleasant companion; for every human being he had "something of contempt." His eye was always eloquent in disdaining: to the plebeian it said—"You are not a gentleman;" to the prince—"You are not Lord Borodaile."—*The Disowned*, 162.

Knowledge transmutable to Virtue.

Knowledge, unemployed, may preserve us from vice—but *knowledge beneficently employed is virtue*.—*The Disowned*, 234.

Golden Rule for Earthly Happiness.

There is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth.—*The Disowned*, 234.

Ça-ha ! I soar, I am a Hawk.

Rousseau—in his own way, a great though rather a morbid epicure of this world's enjoyments—talks with rapture of his pedestrian rambles when in his first youth. But what are your foot-ploddings to the joy which lifts you into air with the bound of your mettled steed?—*The Disowned*, 249.

Anticipation and Retrospect.

In age we should remember that we *have been* young, and in youth, that we are *to be* old.—*The Disowned*, 269.

Virtue, God's Empire.

Virtue has resources buried in itself, which we know not, till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Sur-

rounded by hosts without, and when Nature itself, turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and a superhuman power, which is greater than Nature itself. Whatever be its creed—whatever be its sect—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, Virtue is God's empire, and from His throne of thrones He will defend it. Though cast into the distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of archangels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps, which are strung to the glories of the Creator!—*The Disowned*, 283.

Ignorance and Knowledge.

It is from our ignorance that our contentions flow: we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred, but of the thing debated upon we remain in the profoundest darkness. Like the labourers of Babel, while we endeavour in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which, for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth remains for ever unadvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge is the universal language which shall re-unite us. As, in their sublime allegory, the Ancients signified that only through virtue we arrive at honour, so let us believe that only through knowledge can we arrive at virtue! The few smooth all paths for the many. The precepts of knowledge it is difficult to extricate from error; but, once discovered, they gradually pass into maxims; and thus what the sage's life was consumed in acquiring became the acquisition of a moment to posterity. Knowledge is like the atmosphere—in order to dispel the vapour and dislodge the frost, our ancestors felled the forest,

drained the marsh, and cultivated the waste, and we now breathe without an effort, in the purified air and the chastened climate, the result of the labour of generations and the progress of ages! As to-day, the common mechanic may equal in science, however inferior in genius, the friar (Roger Bacon) whom his contemporaries feared as a magician, so the opinions which now startle as well as astonish, may be received hereafter as acknowledged axioms, and pass into ordinary practice.—*The Disowned*, 324.

Man's Little Wisdom.

Wisdom is a palace of which only the vestibule has been entered.—*The Disowned*, 325.

Gradus ad Cœlum.

One step in knowledge is one step from sin: one step from sin is one step nearer to Heaven.—*The Disowned*, 330.

Our Mutual Dependence.

It is the most beautiful truth in morals that we have no such thing as a distinct or divided interest from our race. In their welfare is ours; and, by choosing the broadest paths to effect their happiness, we choose the surest and the shortest to our own.—*The Disowned*, 331.

Prometheus.

The grandest moral of ancient lore has ever seemed to me that which the picture of Prometheus affords: in whom neither the shaking earth, nor the rending heaven, nor the rock without, nor the vulture within, could cause regret for past benevolence, or terror for future evil, or envy, even amidst tortures, for the dishonourable prosperity of his insulter! Who, that has gazed over this exalted picture will

tell us that we must make Virtue prosperous in order to allure to it, or clothe Vice with misery in order to revolt us from its image?—*The Disowned*, 332.

Rivalry, its Elevating Influence.

Rivalry, even in trifles, begets respect.—*The Disowned*, 337.

Safe Generosity.

It is very easy to be generous when one is quite sure one is the victor.—*The Disowned*, 340.

Death, both Victory and Emancipation.

Are we not as birds which look into the Great Air only through a barred cage? Shall we shrink and mourn when the cage is shattered, and all space spreads around us—our element and our empire? No; it was not for this that, in an elder day, Virtue and Valour received but a common name! The soul, into which *that* Spirit has breathed its glory, is not only above Fate—it profits by her assaults! Attempt to weaken it, and you nerve it with a new strength—to wound it, and you render it more invulnerable—to destroy it, and you make it immortal! This, indeed, is the Sovereign whose realm every calamity increases—the Hero whose triumph every invasion augments!—standing on the last sands of life, and encircled by the advancing waters of Darkness and Eternity, it becomes in its expiring effort *doubly* the Victor and the King!—*The Disowned*, 432.

IV.—DEVEREUX.

The Unattainable Ideal.

What man ever wrote anything really good, who did not feel that he had the ability to write something better?—Writing, after all, is a cold and a coarse interpreter of thought.—How much of the imagination, how much of the intellect, evaporates and is lost while we seek to embody it in words!—Man made language, and God the genius.—*Devereux*, vi.

Genius no Idler.

Sir William Devereux was deeply impregnated with the notion of his time, that ability and inspiration were the same thing, and that, unless you were thoroughly idle, you could not be thoroughly a genius. I verily believe that he thought wisdom got its gems, as Abu Zeid al Hassan declares some Chinese philosophers thought oysters got their pearls—viz.—*by gaping!*—*Devereux*, 23.

Poignant Civility.

Your civility is the prettiest invention possible for dislike!
—*Devereux*, 33.

Events—not Years.

“Pray, Abbé,” said I, “have one’s years anything to do with one’s age?”

The priest was accustomed to the peculiar tone of my sagacious remarks, and answered drily—

... leave school: if I hasten to town I am presented at court—and lo! I am a man; and this change within half-a-dozen changes of the sun!—therefore, most reverend father, I humbly opine that age is measured by events—not years.”
—*Devereux*, 34.

Privileged Postponers:

For my part, I think there are only two classes of people in the world, authorised to put one off to “another time,”^c—prime ministers and creditors.—*Devereux*, 45.

Varium et mutabile semper.

The bleakness of the English atmosphere I once heard a Frenchman wittily compare to Augustus placed between Horace and Virgil; viz, in the *bon mot* of the emperor himself—*between sighs and tears*.—*Devereux*, 59.

The Hush of a Storm.

When one is in a good sound rage, it is astonishing how calm one can be!—*Devereux*, 67.

How to gain Repute for Ability.

We are always clever with those who imagine we think as they do. To be shallow you must differ with people—to be profound you must agree with them.—*Devereux*, 74.

To Enjoy is to Obey.

I esteem^c enjoyment the best proof of gratitude; nor do I think we can pay a more acceptable duty to the Father of all Goodness than by showing ourselves sensible of the favours He bestows upon us. Look, how the sunlight sleeps

yonder upon fields covered with golden corn, and seems, like the divine benevolence of which you spoke, to smile upon the luxuriance which its power created. This carpet at our feet, covered with flowers that breathe, sweet as good deeds, to Heaven—the stream that breaks through that distant copse, laughing in the light of noon, and sending its voice through the hill and woodland, like a messenger of glad tidings,—the green boughs over our head, vocal with a thousand songs, all inspirations of a joy too exquisite for silence,—the very leaves, which seem to dance and quiver with delight,—think you, Aubrey, that these are so sullen as not to return thanks for the happiness they imbibe with being;—what are those thanks but the incense of their joy? The flowers send it up to heaven in fragrance—the air and the wave in music. Shall the heart of man be the only part of His creation that shall dishonour His worship with lamentation and gloom? When the inspired writers call upon us to praise our Creator, do they not say to us—“Be joyful in your God?”—*Devereux*, 84.

A Lower Depth than the Grave.

The oblivion of one buried is nothing to the oblivion of one disgraced.—*Devereux*, 87.

A Pessimist's View of Humanity.

“Human nature seems to me,” said Tarlton, “a most pitiful bundle of rags and scraps, which the gods threw out of Heaven, as the dust and rubbish there.”—*Devereux*, 131.

Contempt most Contemptible.

Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt.—*Devereux*, 132.

Ennui.

Of Time murdered, there is a ghost, which we term, *Ennui*.—*Devereux*, 135.

Hope should anchor us in Happiness.

Aubrey, poor child, seems to forget that the hope of the next world ought to make us happy in this.—*Devereux*, 139.

Light for Others, not Ourselves.

Prudence, and calculating Foresight, what are ye?—warnings unto others, not ourselves. Reason is a lamp which sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and in gloom. We foresee and foretell the destiny of others—we march credulous and benighted to our own; and, like Laocoon, from the very altars by which we stand as the soothsayer and the priest, creep forth, unsuspected and undreamt of, the serpents which are fated to destroy us!—*Devereux*, 151.

The Light that never was on Sea or Land.

What is love but a division from the world, and a blending of two souls, two immortalities divested of clay and ashes, into one? it is a severing of a thousand ties from whatever is harsh and selfish, in order to knit them into a single and sacred bond! Who loves, hath attained the anchorite's secret; and the hermitage has become dearer than the world. Oh! respite from the toil and the curse of our social and banded state, a little interval art thou, suspended between two eternities—the Past and the Future—a star that hovers between the morning and the night, sending through the vast abyss one solitary ray from heaven, but too far and faint to illumine, while it hallows the earth!—*Devereux*, 162.

The World a Spider's Web.

Spinoza is said to have loved, above all other amusements, to put flies into a spider's web, and the struggles of the im-

prisoned insects were wont to bear, in the eyes of this grave philosopher, so facetious and hilarious an appearance, that he would stand and laugh thereat until the tears "coursed one another down his innocent nose." For my part, I believe that that most imaginative and wild speculator beheld in the entangled flies nothing more than a living simile—an animated illustration—of his own beloved vision of Necessity; and that he is no more to be considered cruel for the complacency with which he gazed upon those agonised types of his system than is Lucan for dwelling, with a poet's pleasure, upon the many ingenious ways with which that Grand Inquisitor of Verse has contrived to vary the simple operation of dying. To the bard, the butchered soldier was only an epic ornament; to the philosopher, the murdered fly was only a metaphysical illustration. For, without being a Fatalist, or a disciple of Baruch de Spinoza, I must confess that I cannot conceive a greater resemblance to our human and earthly state than the penal predicament of the devoted flies. Suddenly do we find ourselves plunged into that Vast Web—the World; and even as the insect, when he first undergoeth a similar accident of necessity, standeth amazed and still, and only, by little and little, awakeneth to a full sense of his situation; so also at the first abashed and confounded, we remain on the mesh we are urged upon, ignorant, as yet, of the toils around us, and the sly, dark, immitigable foe, that lieth in yonder nook, already feasting her imagination upon our destruction. Presently we revive—we stir—we flutter—and Fate, that foe—the old arch-spider, that hath no moderation in her maw—now fixeth one of her many eyes upon us, and giveth us a partial glimpse of her laidly and grim aspect. We pause in mute terror—we gaze upon the ugly spectre, so imperfectly beheld—the net ceases to tremble, and the wily enemy draws gently back into her nook. Now we begin to breathe again

happily along, and again the greasy monster advances on us; again we pause—the foe retires not, but remains still, and surveyeth us;—we see every step is accompanied with danger—we look round and above in despair—suddenly we feel within us a new impulse and a new power!—we feel a vague sympathy with *that* unknown region which spreads *beyond* this great net;—*that limitless beyond* hath a mystic affinity with a part of our own frame—we unconsciously extend our wings (for the soul to us is as the wings to the fly!)—we attempt to rise—to soar above this perilous snare, from which we are unable to crawl. The old spider watcheth us in self-hugging quiet, and, looking up to our native air,—we think—now shall we escape thee.—Out on it! We rise not a hair's breadth—we have the *wings*, it is true, but the *feet* are fettered. We strive desperately again—the whole web vibrates with the effort—it will break beneath our strength. Not a jot of it!—we cease—we are more entangled than ever! wings—feet—frame—the foul slime is over all!—where shall we turn? every line of the web leads to the one den,—we know not—we care not—we grow blind—confused—lost. The eyes of our hideous foe gloat upon us—she whetteth her insatiate maw—she leapeth towards us—she fixeth her fangs upon us—and so endeth my parallel!—*Devereux*, 166.

The Honeymoon.

Oh the intoxication of that sweet Elysium, that Tadmor in life's desert—the possession of the one whom we have first loved! It is as if poetry, and music, and light, and the fresh breath of flowers, were all blent into one being, and from that being rose our existence! It is content made rapture—nothing to wish for, yet everything to feel! Was that air—the air which I had breathed hitherto? that earth

senses were melted into one sense—deep, silent, fathomless delight!—*Devereux*, 173.

The Sword.

Fairest and speediest of earth's levellers, thou makest the path from the low valley to the steep hill, and shapest the soldier's axe into the monarch's sceptre! The laurel and the fasces, and the curule car, and the emperor's purple—what are these but thy playthings, alternately thy scorn and thy reward! Founder of all empires, propagator of all creeds, thou leddest the Gaul and the Goth, and the gods of Rome and Greece crumbled upon their altars! Beneath thee, the fires of the Gheber waved pale, and on thy point the badge of the camel-driver blazed like a sun over the startled East.—*Devereux*, 192.

Isora's Converse with Nature.

The stillness of noon—the holy and eloquent repose of twilight, its rosy sky, and its soft air, its shadows and its dews, had equally for her heart a whisper and a spell. The wan stars, where, from the eldest time, man has shaped out a chart of the undiscoverable future; the mysterious moon, to which the great ocean ministers from its untrodden shrines; the winds, which traverse the vast air, pilgrims from an eternal home to an unpenetrated bourne; the illimitable Heavens, on which none ever gazed without a vague craving for something that the earth cannot give, and a vague sense of a former existence in which that something was enjoyed; the holy night—that solemn and circling sleep, which seems in its repose to image our death, and in its living worlds to shadow forth the immortal realms which only through that death we can survey;—all had, for the deep heart of Isora, a language of omen and of doom.—*Devereux*, 209.

Clean—comparatively.

“How beautiful she is!” said Trefusis, admiringly. “What a pity that those exquisite hands should be so dirty! It reminds me” (Trefusis loved a coarse anecdote) “of her answer to old Madame de Noailles, who made exactly the same remark to her. ‘Do you call my hands dirty?’ cried Lady Mary, holding them up with the most innocent naïveté, ‘Ah, Madame, *si vous pouvez voir mes pieds!*’”—*Devereux*, 243.

Mental Cosmetics.

Let us go and polish away the wrinkles of our hearts. What cosmetics are to the face wit is to the temper; and, after all, there is no wisdom like that which teaches us to forget.—*Devereux*, 249.

Penalty of Isolation.

“The curse of the great,” said Fleuri, “is *ennui*.”

“Of the great in station,” said I, “but not necessarily of the great in mind.”—*Devereux*, 266.

Requisites for a Diplomatist.

Have you, my son, the requisite qualities for that science, as well as the tastes? Are you capable of intrigue? Can you say one thing and mean another? Are you aware of the immense consequence of a look or a bow? Can you live like a spider, in the centre of an inexplicable net—inexplicable as well as dangerous—to all but the weaver? That, my son, is the art of politics—that is to be a diplomatist!—*Devereux*, 278.

Exhilaration of Travel.

What a glad awakening from self,—what a sparkling and fresh draught from a new source of being,—what a wheel

within wheel, animating, impelling, arousing all the rest of this animal machine, is the first excitement of Travel.—*Devereux*, 309.

Freemen and Slaves.

Freemen are serious, they have objects at their heart worthy to engross attention. It is reserved for slaves to indulge in groans at one moment, and laughter at another.—*Devereux*, 312.

Peter the Great.

Pattern and Teacher of kings, if each country, in each century, had produced one such ruler as you, either all mankind would *now* be contented with despotism, or all mankind would be *free*. Upon his death-bed Peter is reported to have said, "God, I dare trust, will look mercifully upon my faults, in consideration of the good I have done my country." These are worthy to be the last words of a king. Rarely has there been a monarch who more required the forgiveness of the Creator;—yet seldom perhaps has there been a human being who more deserved it.—*Devereux*, 329.

Pride.

Pride is an elevation which is a spring-board at one time, and a stumbling-block at another.—*Devereux*, 337.

The Circle.

It has often seemed to me that if there be, as certain ancient philosophers fabled, one certain figure pervading all nature, human and universal, it is *the circle*. Round in one vast monotony, one eternal gyration, roll the orbs of space. Thus moves the spirit of creative life, kindling, progressing, maturing, decaying, perishing, reviving and rolling again, and so onward for ever through the same

course ; and thus even would seem to revolve the mysterious mechanism of human events and actions. Age, ere it returns to "the second childishness, the mere oblivion" from which it passes to the grave, returns also to the memories and the thoughts of youth ; its buried loves arise—its past friendships rekindle. The wheels of the tired machine are past the meridian and the arch through which they now decline, has a correspondent likeness to the opposing segment through which they had borne upward in eagerness and triumph. Thus it is, too, that we bear within us an irresistible attraction to our earliest home. Thus it is that we say, "it matters not where our mid course is run, but we will *die* in the place where we were born ; in the point of space whence *began* the circle, there also shall *it end*."—*Devereux*, 433.

Love Sanctified by Death.

Perhaps there is no passion so full of tender, of soft, and of hallowing associations, as the love which is stamped by death.—*Devereux*, 447.

Experience.

Were I asked what best dignifies the present, and consecrates the past ; what enables us alone to draw a just moral from the tale of life ; what sheds the purest light upon our reason ; what gives the firmest strength to our religion ; and whether our remaining years pass in seclusion or in action, is best fitted to soften the heart of man, and to elevate the soul to God, I would answer, with Lassus, it is EXPERIENCE.—*Devereux*, 448.

V.—PAUL CLIFFORD.

The Gnomon of Literature.

The heart of an author is the mirror of his age. The shadow of the sun is cast on the still surface of literature, long before the light penetrates to law. But it is ever from the sun that the shadow falls, and the moment we see the shadow, we may be certain of the light.—*Paul Clifford*, x.

Dummie Dunnaker's Caution.

Never go snacks with them as be older than you,—'cause why! the older a cove be, the more he cares for his self, and the less for his partner. At twenty, we diddles the public; at forty, we diddles our cronies!—*Paul Clifford* 24.

Critics.

Dear reader, whom we make the umpire between ourself and those who never read—the critics!—*Paul Clifford*, III.

Lucy Brandon.

Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the colour varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine,—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her

movements, as the old parson said, "seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who had received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Everything joyous affected her, and at once;—air,—flowers,—sunshine,—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapours. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in sleep were silent—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges,—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all a poet's visions of womanhood had met with Faust, or her slumbers been ruffled with a dream of love. To these attainments she added a certain modicum of skill upon the spinet, and the power of singing old songs with the richest and sweetest voice that ever made one's eyes moisten, or one's heart beat. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her before, knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine, and the old wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that "one felt warm when one looked on her." She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven to Beauty the pheasant, and from Bob the sheep-dog without a tail, to Beau the Blenheim with blue ribands round his neck; all things loved her, and she loved all things.—*Paul Clifford*, 115.

Lord Mauleverer's Political Cynicism.

“You and I, my dear fellow,” said Lord Mauleverer, “who know men, and who have lived all our lives in the world, *must* laugh behind the scenes at the cant we wrap in tinsel, and send out to stalk across the stage. We know that our Coriolanus of Tory integrity is a corporal kept by a prostitute; and the Brutus of Whig liberty is a lacquey turned out of place for stealing the spoons; but we must not tell this to the world.—*Paul Clifford*, 156.

An Epicure Victimised.

“But, oh! Brandon,” said Lord Mauleverer, “imagine me at your brother’s board!—me, for whom ortolans are too substantial, and who feel, when I tread, the slightest inequality in the carpets of Tournay!—imagine me, dear Brandon, in a black wainscot room, hung round with your ancestors in brown wigs with posies in their button-holes,—an immense fire on one side, and a thorough draught on the other,—a huge circle of beef before me, smoking like Vesuvius, and twice as large,—a plateful (the plate was pewter—is there not a metal so called?) of this mingled flame and lava sent under my very nostril, and upon pain of ill-breeding to be despatched down my proper mouth,—an old gentleman in fustian breeches and worsted stockings, by way of a butler, filling me a can of ale,—and your worthy brother asking me if I would not prefer port,—a lean footman in livery (such a livery, ye gods!) scarlet, blue, yellow, and green, a rainbow ill made! on the opposite side of the table looking at the ‘Lord’ with eyes and mouth equally open, and large enough to swallow me,—and your excellent brother himself at the head of the table blowing through the mists of the beef, like the rising sun in a sign-post.”—*Paul Clifford*, 158.

Augustus Tomlinson's Parliamentary Axiom.

Life is short! Why should speeches be long?—*Paul Clifford*, 185.

A Fig for Posterity.

“Posterity,” said Judge Brandon, “can you believe that a man who knows what life is, cares for the penny whistles of grown children after his death? Posterity, Lucy—no! Posterity is but the same perpetuity of fools and rascals; and even were justice desirable at their hands, they could not deal it. Do men agree whether Charles Stuart was a liar or a martyr? For how many ages have we believed Nero a monster! A writer now asks, as if demonstrating a problem, what real historian could doubt that Nero was a paragon? The patriarchs of Scripture have been declared by modern philosophy to be a series of astronomical hieroglyphs; and, with greater show of truth, we are assured that the patriot Tell never existed! Posterity! the word has gulled men enough without *my* adding to the number. I, who loathe the living, can scarcely venerate the unborn. Lucy, believe me that no man can mix largely with men in political life, and not despise everything that in youth he adored! Age leaves us only one feeling—contempt!”—*Paul Clifford*, 274.

Misfortune provokes Ridicule.

“Nothing makes men so facetious as misfortune to others!” said Augustus, moralising, and turning himself, as well as he was able, in order to deliver his body from the pointed elbow of Mr. Nabbem. “When a man is down in the world, all the bystanders, very dull fellows before, suddenly become wits!”—*Paul Clifford*, 322.

Sanity hangs upon a Gossamer.

Whether it come from woe or disease, the stroke which mars a single fibre plays strange havoc with the mind. Slaves we are to our muscles, and puppets to the spring of the capricious blood; and the great soul, with all its capacities, its solemn attributes, and sounding claims, is, while on earth, but a jest to this mountebank—the body—from the dream which toys with it for an hour, to the lunacy which shivers it into a driveller, laughing as it plays with its own fragments, and reeling benighted and blinded to the grave!—*Paul Clifford*, 332.

Lord Mauleverer on Love.

“Love,” rejoined Lord Mauleverer, “is nothing more than vanity pleased; wound the vanity, and you destroy the love!”—*Paul Clifford*, 340.

The Essential of Friendship.

People may say what they please about a similarity of opinions being necessary to friendship,—a similarity of habits is much more so. It is the man you dine, breakfast, and lodge with, walk, ride, gamble, or thief with, that is your friend; not the man who likes Virgil as well as you do, and agrees with you in an admiration of Handel.—*Paul Clifford*, 347.

Callousness of Law.

Ah! excellent order of the world, which it is so wicked to disturb! How miraculously beautiful must be that system which makes wine out of the scorching tears of guilt; and from the suffocating suspense, the agonised fear, the compelled and self-mocking bravery, the awful sentence, the despairing death-pang of one man, furnishes the smirking

expectation of fees, the jovial meeting, and the mercenary holiday to another! • “Of Law, nothing less can be said, than that her seat is the bosom of God.” To be sure not; Richard Hooker, you are perfectly right. The divinity of a sessions, and the inspiration of the Old Bailey, are undeniable! —*Paul Clifford*, 366.

Twaddle and Brag.

When you talk to the half-wise, twaddle; when you talk to the ignorant, brag; when you talk to the sagacious, look very humble, and ask their opinion.—*Paul Clifford*, 428.

VI.—EUGENE ARAM.

Corporal Bunting and Peter Dealtry.

“Psha, man!” said the corporal, throwing out his right leg and leaning back, with his eyes half shut, and his chin protruded, as he took an unusually long inhalation from his pipe. “Psha, man!—send verses to the right-about—fit for girls going to school of a Sunday; full-grown men more up to snuff. I’ve seen the world, Master Dealtry;—the world, and be d——d to you!—augh!”

“Fie, neighbour, fie! What’s the good of profaneness, evil speaking, and slandering?—

‘Oaths are the debts your spendthrift soul must pay;
All scores are chalk’d against the reckoning day.’

Just wait a bit, neighbour; wait till I light my pipe.”

“Tell you what,” said the corporal, after he had communicated from his own pipe the friendly flame to his comrade’s; “tell you what—talk nonsense; the commander-in-chief’s no martinet—if we’re all right in action, he’ll wink at a slip word or two. Come, no humbug—hold jaw. D’ye think God would sooner have a snivelling fellow like you in his regiment, than a man like me, clean-limbed, straight as a dart, six feet one without his shoes?—Baugh!”

This notion of the corporal’s, by which he would have likened the dominion of heaven to the King of Prussia’s body-guard, and only admitted the elect on account of

their inches, so tickled mine host's fancy, that he leaned back in his chair and indulged in a long, dry, obstreperous cachinnation. This irreverence mightily displeased the corporal. He looked at the little man very sourly, and said in his least smooth accentuation,—

“What—devil—cackling at?—Always grin, grin, grin—giggle, giggle, giggle—psha!”

“Why really, neighbour,” said Peter, composing himself, “you must let a man laugh now and then.”

“Man!” said the corporal; “*man's* a noble animal! Man's a musket, primed, loaded, ready to save a friend* or kill a foe—charge not to be wasted on every tom-tit. But you! not a musket, but a cracker! noisy, harmless, can't touch you, but off you go, whizz, pop, bang in one's face!—baugh!”—*Eugene Aram*, 10.

Eugene Aram.

He was a man who might, perhaps, have numbered some five and thirty years; but, at a hasty glance, he would have seemed considerably younger. He was above the ordinary stature; though a gentle, and not ungraceful bend in the neck, rather than the shoulders, somewhat curtailed his proper advantages of height. His frame was thin and slender, but well knit and fair proportioned. Nature had originally cast his form in an athletic mould; but sedentary habits, and the wear of mind, seemed somewhat to have impaired her gifts. His cheek was pale and delicate; yet it was rather the delicacy of thought than of weak health. His hair, which was long, and of a rich and deep brown, was thrown back from his face and temples, and left a broad, high, majestic forehead utterly unrelieved and bare; and on the brow there was not a single wrinkle; it was as smooth as it might have been some fifteen years ago. There was a singular calmness, and, so to speak, profundity of

thought, eloquent upon its clear expanse, which suggested the idea of one who had passed his life rather in contemplation than emotion. It was a face that a physiognomist would have loved to look upon, so much did it speak both of the refinement and the dignity of intellect.

Such was the person—if pictures convey a faithful resemblance—of a man, certainly among the most eminent in his day for various and profound learning, and especially for a genius wholly self-taught, yet never contented to repose upon the wonderful stores it had laboriously accumulated.—*Eugene Aram*, 24.

Another's Happiness.

No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favour with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity; yet all the while, she is no niggard in her lustre,—for though the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet she, with an equal and unfavouring loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave:—even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes it seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected on our sight.—*Eugene Aram*, 34.

An Angler's Haunt.

It was waxing towards eve—an hour especially lovely in the month of June, and not without reason favoured by the angler. Walter sauntered across the rich and fragrant fields, and came soon into a sheltered valley, through which the brooklet wound its shadowy way. Along the margin, the grass sprang up long and matted, and profuse with a thousand weeds and flowers—the children of the teeming June.

Here the ivy-leaved bell-flower, and not far from it the common enchanter's night-shade, the silver weed, and the water-aven; and by the hedges that now and then neared the water, the guelder-rose, and the white briony, over-running the thicket with its emerald leaves and luxuriant flowers. And here and there, silvering the bushes, the elder offered its snowy tribute to the summer. All the insect youth were abroad, with their bright wings and glancing motion; and from the lower depths of the bushes the blackbird darted across, or higher and unseen the first cuckoo of the eve began its continuous and mellow note. All this cheeriness and gloss of life, which enamours us with the few bright days of the English summer, make the poetry in an angler's life, and convert every idler at heart into a moralist, and not a gloomy one, for the time.—*Eugene Aram*, 44.

A Great Man's Friendship.

There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little: they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world; a

wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion,—for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains,—dies with him! Yes! it is this love, so rare, so exalted, and so denied to all ordinary men, which is the especial privilege of greatness, whether that greatness be shown in wisdom, in enterprise, in virtue, or even, till the world learns better, in the more daring and lofty order of crime. A Socrates may claim it to-day—a Napoleon to-morrow; nay, a brigand chief, illustrious in the circle in which he lives, may call it forth no less powerfully than the generous failings of a Byron, or the sublime excellence of the greater Milton.—*Eugene Aram*, 62.

The Wily Trout.

He started, and saw the old corporal seated on the stump of a tree, and busily employed in fixing to his line the mimic likeness of what anglers, and for ought we know, the rest of the world, call the “violet-fly.”

“Ha! master,—at my day’s work, you see;—fit for nothing else now. When a musket’s half worn out, school-boys buy it—pop it at sparrows. I be like the musket; but never mind—I have not seen the world for nothing. We get reconciled to all things: that’s my way—augh! Now, sir, you shall watch me catch the finest trout you have seen this summer: know where he lies—under the bush yonder. Whi—sh! sir, whi—sh!”

The corporal now gave his warrior soul up to the due guidance of the violet-fly: now he whipped it lightly on the wave; now he slid it coquettishly along the surface; now it floated, like an unconscious beauty, carelessly with the tide; and now, like an artful prude, it affected to loiter by the way, or to steal into designing obscurity under the shade of some overhanging bank. But none of these man-

œuvres captivated the wary old trout, on whose acquisition the corporal had set his heart; and, what was especially provoking, the angler could see distinctly the dark outline of the intended victim as it lay at the bottom,—like some well-regulated bachelor, who eyes from afar the charms he has discreetly resolved to neglect.

The corporal waited till he could no longer blind himself to the displeasing fact that the violet-fly was wholly inefficacious; he then drew up his line, and replaced the contemned beauty of the violet-fly with the novel attractions of the yellow-dun.

“Now, sir,” whispered he, lifting up his finger, and nodding sagaciously to Walter. Softly dropped the yellow-dun on the water, and swiftly did it glide before the gaze of the latent trout; and now the trout seemed aroused from his apathy, behold he moved forward, balancing himself upon his fins; now he slowly ascended towards the surface: you might see all the speckles of his coat:—the corporal’s heart stood still—he is now at a convenient distance from the yellow-dun; lo, he surveys it steadfastly; he ponders, he see-saws himself to and fro. The yellow-dun sails away in affected indifference; that indifference whets the appetite of the hesitating gazer; he darts forward; he is opposite the yellow-dun,—he pushes his nose against it with an eager rudeness,—he—no, he does *not* bite, he recoils, he gazes again with surprise and suspicion on the little charmer; he fades back slowly into the deeper water, and then, suddenly turning his tail towards the disappointed bait, he makes off as fast as he can,—yonder,—yonder, and disappears! No, that’s he-leaping yonder from the wave; Jupiter! what a noble fellow! What leaps he at?—A real fly! “D—n his eyes!” growled the corporal.—*Eugene Aram*, 68.

Love's Regimentals.

"Beg pardon, sir, again," said the corporal, "always getting askew. Indeed, some did say it was Miss Madeline, but I says,—says I,—'No! I'm a man of the world—see through a millstone; Miss Madeline's too easy like; Miss Nelly blushes when he speaks;' scarlet is Love's regimentals—it was ours in the forty-second, edged with yellow—pepper-and-salt pantaloons!"—*Eugene Aram, 70.*

Gumption—how Attained.

One does not have gumption till one has been properly cheated—one must be made a fool very often in order not to be fooled at last!—*Eugene Aram, 72.*

Forgetfulness.

"Forget!" said Aram, stopping abruptly; "ay, forget—it is a strange truth! we *do* forget! The summer passes over the furrow, and the corn springs up; the sod forgets the flower of the past year; the battlefield forgets the blood that has been spilt upon its turf; the sky forgets the storm; and the water the noon-day sun that slept upon its bosom. All Nature preaches forgetfulness. Its very order is the progress of oblivion. And I—I—give me your hand, Madeline,—I, ha! ha! I forget too!"—*Eugene Aram, 74.*

The Heart's Harvest.

It is better to sow a good heart with kindness than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.—*Eugene Aram, 103.*

Fame Enhanced by Imperfections.

"There is one circumstance," said Aram, after a pause, "that should diminish our respect for renown. Errors of

life, as well as foibles of character,* are often the real enhancers of celebrity. Without his errors, I doubt whether *Henri Quatre* would have become the idol of a people. How many Whartons has the world known, who, deprived of their frailties, had been inglorious! The light that you so admire, reaches you only through the distance of time, on account of the angles and unevenness of the body whence it emanates. Were the surface of the moon smooth it would be invisible."—*Eugene Aram*, 124.

A Gourmand's Dinner.

Whenever a man is not abstinent from rule, or from early habit, solitude makes its votaries particularly fond of their dinner. They have no other event wherewith to mark their day; they think over it, they anticipate it, they nourish its soft idea in their imagination: if they do look forward to anything else more than dinner, it is—supper!

Mr. Courtland deliberately pinned the napkin to his waistcoat, ordered all the windows to be thrown open, and set to work like the good canon in *Gil Blas*. He still retained enough of his former self to preserve an excellent cook; and though most of his viands were of the plainest, who does not know what skill it requires to produce an unexceptionable roast, or a blameless broil?

Half a tureen of strong soup,—three pounds, at least, of stewed carp,—all the *under part* of a sirloin of beef,—three quarters of a tongue,—the moiety of a chicken,—six pancakes and a tartlet, having severally disappeared down the jaws of the invalid,

"Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis,"

he still called for two devilled biscuits and an anchovy!—*Eugene Aram*, 147.

The Gift of the Gab.

“It be a marvel,” said the corporal, “to think on how much a man does in the way of cheating as has the gift of the gab. Wants a missis, talks her over; wants your purse, talks you out on it; wants a place, talks himself into it. What makes the parson?—words; the lawyer?—words; the parliament man?—words! Words can ruin a country, in the big house; words save souls, in the pulpits; words make even them ere authors, poor creturs! in every man’s mouth. Augh! sir, take note of the *words*, and the *things* will take care of themselves—bother!”—*Eugene Aram*, 160.

An Autumnal Evening.

The evening had already deepened into night. Along the sere and melancholy woods the autumnal winds crept with a lowly but gathering moan. Where the water held its course, a damp and ghostly mist clogged the air; but the skies were calm, and chequered only by a few clouds, that swept in long, white, spectral streaks over the solemn stars. Now and then the bat wheeled swiftly round, almost touching the figure of the student, as he walked musingly onward. And the owl that before the month waned many days, would be seen no more in that region, came heavily from the trees like a guilty thought that deserts its shade. It was one of those nights, half dim, half glorious, which mark the early decline of the year. Nature seemed restless and instinct with change; there were those signs in the atmosphere which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning may rise in storm or sunshine. And in this particular period, the skyey influences seem to tincture the animal life with their own mysterious and wayward spirit of change. The birds desert their summer

haunts; an unaccountable disquietude pervades the brute creation; even men in this unsettled season have considered themselves, more than at others, stirred by the motion and whisperings of their genius. And every creature that flows upon the tide of the Universal Life of Things, feels upon the ruffled surface the mighty and solemn change which is at work within its depths.—*Eugene Aram*, 169.

Thunderstorm at the Devil's Crag.

“'Sdeath!” said Houseman, “how it rains!—lightning too!—I could look with less fear on a naked sword than those red, forked, blinding flashes.—Hark! thunder!”

The night had now, indeed, suddenly changed its aspect; the rain descended in torrents, even more impetuously than on the former night, while the thunder burst over their very heads, as they wound upward through the brake. With every instant the lightning, darting through the riven chasm of the blackness that seemed suspended as in a solid substance above, brightened the whole heaven into one livid and terrific flame, and showed to the two men the faces of each other, rendered deathlike and ghastly by the glare. Houseman was evidently affected by the fear that sometimes seizes even the sturdiest criminals, when exposed to those more fearful phenomena of the heavens, which seem to humble into nothing the power and the wrath of man. His teeth chattered, and he muttered broken words about the peril of wandering near trees when the lightning was of that forked character, quickening his pace at every sentence, and sometimes interrupting himself with an ejaculation, half oath, half prayer, or a congratulation that the rain at least diminished the danger. They soon cleared the thicket, and a few minutes brought them once more to the banks of the stream, and the increased roar of the cataract. No earthly

scene, perhaps, could surpass the appalling sublimity of that which they beheld;—every instant the lightning, which became more and more frequent, converting the black waters into billows of living fire, or wreathing itself in lurid spires around the huge crag that now rose in sight; and again, as the thunder rolled onward, darting its vain fury upon the rushing cataract and the tortured breast of the gulf that raved below. And the sounds that filled the air were even more fraught with terror and menace than the scene;—the waving, the groans, the crash of the pines on the hill, the impetuous force of the rain upon the whirling river, and the everlasting roar of the cataract, answered anon by the yet more awful voice that burst above it from the clouds.—
Eugene Aram, 218.

The Mastodons of Literature.

The time may come, when the mouldering remains of a folio will attract as much philosophical astonishment as the bones of the mammoth. For behold, the deluge of writers hath produced a new world of small octavo! and in the next generation, thanks to the popular libraries, we shall only vibrate between the duodecimo and the diamond edition.—
Eugene Aram, 237.

Mighty Fine Talkers not the Best Scollards.

“I thinks there be one reason why the corporal has not written to me,” said Mr Dealtry.

“And what’s that, Peter?”

“’Cause, your honour, he’s ashamed of his writing: I fancy as how his spelling is no better than it should be,—but mum’s the word. You sees, your honour, the corporal’s got a tarn for conversation-like; he be a mighty fine talker, surely! but he be shy o’ the pen; ’tis not every man what talks biggest what’s the best scollard at bottom. Why,

there's the newspaper I saw in the market (for I always sees the newspaper once a-week) says as how some of them great speakers in the parliament house are no better than ninnies when they gets upon paper; and that's the corporal's case I suspect: I suppose as how they can't spell all them ere long words they make use on. For my part, I thinks there be mortal desate (deceit) like in that ere public speaking; for I knows how far a loud voice and a bold face goes, even in buying a cow, your honour; and I'm afraid the country's greatly bubbled in that ere partiklar; for if a man can't write down clearly what he means for to say, I does not thinks as how he knows what he means when he goes for to speak!"—*Eugene Aram*, 254.

Reflections on the Thames at Midnight.

Oh, God! how many wild and stormy hearts have stilled themselves on that spot, for one dread instant of thought—of calculation—of resolve—one instant, the last of life! Look at night along the course of that stately river, how gloriously it seems to mock the passions of them that dwell beside it. Unchanged—unchanging—all around it quick death, and troubled life; itself smiling up to the grey stars, and singing from its deep heart as it bounds along. Beside it is the senate, proud of its solemn triflers; and there the cloistered tomb, in which, as the loftiest honour, some handful of the fiercest of the strugglers may gain forgetfulness and a grave! There is no moral to a great city like the river that washes its walls.—*Eugene Aram*, 266.

A City's Silence after Nightfall.

"The stillness of a city is far more impressive than that of Nature; for the mind instantly compares the present silence with the wonted uproar.—*Eugene Aram*, 347.

Life's Undercurrent—Death.

A thought comes over us, sometimes, in our career of pleasure, or the troubled exultation of our ambitious pursuits: a thought comes over us, like a cloud;—that around us and about us Death—Shame—Crime—Despair, are busy at their work. I have read somewhere of an enchanted land, where the inmates walked along voluptuous gardens, and built palaces, and heard music, and made merry; while around, and within, the land, were deep caverns, where the gnomes and the fiends dwelt: and ever and anon their groans and laughter, and the sounds of their unutterable toils, or ghastly revels, travelled to the upper air, mixing in an awful strangeness with the summer festivity and buoyant occupation of those above. And this is the picture of human life! These reflections of the maddening disparities of the world are dark, but salutary:—

“They wrapt our thoughts at banquets in the shroud;”

—but we are seldom sadder without being also wiser men.—
Eugene Aram, 354.

The only Soothers of a Great Affliction.

Tranquillity and solitude are the only soothers of a memory deeply troubled—light griefs fly to the crowd, fierce thoughts must battle themselves to rest.—*Eugene Aram, 386.*

A Friend Indeed.

Convince *him* who deems the world his foe, that he has one friend, and it is like snatching a dagger from his hand.—*Eugene Aram, 387.*

A Rivulet's Murmur.

The horseman fell into a reverie, which was broken by the murmur of the sunny rivulet, fretting over each little obstacle it met,—the happy and spoiled child of Nature! That murmur rang on the horseman's ear like a voice from his boyhood; how familiar was it, how dear! No haunting tone of music ever recalled so rushing a host of memories and associations, as that simple, restless, everlasting sound! Everlasting!—all had changed,—the trees had sprung up or decayed—some cottages around were ruins,—some new and unfamiliar ones supplied their place; and, on the stranger himself—on all those whom the sound recalled to his heart—Time had been, indeed, at work; but, with the same exulting bound and happy voice, that little brook leaped along its way. Ages hence, may the course be as glad, and the murmur as full of mirth! They are blessed things, those remote and unchanging streams!—they fill us with the same love as if they were living creatures!—and in a green corner of the world there is one that, for my part, I never see without forgetting myself to tears—tears that I would not lose for a king's ransom; tears that no other sight or sound could call from their source; tears of what affection, what soft regret; tears through the soft mists of which I behold what I have lost on earth and hope to regain in heaven.—*Eugene Aram*, 394.

Garnering up Hopes of Immortality.

As we grow older, and sometimes a hope, sometimes a friend, vanishes from our path, the thought of an immortality will press itself forcibly upon us! and there, by little and little, as the ant piles grain after grain, the garnerer of a future sustenance, we learn to carry our hopes, and harvest,

VII.—PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

Dreamland.

To that World, O Mortal, wouldst thou go?—
To care, to sin, to passion close thine eyes;
Sleep in the flesh, and see the Dreamland rise!

—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 231.

Degenerate Genius.

From Freedom's field the recreant Horacæ flies
To kiss the hand by which his country dies;
From Mary's grave the mighty Peasant turns,
And hoarse with orgies rings the laugh of Burns;
While Rousseau's lips a lackey's vices own—
Lips that could draw the thunder on a throne!

—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 234.

Content.

There is no wealth like the heart's wealth—content.—
Pilgrims of the Rhine, 255.

Women.

There is to your beautiful and kindly sex, a natural inclination to *protect*. This makes them the angels of sickness, the comforters of age, the fosterers of childhood.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 258.

Too Late!

That regret—the keenest of all—which embodies the bitter words, "TOO LATE!"—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 276.

Crucial Test of Friendship.

“What tries the affections of people for each other so severely as a journey together?” said Vane. “That perpetual companionship from which there is no escaping; that confinement, in all our moments of ill-humour and listlessness, with persons who want us to look amused—Ah, it is a severe ordeal for friendship to pass through! A post-chaise must have jolted many an intimacy to death.”—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 286.

Disinterested Tenderness.

One hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand ages of torture to ourselves!—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 300.

In Memoriam.

If genius has one prerogative dearer than the rest, it is that which enables it to do honour to the dead—to revive the beauty, the virtue that are no more; to wreath chaplets that outlive the day round the urn which were else forgotten by the world!

When the poet mourns, in his immortal verse, for the dead, tell me not that fame is in his mind! it is filled by thoughts, by emotions that shut out the living. He is breathing to his genius—to that sole and constant friend, which has grown up with him from his cradle—the sorrows too delicate for human sympathy; and when afterwards he consigns the confession to the crowd, it is indeed from the hope of honour;—honour not for himself, but for the being that is no more.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 339.

Movement and Rest.

“Ah,” said Gertrude, one day, as they proceeded to the springs of the Carlovingian Wisbaden, “surely perpetual

travel with those we love must be the happiest state of existence. If home has its comforts, it also has its cares; but here we are at home with Nature, and the minor evils vanish almost before they are felt."

"True," said Trevlyan, "we escape from 'THE LITTLE,' which is the curse of life; the small cares that devour us up, the grievances of the day. We are feeding the divinest part of our nature,—the appetite to admire."

"But of all things wearisome," said Vane, "a succession of changes is the most. There can be a monotony in variety itself. As the eye aches in gazing long at the new shapes of the kaleidoscope, the mind aches at the fatigue of a constant alternation of objects; and we delightedly return to REST, which is to life what green is to the earth."—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 343.

New Year's Eve and New Year's Day.

And the STARS sat, each on his ruby throne, and watched with sleepless eyes upon the world. It was the night ushering in the new year, a night on which every star receives from the archangel that then visits the universal galaxy, its peculiar charge. The destinies of men and empires are then portioned forth for the coming year, and, unconsciously to ourselves, our fates become minioned to the stars. A hushed and solemn night is that in which the dark Gates of Time open to receive the ghost of the Dead Year, and the young and radiant Stranger rushes forth from the clouded chasms of Eternity.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 345.

Our Two Lives.

There are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other!—the life of our actions, the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame, the deep and ever-

restless workings of the heart! They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations—the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last are we judged, the first is never known. History reveals men's deeds, men's outward characters, but *not themselves*. There is a secret self that hath its own life “rounded by a dream,” unpenetrated, unguessed.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 377.

Action, the True Lethe.

Action is that Lethe in which alone we forget our former dreams; and the mind that, too stern not to wrestle with its emotions, seeks to conquer regret, must leave itself no leisure to look behind. Who knows what benefits to the world may have sprung from the sorrows of the benefactor? As the harvest that gladdens mankind in the suns of autumn was called forth by the rains of spring, so the griefs of youth may make the fame of maturity.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 378.

Life and Death.

“There is something in travel,” said Gertrude, “which constantly, even amidst the most retired spots, impresses us with the exuberance of life. We come to those quiet nooks and find a race whose existence we never dreamed of. In their humble path they know the same passions and tread the same career as ourselves. The mountains shut them out from the great world, but their village is a world in itself. And they know and heed no more of the turbulent scenes of remote cities, than our own planet of the inhabitants of the distant stars. What then is death, but the forgetfulness of some few hearts added to the general unconsciousness of our existence that pervades the universe? The

bubble breaks in the vast desert of the air without a sound.”
—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 379.

Faith.

Faith is the great creator ; to believe fervently is to make belief true.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 381.

The Minstrel.

He sung of love, and Otho, forgetting his restless dreams, approached to Leoline, and laid himself at her feet. Louder then and louder rose the strain. The minstrel sung of war ; he painted the feats of the Crusaders ; he plunged into the thickest of the battle ; the steed neighed ; the trump sounded ; and you might have heard the ringing of the steel.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 393.

The Angel of Death.

As the fairies sped along the troubled air, a pale and beautiful form met them by the way, and the fairies paused and trembled. For the power of that Shape could vanquish even them. It was the form of a Female, with golden hair, crowned with a chaplet of withered leaves ; her bosoms, of an exceeding beauty, lay bare to the wind, and an infant was clasped between them, hushed into a sleep so still, that neither the roar of the thunder, nor the livid lightning flashing from cloud to cloud, could even ruffle, much less arouse, the slumberer. And the face of the Female was unutterably calm and sweet (though with a something of severe), there was no line nor wrinkle in her hueless brow ; care never wrote its defacing characters upon that everlasting beauty. It knew no sorrow or change ; ghost-like and shadowy floated on that Shape through the abyss of Time, governing the world with an unquestioned and noiseless sway. And the children of the green solitudes of the earth, the lovely fairies

of my tale, shuddered as they gazed and recognised—the form of DEATH!—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 414.

Early Death Envidable.

Blessed are the young whom I clasp to my breast, and lull into the sleep which the storm cannot break, nor the morrow arouse to sorrow or to toil. The heart that is stilled in the bloom of its first emotions,—that turns with its last throb to the eye of love, as yet unlearned in the possibility of change,—has exhausted already the wine of life, and is saved only from the lees. As the mother soothes to sleep the wail of her troubled child, I open my arms to the vexed spirit, and my bosom cradles the unquiet to repose!”—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 415.

Haunts of our Childhood.

To revisit the scenes of our youth is to commune with the ghost of ourselves.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 415.

The Globe a Cemetery.

Every sod on which we tread is the grave of some former being.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 420.

A Single Grave.

What a world of hope may be buried in a single grave.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 420.

The Voice of our Youth.

There is a great charm in the observations of one new to the world, if we ourselves have become somewhat tired of “its hack sights and sounds;” we hear in their freshness a voice from our own youth.—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 425.

Nature Abhors a Vacuum.

In what spot of the world is there ever utter solitude? The vanity of man supposes that loneliness is *his* absence? Who shall say what millions of spiritual beings glide invisibly among scenes apparently the most deserted? Or what know we of our own mechanism, that we should deny the possibility of life and motion to things that we cannot ourselves recognise?—*Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 429.

VIII.—GODOLPHIN.

Awful Uncertainty of the Future.

WHAT a strange life this is! what puppets we are! How terrible an enigma is Fate! I never set my foot without my door, but what the fearful darkness that broods over the next moment rushes upon me. How awful an event may hang over our hearts! The sword is always above us, seen or invisible!

And with this life—this scene of darkness and dread—some men would have us so contented as to desire, to ask for no other!—*Godolphin*, 17.

London Idlers Classified.

There are in London two sets of idle men: one set, the butterflies of balls; the loungers of the regular walks of society; diners-out; the "old familiar faces," seen everywhere, known to every one: the other set, a more wild, irregular, careless race, who go little into parties, and vote balls a nuisance; who live in clubs; frequent theatres; drive about late o' nights in mysterious-looking vehicles, and enjoy a vast acquaintance among the Aspasia's of pleasure. These are the men who are the critics of theatricals; black-neckclothed and well booted, they sit in their boxes and decide on the ankles of a dancer or the voice of a singer. They have a smattering of literature, and use a great deal of French in their conversation: they have something of romance in their composition, and have been known to marry for love.

In short, there is in their whole nature, a more roving, liberal, Continental character of dissipation, than belongs to the cold, tame, dull, prim, hedge-clipped indolence of more national exquisitism. Into this set, out of the other set, fell young Godolphin; and oh! the merry mornings at actresses' houses; the jovial suppers after the play; the buoyancy, the brilliancy, the *esprit*, with which the hours, from midnight to cockcrow, were often pelted with rose-leaves and drowned in Rhenish.—*Godolphin*, 38.

Stage Illusion.

There is that in theatrical representation which perpetually awakens whatever romance belongs to our character. The magic lights; the pomp of scene; the palace; the camp; the forest; the midnight world; the moonlight reflected on the water; the melody of the tragic rhythm; the grace of the comic wit; the strange art that gives such meaning to the poet's lightest word;—the fair, false, exciting life that is detailed before us—crowding into some three little hours all that our most busy ambition could desire—love, enterprise, war, glory! the kindling exaggeration of the sentiments which belong to the stage—like our own in our boldest moments: all these appeals to our finer senses are not made in vain. Our taste for castle-building and visions deepens upon us; and we chew a mental opium which stagnates all the other faculties, but wakens that of the ideal.—*Godolphin*, 39.

Shakesperian Enchantment.

While yet we are young—while yet the dew lingers on the green leaf of spring—while all the brighter, the more enterprising part of the future is to come—while we know not whether the true life may not be visionary and excited as the false—how deep and rich a transport is it to see, to

feel, to hear Shakespeare's conceptions made *actual*, though all imperfectly, and only for an hour! Sweet Arden! are we in thy forest?—thy “shadowy groves and unfrequented glens?” Rosalind, Jaques, Orlando, have you indeed a being upon earth! Ah! this is true enchantment! and when we turn back to life, we turn from the colours which the Claude class breathes over a winter's landscape to the nakedness of the landscape itself!—*Godolphin*, 39.

Glamour of a Thoughtful Face.

So dark and wondrous are the workings of our nature, that there are scarcely any of us, however light and unthinking, who would not be arrested by the countenance of one in deep reflection—who would not pause, and long to pierce into the mysteries that were agitating that world, most illimitable by nature, but often most narrowed by custom—the world within.—*Godolphin*, 53.

A Gibe at the Historians.

Oh Truth! what a hard path is thine! Does any keep it for three inches together in the commonest trifle?—and yet two sides of my library are filled with histories.—*Godolphin*, 54.

A Stalwart Fop's Depreciation.

“He's a good-looking fellow, that Godolphin—eh?” continued the earl, in the tone of a man who meant you to deny what he asserted.

“Oh, beautiful!” said Lady Erpingham. “Such a countenance!”

“Deuced pale, though!—eh?—and not the best of figures: thin, narrow-shouldered, eh—eh?”

Godolphin's proportions were faultless; but your strapping heroes think of a moderate-sized man as mathematicians

define a point—declare that he has no length nor breadth whatsoever.—*Godolphin*, 70.

An Insolent Duchess.

The Duchess of Winstoun was a woman of ordinary birth—the daughter of a peer of great wealth, but new family. She had married, however, one of the most powerful dukes in the peerage;—a stupid, heavy, pompous man, with four castles, eight parks, a coal-mine, a tin-mine, six boroughs, and about thirty livings. Inactive and reserved, the duke was seldom seen in public: the care of supporting his rank devolved on the duchess; and she supported it with as much solemnity of purpose as if she had been a cheesemonger's daughter. Stately, insolent, and coarse;—asked everywhere; insulting all; hated and courted; such was the Duchess of Winstoun, and such, perhaps, have been other duchesses before her.—*Godolphin*, 77.

“*Pooh!*”

“Need I add,” said Godolphin, “that I have been thinking of the most beautiful person present?”

“*Pooh!*” said Lady Delmour, turning away her head.

Now, that *pooh* is a very significant word. On the lips of a man of business, it denotes contempt for romance; on the lips of a politician it rebukes a theory. With that monosyllable, a philosopher massacres a fallacy: by those four letters, a rich man gets rid of a beggar. But in the rosy mouth of a woman, the harshness vanishes, the disdain becomes encouragement. “*Pooh!*” says the lady when you tell her she is handsome; but she smiles when she says it. With the same reply she receives your protestation of love, and blushes as she receives. With men it is the sternest, with women the softest exclamation in the language.—*Godolphin*, 83.

Woman's Remembrance of her First Lover.

The child may forget its mother, and the mother desert the child: but never, never from a woman's heart departs the memory of the first confession of love from him whom she first loves.—*Godolphin*, 86.

Saville's Sneer at Authors.

We allow the low-born author to be the *lion* this year; but we dub him a *bore* the next.—*Godolphin*, 102.

Woman's Objects many, not one.

“Fine writers say, ‘Oh, men have a thousand objects, women but one!’ That’s nonsense, dear Percy; women have their thousand objects too. They have not the bar, but they have the milliner’s shop; they can’t fight, but they can sit by the window and embroider a work-bag; they don’t rush into politics, but they plunge their souls into love for a parrot or a lap-dog. Don’t let men flatter themselves; Providence has been just as kind in that respect to one sex as to the other; our objects are small, yours great; but a small object may occupy the mind just as much as the loftiest.”—*Godolphin*, 105.

All Envy Groundless.

Ah! where is that one person to be envied, could we read the heart?—*Godolphin*, 128.

The Roman Campagna.

As every grove that the traveller passes on that road was guarded once by a nymph, so now it is hallowed by a memory. In vain the air, heavy with death, creeps over the wood, the rivulet, and the shattered tower; the mind

will not recur to the risk of its ignoble tenement; it flies back; it is with the Past! A subtle and speechless rapture fills and exalts the spirit. There—far to the West—spreads that purple sea, haunted by a million reminiscences of glory; there the mountains, with their sharp and snowy crests, rise into the bosom of the heavens; on that plain, the pilgrim yet hails the traditional tomb of the Curiatii and those immortal Twins who left to their brother the glory of conquest, and the shame by which it was succeeded; around the Lake of Nemi yet bloom the sacred groves by which Diana raised Hippolytus again into life. Poetry, Fable, History, watch over the land: it is a sepulchre; Death is within and around it; Decay writes defeature upon every stone; but the Past sits by the tomb as a mourning angel; a soul breathes through the desolation; a voice calls amidst the silence. Every age that hath passed away hath left a ghost behind it; and the beautiful land seems like that imagined clime beneath the earth in which man, glorious though it be, may not breathe and live—but which is populous with holy phantoms and illustrious shades.—*Godolphin*, 175.

Belief conquers Doubt.

You would not think religion consisted in a sanctified demeanour, in an ostentatious alms-giving, in a harsh judgment of all without the pale of your opinions. You would behold in it a benign and harmonious system of morality, which takes from ceremony enough not to render it tedious but impressive. The school of the Bayles and Voltaires is annihilated. Men begin now to feel that to philosophise is not to sneer. In Doubt, we are stopped short at every outlet beyond the Sensual. In Belief lies the secret of all our valuable exertion. Two sentiments are enough to preserve even the idlest temper from stagnation—a desire and a hope.

What then can we say of the desire to be useful, and the hope to be immortal?—*Godolphin*, 186.

Ambition.

Oh! much-abused and highly-slandered passion!—passion rather of the soul than the heart: hateful to the pseudo-moralist, but viewed with favouring, though not indiscriminating eyes by the true philosopher: bright-winged and august AMBITION! It is well for fools to revile thee because thou art liable, like other utilities, to abuse! The wind uproots the oak—but for every oak it uproots, it scatters a thousand acorns. Ixion embraced the cloud, but from the embrace sprang a hero. Thou, too, hast thy fits of violence and storm; but without thee, life would stagnate:—thou, too, embracest thy clouds; but even thy clouds have the demigods for their offspring!—*Godolphin*, 188.

A Worldling's Laugh at Trouble.

“If we jest at a man's misfortune,” said Saville, “we do not do it to his face. Why not out of the ill, which is misfortune, extract good, which is amusement? Three men in this room are made cheerful by a jest at a broken leg in the next: Is the broken leg the worse for it? No; but the three men are made merry by the jest: Is the jest wicked, then? Nay, it is a benevolence. But some cry, ‘Ay; but this habit of disregarding misfortunes blunts your wills when you have the power to relieve them.’ Relieve! was ever such delusion? What can we relieve in the vast mass of human misfortunes? As well might we take a drop from the ocean, and cry, ‘Ha! ha! we have lessened the sea!’”—*Godolphin*, 206.

“Crowned Passion on the Brink of Death.”

And now they—Constance and Godolphin—stood within the Siren's Cave. From this spot alone you can view that

terrible descent of waters which rushes to earth like the coming of a god! The rocks dripped around them—the torrent dashed at their very feet. Down—down, in thunder, for ever and for ever, dashed the might of the maddening element; above, all wrath; below, all blackness;—there, the cataract; here, the abyss. Not a moment's pause to the fury, not a moment's silence to the roar;—forward to the last glimpse of the sun—the curse of labour, and the soul of unutterable strength, shall be upon those waters! The demon, tormented to an eternity, filling his dread dwelling-place with the unresting and unearthly voice of his rage and despair, is the only type meet for the spirit of the cataract.

And there—amidst this awful and tremendous eternity of strife and power—stood two beings whose momentary existence was filled with the master-passion of humanity.—*Godolphin*, 234.

Paralysing Influence of Ridicule.

Ridicule is the stifler of all energy amongst those who control. After a man's position in society is once established—after he has arrived at a certain age—he does not like to hazard any intellectual enterprise which may endanger the quantum of respect or popularity at present allotted to him. He does not like to risk a failure in parliament—a caustic criticism in literature: he does not like to excite new jealousies, and provoke angry rivals where he now finds complaisant inferiors.—*Godolphin*, 266.

Godolphin's Round of Dissipation.

Dictator of theatres—patron of operas—oracle in music—mirror of entertainments and equipage—to these conditions had his natural genius and his once dreaming dispositions been bowed at last! A round of dissipation, however, left

him no time for reflection ; and he believed (perhaps he was not altogether wrong) that the best way to preserve the happy equilibrium of the heart is to blunt its susceptibilities. As the most uneven shapes, when whirled into rapid and ceaseless motion, will appear a perfect circle, so, once impelled in a career that admits no pause, our life loses its uneven angles, and glides on in smooth and rounded celerity, with false aspects more symmetrical than the truth.—*Godolphin*, 286.

Imagination and the Soul.

Know, in one word, said the soothsayer, the Imagination and the Soul are *one*, one indivisible and the same ; on that truth rests all my lore.—*Godolphin*, 306.

Bodiless Spirits.

This world is given up to two tribes of things that live and have a soul ; the one bodily and palpable as we are ; the other more glorious, but invisible to our dull sight—though I have seen them—Dread Solemn Shadows, even in their mirth ; the night is their season as the day is ours ; they march in the moonbeams, and are borne upon the wings of the wind.—*Godolphin*, 313.

Life's Drama.

“Life differs from the play only in this,” said Godolphin, some time afterwards ; “it has no plot—all is vague, desultory, unconnected—till the curtain drops with the mystery unsolved.”—*Godolphin*, 330.

Vain Quest of Happiness.

Ah, why do all of us lose so many years in searching after happiness, but never inquiring into its nature ! We are like one who collects the books of a thousand tongues, and

knowing not their language, wonders why they do not delight him!—*Godolphin*, 331.

Subtle Associations.

All whom we have loved have something in nature especially devoted to their memory; a peculiar flower, a breath of air, a leaf, a tone. What love is without some such association,

“Striking the electric chain wherewith we’re bound?”

—*Godolphin*, 336.

First Love.

Oh, First Love! well sang the gay minstrel of France, that we return again and again to thee. As the earth returns to its spring, and is green once more, we go back to the life of life, and forget the seasons that have rolled between!—*Godolphin*, 337.

Consolation for Death.

If this narrow shoal and sand of time be but a breathing spot in the great heritage of immortality, why cheat ourselves with words so vague as life and death! What is the difference? At most, the entrance in and the departure from one scene in our wide career. How many scenes are left to us! We do but hasten our journey, not close it. Let us believe this, Constance, and cast from us all fear of our disunion.—*Godolphin*, 339.

Soul and Stream.

Like the soul of the landscape is the gush of a fresh stream; it knows no sleep, no pause; it works for ever—the life, the cause of life to all around. The great frame of nature may repose, but the spirit of the waters rests not for a

moment. As the soul of the landscape is the soul of man, in our deepest slumbers its course glides on, and works unsilent, unslumbering, through its destined channel.—*Godolphin*, 341.

Benign Proof of Repentance.

Benevolence is the sole cure to idealism. To live for others draws us from demanding miracles for ourselves. What is penitence not put into action, but the great fallacy in morals? A sin to one, if irremediable, can only be compensated by a virtue to some one else.—*Godolphin*, 342.

IX.—ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

Flunkeyism.

A nobleman's valet is always supereminently bitter against the *canaille*: a plebeian in high station is usually valet to the whole peerage!—*England and the English*, 27.

A Constitutional Sovereign.

The power of the king is but the ceremonial to the power of the magnates. He enjoys the prerogative of seeing two parties fight in the lists, and of crowning the victor.—*England and the English*, 28.

Poverty.

In other countries poverty is a misfortune,—with us it is a crime.—*England and the English*, 33.

Amusement.

Amusement keeps men cheerful and contented—it engenders a spirit of urbanity—it reconciles the poor to the pleasures of their superiors which are of the same sort, though in another sphere; it removes the sense of hardship—it brings men together in those genial moments when the heart opens and care is forgotten.—*England and the English*, 35.

Popular Fallacies.

There is a wonderful vigour of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is is

astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head, till it seems to have given up the ghost ; and, lo, the next day it is as healthy as ever.—*England and the English*, 55.

Courage.

La Bruyère has remarked, “that in France a soldier is brave and a lawyer is learned ; but in Rome (says he) the soldier was learned and the lawyer was brave—every man was brave.” Now I think that with *us* every man is brave.—*England and the English*, 58.

Principles and Details.

A mind habituated to principles can stoop to details, because it seizes and classifies them at a glance ; but a mind habituated to detail is *rarely* capable of extending its grasp to a principle. When a man says he is no orator, he is going to make an oration. When a man says he is a plain practical man, I know he is going, by the fact that one and one make two, to prove the theory that two and two make seven ! —*England and the English*, 76.

Aristocracy and the People.

The Aristocracy form the Manners of Life, and the People produce the Revolutions of Thought.—*England and the English*, 100.

Religion.

For the poor, religion must be alway ; they want its consolations ; they solace themselves with its balm. Revelation is their Millennium—their great Emancipation. Thus in America, knowledge is the most diffused, and religion is the most fondly and enthusiastically beloved. There you may often complain of ~~its~~ excess, but rarely of its absence.—*England and the English*, 158.

Revolution.

When Civilisation makes her efforts by starts and convulsions, her progress may be great, but it is marked by terror and disaster;—when some men possess a far better education than others of the same rank, the first are necessarily impelled to an unquiet Ambition, and the last easily misled into becoming its instruments and tools: Then vague discontents and dangerous rivalries prevail—then is the moment when demagogues are dangerous, and visionaries have power. Such is the Spirit of Revolutions, in [which mankind only pass to wisdom through a terrible interval of disorder.—*England and the English*, 164.

Amusements in France and England.

It is to the prevalence of amusements in France which the peasant or artisan can share with his family, that we are to ascribe the fact that he does not seek amusement *alone*, and the innocent attractions of the *guinguette* triumph over the imbruting excesses of the *cabaret*.

Riding through Normandy one beautiful Sunday evening, I overheard a French peasant decline the convivial invitation of his companion. “Why—no, thank you,” said he, “I must go to the *guinguette* for the sake of my wife and the young people, dear souls!”

The next Sunday I was in Sussex, and as my horse ambled by a cottage, I heard a sturdy boor, who had apparently just left it, grumble forth to a big boy swinging on a gate, “You sees to the sow, Jim, there’s a good un, I be’s jist a-going to the Blue Lion to get rid o’ my missis and the brats, rot em!”—*England and the English*, 181.

English Sundays.

So few are the harmless pleasures with us on the Sabbath,

that a French writer, puzzled to discover any, has called the English Sunday, with a most felicitous naïveté, “*jour qu'on distingue par un POUDDING!*” Save a pudding he can find no pleasurable distinction for the Holy Day of the week!—*England and the English*, 181.

Journalism.

The press is . . . the faithful record of Opinion, and the ephemeral Journal is the type of the everlasting History!—*England and the English*, 199.

Originating and Reflecting Journalism.

The journal which most represents, least originates opinion; the two tasks are performed by two separate agents, and the more new doctrines a journal promulgates, the less promiscuously it circulates among the public.

In this the moral light resembles the physical, and while we gaze with pleasure on the objects which reflect the light, the eye shrinks in pain from the orb which creates it. . . .

An originator of opinion precedes the time; you cannot both precede and reflect it.—*England and the English*, 202.

The Essays of Elia.

Their beauty is in their delicacy of sentiment. Since Addison, no writer has displayed an equal refinement of humour; and if no single one of Mr. Lamb's conceptions equals the elaborate painting of Sir Roger de Coverley, yet his range of character is more extensive than Addison's, and in his humour there is a deeper pathos. His compositions are so perfectly elaborate, and so minutely finished, that they partake rather of the character of poetry than of prose; they are as perfect in their way as the Odes of Horace, and at times, as when commencing his invocation to “the

shade of Elliston" he breaks forth with "Joyousest of once-embodied spirits, whither at length hast thou flown?" &c., we might almost fancy that he had set Horace before him as a model.—*England and the English*, 225.

Byron's Death.

Perhaps the hour in which we most deeply felt how entirely we had wound and wrapt our own poetry in himself, was that in which the news of his death reached this country. Never shall I forget the singular, the stunning sensation, which the intelligence produced. I was exactly at that age, half man and half boy, in which the poetical sympathies are most keen—among the youth of that day a growing diversion from Byron to Shelley and Wordsworth had just commenced—but the moment in which we heard he was no more, united him to us at once, without a rival. We could not believe that the bright race was run. So much of us died with him, that the notion of his death had something of the unnatural, of the impossible. It was as if a part of the mechanism of the very world stood still:—that we had ever questioned—that we had ever blamed him, was a thought of absolute remorse, and all our worship of his genius was not half so strongly felt as our love for himself.

When he went down to dust, it was as the abrupt close of some history of deep passion in our actual lives,—the interest—the excitement of years came to a gloomy pause—

" His last sigh

Dissolved the charm—the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre—Where her glittering towers,
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste—a dreary vale of years!
THE GREAT MAGICIAN'S DEAD!"

Exaggerated as this language may seem to our children, our contemporaries know that all words are feeble to express the

universal feeling of England at that lonely death-bed in a foreign land, amidst wild and savage strangers, far from the sister, the wife, the child, whose names faltered on the lips of the dying man,—closing in desolation a career of sadness—rendering his latest sigh to the immemorial land which had received his earliest song, and where henceforth and for ever

“Shall Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep.”

Even now, at this distance of time, all the feelings that then rushed upon us, melt upon me once more. . . . I cannot but think of him as of some early friend, associating with himself all the brightest reminiscences of youth, burying in his grave a poetry of existence that can never be restored, and of whom every harsh sentence, even while not unfaithful to truth, is dishonouring to the fidelity of love—

“THE BEAUTIFUL IS VANISHED, AND RETURNS NOT.”

—*England and the English*, 244.

English Architecture.

The first thing that strikes us in England is the lowness of all the public buildings—they appear uncompleted; you would imagine a scythe had been drawn across them in the middle: they seemed dedicated to St. Denis, after he had lost his head.—*England and the English*, 311.

Journalism.

While morning and night the PRESS unfolds her broad banner, visible from John o' Groat's to the Land's-end, there is but little fear that the stout heart of England should fall into so lethargic a slumber that a king could gather armies without her consent, construct dungeons without her knowledge, raise taxes without her connivance, and wake her at last to behold a sudden tyranny, and mourn for the departed

vigilance of incorruptible courtiers!—*England and the English*, 326.

House of Lords.

Do not fancy, as some contend, that the aristocracy would fall if the king fell. Not a whit of it. You may sweep away the House of Lords if you like; you may destroy titles; you may make a bonfire of orb and ermine, and after all your pains, the aristocracy would be exactly as strong as ever. For its power is not in a tapestried chamber, or in a crimson woosack, or in ribbons and stars, in coronets and titles; its power, my friends, is in yourselves; its power is in the aristocratic spirit and sympathy which pervade you all. In your own hearts while you shout for popular measures, you have a reverential notion of the excellence of aristocratic agents; you think rich people alone “respectable;” you have a great idea of station; you consider a man is the better for being above his fellows, not in virtue and intellect, but in the good things of life.—*England and the English*, 328.

Rights of Property, Safeguards of Freedom.

All history tells us, that the moment liberty invades property, the reign of arbitrary power is at hand;—the flock fly to a shepherd to protect them from wolves. Better one despot, than a reign of robbers.—*England and the English*, 330.

Government.

At present, my friends, you only perceive the Government when it knocks at your door for taxes; you couple with its name the idea not of protection, but of extortion; but I would wish that you should see the Government educating your children, and encouraging your science, and ameliorating the condition of your poor; I wish you to warm while you

utter its very name, with a grateful and reverent sense of enlightenment and protection; I wish you to behold all your great Public Blessings repose beneath its shadow; I wish you to feel advancing towards that unceasing and incalculable amelioration which I firmly believe to be the common destiny of mankind, with a steady march and beneath a beloved banner; I wish that every act of a beneficent Reform—should seem to you neither conceded nor extorted,—but as a pledge of a sacred and mutual love;—the legitimate offspring of one faithful and indissoluble union between the Power of a People and the Majesty of a State!

This is what I mean by a *directive* government; and a government so formed is always strong—strong not for evil, but for good. I know that some imagine that a good government *should* be a weak government, and that the people should thus sway and mould it at their will; you cannot have a weaker government than at present, and I do not see how you are the better for it! But you, the people, do *not* sway a feeble government—I should be delighted if you did; for the people are calm and reasoning, and have a profound sense of the universal interest. But you have a false likeness, my dear friends: a vile, hypocritical, noisy, swaggering fellow, that is usually taken for you, and whom the journalists invariably swear by,—a creature that is called “THE PUBLIC.” I know not a more pragmatical, conceited animal than this said PUBLIC. You are immortal, but the PUBLIC is the grub of a day; he floats on the mere surface of time; he swallows down the falsest opinions; he spouts forth the noisiest fallacies; what he says one hour he unsays the next; he is a thing of whims and caprices, of follies and of frenzies. And it is this wrangling and shallow pretender, it is the Public, and not the People, that dictates to a feeble government.—*England and the English*, 351.

Progress.

From my boyhood to this hour, it is to the condition of great masses of men that my interest and my studies have been directed; it is for their amelioration and enlightenment that I have been a labourer and an enthusiast. Yes, I say, enthusiast!—for when a man is sincere, enthusiasm warms him; when useful, enthusiasm directs. Nothing can sustain our hopes for mankind, amidst their own suspicion of our motives and misconstructions of our aims,—amidst the mighty obstacles that oppose every one who struggles with old opinion,—and the innumerable mortifications, that are as the hostile winds of the soul, driving it back upon the haven of torpor and self-seeking;—save that unconquerable and generous zeal which results from a hearty faith in our own honesty, and a steady conviction of that tendency and power to PROGRESS, which the whole history, as well of Philosophy as of Civilisation, assures us to be the prerogative of our race.—*England and the English*, 354.

X.—LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

How Pompeii was Recreated by the Romancist.

The city, whose fate supplied me with so superb and awful a catastrophe, supplied easily, from the first survey of its remains, the characters most suited to the subject and the scene: the half-Grecian colony of Hercules, mingling with the manners of Italy so much of the costumes of Hellas, suggested of itself the characters of Glaucus and Ione. The worship of Isis, its existent fane, with its false oracles unveiled—the trade of Pompeii with Alexandria—the associations of the Sarnus with the Nile,—called forth the Egyptian Arbaces, the base Calenus, and the fervent Apæcides. The early struggles of Christianity with the heathen superstition suggested the creation of Olinthus: and the burnt fields of Campania, long celebrated for the spells of the sorceress, naturally produced the Saga of Vesuvius. For the existence of the Blind Girl, I am indebted to a casual conversation with a gentleman, well known amongst the English at Naples for his general knowledge of the many paths of life. Speaking of the utter darkness which accompanied the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, and the additional obstacle it presented to the escape of the inhabitants, he observed that the blind would be the most favoured in such a moment, and find the easiest deliverance. In this remark originated the creation of Nydia.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, vii.

Glaucus the Greek.

“What, Clodius! and how have you slept on your good fortune?” cried, in a pleasant and musical voice, a young man, in a chariot of the most fastidious and graceful fashion. Upon its surface of bronze were elaborately wrought, in the still exquisite workmanship of Greece, reliefs of the Olympian games: the two horses that drew the car were of the rarest breed of Parthia; their slender limbs seemed to disdain the ground and court the air, and yet at the slightest touch of the charioteer, who stood behind the young owner of the equipage, they paused motionless, as if suddenly transformed into stone—lifeless, but lifelike, as one of the breathing wonders of Praxiteles. The owner himself was of that slender and beautiful symmetry from which the sculptors of Athens drew their models; his Grecian origin betrayed itself in his light but clustering locks, and the perfect harmony of his features. He wore no toga, which in the time of the emperors had indeed ceased to be the general distinction of the Romans, and was especially ridiculed by the pretenders to fashion; but his tunic glowed in the richest hues of the Tyrian dye, and the fibulæ, or buckles, by which it was fastened, sparkled with emeralds: around his neck was a chain of gold, which in the middle of his breast twisted itself into the form of a serpent’s head, from the mouth of which hung pendent a large signet-ring of elaborate and most exquisite workmanship; the sleeves of the tunic were loose, and fringed at the hand with gold; and across the waist a girdle wrought in arabesque designs, and of the same material as the fringe, served in lieu of pockets for the receptacle of the handkerchief and the purse, the stilus and the tablets.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 14.

Arbaces the Egyptian.

It was a man who had scarcely reached his fortieth year, of tall stature, and of a thin but nervous and sinewy frame.

His skin, dark and bronzed, betrayed his Eastern origin; and his features had something Greek in their outline (especially in the chin, the lip, and the brow), save that the nose was somewhat raised and aquiline; and the bones, hard and visible, forbade that fleshy and waving contour which on the Grecian physiognomy preserved even in manhood the round and beautiful curves of youth. His eyes, large and black as the deepest night, shone with no varying and uncertain lustre. A deep, thoughtful, and half-melancholy calm seemed unalterably fixed in their majestic and commanding gaze. His step and mien were peculiarly sedate and lofty, and something foreign in the fashion and the sober hues of his sweeping garments added to the impressive effect of his quiet countenance and stately form. Each of the young men, in saluting the new-comer, made mechanically, and with care to conceal it from him, a slight gesture or sign with their fingers; for Arbaces, the Egyptian, was supposed to possess the fatal gift of the evil eye.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 24.

The Tortoise in the Viridarium.

It seemed to bear a charmed life in its languid blood and imperceptible motions; yet was it not so inactive as it seemed: it held a regular and monotonous course; inch by inch it traversed the little orbit of its domain, taking months to accomplish the whole gyration. It was a restless voyager, that tortoise!—patiently, and with pain, did it perform its self-appointed journeys, evincing no interest in the things around it—a philosopher concentrated in itself. There was something grand in its solitary selfishness!—the sun in

which it basked—the waters poured daily over it—the air, which it insensibly inhaled, were its sole and unfailling luxuries. The mild changes of the season, in that lovely clime, affected it not. It covered itself with its shell—as the saint in his piety—as the sage in his wisdom—as the lover in his hope.

It was impervious to the shocks and mutations of time—it was an emblem of time itself: slow, regular, perpetual: unwitting of the passions that fret themselves around—of the wear and tear of mortality. The poor tortoise! nothing less than the bursting of volcanoes, the convulsions of the riven world, could have quenched its sluggish spark! The inexorable Death, that spared not pomp or beauty, passed unheedingly by a thing to which death could bring so insignificant a change.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 124.

The Earthquake.

Arbaces gave him not breathing time to recover his stupor: “Die, wretch!” he shouted, in a voice of thunder, as he sprang upon the Greek; “The Mighty Mother claims thee as a living sacrifice!” Taken thus by surprise in the first consternation of his superstitious fears, the Greek lost his footing—the marble floor was as smooth as glass—he slid—he fell. Arbaces planted his foot on the breast of his fallen foe. Apæcides, taught by his sacred profession, as well as by his knowledge of Arbaces, to distrust all miraculous interpositions, had not shared the dismay of his companion; he rushed forward,—his knife gleamed in the air,—the watchful Egyptian caught his arm as it descended,—one wrench of his powerful hand tore the weapon from the weak grasp of the priest,—one sweeping blow stretched him to the earth—with a loud and exulting yell Arbaces brandished the knife on high.® Glaucus gazed upon his

impending fate with unwinking eyes, and in the stern and scornful resignation of a fallen gladiator, when, at that awful instant, the floor shook under them with a rapid and convulsive throe,—a mightier spirit than that of the Egyptian was abroad!—a giant and crushing power, before which sunk into sudden impotence his passion and his arts. It woke—it stirred—that Dread Demon of the Earthquake—laughing to scorn alike the magic of human guile and the malice of human wrath. As a Titan, on whom the mountains are piled, it roused itself from the sleep of years,—it moved on its tortured couch,—the caverns below groaned and trembled beneath the motion of its limbs. In the moment of his vengeance and his power, the self-prized demigod was humbled to his real clay. Far and wide along the soil went a hoarse and rumbling sound,—the curtains of the chamber shook as at the blast of a storm,—the altar rocked—the tripod reeled, and, high over the place of contest, the column trembled and waved from side to side,—the sable head of the goddess tottered and fell from its pedestal;—and as the Egyptian stooped above his intended victim, right upon his bended form, right between the shoulder and the neck, struck the marble mass! the shock stretched him like the blow of death, at once, suddenly, without sound or motion, or semblance of life, upon the floor, apparently crushed by the very divinity he had impiously animated and invoked!

“The Earth has preserved her children,” said Glaucus, staggering to his feet. “Blessed be the dread convulsion! Let us worship the providence of the gods!” He assisted Apæcides to rise, and then turned upward the face of Arbaces: it seemed locked as in death; blood gushed from the Egyptian’s lips over his glittering robes; he fell heavily from the arms of Glaucus, and the red stream trickled slowly along the marble. Again the earth shook beneath

their feet; they were forced to cling to each other; the convulsion ceased as suddenly as it came; they tarried no longer; Glaucus bore Ione lightly in his arms, and they fled from the unhallowed spot. But scarce had they entered the garden than they were met on all sides by flying and disordered groups of women and slaves, whose festive and glittering garments contrasted in mockery the solemn terrôr of the hour; they did not appear to heed the strangers,—they were occupied only with their own fears. After the tranquillity of sixteen years, that burning and treacherous soil again menaced destruction; they uttered but one cry, “THE EARTHQUAKE! THE EARTHQUAKE!” and passing unmolested from the midst of them, Apæcides and his companions, without entering the house, hastened down one of the alleys, passed a small open gate, and there, sitting on a little mound over which spread the gloom of the dark green alocs, the moonlight fell on the bended figure of the blind girl,—she was weeping bitterly.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 157.

Italia! O Italia!

Broad, blue, bright before them, spread that halcyon sea, fair as at this moment, seventeen centuries from that date, I behold it rippling on the same divinest shores. Clime that yet enervates with a soft and Circean spell—that moulds us insensibly, mysteriously, into harmony with thyself, banishing the thought of austerer labour, the voices of wild ambition, the contests and the roar of life; filling us with gentle and subduing dreams, making necessary to our nature that which is its least earthly portion, so that the very air inspires us with the yearning and thirst of love. Whoever visits thee seems to leave earth and its harsh cares behind—to enter by the Ivory gate into the Land of Dreams. The

young and laughing Hours of the PRESENT—the Hours, those children of Saturn, which he hungers ever to devour, seem snatched from his grasp. The past—the future—are forgotten; we enjoy but the breathing time. Flower of the world's garden—Fountain of Delight—Italy of Italy—beautiful, benign Campania!—vain were, indeed, the Titans, if on this spot they yet struggled for another heaven! Here, if God meant this working-day life for a perpetual holiday, who would not sigh to dwell for ever—asking nothing, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, while thy skies shine over him—while thy seas sparkle at his feet—while thine air brought him sweet messages from the violet and the orange—and while the heart, resigned to—beating with—but one emotion, could find the lips and the eyes which flatter it (vanity of vanities!) that love can defy custom, and be eternal.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 168.

Immortality of the Affections.

In the tale of human passion, in past ages, there is something of interest even in the remoteness of the time. We love to feel within us the bond which unites the most distant eras—men, nations, customs perish; THE AFFECTIONS ARE IMMORTAL!—they are the sympathies which unite the ceaseless generations. The past lives again, when we look upon its emotion—it lives in our own! That which was, ever is! The magician's gift, that revives the dead—that animates the dust of forgotten graves, is not in the author's skill—it is in the heart of the reader.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 169.

One on whom Christ had smiled.

A very old man entered the chamber, leaning on a staff. At his presence, the whole congregation rose; there was an expression of deep, affectionate respect upon every counte-

nance ; and Apæcides, gazing on his countenance, felt attracted towards him by an irresistible sympathy. No man ever looked upon that face without love ; for there had dwelt the smile of the Deity, the incarnation of divinest love ;—and the glory of the smile had never passed away.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 181.

Lovers' Days are Years.

Days are like years in the love of the young, when no bar, no obstacle, is between their hearts—when the sun shines, and the course runs smooth—when their love is prosperous and confessed.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 182.

Roses.

“Do I weave too many roses in my wreath, Glaycus ? They tell me it is thy favourite flower.”

“And ever favoured, my Nydia, be it by those who have the soul of poetry : it is the flower of love, of festivals ; it is also the flower we dedicate to silence and to death ; it blooms on our brows in life, while life be worth the having ; it is scattered above our sepulchre when we are no more.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 190.

Paul's Preaching.

“Well do I remember to have heard my father speak of one strange guest at Athens, many years ago ; methinks his name was PAUL. My father was amongst a mighty crowd that gathered on one of our immemorial hills to hear ~~the~~ sage of the East expound : through the wide throng there rang not a single murmur !—the jest and the roar, with which our native orators are received, were hushed for him ;—and when on the loftiest summit of that hill, raised above the breathless crowd below, stood this mysterious visitor, his mien and his countenance awed every heart, even before a

sound left his lips. He was a man, I have heard my father say, of no tall stature, but of noble and impressive mien; his robes were dark and ample; the declining sun, for it was evening, shone aslant upon his form as it rose aloft, motionless and commanding; his countenance was much worn and marked, as of one who had braved alike misfortune and the sternest vicissitude of many climes; but his eyes were bright with an almost unearthly fire; and when he raised his arm to speak, it was with the majesty of a man into whom the Spirit of a God hath rushed!

“Men of Athens!” he is reported to have said, ‘I find amongst ye an altar with this inscription—To THE UNKNOWN God. Ye worship in ignorance the same Deity I serve. To you *unknown* till now, to you be it now revealed.’

“Then declared that solemn man how this great Maker of all things, who had appointed unto man his several tribes and his various homes—the Lord of earth and the universal heaven, dwelt not in temples made with hands; that His presence, His spirit, were in the air we breathed:—our life and our being were with Him. ‘Think you,’ he cried, ‘that the Invisible is like your statues of gold and marble? Think you that He needeth sacrifice from you: He who made heaven and earth?’ Then spake he of fearful and coming times, of the end of the world, of a second rising of the dead, whereof an assurance had been given to man in the resurrection of the mighty Being whose religion he came to preach.”—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 197.

Earth our Mother.

“How beautiful!” said Glaucus, in a half-whispered tone, “is that expression by which we call Earth our Mother! With what a kindly equal love she pours her blessings upon her children! and even to those sterile spots to which Nature has denied beauty, she yet contrives to

disperse her smiles: witness the arbutus and the vine, which she wreathes over the arid and burning soil of yon extinct volcano.”—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 217.

The Witch of Vesuvius.

Her countenance betrayed the remains of a regular but high and aquiline order of feature: with stony eyes turned upon them—with a look that met and fascinated theirs—they beheld, in that fearful countenance the very image of a corpse!—the same, the glazed and lustreless regard, the blue and shrunken lips, the drawn and hollow jaw—the dead, lank hair, of a pale grey—the livid, green, ghastly skin, which seemed all surely tinged and tainted by the grave!

“It is a dead thing!” said Glaucus.

“Nay—it stirs—it is a ghost or *larva*,” faltered Ione, as she clung to the Athenian’s breast.

“Oh, away—away!” groaned the slave, “it is the Witch of Vesuvius!”

“Hell is beneath us!” cried the hag, pointing her bony finger to the earth. “And I will tell thee a secret—the dim things below are preparing wrath for ye above—you, the young, and the thoughtless, and the beautiful.”—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 221.

Adversity.

The lessons of adversity are not always salutary—sometimes they soften and amend, but as often they indurate and pervert. If we consider ourselves more harshly treated, by fate than those around us, and do not acknowledge in our own deeds the justice of the severity, we become too apt to deem the world our enemy, to case ourselves in defiance, to wrestle against our *softer self*, and to indulge the darker passions which are so easily fermented by the sense of injustice.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 238.

Night the Time for Prayer.

Night and Solitude!—*these* make the ladder round which angels cluster, and beneath which my spirit can dream of God. Oh! none can know what the pilgrim feels as he walks on his holy course; nursing no fear; and dreading no danger—for God is with him! He hears the winds murmur glad tidings; the woods sleep in the shadow of Almighty wings;—the stars are the Scriptures of Heaven, the tokens of love, and the witnesses of immortality. Night is the Pilgrim's day.—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 276.

Final Catastrophe at Pompeii.

The waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd—when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition—he beheld—and his craft restored his courage!

He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

“Behold!” he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd; “behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!”

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapour shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness,—the branches, fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying

red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence—through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled: and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheatre itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower.

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread

the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 394.

Arbaces' Doom.

“Resist me, and thy blood be on thine own head! Thus then, I regain Ione!”

He advanced one step—it was his last on earth! The ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar!—the lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the Imperial Statue—then shivered bronze and column! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed!—The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled!

The sound—the shock, stunned the Athenian for several moments. When he recovered, the light still illumined the scene—the earth still slid and trembled beneath! Ione lay senseless on the ground; but he saw her not yet—his eyes were fixed upon a ghastly face that seemed to emerge, without limbs or trunk, from the huge fragments of the shattered column—a face of unutterable pain, agony, and despair! The eyes shut and opened rapidly, as if sense were not yet fled; the lips quivered and grinned—then sudden stillness and darkness fell over the features, yet retaining that aspect of horror never to be forgotten!

So perished the wise Magician—the great Arbaces—the Hermes of the Burning Belt—the last of the royalty of Egypt!—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 410.

Closing Words of the Romance.

Viewing the various witnesses of a social system which

has passed from the world for ever—a stranger, from that remote and barbarian Isle which the Imperial Roman shivered when he named, paused amidst the delights of the soft Campania and composed this history!—*Last Days of Pompeii*, 421.

XI.—THE STUDENT.

Self-Revelation of Authors.

Authors are the only men we ever really know,—the rest of mankind die with only the surface of their character understood.—*The Student*, 21.

Teachings of Experience.

Our Past becomes the mightiest preacher to our Future. Looking back over the tombs of Departed Errors, we behold, by the side of each, the face of a warning Angel! It is the prayer of a foolish heart, “Oh, that my time could return!—Oh, that this had been done, or that could be undone!” Rather should we rejoice that so long a season of reparation yet remains to us, and that Experience has taught us the lessons of suffering which make men wise. Wisdom is an acquisition purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our own frailties have entailed upon us. For no one is taught by the sufferings of another. We ourselves must have felt the burning in order to shun the fire.—*The Student*, 34.

Lares and Penates.

We bear our Penates with us abroad as at home, their atrium is the heart. Our household gods are the memories of our childhood—the recollections of the hearth round which we gathered—of the fostering hands which caressed us—of the scene of all the cares and joys—the anxieties

and the hopes—the ineffable yearnings of love, which made us first acquainted with the mystery and the sanctity of Home.—*The Student*, 55.

Imagination a Paradise.

Our imagination, kept rigidly from the world, is the Eden in which we walk with God.—*The Student*, 104.

Health not our Greatest Blessing.

I confess that I see not how men can arrogate to themselves the Catholic boast of Immortal Hopes—how they can utter the old truths of the nothingness of life, of the superiority of mental over physical delights, of the paramount influence of the soul and the soul's objects—and yet speak of health as our *greatest* blessing, and the workman's charge of filling up the crannies of this fast-mouldering clay as the most necessary of human objects. Assuredly health is a *great* blessing, and its care is not to be despised; but there are duties far more sacred,—obligations before which the body is as nought. For it is not necessary to live, but it *is* necessary to live nobly!—*The Student*, 135.

Aspirations after Immortality.

As birds, born in a cage from which they had never known release, would still flutter against the bars, and, in the instinct of their unconquered nature, long for the untried and pathless air which they behold through their narrow grating;—so, pent in our cage of clay, the diviner instinct is not dead within us; at times we sicken with indistinct and undefinable apprehensions of a more noble birthright—and the soul feels stirringly that its wings, which it doth but bruise in its dungeon-tenement, were designed by the Creator, who shapeth all things to their uses, for the enjoyment of the royalties of heaven.—*The Student*, 148.

Brevity of Human Life.

Far from complaining that life is too long, I honour the frankness of the old sage, who, living to a hundred, said his only regret was to die so soon. So vast is the mind of man, so various its faculties, so measureless the range of observation to feed and to elicit his powers, that if we had lived from the birth of the world till now, we could not have compassed a millionth part of that which our capacities, trained to the utmost, would enable us to grasp. It requires an eternity to develop *all* the elements of the soul!—*The Student*, 196.

Wit and Humour.

Wit is the philosopher's quality,—humour the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humour to persons. Wit utters brilliant truths, humour delicate deductions from the knowledge of *individual* character: Rochefoucault is witty, the Vicar of Wakefield is the model of humour.—*The Student*, 214.

X I I. — R I E N Z I.

Degenerate Rome.

“Unfortunate city,” said Adrian Colonna bitterly to himself, “fountain of all mighty memories—fallen queen of a thousand nations—how art thou decrowned and spoiled by thy recreant and apostate children! Thy nobles divided against themselves—thy people cursing thy nobles—thy priests, who should sow peace, planting discord—the father of thy church deserting thy stately walls, his home a refuge, his mitre a fief, his court a Gallic village—and we! we, of the haughtiest blood of Rome—we, the sons of Cæsars, and of the lineage of demigods, guarding an insolent and abhorred state by the swords of hirelings, who mock our cowardice while they receive our pay,—who keep our citizens slaves, and lord it over their very masters in return! Oh, that we, the hereditary chiefs of Rome, could but feel—oh, that we could but find, our only legitimate safeguard in the grateful hearts of our countrymen!”

So deeply did the young Adrian feel the galling truth of all he uttered, that the indignant tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke. He felt no shame as he dashed them away; for that weakness which weeps for a fallen race is the tenderness not of women but of angels.—*Rienzi*, 38.

A Liberator's Grandeur.

So great may be the power, so mighty the eloquence, so formidable the genius, of one man,—without arms, without rank, without sword or ermine, who addresses himself to a people that is oppressed!—*Rienzi*, 40.

Perennial Youth.

In them everything *was young!*—the heart unchilled, unblighted,—that fulness and luxuriance of life's life which has in it something of divine. At that age, when it seems as if we could never die, how deathless, how flushed and mighty as with the youngness of a god, is all that our hearts create! Our own youth is like that of the earth itself, when it peopled the woods and waters with divinities; when life ran riot, and yet only gave birth to beauty;—all its shapes, of poetry,—all its airs, the melodies of Arcady and Olympus! The Golden Age never leaves the world; it exists still, and shall exist, till love, health, poetry, are no more; but only for the young!—*Rienzi*, 67.

An Archimedian Stand-point.

Nothing ever so inspires human daring, as the fond belief that it is the agent of a Diviner Wisdom. Revenge and patriotism, united in one man of genius and ambition—such are the Archimedian levers that find, in FANATICISM, the spot *out* of the world by which to move the world. The prudent man may direct a state; but it is the enthusiast who regenerates it,—or ruins.—*Rienzi*, 71.

A Liberator's Creative Power.

He, indeed, who first arouses in the bondsman the sense and soul of freedom, comes as near as is permitted to man, nearer than the philosopher, nearer even than the poet, to the great creative attribute of God!—*Rienzi*, 77.

A Patriot's Justification.

It seems so unnatural in a man to fly in the face of his own order, that the world is willing to suppose any clue to

the mystery save that of honest conviction or lofty patriotism. "Ambition!" says one. "Disappointment!" cries another. "Some private grudge!" hints a third. "Mob-courting vanity!" sneers a fourth. The people admire at first, but suspect afterwards. The moment he thwarts a popular wish, there is no redemption for him: he is accused of having acted the hypocrite,—of having worn the sheep's fleece: and now, say they,—"See! the wolf's teeth peep out!" Is he familiar with the people?—it is cajolery! Is he distant?—it is pride! What, then, sustains a man in such a situation, following his own conscience, with his eyes opened to all the perils of the path? Away with the cant of public opinion,—away with the poor delusion of posthumous justice; he will offend the first, he will never obtain the last. What sustains him? HIS OWN SOUL! A man thoroughly great has a certain contempt for his kind while he aids them: their weal or woe are all: their applause—their blame—are nothing to him. He walks forth from the circle of birth and habit; he is deaf to the little motives of little men. High, through the widest space his orbit may describe, he holds on his course to guide or to enlighten; but the noises below reach him not! Until the wheel is broken,—until the dark void swallow up the star—it makes melody, night and day, to its own ear; thirsting for no sound from the earth it illumines, anxious for no companionship in the path through which it rolls, conscious of its own glory, and contented, therefore, to be *alone!*—*Rienzi*, III.

The Soul's Inner Sanctuary.

That Holy of Holies in our own souls, wherein we know, and feel, how much our nature is capable of the self-existence of a God!—*Rienzi*, 112.

An Abortive Revolution.

Woe to that race in which a revolution produces no fruits!—in which the thunderbolt smites the high place, but does not purify the air! To suffer in vain is often the lot of the noblest individuals; but when a People suffer in vain let them curse themselves!—*Rienzi*, 125.

Before his Age.

This is the true misfortune of a man nobler than his age—that the instruments he must use soil himself: half he reforms his times; but half, too, the times will corrupt the reformer. His own craft undermines his safety;—the people, whom he himself accustoms to a false excitement, perpetually crave it; and when their ruler ceases to seduce their fancy, he falls their victim. The reform he makes by these means is hollow and momentary—it is swept away with himself: it was but the trick—the show—the wasted genius of a conjuror: the curtain falls—the magic is over—the cup and balls are kicked aside. Better one slow step in enlightenment,—which being made by the reason of a whole people, cannot recede,—than these sudden flashes in the depth of the general night, which the darkness, by contrast doubly dark, swallows up everlastingly again!—*Rienzi*, 127.

Canaille!

To the brave, there is but one sort of plebeian, and that is the coward.—*Rienzi*, 128.

Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may.

Life is short—its thorns are many—let us not neglect any of its flowers.—*Rienzi*, 177.

Saddest Songs are Sweetest.

“No sound ever went to the heart,” said Adrian, “whose arrow was not feathered by sadness.”—*Rienzi*, 178.

Hospitalliers.

Those heroic Brotherhoods who, however vilified in modern judgment by the crimes of some unworthy members, were yet, in the dark times, the best, the bravest, and the holiest agents, to whom God ever delegated the power to resist the oppressor—to feed the hungry—to minister to woe; and who, alone, amidst that fiery Pestilence (loosed, as it were, a demon from the abyss, to shiver into atoms all that binds the world to Virtue and to Law), seemed to awaken, as by the sound of an angel's trumpet, to that noblest Chivalry of the Cross—whose faith is the scorn of self—whose hope is beyond the Lazarhouse—whose feet, already winged for immortality, trample, with a conqueror's march, upon the graves of Death!—*Rienzi*, 295.

Southern Sunrise.

The Morning broke, not, as in the North, slowly and through shadow, but with the sudden glory with which in those climates Day leaps upon earth—like a giant from his sleep. A sudden smile—a burnished glow—and night had vanished.—*Rienzi*, 298.

Love.

Love is the business of the idle, but the idleness of the busy.—*Rienzi*, 324.

Petrarch in Vacluse.

Sheltered by rocks, and in this part winding through the greenest banks, enamelled with a thousand wild flowers and

water-weeds, went the crystal Sorgia. Advancing farther, the landscape assumed a more sombre and sterile aspect. The valley seemed enclosed or shut in by fantastic rocks of a thousand shapes, down which dashed and glittered a thousand rivulets. And, in the very wildest of the scene, the ground suddenly opened into a quaint and cultivated garden, through which, amidst a profusion of foliage, was seen a small and lonely mansion,—the hermitage of the place. The horseman was in the valley of the Vaucluse, and before his eye lay the garden and the house of PETRARCH ! Carelessly, however, his eye scanned the consecrated spot ; and unconsciously it rested for a moment upon a solitary figure seated musingly by the margin of the river. A large dog at the side of the noonday idler barked at the horseman as he rode on. “ A brave animal and a deep bay ! ” thought the traveller ; to him the dog seemed an object much more interesting than its master. And so,—as the crowd of little men pass unheeding and unmoved those in whom Posterity shall acknowledge the landmarks of their age,—the horseman turned his glance from the Poet !—*Rienzi*, 333.

Many called but Few chosen.

Few, alas ! are they, whose *names* may outlive the grave ; but the *thoughts* of every man who writes, are made undying ;—others appropriate, advance, exalt them ; and millions of minds unknown, undreamt of, are required to produce the immortality of one !—*Rienzi*, 334.

Consoling Thought of the Hereafter.

To him who relies upon immortality, fidelity to the dead is easy ; because death cannot extinguish hope, and the soul of the mourner is already half in the world to come.—*Rienzi*,

The Impenetrable Future.

Future!—what mystery in the very word! Had we lived all *through* the Past, since Time was, our profoundest experience of a thousand ages could not give us a guess of the events that wait the very moment we are about to enter!—*Rienzi*, 431.

A Great Man's Demon.

A man who becomes great is often but made so by a kind of sorcery in his own soul—a Pythia which prophesies that he *shall* be great—and so renders the life one effort to fulfil the warning!—*Rienzi*, 431.

XIII.—LEILA.

Force of Circumstances.

As the plant will crook and distort its trunk, to raise its head through every obstacle to the sun, so the mind of man twists and perverts itself, if legitimate openings are denied it, to find its natural element in the gale of power, or the sunshine of esteem.—*Leila*, 25.

The Crucifix.

The representation of that divine resignation, that mortal agony, that miraculous sacrifice, what eloquence it hath for our sorrows ! what preaching hath the symbol to the vanities of our wishes, to the yearnings of our discontent !—*Leila*, 94.

Self-Sacrifice.

In all ages, in all creeds, a strange and mystic impression has existed of the efficacy of self-sacrifice in working the redemption even of a whole people : this belief, so strong in the old Orient and classic religions, was yet more confirmed by Christianity—a creed founded upon the grandest of historic sacrifices ; and the lofty doctrine of which, rightly understood, perpetuates in the heart of every believer the duty of self-immolation, as well as faith in the power of prayer, no matter how great the object, how mean the supplicator. On these thoughts *Leila* meditated, till thoughts acquired the

intensity of passions, and the conversion of the Jewess was completed.—*Leila*, 95.

Soul above Fortune.

Man's soul is greater than his fortunes, and there is majesty in a life that towers above the ruins that fall around its path.—*Leila*, 165.

XIV.—CALDERON.

Contrasts among Men.

“Great contrasts among men!” said Calderon. All the classes into which naturalists ever divided the animal world contain not the variety that exists between man and man.—*Calderon, 181.*

Ambition Fearless.

Did true ambition ever know fear? Have we not the old Castilian proverb, that tells us, “He who has climbed the first step to power, has left terror a thousand leagues behind?” —*Calderon, 186.*

XV.—DUCHESS DE LA VALLIÈRE.

A Ladder of the Angels.

Thou, grey convent, whose inspiring chime
Measures the hours with prayer, that morn and eve
Life may ascend the ladder of the angels,
And climb to heaven !

—*Duchess de la Vallière*, I. ii.

Satire and Satirists.

Satirists, my friend, are men who speak the truth
That courts may say—they do not know the fashion !
Satire on Vice is Wit's revenge on fools
That slander Virtue.

—*Duchess de la Vallière*, I. ii.

The People.

Lauzun. People !—what's the *People* ?
I never heard that word at court ! The *People* !

Bragelone. I doubt not, duke. The *People*, like the Air,
Is rarely heard, save when it speaks in thunder.

—*Duchess de la Vallière*, II. i.

A Fiercer Tempest than a Thunder-storm.

Roll on, roll on, dark chariot of the storm,
Whose wheels are thunder !—the rack'd elements
Can furnish forth no tempest like the war
Of passions in one weak and erring heart !

—*Duchess de la Vallière*, II. iv. . .

A Dearly Remembered Footstep.

Bragelone. Hark ! I hear her :
 That silver footfall !—still it hath to me
 Its own peculiar and most spiritual music,
 Trembling along the pulses of the air,
 And dying on the heart that makes its echo !
 'Tis she ! —*Duchess de la Vallière*, iv. iii.

Bragelone's Warning to Louis Quatorze.

Awake !—awake !

Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream
 That earth was made for kings—mankind for slaughter—
 Woman for lust—the people for the palace !
 Dark warnings have gone forth ; along the air
 Lingers the crash of the first Charles's throne !
 Behold the young, the fair, the haughty king,
 The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering priests !
 Lo ! where the palace rose, behold the scaffold—
 The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and the victim !
 Lord of the silver lilies, canst thou tell
 If the same fate await not thy descendant !
 If some meek son of thine imperial line
 May make no brother to yon headless spectre !
 And when the sage who saddens o'er the end
 Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he find
 The seeds, thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion
 Sow'd in a heartless court and breadless people,
 Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold,—
 And the long glare of thy funereal glories
 Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave !
 Beware, proud King ! the Present cries aloud,
 A prophet to the future ! Wake !—beware !
—*Duchess de la Vallière*, iv. iv.

Real Despair.

The false devotion is the true despair!

—*Duchess de la Vallière*, v. ii.

Sleep—Life's Elixir.

Our happiest hours are sleep;—and sleep proclaims
Did we but listen to its warning voice,
That rest is earth's elixir.

—*Duchess de la Vallière*, v. iii.

What makes the Cell a Heaven.

There is no terror in the things without;
Our souls alone the palace or the prison;
And the one thought that I have fled from sin
Will fill the cell with images more glorious,
And haunt its silence with a mightier music,
Than ever throng'd illumined halls, or broke
From harps by mortal strung!

—*Duchess de la Vallière*, v. v.

XVI.—ATHENS.

Incarnate Divinity.

The more we can approach the Deity to ourselves—the more we can invest Him with human attributes—the more we can connect Him with the affairs and sympathies of earth, the greater will be His influence upon our conduct—the more fondly we shall contemplate His attributes, the more timidly we shall shrink from His vigilance, the more anxiously we shall strive for His approval. The Christ that has walked the earth, and suffered on the cross, can be more readily pictured to our imagination, and is more familiarly before us, than the Dread Eternal One, who hath the heaven for His throne, and the earth only for His footstool. And it is this very humanness of connection, so to speak, between Man and the Saviour, which gives to the Christian religion, rightly embraced, its peculiar sentiment of gentleness and of love.—*Athens*, 56.

Heroic Example.

The traditional fame of a Hercules, or a Theseus, assisted to inspire the souls of those who, ages afterwards, broke the Mede at Marathon, and arrested the Persian might in the Pass of Thermopylæ. For, as the spirit of a poet has its influence on the destiny and character of nations, so TIME itself hath his own poetry, preceding and calling forth the poetry of the human genius, and breathing inspirations, imaginative and imperishable, from the great deeds and

gigantic images of an ancestral and traditionary age.—*Athens*, 92.

Greece.

Its greatest length is two hundred and twenty geographical miles; its greatest width one hundred and forty. No contrast can be more startling than the speck of earth which Greece occupies in the map of the world, compared to the space claimed by the Grecian influences in the history of the human mind. In that contrast itself is the moral which Greece has left us—nor can volumes more emphatically describe the triumph of the Intellectual over the Material. But as nations, resembling individuals, do not become illustrious from their mere physical proportions; as in both, renown has its moral sources; so in examining the causes which conduced to the eminence of Greece,* we cease to wonder at the insignificance of its territories, or the splendour of its fame.—*Athens*, 97.

Dictatorship.

There are times in the history of all nations when liberty is best promoted—when civilisation is most rapidly expedited—when the arts are most luxuriantly nourished by a strict concentration of power in the hands of an individual,—and when the despot is but the representative of the popular will.—*Athens*, 144.

Lyrical Poetry.

The eloquence of poetry will always be more exciting in its appeals—the love for poetry always more diffused throughout a people, in proportion as it is less written than recited. How few, even at this day, will read a poem!—what crowds will listen to a song! Recitation transfers the stage of effect from the closet to the multitude—the public becomes an

audience, the poet an orator. And when we remember that the poetry, thus created, embodying the most vivid, popular, animated subjects of interest, was united with all the pomp of festival and show—all the grandest, the most elaborate, and artful effects of music—we may understand why the true genius of lyrical composition has passed for ever away from the modern world.—*Athens*, 160.

The Violet Crowned.

Amidst the vital struggles, followed by the palsied and prostrate exhaustion, of her Ionian children, the majestic Athens suddenly arose from the obscurity of the Past, to an empire that can never perish until Heroism shall cease to warm, Poetry to delight, and Wisdom to instruct, the Future.—*Athens*, 173.

Historic Representatives.

History is rarely more than the biography of great men. Through a succession of individuals we trace the character and destiny of nations. THE PEOPLE glide away from us, a sublime but intangible abstraction, and the voice of the mighty Agora reaches us only through the medium of its representatives to Posterity.—*Athens*, 260.

Æschylus.

Homer is the creator of the Material poetry, Æschylus of the Intellectual. The corporeal and animal sufferings of the Titan in the Epic hell become exalted by Tragedy into the portrait of moral Fortitude defying physical Anguish. The Prometheus of Æschylus is the spirit of a god disdainfully subjected to the misfortunes of a man. In reading this wonderful performance, which in pure and sustained sublimity is perhaps unrivalled in the literature of the world,

we lose sight entirely of the cheerful Hellenic worship.—*Athens*, 274.

Leonidas.

There are men whose whole life is in a single action. Of these, Leonidas is the most eminent. We know little of him until the last few days of his career. He seems, as it were, born but to show how much glory belongs to a brave death. Of his character or genius, his general virtues and vices, his sorrows and his joys, biography can scarcely gather even the materials for conjecture. He passed from an obscure existence into an everlasting name. And history dedicates her proudest pages to one of whom she has nothing but the epitaph to relate.—*Athens*, 375.

Alps on Alps.

There is but one way to *sustain* reputation, viz., to *increase* it: and the memory of past glories becomes dim unless it be constantly refreshed by new.—*Athens*, 441.

War's Benefits.

The misfortunes of one generation are often necessary to the prosperity of another. The stream of blood fertilises the earth over which it flows, and war has been at once the scourge and the civiliser of the world. . . . What adversity is to individuals, war often is to nations:—Uncertain in its consequences, it is true that with some it subdues and crushes, but with others it braces and exalts. Even when the armed revolutions of the world are most terrible in their results—destroying the greatness and the liberties of one people—they serve sooner or later to produce a counteracting rise and progress in the fortunes of another; as the sea here advances, there recedes, swallowing up the fertilities of this shore to increase the territories of that, and fulfilling

in its awful and appalling agency that mandate of human destinies, which ordains all things to be changed, and nothing to be destroyed. Without the invasion of Persia, Greece might have left no annals, and the modern world might search in vain for inspirations from the ancient. When the deluge of the Persian arms rolled back to its eastern bed, and the world was once more comparatively at rest, the continent of Greece rose visibly and majestically above the rest of the civilised earth.—*Athens*, 374.

XVII.—ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

Golden Youth.

Happy Maltravers!—youth and genius have luxuries all the Rothschilds cannot purchase! And yet, Maltravers, you are ambitious!—life moves too slowly for you!—you would push on the wheels of the clock!—Fool—brilliant fool!—you are eighteen, and a poet!—What more can you desire?—Bid Time stop for ever!—*Ernest Maltravers*, 32.

Boys and Girls.

There is nearly always something of Nature's own gentility in very young women (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a-giggling); it shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough, masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires Heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps—I do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 36.

Next Morning.

We are apt to connect the voice of Conscience with the stillness of midnight. But I think we wrong that innocent hour. It is that terrible "NEXT MORNING," when reason is wide awake, upon which remorse fastens its fangs. Has a

man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel—has he committed a crime, or incurred a laugh—it is the *next morning*, when the irretrievable Past rises before him like a spectre; then doth the churchyard of memory yield up its grisly dead—then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least tempt perhaps, but most torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—oblivion and sleep! But at morning, sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review, and re-act, and live again the waking bitterness of self-reproach.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 41.

Elasticity of the Conscience.

The conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill, to-morrow it hides a mountain.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 42.

Middle Life's To-morrow.

Middle life is never with to-day, its home is in to-morrow . . . anxious, and scheming, and desiring, and wishing this plot ripened and that hope fulfilled, while every wave of the forgotten Time brings it nearer and nearer to the end of all things. Half our life is consumed in longing to be nearer death.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 44.

Origin of Music.

Whoever invented music did it because he loved dearly and wanted to say so.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 45.

English Parks.

It is a wild and weird scene, one of those noble English parks at midnight, with its rough forest-ground broken into dell and valley, its never-innovated and mossy grass, over-

run with ferns, and its immemorial trees, that have looked upon the birth, and look yet upon the graves of a hundred generations. Such spots are the last proud and melancholy trace of Norman knighthood and old romance, left to the laughing landscapes of cultivated England. They always throw something of shadow and solemn gloom upon minds that feel their associations, like that which belongs to some ancient and holy edifice. They are the cathedral aisles of Nature, with their darkened vistas, and columned trunks, and arches of mighty foliage.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 48.

Greek Sculpture and Greek Literature.

Looking upon the Greek marble, we become acquainted, almost insensibly, with the character of the Greek life and literature. That Aristides, that Genius of Death, that fragment of the unrivalled Psyche, are worth a thousand Scaligers!

“Do you ever look at the Latin translation when you read Æschylus?” said a schoolboy once to Cleveland.

“That is my Latin translation,” said Cleveland, pointing to the Laocoon.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 64.

An Agony of Grief.

The first notes of Cleveland’s kind voice had touched upon a soft chord, that months of anxiety and excitement had strained to anguish, but had never woke to tears. His nerves were shattered—those strong young nerves! He thought of his dead father when he first saw Cleveland; but when he glanced round the room prepared for him, and observed the care for his comfort, and the tender recollection of his most trifling peculiarities everywhere visible, Alice, the watchful, the humble, the loving, the lost Alice, rose before him. Surprised at his ward’s delay, Cleveland

entered the room ; there sat Ernest still, his face buried in his hands. Cleveland drew them gently away, and Maltravers sobbed like an infant. It was an easy matter to bring tears to the eyes of that young man : a generous or a tender thought, an old song, the simplest air of music, sufficed for that touch of the mother's nature. But the vehement and awful passion which belongs to manhood when thoroughly unmanned—this was the first time in which the relief of that stormy bitterness was known to him.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 65.

Youth's Bridge of Sighs.

Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from Youth to Manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover, and we find ourselves a new being. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 66.

Sympathy essential to Influence.

It seldom happens that we are very strongly influenced by those *much* older than ourselves. It is the Senior, of from two to ten years, that most seduces and enthrals us. He has the same pursuits—views, objects, pleasures, but more art and experience in them all. He goes with us in the path we are ordained to tread, but from which the elder generation desires to warn us off. There is very little influence where there is not great sympathy.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 72.

Divine Consolations.

However we may darken and puzzle ourselves with fancies and visions, and the ingenuities of fanatical mysti-

cism, no man can mathematically or syllogistically contend that the world which a God made, and a Saviour visited, was designed to be damned!

And Ernest Maltravers one night softly stole to his room and opened the New Testament, and read its heavenly moralities with purged eyes; and when he had done, he fell upon his knees, and prayed the Almighty to pardon the ungrateful heart that, worse than the Atheist's, had confessed His existence, but denied His goodness.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 73.

Silence is Golden.

All silent people can seem conventionally elegant. A groom married a rich lady; he dreaded the ridicule of the guests whom his new rank assembled at his table—an Oxford clergyman gave him this piece of advice, "Wear a black coat and hold your tongue!" The groom took the hint, and is always considered one of the most gentlemanlike fellows in the county.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 77.

Life's Dreams.

Life is a sleep in which we dream most at the commencement and the close—the middle part absorbs us too much for dreams.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 83.

Manners and Good Looks.

The air, the manner, the tone, the conversation, the something that interests, and the something to be proud of—these are the attributes of the man made to be loved. And the Beauty-man is, nine times out of ten, little more than the oracle of his aunts, and the "sitch a love" of the housemaids!—*Ernest Maltravers*, 84.

The English Press.

We have a press, which is not only the safety-valve of the passions of every party, but the great note-book of the ex-

periments of every hour—the homely, the invaluable ledger of losses and of gains. No; the people who keep that tablet well, never can be bankrupt.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 87.

Futile Ambition.

Believe me, there is no unhappier wretch than a man who is ambitious but disappointed,—who has the desire for fame, but has lost the power to achieve it,—who longs for the goal, but will not, and cannot, put away his slippers to walk to it.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 95.

Italian and German Music.

Music is almost the only thing which Italians in general can be said to know—and even that knowledge comes to them, like Dogberry's reading and writing, by nature—for of music as an *art*, the unprofessional amateurs know but little. As vain and arrogant of the last wreck of their national genius as the Romans of old were of the empire of all arts and arms, they look upon the harmonies of other lands as barbarous; nor can they appreciate or understand appreciation of the mighty German music, which is the proper minstrelsy of a nation of *men*—a music of philosophy, of heroism, of the intellect and the imagination; beside which, the strains of modern Italy are indeed effeminate, fantastic, and artificially feeble. Rossini is the Canova of music, with much of the pretty, with nothing of the grand! —*Ernest Maltravers*, 109.

First-rate and Second-rate Faculties.

There is in a sound and correct intellect, with all its gifts fairly balanced, a calm consciousness of power, a certainty that when its strength is fairly put out, it must be to realise the usual result of strength. Men of second-rate faculties,

on the contrary, are fretful and nervous, fidgeting after a celebrity which they do not estimate by their own talents, but by the talents of some one else. They see a tower, but are occupied only with measuring its shadow, and think their own height (which they never calculate) is to cast as broad a one over the earth. It is the short man who is always throwing up his chin, and is as erect as a dart. The tall man stoops, and the strong man is not always using the dumb-bells.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 117.

High-wrought Egotism.

Perhaps, the most extensive and universal masters of life and character have begun by being egotists. For there is in a man that has much in him, a wonderfully acute and sensitive perception of his own existence.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 118.

Good Sense.

Good sense is not, therefore, an abstract quality or a solitary talent; but it is the natural result of the habit of thinking justly, and therefore seeing clearly, and is as different from the sagacity that belongs to a diplomatist or attorney as the philosophy of Socrates differed from the rhetoric of Gorgias.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 125.

Day-Dreams of Authorship.

He delighted to penetrate into the causes that have made the airy webs spun by men's fancies so permanent and powerful in their influence over the hard, work-day world. And what a lovely scene—what a sky—what an air wherein to commence the projects of that ambition which seeks to establish an empire in the hearts and memories of mankind! I believe it has a great effect on the future labours of a writer,—the place where he first dreams that it is his destiny to write!—*Ernest Maltravers*, 130.

Friendship and Love.

Friendship is the wine of existence, but love is the dram-drinking.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 133.

Consolations of Authorship.

There is a conscience of the head as well as of the heart, and in old age we feel as much remorse, if we have wasted our natural talents, as if we have perverted our natural virtues. The profound and exultant satisfaction with which a man who knows that he has not lived in vain—that he has entailed on the world an heir-loom of instruction or delight—looks back upon departed struggles, is one of the happiest emotions of which the conscience can be capable. What, indeed, are the petty faults we commit as individuals, affecting but a narrow circle, ceasing with our own lives, to the incalculable and everlasting good we may produce as public men by one book or by one law? Depend upon it that the Almighty, who sums up all the good and all the evil done by His creatures in a just balance, will not judge the august benefactors of the world with the same severity as those drones of society, who have no great services to show in the eternal ledger, as a set-off to the indulgence of their small vices.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 136.

London.

I have no respect for the Englishman who re-enters London after long residence abroad, without a pulse that beats quick, and a heart that heaves high. The public buildings are few, and, for the most part, mean; the monuments of antiquity not comparable to those which the pettiest town in Italy can boast of; the palaces are sad rubbish; the houses of our peers and princes are shabby and shapeless heaps of brick. But what of all this? the

spirit of London is in her thoroughfares—her population! What wealth—what cleanliness—what order—what animation! How majestic, and yet how vivid, is the life that runs through her myriad veins! How, as the lamps blaze upon you at night, and street after street glides by your wheels, each so regular in its symmetry, so equal in its civilisation—how all speak of the CITY OF FREEMEN!—*Ernest Maltravers*, 185.

Microcosms.

The tench, no doubt, considers the pond in which he lives as the Great World. There is no place, however stagnant, which is not the great world to the creatures that move about in it. People who have lived all their lives in a village still talk of the world as if they had ever seen it! An old woman in a hovel does not put her nose out of her door on a Sunday without thinking she is going amongst the pomps and vanities of the great world. *Ergo*, the great world is to all of us the little circle in which we live. But as fine people set the fashion, so the circle of fine people is called the Great World, *par excellence*.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 189.

Mannerism.

All writers worth reading have mannerism.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 194.

In a Passion.

A man is a poor creature who is not in a passion sometimes; but a very unjust, or a very foolish one, if he be in a passion with the wrong person, and in the wrong place and time.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 198.

Value of Conjecture.

Newton and Copernicus would have done nothing if they had not imagined as well as reasoned, guessed as well as ascer-

tained. Nay, it was an aphorism with him, that the very soul of philosophy is conjecture.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 199.

Trifles.

Nothing in literature is in itself trifling—it is often but a hair's breadth that divides a truism from a discovery.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 202.

Originality.

No two minds are ever the same; and therefore any man who will give us fairly and frankly the results of his own impressions, uninfluenced by the servilities of imitation, will be original.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 202.

True and False Lights.

Long absences extinguish all the false lights, though not the true ones. The lamps are dead in the banquet-room of yesterday; but a thousand years hence, and the stars we look on to-night will burn as brightly.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 207.

One Moment.

One moment, what an effect it produces upon years!—ONE MOMENT!—virtue, crime, glory, shame, woe, rapture, rest upon moments! Death itself is but a moment, yet Eternity is its successor!—*Ernest Maltravers*, 215.

Lumley Ferrers' Soliloquy.

“It is astonishing how this city is improved,” said Lumley Ferrers to himself as after an absence from England of several years, he walked slowly and musingly up that superb thoroughfare which connects the Regent's Park with St. James's. “Everything gets on in this world with a little energy and bustle—and everybody as well as every-

thing. My old cronies, fellows not half so clever as I am, are all doing well. There's Tom Stevens, my very fag at Eton—snivelling little dog he was too!—just made under-secretary of state. Pearson, whose longs and shorts I always wrote, is now head-master to the human longs and shorts of a public school—editing Greek plays, and booked for a bishopric. Collier, I see, by the papers, is leading his circuit—and Ernest Maltravers (but *he* had some talent) has made a name in the world. Here am I, worth them all put together, who have done nothing but spend half my little fortune in spite of all my economy. Egad this must have an end. I must look to the main chance; and yet, just when I want his help the most, my worthy uncle thinks fit to marry again. Humph!—I'm too good for this world." —*Ernest Maltravers*, 225.

Apathy.

Apathy is the combination of satiety and content.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 239.

Our Souls a Trust.

Our own souls are a solemn trust to our own lives.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 255.

Lord Vargrave's Heir.

"I am sunk in the world," said Ferrers, "I am next heir to a bran-new Brummagem peerage. Gad, I feel brassy already!"

"What! is Mr. Templeton——?"

"Mr. Templeton no more; he is defunct, extinguished—out of the ashes rises the phoenix Lord Vargrave. We had thought of a more sounding title; De Courval has a nobler sound,—but my good uncle has nothing of the Norman about him: so we dropped the De as ridiculous—Vargrave.

is euphonious and appropriate. My uncle has a manor of that name—Baron Vargrave of Vargrave.”

“Ah—I congratulate you.”

“Thank you. Lady Vargrave may destroy all my hopes yet. But nothing venture, nothing have. My uncle will be gazetted to-day. Poor man, he will be delighted; and as he certainly owes it much to me, he will, I suppose, be very grateful—or hate me ever afterwards—that is a toss-up. A benefit conferred is a complete hazard between the thumb of pride and the fore-finger of affection. Heads gratitude, tails hatred! There, that’s a simile in the fashion of the old writers: ‘Well of English undefiled!’ humph!”—*Ernest Maltravers*, 318.

Authors.

The biographies of Authors, those ghost-like beings who seem to have had no life but in the shadow of their own haunting and imperishable thoughts, dimmed the inspiration he might have caught from their pages. Those Slaves of the Lamp, those Silkworms of the Closet, how little had they enjoyed, how little had they lived! Condemned to a mysterious fate by the wholesale destinies of the world, they seemed born but to toil and to spin thoughts for the common crowd—and, their task performed in drudgery and in darkness, to die when no further service could be wrung from their exhaustion. Names had they been in life, and as names they lived for ever, in life as in death, airy and unsubstantial phantoms.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 356.

Reconciled to Death.

God has mercifully ordained it as the customary lot of nature, that in proportion as we decline into the grave, the sloping path is made smooth and easy to our feet; and

every day, as the films of clay are removed from our eyes, Death loses the false aspect of the spectre, and we fall at last into its arms as a wearied child upon the bosom of its mother.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 360.

Religion.

Religion, which is indeed poetry with a stronger wing.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 369.

Faith.

“Faith is Hope with a holier name, hope that knows neither deceit nor death. Ah, how wisely do you speak of the *philosophy* of belief! It is, indeed, the telescope through which the stars grow large upon our gaze. And to you, Ernest, my beloved,” said Florence, “to you I leave, when I am gone, that monitor—that friend;—you will know yourself what you teach to me. And when you look not on the heaven alone but in all space—on all the illimitable creation, you will know that I am there! For the home of a spirit is wherever spreads the Universal Presence of God. And to what numerous stages of being, what paths, what duties, what active and glorious tasks in other worlds may we not be reserved—perhaps to know and share them together, and mount age after age higher in the scale of being. For surely in heaven there is no pause or torpor—we do not lie down in calm and unimprovable repose. Movement and progress will remain the law and condition of existence. And there will be efforts and duties for us above as there have been below.”

It was not so much to the calm and rest of the grave that she extended her unreluctant gaze, as to the light and glory of a renewed and progressive existence.—*Ernest Maltravers*, 370.

Brightest when Vanishing.

Maltravers had never loved Lady Florence as he did now. Was it the perversity of human nature, that makes the things of mortality dearer to us in proportion as they fade from our hopes, like birds whose hues are only unfolded when they take wing and vanish amidst the skies?—*Ernest Maltravers*, 373.

XVIII.—ALICE.

Two Ideal Worlds.

Of the two ideal worlds that stretch beyond the inch of time on which we stand, Imagination is perhaps holier than Memory.—*Alice*, 12.

Flowers.

Those charming children of Nature, in which our age can take the same tranquil pleasure as our youth.—*Alice*, 18.

Talent and Genius.

The difference between talent and genius lies rather in the heart than the head.—*Alice*, 26.

Cherries.

“Two cherries on one stalk,” said Lumley, gaily: “by-the-bye, it is not a complimentary simile. What young lady would be like a cherry?—such an uninteresting, common, charity-boy sort of fruit. For my part, I always associate cherries with the image of a young gentleman in corduroys and a skeleton jacket, with one pocket full of marbles, and the other full of worms for fishing, with three-half-pence in the left paw, and two cherries on one stalk (*Helena* and *Hermia*) in the right.”—*Alice*, 39.

Too Little and Too Much.

We are nearer to true virtue and true happiness when we

demand too little from men, than when we exact too much.
—*Alice*, 74.

Happiness in every Condition.

Men in all states seem to have much the same proportion of happiness. We judge others with eyes accustomed to dwell on our own circumstances. I have seen the slave, whom we commiserate, enjoy his holiday with a rapture unknown to the grave freeman. I have seen that slave made free, and enriched by the benevolence of his master; and he has been gay no more. The masses of men in all countries are much the same. If there are greater comforts in the hardy North, Providence bestows a fertile earth and a glorious heaven, and a mind susceptible to enjoyment as flowers to light, on the voluptuous indulgence of the Italian, or the contented apathy of the Hindoo.—*Alice*, 84.

Genius ever Young.

There is in all real genius so much latent playfulness of nature, it almost seems as if genius never could grow old. The inscription that youth writes upon the tablets of an imaginative mind are, indeed, never wholly obliterated—they are as an invisible writing, which gradually becomes clear in the light and warmth. Bring genius familiarly with the young, and it is as young as they are.—*Alice*, 85.

Religion of Freedom.

It is the boast of this island, that the slave whose foot touches the soil is free. The boast may be enlarged. Where so much is left to the people—where the life of civilisation, not locked up in the tyranny of Central Despotism, spreads, vivifying, restless, ardent, through every vein of the healthful body, the most distant province, the obscurest village, has claims on our exertions, our duties, and forces us into

energy and citizenship. •The spirit of liberty, that strikes the chain from the slave, binds the freeman to his brother. This is the Religion of Freedom. And hence it is that the stormy struggles of free states have been blessed with results of Virtue, of Wisdom, and of Genius—by Him who bade us love one another—not only that love in itself is excellent, but that from love, which in its widest sense is but the spiritual term for liberty, whatever is worthiest of our solemn nature has its birth.—*Alice*, 90.

A Nervous Swindler.

Mr. Douce was a small man, a nervous man—he did not seem quite master of his own limbs; when he bowed he seemed to be making you a present of his legs; when he sat down, he twitched first on one side, then on the other—thrust his hands into his pockets, then took them out, and looked at them, as if in astonishment—then seized upon a pen, by which they were luckily provided with incessant occupation. Meanwhile, there was what might fairly be called a constant play of countenance; first he smiled, then looked grave—now raised his eyebrows, till they rose like rainbows to the horizon of his pale, straw-coloured hair—and next darted them down, like an avalanche, over the twinkling, restless, fluttering, little blue eyes, which then became almost invisible. Mr. Douce had, in fact, all the appearance of a painfully-shy man, which was the more strange, as he had the reputation of enterprise, and even audacity, in the business of his profession, and was fond of the society of the great.—*Alice*, 103.

Honour.

Honour is to justice as the flower to the plant—its efflorescence, its bloom, its consummation.—*Alice*, 115.

Children.

It is astonishing how the least ailment in those little things stops the wheels of domestic life!—*Alice*, 122.

Pity.

Pity in woman is a great beautifier.—*Alice*, 149.

Colonel Legard.

Maltravers turned towards Evelyn as he spoke, and almost started to observe that she was joined by a stranger, whose approach he had not before noticed; and that stranger a man of such remarkable personal advantages, that, had Maltravers been in Vargrave's position, he might reasonably have experienced a pang of jealous apprehension. Slightly above the common height—slender, yet strongly formed—set off by every advantage of dress, of air, of the nameless tone and pervading refinement that sometimes, though not always, springs from early and habitual intercourse with the most polished female society—Colonel Legard, at the age of eight-and-twenty, had acquired a reputation for beauty almost as popular and as well known as that which men usually acquire by mental qualifications. Yet there was nothing effeminate in his countenance, the symmetrical features of which were made masculine and expressive by the rich olive of the complexion, and the close jetty curls of the Antinous-like hair.—*Alice*, 151.

Dawn of Love.

Love, in its first dim and imperfect shape, is but imagination concentrated on one object. It is a genius of the heart, resembling that of the intellect; it appeals to, it stirs up, it evokes the sentiments and sympathies that lie most latent

in our nature. Its sigh is the spirit that moves over the ocean, and arouses the Anadyomene into life.—*Alice*, 165.

A Genius.

If a man is called a genius, it means that he is to be thrust out of all the good things in this life. He is not fit for anything but a garret: Put a *genius* into office!—make a *genius* a bishop! or a lord chancellor!—the world would be turned topsyturvy! You see that you are quite astonished that a genius can be even a county magistrate, and know the difference between a spade and a poker! In fact, a genius is supposed to be the most ignorant, impracticable, good-for-nothing, do-nothing, sort of thing that ever walked upon two legs.—*Alice*, 172.

Green Old Age.

Mr. Aubrey's was the age when we most sensitively enjoy the mere sense of existence; when the face of nature, and a passive conviction of the benevolence of our Great Father, suffice to create a serene and ineffable happiness, which rarely visits us till we have done with the passions; till memories, if more alive than heretofore, are yet mellowed in the hues of time, and Faith softens into harmony all their asperities and harshness; till nothing within us remains to cast a shadow over the things without; and on the verge of life, the Angels are nearer to us than of yore. There is an old age which has more youth of heart than youth itself.—*Alice*, 181.

A Great Noble's Position.

The magnificent chateaux—the immense estates of our English peers—tend to preserve to us, in spite of the freedom, bustle, and commercial grandeur of our people, more of the Norman attributes of aristocracy than can be found in

other countries. In his county, the great noble is a petty prince—his house is a court—his possessions and munificence are a boast to every proprietor in his district. They are as fond of talking of *the earl's* or *the duke's* movements and entertainments, as Dangeau was of the gossip of the Tuileries and Versailles.—*Alice*, 185.

Judicious Rattling.

A man's rise in life generally dates from a well-timed *rat*.—*Alice*, 186.

Home.

"Home!" repeated Caroline, bitterly:—"home—home is the English synonym for the French *ennui*. But I hear papa on the stairs."—*Alice*, 195.

Episcopal Qualifications.

"Editing a Greek play—writing a political pamphlet—and apostatising at the proper moment."—*Alice*, 213.

Cleveland's Denunciation of Paris.

"Paris is a delightful place—that is allowed by all. It is delightful to the young, to the gay, to the idle; to the literary lion, who likes to be petted; to the wiser epicure, who indulges a more justifiable appetite. It is delightful to ladies, who wish to live at their ease, and buy beautiful caps; delightful to philanthropists, who wish for listeners to schemes of colonising the moon; delightful to the haunters of balls, and ballets, and little theatres, and superb cafés, where men with beards of all sizes and shapes scowl at the English, and involve their intellects in the fascinating game of dominoes. For these, and for many others, Paris is delightful. I say nothing against it. But, for my own part, I would rather live in a garret in London, than in a

palace in the *Chaussee d'Antin*.—*Chacun à son mauvais goût*.

“I don't like the streets, in which I cannot walk but in the kennel: I don't like the shops, that contain nothing except what's at the window: I don't like the houses, like prisons, which look upon a court-yard: I don't like the *beaux jardins*, which grow no plants save a Cupid in plaster: I don't like the wood fires, which demand as many *petits soins* as the women, and which warm no part of one but one's eye-lids: I don't like the language, with its strong phrases about nothing, and vibrating like a pendulum between 'rapture' and 'desolation; ' I don't like the accent, which one cannot get, without speaking through one's nose: I don't like the eternal fuss and jabber about books without nature, and revolutions without fruit: I have no sympathy with tales that turn on a dead jackass; nor with constitutions that give the ballot to the representatives, and withhold the suffrage from the people: neither have I much faith in that enthusiasm for the *beaux arts*, which shows its produce in execrable music, detestable pictures, abominable sculpture, and a droll something that I believe the *French* call POETRY. Dancing and cookery—these are the arts the *French* excel in, I grant it; and excellent things they are; but oh, England! oh, Germany! you need not be jealous of your rival!”—*Alice*, 223.

Acrobats of Civilisation.

In the *bouleversement* of Revolutions, the *French* have fallen on their feet!—*Alice*, 227.

Self-Purification of Literature.

The stream settles of itself by rest and time; the impure particles fly off, or are neutralised by the healthful. It is only fools that call the works of a master-spirit immoral.

There does not exist in the literature of the world, one popular book that is immoral two centuries after it is produced.—*Alice*, 235.

Centralisation.

It is, in fact, the perilous tonic, which seems to brace the system, but drives the blood to the head—thus come apoplexy and madness. By centralisation the provinces are weakened, it is true; but weak to assist as well as to oppose a Government—weak to withstand a mob. Nowhere, now-a-days, is a mob so powerful as in Paris: the political history of Paris is the history of mobs. Centralisation is an excellent quackery for a despot who desires power to last only his own life, and who has but a life-interest in the State; but to true liberty and permanent order, centralisation is a deadly poison. The more the provinces govern their own affairs, the more we find everything, even to roads and post-horses, are left to the people; the more the Municipal Spirit pervades every vein of the vast body, the more certain may we be that reform and change must come from universal opinion, which is slow, and constructs ere it destroys—not from public clamour, which is sudden, and not only pulls down the edifice, but sells the bricks!—*Alice*, 236.

Kind, but Ruthless.

Lord Vargrave would not have injured a worm if it did him no good, but he would have set any house on fire if he had no other means of roasting his own eggs.—*Alice*, 250.

Revolutions.

Revolutions are produced but by the aspirations of one order, and the resistance of the other.—*Alice*, 256.

Civilisation a Juggernaut.

In civilisation we behold a splendid aggregate:—literature

and science, wealth and luxury, commerce and glory; but we see not the million victims crushed beneath the wheels of the machine—the health sacrificed—the board breadless—the jails filled—the hospitals reeking—the human life poisoned in every spring, and poured forth like water!—*Alice*, 258.

Life—a Curse or a Blessing?

“Is life, mere animal life, on the whole,” asked De Montaigne, “a curse or a blessing?”

“The generality of men in all countries,” answered Maltravers, “enjoy existence, and apprehend death;—were it otherwise, the world had been made by a Fiend, and not a God!”—*Alice*, 260.

Eternal Progress.

“You talk,” said De Montaigne, “of no certain and definite goal! How know we that there is a certain and definite goal, even in Heaven? How know we that excellence may not be illimitable? Enough that we improve—that we proceed: Seeing in the great design of earth that benevolence is an attribute of the Designer, let us leave the rest to Posterity and to God.”—*Alice*, 264.

Inspiration of the Lares.

It may, indeed, be generally remarked (contrary to a common notion), that the men who are most happy at home are the most active abroad. The animal spirits are necessary to healthful action; and dejection and the sense of solitude will turn the stoutest into dreamers. The hermit is the antipodes of the citizen; and no gods animate and inspire us like the Lares.—*Alice*, 266.

Lord Vargrave's Private Secretary.

Miss Bidy or Bridget Hobbs, a young lady of four or

five-and-twenty, cast a bashful look of admiration at the slim secretary, as he sauntered into the room, in a black coat, black waistcoat, black trousers, and black neckcloth, with a black pin,—looking much like an ebony cane split half-way up. Miss Biddy was a fair young lady, a *lectle* faded, with uncommonly thin arms and white satin shoes, on which the slim secretary cast his eyes and—shuddered.—*Alice*, 277.

Ancestral Glories.

“I am proud,” wrote Maltravers, “not of the length of a mouldering pedigree, but of some historical quarterings in my escutcheon—of some blood of scholars and of heroes that rolls in my veins; it is the same kind of pride that an Englishman may feel in belonging to a country that has produced Shakespeare and Bacon.”—*Alice*, 296.

Emotions in Good Society.

Never believe that a heart long accustomed to beat only in good society can be broken—it is rarely even touched.—*Alice*, 303.

The Passions when Strongest.

What a mistake to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth!—The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker. They are more easily excited—they are more violent and more apparent,—but they have less energy, less durability, less intense and concentrated power, than in maturer life. In youth, passion succeeds to passion, and one breaks upon the other, as waves upon a rock, till the heart frets itself to repose. In manhood, the great deep flows on, more calm, but more profound, its serenity is the proof of the might and terror of its course, were the wind to blow and the storm to rise.—*Alice*, 304.

An Escaped Madman's Sense of Freedom.

Cesarini walked lustily on, shunning the high road—the day was clear—the sun bright—the air full of racy health. Oh! what soft raptures swelled the heart of the wanderer, as he gazed around him! The Poet and the Freeman alike stirred within his shattered heart! He paused to contemplate the berries of the icy trees—to listen to the sharp gleo of the blackbird—and once—when he found beneath a hedge a cold, scentless group of hardy violets—he laughed aloud in his joy. In that laughter there was no madness—no danger; but when, as he journeyed on, he passed through a little hamlet, and saw the children at play upon the ground, and heard from the open door of a cabin the sound of rustic music, then, indeed, he paused abruptly; the past gathered over him: *he knew that which he had been—that which he was now!*—an awful memory!—a dread revelation! And, covering his face with his hands, he wept aloud. In those tears were the peril and the method of madness. He woke from them to think of his youth—his hopes—of Florence—of revenge!—Lumley, Lord Vargrave! better, from that hour, to encounter the tiger in his lair, than find thyself alone with that miserable man.—*Alice*, 316.

Temptation always to be Vanquished. *

Maltravers daily, nightly, hourly, prayed to the Great Comforter to assist him in wrestling against a guilty love. No man struggles so honestly, so ardently as he did utterly in vain; for in us all, if we would but cherish it, there is a spirit that must rise at last—a crowned, if bleeding, conqueror—over Fate and all the Demons.—*Alice*, 355.

Portrait. ♦

There is something mystical about those painted ghosts of

ourselves, that survive our very dust! Who, gazing upon them long and wistfully, does not half fancy that they seem not insensible to his gaze as if we looked our own life into them, and the eyes that followed us where we moved were animated by a stranger art than the mere trick of the limner's colours.—*Alice*, 358.

Reunion at last of Alice and Maltravers.

Maltravers rose, and they stood before each other face to face. And how lovely still was Alice! lovelier he thought even than of old! And those eyes, so divinely blue, so dovelike and soft, yet with some spiritual and unfathomable mystery in their clear depth, were once more fixed upon him. Alice seemed turned to stone; she moved not—she spoke not—she scarcely breathed; she gazed spell-bound, as if her senses—as if life itself—had deserted her.

“Alice!” murmured Maltravers,—“Alice, we meet at last!”

His voice restored memory, consciousness, youth, at once to her! She uttered a loud cry of unspeakable joy, of rapture! She sprang forward—reserve, fear, time, change, all forgotten—she threw herself into his arms, she clasped him to her heart again and again!—the faithful dog that has found his master expresses not his transport more uncontrollably, more wildly. It was something fearful—the excess of her ecstasy!—she kissed his hands, his clothes; she laughed, she wept: and at last, as words came, she laid her head on his breast, and said passionately,—“I have been true to thee! I have been true to thee—or this hour would have killed me!” Then, as if alarmed by his silence, she looked up into his face, and, as his burning tears fell upon her cheek, she said again and with more hurried vehemence—“I *have* been faithful—do you not believe me?”
—*Alice*, 374.

Above the Little Grave!

Suddenly, her colour faded; the smile passed from the dimpled lips; a sad and solemn aspect succeeded to that expression of passionate joy—"Come," said Alice in a whisper, "come, follow;" and, still clasping his hand, she drew him to the door. Silent and wonderingly he followed her across the lawn, through the moss-grown gate, and into the lonely burial-ground. She moved on with a noiseless and gliding step—so pale, so hushed, so breathless, that, even in the noon-day, you might have half fancied the fair shape was not owned by earth. She paused where the yew-tree cast its gloomy shadow; and the small and tombless mound, separated from the rest, was before them. She pointed to it, and falling on her knees beside it, murmured—"Hush, it sleeps below—thy child!" She covered her face with both her hands, and her form shook convulsively.

Beside that form, and before that grave, knelt Maltravers. There vanished the last remnant of his stoic pride; and there pardon to himself, and blessings on the heart he had betrayed. There solemnly did he vow, the remainder of his years, to guard from all future ill the faithful and childless mother.—*Alice*, 376.

XIX.—THE LADY OF LYONS.

At your Time of Life!

Damas [*interrupting Mme. Deschappelles*]. Foreign prince!—foreign fiddlestick!—you ought to be ashamed of such nonsense at your time of life.

Mme. Deschap. My time of life!—That is an expression never applied to any lady till she is sixty-nine and three-quarters;—and only then by the clergyman of the parish.—*Lady of Lyons*, i. i.

A Genus!

Landlord. Nay, he don't garden any more; his father left him well off. He's only a genus.

Gavis. A what?

Landlord. A genus!—a man who can do everything in life except anything that's useful;—that's a genus.—*Lady of Lyons*, i. ii.

A Prize—Glory.

Enter CLAUDE MELNOTTE, with a rifle in his hand.

Mel. Give me joy, dear mother!—I've won the prize!—never missed one shot! Is it not handsome, this gun?

Widow. Humph!—Well, what is it worth, Claude!

Mel. Worth! What is a riband worth to a soldier? Worth! everything! Glory is priceless!—*Lady of Lyons*, i. iii.

Youth and Hope.

Melnotte. Oh, how my heart swells within me!—Oh, what

glorious prophets of the future are youth and hope!—*Lady of Lyons*, I. iii.

Courts and Titles.

Mme. Deschapelles. Good morning, gentlemen; really I am so fatigued with laughter; the dear Prince is so entertaining. What wit he has! Any one may see that he has spent his whole life in courts.

Damas. And what the deuce do you know about courts, cousin Deschapelles? You women regard men just as you buy books—you never care about what is in them, but how they are bound and lettered. 'Sdeath, I don't think you would even look at your Bible if it had not a title to it.—*Lady of Lyons*, II. i.

Representatives of the Past. . .

Pauline. There is something glorious in the heritage of command. A man who has ancestors is like a representative of the past.

Mel. True; but, like other representatives, nine times out of ten he is a silent member. Ah, Pauline! not to the past, but to the future, looks true nobility, and finds its blazon in posterity.—*Lady of Lyons*, II. i.

A Home for Love.

Melnotte. Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me
paint

The home to which, could love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee, listen!—A deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies,
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!

Pauline.

My own dear love!

Mel. A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses.—Dost thou like the picture?

Pauline. Oh, as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue!
Am I not blest? And if I love too wildly,
Who would not love thee like Pauline?

—*Lady of Lyons*, II. i.

A Gentleman!

Damas. Sir, as sons take after their mother, so the man who calls me a fool insults the lady who bore me; there's no escape for you—fight you shall, or——

Melnotte. Oh, enough! enough!—take your ground.

[*They fight; DAMAS is disarmed. MELNOTTE takes*

up the sword and returns it to DAMAS respectfully.*

A just punishment to the brave soldier who robs the State of its best property—the sole right to his valour and his life

Damas. Sir, you fence exceedingly well; you must be a man of honour—I don't care a jot whether you are a prince; but a man who has carte and tierce at his fingers' ends must be a gentleman.

Mel. [*aside*]. Gentleman! Ay, I was a gentleman before I turned conspirator; for honest men are the gentlemen of Nature.—*Lady of Lyons*, II. i.

Claude Melnotte's Exculpation.

Mel. Pauline, by pride
 Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
 The evil spirit of a bitter love,
 And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
 From my first years my soul was fill'd with thee:
 I saw thee midst the flow'rs the lowly boy
 Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,
 And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
 I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
 Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.
 And from that hour I grew—what to the last
 I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
 Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
 I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
 Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
 Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how love, like death,
 Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook

Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
 In the soft palace of a fairy Future !
 My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,
 Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
 Out of the prison of my mean estate ;
 And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
 Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
 From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
 Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image
 Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils
 By which man masters men ! For thee I grew
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages.
 For thee I sought to borrow from each grace,
 And every muse, such attributes as lend
 Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
 And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life
 Of beauty ! Art became the shadow
 Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes !
 Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not ;
 But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
 If not to win, to feel more worthy thee !

—*Lady of Lyons*, III. ii.

A Lover—a Chameleon.

Damas. The man who sets his heart upon a woman
 Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air ;
 From air he takes his colours—holds his life,—
 Changes with every wind,—grows lean or fat,
 Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,
 Or pallid with despair—just as the gale
 Varies from north to south—from heat to cold !
 Oh, woman ! woman ! thou shouldst have few sins

Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out!—*Lady of Lyons*, v. i.

True Repentance.

And he who seeks repentance for the Past
Should woo the Angel Virtue in the Future.
—*Lady of Lyons*, v. ii.

XX.—RICHELIEU.

De Mauprât's Malediction on Richelieu.

De Mau. Ghastly Vengeance!
To thee, and thine august and solemn sister,
The unrelenting Death, I dedicate
The blood of Armand Richelieu! When Dishonour
Reaches our hearths, Law dies and Murther takes
The angel shape of Justice!

—*Richelieu*, II. i.

The Sword and the Pen.

Richelieu. Reach me yon falchion, François,—not that
 bauble
For carpet-warriors,—yonder—such a blade
As old Charles Martel might have wielded when
He drove the Saracen from France.

[FRANÇOIS *brings him one of the long two-handed
swords worn in the middle ages.*

With this

I, at Rochelle, did hand to hand engage
The stalwart Englisher,—no mongrels, boy,
Those island mastiffs,—mark the notch—a deep one
His casque made here,—I shore him to the waist!
A toy—a feather—then! [*Tries to wield, and lets it fall.*

You see, a child could

Slay Richelieu now.

Fran. [*his hand on his hilt*]. But now, at your command
Are other weapons, my good lord.

Rich. [*who has seated himself as to write, lifts the pen*].

True,—THIS!

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!—
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyse the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it!

—*Richelieu*, II. i.

Fail!

François.

If I fail—

Richelieu.

Fail—fail!

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves,
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail!*—(You will instruct him further, Marion)—
Follow her—but at distance;—speak not to her
Till you are housed.—Farewell, boy! Never say
“*Fail*” again.

Fran. I will not!

Rich. [*patting his locks*]. There's my young hero!—

—*Richelieu*, II. ii.

Philosophy Lapped on Earth.

Sublime Philosophy,

Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.

—*Richelieu*, III. i.

Historians and Biographers.

Ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand

Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
 Ye cannot know what ye have never tried !
 History preserves only the fleshless bones
 Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
 The would-be wise pretend to guess the features !
 Without the roundness and the glow of life
 How hideous is the skeleton ! Without
 The colourings and humanities that clothe
 Our errors, the anatomists of schools
 Can make our memory hideous !

—*Richelieu*, III. 1.

All-Golden Youth.

O ! beautiful—all-golden, gentle youth !
 Making thy palace in the careless front
 And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
 Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)
 Breathed glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—
 Oh ! for one gale from thine exulting morning,
 Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
 Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair !

—*Richelieu*, III. i.

Earth's Cloudlike Glories.

Richelieu. Alas !
 Our glories float between the earth and heaven
 Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
 And are the playthings of the casual wind ;
 Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
 The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
 May from its airy height drop gladness down
 On unsuspected virtue ;—and the flower
 May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away !

—*Richelieu*, v. iii.

XXI.—MONEY.

Tit for Tat.

Sir John Vesey, reading a letter, “Dear Sir John, as since the death of my sainted Maria.”—Hum!—that’s his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint.—*Money, I. i.*

Sir John Vesey’s Philosophy.

Sir John. There are two rules in life—First, Men are valued not for what they *are*, but what they *seem* to be. Secondly, If you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people.—*Money, I. i.*

Beauty and Virtue.

Evelyn. Look you now—Robe Beauty in silk and cashmere—hand Virtue into her chariot—lackey their caprices—wrap them from the winds—fence them round with a golden circle—and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts—see Beauty and Virtue poor—dependent—solitary—walking the world defenceless! oh, *then* the devotion changes its character—the same crowd gather eagerly around—fools—fops—libertines—not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim.—*Money, I. iv.*

News from the East.

[EVELYN takes up the newspaper.

Glossmore. The secretary—hum! Fine day, sir; any news from the East?

Eps. Yes!—all the wise men have gone back there!

Gloss. Ha, ha!—not all, for here comes Mr. Stout, the great political economist.—*Money*, I. iv.

The Dear Deceased.

Sir John Vesey. An excellent man, though odd—a kind heart, but no liver.

Stout. Sensible man—and a follower of Malthus: never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter away his money on his own children. And now—

Eve. He reaps the benefit of celibacy in the prospective gratitude of every cousin he had in the world.—*Money*, I. vi.

Inconsolable Widower.

Graves. At the sight of your mourning my wounds bleed afresh.

[Servants *hand round wine and sandwiches.*

Sir John. Take some refreshment—a glass of wine.

Graves. Thank you!—(very fine sherry!)—Ah! my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was *her* wine: everything reminds me of Maria! Ah, Lady Franklin! *you* knew her. Nothing in life can charm me now. [*Aside.*] A monstrous fine woman that.—*Money*, I. vii.

Very Poor Wit.

Sharp [*reading will*]. “Item.—To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative——

[*Chorus exhibit lively emotion.*]

Blount. Poor old boy!

[*GEORGINA puts her arm over BLOUNT’S chair.*

Sharp. “Being, as I am informed, the best-dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of £500 to buy a dressing-case.”

[*Chorus breathe more freely ; GEORGINA catches her father's eye, and removes her arm.*

Blount [laughing confusedly]. Ha! ha! ha! Vewy poor wit—low!—vewy—vewy low!—*Money*, I. vii.

Like my Luck.

Sharp [reading will]. "Item.—To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany——" [Chorus as before.]

Graves. Pooh! Gentlemen—my usual luck—not even a ring, I dare swear!

Sharp. "The sum of £5000 in the Three per Cents."

Lady Fran. I wish you joy!

Graves. Joy—pooh! Three per Cents!—Funds sure to go! Had it been *land*, now—though only an acre!—just like my luck.—*Money*, I. vii.

The Tailor makes the Gentleman.

Patent. Money makes the man, sir.

Frantz. But de tailor, de schneider, makes de gentleman! It is Mr. Frantz, of St. James's, who takes his measure and his cloth, and who makes de fine handsome noblemen and gentry, where de faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys.—*Money*, II. i.

Liberty.

Eve. Down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That is liberty. *Money*, II. i.

Law.

Eve. As without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That is law!—*Money*, II. i.

Party Politics.

Eve. Did you ever play at *battledore*?

Both [*Stout and Glossmore*]. Battledore?

Eve. Battledore!—that is a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go, and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it!—*Money*, II. i.

Honesty.

Eve. Sharp, come here—let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what *is* honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Eve. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches-pocket! Observe: I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor, I hated the world; now I am rich, I despise it!—*Money*, II. ii.

Some Comfort.

Graves. It is an atrocious world!—But astronomers say ~~that~~ there is a travelling comet which must set it on fire one day,—and that's some comfort!—*Money*, II. ii.

A Sizar.

Eve. On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In

pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge he is a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back!—*Money*, II. iii.

Bred a Hatter.

Re-enter GRAVES for his hat.

Graves. And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads.—*Money*, II. iii.

Newspapers.

Graves. Ay—read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of roguery and woe! Here, advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dupes and impostors! Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery, and a biographical sketch of the snub-nosed man who murdered his own three little cherubs at Pentonville. Do you fancy these but exceptions to the *general* virtue and health of the nation?—Turn to the leading articles; and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last, final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution. And that's a newspaper!—*Money*, II. iv.

Provocation to Laughter.

Lady Frank. You have not seen the last H.B.? It is excellent. I think it might make you *laugh*. But by the bye, I don't think you can laugh.

Graves. Ma'am—I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Ma——

Lady Frank. Ah! and that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because—— But you'll be angry?

Graves. Angry!—pooch! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let anything he says have the smallest influence over me! He says I don't laugh, because——

Lady Frank. You have lost your front teeth!

Graves. Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! That's too good—capital! Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughing from ear to ear*].

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! ha!—*Money*, II. vi.

Deadly Smooth.

Eve. He does not cheat, I suppose?

Sir John. Hist! *No!*—but he always *wins!* Eats up a brace of fords and a score or two of guardsmen every season, and runs through a man's fortune like a course of the Carlsbad waters.—*Money*, II. vi.

A Little Management.

Sir John. Well, well, as you please. I know nothing could be so painful to a young lady of pride and delicacy.—James, if Mr. Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I'm gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall; if Lord Spruce calls, say "you believe I'm gone to the rehearsal of Cinderella. Oh! and if MacFinch should come—(MacFinch, who duns me three times a week)—say I've hurried off to Garraway's to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall table. And I say, James, I expect two gentlemen a little before dinner—Mr. Squab the Radical, and Mr. Qualm of the great Marylebone Conservative Association. Show Squab into the study, and be sure to give him the "Weekly True Sun,"—Qualm into the back parlour, with the "Times" and the "Morning

Post." One must have a little management in this world. All humbug!—all humbug, upon my soul!—*Money*, III. ii.

Let us Part Friends.

Clara. Think so, if you will!—but part friends.

Eve. Friends—and that is all! Look you, this is life! The eyes that charmed away every sorrow—the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core—the presence that, like moonlight, shed its own hallowing beauty over the meanest things; a little while—a year—a month—a day, and we smile that we could dream so idly. All—all—the sweet enchantment, known but once, never to return again, vanished from the world! And the one who forgets the soonest—the one who robs your earth for ever of its summer—comes to you with a careless lip, and says—"Let us part friends!"—*Money*, III. iii.

England.

Eve. [*aside*]. And yet Clara spoke of ambition. She would regret me if I could be distinguished—[*Aloud*]. To be sure, after all, Graves, corrupt as mankind are, it is our duty to try at least to make them a little better. An Englishman owes something to his country.

Graves. He does, indeed! [*counting on his fingers*]. East winds, Fogs, Rheumatism, Pulmonary Complaints, and Taxes.—*Money*, III. iv.

Approach of the Honeymoon.

Graves. He's certainly crazy! but I don't wonder at it! What the approach of the dog-days is to the canine species, the approach of the honeymoon is to the human race.—*Money*, III. iv.

Keeping a Secret.

Eve. Can you keep a secret?

Smooth. My dear Alfred, I have kept myself! I never

inherited a farthing—I never spent less than £4000 a-year—and I never told a soul how I managed it.—*Money*, III. v.

The Golden Number.

Eve. [to Stout the Political Economist]. Oh Stout, Stout! greatest happiness of the greatest number—greatest number, number one!—*Money*, III. vi.

Man's Worth.

Sir John Vesey. After all, worth makes the man!

Smooth. And the more a man's worth, John, the worthier man he must be.—*Money*, v. i.

The World's Reading of Vice and Virtue.

The Vices and the Virtues are written in a language the world cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are—FAILURE and SUCCESS!—*Money*, v. iii.

The Stout Gentleman.

Stout. Just heard of your return, Evelyn. Congratulate you. The great motion of the session is fixed for Friday. We count on your vote. Progress with the times!

Gloss. Preserve the Constitution!

Stout. Your money will do wonders for the party!—Advance!

Gloss. The party respects men of your property!—Stick fast!

Eve. I have the greatest respect, I assure you, for the worthy and intelligent flies upon both sides the wheel; but whether we go too fast or too slow, does not, I fancy, depend so much on the flies as on the Stout Gentleman who sits inside and pays the post-boys. Now all my politics as yet is to consider what's best for the Stout Gentleman!

Smooth. Meaning John Bull. Ce cher old John!—*Money*, v. v.

XXII.—NIGHT AND MORNING.

Vice and Crime.

There is universal unsoundness in social justice which makes distinctions so marked and iniquitous between Vice and Crime—viz., between the corrupting habits and the violent act—which scarce touches the former with the lightest twig in the fasces—which lifts against the latter the edge of the Lictor's axe. Let a child steal an apple in sport, let a starveling steal a roll in despair, and Law conducts them to the Prison, for evil commune to mellow them for the gibbet. But let a man spend one apprenticeship from youth to old age in vice—let him devote a fortune, perhaps colossal, to the wholesale demoralisation of his kind—and he may be surrounded with the adulation of the so-called virtuous, and be served upon its knee, by that Lackey—the Modern World.—*Night and Morning*, 9.

Golden Axioms.

Life is the great Schoolmaster, Experience the mighty Volume. He who has made one stern sacrifice of self, has acquired more than he will ever glean from the odds-and-ends of popular philosophy. And the man, the least scholastic, may be more robust in the power that is knowledge, and approach nearer to the Arch-Seraphim, than Bacon himself, if he cling fast to two simple maxims—"Be honest in temptation, and in Adversity believe in God."—*Night and Morning*, 11.

Money and Friends.

When Money makes itself wings, it flies away with our friends.—*Night and Morning*, 14.

But me no Buts.

“But——”

“I detest buts ; if I had to make a language, I would not admit such a word in it.”—*Night and Morning*, 17.

Equality essential to Friendship.

The only friendships that are really with us in the hour of need, are those which are cemented by equality of circumstance. In the depth of home, in the hour of tribulation, by the bed of death, the rich and the poor are seldom found side by side.—*Night and Morning*, 24.

A Lumber Closet.

Have you ever, reader, when a boy, suddenly stumbled on that El Dorado, called by the grown-up folks a lumber-room? Lumber, indeed! what *Virtù* double-locks in cabinets is the real lumber to the boy! Lumber, reader! to thee it was a treasury! Now this cupboard had been the lumber-room in Caleb's household. In an instant the whole troop had thrown themselves on the motley contents. Stray joints of clumsy fishing-rods; artificial baits; a pair of worn-out top-boots, in which one of the urchins, whooping and shouting, buried himself up to the middle; moth-eaten, stained and ragged, the collegian's gown—relic of the dead man's palmy time; a bag of carpenter's tools, chiefly broken; a cricket-bat; an odd boxing-glove; a fencing-foil, snapped in the middle; and more. In all, some half-finished attempts at rude toys; a boat, a cart, a doll's house, in which the good-natured Caleb had busied himself for the younger ones of

that family in which he had found the fatal ideal of his trite life. One by one were these lugged forth from their dusty slumber—profane hands struggling for the first right of appropriation. And now, revealed against the wall, glared upon the startled violators of the sanctuary, with glassy eyes and horrent visage, a grim monster. They huddled back one upon the other, pale and breathless, till the eldest, seeing that the creature moved not, took heart, approached on tip-toe—twice receded, and twice again advanced, and finally drew out, daubed, painted, and tricked forth in the semblance of a griffin, a gigantic Kite.—*Night and Morning*, 26.

Death.

The funeral was over; the dead shovelled away. What a strange thing it does seem, that that very form which we prized so charily, for which we prayed the winds to be gentle, which we lapped from the cold in our arms, from whose footstep we would have removed a stone, should be suddenly thrust out of sight—an abomination that the earth must not look upon—a despicable loathsomeness, to be concealed and to be forgotten! And this same composition of bone and muscle that was yesterday so strong—which men respected, and women loved, and children clung to—to-day so lamentably powerless, unable to defend or protect those who lay nearest to its heart; its riches wrested from it, its wishes spat upon, its influence expiring with its last sigh! A breath from its lips making all that mighty difference between what it was and what it is!—*Night and Morning*, 48.

Help better than Advice.

An ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—*Night and Morning*, 65.

A Panegyric on Smoking.

A pipe!—it is a great soother!—a pleasant comforter! Blue devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain—it opens the heart; and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan.—*Night and Morning*, 71.

August.

What heavenly twilights belong to that golden month!—the air so lucidly serene, as the purple of the clouds fades gradually away, and up soars, broad, round, intense, and luminous, the full moon which belongs to the joyous season! The fields then are greener than in the heats of July and June,—they have got back the luxury of a second spring. And still, beside the paths of the travellers, lingered on the hedges the clustering honeysuckle—the convolvulus glittered in the tangles of the brake—the hardy heath-flower smiled on the green waste.—*Night and Morning*, 148.

Taming a Bucephalus.

Passing by a livery-stable, Philip paused, from old associations, as he saw a groom in the news attempting to manage a young, hot horse, evidently unbroken. The master of the stables, in a green short jacket and top-boots, with a long whip in his hand, was standing by, with one or two men who looked like horse-dealers.

“Come off, clumsy! you can’t manage that ’ere fine hanimal,” cried the liveryman. “Ah! he’s a lamb, sir, if he were backed properly. But I has not a man in the yard as can ride, since Will died. Come off, I say, lubber!”

But to come off, without being thrown off, was more easily said than done. The horse was now plunging as if Juno had sent her gad-fly to him; and Philip, interested and excited, came nearer and nearer, till he stood by the

side of the horse dealers. The other ostlers ran to the help of their comrade, who, at last, with white lips and shaking knees, found himself on *terra firma*; while the horse, snorting hard, and rubbing his head against the breast and arms of the ostler who held him tightly by the rein, seemed to ask, in his own way, "Are there any more of you?"

A suspicion that the horse was an old acquaintance crossed Philip's mind; he went up to him, and a white spot over the left eye confirmed his doubts. It had been a foal reserved and reared for his own riding; one that, in his prosperous days, had ate bread from his hand, and followed him round the paddock like a dog; one that he had mounted in sport, without saddle, when his father's back was turned; a friend, in short, of the happy *lang syne*;—nay, the very friend to whom he had boasted his affection, when, standing with Arthur Beaufort under the summer sky, the whole world seemed to him full of friends. He put his hand on the horse's neck, and whispered, "Soho! So Billy!" and the horse turned sharp round with a quick joyous neigh.

"If you please, sir," said Philip, appealing to the livery-man, "I will undertake to ride this horse, and take him over yon leaping-bar. Just let me try him."

"There's a fine spirited lad for you!" said the livery-man, much pleased at the offer. "Now, gentlemen, did I not tell you that 'ere hanimal had no vice if he was properly managed?"

The horse-dealers shook their heads.

"May I give him some bread first?" asked Philip; and the ostler was despatched to the house. Meanwhile the animal evinced various signs of pleasure and recognition, as Philip stroked and talked to him; and, finally, when he ate the bread from the young man's hand, the whole yard seemed in as much delight and surprise as if they had witnessed one of Monsieur Van Amburgh's exploits.

And now, Philip, still caressing his horse, slowly and cautiously mounted; the animal made one bound half across the yard—a bound which sent all the horse-dealers into a corner—and then went through his paces, one after the other, with as much ease and calm as if he had been broke in at Mr. Fozard's to carry a young lady. And when he crowned all by going thrice over the leaping-bar, and Philip, dismounting, threw the reins to the postler, and turned triumphantly to the horse-dealer, that gentleman slapped him on the back, and said emphatically, "Sir, you are a man! and I am proud to see you here."—*Night and Morning*, 150.

Foretastes of Love.

There is a certain age, before the love for the sex commences, when the feeling of friendship is almost a passion. You see it constantly in girls and boys at school. It is the first vague craving of the heart after the master food of human life—Love. It has its jealousies, and humours, and caprices, like love itself. Philip was painfully acute to Sidney's affection, was jealous of every particle of it. He dreaded lest his brother should ever be torn from him.

He would start from his sleep at night, and go to Sidney's bed to see that he was there. He left him in the morning with forebodings—he returned in the dark with fear.—*Night and Morning*, 155.

Representatives of Things.

Philip had not yet lived long enough to be aware that men are sometimes the Representatives of Things; that what the scytale was to the Spartan hero, a sheriff's writ often is to a Waterloo medallist; that a Bow Street runner will enter the fowler's den where Murder sits with his fellows, and pick out his prey with the beck of his fore-
nd ex

finger. That, in short, the thing called LAW, once made tangible and present, rarely fails to palsy the fierce heart of the thing called CRIME. For Law is the symbol of all mankind reared against One Foe—the Man of Crime.—*Night and Morning*, 228.

God's Gifts to the Poor.

Time, Faith, and Energy—the three Friends God has given to the Poor!—*Night and Morning*, 244.

The Detective in the Coiner's Den.

“It seems to me a little strange,” said Mr. Gawtreys, raising his voice so as to be heard by the party, “that a coiner so dexterous as Monsieur Giraumont, should not be known to any of us except our friend Birnie.”

“Not at all,” replied Giraumont; “I worked only with Bouchard and two others, since sent to the galleys. We were but a small fraternity—everything has its commencement.”

“*C'est juste : buvez donc, cher ami !*”

The wine circulated : Gawtreys began again,—

“You have had a bad accident, seemingly, Monsieur Giraumont,—how did you lose your eye?”

“In a scuffle with the *gens d'armes* the night Bouchard was taken and I escaped : such misfortunes are on the cards.”

“*C'est juste : buvez donc, Monsieur Giraumont !*”

Again there was a pause, and again Gawtreys's deep voice was heard.

“You wear a wig, I think, Monsieur Giraumont?—to judge by your eyelashes your own hair has been a handsomer colour.”

“We seek disguise, not beauty, my host ! and the police have sharp eyes.”

“*C'est juste, buvez donc—vieux Kénard!*—when did we two meet last?”

“Never, that I know of!”

“*Ce n'est pas vrai! buvez donc, MONSIEUR FAVART!*”

At the sound of that name the company started in dismay and confusion, and the police officer, forgetting himself for the moment, sprang from his seat, and put his right hand into his *blouse*.

“Ho, there!—treason!” cried Gawtrej, in a voice of thunder; and he caught the unhappy man by the throat.

It was the work of a moment. Morton, where he sat, beheld a struggle—he heard a death-cry. He saw the huge form of the master-coiner rising above all the rest, as cutlasses gleamed and eyes sparkled round. He saw the quivering and powerless frame of the unhappy guest raised aloft in those mighty arms, and presently it was hurled along the table—bottles crashing—the board shaking beneath its weight—and lay before the very eyes of Morton, a distorted and lifeless mass. At the same instant, Gawtrej sprang upon the table, his black frown singling out from the group the ashen, cadaverous face of the shrinking traitor. Birnie had darted from the table,—he was half way towards the sliding door—his face, turned over his shoulder, met the eyes of the chief.

“Devil!” shouted Gawtrej, in his terrible voice, which the echoes of the vault gave back from side to side—“did I not give thee up any soul that thou mightest not compass my death? Hark ye! thus die my slavery and all our secrets!” The explosion of his pistol half swallowed up the last word, and with a single groan the traitor fell on the floor, pierced through the brain,—then there was a dead and grim hush as the smoke rolled slowly along the roof of the dreary vault.—*Night and Morning, 257.*

Gawtreycy's Death.

Gawtreycy paused, irresolute and wavering, when at that moment he heard steps on the stair below. He started—as starts the boar caught in his lair—and listened, pale and breathless.

“Hush!—they are on us!—they come!” as he whispered, the key from without turned in the wards—the door shook. “Soft!—the bar preserves us both—this way.” And the coiner crept to the door of the private stairs. He unlocked and opened it cautiously. A man sprang through the aperture—

“Yield!—you are my prisoner!”

“Never!” cried Gawtreycy, hurling back the intruder, and clapping to the door though other and stout men were pressing against it with all their power.

“Ho! ho! Who shall open the tiger's cage?”

At both doors now were heard the sounds of voices. “Open in the king's name, or expect no mercy!”

“Hist!” said Gawtreycy. “One way yet—the window—the rope.”

Morton opened the casement—Gawtreycy uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtreycy flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet: after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

“On!—quick!—loiter not!” whispered Gawtreycy; “you are active—it seems more dangerous than it is—cling with both hands—shut your eyes. When on the other side—you see the window of Birnie's room,—enter it—descend the stairs—let yourself out, and you are safe.”

“Go first,” said Morton, in the same tone: “I will not

leave you now: you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over."

"Hark! hark!—are you mad? *You* keep guard! what is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door, while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me, it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny^s—my father, he will take care of her,—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that's right!"

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge: it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And now, straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtreys was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtreys seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more, and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place, with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

"*Le voilà! le voilà!*" cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtreys; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprung upon the parapet, and Gawtreys, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtreys arrested himself—

from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of law shuddered as they eyed him—his hair bristling—his cheek white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eye glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half-laugh, half-yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtreys's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

“You are saved!” cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprung to his feet and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are, when the clay is without God's breath,—what glory, genius, power, and beauty, would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!—*Night and Morning*, 262.

Posthumous Praise.

Do ye not laugh, O ye all-listening Fiends! when men praise those dead whose virtues they discovered not when alive? It takes much marble to build the sepulchre—how little of lath and plaster would have repaired the garret?—*Night and Morning*, 289.

Prayer.

O beneficent Creator! thou who inspirest all the tribes of earth with the *desire to pray*, hast thou not, in that divinest instinct, bestowed on us the happiest of thy gifts?—*Night and Morning*, 311.

The World Incarnate in Lord Lilburne.

He (Philip) felt, too, a dark and absorbing interest in examining a man who was in himself the incarnation of the World—the World of Art—the World as the Preacher paints it—the hollow, sensual, sharp-witted, self-wrapped WORLD—the World that is all for this life, and thinks of no Future and no God.—*Night and Morning*, 355.

“Time the Old Gravedigger.

There is but one Wizard to disclose that secret, as all others,—the old Gravedigger, whose Churchyard is the Earth,—whose trade is to find burial-places for Passions that seemed immortal,—disinterring the ashes of some long-crumbling Memory,—to hollow out the dark bed of some new-perished Hope;—He who determines all things, and prophesies none,—for his oracles are uncomprehended till the doom is sealed:—He who in the bloom of the fairest affection detects the hectic that consumes it, and while the hymn rings at the altar, marks with his joyless eye the grave for the bridal vow. .Wherever is the sepulchre, there is thy temple, O melancholy TIME.—*Night and Morning*, 373.

Honesty—Alert not Sluggish.

Honesty has no business to be helpless and draggletailed;—she must be active and brisk, and make use of her wits; or, though she keep clear of the prison, 'tis no very great wonder if she fall on the parish.—*Night and Morning*, 387.

Wedded Love.

Oh! conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy! One person, who, if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word,—who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care,—who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all—from whom, except by death, night or day, you may be never divided—whose smile is ever at your hearth—who has no tears while you are well and happy, and your love the same. Such is marriage, if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime.—*Night and Morning*, 406.

Love.

Love makes us all poets for awhile, throwing its own divine light over a heart perhaps really cold.—*Night and Morning*, 475.

What Service can we render the Dead?

Alas, THE DEAD! what service can we render to them?—what availed it now, either to the dust below, or to the immortality above, that the fools and knaves of this world should mention the Catherine whose life was gone, whose ears were deaf with more or less respect? There is in calumny that poison that, even when the character throws off the slander, the heart remains diseased beneath the effect. They say that truth comes sooner or later; but it seldom comes before the soul, passing from agony to contempt, has grown callous to men's judgments. Calumniate a human being in youth—adulate that being in age;—what has been

the interval? Will the adulation atone either for the torture, or the hardness which the torture leaves at last? And if, as in Catherine's case (a case, how common!), the truth come *too late*—if the tomb is closed—if the heart you have wrung can be wrung no more—why the truth is as valueless as the epitaph on a forgotten name.—*Night and Morning*, 480.

The Few who are the Earth's Benefactors.

How much of aid and solace the Herd of Men derive from the Everlasting Genius of the Few!—*Night and Morning*, 490.

Plighted Troth.

There, by the GRAVE, were murmured those vows in which all this world knows of human happiness is treasured and recorded—love that takes the sting from grief, and faith that gives eternity to love.—*Night and Morning*, 498.

Happiness not in Rest but Labour.

He who never knows pain knows but the half of pleasure. The lot of whatever is most noble on the earth below falls not amidst the rosy Gardens of the Epicurean.* We may envy the man who enjoys and rests; but the smile of Heaven settles rather on the front of him who labours and aspires.—*Night and Morning*, 501.

The Last Love the Best.

And did Philip ever regret the circumstances that had given him Fanny for the partner of his life? To some who take their notions of the Ideal from the conventional rules of romance, rather than from their own perceptions of what is true, this narrative would have been more pleasing had Philip never loved but Fanny. But all that had led to that love had only served to render it more enduring and con-

centrated. Man's strongest and worthiest affection is his last—is the one that unites and embodies all his past dreams of what is excellent,—the one from which Hope springs out the brighter from former disappointments—the one in which the MEMORIES are the most tender and the most abundant—the one which, replacing all others, nothing hereafter can replace.—*Night and Morning*, 502.

XXIII.—ZANONI.

The Violin.

As Shakespeare among poets, is the Cremona among instruments.—*Zanoni*, 24.

Pisani's Barbiton.

He was more communicative to his *barbiton*, as the learned Mersennus teaches us to call all the varieties of the great viol family. Certainly barbiton sounds better than fiddle; and barbiton let it be. He would talk to *that* by the hour together—praise it—scold it—coax it, nay (for such is man, even the most guileless), he had been known to swear at it; but for that excess he was always penitentially remorseful. And the barbiton had a tongue of his own, could take his own part, and when *he* also scolded, had much the best of it. He was a noble fellow, this Violin! a Tyrolese, the handiwork of the illustrious Steiner. There was something mysterious in his great age. How many hands, now dust, had awakened his strings ere he became the Robin Goodfellow and Familiar of Gaetano Pisani! His very case was venerable;—beautifully painted, it was said, by Caracci. An English collector had offered more for the case than Pisani had ever made by the violin. But Pisani, who cared not if he had inhabited a cabin himself, was proud of a palace for the barbiton. His barbiton, it was his elder child!—*Zanoni*, 25.

The Life of the Stage.

Oh how gloriously that Life of the Stage—that fairy World of Music and Song, dawned upon Viola! It was the only world that seemed to correspond with her strange childish thoughts. It appeared to her as if, cast hitherto on a foreign shore, she was brought at last to see the forms and hear the language of her native land. Beautiful and true enthusiasm, rich with the promise of genius! Boy or man, thou wilt never be a poet, if thou hast not felt the ideal, the romance, the Calypso's isle that opened to thee, when for the first time the magic curtain was drawn aside, and let in the World of Poetry on the World of Prose!—*Zanoni*, 27.

Haunting Melodies.

It is noticeable, that to those who are much alive to the effects of music, airs and tunes often come back, in the commonest pursuits of life, to vex, as it were, and haunt them. The music, once admitted to the soul, becomes also a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air.—*Zanoni*, 28.

A Poet of Poets.

The Poet that surpasses all who ever sung—is the Heart of dreaming Youth!—*Zanoni*, 29.

Day-dreaming a Common Heritage.

Frequently there, too, beside the threshold over which the vine-leaves clung, and facing that dark-blue, waveless sea, Viola would sit in the autumn noon or summer twilight, and build her castles in the air. Who doth not do the same—

not in youth alone, but with the dimmed hopes of age! It is man's prerogative to dream, the common royalty of peasant and of king.—*Zanoni*, 29.

Outlet of Pisani's Anguish.

He said nothing—he never scolded in words, but he took up the faithful barbiton. Oh, faithful barbiton, how horribly thou didst scold! It screeched—it gabbled—it moaned—it growled. And Viola's eyes filled with tears, for she understood that language. She stole to her mother, and whispered in her ear; and when Pisani turned from his employment, lo! both mother and daughter were weeping. He looked at them with a wondering stare; and then, as if he felt he had been harsh, he flew again to his Familiar. And now you thought you heard the lullaby which a fairy might sing to some fretful changeling it had adopted and sought to soothe. Liquid, low, silvery, streamed the tones beneath the enchanted bow. The most stubborn grief would have paused to hear; and withal, at times, out came a wild, merry, ringing note, like a laugh, but not mortal laughter. It was one of his most successful airs from his beloved opera—the Siren in the act of charming the waves and the winds to sleep. Heaven knows what next would have come, but his arm was arrested. Viola had thrown herself on his breast, and kissed him, with happy eyes that smiled through her sunny hair.—*Zanoni*, 30.

First Night of the Siren.

The eventful hour is come. Viola has gone to the theatre—her mother with her. The indignant musician remains at home. Gionetta bursts into the room—My Lord Cardinal's carriage is at the door—the Padrone is sent for. He must lay aside his violin—he must put on his brocade coat

and his lace ruffles. Here they are—quick, quick! And quick rolls the gilded coach, and majestic sits the driver, and stately prance the steeds. Poor Pisani is lost in a mist of uncomfortable amaze. He arrives at the theatre—he descends at the great door—he turns round and round, and looks about him and about—he misses something—Where is the violin? Alas! his soul, his voice, his self of self, is left behind! It is but an automaton that the lackeys conduct up the stairs, through the tier, into the Cardinal's box. But then, what bursts upon him!—Does he dream? The first act is over (they did not send for him till success seemed no longer doubtful), the first act has decided all. He feels *that*, by the electric sympathy which every one heart has at once with a vast audience. He feels it by the breathless stillness of that multitude—he feels it even by the lifted finger of the Cardinal. He sees his Viola on the stage, radiant in her robes and gems—he hears her voice thrilling through the single heart of the thousands! But the scene—the part—the music! It is his other child—his immortal child—the spirit-infant of his soul—his darling of many years of patient obscurity and pining genius—his masterpiece—his opera of the Siren!

This, then, was the mystery that had so galled him—this the cause of the quarrel with the Cardinal—this the secret not to be proclaimed till the success was won, and the daughter had united her father's triumph with her own!

And there she stands, as all souls bow before her—fairer than the very Siren he had called from the deeps of melody. Oh! long and sweet recompense of toil! Where is on earth the rapture like that which is known to genius when at last it bursts from its hidden cavern into light and fame!

He did not speak—he did not move—he stood transfixed, breathless—the tears rolling down his cheeks: only from time to time his hands still wandered about—mechanically

they sought for the faithful instrument—why was it not there to share his triumph?

At last the curtain fell; but on such a storm—and diapason of applause! Uprose the audience as one man—as with one voice that dear name was shouted. She came on—trembling, pale—and in the whole crowd saw but her father's face. The audience followed those moistened eyes—they recognise with a thrill the daughter's impulse and her meaning. The good old Cardinal drew him gently forward—Wild musician! thy daughter has given thee back more than the life thou gavest!

“My poor violin!” said he, wiping his eyes—“they will never hiss thee again now!”—*Zanoni*, 32.

Winning its Way to the Light.

Observe yon tree in your neighbour's garden. Look how it grows up, crooked and distorted. Some wind scattered the germ, from which it sprung, in the clefts of the rock; choked up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and man, its life has been one struggle for the light;—light which makes to that life, the necessity and the principle: you see how it has writhed and twisted—how, meeting the barrier in one spot, it has laboured and worked, stem and branches, towards the clear skies at last. What has preserved it through each disfavour of birth and circumstances—why are its leaves as green and fair as those of the vine behind you, which, with all its arms, can embrace the open sunshine? My child, because of the very instinct that impelled the struggle—because the labour for the light won to the light at length. So with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident of sorrow, and of fate, to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven; this it is that gives knowledge to the strong, and happiness to the weak. Ere we meet again, you will turn sad and heavy eyes to those quiet

boughs, and when you hear the birds sing from them, and see the sunshine come aslant from crag and housetop to be the playfellow of their leaves, learn the lesson that Nature teaches you, and strive through darkness to the light!—*Zanoni*, 39.

Littleness of the Earth—Greatness of the Soul.

He who believes in other worlds can accustom himself to look on this as the naturalist on the revolutions of an ant-hill, or of a leaf. What is the Earth to Infinity—what its duration to the Eternal! Oh, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe! Child of heaven, and heir of immortality, how from some star hereafter wilt thou look back on the ant-hill and its commotions, from Clovis to Robespierre, from Noah to the Final Fire. The spirit that can contemplate, that lives only in the intellect, can ascend to its star, even from the midst of the Burial-ground called Earth, and while the Sarcophagus called Life immures in its clay the Everlasting!—*Zanoni*, 45.

Trifles have a Relative Value.

A farthing candle is more convenient for household purposes than the stars.—*Zanoni*, 60.

I hear a Voice you cannot hear.

There is a sense of hearing that the vulgar know not. And the voices of the dead breathe soft and frequent to those who can unite the memory with the faith.—*Zanoni*, 65.

Opinions beyond Acts.

“The conduct of the individual,” said Zanoni, “can affect but a small circle beyond himself; the permanent good or evil that he works to others lies rather in the sentiments he

can diffuse. His acts are limited and momentary ; his sentiments may pervade the universe, and inspire generations till the day of doom. All our virtues, all our laws, are drawn from books and maxims, which *are* sentiments, not from deeds. In conduct, Julian had the virtues of a Christian, and Constantine the vices of a Pagan. The sentiments of Julian reconverted thousands to Paganism ; those of Constantine helped, under Heaven's will, to bow to Christianity the nations of the earth. . . . Our opinions, young Englishmen, are the angel part of us ; our acts, the earthly."—*Zanoni*, 93.

Faith and Incredulity.

Of all the weaknesses which little men rail against, there is none that they are more apt to ridicule than the tendency to believe. And of all the signs of a corrupt heart and a feeble head, the tendency of incredulity is the surest. Real philosophy seeks rather to solve than to deny.—*Zanoni*, 96.

Art and Nature.

What Nature is to God, Art should be to Man—a sublime, beneficent, genial, and warm creation.—*Zanoni*, 104.

Inequality an Universal Law.

A nation that aspires to *equality* is unfit for *freedom*. Throughout all creation, from the archangel to the worm from Olympus to the pebble, from the radiant and completed planet to the nebula that hardens through ages of mist and slime into the habitable world, the first law of nature is inequality.—*Zanoni*, 104.

Men never can be Equals.

While the world lasts, the sun will gild the mountain

top before it shines upon the plain. Diffuse all the knowledge the earth contains equally over all mankind to-day, and some men will be wiser than the rest to-morrow.—*Zanoni*, 105.

A Noble Name.

Perhaps the fairest immortality on earth is that of a noble name.—*Zanoni*, 107.

Virtues of the Vegetable Kingdom.

Glyndon noticed that, in their rambles, Mejnour often paused where the foliage was rifest, to gather some herb or flower; and this reminded him that he had seen *Zanoni* similarly occupied. “Can these humble children of nature,” said he one day to Mejnour, “things that bloom and wither in a day, be serviceable to the science of the higher secrets? Is there a pharmacy for the soul as well as the body, and do the nurslings of the summer minister not only to human health but spiritual immortality?”

“If,” answered Mejnour, “a stranger had visited a wandering tribe before one property of herbalism was known to them; if he had told the savages that the herbs, which every day they trampled under foot, were endowed with the most potent virtues; that one would restore to health a brother on the verge of death; that another would paralyse into idiocy their wisest sage; that a third would strike lifeless to the dust their most stalwart champion; that tears and laughter, vigour and disease, madness and reason, wakefulness and sleep, existence and dissolution, were coiled up in those unregarded leaves,—would they not have held him a sorcerer or a liar? To half the virtues of the vegetable world mankind are yet in the darkness of the savages I have supposed. There are faculties within us

with which certain herbs have affinity, and over which they have power. The moly of the ancients is not all a fable.”
—*Zanoni*, 215.

Infinitude of Life in the Universe.

In the small as in the vast, God is equally profuse of life. The traveller looks upon the tree, and fancies its boughs were formed for his shelter in the summer sun, or his fuel in the winter frosts. But in each leaf of these boughs the Creator has made a world it swarms with innumerable races. Each drop of the water in yon moat is an orb more populous than a kingdom is of men. Everywhere, then, in this immense Design, Science brings new life to light. Life is the one pervading principle, and even the thing that seems to die and putrify, but engenders new life, and changes to fresh forms of matter. Reasoning, then, by evident analogy—if not a leaf, if not a drop of water, but is, no less than yonder star, a habitable and breathing world—nay, if even man himself is a world to other lives, and millions and myriads dwell in the rivers of his blood, and inhabit man’s frame as man inhabits earth, common sense (if your schoolmen had it) would suffice to teach that the circumfluent infinite which you call space—the boundless Impalpable which divides earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life. Is it not a visible absurdity to suppose that Being is crowded upon every leaf, and yet absent from the immensities of space? The law of the Great System forbids the waste even of an atom; it knows no spot where something of life does not breathe. In the very charnel-house is the nursery of production and animation. Is that true? Well, then, can you conceive that space which is the Infinite itself is alone a waste, is alone lifeless, is less useful to the

one design of universal being than the dead carcass of a dog, than the peopled leaf, than the swarming globule? The microscope shows you the creatures on the leaf; no mechanical tube is yet invented to discover the nobler and more gifted things that hover in the illimitable air. Yet between these last and man is a mysterious and terrible affinity. And hence, by tales and legends, not wholly false nor wholly true, have arisen from time to time belief in apparitions and spectres.—*Zanoni*, 225.

Dancing among the Brigands.

Maestro Páolo, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, exclaimed, in a hearty voice, "Welcome, Excellency!—we are rejoiced to see you amongst us." Glyndon was about to reply to this salutation, when his eyes rested upon the face of a young girl, leaning on Páolo's arm, of a beauty so attractive, that his colour rose and his heart beat as he encountered her gaze. Her eyes sparkled with a roguish and petulant mirth, her parted lips showed teeth like pearls,—as if impatient at the pause of her companion from the revel of the rest, her little foot beat the ground to a measure that she half hummed, half chanted. Páolo laughed as he saw the effect the girl had produced upon the young foreigner.

"Will you not dance, Excellency? Come, lay aside your greatness, and be merry, like us poor devils. See how our pretty Fillide is longing for a partner.* Take compassion on her."

Fillide pouted at this speech; and, disengaging her arm from Páolo's, turned away, but threw over her shoulder a glance half inviting, half defying. Glyndon almost involuntarily advanced to her, and addressed her.

Oh yes, he addresses her! She looks down, and smiles, Páolo leaves them to themselves, sauntering off with a devil-

me-carish air. Fillide speaks now, and looks up at the scholar's face with arch invitation. He shakes his head: Fillide laughs, and her laugh is silvery. She points to a gay mountaineer who is tripping up to her merrily. Why does Glyndon feel jealous? Why, when she speaks again, does he shake his head no more? He offers his hand; Fillide blushes, and takes it with a demure coquetry. What! is it so, indeed! They whirl into the noisy circle of the revellers. Ha! ha! is not this better than distilling herbs, and breaking thy brains on Pythagorean numbers? How lightly Fillide bounds along! How her lithesome waist supplies itself to thy circling arm! Tara-ra-tara, ta-tara, rara-ra! What the devil is in the measure, that it makes the blood course like quicksilver through the veins? Was there ever a pair of eyes like Fillide's? Nothing of the cold stars there! Yet how they twinkle and laugh at thee! And that rosy, pursed-up mouth, that will answer so sparingly to thy flatteries, as if words were a waste of time, and kisses were their proper language. Oh, pupil of Mejnour! oh, would-be Rosicrusian—Platonist—Magian, I know not what! I am ashamed of thee! What, in the names of Averroes, and Burri, and Agrippa, and Hermes, have become of thy austere contemplations? Was it for this thou didst resign Viola? I don't think thou hast the smallest recollection of the elixir of the cabala. Take care! What are you about, sir? Why do you clasp that small hand locked within your own? Why do you—Tara-rara tara-ra, tara-rara-ra, rarara ta-ra a-ra! Keep your eyes off those slender ankles, and that crimson boddice. Tara-rara-ra! There they go again! And now they rest under the broad trees. The revel has whirled away from them.

Down goes the round sun; up comes the autumn moon. Tara, tara, rarara, rarara, tarara-ra! Dancing again; is it a *lanço* or some movement gayer, noisier, wilder still? How they glance and gleam through the night-shadows—those

flitting forms! What confusion—what order! Ha, that is the Tarantula dance; Maêstro Páolo foots it bravely! Diavolo, what fury! the tarantula has stung them all. Dance, or die; it is fury—the Corybantes—the Mænads—the——. Ho, ho! more wine! the Sabbat of the Witches at Benevento is a joke to this! Glyndon started, as he turned his gaze from the fresh fair rosy face of the girl, and saw the eyes drooping rheum—the yellow wrinkled skin—the tottering frame of the old man.

“Ha, ha!” said the decrepid creature, hobbling near to him, and with a malicious laugh. “Yet I, too, was young once! Give me a baioccho for a glass of aqua vita!”

Tara, rara, ra-rara, tara, rara-ra! There dances Youth! Wrap thy rags round thee, and totter off, Old Age!—*Zanoni*, 232.

Love Equalises.

Love reduces all things to itself. Either must I be drawn down to the nature of the beloved, or hers must be lifted to my own.—*Zanoni*, 253.

True Philosophy.

Is not the POET, who studies nothing but the human heart, a greater Philosopher than all? Knowledge and atheism are incompatible. To know nature is to know that there must be a God! But does it require this to examine the method and architecture of creation? Methinks, when I look upon a pure mind, however ignorant and childlike, that I see the August and Immaterial One, more clearly than in all the orbs of matter which career at His bidding through the space.—*Zanoni*, 254.

Finite and Infinite Wisdom.

How all our wisdom shrinks into nought, compared with

that which gives the meanest herb its virtues, and peoples the smallest globule with its appropriate world.—*Zanoni*, 254.

Angelic Office of Paternity.

“Mejnour,” wrote Zanoni, “awake from thine apathy—rejoice! A new soul will be born to the world. A new soul that shall call me Father. Ah, if they for whom exist all the occupations and resources of human life—if they can thrill, with exquisite emotion, at the thought of hailing again their own childhood in the faces of their children—if, in that birth, they are born once more into the holy Innocence which is the first stage of existence—if they can feel that on man devolves almost an Angel’s duty, when he has a life to guide from the cradle,—and a soul to nurture for the Heaven—what to me, must be the rapture, to welcome an Inheritor of all the gifts which double themselves in being shared! How sweet the power to watch, and to guard—to instil the knowledge, to avert the evil, and to guide back the river of life in a richer, and broader, and deeper stream, to the paradise from which it flows.”—*Zanoni*, 257.

Dying is but being Born Anew.

The sun has sunk from our eyes, but to rise on those of others. To disappear from this world, is to live in the world afar.—*Zanoni*, 259.

An Emotionless Heart.

The physician looked to the clock; on it beat—the Heart of Time—regularly and slowly—Heart that never sympathised with Life, and never flagged for Death.—*Zanoni*, 293.

Tears of Joy and of Sorrow.

They placed the child in the father’s arms. As silently

he bent over it, tears—tears how human!—fell from his eyes like rain! And the little one smiled through the tears that bathed its cheeks! Ah, with what happy tears we welcome the stranger into our sorrowing world! With what agonising tears we dismiss the stranger back to the angels! Unselfish joy; but how selfish is the sorrow!—*Zanoni*, 294.

A First Parting.

For the first time since their union Zanoni and Viola were separated—Zanoni went to Rome, on important business. He went so suddenly that there was little time either for surprise or sorrow. But first parting is always more melancholy than it need be; it seems an interruption to the existence which Love shares with Love; it makes the heart feel what a void life will be, when the last parting shall succeed, as succeed it must, the first.—*Zanoni*, 298.

Simple Materials of Immortality.

The magic, if it existed, dwelt in the artificer, and the materials, to other hands, were but herbs and bronze. So it is ever with thy works and wonders, O Genius—Seeker of the Stars! Words themselves are the common property of all men; yet, from words themselves, Thou, Architect of Immortalities, pilest up temples that shall outlive the Pyramids, and the very leaf of the Papyrus becomes a Shinar, stately with towers, round which the Deluge of Ages shall roar in vain!—*Zanoni*, 307.

Sanctity of Infants.

Infants are the saints of earth, and their mediation may be heard on high!—*Zanoni*, 310.

Love's intuitive Wisdom.

What awful learning lies hid in the ignorance of the heart that loves!—*Zanoni*, 312.

Description of Robespierre.

On the walls of this chamber hung many portraits, most of them represented but one face; on the formal pedestals were grouped many busts, most of them sculptured but one head. In that small chamber Egotism sat supreme, and made the Arts its looking-glasses. Erect in a chair, before a large table spread with letters, sat the original of bust and canvas, the owner of the apartment. He was alone, yet he sat erect, formal, stiff, precise, as if in his very home he was not at ease. His dress was in harmony with his posture and his chamber, it affected a neatness of its own—foreign both to the sumptuous fashions of the deposed nobles, and the filthy ruggedness of the sansculottes. Frizzled and *coiffe*, not a hair was out of order, not a speck lodged on the sleek surface of the blue coat, not a wrinkle crumpled the snowy vest, with its under relief of delicate pink. At the first glance you might have seen in that face nothing but the ill-favoured features of a sickly countenance. At a second glance you would have perceived that it had a power—a character of its own. The forehead, though low and compressed, was not without that appearance of thought and intelligence which, it may be observed, that breadth between the eyebrows almost invariably gives; the lips were firm and tightly drawn together, yet ever and anon they trembled, and writhed restlessly. The eyes, sullen and gloomy, were yet piercing, and full of a concentrated vigour, that did not seem supported by the thin, feeble frame, or the green lividness of the hues which told of anxiety and disease.

Such was Maximilien Robespierre; such the chamber over the *ménusier's* shop, whence issued the edicts that launched armies on their career of glory, and ordained an artificial conduit to carry off the blood that deluged the metropolis of the most martial people in the globe! Such

was the man who had resigned a judicial appointment (the early object of his ambition), rather than violate his philanthropical principles, by subscribing to the death of a single fellow-creature!—such was the virgin enemy to capital punishments, and such, Butcher-Dictator now, was the man whose pure and rigid manners, whose incorruptible honesty, whose hatred of the excesses that tempt to love and wine, would—had he died five years earlier—have left him the model for prudent fathers and careful citizens to place before their sons. Such was the man who seemed to have no vice, till circumstance, that hot-bed, brought forth the two which, in ordinary times, lie ever the deepest and most latent in a man's heart—Cowardice and Envy. To one of these sources is to be traced every murder that master-fiend committed. His cowardice was of a peculiar and strange sort; for it was accompanied with the most unscrupulous and determined will—a will that Napoleon revered, a will of iron, and yet nerves of aspen. Mentally, he was a hero—physically a dastard. When the veriest shadow of danger threatened his person, the frame cowered, but the will swept the danger to the slaughter-house. So there he sat, bolt upright—his small, lean fingers clenched convulsively—his sullen eyes straining into space, their whites yellowed with streaks of corrupt blood, his ears literally moving to and fro like the ignobler animal's, to catch every sound—a Dionysius in his cave,—but his posture decorous and collected, and every formal hair in its frizzled place.—*Zanoni*, 316.

Angelic Deaths in the Reign of Terror.

How majestic and beautiful a thing is Death! Here from my tower of time, looking over the darksome past, and into the starry future, I learn how great hearts feel what sweetness and glory there is to die for the things they love! I saw a father sacrificing himself for his son;

he was subjected to charges which a word of his could dispel—he was mistaken for his boy. With what joy he seized the error—confessed the noble crimes of valour and fidelity which the son had indeed committed—and went to the doom, exulting that his death saved the life he had given, not in vain! I saw women, young, delicate, in the bloom of their beauty; they had vowed themselves to the cloister. Hands smeared with the blood of saints opened the grate that had shut them from the world, and bade them go forth, forget their vows, forswear the Divine One these dæmons would depose, find lovers and helpmates, and be free. And some of these young hearts had loved, and even, though in struggles, loved yet. Did they forswear the vow? Did they abandon the faith? Did even love allure them? Mejnour, with one voice they preferred to die! And whence comes this courage? because such *hearts live in some more abstract, and holier life than their own. But to live for ever upon this earth, is to live in nothing diviner than ourselves.* Yes, even amidst this gory butchery, God, the Ever-living, vindicates to man the sanctity of His servant, Death!—*Zanoni*, 333.

Supreme Efficacy of Patience.

One great excellence of Religion—above all, the Religion of the Cross—is, that it raises PATIENCE into a virtue. Take away the doctrine of another life, of requital hereafter, of the smile of a Father upon our sufferings and trials in our ordeal here, and what becomes of Patience? But, without patience, what is man?—and what a people? Without patience, Art never can be high; without patience, Liberty never can be perfected. By wild throes, and impetuous, aimless struggles, Intellect seems to soar from Penury, and a nation to struggle into Freedom. And woe, thus unfortified, guideless, and unenduring—woe to both!—*Zanoni*, 345.

Demons of the Revolution.

It is remarkable that most of the principal actors of the Revolution were singularly hideous in appearance—from the colossal ugliness of MIRABEAU and DANTON, or the villanous ferocity in the countenances of DAVID and SIMON, to the filthy squalor of MARAT, the sinister and bilious meanness of the Dictator's features.—*Zanoni*, 354.

COUTHON was wheeled into the room in a chair. This man was also in what, to most, is the prime of life—viz., about thirty-eight; but he was literally dead in the lower limbs. Crippled, paralytic, distorted, he was yet, as the time soon came to tell him—a Hercules in Crime! But the sweetest of human smiles dwelt upon his lips, a beauty almost angelic characterised his features; an inexpressible aspect of kindness, and the resignation of suffering but cheerful benignity, stole into the hearts of those who for the first time beheld him. With the most caressing, silver, flute-like voice, Citizen Couthon, bending down, fondled the little spaniel that he invariably carried in his bosom, even to the Convention, as a vent for the exuberant sensibilities which overflowed his affectionate heart.—318.

CHAUMETTE had an aviary, to which he devoted his harmless leisure; the murderous FOURNIER carried, on his shoulders, a pretty little squirrel, attached by a silver chain; PANIS bestowed the superfluity of his affections upon two gold pheasants; and MARAT, who would not abate one of the three hundred thousand heads he demanded, reared doves!—318.

HENRIOT, a fierce-looking man, buttoned up to the chin—his sword rattling by his side, his spurs clinking at his heel—descended the stairs; his cheeks swollen and purple with intemperance, his eyes dead and savage as a vulture's.—349.

GUERIN (The Spy).—There glided in, with the noise

ness of a shadow, a smiling, sober citizen, plainly but neatly clad, with a downcast, humble eye. A milder, meeker face, no pastoral poet could assign to Corydon or Thyrsis—why did the crowd shrink and hold their breath? As the ferret in a burrow crept that slight form amongst the larger and rougher creatures that huddled and pressed back on each other as he passed.—350.

RÉNÉ DUMAS, born of respectable parents, and well-educated, despite his ferocity, was not without a certain refinement, which perhaps rendered him the more acceptable to the precise and formal Robespierre. Dumas was a beau in his way. His gala dress was *a blood-red coat*, with the finest ruffles.—385.

FOUQUIER-TINVILLE, the son of a provincial agriculturist, and afterwards a clerk at the Bureau of the Police, was little less base in his manners, and yet more, from a certain loathsome buffoonery, revolting in his speech; bull-headed, with black, sleek hair, with a narrow and livid forehead, with small eyes, that twinkled with a sinister malice; strongly and coarsely built, he looked what he was, the audacious Bully of a lawless and relentless Bar.—385.

There was bold Lecointre, the declared enemy—there, creeping Barrère, who would reconcile all extremes, the hero of the cowards; Barras, calm and collected—Collot d'Herbois, breathing wrath and vengeance, and seeing not that the crimes of Robespierre alone sheltered his own.—*Zanoni*, 369.

The Sublimest Heritage of Humanity.

“Wiser now,” said Adon-Ai to Zanoni, “in the moment when thou comprehendest Death, than when thy unfettered spirit learned the solemn mystery of Life; the human affections that thrall'd and humbled thee awhile bring to thee, in these last hours of thy mortality, the sublimest heritage of

thy race—the eternity that commences from the grave.”—*Zanoni*, 380.

The Atheist Nicot.

There, in his cell, the atheist, Nicot, sits stolid amidst the darkness, and hugs the thought of Danton, that death is nothingness. His, no spectacle of an appalled and perturbed conscience! Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue, and virtue he never knew. Had he to live again, he would live the same. But more terrible than the death-bed of a believing and despairing sinner, that blank gloom of apathy—that contemplation of the worm and the rat of the charnel-house—that grim and loathsome NOTHINGNESS which, for his eye, falls like a pall over the universe of life. Still, staring into space, gnawing his livid lip, he looks upon the darkness, convinced that darkness is for ever and for ever!—*Zanoni*, 394.

Death of Robespierre.

Cast thine eyes into the hall, where the tyrant and his conclave hearkened to the roar without!—Fulfilling the prophecy of Dumas, Henriot, drunk with blood and alcohol, reels within, and chucks his gory sabre on the floor. “All is lost!”

“Wretch! thy cowardice hath destroyed us!” yelled the fierce Coffinhal, as he hurled the coward from the window.

Calm as despair stands the stern St. Just; the palsied Couthon crawls, grovelling, beneath the table; a shot—an explosion! Robespierre would destroy himself! The trembling hand has mangled, and failed to kill! The clock of the *Hôtel de Ville* strikes the third hour. Through the battered door—along the gloomy passages, into the Death-hall, burst the crowd. Mangled, livid, blood-stained, speechless, but not unconscious, sits haughty yet, in his seat erect, the Master-Murderer! Around him they throng—they hot

—they execrate! their faces gleaming in the tossing torches! *He*, and not the starry Magian, the *real* Sorcerer! And round *his* last hours gather the Fiends he raised!

They drag him forth! Open thy gates, inexorable prison! The Conciergerie receives its prey! Never a word again on earth spoke Maximilien Robespierre! Pour forth thy thousands, and tens of thousands, emancipated Paris! To the *Place de la Révolution*, rolls the tumbril of the King of Terror,—St. Just, Dumas, Couthon,—his companions to the grave! A woman—a childless woman, with hoary hair, springs to his side—“Thy death makes me drunk with joy!” He opened his bloodshot eyes—“Descend to hell, with the curses of wives and mothers!”

The headsmen wrench the rag from the shattered jaw! a shriek, and the crowd laugh, and the axe descends amidst the shout of the countless thousands. And blackness rushes on thy soul, Maximilien Robespierre!—*Zanoni*, 403.

XXIV.—THE LAST OF THE BARONS.

The Norman Race.

The Patricians of the World.—*Last of the Barons*, 30.

Unappreciated Genius.

Genius, in an age where it is not appreciated, is the greatest curse the iron Fates can inflict on man.—*Last of the Barons*, 58.

Adam Warner's Eureka.

Adam Warner approached his Model—the model of a mighty and stupendous invention—the fruit of no chimerical and visionary science—a great Promethean THING, that, once matured, would divide the Old World from the New, enter into all operations of Labour, animate all the future affairs, colour all the practical doctrines of active men. He paused before it, and addressed it as if it heard and understood him —“ My hair was dark, and my tread was firm, when, one night, a THOUGHT passed into my soul—a thought to make Matter the gigantic slave of Mind. Out of this thought, thou, not yet born after five-and-twenty years of travail, wert conceived. My coffers were then full, and my name was honoured ; and the rich respected, and the poor loved, me. Art thou a devil, that has tempted me to ruin, or a god, that has lifted me above the earth ? I am old before my time, my hair is blanchèd, my frame is bowèd, my wealth is gone, my name is sullied. And all, dumb idol

of Iron, and the Element, all for thee! I had a wife whom I adored—she died—I forgot her loss in the hope of *thy* life. I have a child still—God and our Lady forgive me—she is less dear to me than thou hast been. And now”—the old man ceased abruptly, and folding his arms, looked at the deaf iron sternly, as on a human foe. By his side was a huge hammer, employed in the toils of his forge; suddenly he seized and swung it aloft. One blow, and the labour of years was shattered into pieces! One blow!—But the heart failed him, and the hammer fell heavily to the ground.

“Ay!” he muttered, “true—true! if thou, who hast destroyed all else, wert destroyed too, what were left me? Is it a crime to murder Man?—a greater crime to murder Thought, which is the life of all men. Come—I forgive thee?”

And all that day and all that night the Enthusiast laboured in his chamber, and the next day the remembrance of the hootings, the pelting, the mob, was gone—clean gone from his breast. The Model began to move—life hovered over its wheels; and the Martyr of Science had forgotten the very world for which he, groaning and rejoicing, toiled!—*Last of the Barons*, 83.

Earl Warwick.

The earl was in the lusty vigour of his age. His hair, of the deepest black, was worn short, as if in disdain of the effeminate fashions of the day, and fretted bare from the temples, by the constant and early friction of his helmet, gave to a forehead naturally lofty yet more majestic appearance of expanse and height. His complexion, though dark and sunburnt, glowed with rich health. The beard was closely shaven, and left in all its remarkable beauty the contour of the oval face and strong jaw—strong as if clasped in iron. The features were marked and aquiline, as was

common to those of Norman blood. The form spare, but of prodigious width and depth of chest, the more apparent from the fashion of the short surcoat, which was thrown back, and left in broad expanse a placard, not of holiday velvet and satins, but of steel polished as a mirror, and inlaid with gold. And now, as concluding his task, the earl rose and motioned Marmaduke to a stool by his side, his great stature, which, from the length of his limbs, was not so observable when he sat, actually startled his guest. Tall as Marmaduke was himself, the earl towered above him—with his high, majestic, smooth, unwrinkled forehead,—like some Paladin of the rhyme of poet or romancer; and, perhaps, not only in this masculine advantage, but in the rare and harmonious combination of colossal strength with graceful lightness, a more splendid union of all the outward qualities we are inclined to give to the heroes of old, never dazzled the eye, or impressed the fancy. But even this effect of mere person was subordinate to that which this eminent nobleman created—upon his *inferiors*, at least—by a manner so void of all arrogance, yet of all condescension, so simple, open, cordial, and herolike, that Marmaduke Nevile, peculiarly alive to external impressions, and subdued and fascinated by the earl's first word, and that word was "Welcome!" dropped on his knee, and kissing the hand extended to him, said—"Noble kinsman, in thy service, and for thy sake, let me live and die!"—*Last of the Barons*, 100.

Godlike Isolation of Youth.

There is, to the quick and mercurial spirits of the young, something of marvellous and preternatural in that life within life, which the strong passion of science and genius forms and feeds—that passion so much stronger than love, and so much more self-dependent—which asks no sympathy, leans

on no kindred heart—which lives alone in its works and fancies, like a god amidst his creations.—*Last of the Barons*, 124.

Richard III.

Richard had the short face, the dark brown locks, and the pale olive complexion of his father, whom he alone of the royal brothers strikingly resembled. The cheeks, too, were somewhat sunken, and already, though scarcely past childhood, about his lips were seen the lines of thoughtful manhood. But then those small features, delicately aquiline, were so regular—that dark eye was so deep, so fathomless in its bright musing intelligence—that quivering lip was at once so beautifully formed and so expressive of intellectual subtlety and haughty will—and that pale forehead was so massive, high, and majestic, that when, at a later period, the Scottish prelate commended Richard's "princely countenance," the compliment was not one to be disputed, much less contemned.—*Last of the Barons*, 157.

The King-maker.

Already the mighty house of Nevile frowns sullen on the throne it built. Another year, and who knows but the Earl of Warwick—the beloved and the fearless . . . at whose lifted finger all England would bristle with armed men—may ride by the side of Margaret through the gates of London?—*Last of the Barons*, 183.

Misapplied Genius.

Oh! true Tartarus of Genius—when its energies are misapplied, when the labour but rolls the stone up the mountain, but pours water upon water through the sieve!—*Last of the Barons*, 200.

Loyal to the core!

“How dost thou like the king? Speak out, youth; there are no eavesdroppers here.”

“He is a most gracious master, and a most winning gentleman.”

“He is both,” said Montagu, with a touch of emotion, that surprised Marmaduke, “and no man can come near without loving him. And yet, Marmaduke (is that thy name?)—yet, whether it be weakness or falseness, no man can be sure of his king’s favour from day to day! We Neviles must hold fast to each other. Not a stick should be lost if the faggot is to remain unbroken. What say you?” and the earl’s keen eye turned sharply on the young man.

“I say, my Lord, that the Earl of Warwick was to me patron, lord, and father, when I entered yon city a friendless orphan; and that, though I covet honours, and love pleasure, and would be loth to lift finger or speak word against King Edward, yet were that princely lord—the head of mine house—an outcast and a beggar, by his side I would wander, for his bread I would beg.”

“Young man,” exclaimed Montagu, “from this hour I admit thee to my heart! Give me thy hand. Beggar and outcast?—No!—If the storm come, the meaner birds take to shelter, the eagle remains solitary in heaven!” So saying, he relapsed into silence, and put spurs to his steed.—*Last of the Barons*, 209.

Warwick’s Destrier.

“Behold the son of poor Malech, whom, forgetting all such legends, I slew at Touton,” quoth the earl. “Ho, Saladin—greet thy master!”

They stood now in the black steed’s stall—an ample and

high-vaulted space, for halter never insulted the fierce destrier's mighty neck, which the God of Battles had clothed in thunder. A marble cistern contained his limpid drink, and in a gilded manger the finest wheaten bread was mingled with the oats of Flanders. On entering, they found young George, Montagu's son, with two or three boys, playing familiarly with the noble animal, who had all the affectionate docility inherited from an Arab origin. But at the sound of Warwick's voice, its ears rose, its mane dressed itself, and with a short neigh it came to his feet, and kneeling down, in slow and stately grace, licked its master's hand. So perfect and so matchless a steed never had knight bestrode! Its hide without one white hair, and glossy as the sheenest satin; a lady's tresses were scarcely finer than the hair of its noble mane; the exceeding smallness of its head, its broad frontal, the remarkable and almost human intelligence of its eye, seemed actually to elevate its conformation above that of its species. Though the race had increased, generation after generation, in size and strength, Prince Richard still marvelled (when, obedient to a sign from Warwick, the destrier rose, and leant its head, with a sort of melancholy and quiet tenderness, upon the earl's shoulder) that a horse, less in height and bulk than the ordinary battle-steed, could bear the vast weight of the giant earl in his ponderous mail. But his surprise ceased when the earl pointed out to him the immense strength of the steed's ample loins, the sinewy cleanness, the iron muscle, of the stag-like legs, the bull-like breadth of chest, and the swelling power of the shining neck — *Last of the Barons, 278.*

Robin's Warning to the Great Earl.

“Though this time Warwick bids thee escape and live,” said the earl, “if once more thou offend, know me only as the king's minister. The debt between us is now cancelled.

Yonder lies the path that conducts to the forest. Farewell. Yet stay!—poverty may have led thee into treason.”

“Poverty,” interrupted Hilyard—“poverty, Lord Warwick, leads men to sympathise with the poor, and therefore I have done with riches.” He paused, and his breast heaved. “Yet,” he added, sadly, “now that I have seen the cowardice and ingratitude of men, my calling seems over, and my spirit crushed.”

“Alas!” said Warwick, “whether man be rich or poor, ingratitude is the vice of men; and you, who have felt it from the mob, menace me with it from a king. But each must carve out his own way through this earth, without over care for applause or blame; and the tomb is the sole judge of mortal memory!”

Robin looked hard in the earl’s face, which was dark and gloomy, as he thus spoke, and approaching nearer, he said—“Lord Warwick, I take from you liberty and life the more willingly, because a voice I cannot mistake tells me, and hath long told, that, sooner or later, time will bind us to each other. Unlike other nobles, you have owed your power not so much to lordship, land, and birth, and a king’s smile, as to the love you have nobly won; you alone, true knight and princely Christian—you alone, in war, have spared the humble—you alone, stalwart and resistless champion, have directed your lance against your equals, and your order hath gone forth to the fierce of heart—‘Never smite the commons.’ In peace, you alone have stood up in your haughty parliament for just law or for gentle mercy; your castle hath had a board for the hungry, and a shelter for the houseless; your pride, which hath bearded kings and humbled upstarts, hath never had a taunt for the lowly; and therefore I—son of the people—in the people’s name, bless you living, and sigh to ask whether a people’s gratitude will mourn you dead! Beware Edward’s false smile—beware Clarence’s fickle faith—

beware Gloucester's inscrutable wile. Mark, the sun sets—and while we speak, yon dark cloud gathers over your plumed head.”

He pointed to the heavens as he ceased, and a low roll of gathering thunder seemed to answer his ominous warning. Without tarrying for the earl's answer, Hilyard shook the reins of his steed, and disappeared in the winding of the lane through which he took his way.—*Last of the Barons*, 344.

A Despot's Nature.

The mechanism of this strong man's nature (*i.e.*, Edward IV.) was that almost unknown to the modern time; it belonged to those earlier days which furnish to Greece the terrible legends Ovid has clothed in gloomy fire, which a similar civilisation produced no less in the Middle Ages, whether of Italy or the North—that period when crime took a grandeur from its excess—when power was so great and absolute, that its girth burst the ligaments of conscience—when a despot was but the incarnation of will—when honour was indeed a religion, but its faith was valour, and it wrote its decalogue with the point of a fearless sword.—*Last of the Barons*, 377.

Sleep of the Young.

In the sleep of the young the traces of thought and care vanish, the aching heart is lulled in the body's rest, the hard lines relax into flexile ease, a softer, warmer bloom steals over the cheek, and, relieved from the stiff restraints of dress, the rounded limbs repose in a more alluring grace! Youth seems younger in its slumber, and beauty more beautiful, and purity more pure.—*Last of the Barons*, 381.

Love Eternal.

Love knows no age—it foresees no grave! its happiness and its trust behold on the earth but one glory, melting into

the hues of heaven, where they who love lastingly pass calmly on to live for ever.—*Last of the Barons*, 402.

Warwick's Oath of Vengeance.

“By the symbol from which thou turnest, woman!” exclaimed the earl to the dame of Longueville, giving vent to the fury which the presence of death had before suppressed—“by Him, to whom, morning and night, I have knelt in grateful blessing for the virtuous life of this beloved child, I will have such revenge on the recreant whom I kinged, as shall live in the Rolls of England till the trump of the Judgment Angel.”—*Last of the Barons*, 416.

The Tymbesteres.

In their home fierce fires glared amidst the tossing torch-light; the crowd, baffled by the strength of the door, scaled the wall, broke through the lattice-work of the hall window, and streaming through room after room, roared forth—“Death to the wizard!” Amidst the sordid dresses of the men, the soiled and faded tinsel of the tymbesteres gleamed and sparkled. It was a scene the she-fiends revelled in—dear are outrage and malice, and the excitement of turbulent passions, and the savage voices of frantic men, and the thirst of blood to those everlasting furies of a mob—under whatever name we know them, in whatever time they taint with their presence—women in whom womanhood is blasted.—*Last of the Barons*, 440.

Bible of the Universe.

The majestic splendour of the night, as it deepened in its solemn calm—as the shadows of the windless trees fell larger and sharper upon the silvery earth—as the skies grew mellow and more luminous in the strengthening twilight, inspired them with the serenity of faith—for night, to the

earnest soul, opens the bible of the universe, and on the leaves of Heaven is written—"God is everywhere!"—*Last of the Barons*, 444.

Waking Dreams.

Amidst the grief and solitude of the pure, there comes, at times, a strange and rapt serenity—a sleep-awake—over which the instinct of life beyond the grave glides like a noiseless dream; and ever that heaven that the soul yearns for is coloured by the fancies of the fond human heart,—each fashioning the above from the desires unsatisfied below.—*Last of the Barons*, 444.

Philosophic Reveries.

His (Adam Warner's) repast ended, the quiet of the place (for the inn was silent and almost deserted) with the fumes of the wine—a luxury he rarely tasted—operated soothingly upon his thoughts and fancy, and plunged him into those reveries, so dear alike to poet and mathematician. To the thinker, the most trifling external object often suggests ideas, which, like Homer's chain, extended, link after link, from earth to heaven. The sunny notes, that in a glancing column came through the lattice, called Warner from the real day—the day of strife and blood, with thousands hard by driving each other to the Hades—and led his scheming fancy into the ideal and abstract day—the theory of light itself; and the theory suggested mechanism, and mechanism called up the memory of his oracle—old Roger Bacon; and that memory revived the great friar's hints in the *Opus magnus*—hints which outlined the grand invention of the telescope: and so, as over some dismal precipice a bird swings itself to and fro upon the airy bough, the schoolman's mind played with its quivering fancy, and folded its calm wings above the verge of terror.—*Last of the Barons*, 451.

Home.

Man's earthly paradise—a virtuous home.—*Last of the Barons*, 472.

A Serenade changed to an Epithalamium.

“Sweet mother,” said Anne, “thou forgivest me; but my father—ah, he speaks not!—One word! Father, father, not even *his* love could console me if I angered *thee*!”

The earl, who had remained rooted to the spot, his eyes shining thoughtfully under his dark brows, and his hand slightly raised, as if piercing into the future, and mapping out its airy realm, turned quickly—

“I go to the heir of Lancaster; if this boy be bold and true—worthy of England and of thee—we will change the sad ditty of that scranell lute into such a storm of trumpets as beseems the triumph of a conqueror, and the marriage of a prince!”—*Last of the Barons*, 478.

Margaret of Anjou and the King-maker.

The earl bowed his head and turned; but, at the first sign of his departure, there was a general movement among the noble bystanders: impressed by the dignity of his bearing, by the greatness of his power, and by the unquestionable truth that in rejecting him, Margaret cast away the heritage of her son,—the exiles, with a common impulse, threw themselves at their queen's feet, and exclaimed, almost in the same words,—

“Grace! noble queen!—Grace for the great Lord *Wick*!”

“My sister,” whispered John of Calabria, “thou art thy son's ruin if the earl depart!”

“*Pasque Dieu!* Vex not my kinswoman—if she *re-*fer

a convent to a throne, cross not the holy choice!" said the wily Louis, with a mocking irony on his pinched lips.

The prince alone spoke not, but stood proudly on the same spot, gazing on the earl, as he slowly moved to the door.

"Oh, Edward—Edward, my son!" exclaimed the unhappy Margaret, "if for thy sake—for thine—I must make the past a blank—speak thou for me!"

"I have spoken," said the prince, gently, "and thou didst chide me, noble mother; yet I spoke, methinks, as Henry V. had done, if of a mighty enemy he had had the power to make a noble friend."

A short convulsive sob was heard from the throne chair; and as suddenly as it burst, it ceased. Queen Margaret rose—not a trace of that stormy emotion upon the grand and marble beauty of her face. Her voice, unnaturally calm, arrested the steps of the departing earl.

"Lord Warwick, defend this boy—restore his rights—release his sainted father—and for years of anguish and of exile, Margaret of Anjou forgives the champion of her son!"

In an instant Prince Edward was again by the earl's side—a moment more, and the earl's proud knee bent in homage to the queen—joyful tears were in the eyes of her friends and kindred—a triumphant smile on the lips of Louis,—and Margaret's face, terrible in its stony and locked repose, was raised above, as if asking the All-Merciful, pardon—for the pardon which the human sinner had bestowed!—*Last of the Barons, 490.*

An Arch Appetiser.

Hunger gives not such flavour to the viand, nor thirst such sparkle to the wine, as the presence of a beloved guest.—*Last of the Barons, 503.*

High Arguments.

Mounting from philosophy to religion, he indulged in his large ideas upon life and nature: of the stars that now came forth in heaven; of the laws that gave harmony to the universe; of the evidence of a God in the mechanism of creation; of the spark from central divinity, that, kindling in a man's soul, we call "genius;" of the eternal resurrection of the dead, which makes the very principle of being, and types, in the leaf and in the atom, the immortality of the great human race.—*Last of the Barons*, 504.

Destiny.

"It is destiny!"—phrase of the weak human heart! "It is destiny!" dark apology for every error! The strong and the virtuous admit *no* destiny! On earth, guides Conscience—in heaven watches God. And Destiny is but the phantom we invoke to silence the one—to dethrone the other! —*Last of the Barons*, 523.

Henry VI. in the Tower of London.

There was still the starling in its cage, and the fat, asthmatic spaniel still wagged its tail at the sound of its master's voice, or the rustle of his long gown. And still from the ivory crucifix gleamed the sad and holy face of God—present alway—and who, by faith and patience, linketh evermore grief to joy—but earth to heaven.—*Last of the Barons*, 550.

Poetical Justice.

Out upon that vulgar craving of those who comprehend neither the vast truths of life, nor the grandeur of ideal art, and who ask from poet or narrator the poor and petty morality of "Poetical Justice"—a justice existing not in

our work-day world—a justice existing not in the sombre page of history—a justice existing not in the loftier conceptions of men whose genius has grappled with the enigmas which art and poetry only can foreshadow and divine:—unknown to us in the street and the market—unknown to us on the scaffold of the patriot, or amidst the flames of the martyr—unknown to us in the Lear and the Hamlet—in the Agamemnon and the Prometheus. Millions upon millions, ages upon ages, are entered but as items in the vast account in which the recording angel sums up the unerring justice of God to man.—*Last of the Barons*, 605.

The Roar of a Multitude.

That deep-toned shout of enthusiasm, which he who has once heard it, coming, as it were, from the one heart of an armed multitude, will ever recall as the most kindling and glorious sound which ever quickened the pulse and thrilled the blood,—for along that part of the army now rode King Edward.—*Last of the Barons*, 607.

Edward IV.'s Ferocious War-Cry.

This is no war of dainty chivalry—it is a war of true men against false. No quarter! Spare not either knight or hilding. Warwick, forsooth, will not smite the commons. Truly not—the rabble are his friends. I say to you——” and Edward, pausing in the excitement and sanguinary fury of his tiger nature—the soldiers, heated like himself to the thirst of blood, saw his eyes sparkle, and his teeth gnash, as he added in a deeper and lower, but not less audible voice, “I say to you, SLAY ALL! What heel spares the viper’s brood?”

“We will—we will!” was the horrid answer, which came hissing and muttered forth from morion and cap of steel.

“Mark! to their bombards!” resumed Edward. “The enemy would fight from afar, for they excel us in their

archers and gunners. Upon them, then—hand to hand, and man to man! Advance banners—sound trumpets! Sir Oliver, my basinet! Soldiers, if my standard falls, look for the plume upon your king's helmet! Charge!”

Then, with a shout wilder and louder than before, on through the hail of the arrows—on through the glare of the bombards—rather with a rush than in a march, advanced Edward's centre against the array of Somerset.—*Last of the Barons*, 608.

Warwick at Barnet.

Lord Warwick's coal-black steed halted, motionless in the van. His squire behind bore his helmet, overshadowed by the eagle of Monthermer, the outstretched wings of which spread wide into sable plumes: and as the earl's noble face turned full and calm upon the bristling lines, there arose not the vulgar uproar that greeted the aspect of the young Edward. By one of those strange sympathies which pass through multitudes, and seize them with a common feeling, the whole body of those adoring vassals became suddenly aware of the change which a year had made in the face of their chief and father. They saw the grey flakes in his Jove-like curls—the furrows in that lofty brow—the hollows in that bronzed and manly visage, which had seemed to their rude admiration to wear the stamp of the twofold Divinity—Beneficence and Valour. A thrill of tenderness and awe shot through the veins of every one—tears of devotion rushed into many a hardy eye. No—there was not the ruthless captain addressing his hirling brethren: it was the chief and father rallying gratitude, and love, and reverence, to the crisis of his stormy fate.—*Last of the Barons*, 610.

Gloucester's Charge through the Battle.

Gloucester himself wondrously approved the trust that

had consigned to his stripling arm the flower of the Yorkist army. Through the mists, the blood-red manteline he wore over his mail, the grinning teeth of the boar's head which crested his helmet, flashed and gleamed wherever his presence was most needed to encourage the flagging or spur on the fierce. And there seemed to both armies something ghastly and preternatural in the savage strength of this small, slight figure thus startlingly caparisoned, and which was heard evermore uttering its sharp war-cry—"Gloucester, to the onslaught! Down with the rebels, down!"

Nor did this daring personage disdain, in the midst of his fury, to increase the effect of valour by the art of a brain that never ceased to scheme on the follies of mankind. "See! see!" he cried, as he shot meteor-like from rank to rank. "See—these are no natural vapours! Yonder the mighty friar, who delayed the sails of Margaret, chants his spells to the Powers that ride the gale. Fear not the bombards—their enchanted balls swerve from the brave! The dark legions of Air fight for us! For the hour is come when the fiend shall rend his prey!" And fiendlike seemed the form thus screeching forth its predictions from under the grim head-gear; and then darting and disappearing amidst the sea of pikes, cleaving its path of blood!—*Last of the Barons*, 614.

Lord Warwick's Battle-axe.

Never in all his wars, in all the former might of his indomitable arm, had Warwick so excelled the martial chivalry of his age, as in that eventful and crowning hour. Thrice almost alone, he penetrated into the very centre of Edward's body-guard, literally felling to the earth all before him. Then perished by his battle-axe Lord Cromwell and the redoubted Lord of Say—then, no longer sparing even the old affection, Gloucester was hurled to the ground. The

last time he penetrated even to Edward himself, smiting down the king's standard-bearer, unhorsing Hastings, who threw himself on his path ; and Edward, setting his teeth in stern joy as he saw him, rose in his stirrups, and for a moment the mace of the king, the axe of the earl, met as thunder encounters thunder ; but then a hundred knights rushed into the rescue, and robbed the baffled avenger of his prey.—*Last of the Barons*, 621.

XXV.—THE NEW TIMON.

Sweet Uses of Adversity.

Who can divine what hidden music lies,
In the frail reed, till winds awake its sighs?

—*New Timon*, 13.

Life's Opening Leaf.

Youth, Nature's holiday !
Fair time, which dreams so gently steal away ;
When Life—Dark Volume, with its opening leaf
Of joy,—through fable dupes us into grief—
Tells of a golden Aready ;—and then
Read on,—comes truth ;—the Iron world of men !

—*New Timon*, 14.

Hope.

Low on the earth, while Night endures,—unguessed
Hope folds the wing and slumbers on its nest ;
Let but a sunbeam to the world be given—
And hark—it singeth at the gates of Heaven !

—*New Timon*, 16.

Consumption.

Hers was a beauty that made sad the eye,
Lovely in fading, like a twilight sky ;
The shape so finely, delicately frail,
As formed for climes unruffled by a gale ;
The lustrous eye, through which looks forth the soul,
Bright and more brightly as it nears the goal ;

The fevered counterfeit of healthful bloom,
 The rose so living yet so near the tomb ;
 The veil the Funeral Genius lends his bride,
 When, fair as Love, he steals her to his side,
 And leads her on till at the nuptial porch,
 He murmurs, " Know me now ! " and lowers the torch.

—*New Timon*, 26.

Sir Robert Peel.

Now, " on his humble but his faithful steed,"
 Sir Robert rides—he never rides at speed.
 Careful his seat, and circumspect his gaze ;
 And still the cautious trot the cautious mind betrays.
 Wise is thy heed !—how stout so'er his back,
 Thy weight has oft proved fatal to thy hack ! *

—*New Timon*, 28.

O'Connell.

But who, scarce less by every gazer eyed,
 Walks yonder, swinging with a stalwart stride ?
 With that vast bulk of chest and limb assigned
 So oft to men who subjugate their kind ;
 So sturdy Cromwell pushed broad-shoulder'd on ;
 So burly Luther breasted Babylon ;
 So brawny Cleon bawl'd his Agora down ;
 And large-limbed Mahmoud clutched a Prophet's crown !

—*New Timon*, 30.

Lord Stanley.

One after one the lords of time advance,—
 Here Stanley meets,—how Stanley scorns, the glance,
 The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
 Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of Debate ;
 Nor gout, nor toil, his freshness can destroy,
 And Time still leaves all Eton in the boy ;

* Written years before the fatal accident which terminated an illustrious life.

First in the class, and keenest in the ring,
 He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring ;
 Ev'n at the feast, his pluck pervades the board,
 And dauntless game-cocks symbolise their lord.
 Lo where atilt at friend—if barr'd from foe—
 He scours the ground, and volunteers the blow,
 And, tired with conquest over Dan and Snob,
 Plants a slight bruiser on the nose of Bob ;
 Decorous Bob, too friendly to reprove,
 Suggests fresh fighting in the next remove,
 And prompts his chum, in hope the vein to cool,
 To the prim benches of the Upper School :

Yet who not listens, with delighted smile,
 To the pure Saxon of that silver style ?
 In the clear style a heart as clear is seen,
 Prompt to the rash—revolting from the mean.

—*New Timon*, 31.

Lord John Russell.

Next cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
 Comes the calm “Johnny who upset the coach.”
 How formed to lead, if not too proud to please,—
 His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.
 Like or dislike, he does not care a jot ;
 He wants your vote, but your affection not ;
 Careful his seat, and circumspect his gaze ;
 And still the cautious trot the cautious mind betrays.
 Wise is thy heed !—how stout soe'er his back,
 Thy weight has oft proved fatal to thy hack !

—*New Timon*, 28.

The Duke of Wellington.

Next, with loose rein and careless canter view
 Our man of men, the Prince of Waterloo ;

O'er the firm brow the hat as firmly press'd,
 The firm shape rigid in the button'd vest ;
 Within—the iron which the fire has proved,
 And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved !

Not his the wealth to some large natures lent,
 Divinely lavish, even where misspent,
 That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
 Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole ;
 The heat and affluence of a genial power,
 Rank in the weed as vivid in the flower ;
 Hush'd at command his veriest passions halt,
 Drill'd is each virtue, disciplined each fault ;
 Warm if his blood—he reasons while he glows,
 Admits the pleasure—ne'er the folly knows ;
 If Vulcan for our Mars a snare had set,
 He had won the Venus, but escaped the net ;
 His eye ne'er wrong, if circumscribed the sight,
 Widen the prospect and it ne'er is right,
 Seen through the telescope of habit still,
 States seem a camp, and all the world—a drill !

—*New Timon*, 29.

Lord John again.

Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,
 So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes.—
 And while his doctrines ripen day by day,
 His frost-nipp'd party pines itself away ;
 From the starved wretch its own loved child we steal—
 And “Free Trade” chirrup on the lap of Peel !—
 But see our statesman when the steam is on,
 And languid Johnny glow to glorious John !
 When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses dress'd,
 Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous breast ;

When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,—
And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll!

—*New Timon*, 31.

London.

London, I take thee to a Poet's heart!
For those who seek a Helicon thou art.
Let schoolboy Strephons bleat of flocks and fields,
Each street of thine a loftier Idyl yields;
Fed by all life, and fann'd by every wind,
There burns the quenchless Poetry—*Mankind!*

—*New Timon*, 38.

St. James's Street.

There, through the dusk-red towers, amidst his ring
Of Vans and Mynheers, rode the Dutchman king;
And there—Did England's Goneril thrill to hear
The shouts that triumph'd o'er her crownless Lear?
There, where the gaslight streams on Crockford's door,
Bluff Henry chuckled at the guests of More;
There, where you gaze upon the last H.B.,
Swift paused, and muttered, "Shall I have that see?"

—*New Timon*, 10.

The Smile of Death.

That smile which greets the shadow-peopled shore,
Which says to Sorrow—"Thou canst wound no more!"
Which says to Love that would rejoin—"Await!"
Which says to Wrong that would redeem—"Too late!"

—*New Timon*, 98.

Daybreak.

Behold the sun!—how stately from the East,
Bright from God's presence, comes the glorious Priest!
Dec'd as beseems the Mighty One to whom
Heaven gives the charge to hallow and illum!

How, as he comes,—through the Great Temple, EARTH,
 Peels the rich Jubilee of grateful mirth !
 The infant flowers their odour-censers swinging,
 Through aislöd glades Air's Anthem-Chorus ringing ;
 While, like some soul lifted aloft by love,
 High and alone the sky-lark halts above,
 High, o'er the sparkling dews, the glittering corn,
 Hymns his frank happiness and hails the morn !

—*New Timon*, 112.

Childlike Faith.

To reason less is to imagine more ;
 They most aspire who meekly most adore !

—*New Timon*, 120.

Christianity.

There, in the soft and beautiful Belief,
 Flows the true Lethé for the lips of Grief ;
 There, Penury, Hunger, Misery, cast their eyes,
 How soon the bright Republic of the Skies !

—*New Timon*, 122.

Prayer.

One prayer ! What mercy taught as prayer ?—as dews
 On drooping herbs—as sleep tired life renews,
 As dreams that lead, and lap our griefs in Heaven,
 To Souls through Prayer, dew, sleep, and dream, are given !

—*New Timon*, 128.

Self-Sacrifice.

In good or ill leave casuists on the shelf,
 " He never errs who sacrifices self ! "

—*New Timon*, 129.

Unselfishness.

One noble fault that springs from SELF'S disdain,
 May oft more grace in Angel eyes obtain,

Than a whole life, without a seeming flaw,
 Which served but Heaven, because of Earth in awe,
 Which in each act has loss or profit weigh'd,
 And kept with Virtue the accounts of Trade !

—*New Timon*, 129.

Remorse.

His eye no more *looks onward* ; but its gaze
 Rests where Remorse a life misspent surveys ;
 What costly treasures strew that waste behind ;
 What whirlwinds daunt the soul that sows the wind !
 By the dark shape of what he *is*, serene
 Stands the bright ghost of what he might have been :
 Here the vast loss, and there the worthless gain—
 Vice scorn'd, yet woo'd, and Virtue loved in vain !

—*New Timon*, 130.

XXVI.—LUCRETIA.

A Baronet of the Last Century.

Upon the terrace, and under cover of a temporary awning, sat the owner, Sir Miles St. John, of Laughton, a comely old man, dressed with faithful precision to the costume which he had been taught to consider appropriate to his rank of gentleman, and which was not yet wholly obsolete and eccentric. His hair, still thick and luxuriant, was carefully powdered, and collected into a club behind. His nether man attired in grey breeches and pearl-coloured silk stockings; his vest of silk, opening wide at the breast, and showing a profusion of frill, slightly sprinkled with the pulvilio of his favourite Martinique; his three-cornered hat, placed on a stool at his side, with a gold-headed crutch-cane,—hat made rather to be carried in the hand than worn on the head, the diamond in his shirt-breast, the diamond on his finger, the ruffles at his wrist,—all bespoke the gallant, who had chatted with Lord Chesterfield, and supped with Mrs. Clive. On a table before him were placed two or three decanters of wine, the fruits of the season, an enamelled snuff-box, in which was set the portrait of a female—perhaps the Chloe or Philis of his early love-ditties; a lighted taper, a small china jar containing tobacco, and three or four pipes of homely clay—for cherrysticks and meerschauans were not then in fashion, and Sir Miles St. John, once a gay and sparkling beau, now a popular country gentleman,

great at county meetings and sheep-shearing festivals, had taken to smoking, as in harmony with his bucolic transformation ; an old setter lay dozing at his feet ; a small spaniel—old, too—was sauntering lazily in the immediate neighbourhood, looking gravely out for such stray bits of biscuit as had been thrown forth to provoke him to exercise, and which hitherto had escaped his attention.—*Lucretia*, 17.

A Buck of the Last Century.

Half reclined on the balustrade lolled a man in the prime of life with an air of unmistakable and sovereign elegance and distinction : a guest from London—a man of clubs, of noon loungings through Bond Street and nights spent with the Prince of Wales. There was a kind of Bacchanalian fury in the life led by those leaders of fashion, among whom Mr. Vernon was not the least distinguished ; it was a day of deep drinking, of high play, of jovial reckless dissipation—of strong appetite for fun and riot—of four-in-hand coachmanship—of prize-fighting—of a strange sort of barbarous manliness, that strained every nerve of the constitution ; a race of life, in which three-fourths of the competitors died half-way in the hippodrome. What is now the Dandy was then the Buck ; and something of the Buck, though subdued by a chaster taste than fell to the ordinary members of his class, was apparent in Mr. Vernon's costume as well as air. Intricate folds of muslin, arranged in prodigious bows and ends, formed the cravat, which Brummell had not yet arisen to reform ; his hat, of a very peculiar shape, low at the crown and broad at the brim, was worn with an air of devil-me-care defiance ; his watch-chain, garnished with a profusion of rings and seals, hung low from his white waistcoat ; and the adaptation of his nankeen inexpressibles to his well-shaped limbs was a masterpiece of art. His

whole dress and air was not what could properly be called foppish—it was rather what at that time was called “rakish.” Few could so closely approach vulgarity without being vulgar: of that privileged few, Mr. Vernon was one of the elect—*Lucretia*, 18.

A Halcyon Glimpse of Midsummer.

He (Mainwaring) saw, as he neared the water, the fish sporting in the pellucid tide: the dragon-fly darted and hovered in the air; the tedded grass beneath his feet, gave forth the fragrance of crushed thyme and clover; the swar paused, as if slumbering on the wave; the linnet and finch sang still from the neighbouring copses; and the heavy bee were winging their way home with a drowsy murmur; all around were images of that unspeakable peace which Nature whispers to those attuned to her music; all fitted to lull but not to deject the spirit; images dear to the holiday of the world-worn man, to the contemplation of serene and retired age; to the boyhood of poets; to the youth of lovers—*Lucretia*, 31.

An Incipient Murderess.

Lucretia Clavering was tall—tall beyond what is admitted to be tall in woman; but in her height there was nothing either awkward or masculine—a figure more perfect never served for model to a sculptor. The dress at that day, unbecoming as we now deem it, was not to her—at least, or the whole—disadvantageous. The short waist gave greater sweep to her majestic length of limb, while the classic thinness of the drapey betrayed the exact proportion and the exquisite contour. The arms then were worn bare almost to the shoulder. And Lucretia’s arms were not more faultless in shape than dazzling in their snowy colour—the stately neck, the falling shoulders, the firm, slight, yet rounded bust

—all would have charmed equally the artist and the sensualist. Fortunately, the sole defect of her form was not apparent at a distance : that defect was in the hand ; it had not the usual faults of female youthfulness—the superfluity of flesh, the too rosy healthfulness of colour ; on the contrary, it was small and thin, but it was, nevertheless, more the hand of a man than a woman ; the shape had a man’s nervous distinctness, the veins swelled like sinews, the joints of the fingers were marked and prominent. In that hand, it almost seemed as if the iron force of the character betrayed itself. But, as we have said, this slight defect which few, if seen, would hypercritically notice, could not of course be perceptible as she moved slowly up the room ; and Vernon’s eye, glancing over the noble figure, rested upon the face. Was it handsome ?—was it repelling ? Strange that in feature it had pretensions to the highest order of beauty, and yet, even that experienced connoisseur in female charms was almost puzzled what sentence to pronounce. The hair, as was the fashion of the day, clustered in profuse curls over the forehead, but could not conceal a slight line, or wrinkle between the brows ; and this line rare in women at any age, rare even in men at hers, gave an expression at once of thought and sternness to the whole face. The eyebrows themselves were straight, and not strongly marked,—a shade or two perhaps too light, a fault still more apparent in the lashes ; the eyes were large, full, and though bright, astonishingly calm and deep, at least in ordinary moments ; yet withal they wanted the charm of that steadfast and open look, which goes at once to the heart, and invites its trust ; their expression was rather vague and abstracted. She usually looked aslant while she spoke, and this, which with some appears but shyness, in one so self-collected had an air of falsehood. But when, at times, if earnest, and bent rather on examining those she addressed than guarding herself

from penetration, she fixed those eyes upon you with sudden and direct scrutiny, the gaze impressed you powerfully, and haunted you with a strange spell. The eye itself was of a peculiar and displeasing colour—not blue, nor grey, nor black, nor hazel, but rather of that cat-like green, which is drowsy in the light, and vivid in the shade. . . . The teeth were dazzlingly white, but sharp and thin, and the eye-teeth were much longer than the rest. The complexion was pale, but without much delicacy; the paleness seemed not natural to it, but rather that hue which study and late vigils give to men; so that she wanted the freshness and bloom of youth, and looked older than she was—an effect confirmed by an absence of roundness in the cheek, not noticeable in the profile, but rendering the front face somewhat harsh as well as sharp. In a word, the face and the figure were not in harmony; the figure prevented you from pronouncing her to be masculine—the face took from the figure the charm of feminacy. It was the head of the young Augustus upon the form of Agrippina.—*Lucretia*, 59.

Moonbeam and Starbeam.

The company were gone. The lights were out,—all, save the lights of heaven, and they came bright and still through the casements: moonbeam and starbeam, they seemed now to have the old house to themselves. In came the rays, brighter, and longer, and bolder—like fairies that march, rank upon rank, into their kingdom of solitude. Down the oak stairs, from the casements, blazoned with heraldry, moved the rays, creepingly, fearfully. On the armour in the hall clustered the rays boldly and brightly, till the steel shone out like a mirror. In the library, long and low, they just entered, stopped short—it was no place for their play. In the drawing-room, now deserted, they were more curious

and adventurous. Through the large window, still open, they came in freely and archly, as if to spy what had caused such disorder,—the stiff chairs out of place,—the smooth floor despoiled of its carpet,—that flower dropped on the ground,—that scarf forgotten on the table—the rays lingered upon them all. Up and down through the house, from the base to the roof, roved the children of the air, and found but two spirits awake amidst the slumber of the rest. —*Lucretia*, 68.

Household Treason.

Heaven support thee, old man! thou hast to pass through the bitterest trial which honour and affection can undergo; —household treason! When the wife lifts high the blushing front, and brazens out her guilt; when the child, with loud voice, throws off all control, and makes boast of disobedience, man revolts at the audacity; his spirit arms against his wrong; its face, at least, is bare; the blow, if sacrilegious, is direct. But, when mild words and soft kisses conceal the worst foe Fate can arm—when amidst the confidence of the heart starts up the form of Perfidy—when out from the reptile swells the fiend in its terror—when the breast on which man leaned for comfort, has taken counsel to deceive him—when he learns, that day after day, the life entwined with his own has been a lie and a stage-mime, he feels not the softness of grief, nor the absorption of rage; it is mightier than grief, and more withering than rage; it is a horror that appals. The heart does not bleed; the tears do not flow, as in woes to which humanity is commonly subjected; it is as if something that violates the course of nature had taken place; something monstrous and out of all thought and fore-warning; for the domestic traitor is a being apart from the orbit of criminals; the felon has no

fear of his innocent children; with a price on his head, he lays it in safety on the bosom of his wife. In his *home*, the ablest man, the most subtle and suspecting, can be as much a dupe as the simplest. Were it not so as the rule, and the exceptions most rare, this world were the riot of a hell!

And therefore it is that to the household perfidy, in all lands, in all ages, God's curse seems to cleave, and to God's curse man abandons it: he does not honour it by hate, still less will he lighten and share the guilt by descending to revenge. He turns aside with a sickness and loathing, and leaves Nature to purify from the earth the ghastly phenomenon she abhors.—*Lucretia*, 103.

A Dog's Fidelity.

At that moment, old Ponto, the setter, shook himself, looked up, and laid his head in his master's lap; and Dash, jealous, rose also, and sprang, not actively, for Dash was old, too, upon his knees, and licked the numbed drooping hands. Now, people praise the fidelity of dogs till the theme is worn out, but nobody knows what a dog is, unless he has been deceived by men; then, that honest face; then, that sincere caress; then, that coaxing whine that never lied! Well, *then*—what then? A dog is long-lived if he live to ten years—small career this to truth and friendship!—*Lucretia*, 104.

Be Just before you are Generous.

A needy man can never be generous without being unjust. How give, if you are in debt?—*Lucretia*, 111.

New Laid every Morning.

We are in the garden of the vicarage; the children are

playing at hide-and-peek amongst the espaliers, which screen the winding gravel-walks from the esculents more dear to Ceres than to Flora. The Vicar is seated in his little parlour, from which a glazed door admits into the garden. The door is now open, and the good man has paused from his work (he had just discovered a new emendation in the first chorus of the *Medea*), to look out at the rosy faces that gleam to and fro across the scene. His wife, with a basket in her hand, is standing without the door, but a little aside, not to obstruct the view.

“It does one’s heart good to see them!” said the Vicar; “little dears!”

“Yes, they ought to be dear at this time of the year,” observed Mrs. Fielden, who was absorbed in the contents of the basket.

“And so fresh!”

“Fresh, indeed;—how different from London! In London they were not fit to be seen; as old as—I am sure I can’t guess how old they were. But you see here they are new laid every morning!”

“My dear!” said Mr. Fielden, opening his eyes—“new laid every morning!”

“Two dozen and four.”

“Two dozen and four!—What on earth are you talking about, Mrs. Fielden?”

“Why, the eggs, to be sure, my love!”

“Oh!” said the Vicar, “two dozen and four!—you alarmed me a little; ’tis of no consequence—only my foolish mistake.”—*Lucretia*, 156.

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A Bloody Besom.

The schemer has baffled the schemer! Turn now to the

right, pass by that narrow corridor, you are in the marriage-chamber—the windows are closed. Tall tapers burn at the foot of the bed. Now go back to that narrow corridor; disregarded, thrown aside, are a cloth and a besom; the cloth is wet still; but here, and there, the red stains are dry, and clotted as with bloody glue; and the hairs of the besom start up, torn and ragged, as if the bristles had a sense of some horror—as if things inanimate still partook of men's dread at men's deeds. If you passed through the corridor, and saw in the shadow of the wall that homeliest of instruments cast away and forgotten, you would smile at the slatternly housework. But if you knew that a corpse had been borne down those stairs to the left—borne along those floors to that marriage-bed, with the blood oozing, and gushing, and plashing below, as the bearers passed with their burden, then, straight that dead thing would take the awe of the dead being; it told its own tale of violence and murder; it had dabbled in the gore of the violated clay; it had become an evidence of the crime. No wonder that its hair bristled up, sharp and ragged, in the shadow of the wall!—*Lucretia*, 193.

All the Earth a Sepulchre.

The first part of the tragedy ends. Let fall the curtain. When next it rises, years will have passed away, graves uncounted will have wrought fresh hollows in our merry sepulchre—sweet earth! Take a sand from the shore, take a drop from the ocean, less than sand-grain and drop in man's planet one Death and one Crime! On the map, trace all oceans, and search out every shore,—more than seas, more than lands, in God's balance shall weigh one Death and one Crime!—*Lucretia*, 194.

The Wings of Genius.

The two wings of that spirit which we call Genius are reverie and sympathy.—*Lucretia*, 201.

A Dog's Greeting.

Meanwhile, Beau had very leisurely approached the bilious-looking terrier; and after walking three times round him, with a stare and a small sniff of superb impertinence, halted with great composure, and lifting his hind leg—O Beau, Beau, Beau! your historian blushes for your breeding, and, like Sterne's recording angel, drops a tear upon the stain which washes it from the register—but not, alas! from the back of the bilious terrier! The space around was wide, Beau. You had all the world to choose; why select so specially for insult the single spot on which reposed the worn-out and unoffending? O, dainty Beau!—O, dainty world! Own the truth, both of ye. There is something irresistibly provocative of insult in the back of a shabby-looking dog!

The poor terrier, used to affronts, raised its heavy eyelids, and shot the gleam of just indignation from its dark eyes. But it neither stirred nor growled, and Beau, extremely pleased with his achievement, wagged his tail in triumph, and returned to his master—perhaps, in parliamentary phrase, to “report proceedings, and ask leave to sit again.”—*Lucretia*, 206.

Insoluble Problems.

‘Who shall explain and disentangle those high, and restless, and interwoven emotions with which intellectual

ambition, honourable and ardent, gazes upon that solemn thing with which, in which, for which it lives and labours—the Human Multitude?—*Lucretia*, 221.

Love at First Sight.

It was not the mere beauty of that face (and beautiful it was) that arrested his eye and made his heart beat more quickly—it was rather that nameless and inexplicable sympathy which constitutes love at first sight;—a sort of impulse and instinct common to the dullest as the quickest—the hardest reason as the liveliest fancy. Plain Cobbett, seeing before the cottage-door, at her homeliest of house-work, the girl of whom he said—“That girl should be my wife;” and Dante, first thrilled by the vision of Beatrice, are alike true types of a common experience: Whatever of love sinks the deepest is felt at first sight; it streams on us abrupt from the cloud, a lightning flash—a destiny revealed to us face to face.—*Lucretia*, 222.

The Chastity of his Honour!

The soul of this poor soldier was white and unstained, as the arms of a maiden knight; it was full of suppressed, but lofty enthusiasm. He had been ill-used, whether by Fate or the Horse Guards—his career had been a failure, but he was as loyal as if his hand held the field-marshal’s truncheon and the garter bound his knee.—*Lucretia*, 235.

Eternal Activity of Intelligence.

The soul is as a sun, but with this noble distinction, the sun is confined in its career—day after day, it visits the same lands, gilds the same planets, or rather, as the astronomers

hold, stands the motionless centre of moving worlds. But the soul, when it sinks into seeming darkness and the deep, rises to new destinies, fresh regions unvisited before. What we call Eternity may be but an endless series of those transitions, which men call *deaths*, abandonments of home after home, ever to fairer scenes and loftier heights. Age after age, the spirit, that glorious Nomad, may shift its tent, fated not to rest in the dull Elysium of the Heathen, but carrying with it evermore its elements,—Activity and Desire. Why should the soul ever repose? God, its Principle, reposes never. While we speak, new worlds are sparkling forth—suns are throwing off their nebulae—nebulae are hardening into worlds. The Almighty proves his existence by creating. Think you that Plato is at rest, and Shakespeare only basking on a sun-cloud? Labour is the very essence of spirit as of divinity; labour is the purgatory of the erring; it may become the hell of the wicked, but labour is not the less heaven of the good.—*Lucretia*, 312.

Every one has Talent.

There lives not a man on earth—out of a lunatic asylum—who has not in him the power to do good. What can writers, haranguers, or speculators do more than that? Have you ever entered a cottage—ever travelled in a coach—ever talked with a peasant in a field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom, and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew some things you knew not? The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or counted the vermin on his rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent, it is purpose;—in other words, not the power to achieve but the will to labour.—*Lucretia*, 313.

The Purposes of Patience and Labour.

As labour is the arch elevator of man, so patience is the essence of labour.—*Lucretia*, 314.

Prudence, Patience, and Order.

No Deity presides where Prudence is absent. Man, a world in himself, requires for the development of his faculties, patience ; and for the balance of his actions, order.—*Lucretia*, 424.

A Convict Ship.

Behold that dark ship on the waters ! Its burthens are not of Ormus and Tyre. No goodly merchandise doth it waft over the wave,—no blessing cleaves to its sails ; freighted with terror and with guilt, with remorse and despair, or, more ghastly than either, the sullen apathy of souls hardened into stone, it carries the dregs and offal of the old world to populate the new.—*Lucretia*, 425.

Crush out the Germ of Crime.

Guard well, O Heir of Eternity, the portal of sin—the *thought*. From the thought to the deed, the subtler thy brain, and the bolder thy courage, the briefer and straighter is the way.—*Lucretia*, 430.

Good from Evil.

Every human act, good or ill, is an Angel to guide or to warn ; and the deeds of the worst have messages from Heaven to the listening hearts of the best. Amidst the glens in the Apennine,—in the lone wastes of Calabria, the

sign of the Cross marks the spot where a deed of violence has been done ; on all that pass by the road, the symbol has varying effect ; sometimes it startles the conscience, sometimes it invokes the devotion ; the robber drops the blade, the priest counts the rosary. So it is with the record of crime : and in the witness of Guilt, Man is thrilled with the whisper of Religion.—*Lucretia*, 430.

XXVII.—HAROLD.

Edward the Confessor.

Bearing on his left wrist a hawk, he was mounted on a milk-white palfrey, with housings inlaid with gold and uncut jewels. Though not really old—for he was much on this side of sixty: both his countenance and carriage evinced age. His complexion, indeed, was extremely fair, and his cheeks ruddy; but the visage was long and deeply furrowed, and from beneath a bonnet not dissimilar to those in use among the Scotch, streamed hair long and white as snow, mingling with a large and forked beard. White seemed his chosen colour. White was the upper tunic clasped on his shoulder with a broad ouche or brooch; white the woollen leggings fitted to somewhat emaciated limbs; and white the mantle, though broidered with a broad hem of gold and purple. The fashion of his dress was that which well became a noble person, but it suited ill the somewhat frail and graceless figure of the rider. Nevertheless, as Edith saw him, she rose, with an expression of deep reverence on her countenance, and saying, "It is our lord the King." —*Harold*, 26.

William the Conqueror when Duke of Normandy.

"By the splendour of God, bold dame," cried the knight by the side of Edward, while a lurid flush passed over his cheek of bronze; "but thou art too glib of tongue for a

subject, and pratest overmuch of Woden, the Paynim, for the lips of a Christian matron."

Hilda met the flashing eye of the knight with a brow of lofty scorn, on which still a certain terror was visible.

"Child," she said, putting her hand upon Edith's fair locks; "this is the man thou shalt see but twice in thy life;—look up, and mark well!"

Edith instinctively raised her eyes, and, once fixed upon the knight, they seemed chained as by a spell. His vest, of a cramoisay so dark that it seemed black beside the snowy garb of the Confessor, was edged by a deep band of embroidered gold; leaving perfectly bare his firm, full throat—firm and full as a column of granite,—a short jacket or manteline of fur, pendent from the shoulders, left developed in all its breadth a breast, that seemed meet to stay the march of an army; and on the left arm, curved to support the falchion, the vast muscles rose, round and gnarled, through the close sleeve.

In height, he was really but little above the stature of many of those present; nevertheless, so did his port, his air, the nobility of his large proportions, fill the eye, that he seemed to tower immeasurably above the rest.

His countenance was yet more remarkable than his form; still in the prime of youth, he seemed at the first glance younger, at the second older, than he was. At the first glance younger; for his face was perfectly shaven, without even the moustache which the Saxon courtier, in imitating the Norman, still declined to surrender; and the smooth visage and bare throat sufficed in themselves to give the air of youth to that dominant and imperious presence. His small skull-cap left unconcealed his forehead, shaded with short thick hair, uncurled, but black and glossy as the wings of a raven. It was on that forehead that time had set its trace; it was knit into a frown over the eye-

brows; lines deep as furrows crossed its broad, but not elevated expanse. That frown spoke of hasty ire and the habit of stern command; those furrows spoke of deep thought and plotting scheme; the one betrayed but temper and circumstance; the other, more noble, spoke of the character and the intellect. The face was square, and the regard lion-like; the mouth—small, and even beautiful in outline—had a sinister expression in its exceeding firmness; and the jaw—vast, solid, as if bound in iron—showed obstinate, ruthless, determined will; such a jaw as belongs to the tiger amongst beasts, and the conqueror amongst men; such as is seen in the effigies of Cæsar, of Cortes, of Napoleon.—*Harold*, 28.

What made Harold Formidable.

“Thou fearest that man, and why?” asked the Lombard with interest.

And the Duke William of Normandy answered:—

“Because in the breast of Harold beats the heart of England.”—*Harold*, 79.

Earl Godwin and his Sons.

Everything in this man's aspect served to plead in his favour. His ample brows were calm with benignity and thought; his large dark-blue eyes were serene and mild, though their expression, when examined, was close and inscrutable. His mien was singularly noble, but wholly without formality or affected state; and though haughtiness and arrogance were largely attributed to him, they could be found only in his deeds, not manner—plain, familiar, kindly to all men, his heart seemed as open to the service of his countrymen as his hospitable door to their wants.

Behind him stood the stateliest group of sons that ever filled with pride a father's eye. Each strikingly distin-

guished from the other, all remarkable for beauty of countenance and strength of frame.

SWEYN, the eldest, had the dark hues of his mother the Dane: a wild and mournful majesty sat upon features aquiline and regular, but wasted by grief or passion; raven locks, glossy even in neglect, fell half over eyes hollow in their sockets, but bright though with troubled fire. Over his shoulder he bore his mighty axe. His form, spare, but of immense power, was sheathed in mail, and he leant on his great pointed Danish shield. At his feet sate his young son **HACO**, a boy with a countenance preternaturally thoughtful for his years, which were yet those of childhood.

Next to him stood the most dreaded and ruthless of the sons of Godwin—he, fated to become to the Saxon what Julian was to the Goth. With his arms folded on his breast stood **TOSTIG**; his face was beautiful as a Greek's, in all save the forehead, which was low and lowering. Sleek and trim were his bright chestnut locks; and his arms were damascened with silver, for he was one who loved the pomp and luxury of war.

WOLNOTH, the mother's favourite, seemed yet in the first flower of youth, but he alone of all the sons had something irresolute and effeminate in his aspect and bearing; his form, though tall, had not yet come to its full height and strength; and, as if the weight of mail were unusual to him, he leant with both hands upon the wood of his long spear. **LEOFWINE**, who stood next to Wolnoth, contrasted him notably; his sunny locks wreathed carelessly over a white unclouded brow, and the silken hair on the upper lip quivered over arch lips, smiling, even in that serious hour.

At Godwin's right hand, but not immediately near him, stood the last of the group, **GURTH** and **HAROLD**. Gurth

had passed his arm over the shoulder of his brother, and, not watching the nuncius while he spoke, watched only the effect his words produced on the face of Harold. For Gurth loved Harold as Jonathan loved David. And Harold was the only one of the group not armed; and had a veteran skilled in war been asked who of that group was born to lead armed men, he would have pointed to the man unarmed.

“So what says the king?” asked Earl Godwin.

“This; he refuses to restore thee and thy sons, or to hear thee, till thou hast disbanded thine army, dismissed thy ships, and consented to clear thyself and thy house before the Witana-gemot.”

A fierce laugh broke from Tostig; Sweyn’s mournful brow grew darker; Leofwine placed his right hand on his ateghar; Wolnoth rose erect; Gurth kept his eyes on Harold, and Harold’s face was unmoved.—*Harold*, 91.

Sweyn’s Resignation of his Birthright.

“Think not,” continued Sweyn, “that I seek now to make less my guilt, as I sought when I deemed that life was yet long, and power was yet sweet. Since then I have known worldly evil and worldly good,—the storm and the shine of life; I have swept the seas, a sea-king; I have battled with the Dane in his native land; I have almost grasped in my right hand, as I grasped in my dreams, the crown of my kinsman, Canute;—again, I have been a fugitive and an exile;—again, I have been inlawed, and Earl of all the lands from Isis to the Wye. And whether in state or in penury,—whether in war or in peace, I have seen the pale face of the nun betrayed, and the gory wounds of the murdered man. Wherefore I come not here to plead for a pardon, which would console me not, but formally to dissever my kinsmen’s cause from mine, which alone

sullies and degrades it; I come here to say, that, coveting not your acquittal, fearing not your judgment, I pronounce mine own doom. Cap of noble, and axe of warrior, I lay aside for ever; barefooted, and alone, I go hence to the Holy Sepulchre; there to assoil my soul, and implore that grace which cannot come from man! Harold, step forth in the place of Sweyn the first-born! And ye prelates and peers, milites and ministers, proceed to adjudge the living! To you, and to England, he who now quits you is the dead!"

He gathered his robe of state over his breast as a monk his gown, and looking neither to right nor to left, passed slowly down the hall, through the crowd, which made way for him in awe and silence; and it seemed to the assembly as if a cloud had gone from the face of day.

And Godwin still stood with his face covered by his robe.

And Harold anxiously watched the faces of the assembly, and saw no relenting!

And Gurth crept to Harold's side.

And the gay Leofwine looked sad.

And the young Wolnoth turned pale and trembled.

And the fierce Tostig played with his golden chain.

And one low sob was heard, and it came from the breast of Alred the meek accuser,—God's firm but gentle priest.—
Harold, 106.

Harold's extorted Oath of Allegiance to William.

"Advance thou, Odo, my brother," said William, "and repeat to the noble Earl the Norman form by which he will take the oath."

Then Odo stood forth by that mysterious receptacle covered with the cloth of gold, and said briefly, "Thou wilt swear, as far as is in thy power, to fulfil thy agreement with William,

Duke of the Normans, if thou live, and God aid thee ; and in witness of that oath thou wilt lay thy hand upon the reliquaire," pointing to a small box that lay on the cloth of gold.

All this was so sudden—all flashed so rapidly upon the Earl, whose natural intellect, however great, was, as we have often seen, more deliberate than prompt—so thoroughly was the bold heart, which no siege could have sapped, taken by surprise and guile—so paramount through all the whirl and tumult of his mind, rose the thought of England irrevocably lost, if he who alone could save her was in the Norman dungeons—so darkly did all Haco's fears, and his own just suspicions, quell and master him, that mechanically, dizzily, dreamily, he laid his hand on the reliquaire, and repeated, with automaton lips—

“If I live, and if God aid me to it !”

Then all the assembly repeated solemnly,—

“God aid him !”

And suddenly, at a sign from William, Odo and Raoul de Tancarville raised the gold cloth, and the Duke's voice bade Harold look below.

As when man descends from the gilded sepulchre to the loathsome charnel, so at the lifting of that cloth, all the dread ghastliness of Death was revealed. There, from abbey and from church, from cyst and from shrine, had been collected all the relics of human nothingness in which superstition adored the mementoes of saints divine ; there lay, pell-mell and huddled, skeleton and mummy—the dry dark skin, the white gleaming bones of the dead, mockingly cased in gold, and decked with rubies ; there, grim fingers protruded through the hideous chaos, and pointed towards the living man ensnared ; there, the skull grinned scoff under the holy mitre ;—and suddenly rushed back, luminous and searing, upon Harold's memory, the dream long forgotten,

or but dimly remembered in the healthful business of life—the gibe and the wirble of the dead men’s bones.

“At that sight,” say the Norman chronicles, “the Earl shuddered and trembled.”

“Awful, indeed, thine oath, and natural thine emotion,” said the Duke; “for in that cyst are all those relics which religion deems the holiest in our land. The dead have heard thine oath, and the saints even now record it in the halls of heaven! Cover again the holy bones!”—*Harold*, 325.

Sudden Impulses to Faith and Expiation.

There are sometimes event and season in the life of man the hardest and most rational, when he is driven perforce to faith the most implicit and submissive; as the storm drives the wings of the petrel over a measureless sea, till it falls tame, and rejoicing at refuge, on the sails of some lonely ship. Seasons when difficulties, against which reason seems stricken into palsy, leave him bewildered in dismay—when darkness, which experience cannot pierce, wraps the conscience, as sudden night wraps the traveller in the desert—when error entangles his feet in its inextricable web—when, still desirous of the right, he sees before him but a choice of evil; and the Angel of the Past, with a flaming sword, closes on him the gates of the Future. Then, Faith flashes on him, with a light from the cloud. Then, he clings to Prayer as a drowning wretch to the plank. Then, that solemn authority which clothes the Priest, as the interpreter between the soul and the Divinity, seizes on the heart that trembles with terror and joy; then, that mysterious recognition of Atonement, of sacrifice, of purifying lustration (mystery which lies hid in the core of all religions), smooths the frown on the Past, removes the flaming sword from the Future. The Orestes escapes from the hounding Furies, and follows the oracle to the spot where the cleansing dew shall descend on the expiated guilt.

He who hath never known in himself, nor marked in another, such strange crisis in human fate, cannot judge of the strength and the weakness it bestows. But till he can so judge, the spiritual part of all history is to him a blank scroll, a sealed volume. He cannot comprehend what drove the fierce Heathen, cowering and humbled, into the fold of the Church; what peopled Egypt with eremites; what lined the roads of Europe and Asia with pilgrim homicides; what in the elder world, while Jove yet reigned on Olympus, is couched in the dim traditions of the expiation of Apollo, the joy-god, descending into Hades; or why the sinner went blithe and light-hearted from the healing lustrations of Eleusis. In all these solemn riddles of the Jove world and the Christ's is involved the imperious necessity that man hath of repentance and atonement: through their clouds, as a rainbow, shines the covenant that reconciles the God and the man.—*Harold*, 331.

Three Silences.

Three things are ever silent: Thought, Destiny, and the Grave.—*Harold*, 338.

A Nation's Choice.

The final greatness of a fortunate man is rarely made by any violent effort of his own. He has sown the seeds in the time foregone, and the ripe time brings up the harvest. His fate seems taken out of his own control; greatness seems thrust upon him. He has made himself, as it were, a *want* to the nation, a thing necessary to it; he has identified himself with his age, and in the wreath or the crown on his brow, the age itself seems to put forth its flower —*Harold*, 359.

Home Influence on the Ambitious.

It is the nature of that happiness which we derive from

our affections to be calm; its immense influence upon our outward life is not known till it is troubled or withdrawn. Say to the busiest man whom thou seest in mart, camp, or senate, who seems to thee all intent upon his worldly schemes, "Thy home is reft from thee—thy household gods are shattered—that sweet noiseless content in the regular mechanism of the springs, which set the large wheels of thy soul into movement is thine, nevermore!"—and straightway all exertion seems robbed of its object—all aim of its alluring charm. "Othello's occupation is gone!" With a start, that man will awaken from the sunlit visions of noontide ambition, and exclaim in his desolate anguish, "What are all the rewards to my labour, now thou hast robbed me of repose? How little are all the gains wrung from strife, in a world of rivals and foes, compared to the smile whose sweetness I knew not till it was lost; and the sense of security from mortal ill which I took from the trust and sympathy of love?"—*Harold*, 373.

Edith's Self-Sacrifice.

"Dost thou know," said the Earl, striving to speak calmly, "dost thou know that it is not only to resign thee that they demand—that it is to resign thee, and for another?"

"I know it," said Edith; and two burning tears, despite her strong and preternatural self-exultation, swelled from the dark fringe, and rolled slowly down the colourless cheek, as she added, with proud voice, "I know it: but that other is not Aldyth, it is England! In her, in Aldyth, behold the dear cause of thy native land; with her enweave the love which thy native land should command. So thinking, thou art reconciled, and I consoled. It is not for woman that thou desertest Edith."

"Hear, and take from those lips the strength and the

valour that belong to the name of Hero!" said a deep and clear voice behind; and Gurth,—who, whether distrusting the result of an interview so prolonged, or tenderly desirous to terminate its pain, had entered unobserved,—approached, and wound his arm caressingly round his brother. "Oh, Harold!" he said, "dear to me as the drops in my heart is my young bride, newly wed; but if for one tithe of the claims that now call thee to the torture and trial—yea, if but for one hour of good service to freedom and law—I would consent without a groan to behold her no more. And if men ask me how I could so conquer man's affections, I would point to thee, and say, 'So Harold taught my youth by his lessons, and my manhood by his life.' Before thee, visible, stand Happiness and Love, but with them, Shame; before thee, invisible, stands Woe, but with Woe are England and eternal Glory! Choose between them."

"He hath chosen," said Edith, as Harold turned to the wall, and leaned against it, hiding his face; then approaching softly, she knelt, lifted to her lips the hem of his robe, and kissed it with devout passion.

Harold turned suddenly, and opened his arms. Edith resisted not that mute appeal; she rose, and fell on his breast, sobbing.

Wild and speechless was that last embrace. The moon, which had witnessed their union by the heathen grave, now rose above the tower of the Christian church, and looked wan and cold upon their parting.

Solemn and clear paused the orb—a cloud passed over the disk—and Edith was gone. The cloud rolled away, and again the moon shone forth; and where had knelt the fair form, and looked the last look of Edith, stood the motionless image, and gazed the solemn eye, of the dark son of Sweyn. But Harold leant on the breast of Gurth,

and saw not who had supplanted the soft and loving Fylgia of his life—saw nought in the universe but the blank of desolation!—*Harold*, 376.

Harold Proclaimed King at Westminster.

It was in the body of the mighty Abbey Church, not indeed as we see it now, after successive restorations and remodellings, but simple in its long rows of Saxon arch and massive column, blending the first Teuton with the last Roman masonries, that the crowd of the Saxon freemen assembled to honour the monarch of their choice. First Saxon king, since England had been one monarchy, selected not from the single House of Cerdic—first Saxon king, not led to the throne by the pale shades of fabled ancestors tracing their descent from the Father-God of the Teuton, but by the spirits that never know a grave—the arch-eternal givers of crowns, and founders of dynasties—Valour and Fame,

Alred and Stigand, the two great prelates of the realm, had conducted Harold to the church, and up the aisle to the altar, followed by the chiefs of the Witan in their long robes; and the clergy with their abbots and bishops sung the anthems—“*Fermetur manus tua,*” and “*Gloria Patri.*”

And now the music ceased; Harold prostrated himself before the altar, and the sacred melody burst forth with the great hymn, “*Te Deum.*”

As it ceased, prelate and thegn raised their chief from the floor, and in imitation of the old custom of Teuton and Northman—when the lord of their armaments was borne on shoulder and shield—Harold mounted a platform, and rose in full view of the crowd.

“Thus,” said the Archprelate, “we choose Harold son of Godwin for lord and for king.” And the thegns drew round, and placed hand on Harold’s knee, and cried aloud,

“We choose thee, O Harold, for lord and for king.” And row by row, line by line, all the multitude shouted forth, “We choose thee, O Harold, for lord and king.” So there he stood with his calm brow, facing all, Monarch of England, and Basileus of Britain.—*Harold*, 383.

A Soul's Grandeur Revealed.

The soul really grand is only tested in its errors. As we know the true might of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the elevation of the soul by its courageous return into light, its instinctive rebound into higher air, after some error that has darkened its vision and soiled its plumes.—*Harold*, 400.

Harold's Conquest of the Norsemen.

Young Olave, the son of Hardrada, had happily escaped the slaughter. A strong detachment of the Norwegians had still remained with the vessels, and amongst them some prudent old chiefs, who, foreseeing the probable results of the day, and knowing that Hardrada would never quit, save as a conqueror or a corpse, the field on which he had planted the Ravager of the World, had detained the Prince almost by force from sharing the fate of his father. But ere those vessels could put out to sea, the vigorous measures of the Saxon King had already intercepted the retreat of the vessels. And then, ranging their shields as a wall round their masts, the bold vikings at least determined to die as men. But with the morning came King Harold himself to the banks of the river, and behind him, with trailed lances, a solemn procession that bore the body of the Scald King. They halted on the margin, and a boat was launched towards the Norwegian fleet, bearing a monk, who demanded the

chiefs to send a deputation, headed by the young Prince himself, to receive the corpse of their King, and hear the proposals of the Saxon.

The vikings, who had anticipated no preliminaries to the massacre they awaited, did not hesitate to accept these overtures. Twelve of the most famous chiefs still surviving, and Olave himself, entered the boat; and, standing between his brothers, Leofwine and Gurth, Harold thus accosted them—

“Your King invaded a people that had given him no offence: he has paid the forfeit—we war not with the dead! Give to his remains the honours due to the brave. Without ransom or condition, we yield to you what can no longer harm us. And for thee, young Prince,” continued the King, with a tone of pity in his voice, as he contemplated the stately boyhood, and proud, but deep grief in the face of Olave; “for thee, wilt thou not live to learn that the wars of Odin are treason to the Faith of the Cross? We have conquered—we dare not butcher. Take such ships as ye need for those that survive. Three-and-twenty I offer for your transport. Return to your native shores, and guard them as we have guarded ours. Are ye contented?”

Amongst those chiefs was a stern priest—the Bishop of the Orcades—he advanced and bent his knee to the King.

“O Lord of England,” said he, “yesterday thou didst conquer the form—to-day, the soul. And never more may generous Norsemen invade the coast of him who honours the dead and spares the living.”

“Amen!” cried the chiefs, and they all knelt to Harold. The young Prince stood a moment irresolute, for his dead father was on the bier before him, and revenge was yet a virtue in the heart of a sea-king. But lifting his eyes to Harold’s, the mild and gentle majesty of the Saxon’s brow

was irresistible in its benign command; and stretching his right hand to the King, he raised on high the other, and said aloud, "Faith and friendship with thee and England evermore."—*Harold*, 422.

Githa's Prayer for the Defenders of England.

Suddenly the widowed Queen, the virgin wife of the last heir of Cerdic, rose, and holding on high the sacred rood over those bended heads, said, with devout passion—

"O Lord of Hosts—We Children of Doubt and Time, trembling in the dark, dare not take to ourselves to question Thine unerring will. Sorrow and death, as joy and life, are at the breath of a mercy divine, and a wisdom all-seeing: and out of the hours of evil Thou drawest, in mystic circle, the eternity of Good. 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' If, O Disposer of events, our human prayers are not adverse to Thy pre-judged decrees, protect these lives, the bulwarks of our homes and altars, sons whom the land offers as a sacrifice. May Thine angel turn aside the blade—as of old from the heart of Isaac! But if, O Ruler of Nations, in whose sight the ages are as moments, and generations but as sands in the sea, these lives are doomed, may the death expiate their sins, and, shrived on the battle-field, absolve and receive the souls!"—*Harold*, 436.

Harold's Defeat at Hastings.

The sun sinks near and nearer towards the red horizon.

"Courage!" cries the voice of Harold, "hold but till nightfall, and ye are saved. Courage and freedom!"

"Harold and Holy Crosse!" is the answer.

"Forward," cries William, and he gallops towards the breach.

"Forward," cries Odo, "I see the hands of the holy saints

in the air! Forward! it is the Dead that wheel our war steeds round the living!"

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields! Hold fast!" shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears;—Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his axe, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the King's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruse. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cries the fatal voice of Haco to the King.

At that cry the King raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops the axe from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death-shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crushed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several yards, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the barb, quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

"Fight on," gasped the King, "conceal my death! Holy Crosse! England to the rescue! woe—woe!"

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clenched his right hand, and fell once more,—a corpse.

At the same moment a simultaneous rush of horsemen towards the standard bore back a line of Saxons, and covered the body of the King with heaps of the slain.

His helmet cloven in two, his face all streaming with blood, but still calm in its ghastly hues, amidst the foremost of those slain, fell the fated Haco. He fell with his head on the breast of Harold, kissed the bloody cheek with bloody lips, groaned, and died.

Inspired by despair with superhuman strength, Gurth, striding over the corpses of his kinsmen, opposed himself singly to the knights; and the entire strength of the English remnant, coming round him at the menaced danger to the standard, once more drove off the assailants.

But now all the enclosure was filled with the foe, the whole space seemed gay, in the darkening air, with banderols and banners. High, through all, rose the club of the Conqueror; high, through all, shone the crozier of the Churchman. Not one Englishman fled; all now centering round the standard, they fell, slaughtering if slaughtered. Man by man, under the charmed banner, fell the lithsmen of Hilda. Then died the faithful Sæxwolf. Then died the gallant Godrith, redeeming, by the death of many a Norman, his young fantastic love of the Norman manners. Then died, last of such of the Kent-men as had won retreat from their scattered vanguard into the circle of closing slaughter, the English-hearted Vebba.

Even still in that age, when the Teuton had yet in his veins the blood of Odin, the demi-god,—even still one man could delay the might of numbers. Through the crowd, the Normans beheld with admiring awe,—here, in the front of their horse, a single warrior, before whose axe spear shivered, helm drooped;—there, close by the standard, standing breast-high among the slain, one still more formidable, and even amidst ruin unvanquished. The first fell at length under the mace of Roger de Montgomeri. So, unknown to the Norman poet (who hath preserved in his verse the deeds but not the name), fell, laughing in

death, young Leofwine! Still by the enchanted standard towers the other; still the enchanted standard waves aloft, with its brave ensign of the solitary "Fighting Man" girded by the gems that had flashed in the crown of Odin.

"Thine be the honour of lowering that haughty flag," cried William, turning to one of his favourite and most famous knights, Robert de Tessin.

Overjoyed, the knight rushed forth, to fall by the axe of that stubborn defender.

"Sorcery," cried Fitzosborne, "sorcery. This is no man, but fiend."

"Spare him, spare the brave," cried in a breath, Bruse, D'Aincourt, and De Graville.

William turned round in wrath at the cry of mercy, and spurring over all the corpses, with the sacred banner borne by Tonstain close behind him, so that it shadowed his helmet,—he came to the foot of the standard, and for one moment there was single battle between the Knight-Duke and the Saxon hero. Nor, even then, conquered by the Norman sword, but exhausted by a hundred wounds, that brave chief fell, and the falchion vainly pierced him, falling. So, last man at the standard, died Gurth.

The sun had set, the first star was in heaven, the "Fighting Man" was laid low, and on that spot where now, all forlorn and shattered, amidst stagnant water, stands the altar-stone of Battle Abbey, rose the glittering dragon that surmounted the consecrated banner of the Norman victor.—*Harold*, 481.

Finding of Harold's Body.

"See," said De Graville, "how near yon lonely woman hath come to the tent of the Duke—yea, to the foot of the holy gonfanon, which supplanted 'the Fighting Man!' *pardez*, my heart bleeds to see her striving to lift up the heavy dead!"

The monks neared the spot, and Osgood exclaimed in a voice almost joyful,—

“It is Edith the Fair! This way, the torches! hither, quick!”

The corpses had been flung in irreverent haste from either side of the gonfanon, to make room for the banner of the conquest, and the pavilion of the feast. Huddled together, they lay in that holy bed. And the woman silently, and by the help of no light save the moon, was intent on her search. She waved her hand impatiently as they approached, as if jealous of the dead: but as she had not sought, so neither did she oppose, their aid. Moaning low to herself, she desisted from her task, and knelt watching them, and shaking her head mournfully, as they removed helm after helm, and lowered the torches upon stern and livid brows. At length the lights fell red and full on the ghastly face of Haco—proud and sad as in life.

De Grville uttered an exclamation: “The King’s nephew: be sure the King is near!”

A shudder went over the woman’s form, and the moaning ceased.

They unhelmed another corpse: and the monks and the knight, after one glance, turned away sickened and awe-stricken at the sight: for the face was all defeatured and mangled with wounds; and nought could they recognise save the ravaged majesty of what had been man. But at the sight of that face a wild shriek broke from Edith’s heart.

She started to her feet—put aside the monks with a wild and angry gesture, and bending over the face, sought with her long hair to wipe from it the clotted blood; then with convulsive fingers, she strove to loosen the buckler of the breast-mail. The knight knelt to assist her. “No, no,” she gasped out. “He is mine—mine now!”

Her hands bled as the mail gave way to her efforts; the

tunic beneath was all dabbled with blood. She rent the folds, and on the breast, just above the silenced heart, were punctured in the old Saxon letters, the word "Edith;" and just below, in characters more fresh, the word "England."

"See, see!" she cried in piercing accents; and clasping the dead in her arms, she kissed the lips, and called aloud, in words of the tenderest endearments, as if she addressed the living. All there knew then that the search was ended; all knew that the eyes of love had recognised the dead.

"Wed, wed," murmured the betrothed; "wed at last? O Harold, Harold! the words of the Vala were true—and Heaven is kind!" and laying her head gently on the breast of the dead, she smiled and died.

At the east end of the choir in the Abbey of Waltham, was long shown the tomb of the Last Saxon King, inscribed with the touching words—"Harold Infelix." But not under that stone, according to the chronicler who should best know the truth, mouldered the dust of him in whose grave was buried an epoch in human annals.

"Let his corpse," said William the Norman,—“Let his corpse guard the coasts, which his life madly defended. Let the seas wail his dirge, and girdle his grave; and his spirit protect the land which hath passed to the Norman's sway.”

And Mallet de Graville assented to the word of his chief, for his knightly heart turned into honour the latent taunt; and well he knew, that Harold could have chosen no burial spot so worthy his English spirit and his Roman end.

The tomb at Waltham would have excluded the faithful ashes of the betrothed, whose heart had broken on the bosom she had found; more gentle was the grave in the temple of "Heaven, and hallowed by the bridal death-dirge of the everlasting sea.—*Harold*, 488.

XXVIII.—KING ARTHUR.

Sleep and Dreamland.

Sleep, the sole angel left of all below,
O'er the lulled city sheds the ambrosial wreaths,
Wet with the dews of Eden; bliss and woe
Are equals, and the lowest slave that breathes
Under the shelter of those healing wings,
Reigns, half his life, in realms too fair for Kings.
—*King Arthur*, 27

Laurel.

“What spell can thrust Affliction from the gate?
What tree is sacred from the lightning flame?”
“Son,” said the seer, “the laurel—even Fate
Scathes not one leaf upon the brows of Fame.”
—*King Arthur*, 31.

Merlin's Prophecy.

“Tho' in the rear of time these prophet eyes
See to thy sons, thy Cymrians, many a woe;
Yet from thy loins a race of kings shall rise,
Whose throne shall shadow all the seas that flow;
Whose empire, broader than the Cæsar won,
Shall clasp a realm where never sets the sun.
“And thou, thyself, shalt live from age to age,
A thought of beauty and a type of fame;—

Not the faint memory of some mouldering page,
 But by the hearths of men a household name :
 Theme to all song, and marvel to all youth—
 Beloved as Fable, yet believed as Truth."

—*King Arthur*, 39.

Sunshine and Shower.

The rainbow spanned the ocean of the sky ;
 Sunshine and cloud, the glory and the gloom,
 Like grief and joy from light's same sources given—
 Tears weave with smiles to form the bridge to heaven.

—*King Arthur*, 60.

Love.

Hail, Love! the Death-defier! age to age
 Linking in kinship to the heart of man ;
 Dream to the bard, and marvel to the sage,
 Glory and mystery since the world began ;
 Shadowing the cradle, brightening at the tomb,
 Soft as our joys, and solemn as our doom !

—*King Arthur*, 98.

Avalanche.

As when the sudden sun
 Looses the ice-chains on the halted rill,
 Smites the dumb snow-mass, and the cataracts run
 In molten thunder down the clanging hill.

—*King Arthur*, 117.

Happiness.

Who has once gazed on perfect happiness,
 Nor felt it as the shadow cast from God ?
 It seems so still in its divine excess,
 So brings all heaven around its hushed abode,

That in its very beauty awe has birth,
Dismayed by too much glory for the earth.

—*King Arthur*, 119.

Agony of Parting.

But when the soul broke faint from its eclipse,
And his own name came, shaping life's first sigh,
His very heart seemed breaking in the lips
Prest to those faithful ones ;—then, tremblingly,
He rose ;—he moved ;—he paused ;—his nerveless hand
Veiled the dread agony of man unmanned.

—*King Arthur*, 123.

Palmerston.

Next Aron see—not rash, yet gaily bold, .
With the frank polish of chivalric courts ;
Him from the right, no fear of wrong controll'd ;
And toil he deem'd the sprightliest of his sports ;
O'er War's dry chart, or Wisdom's mystic page,
Alike as smiling, and alike as sage ;

With the warm instincts of the knightly heart
That rose at once if insult touch'd the realm,
He spurn'd each state-craft, each deceiving art,
And rode to war, no vizor to his helm ;
This proved his worth, this line his tomb may boast—
“Who hated Cymri, hated Aron most !”

—*King Arthur*, 125.

Orators.

The Kings

Whose hosts are thoughts, whose realm the human
mind,
Who out of words evoke the souls of things,
And shape the lofty drama of mankind ;

Wit charms the fancy, wisdom guides the sense ;
To make men nobler—*that* is Eloquence !

—*King Arthur*, 128.

Rainbow.

So varying tints in tranquil sunshine play,
But form one iris if the rains descend ;
And, fused in light against the clouds that lower,
Forbid the deluge while they own the shower !

—*King Arthur*, 129.

Despair.

Hell's last seal of misery—Hopelessness.

—*King Arthur*, 136.

Death's Victors.

Death has two victors, deathless both—the Name,
The Soul ;—to each a realm eternal given,
This rules the earth, and that achieves the heaven.

—*King Arthur*, 137.

Early Death.

Saved from sins, while yet forgiven ;—
From the joys that lead astray,
From the earth at war with heaven,
Soar, O happy soul, away !

From the human love that fadeth,
In the falsehood or the tomb ;
From the cloud that darkly shadeth ;
From the canker in the bloom ;

Thou hast passed to suns unsetting,
Where the rainbow spans the flood,

Where no moth the garb is fretting,
Where no worm is in the bud.

Let the arrow leave the quiver,
It was fashioned but to soar ;
Let the wave pass from the river,
Into ocean evermore !

Mindful yet of mortal feeling
In thy fresh immortal birth ;
By the Virgin Mother kneeling,
Plead for those beloved on earth.

—*King Arthur*, 148.

Icebergs.

Huge adown the liquid Infinite
Drift the sea Andes—by the patient wrath
Of the strong waves uprooted from their site
In bays forlorn ; and on their winter path,—
Themselves a winter—glide, or heavily, where
They freeze the wind, halt in the inert air.

—*King Arthur*, 227.

Sown in Corruption.

Out of every evil born of time,
God shapes a good for His eternity.

—*King Arthur*, 261.

Never Alone.

And, feeling God, he felt not solitude.

—*King Arthur*, 185.

Arthur's Prevision of Victoria.

Mild, like all strength, sits Crowned Liberty,
Wearing the aspect of a youthful Queen :

And far outstretched along the unmeasured sea
 Rests the vast shadow of her throne ; serene
From the dumb icebergs to the fiery zone,
Rests the vast shadow of that guardian throne.

And round her group the Cymrian's changeless race
 Blent with the Saxon, brother-like ; and both
Saxon and Cymrian from that sovereign trace
 Their hero line ;—sweet flower of age-long growth ,
The single blossom on the twofold stem ;—
Arthur's white plume crests Cerdic's diadem.

—*King Arthur*, 197.

XXIX.—THE CAXTONS.

Books.

Master books, but do not let them master you. Read to live, not live to read.—*The Caxtons*, 27.

Fundamental Truth.

Scholars are naturally the most active men of the world, only that while their heads plot with Augustus, fight with Julius, sail with Columbus, and change the face of the globe with Alexander, Attila, or Mahomet, there is a certain mysterious attraction, which our improved knowledge of mesmerism will doubtless soon explain to the satisfaction of science, between that extremer and antipodal part of the human frame, called in the vulgate “the seat of honour,” and the stuffed leather of an arm-chair. Learning somehow or other sinks down to that part into which it was first driven, and produces therein a leaden heaviness and weight, which counteract those lively emotions of the brain, that might otherwise render students too mercurial and agile for the safety of established order. I leave this conjecture to the consideration of experimentalists in the physics.—*The Caxtons*, 37.

A Slawkenburgian Extravagance.

“My dear Jack,” exclaimed my father, “you remind me of a colloquy in this book; wait a bit—here it is—*Pamphagus and Cocles*.—Cocles recognises his friend, who had been absent for many years, by his eminent and remarkable nose.

—Pamphagus says, rather irritably, that he is not ashamed of his nose. ‘Ashamed of it! no, indeed,’ says Cocles: ‘I never saw a nose that could be put to so many uses!’ ‘Ha,’ says Pamphagus (whose curiosity is aroused), ‘uses! what uses?’ Whereon (*lepidissime frater!*) Cocles, with eloquence as rapid as yours, runs on with a countless list of the uses to which so vast a development of the organ can be applied. ‘If the cellar was deep, it could sniff up the wine like an elephant’s trunk,—if the bellows were missing, it could blow the fire,—if the lamp was too glaring, it could suffice for a shade,—it would serve as a speaking-trumpet to a herald,—it could sound a signal of battle in the field,—it would do for a wedge in wood-cutting—a spade for digging—a scythe for mowing—an anchor in sailing;’ till Pamphagus cries out, ‘Lucky dog that I am! and I never knew before what a useful piece of furniture I carried about with me.’—*The Caxtons*, 44.

No Vacancy for Vice.

A full mind is the true Pantheism, *plena Jovis*. It is only in some corner of the brain which we leave empty that Vice can obtain a lodging. When she knocks at your door, my son, be able to say, “No room for your ladyship,—pass on.”—*The Caxtons*, 51.

Waterloo Medal.

“I should like,” quoth Mr. Squills, “to see your Waterloo medal—you have it not about you?”

“Mr. Squills,” answered the Captain, “it lies next to my heart while I live. It shall be buried in my coffin, and I shall rise with it, at the word of command, on the day of the Grand Review!” So saying, the Captain leisurely unbuttoned his coat, and, detaching from a piece of striped ribbon as ugly a specimen of the art of the silversmith

(begging its pardon) as ever rewarded merit at the expense of taste, placed the medal on the table.—*The Caxtons*, 57.

Proof.

“Sir,” said my uncle, “whatever, in Truth, makes a man’s heart warmer, and his soul purer, is a belief, not a knowledge. Proof, sir, is a handcuff—belief is a wing! Want proof as to an ancestor in the reign of King Richard! Sir, you cannot even prove to the satisfaction of a logician that you are the son of your own father. Sir, a religious man does not want to reason about his religion—religion is not mathematics. Religion is to be felt, not proved. There are a great many things in the religion of a good man which are not in the catechism. Proof!?” continued my uncle, growing violent—“Proof, sir, is a low, vulgar, leveling, rascally Jacobin—Belief is a loyal, generous, chivalrous gentleman! No, no—prove what you please, you shall never rob me of one belief that has made me——”

“The finest-hearted creature that ever talked nonsense,” said my father, who came up, like Horace’s deity, at the right moment.—*The Caxtons*, 70.

Nature’s Variety.

Nature casts nothing in stereotype, for I do believe that not even two fleas can be found identically the same.—*The Caxtons*, 72.

Placable and Imperturbable.

My father had not as much pride as a homœopathist could have put into a globule. He was not proud even of not being proud. Chafe all his feathers, and still you could rouse but a dove.—*The Caxtons*, 73.

Fervour.

It is not study alone that produces a writer; it is *intensity*.

In the mind, as in yonder chimney, to make the fire burn hot and quick, you must narrow the draught.—*The Caxtons*, 74.

The Moth.

My uncle walked to the window, opened it, looked out a moment, as if to draw in fresh air, closed it gently, and came back again to his seat; but during the short time the window had been left open, a moth flew in.

“Tales like these,” renewed my father, pityingly, “whether told by some great tragedian, or in thy simple style, my brother,—tales like these have their uses: they penetrate the heart to make it wiser; but all wisdom is meek, my Roland. They invite us to put the question to ourselves that thou hast asked—‘Can we condemn this man?’ and reason answers as I have answered—‘We pity the man, we condemn the deed.’ We——take care, my love! that moth will be in the candle. We——*whish!*——*whish!*——!” and my father stopped to drive away the moth. My uncle turned, and taking his handkerchief from the lower part of his face, of which he had wished to conceal the workings, he flapped away the moth from the flame. My mother moved the candles from the moth. I tried to catch the moth in my father’s straw-hat. The deuce was in the moth! it baffled us all, now circling against the ceiling, now sweeping down at the fatal lights. As if by a simultaneous impulse, my father approached one candle, my uncle approached the other; and just as the moth was wheeling round and round, irresolute which to choose for its funeral pyre, both candles were put out. The fire had burned down low in the grate, and in the sudden dimness my father’s soft sweet voice came forth, as if from an invisible being: “We leave ourselves in the dark to save a moth from the flame, brother! shall we do less for our fellow-men?—*The Caxtons*,

Early Rising.

I doubt if any man can be called "old" so long as he is an early riser, and an early *walker*. And oh, Youth!—take my word of it—youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains, and the dew sparkle upon the blossoming hedgerows.—*The Caxtons*, 85.

London.

Who ever saw London for the first time and was not disappointed? Those long suburbs melting indefinitely away into the capital, forbid all surprise. The gradual is a great disenchanter.—*The Caxtons*, 119.

British Museum Library.

"Pisistratus," said my father, "a great library is an *awful* place! There are interred all the remains of men since the Flood."

"It is a burial-place!" quoth my Uncle Roland, who had that day found us out.

"It is an Heraclea!" said my father.

"Please, not such hard words," said the Captain, shaking his head.

"Heraclea was the city of necromancers, in which they raised the dead. Do I want to speak to Cicero?—I invoke him. Do I want to chat in the Athenian marketplace, and hear news two thousand years old?—I write down my charm on a slip of paper, and a grave magician calls me up Aristophanes.—*The Caxtons*, 122.

Venal.

"Nothing great," said Dryden, "ever came from a venal pen!"

“An uncommonly foolish observation of Dryden’s,” returned Uncle Jack; “he ought to have known better.”

“So he did,” said I, “for he used his pen to fill his pockets, poor man!”

“But the pen was not venal, Master Anachronism,” said my father. “A baker is not to be called venal if he sells his loaves—he is venal if he sells himself: Dryden only sold his loaves.”—*The Caxtons*, 149.

Sir Sedley Beaudesert.

It is a proof how lovable Sir Sedley was, that I loved him, and yet was jealous of him. Of all the satellites round my fair Cynthia, Fanny Trevanion, I dreaded most this amiable luminary. It was in vain for me to say with the insolence of youth that Sir Sedley Beaudesert was of the same age as Fanny’s father;—to see them together, he might have passed for Trevanion’s son. No one amongst the younger generation was half so handsome as Sedley Beaudesert. He might be eclipsed at first sight by the showy effect of more redundant locks and more brilliant bloom; but he had but to speak, to smile, in order to throw a whole cohort of dandies into the shade. It was the expression of his countenance that was so bewitching; there was something so kindly in its easy candour, its benign good-nature. And he understood women so well! He flattered their foibles so insensibly; he commanded their affection with so gracious a dignity. Above all, what with his accomplishments, his peculiar reputation, his long celibacy, and the soft melancholy of his sentiments, he always contrived to *interest* them. There was not a charming woman by whom this charming man did not seem just on the point of being caught! It was like the sight of a splendid trout in a transparent stream, sailing pensively to

and fro your fly, in a will-and-a-won't sort of way. Such a trout! it would be a thousand pities to leave him, when evidently so well disposed! That trout, fair maid or gentle widow, would have kept you—whipping the stream and dragging the fly—from morning to dewy eve. Certainly I don't wish worse to my bitterest foe of five-and-twenty than such a rival as Sedley Beaudesert at seven-and-forty.—*The Caxtons*, 161.

Tantalising.

I was profoundly touched, and I rose refreshed and hopeful, when suddenly the door opened, and who or what in the world should come in? but certainly he, she, it, or they, shall not come into this chapter! On that point I am resolved. No, my dear young lady, I am extremely flattered;—I feel for your curiosity; but really not a peep—not one! And yet—well then, if you will have it, and look so coaxingly—who or what, I say, should come in abrupt, unexpected—taking away one's breath, not giving one time to say, "By your leave, or with your leave," but making one's mouth stand open with surprise, and one's eyes fix in a big round stupid stare, but—

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.—*The Caxtons*, 188.

The Inner Self.

By the light of a single candle we saw my poor uncle's face; it was flushed with fever, and the eyes had that bright, vacant stare which it is so terrible to meet. Less terrible is it to find the body wasted, the features sharp with the great life-struggle, than to look on the face from which the mind is gone,—the eyes in which there is no recognition. Such a sight is a startling shock to that unconscious habitual materialism with which we are apt familiarly to regard those we love: for, in thus missing the

mind, the heart, the affection that sprang to ours, we are suddenly made aware that it was the something *within* the form, and not the form itself, that was so dear to us. The form itself is still, perhaps, little altered; but that lip which smiles no welcome, that eye which wanders over us as strangers, that ear which distinguishes no more our voices,—the *friend* we sought is not there! Even our own love is chilled back—grows a kind of vague superstitious terror. Yes, it was not the matter, still present to us, which had conciliated all those subtle nameless sentiments which are classed and fused in the word “*affection*,”—it was the airy, intangible, electric *something*,—the absence of which now appals us.—*The Caxtons*, 191.

Crisis of Life or Death.

Happy those who are strange to that indescribable silent bustle which the sick-room at times presents—that conflict which seems almost hand-to-hand between life and death—when all the poor, unresisting, unconscious frame is given up to the war against its terrible enemy; the dark blood flowing—flowing; the hand on the pulse, the hushed suspense, every look on the physician’s bended brow; then the sinaplasms to the feet, and the ice to the head; and now and then, through the lull of the low whispers, the incoherent voice of the sufferer—babbling, perhaps, of green fields and fairyland, while your hearts are breaking! Then, at length, the sleep—in that sleep, perhaps the crisis—the breathless watch, the slow waking, the first *sane* words—the old smile again, only fainter—your gushing tears, your low “Thank God! thank God!”—*The Caxtons*, 192.

Youth’s Refuge in Anguish.

I felt an absolute, an imperious want of solitude, of the

open air. The swell of gratitude almost stifled me—the room did not seem large enough for my big heart. In early youth, if we find it difficult to control our feelings, so we find it difficult to vent them in the presence of others. On the spring side of twenty, if anything affects us, we rush to lock ourselves up in our room, or get away into the streets or fields; in our earlier years we are still the savages of Nature, and we do as the poor brute does,—the wounded stag leaves the herd, and if there is anything on a dog's faithful heart, he slinks away into a corner.—*The Caxtons*, 193.

Accomplishments of a Scapegrace.

I can split a bullet on a penknife; I know the secret tierce of Coulon, the fencing-master; I can speak two languages (besides English) like a native, even to their slang; I know every game in the cards; I can act comedy, tragedy, farce; I can drink down Bacchus himself; I can make any woman I please in love with me—that is, any woman good-for-nothing. Can I earn a handsome livelihood out of all this—wear kid gloves and set up a cabriolet?—*The Caxtons*, 197.

Card-Playing.

A first-rate card-player is a financier spoilt.—*The Caxtons*, 202.

Youthful Aspirations.

When, at the doors of Parliament, men who have won noble names, and whose word had weight on the destinies of glorious England, brushed heedlessly by to their grand arena; or when, amidst the holiday crowd of ignoble pomp, I had heard the murmur of fame buzz and gather round some lordly labourer in art or letters: that contrast between glory so near, and yet so far, and one's own obscurity, of

course I had felt it—who has not? Alas! many a youth not fated to be a Themistocles, will yet feel that the trophies of a Miltiades will not suffer him to sleep!—*The Caxtons*, 210.

Books.

Books . . . are splendid palaces, and open to us all, rich and poor.—*The Caxtons*, 211.

The Miniature.

What did I under the same roof?—why stay to imbibe this sweet poison, that was corroding the very springs of my life? At that self-question, . . . a mortal terror seized me; the blood rushed from my heart, and left me cold—icy cold. To leave the house—leave Fanny!—never again to see those eyes—never to hear that voice! better die of the sweet poison than of the desolate exile! I rose—I opened the windows—I walked to and fro the room: I could decide nothing—think of nothing; all my mind was in an uproar. With a violent effort at self-mastery, I approached the table again. I resolved to force myself to my task, if it were only to recollect my faculties, and enable them to bear my own torture. I turned over the books impatiently, when, lo! buried amongst them, what met my eye?—archly, yet reproachfully—the face of Fanny herself! Her miniature was there. It had been, I knew, taken a few days before by a young artist whom Trevanion patronised. I suppose he had carried it into his study to examine it, and so left it there carelessly. The painter had seized her peculiar expression, her ineffable smile—so charming, so malicious; even her favourite posture—the small head turned over the rounded Hebe-like shoulder—the eye glancing up from under the hair. I know not what change in my madness came over me; but I sank on my knees,

and, kissing the miniature again and again, burst into tears. Such tears! I did not hear the door open—I did not see the shadow steal over the floor; a light hand rested on my shoulder, trembling as it rested—I started. Fanny herself was bending over me!

“What is the matter?” she asked, tenderly. “What has happened?—your uncle—your family—all well? Why are you weeping?”

I could not answer; but I kept my hands clasped over the miniature, that she might not see what they contained.

“Will you not answer? Am I not your friend?—almost your sister? Come, shall I call mamma?”

“Yes,—yes; go—go.”

“No, I will not go yet. What have you there?—what are you hiding?”

And innocently, and sister-like, those hands took mine; and so—and so—the picture became visible!—*The Caxtons*,

214.

Pedigrees.

The world . . . does not care much for a pedigree, unless it goes with a title-deed to estates.—*The Caxtons*, 220.

Parents.

How much we have before us in life, while we retain our parents! How much to strive and to hope for! what a motive in the conquest of our sorrow—that they may not sorrow with us!—*The Caxtons*, 222.

Men and Women.

We come to men for philosophy—to women for consolation.—*The Caxtons*, 227.

Life of Robert Hall:

Are there any of you, my readers, who have not read the *Life of Robert Hall*? If so, in the words of the great Captain Cuttle, "When found, make a note of it."

It is the life of a man that does good to manhood itself to contemplate.

"What I have seen in this book," quoth the Captain, "is courage. Here is a poor creature rolling on the carpet with agony: from childhood to death tortured by a mysterious incurable malady—a malady that is described as 'an internal apparatus of torture;' and who does by his heroism more than *bear* it—he puts it out of power to affect him; and though (here is the passage) 'his appointment by day and by night was incessant pain, yet high enjoyment was, notwithstanding, the law of his existence.' . . . And as I came to that passage, when, in the sharp paroxysms before death, he says, 'I have not complained, have I, sir?—and I won't complain!'—when I came to that passage I started up, and cried, 'Roland de Caxton, thou hast been a coward! and, an thou hadst had thy deserts, thou hadst been cashiered, broken, and drummed out of the regiment long ago.'

"What say you, then, Captain?—up with our knapsacks, and on with the march!"

"Right about—face!" cried my uncle, as erect as a column.

"No looking back, if we can help it."

"Full in the front of the enemy. 'Up guards, and at 'em!'"

"England expects every man to do his duty!"

"Cypress or laurel!" cried my uncle, waving the book over his head.—*The Caxtons*, 234.

Modern French Novels.

I soon got interested, but what an interest!—the interest that a nightmare might excite, if one caught it out of one's sleep, and set to work to examine it. By the side of what dazzling shrewdness, what deep knowledge of those holes and corners in the human system, of which Goethe must have spoken when he said somewhere—(if I recollect right, and don't misquote him, which I'll not answer for)—“There is something in every man's heart which, if we could know, would make us hate him,”—by the side of all this, and of much more that showed prodigious boldness and energy of intellect, what strange exaggeration—what mock nobility of sentiment—what inconceivable perversion of reasoning—what damnable demoralisation.—*The Caxtons*, 246.

Vivian's Knock.

A knock that had great character in it—haughty, impatient, irregular; not a neat, symmetrical, harmonious, unpretending knock, but a knock that seemed to set the whole house and street at defiance! it was a knock bullying—a knock ostentatious—a knock irritating and offensive—“impiger,” and “iracundus.”—*The Caxtons*, 247.

The Garbage of French Literature.

“I can't read your English novels,” said Vivian—“flat and insipid: there are truth and life here.”

“Truth and life!” cried I, every hair on my head erect with astonishment—“then hurrah for falsehood and death!”—*The Caxtons*, 246.

Silence.

Silence—what a world it covers!—what busy schemes—what bright hopes and dark fears—what ambition, or what

despair! Do you ever see a man in any society sitting mute for hours, and not feel an uneasy curiosity to penetrate the wall he thus builds up between others and himself? Does he not interest you far more than the brilliant talker at your left—the airy wit at your right, whose shafts fall in vain on the sullen barrier of the silent man! Silence, dark sister of Nox and Erebus, how, layer upon layer, shadow upon shadow, blackness upon blackness, thou stretchest thyself from hell to heaven, over thy two chosen haunts—man’s heart and the grave!—*The Caxtons*, 271.

Uncle Jack.

“That man will do yet,” said my father, as the last glimpse was caught of Uncle Jack standing up on the stage-coach box, beside the driver, partly to wave his hand to us as we stood at the gate, and partly to array himself more commodiously in a box-coat with six capes, which the coachman had lent him.

“Do you think so, sir?” said I, doubtfully. “May I ask why?”

MR. CAXTON.—On the cat principle—that he tumbles so lightly. You may throw him down from St. Paul’s, and the next time you see him he will be scrambling a-top of the Monument.

PISISTRATUS.—But a cat the most viparious is limited to nine lives; and Uncle Jack must be now far gone in his eighth.—*The Caxtons*, 308.

A Lumber Room.

The place has that attractive, fascinating air which belongs to a lumber-room, than which I know nothing that so captivates the interest and fancy of young people. What treasures, to them, often lie hid in those quaint odds and

ends which the elder generations have discarded as rubbish! All children are by nature antiquarians and relic-hunters.—*The Caxtons*, 313.

Dreams of Youth.

Dream, O youth!—dream manfully and nobly, and thy dreams shall be prophets!—*The Caxtons*, 321.

Free Translation.

Do I go into the law?—books—books. *Ars longa, vita brevis*, which, paraphrased, means that it is slow work before one fags one's way to a brief!—*The Caxtons*, 322.

C'est le Premier Pas qui coûte.

Hard it is to get on in the world—very hard! But the most painful step in the way is that which starts from the threshold of a beloved home.—*The Caxtons*, 331.

Such Fun!

Guy Bolding, with all his faults, was one of those excellent creatures who are nobody's enemies but their own. His good humour was inexhaustible. Not a hardship or privation came amiss to him. He had a phrase, "Such fun!" that always rushed laughingly to his lips when another man would have cursed and groaned. If we lost our way in the great trackless moors, missed our dinner, and were half-famished, Guy rubbed hands that would have felled an ox, and chuckled out, "Such fun!" If we stuck in a bog, if we were caught in a thunderstorm, if we were pitched head-over-heels by the wild colts we undertook to break in, Guy Bolding's sole elegy was "Such fun!" The grand shibboleth of philosophy only forsook him at the sight of an open book. I don't think that, at that time, he

could have found "fun" even in Don Quixote.—*The Caxtons*, 339.

Clodhoppers.

A race whose calves are generally absorbed in the soles of their hobnail shoes.—*The Caxtons*, 341.

Sympathy for the Great.

Whence is that curious sympathy that we all have with the possessors of worldly greatness, when the hour-glass is shaken and the scythe descends? If the famous meeting between Diogenes and Alexander had taken place not before, but after the achievements which gave to Alexander the name of Great, the cynic would not, perhaps, have envied the hero his pleasures nor his splendours—neither the charms of Statira nor the tiara of the Mede; but if, the day after, a cry had gone forth, "Alexander the Great is dead!" verily I believe that Diogenes would have coiled himself up in his tub, and felt that with the shadow of the stately hero, something of glory and of warmth had gone from that sun, which it should darken never more.—*The Caxtons*, 347.

Grave Turf.

How the grass grows up over the very graves—quickly it grows and greenly—but neither so quick nor so green, my Blanche, as hope and comfort from human sorrows.—*The Caxtons*, 349.

The House-Tops.

Open your window, lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and contemplate the extraordinary scene which spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe life can be so tranquil on high, while it is so noisy and turbulent below. What astonishing

stillness! Eliot Warburton (seductive enchanter!) recommends you to sail down the Nile if you want to lull the vexed spirit. It is easier and cheaper to hire an attic in Holborn! You don't have the crocodiles, but you have animals no less hallowed in Egypt—the cats! And how harmoniously the tranquil creatures blend with the prospect—how noiselessly they glide along at the distance, pause, peer about, and disappear. It is only from the attic that you can appreciate the picturesque which belongs to our domesticated tigerkin! The goat should be seen on the Alps, and the cat on the house-top.—*The Caxtons*, 352.

Vivian's Despair.

Roland's limbs trembled and refused to stir; his head, relaxing, drooped on his breast, his eyes closed. Even Lord Castleton . . . cried with all his kindness of heart, "You are ill—you faint; give him your arm, Pisistratus."

"It is nothing," said Roland, feebly, as he leant heavily on my arm, while I turned back my head with all the bitterness of that reproach which filled my heart, speaking in the eyes that sought *him*, whose place should have been where mine now was. And, oh!—thank heaven, thank heaven!—the look was not in vain. In the same moment the son was at the father's knees.

"Oh, pardon—pardon! Wretch, lost wretch though I be, I bow my head to the curse. Let it fall—but on me, and on me only—not on your own heart too."

Fanny burst into tears, sobbing out, "Forgive him, as I do."

Roland did not heed her.

"He thinks that the heart was not shattered before the curse could come," he said, in a voice so weak as to be scarcely audible. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, his lips moved as if he prayed inly. Pausing, he stretched his hands

over his son's head, and averting his face, said, "I revoke the curse. Pray to thy God for pardon."

Perhaps not daring to trust himself further, he then made a violent effort, and hurried from the room.

We followed silently. When we gained the end of the passage, the door of the room we had left closed with a sullen jar.

As the sound smote on my ear, with it came so terrible a sense of the solitude upon which that door had closed—so keen and quick an apprehension of some fearful impulse, suggested by passions so fierce, to a condition so forlorn—that instinctively I stopped, and then hurried back to the chamber. The lock of the door having been previously forced, there was no barrier to oppose my entrance. I advanced, and beheld a spectacle of such agony as can only be conceived by those who have looked on the grief which takes no fortitude from reason, no consolation from conscience—the grief which tells us what would be the earth were man abandoned to his passions, and the CHANCE of the atheist reigned alone in the merciless heavens. Pride humbled to the dust; ambition shivered into fragments; love (or the passion mistaken for it) blasted into ashes; life, at the first onset, bereaved of its holiest ties, forsaken by its truest guide! shame that writhed for revenge, and remorse that knew not prayer—all, all blended, yet distinct, were in that awful spectacle of the guilty son.—*The Caxtons*, 393.

False Educational System.

A mild and plausible one, very much like the system we at home are recommended to adopt—"Teach the understanding—all else will follow;" "Learn to read *something*, and it will all come right:" "Follow the bias of the pupil's mind; thus you develop genius, not thwart it." Mind, understanding, genius—fine things! But, to educate the

whole man, you must educate something more than these. Not for want of mind, understanding, genius, have Borgias and Neros left their names as monuments of horror to mankind. Where in all this teaching, was one lesson to warm the heart, and guide the soul?—*The Caxtons*, 418.

Meaning of Home.

All that we plain folk understand by the name of HOME—its perfect trust and truth, its simple holiness, its exquisite happiness—being to the world what conscience is to the human mind.—*The Caxtons*, 440.

School of Life.

The great object of the Sojourner in Time is not to waste all his passions and gifts on the things external, that he must leave behind—that which he cultivates within is all that he can carry into the Eternal Progress. We are here but as schoolboys, whose life begins where school ends; and the battles we fought with our rivals, and the toys that we shared with our playmates, and the names that we carved, high or low, on the wall, above our desks—will they so much bestead us hereafter? As new fates crowd upon us, can they more than pass through the memory with a smile or a sigh? Look back to thy school-days and answer.—*The Caxtons*, 445.

Australian Landscape.

Night in Australia! How impossible to describe its beauty! Heaven seems, in that new world, so much nearer to earth! Every star stands out so bright and particular, as if fresh from the time when the Maker willed it. And the moon like a large silvery sun;—the least object on which it shines so distinct and so still. Now and then a sound breaks the silence, but a sound so much in harmony with

the solitude that it only deepens its charms. Hark! the low cry of a night-bird, from yonder gleam amidst the small grey gleaming rocks. Hark! as night deepens, the bark of the distant watch-dog, or the low strange howl of his more savage species, from which he defends the fold. Hark! the echo catches the sound, and flings it sportively from hill to hill—farther, and farther, and farther down, till all again is hushed, and the flowers hang noiseless over your head, as you ride through a grove of the giant gum-trees. Now the air is literally charged with the odours, and the sense of fragrance grows almost painful in its pleasure. You quicken your pace, and escape again into the open plains and the full moonlight, and through the slender tea-trees catch the gleam of the river, and in the exquisite fineness of the atmosphere hear the soothing sound of its murmur.—*The Caxtons*, 460.

Dignity of Thought.

What dignity robes the man who is filled with a lofty thought!—*The Caxtons*, 465.

Brotherhood of Englishmen.

We, grumbling English, always quarrelling with each other—the world not wide enough to hold us; and yet, when in the far land some bold deed is done by a countryman, how we feel that we are brothers! how our hearts warm to each other!—*The Caxtons*, 470.

Centre and Circumference.

UNCLE JACK.—Somehow or other, since I have abandoned the cause of my fellow-creatures, I think I have cared more for my relations.

PISISTRATUS.—Naturally, my dear uncle: any child who has thrown a stone into a pond knows that a circle disappears as it widens.—*The Caxtons*, 473.

Taking the Conceit out of Him.

I remember Lord —— (you know what an unpretending, good-natured fellow he is now) strutting into the playground, a raw boy, with his chin up in the air, and burly Dick Johnson (rather a turf-hunter now, I'm afraid) coming up, and saying, "Well, sir, and who the deuce are you?" "Lord ——," says the poor devil unconsciously, "eldest son of the Marquis of ——." "Oh, indeed!" cries Johnson; "then, there's one kick for my lord, and two for the marquis!" I am not fond of kicking, but I doubt if anything ever did —— more good than those three kicks!—
The Caxtons, 497.

XXX.—MY NOVEL.

The Parish Stocks.

The Squire looked at the Parson as if he could have beaten him ; and indeed, regarding the object in dispute not only with the eye of the outer man, but the eye of law and order, the eye of a country gentleman and a justice of the peace, the spectacle *was* scandalously disreputable. It was moss-grown ; it was worn-eaten ; it was broken right in the middle ; through its four socketless eyes, neighboured by the nettle, peered the thistle :—the thistle ! a forest of thistles !—and, to complete the degradation of the whole, those thistles had attracted the donkey of an itinerant tinker ; and the irreverent animal was in the very act of taking his luncheon out of the eyes and jaws of—THE PARISH STOCKS.

The Squire looked as if he could have beaten the Parson ; but, as he was not without some slight command of temper, and a substitute was luckily at hand, he gulped down his resentment, and made a rush—at the donkey !

Now the donkey was hampered by a rope to its fore-feet, to the which was attached a billet of wood, called technically “a clog,” so that it had no fair chance of escape from the assault its sacrilegious luncheon had justly provoked. But, the ass turning round with unusual nimbleness at the first stroke of the cane, the Squire caught his foot in the rope, and went head over heels among the thistles. The donkey gravely bent down, and thrice smelt or sniffed its prostrate foe ; then, having convinced itself that it had nothing farther

to apprehend for the present, and very willing to make the best of the reprieve, according to the poetical admonition, "Gather your rosebuds while you may," it cropped a thistle in full bloom, close to the ear of the Squire:—so close, indeed, that the Parson thought the ear was gone; and with the more probability, inasmuch as the Squire, feeling the warm breath of the creature, bellowed out with all the force of lungs accustomed to give a View-hallo!

"Bless me, is it gone?" said the Parson, thrusting his person between the ass and the Squire.

"Zounds and the devil!" cried the Squire, rubbing himself as he rose to his feet.

"Hush," said the Parson gently. "What a horrible oath!"

"Horrible oath! If you had my nankeens on," said the Squire, still rubbing himself, "and had fallen into a thicket of thistles, with a donkey's teeth within an inch of your ear!—"

"It is not gone—then?" interrupted the Parson.

"No—that is, I think not," said the Squire dubiously: and he clapped his hand to the organ in question. "No! it is not gone!"

"Thank heaven!" said the good clergyman kindly.

"Hum," growled the Squire, who was now once more engaged in rubbing himself. "Thank heaven indeed, when I am as full of thorns as a porcupine! I should just like to know what use thistles are in the world."

"For donkeys to eat, if you will let them, Squire," answered the Parson.

"Ugh, you beast!" cried Mr. Hazeldean, all his wrath re-awakened, whether by the reference to the donkey species, or his inability to reply to the Parson, or perhaps by some sudden prick too sharp for humanity—especially humanity in nankeens—to endure without kicking: "Ugh, you beast!"

he exclaimed, shaking his cane at the donkey, which, at the interposition of the Parson, had respectfully recoiled a few paces, and now stood switching its thin tail, and trying vainly to lift one of its fore-legs—for the flies teased it.

“Poor thing!” said the Parson pityingly. “See, it has a raw place on the shoulder, and the flies have found out the sore.”

“I am devilish glad to hear it,” said the Squire vindictively.

“Fie, fie!”

“It is very well to say ‘Fie, fie.’ It was not you who fell among the thistles. What’s the man about now, I wonder?”

The Parson had walked towards a chestnut-tree that stood on the village green—he broke off a bough—returned to the donkey—whisked away the flies, and then tenderly placed the broad leaves over the sore, as a protection from the swarms. The donkey turned round its head, and looked at him with mild wonder.

“I would bet a shilling,” said the Parson softly, “that this is the first act of kindness thou hast met with this many a day. And slight enough it is, Heaven knows.”

With that the Parson put his hand into his pocket, and drew out an apple. It was a fine large rose-checked apple, one of the last winter’s store, from the celebrated tree in the parsonage garden, and he was taking it as a present to a little boy in the village who had notably distinguished himself in the Sunday school. “Nay, in common justice, Lenny Fairfield should have the preference,” muttered the Parson. The ass pricked up one of its ears, and advanced its head timidly. “But Lenny Fairfield would be as much pleased with twopence; and what could twopence do to thee?” The ass’s nose now touched the apple. “Take it, in the name of Charity,” quoth the Parson; “Justice is accustomed to be served last:” and the ass took the apple. “How had

you the heart?" said the Parson, pointing to the Squire's cane.

The ass stopped munching, and looked askant at the Squire.

"Pooh! eat on; he'll not beat thee now."

"No," said the Squire, apologetically. "But, after all, he is not an Ass of the Parish; he is a vagrant, and he ought to be pounded. But the pound is in as bad a state as the stocks."—*My Novel*, i. 13.

Riccabocca.

Imagine a tall and exceedingly meagre man, dressed in a rusty suit of black—the pantaloons tight at the calf and ankle, and there forming a loose gaiter over thick shoes, buckled high at the instep;—an old cloak, lined with red, was thrown over one shoulder, though the day was sultry;—a quaint, red, outlandish umbrella, with a carved brass handle, was thrust under one arm, though the sky was cloudless;—a profusion of raven hair, in waving curls that seemed as fine as silk, escaped from the sides of a straw hat of prodigious brim; a complexion sallow and swarthy, and features which, though not without considerable beauty to the eye of the artist, were not only unlike what we fair, well-fed, neat-faced Englishmen are wont to consider comely, but exceedingly like what we are disposed to regard as awful and Satanic—to wit, a long hooked nose, sunken cheeks, black eyes, whose piercing brilliancy took something wizard-like and mystical from the large spectacles through which they shone; a mouth round which played an ironical smile, and in which a physiognomist would have remarked singular shrewdness, and some closeness, complete the picture. Imagine this figure, grotesque, peregrinate, and to the eye of a peasant certainly diabolical, then perch it on the stile in

the midst of those green English fields, and in sight of that primitive English village; there let it sit straddling, its long legs dangling down, a short German pipe emitting clouds from one corner of those sardonic lips, its dark eyes glaring through the spectacles full upon the Parson, yet askant upon Lenny Fairfield. Lenny Fairfield looked exceedingly frightened.—*My Novel*, i. 22.

Charles dear.

It is an old jest that there is not a word in the language that conveys so little endearment as the word "dear." But though the saying itself, like most truths, be trite and hackneyed, no little novelty remains to the search of the inquirer into the varieties of inimical import comprehended in that malign monosyllable. For instance, I submit to the experienced that the degree of hostility it betrays is in much proportioned to its collocation in the sentence. When gliding indirectly through the rest of the period, it takes its stand at the close, as in that "Charles dear" of Mrs. Dale, it has spilt so much of its natural bitterness by the way that it assumes even a smile, "*amara lento temperet risu.*" Sometimes the smile is plaintive, sometimes arch.
Ex. gr.

(PLAINTIVE.)

"I know very well that whatever I do is wrong, Charles dear."

"Nay, I am very glad you amused yourself so much without me, Charles dear."

"Not quite so loud! If you had but my poor head, Charles dear," &c.

(ARCH.)

"If you could spill the ink anywhere but on the best table-cloth, Charles dear!"

“But though you must always have your own way, you are not *quite faultless*, own, Charles dear,” &c.

When the enemy stops in the middle of the sentence, its venom is naturally less exhausted. *Ex. gr.*

“Really, I must say, Charles dear, that you are the most fidgety person,” &c.

“And if the house bills were so high last week, Charles dear, I should just like to know whose fault it was—that’s all.”

“But you know, Charles dear, that you care no more for me and the children than—” &c.

But if the fatal word spring up, in its primitive freshness, at the head of the sentence, bow your head to the storm. It then assumes the majesty of “my” before it; it is generally more than simple objurgation—it prefaces a sermon. My candour obliges me to confess that this is the mode in which the hateful monosyllable is more usually employed by the marital part of the one flesh; and has something about it of the odious assumption of the Petruchian *paterfamilias*—the head of the family—boding, not perhaps “peace and love, and quiet life,” but certainly “awful rule and right supremacy.” *Ex. gr.*

“My dear Jane—I wish you would just put by that everlasting crochet, and listen to me for a few moments,” &c.

“My dear Jane—I wish you would understand me for once—don’t think I am angry—no, but I am hurt! You must consider,” &c.

“My dear Jane—I don’t know if it is your intention to ruin me; but I only wish you would do as all other women do who care three straws for their husband’s property,” &c.

“My dear Jane—I wish you to understand that I am the last person in the world to be jealous; but I’ll be d—d if that puppy, Captain Prettyman,” &c.—*My Novel*, i. 29.

Refreshments on Road and Rail.

A few years before the date of these annals, the stage-coach on its way to London from a seaport town, stopped at the inn, as was its wont, for a good hour, that its passengers might dine like Christian Englishmen—not gulp down a basin of scalding soup, like everlasting heathen Yankees, with that cursed railway whistle shrieking like a fiend in their ears!—*My Novel*, i. 32.

The Man from Baker Street.

A very few hours sufficed to show the Sea-Captain to be a most capital electioneerer for a popular but not enlightened constituency. It is true that he talked the saddest nonsense ever heard from an open window; but then his jokes were so broad, his manner so hearty, his voice so big, that in those dark days, before the schoolmaster was abroad, he would have beaten your philosophical Radical and moralising Democrat hollow. Moreover, he kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who has known what it is to be three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip; he threw open all the public-houses, asked a numerous committee every day to dinner, and, chucking his purse up in the air, declared “he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker.” Though as innocent of Jacobinical designs as he was incapable of setting the Thames on fire, you would have guessed him, by his speeches, to be one of the most determined incendiaries that ever applied a match to the combustible materials of a contested election; while, being by no means accustomed to respect his adversaries, he could not have treated the Earl of Lansmere with less ceremony if his Lordship had been a Frenchman. He usually designated that respectable nobleman, who was still in the prime of life, by the title of “Old Pompous;” and the Mayor, who

as never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the solicitor, who was of a large build, received from his irreverent wit the joint *sobriquet* of "Tops and Bottoms!" . . . The Earl seemed to consider his very coronet at stake in the question. "The Man from Baker Street," with his preternatural audacity, appeared to him a being ominous and awful—not so much to be regarded with resentment as with superstitious terror. . . .—The gods were menaced if man could be so insolent! wherefore, said my Lord tremulously,—“The Constitution is gone if the Man from Baker Street comes in for Lansmere!”—*My Novel*, i. 43.

Englishmen when Duellists.

There is nothing your thorough-paced Englishman—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean—considers with more repugnance and aversion, than that same cold-blooded ceremonial of duelling. It is not within the range of an Englishman's ordinary habits of thinking. He prefers going to law—a much more destructive proceeding of the two. Nevertheless, if an Englishman must fight, why, he will fight. He says "it is very foolish;" he is sure "it is most unchristian-like;" he agrees with all that Philosophy, Preacher, and Press have laid down on the subject; but he makes his will, says his prayers, and goes out—like a heathen.—*My Novel*, i. 46.

Master Stirn.

Master Stirn was a formidable personage—more formidable than the Squire himself—as, indeed, a Squire's right-hand is generally more formidable than the head can pretend to be. He inspired the greater awe, because, like the stocks, of which he was deputed guardian, his powers were undefined and obscure, and he had no particular place in the out-of-door establishment. He was not the steward, yet he did

much of what ought to be the steward's work; he was not the farm-bailiff, for the Squire called himself his own farm-bailiff; nevertheless, Mr. Hazeldean sowed and ploughed, cropped and stocked, bought and sold, very much as Mr. Stirn condescended to advise. He was not the park-keeper, for he neither shot the deer nor superintended the preserves; but it was he who always found out who had broken a park-pale or snared a rabbit. In short, what may be called all the harsher duties of a large landed proprietor devolved, by custom and choice, upon Mr. Stirn. If a labourer was to be discharged, or a rent enforced, and the Squire knew that he should be talked over and that the steward would be as soft as himself, Mr. Stirn was sure to be the avenging *αγγελος* or messenger, to pronounce the words of fate; so that he appeared to the inhabitants of Hazeldean like the Poet's *Sæva Necessitas*, a vague incarnation of remorseless power, armed with whips, nails, and wedges. The very brute creation stood in awe of Mr. Stirn. The calves knew that it was he who singled out which should be sold to the butcher, and huddled up into a corner with beating hearts at his grim footstep; the sow grunted, the duck quacked, the hen bristled her feathers and called to her chicks when Mr. Stirn drew near. Nature had set her stamp upon him. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the great M. de Chambray himself, surnamed the brave, had an aspect so awe-inspiring as that of Mr. Stirn; albeit the face of that hero was so terrible, that a man who had been his lackey, seeing his portrait after he had been dead twenty years, fell a trembling all over like a leaf!—*My Novel*, i. 56.

Whist.

The strangest thing in the world is the different way in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as

some pretend—not at all! The best-tempered people in the world grow snappish at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in the ordinary affairs of life bear their losses with the stoicism of Epictetus. This was notably manifested in the contrast between the present adversaries of the Hall and the Rectory. The Squire, who was esteemed as choleric a gentleman as most in the county, was the best-humoured fellow you could imagine when you set him down to whist opposite the sunny face of his wife. You never heard one of those incorrigible blunderers scold each other; on the contrary, they only laughed when they threw away the game, with four by honours in their hands. The utmost that was ever said was a “Well, Harry, that was the oddest trump of yours. Ho—ho—ho!” or a “Bless me, Hazeldean—why, they made three tricks in clubs, and you had the ace in your hand all the time! Ha—ha—ha!”

Upon which occasions Captain Barnabas, with great good-humour, always echoed both the Squire’s Ho—ho—ho! and Mrs. Hazeldean’s Ha—ha—ha!

Not so the Parson. He had so keen and sportsmanlike an interest in the game, that even his adversaries’ mistakes ruffled him. And you would hear him, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched—a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean.—*My Novel*, i. 62.

Jackeymo and Riccabocca.

“Giacomo,” said Riccabocca, as he was undressing that night in the large, comfortable, well-carpeted English bedroom, with that great English four-posted bed in the recess

which seems made to shame folks out of single-blessedness—
 “Giacomo, I have had this evening the offer of probably six thousand pounds—certainly of four thousand.”

“*Cosa meravigliosa!*” exclaimed Jackeymo—“miraculous thing!” and he crossed himself with great fervour. “Six thousand pounds English! why, that must be a hundred thousand—blockhead that I am!—more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds Milanese!” And Jackeymo, who was considerably enlivened by the Squire’s ale, commenced a series of gesticulations and capers, in the midst of which he stopped and cried, “But not for nothing?”

“Nothing! no!”

“These mercenary English!—the Government wants to bribe you.”

“That’s not it.”

“The priests want you to turn heretic.”

“Worse than that,” said the philosopher.

“Worse than that! O Padrone! for shame!”

“Don’t be a fool, but pull off my pantaloons—they want me never to wear *these* again!”

“Never to wear what?” exclaimed Jackeymo, staring outright at his master’s long legs in their linen drawers—
 “never to wear—”

“The breeches,” said Riccabocca laconically.

“The barbarians!” faltered Jackeymo.

“My nightcap!—and never to have any comfort in this,” said Riccabocca, drawing on the cotton headgear; “and never to have any sound sleep in that,” pointing to the four-posted bed. “And to be a bondsman and a slave,” continued Riccabocca, waxing wroth; “and to be wheedled and purred at, and pawed, and clawed, and scolded, and fondled, and blinded, and deafened, and bridled, and saddled—bedevilled and—married!”

“Married!” said Jackeymo, more dispassionately—“that’s

very bad, certainly; but more than a hundred and fifty thousand *lire*, and perhaps a pretty young lady, and—”

“Pretty young lady!” growled Riccabocca, jumping into bed and drawing the clothes fiercely over him. “Put out the candle, and get along with you—do, you villanous old incendiary!”—*My Novel*, i. 113.

Sympathy.

“‘Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.’ Think not, O my brethren, that this applies only to almsgiving—to that relief of distress which is commonly called charity—to the obvious duty of devoting, from our superfluities, something that we scarcely miss, to the wants of a starving brother. No. I appeal to the poorest among ye, if the worse burdens are those of the body—if the kind word and the tender thought have not often lightened your hearts more than bread bestowed with a grudge, and charity that humbles you by a frown. Sympathy is a beneficence at the command of us all,—yea, of the pauper as of the king; and sympathy is Christ’s wealth. Sympathy is brotherhood.”—*From Parson Dale’s Sermon in “My Novel,”* i. 132.

Pride of a Peasant.

I don’t believe the haughtiest duke in the three kingdoms is really so proud as your plain English rural peasant, nor half so hard to propitiate and deal with when his sense of dignity is ruffled. Nor are there many of my own literary brethren (thin-skinned creatures though we are) so sensitively alive to the Public Opinion, wisely despised by Dr. Riccabocca, as that same peasant. He can endure a good deal of contumely sometimes, it is true, from his superiors, (though, thank heaven! *that* he rarely meets with unjustly;) but to be looked down upon, and mocked, and pointed at by

his own equals—his own little world—cuts him to the soul. And if you can succeed in breaking this pride, and destroying this sensitiveness, then he is a lost being. He can never recover his self-esteem, and you have chucked him half-way—a stolid, inert, sullen victim—to the perdition of the prison or the convict-ship.—*My Novel*, i. 171.

Apology.

Of all the wares and commodities in exchange and barter, wherein so mainly consists the civilisation of our modern world, there is not one which is so carefully weighed—so accurately measured—so plumed and gauged—so doled and scraped—so poured out in *minima* and balanced with scruples—as that necessary of social commerce called “an apology!” If the chemists were half so careful in vending their poisons, there would be a notable diminution in the yearly average of victims to arsenic and oxalic acid. But, alas! in the matter of apology, it is not from the excess of the dose, but the timid, niggardly, miserly manner in which it is dispensed, that poor Humanity is hurried off to the Styx! How many times does a life depend on the exact proportions of an apology! Is it a hairbreadth too short to cover the scratch for which you want it? Make your will—you are a dead man! A life, do I say?—a hecatomb of lives! How many wars would have been prevented, how many thrones would be standing, dynasties flourishing—commonwealths brawling round a *bema*, or fitting out galleys for corn and cotton—if an inch or two more of apology had been added to the proffered ell! But then that plaguy, jealous, suspicious, old vinegar-faced Honour, and her partner Pride—as penny-wise and pound-foolish a she-skinflint as herself—have the monopoly of the article. And what with the time they lose in adjusting their spectacles, hunting in the precise shelf for

the precise quality demanded, then (quality found) the haggling as to quantum—considering whether it should be Apothecary's weight, or Avoirdupois, or English measure or Flemish—and, finally, the hullabuloo they make if the customer is not perfectly satisfied with the monstrous little he gets for his money. I don't wonder, for my part, how one loses temper and patience, and sends Pride, Honour, and Apology, all to the devil. Aristophanes, in his "Comedy of *Peace*," insinuates a beautiful allegory by only suffering that goddess, though in fact she is his heroine, to appear as a *mute*. She takes care never to open her lips. The shrewd Greek knew very well that she would cease to be Peace, if she once began to chatter. Wherefore, O reader, if ever you find your pump under the iron heel of another man's boot, heaven grant that you may hold your tongue, and not make things past all endurance and forgiveness by bawling out for an apology!—*My Novel*, i. 173.

True Philosophy.

To how large a number will be given desires they will never realise, dissatisfaction of the lot from which they will never rise! *Allons!* one is viewing the dark side of the question. It is all the fault of that confounded Riccabocca, who has already caused Lenny Fairfield to lean gloomily on his spade, and, after looking round and seeing no one near him, groan out querulously—

“And am I born to dig a potato-ground?”

“*Pardieu*, my friend Lenny, if you live to be seventy, and ride in your carriage, and by the help of a dinner-pill digest a spoonful of curry, you may sigh to think ~~what~~ relish there was in potatoes, roasted in ashes after you had digged them out of that ground with your own stout young hands. Dig on, Lenny Fairfield, dig on! Dr. Riccabocca

will tell you that there was once an illustrious personage (the Emperor Diocletian), who made experience of two very different occupations—one was ruling men, the other was planting cabbages; he thought planting cabbages much the pleasanter of the two!—*My Novel*, i. 177.

Germs of Reverence.

Lenny had been reared from his cradle in simple love and reverence for the Divine Father, and the tender Saviour, whose life beyond all records of human goodness, whose death beyond all epics of mortal heroism, no being whose infancy has been taught to supplicate the Merciful and adore the Holy, yea, even though his later life may be entangled amidst the thorns of some desolate pyrrhonism, can ever hear reviled and scoffed without a shock to the conscience and a revolt of the heart.—*My Novel*, i. 229.

Penny Tracts.

A penny tract is the shoeing-horn of literature! it draws on a great many books, and some too tight to be very useful in walking. The penny tract quotes a celebrated writer—you long to read him; it props a startling assertion by a grave authority—you long to refer to it.—*My Novel*, i. 233.

Ascending or Levelling the Mountain.

“I grant,” said Riccabocca, “that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don’t you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided amongst a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pickaxe, it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may

be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have levelled a yard. *Cospetto!*" quoth the doctor, "it is more than two thousand years ago since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever!"—*My Novel*, i. 237.

Innermost Thoughts.

Youth and Fancy have many secret hoards of idea which they do not desire to impart, even to those most in their confidence. I doubt the depth of feeling in any man who has not certain recesses in his soul into which none may enter.—*My Novel*, i. 241.

A Poet's Royalty.

He who can view the world as a poet is always at soul a king.—*My Novel*, i. 242.

Obscure Lives.

We call the large majority of human lives *obscure*. Presumptuous that we are! How know we what lives a single thought retained from the dust of nameless graves may have lighted to renown?—*My Novel*, i. 242.

Bumptious and Gumptious.

"Mrs. Avenci is the same as ever?" asked Parson Dale.

"She holds her head higher, I think," said the landlord, smiling. "She was always—not exactly proud like, but what I calls gumptious."

"I never heard that word before," said the Parson, laying down his knife and fork. "Bumptious, indeed, though I believe it is not in the dictionary, has crept into familiar parlance, especially amongst young folks at school and college."

“Bumptious is bumptious, and gumptious is gumptious,” said the landlord, delighted to puzzle a parson. “Now the town beadle is bumptious, and Mrs. Avenel is gumptious.”

“She is a very respectable woman,” said Mr. Dale somewhat rebukingly.

“In course, sir; all gumptious folks are; they value themselves on their respectability, and looks down on their neighbours.”

PARSON (still philologically occupied).—“Gumptious—gumptious—I think I remember the substantive at school—not that my master taught it to me. ‘Gumption,’ it means cleverness.”

LANDLORD (doggedly).—“There’s gumption and gumptious. Gumption is knowing; but when I say that sum un is gumptious, I mean—though that’s more vulgar like—sum un who does not think small beer of hisself.—*My Novel*, i. 250.

Parsons and Philosophers.

“The great thing,” said the Parson, “would be to enlighten him a little as to what he calls—enlightenment.”

“Ah!” said Riccabocca, diverted, and rubbing his hands, “I shall listen with interest to what you have to say on that subject.”

“And must aid me: for the first step in this modern march of enlightenment is to leave the poor Parson behind; and if one calls out ‘Hold! and look at the sign-post,’ the traveller hurries on the faster, saying to himself, ‘Pooh, pooh!—that is only the cry of the Parson!’ But my gentleman, when he doubts me, will listen to you—you’re a philosopher!”

“We philosophers are of some use now and then, even to Parsons!”

“If you were not so conceited a set of deluded poor

creatures already, I would say 'Yes,'” replied the Parson generously.—*My Novel*, i. 266.

The Desire to Know.

Certainly it is a glorious fever that desire To Know! And there are few sights in the moral world more sublime than that which many a garret might afford, if Asmodeus would bare the roofs to our survey—viz., a brave, patient, earnest human being toiling his own arduous way, athwart the iron walls of penury, into the magnificent Infinite, which is luminous with starry souls.—*My Novel*, i. 267.

Thinkers and Actors.

They who task the intellect must pay the penalty with the body. Ill, believe me, would this work-day world get on if all within it were hard-reading, studious animals, playing the deuce with the ganglionic apparatus.—*My Novel*, i. 267.

Slow Advance of Knowledge.

Knowledge is one of the slowest, because one of the most durable, of agencies. It may take a thousand years for a thought to come into power; and the thinker who originated it might have died in rags or in chains.—*My Novel*, i. 274.

Restricting Rights.

I have no more right to say that the poor shall be ignorant, than I have to say that the rich only shall be free, and that the clergy alone shall learn the truths of redemption.—*My Novel*, i. 274.

Comprehensive Education.

So far from considering that we do all that is needful to

accomplish ourselves as men, when we cultivate only the intellect, we should remember that we thereby continually increase the range of our desires, and therefore of our temptations; and we should endeavour, simultaneously, to cultivate both those affections of the heart which prove the ignorant to be God's children no less than the wise, and those moral qualities which have made men great and good when reading and writing were scarcely known: to wit,—patience and fortitude under poverty and distress; humility and beneficence amidst grandeur and wealth, and, in counteraction to that egotism which all superiority, mental or worldly, is apt to inspire, Justice, the father of all the more solid virtues, softened by Charity, which is their loving mother. Thus accompanied, knowledge indeed becomes the magnificent crown of humanity—not the imperious despot, but the checked and tempered sovereign of the soul.—*My Novel*, i. 275.

Parliament.

“Does the nation take a nap to-night?” asked L’Estrange. “Poor old lady! She hears so much of her affairs, that she may well boast of her constitution: it must be of iron.”—*My Novel*, i. 306.

Coxcombrv and Heroism.

Vanity and valour generally go together. Cæsar, who scratched his head with due care of his scanty curls, and even, in dying, thought of the folds in his toga; Walter Raleigh, who could not walk twenty yards, because of the gems in his shoes; Alcibiades, who lounged into the Agora with doves in his bosom, and an apple in his hand; Murat, bedizened in gold lace and furs; and Demetrius, the City-Taker, who made himself up like a French *Marquise*—were all pretty good fellows at fighting. A slovenly hero

like Cromwell is a paradox in nature, and a marvel in history.—*My Novel*, i. 307.

The One-Eyed Perch.

“It is the most extraordinary perch, that!” muttered the stranger, soliloquising. “It has the devil’s own luck. It must have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, that damned perch! I shall never catch it—never! Ha!—no—only a weed. I give it up.” With this, he indignantly jerked his rod from the water and began to disjoint it. While leisurely engaged in this occupation, he turned to Leonard.

“Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?”

“No,” answered Leonard. “I never saw it before.”

ANGLER (solemnly).—“Then, young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. Sir, I am a martyr to this stream; it has been the Delilah of my existence.”

LEONARD (interested, the last sentence seemed to him poetical).—“The Delilah! sir, the Delilah!”

ANGLER.—“The Delilah. Young man, listen, and be warned by example. When I was about your age, I first came to this stream to fish. Sir, on that fatal day, about 3 P.M., I hooked up a fish—such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half. Sir, it was that length;” and the angler put finger to wrist. “And just when I had got it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting, on that shelving bank, young man, the line broke, and the perch twisted himself among those roots, and—cacodæmon that he was—ran off, hook and all. Well, that fish haunts me; never before had I seen such a fish. Minnows I had caught in the Thames and elsewhere, also gudgeons, and occasionally a dace. But a fish like that—a PERCH—all

his fins up, like the sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch—a whale of a perch!—No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deeps. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir,—I caught that perch. And this time I pulled him fairly out of the water. He escaped; and how did he escape? Sir, he left his eye behind him on the hook. Years, long years, have passed since then; but never shall I forget the agony of that moment.”

LEONARD.—“To the perch, sir?”

ANGLER.—“Perch! agony to him! He enjoyed it!—agony to me. I gazed on that eye, and the eye looked as sly and as wicked as if it was laughing in my face. Well, sir, I had heard that there is no better bait for a perch than a perch’s eye. I adjusted that eye on the hook, and dropped in the line gently. The water was unusually clear; in two minutes I saw that perch return. He approached the hook, he recognised his eye—frisked his tail—made a plunge—and, as I live, carried off the eye, safe and sound; and I saw him digesting it by the side of that water-lily. The mocking fiend! Seven times since that day, in the course of a varied and eventful life, have I caught that perch, and seven times has that perch escaped.”

LEONARD (astonished).—“It can’t be the same perch; perches are very tender fish—a hook inside of it, and an eye hooked out of it—no perch could withstand such havoc in its constitution.”

ANGLER (with an appearance of awe).—“It does seem supernatural. But *it is* that perch; for harkye, sir, there is ONLY ONE perch in the whole brook. All the years I have fished here, I have never caught another perch; and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I knew my own lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water, its profile has been turned to me, and I have seen with a shudder, that it has had only—One

Eye! It is a most mysterious and a most diabolical phenomenon, that perch! It has been the ruin of my prospects in life. I was offered a situation in Jamaica: I could not go with that perch left here in triumph. I might afterwards have had an appointment in India, but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch: thus have I frittered away my existence in the fatal metropolis of my native land. And once a week from February to December, I come hither—Good Heaven! if I should catch the perch at last, the occupation of my existence will be gone.”—*My Novel*, i. 379.

Lord L'Estrange's Odd Idea.

HARLEY.—“I have the oddest fancy”—

“*That* of course,” said Audley, dryly; “you never have any other. What is the new one?”

HARLEY (with great gravity).—“Do you believe in Mesmerism?”

AUDLEY.—“Certainly not.”

HARLEY.—“If it were in the power of an animal magnetiser to get me out of my own skin into somebody else's! *That's* my fancy! I am so tired of myself—so tired! I have run through all my ideas—know every one of them by heart. When some pretentious impostor of an idea perks itself up and says, ‘Look at me—I'm a new acquaintance,’ I just give it a nod, and say, ‘Not at all—you have only got a new coat on; you are the same old wretch that has bored me these last twenty years; get away.’ But if one could be in a new skin? if I could be for half an hour your tall porter, or one of your eminent matter-of-fact men, I should then really travel into a new world. Every man's brain must be a world in itself, eh? If I could but make a parochial settlement even in yours, Audley—run over all your thoughts and sensations. Upon my life, I'll go and talk to that French mesmeriser about it.”

AUDLEY (who does not seem to like the notion of having his thoughts and sensations rummaged, even by his friend, and even in fancy).—"Pooh, pooh, pooh! Do talk like a man of sense."

HARLEY.—"Man of sense! Where shall I find a model? I don't know a man of sense!—never met such a creature. Don't believe it ever existed. At one time I thought Socrates must have been a man of sense; a delusion; he would stand gazing into the air, and talking to his Genius from sunrise to sunset. Is that like a man of sense?"—*My Novel*, i. 385.

children.

Perhaps as the Creator looks down on this world, whose wondrous beauty beams on us more and more, in proportion as our science would take it from poetry into law—perhaps He beholds nothing so beautiful as the pure heart of a simple loving child.—*My Novel*, i. 402.

Chatterton.

"Give up poetry and stick to a shop," cried Mr. Prickett; "and, to cure you for ever of the mad whim to be author, I'll just lend you the *Life and Works of Chatterton*. You may take it home with you and read before you go to bed. You'll come back quite a new man to-morrow." . . . He . . . lighted his candle and resolutely drew forth the "Chatterton" which the bookseller had lent him. It was an old edition, in one thick volume. It had evidently belonged to some contemporary of the poet's—apparently an inhabitant of Bristol—some one who had gathered up many anecdotes respecting Chatterton's habits, and who appeared even to have seen him, nay, been in his company; for the book was interleaved, and the leaves covered with notes and remarks, in a stiff clear hand—all evincing personal know-³

ledge of the mournful immortal dead. At first, Leonard read with an effort; then the strange and fierce spell of that dread life seized upon him—seized with pain and gloom and terror—this boy dying by his own hand, about the age Leonard had attained himself. This wondrous boy, of a genius beyond all comparison—the greatest that ever yet was developed, and extinguished at the age of eighteen—self-taught—self-struggling—self-immolated. Nothing in literature like that life and that death!

With intense interest Leonard perused the tale of the brilliant imposture, which had been so harshly and so absurdly construed into the crime of a forgery, and which was (if not wholly innocent) so akin to the literary devices always in other cases viewed with indulgence, and exhibiting, in this, intellectual qualities in themselves so amazing—such patience, such forethought, such labour, such courage, such ingenuity—the qualities that, well directed, make men great, not only in books, but action. And, turning from the history of the imposture to the poems themselves, the young reader bent before their beauty, literally awed and breathless. How this strange Bristol boy tamed and mastered his rude and motley materials into a music that comprehended every tune and key, from the simplest to the sublimest? He turned back to the biography—he read on—he saw the proud, daring, mournful spirit, alone in the Great City like himself. He followed its dismal career, he saw it falling with bruised and soiled wings into the mire. He turned again to the later works, wrung forth as tasks for bread,—the satires without moral grandeur, the politics without honest faith. He shuddered and sickened as he read. True, even here his poet mind appreciated (what perhaps only poets can) the divine fire that burned fitfully through that meaner and more sordid fuel—he still traced in those crude, hasty, bitter offerings to dire Necessity, the hand of the

young giant who had built up the stately verse of Rowley. But, alas! how different from that "mighty line." How all serenity and joy had fled from these later exercises of art degraded into journey-work. Then rapidly came on the catastrophe—the closed doors—the poison—the suicide—the manuscripts torn by the hands of despairing wrath, and strewed round the corpse upon the funeral floors. It was terrible! The spectre of the Titan boy (as described in the notes written on the margin), with his haughty brow, his cynic smile, his lustrous eyes, haunted all the night the baffled and solitary child of song.—*My Novel*, i. 408.

Burley's View of Authorship.

MR. BURLEY—(with an air of superb dignity).— . . . An author is a being between gods and men, who ought to be lodged in a palace, and entertained at the public charge upon Ortolans and Tokay. He should be kept lapped in down, and curtained with silken awnings from the cares of life—have nothing to do but to write books upon tables of cedar, and fish for perch from a gilded galley. And that's what will come to pass when the ages lose their barbarism, and know their benefactors.—*My Novel*, i. 418.

Good and Bad.

What is the difference between being good and bad? The good do not yield to temptations, and the bad do.—*My Novel*, i. 431.

Helen on Chatterton's Fate.

Leonard told her the sad tale of Chatterton, and waited, anxious to hear her comments.

"Well," he said, seeing that she remained silent, "how can I hope, when this mighty genius laboured and despaired? What did he want, save birth and fortune, and friends, and human justice?"

“Did he pray to God?” asked Helen, drying her tears.

Again Leonard was startled. In reading the life of Chatterton, he had not much noted the scepticism, assumed or real, of the ill-fated aspirer to earthly immortality. At Helen’s question, that scepticism struck him forcibly.

“Why do you ask that, Helen?”

“Because, when we pray, often, we grow so very, very patient,” answered the child. “Perhaps, had he been patient a few months more, all would have been won by him, as it will be by you, brother: for you pray, and you will be patient.”

Leonard bowed his head in deep thought, and this time the thought was not gloomy. Then out from that awful life there glowed another passage, which before he had not heeded duly, but regarded rather as one of the darkest mysteries in the fate of Chatterton.

At the very time the despairing poet had locked himself up in his garret, to dismiss his soul from its earthly ordeal, his genius had just found its way into the light of renown. Good and learned and powerful men were preparing to serve and save him. Another year—nay, perchance another month—and he might have stood acknowledged and sublime in the foremost ranks of his age.—*My Novel*, i. 432.

Deductions from the Past.

Leonard read what poets must read if they desire to be great—*Sapere principium et fons*—strict reasonings on the human mind: the relations between motive and conduct, thought and action; the grave and solemn truths of the past world; antiquities, history, philosophy. He was taken out of himself. He was carried along the ocean of the universe. In that ocean, O seeker, study the law of the tides; and seeing Chance nowhere—Thought presiding over

all,—Fate, that dread phantom, shall vanish from creation, and Providence alone be visible in heaven and on earth!—*My Novel*, i. 440.

Literature as a Profession.

“Lord L’Estrange tells me,” said Mr. Norreys, “that you wish to enter littérature as a calling, and no doubt to study it as an art. I may help you in this, and you meanwhile can help me. I want an amanuensis—I offer you that place. The salary will be proportioned to the services you will render me. I have a room in my house at your disposal. When I first came up to London, I made the same choice that I hear you have done. I have no cause, even in a worldly point of view, to repent my choice. It gave me an income larger than my wants. I trace my success to these maxims, which are applicable to all professions—1st, Never to trust to genius for what can be obtained by labour; 2dly, Never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; 3dly, Never to engage our word to what we do not our best to execute.

“With these rules, literature—provided a man does not mistake his vocation for it, and will, under good advice, go through the preliminary discipline of natural powers, which all vocations require—is as good a calling as any other. Without them, a shoeblack’s is infinitely better.”

“Possibly enough,” muttered Harley; “but there have been great writers who observed none of your maxims.”

“Great writers, probably, but very unenviable men. My Lord, my Lord, don’t corrupt the pupil you bring to me.” Harley smiled and took his departure, and left Genius at school with Common Sense and Experience.—*My Novel*, i. 490.

No Prejudice.

RANDAL.—“You said you had no prejudice.”

THE SQUIRE.—“No more I have—not a bit of it.”

“You don’t like a foreigner and a Catholic?”

“Who the devil would?”

“But if she had rank and title?”

“Rank and title! Bubble and squeak! No, not half so good as bubble and squeak. English beef and good cabbage. But foreign rank and title!—foreign cabbage and beef!—foreign bubble and foreign squeak!” And the Squire made a wry face, and spat forth his disgust and indignation.—*My Novel*, ii. 48.

Public Life.

Were you ever in public life, my dear reader? I don’t mean, by that question, to ask whether you were ever Lord Chancellor, Prime Minister, Leader of the Opposition, or even a member of the House of Commons. . . . Were you ever a busy man in your vestry? . . . Did you ever resign your private comforts as men in order to share the public troubles of mankind? If ever you have so far departed from the Lucretian philosophy, just look back—was it life at all that you lived?—were you an individual distinct existence—a passenger in the railway?—or were you merely an indistinct portion of that common flame which heated the boiler and generated the steam that set off the monster train?—very hot, very active, very useful, no doubt; but all your identity fused in flame, and all your forces vanishing in gas.

And do you think the people in the railway carriages care for you?—do you think that the gentleman in the worsted wrapper is saying to his neighbour with the striped rug on his comfortable knees, “How grateful we ought to be for that fiery particle which is crackling and hissing under the boiler! It helps us on a fraction of an inch from Vauxhall to Putney!” Not a bit of it. Ten to one but he is saying.

—"Not sixteen miles an hour! What the deuce is the matter with the stoker?"

Look to it, O Public Man, whoever thou art, and whatsoever thy degree—see if thou canst not compound matters, so as to keep a little nook apart for thy private life; that is, for *thyself*! Let the Great Popkins Question not absorb wholly the individual soul of thee, as Smith and Johnson. Don't so entirely consume thyself under that insatiable boiler, that when thy poor little monad rushes out from the sooty furnace, and arrives at the stars, thou mayest find no vocation for thee there, and feel as if thou hadst nothing to do amidst the still splendours of the Infinite. I don't deny to thee the uses of "Public Life;" I grant that it is much to have helped to carry that great Popkins Question; but Private Life, my friend, is the life of thy private soul; and there may be matters concerned with that which, on consideration, thou mayest allow, cannot be wholly mixed up with the Great Popkins Question—and were not finally settled when thou didst exclaim, "I have not lived in vain—the Popkins Question is carried at last!" Oh, immortal soul, for one quarter of an hour *per diem*—de-Popkinise thine immortality!—*My Novel*, ii. 75.

Rapport between Rogues.

There is something very strange, and almost mesmeric, in the *rapport* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognise each other as honest; differences in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men, unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they understand each other by instant sympathy.—*My Novel*, ii. 84.

Dogs.

I know nothing* that more moves us to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog, when something in human beings has pained or chilled us.—*My Novel*, ii. 106.

Parvenus.

It is noticeable that it is your *parvenu* who always comes nearest in fashion (so far as externals are concerned) to your genuine exquisite. It is your *parvenu* who is most particular as to the cut of his coat, and the precision of his equipage, and the minutiae of his *ménage*. Those between the *parvenu* and the exquisite who know their own consequence, and have something solid to rest upon, are slow in following all the caprices of fashion, and obtuse in observation as to those niceties which neither give them another ancestor, nor add another thousand to the account at their banker's;—as to the last, rather indeed the contrary.—*My Novel*, ii. 123.

Envy.

It is the persons who fawn most upon an aristocracy, and profit the most by the fawning, who are ever at heart its bitterest disparagers. Why is this? Because one full half of democratic opinion is made up of envy; and we can only envy what is brought before our eyes, and what, while very near to us, is still unattainable. No man envies an archangel.—*My Novel*, ii. 130.

Writers.

When we look back upon human records, how the eye settles upon WRITERS as the main land-marks of the past! We talk of the age of Augustus, of Elizabeth, of Louis XIV., of Anne, as the notable eras of the world. Why?

Because it is their writers who have made them so. Intervals between one age of authors and another lie unnoticed, as the flats and common lands of uncultured history. And yet, strange to say, when these authors are living amongst us, they occupy a very small portion of our thoughts, and fill up but desultory interstices in the bitumen and tufa wherefrom we build up the Babylon of our lives! So it is, and perhaps so it should be, whether it pleases the conceit of penmen or not. Life is meant to be active; and books, though they give the action to future generations, administer but to the holiday of the present.—*My Novel*, ii. 134.

A Little More.

“*The desire for something we have not*” impels all the energies that keep us in movement, for good or for ill, according to the checks or the directions of each favourite desire.

A friend of mine once said to a *millionaire*, whom he saw for ever engaged in making money which he never seemed to have any pleasure in spending, “Pray, Mr. —, will you answer me one question: You are said to have two millions, and you spend £600 a-year. In order to rest and enjoy, what will content you?”

“A little more,” answered the *millionaire*. That “little more” is the mainspring of civilisation. Nobody ever gets it!

“Philus,” saith a Latin writer, “was not so rich as Lælius: Lælius was not so rich as Scipio; Scipio was not so rich as Crassus; and Crassus was not so rich—as he wished to be!” If John Bull were once contented, Manchester might shut up its mills. It is the “little more” that makes a mere trifle of the National Debt!—Long life to it!—*My Novel*, ii. 149.

Old Aforetime.

“*Basta!* youth will be youth,” said Riccabocca.

“He has no youth left in him!” exclaimed Harley, passionately. “I doubt if he ever had any. He is one of those men who come into the world with the pulse of a centenarian. You and I never shall be as old—as he was in long clothes.—*My Novel*, ii. 156.

Our Spiritual Essence.

So strangely immaterial are we really—we human beings, with flesh and blood—that if you suddenly abstract from us but a single, impalpable, airy thought which our souls have cherished, you seem to curdle the air, to extinguish the sun, to snap every link that connects us to matter, and to benumb everything into death, except woe.—*My Novel*, ii. 277.

Felon Footfalls.

Only once, in a lonely thoroughfare, and on the opposite side of the way, fell a footfall, and glanced an eye, that seemed to betray a soul in sympathy with Randal Leslie’s.

And Randal, who had heeded none of the other passengers by the way, as if instinctively, took note of this one. His nerves crisped at the noiseless slide of that form, as it stalked on from lamp to lamp, keeping pace with his own. He felt a sort of awe, as if he had beheld the wraith of himself; and ever as he glanced suspiciously at the stranger, the stranger glanced at him. He was inexpressibly relieved when the figure turned down another street and vanished.

That man was a felon, as yet undetected. Between him and his kind there stood but a thought—a veil air-spun, but impassable, as the veil of the Image at Sais.

And thus moved and thus looked Randal Leslie, a thing of dark and secret mischief—within the pale of the law, but

equally removed from man by the vague consciousness that at his heart lay that which the eyes of man would abhor and loathe. Solitary amidst the vast city, and on through the machinery of Civilisation, went the still spirit of Intellectual Evil.—*My Novel*, ii. 286.

The Smile of Death.

The ineffable smile of death, the last gleam which the soul had left there.—*My Novel*, ii. 311.

Handwriting of the Dead.

A thought written in warm, sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us, when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it, are dust—is verily as a ghost. It is a likeness struck off of the fond human being, and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the church-yard yield to us like the writing of the dead?—*My Novel*, ii. 312.

Relations.

'Tis human nature and sacred ties—one's own flesh and blood; and besides, one hand rubs the other, and one leg helps on the other, and relations get on best in the world when they pull together; that is, supposing that they are the proper sort of relations, and pull one on, not down.—*My Novel*, ii. 410.

Dropping the Mask.

There is many a man whom we call friend, and whose face seems familiar to us as our own; yet, could we but take a glimpse of him when we leave his presence, and he sinks back into his chair alone, we should sigh to see how often the smile on the frankest lip is but a bravery of the drill, only worn when on parade.—*My Novel*, ii. 412.

Real Life.

What is real life? How little the things actually doing around us affect the springs of our sorrow or joy; but the life which our dulness calls romance—the sentiment, the remembrance, the hope, or the fear, that are never seen in the toil of our hands—never heard in the jargon on our lips;—from that life all spin, as the spider from its entrails, the web by which we hang in the sunbeam, or glide out of sight into the shelter of home.—*My Novel*, ii. 412.

The Height of Bliss.

A Greek poet implies, that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain: there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.—*My Novel*, ii. 544.

Treachery.

So vital a necessity to all living men is TRUTH, that the vilest traitor feels amazed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken, when treason recoils on himself.—*My Novel*, ii. 560.

Nemesis.

Wherever man commits a crime, Heaven finds a witness! —*My Novel*, ii. 565.

Audley Egerton's Death.

All present were struck and appalled by the sudden change that had come over his countenance. There was a film upon the eye—a shadow on the aspect; the words failed his lips—he sunk on the seat beside him. The left hand rested droopingly upon the piles of public papers and official documents, and the fingers played with them, as the bed-ridden

dying sufferer plays with the coverlid he will soon exchange for the winding-sheet. But his right hand seemed to feel, as through the dark, for the recovered son ; and having touched what it sought, feebly drew Leonard near and nearer. Alas ! that blissful PRIVATE LIFE—that close centre round the core of being in the individual man—so long missed and pined for—slipped from him, as it were, the moment it reappeared ; hurried away, as the circle on the ocean, which is scarce seen ere it vanishes amidst infinity. Suddenly both hands were still ; the head fell back. Joy had burst asunder the last ligaments, so fretted away in unrevealing sorrow. Afar, their sound borne into that room, the joy-bells were pealing triumph ; mobs roaring out huzzas ; the weak cry of John Avenel might be blent in those shouts, as the drunken zealots reeled by his cottage door, and startled the screaming ravens that wheeled round the hollow oak. The boom which is sent from the waves on the surface of life, while the deeps are so noiseless in their march, was wafted on the wintry air into the chamber of the statesman it honoured, and over the grass sighing low upon Nora's grave. But there was one in the chamber, as in the grave, for whom the boom on the wave had no sound, and the march of the deep had no tide. Amidst promises of home, and union, and peace, and fame, Death strode into the household ring, and, seating itself, calm and still, looked life-like ; warm hearts throbbing round it ; lofty hopes fluttering upward ; Love kneeling at its feet ; Religion, with lifted finger, standing by its side.—*My Novel*, ii. 579.

XXXI.—NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM.

A Wicked World, my Masters.

Sir Geoffrey. I'm a very unhappy man, very. Never did harm to any one—done good to many. And ever since I was a babe in the cradle, all the world have been conspiring and plotting against me. It certainly is an exceedingly wicked world; and what its attraction can be to the other worlds, that they should have kept it spinning through space for six thousand years, I can't possibly conceive—unless they are as bad as itself; I should not wonder. That new theory of attraction is a very suspicious circumstance against the planets—there's a gang of 'em.—*Not so Bad as we Seem*, II. i.

Easy's Irrepressible Happiness.

Sir Geof. Those flowers are poisoned. Not a doubt of it!—how very awful!

Easy. But why should any one take the trouble to poison you, Geoffrey?

Sir Geof. I don't know. But I don't know why seven hundred people in one year were poisoned in Placentia. Hodge! Hodge!

Enter HODGE.

Sweep away those flowers!—lock 'em up with the rest in the coal-hole. I'll examine them all chemically, by and by,

with precaution. [*Exit* HODGE.] Don't smell at 'em; and, above all, don't let the house-dog smell at 'em.

Easy. Ha! ha!

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* Ugh!—that brute's laughing!—no more feeling than a brick-bat!] Goodenough Easy, you are a very happy man.

Easy. Happy, 'yes. I could be happy on bread and water.

Sir Geof. And would toast your bread at a conflagration, and fill your jug from a deluge!—*Not so Bad as we Seem*, II. i.

A Claim to a Friend's Confidence.

Wilmot. Moody, my Hardman? some problem in political ethics? You turn away,—you have a grief you'll not tell me—why, this morning I asked you a favour; from that moment I had a right to your confidence, for a favour degrades when it does not come from a friend.—*Not so Bad as we Seem*, III. i.

Epigram and Epitaph.

Wilmot. Pope's epigram stung him.

Hard.

Yes, Pope has a sting.

Wil. But who writes the epitaph?

Hard.

Pope: a sweet thing!

Wil. 'Gad, if I were an author, I'd rather, instead, Have the epitaph living—the epigram dead.—*Not so Bad as we Seem.* *Epilogue.*

XXXII.—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

A Nose in the Air.

He was good-looking on the whole, and would have deserved the more flattering epithet of handsome, but for his nose, which was what the French call "a nose in the air"—not a nose supercilious, not a nose provocative, as such noses mostly are, but a nose decidedly in earnest to make the best of itself and of things in general—a nose that would push its way up in life, but so pleasantly that the most irritable fingers would never itch to lay hold of it. With such a nose a man might play the violoncello, marry for love, or even write poetry, and yet not go to the dogs. Never would he stick in the mud so long as he followed that nose in the air.—*What will He do with It?* i. 6.

Pride.

In beginning the world, friend Lionel, if you don't wish to get chafed at every turn, fold up your pride carefully, put it under lock and key, and only let it out to air upon grand occasions. Pride is a garment all stiff brocade outside, all grating sack-cloth on the side next to the skin. Even kings don't wear the dalmaticum except at a coronation.—*What will He do with It?* i. 21.

The Divine Weed.

He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to

that which comes from heaven. "What, softer than woman?" whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman, teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome! when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that, Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter, try the weed!—*What will He do with It?* i. 31.

Adversity and Prosperity.

In all sleek prosperity there is something commonplace—in all grand adversity, something royal.—*What will He do with It?* i. 57.

The Heaven of Art.

Out of an art, a man may be so trivial you would mistake him for an imbecile—at best a grown infant. Put him into his art, and how high he soars above you! How quietly he enters into a heaven of which he has become a denizen, and, unlocking the gates with his golden key, admits you to follow, an humble, reverent visitor.—*What will He do with It?* i. 98.

Chastity of Honour in Youth.

Lionel Haughton was intensely ambitious; Quixotic in the point of honour; dauntless in peril, but morbidly trembling at the very shadow of disgrace, as a foal, destined to be the war-horse, and trample down levelled steel, starts in its tranquil pastures at the rustling of a leaf.—*What will He do with It?* i. 106.

Tears.

Shallow judges of human nature are they who think that

tears in themselves ever misbecome boy, or even man. Well, did the sternest of Roman writers place the arch distinction of humanity, aloft from all meaner of heaven's creatures, in the prerogative of tears! Sooner mayest thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts of eyes to which the heart never mounts in dew! Only, when man weeps he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred. Tears are akin to prayers. Pharisees parade prayer! impostors parade tears.—*What will He do with It?* i. 107.

Sloth.

Certain it is, that on entering middle life, he who would keep his brain clear, his step elastic, his muscles from fleshiness, his nerves from tremor—in a word, retain his youth in spite of the register—should beware of long slumbers. Nothing ages like laziness.—*What will He do with It?* i. 110.

Guy Darrell on Horace.

Of all the Latins, Horace is the only one with whom I could wish to have spent a week. But no! I could not have discussed the brief span of human life with locks steeped in Malobathran balm, and wreathed with that silly myrtle. Horace and I would have quarrelled over the first heady bowl of Massic. We never can quarrel now! Blessed subject and poet-laureate of Queen Proserpine, and, I dare swear, the most gentlemanlike poet she ever received at court, henceforth his task is to uncoil the asps from the brows of Alecto, and arrest the ambitious Orion from the chase after visionary lions.—*What will He do with It?* i. 114.

Puzzle of Life.

“And I could have been so happy here!” Darrell said.

suddenly. "Can I not be so yet? Ay, perhaps, when I am thoroughly old—tied to the world but by the thread of an hour. Old men do seem happy; behind them, all memories faint, save those of childhood and sprightly youth; before them, the narrow ford, and the sun dawning up through the clouds on the other shore. 'Tis the critical descent into age in which man is surely most troubled; griefs gone, still rankling; nor, strength yet in his limbs, passion yet in his heart, reconciled to what loom nearest in the prospect—the arm-chair and the palsied head. Well! life is a quaint puzzle. Bits the most incongruous join into each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes symmetrical and clear; when, lo! as the infant claps his hands and cries, 'See! see! the puzzle is made out!' all the pieces are swept back into the box—black box with the gilded nails."—*What will He do with It?* i. 125.

Dawn of Sentiment.

There is a certain epoch in our childhood, when what is called the romance of sentiment first makes itself vaguely felt. And ever with the dawn of that sentiment, the moon and the stars take a strange and haunting fascination. Few persons in middle-life—even though they be genuine poets—feel the peculiar spell in the severe stillness and mournful splendour of starry skies which impresses most of us, even though no poets at all, in that mystic age when Childhood nearly touches upon Youth, and turns an unquiet heart to those marvellous riddles within us and without, which we cease to conjecture when experience has taught us that they have no solution upon this side the grave.—*What will He do with It?* i. 184.

To-day and To-morrow.

"'Tis no use in this life," returned Waife, philosophising;

disturbing present happiness by asking "can it last?" To-day is man's, to-morrow his Maker's.—*What will He do with It?* i. 223.

A Man of Genius.

A Man of Genius may be for ten years our next-door neighbour—he may dine in company with us twice a-week—his face may be as familiar to our eyes as our arm-chair—his voice to our ears as the click of our parlour-clock—yet we are never more astonished than when all of a sudden, some bright day, it is discovered that our next-door neighbour is—a Man of Genius. Did you ever hear tell of the life of a Man of Genius, but what there were numerous witnesses who deposed to the fact, that until, perfidious dissembler! he flared up and set the Thames on fire, they had never seen anything in him—an odd creature, perhaps a good creature—probably a poor creature;—But a MAN of GENIUS! They would as soon have suspected him of being the Cham of Tartary! Nay, candid readers, are there not some of you who refuse to the last to recognise the Man of Genius, till he has paid his penny to Charon, and his passport to immortality has been duly examined by the custom-house officers of Styx! When one half the world drag forth that same next-door neighbour, place him on a pedestal, and have him cried, "O yez! O yez! Found a Man of Genius! Public property—open to inspection!" does not the other half the world put on its spectacles, turn up its nose, and cry, "*That* a Man of Genius, indeed! Pelt him!—pelt him!" Then of course there is a clatter, what the vulgar call a "shindy," round the pedestal. Squeezed by his believers, shied at by his scoffers, the poor man gets horribly mauled about, and drops from the perch in the midst of the row. Then they shovel him over, clap a great stone on his relics, wipe their foreheads, shake hands, compromise the dispute, the one half the

world admitting, that though he was a genius he was still an ordinary man; the other half allowing, that though he was an ordinary man, he was still a genius. And so on to the next pedestal with its "Hic stet," and the next great stone with its "Hic jacet."—*What will He do with It?* i. 260. .

George Morley's Appeal to Waife.

"Forget that I may soon be the Christian minister whose duty bows his ear to the lips of Shame and Guilt—whose hand, when it points to Heaven, no mortal touch can sully—whose sublimest post is by the sinner's side. Look on me, but as man and gentleman. See, I now extend this hand to you. If, as man and gentleman, you have done that which, could all hearts be read, all secrets known, human judgment reversed by Divine omniscience, forbids you to take this hand—*then* reject it—go hence—we part! But, if no such act be on your conscience—however you submit to its imputation—*THEN*, in the name of Truth, as man and gentleman to man and gentleman, I command you to take this right hand, and in the name of that Honour which bears no paltering, I forbid you to disobey."

The vagabond pose, like the Dead at the spell of a Magician—took, as if, irresistibly, the hand held out to him. And the scholar, overjoyed, fell on his breast, embracing him as a son.—*What will He do with It?* i. 329.

'Beauty and Genius.

Nothing so rare as beauty of the high type; genius and beauty, indeed, are both rare; genius, which is the beauty of the mind—beauty, which is the genius of the body. But, of the two, beauty is the rarer. All of us can count on our fingers some forty or fifty persons of undoubted and illus-

trious genius, including those famous in action, letters, art. But can any of us remember to have seen more than four or five specimens of first-rate ideal beauty?—*What will He do with It?* i. 342.

Mr. Carr Vipont.

Bald, with clipped parliamentary whiskers! values himself on a likeness to Canning, but with a portlier presence—looks a large-acred man. Carr Vipont has about £40,000 a year; has often refused office for himself, while taking care that other Viponts should have it; is a great authority in committee business and the rules of the House of Commons; speaks very seldom, and at no great length, never arguing, merely stating his opinion, carries great weight with him, and as he votes, vote fifteen other members of the House of Vipont, besides admiring satellites. He can therefore turn divisions, and has decided the fate of cabinets. A pleasant man, a little consequential, but the reverse of haughty—unctuously overbearing.—*What will He do with It?* i. 345.

Living up to the Age.

Once Colonel Morley said to me, “Would you throughout life be up to the height of your century—always in the prime of man’s reason—without crudeness and without decline—live habitually, while young, with persons older, and when old, with persons younger, than yourself.—*What will He do with It?* i. 365.

Advancing Fears.

“I begin,” said Colonel Morley, “to decry the present and laud the past—to read with glasses, to decide from prejudice, to recoil from change, to find sense in twaddle—to know the value of health from the fear to lose it—to feel an interest in rheumatism, an awe of bronchitis—to tell

anecdotes, and to wear flannel. To you in strict confidence I disclose the truth—I am no longer twenty-five.”—*What will He do with It?* i. 374.

Order.

Jasper Losely strode noiselessly on, under the gaslights, under the stars; gaslights primly marshalled at equidistance; stars that seem to the naked eye dotted over space without symmetry or method—Man’s order, near and finite, is so distinct; the Maker’s order, remote, infinite, is so beyond Man’s comprehension—even of *what* is order.—*What will He do with It?* i. 384.

Companionship of Nature.

Man exacts sympathy from all the universe. Joyous, he says to the sun, “Life-giver, rejoice with me.” Grieving, he says to the moon, “Pensive one, thou sharest my sorrow.” Hope for fame; a star is its promise! Mourn for the dead; a star is the land of re-union. Say to earth, “I have done with thee,” to Time, “Thou hast nought to bestow,” and all space cries aloud, “The earth is a speck, thine inheritance infinity. Time melts while thou sighest. The discontent of a mortal is thè instinct that proves thee immortal.” Thus construing Nature, Nature is our companion, our consoler. Benign as the playmate, she lends herself to our shifting humours. Serious as the teacher, she responds to the steadier inquiries of reason. Mystic and hallowed as the priestess, she keeps alive by dim oracles that spiritual yearning within us, in which, from savage to sage—through all dreams, through all creeds—thrills the sense of a link with Divinity.—*What will He do with It,* i. 409.

Conversational French.

That diamond-like language—all terseness and sparkle—

which, as friendly to Wit in its airiest prose, as hostile to Passion in its torrent or cloud-wrack of poetry, seems invented by the Græce out of spite to the Muse?—*What will He do with It?* ii. 73.

Sugar-plums after Date.

Ah, Morley, Pleasure, like punishment, hobbles after us, *pede claudo*. What would have delighted us yesterday does not catch us up till to-morrow, and yesterday's pleasure is not to-morrow's. A pennyworth of sugar-plums would have made our eyes sparkle when we were scrawling pot-hooks at a preparatory school, but no one gave us sugar-plums then. Now every day at dessert France heaps before us her daintiest sugar-plums in gilt *bonbonnières*. Do you ever covet them? I never do. Let Lionel have his sugar-plums in time.—*What will He do with It?* ii. 9.

An Old Reader's View.

"Those villanous critics will have a dark account to render in the next world! Poor Arthur Branthwaite! For the sake of our old friend his father, I bought a copy of his little volume. Little as the volume was, I could not read it through."

"What?—below contempt?"

"On the contrary, above comprehension! All poetry praised by critics now-a-days is as hard to understand as a hieroglyphic. I own a weakness for Pope and common sense. I could keep up with our age as far as Byron; after him I was thrown out. However, Branthwaite was declared by the critics to be a great improvement on Byron—more 'poetical in form'—more 'æsthetically artistic'—more 'objective' or 'subjective' (I am sure I forget which, but it was one or the other, nonsensical, and not English) in his views of man and nature. Very possibly. All J

know is—I bought the poems, but could not read them; the critics read them, but did not buy.—*What will He do with It?* ii. 108.

A Young Reader's View.

The scholarly clergyman had ensconced himself in the back drawing-room, fitted up as a library, and was making free with the books. "What have you there, George?" asked the Colonel, after shaking him by the hand. "You seemed quite absorbed in its contents, and would not have noticed my presence but for Gyp's bark."

"A volume of poems I never chanced to meet before, full of true genius."

"Bless me, poor Arthur Branthwaite's poems. And you were positively reading those—not induced to do so by respect for his father? Could you make head or tail of them?"

"There is a class of poetry which displeases middle age by the very attributes which render it charming to the young; for each generation has a youth with idiosyncrasies peculiar to itself, and a peculiar poetry by which those idiosyncrasies are expressed."

Here George was beginning to grow metaphysical, and somewhat German, when his uncle's face assumed an expression which can only be compared to that of a man who dreads a very severe and long operation. George humanely hastened to relieve his mind.

"But I will not bore you at present."

"Thank you," said the Colonel, brightening up.—*What will He do with It?* ii. 122.

Hope and Faith.

Lo! how contrasted the effect of a similar cause of grief

at different stages of life! Chase the first day-dreams of our youth, and we cry, "Action—Strife!" In that cry, unconsciously to ourselves, HOPE speaks and proffers worlds of emotion not yet exhausted. Disperse the last golden illusion in which the image of happiness cheats our experienced manhood, and HOPE is silent; she has no more worlds to offer—unless, indeed, she drop her earthly attributes, change her less solemn name, and float far out of sight as "FAITH!"—*What will He do with It?* ii. 220.

A Desperado at Bay.

Jasper startled the revellers as he stalked into the room, and towards the chair of honour at the far end of it, on which he had been accustomed to lord it over the fell groups he had treated out of Poole's purse. One of the biggest and most redoubted of the Black Family was now in that seat of dignity, and refusing surli'y to yield it at Jasper's rude summons, was seized by the scruff of the neck, and literally hurled on the table in front, coming down with clatter and clash amongst mugs and glasses. Jasper seated himself coolly, while the hubbub began to swell—and roared for drink. . . . It was only with an angry flash from his eyes that he marked, on closing his survey, the bar dropped across the door, and two forms, knife in hand, stationed at the threshold. . . .

He rose, folding his sinewy arms across his wide chest. Most of the men had risen too; there might be eighteen or twenty in all. Every eye was fixed on him, and many a hand was on a deadly weapon.

"Scum of the earth!" burst forth Jasper, with a voice like a roll of thunder. . . . "Ossal, that you are! to me you owed drink, and meat, and good fellowship. I gave you mirth, and I gave you Law; and in return ye laid a plot

amongst you to get rid of me;—how, ye white-livered scoundrels? Oho! not by those fists, and knives, and bludgeons. All your pigeon breasts clubbed together had not manhood for that.”

“Expel me!” said Jasper, who in the meanwhile, swaying to and fro his brawny bulk, had cleared the space round him, and stood resting his hands on the heavy arm-chair from which he had risen.

A hostile and simultaneous movement of the group brought four or five of the foremost on him. Up rose the chair on which Jasper had leaned—up it rose in his right hand, and two of the assailants fell as falls an ox to the butcher’s blow. With his left hand he wrenched a knife from a third of the foes, and thus armed with blade and buckler, he sprang on the table, towering over all. Before him was the man with the revolver, a genteeler outlaw than the rest—ticket-of-leave man, who had been transported for forgery. “Shall I shoot him?” whispered this knave to Cutts. Cutts drew back the hesitating arm. “No; the noise! bludgeons safer.” Pounce, as Cutts whispered—pounce as a hawk on its quarry, darted Jasper’s swoop, on the Forger, and the next moment, flinging the chair in the faces of those who were now swarming up the table, Jasper was armed with the revolver, which he had clutched from its startled owner, and its six barrels threatened death, right and left, beside and before and around him, as he turned from face to face. Instantly there fell a hush—instantly the assault paused. Every one felt that there no faltering would make the hand tremble or the ball swerve. Wherever Jasper turned the foes recoiled. He laughed with audacious mockery as he surveyed the recreants.

“Down with your arms, each of you—down that knife, down that bludgeon. That’s well. Down yours—there;

yours—yours. What, all down! Pile them here on the table at my feet. Dogs, what do ye fear?—death? The first who refuses dies.”

Mute and servile as a repentant Legion to a Cæsar's order, the knaves piled their weapons.

“Unbar the door, you two. You, orator Cutts, go in front; light a candle—open the street-door. So—so—so. Who will treat me with a parting cup—to your healths? Thank you, sir. Fall back there; stand back—along the wall—each of you. Line my way. Ho, ho!—*you* harm me—*you* daunt me—you—you! Stop—I have a resolution to propose. Hear it, and cheer. ‘That this meeting rescinds the resolution for the expulsion of General Jasper, and entreats him humbly to remain, the pride and ornament of the club!’ Those who are for that resolution, hold up their hands—as many as are against it, theirs. Carried unanimously. Gentlemen, I thank you—proudest day of my life—but I'll see you hanged first; and till that sight diverts me,—gentlemen, your health.”

Descending from his eminence, he passed slowly down the room unscathed, unmenaced, and, with a low mocking bow at the threshold, strode along the passage to the street-door. There, seeing Cutts with the light in his hand, he uncocked the pistol, striking off the caps, and giving it to his quondam associate, said—“Return that to its owner, with my compliments.” . . . “A wonderful fellow, indeed!” muttered Cutts, as his eye followed the receding form of the triumphant bravo. “All London might look to itself, if he had more solid brains, and less liquid fire in them.”—*What will He do with It?* ii. 285.

XXXIII.—ST. STEPHEN'S.

Oratory.

Twin-born with Freedom, then with her took breath
 That Art whose dying will be Freedom's death.
 From Thought's fierce clash, in lightning broke the word ;
 Ungagg'd at last the Isle's strong Man was heard :
 Still in their sheaths the direful swords repose ;
 Voice may yet warn : The ORATOR arose !

—*St. Stephen's*, 143.

Bolingbroke.

What voice now swells from Anne's Augustan days ?
 What form of beauty glows upon the gaze ?
 Bright as the Greek to whom all toil was ease,
 Flash'd forth the English Alcibiades.
 He for whom Swift had not one cynic sneer,
 Whom hardiest Walpole honour'd with his fear,
 Whose lost harangues a Pitt could more deplore
 Than all the gaps in Greek and Roman lore,
 Appalling, charming, haunting ST. JOHN shone,
 And stirr'd that age as Byron thrill'd our own.

—*St. Stephen's*, 149.

Swift.

Note through the levée with a careless stride,
 Parting the throng as some tough keel the tide.

With soldier bearing, yet in priestly guise,
 With black brows knitted over azure eyes,
 With lips that kindle from the gravest there,
 The boisterous laughter which they scorn to share,
 The stern, sad man who made the world so gay,
 SWIFT comes—half-Rousseau and half-Rabelais.

—*St. Stephen's*, 150.

Chatham.

Pass by the lesser, not inglorious host ;
 Awed, they shrink back ; arise, majestic ghost !
 Lo, the great Arts' unrivall'd master one,
 The mightier Father of the mighty Son
 Like hero myths before the Homeric time,
 Looms the vast form—if vague, the more sublime ;
 That pomp of speech but such memorial leaves,
 As the gone storm with which the wave still heaves ;
 Or as, on hills remote, the cloudy wreath,
 Flush'd with the giant sun that sank beneath.

Our fathers tell us what their fathers told,
 How from those lips the glorious cataract roll'd ;
 And while its scorn all barrier swept away,
 Each wave the roughest still flash'd back the day.

Was it a fault, if cowering Senates shook,
 Thrill'd by a whisper, spellbound by a look ?
 Or could the gesture dazzle and control,
 Save as it launch'd some lightning of the soul ?
 Others take force from judgment, fancy, thought,
 CHATHAM from passion ; for its voice he sought,
 Sounds rolling large as waves of stormy song,
 By pride made stately, but by anger strong ;

To colder lips he left the words that teach ;
 He awed and crush'd—the Æschylus of speech.

—*St. Stephen's*, 155.

Fox.

Men live who tell us what no books can teach,
 How spoke the speaker—what his style of speech.
 Our Fox's voice roll'd no melodious stream—
 It rose in splutter, and went off in scream.
 Yet could it vary in appropriate place,
 From the sharp alto to the rumbling bass.
 Such sudden changes when you'd least expect,
 Secured to dissonance a stage effect,
 Striking you most when into talk-like ease
 Slid the wild gamut down the cracking keys.

—*St. Stephen's*, 161.

Pitt's Oratory.

If read the orations, and forgot the age,
 Words that breathed fire are ashes on the page.
 Oh to have heard them in the breathless hall,
 When Europe paled before the maddening Gaul ;
 When marts resounded with the trumpet's blare,
 Fleets on the deep and banners in the air ;
 Then did the purpose (lost in calmer days)
 Inspire with patriot life the purple phrase,
 And under that stiff toga of the dead
 Was heard the ringing of the Roman tread.

—*St. Stephen's*, 165.

Melbourne's Sensibility.

Tears came with ease to those ingenuous eyes—
 A verse, if noble, bade them nobly rise. . .

Hear him discourse, you'd think he scarcely felt ;
 No heart more facile to arouse or melt ;
 High as a knight's in some Castilian lay,
 And tender as a sailor's in a play.

—*St. Stephen's*, 181.

O'Connell.

Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
 Wall'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless heaven ;
 Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
 And wave on wave flow'd into space away.
 Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
 Even to the centre of the hosts around ;
 And as I thought rose the sonorous swell,
 As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell.
 Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
 It glided, easy as a bird may glide ;
 To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
 It play'd with each wild passion as it went ;
 Now stirr'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd,
 And sobs or laughter answer'd as it will'd.

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice,
 To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice ;
 Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue
 To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view
 Under the rock-stand of Demosthenes,
 Mutable Athens heave her noisy seas.

—*St. Stephen's*, 187

Life of an M.P.

Few, who at ease their Members' speeches read,
 Guess the hard life of members who succeed ;
 Pass by the waste of youthful golden days,
 And the dread failure of the first essays—

Grant that the earlier steeps and sloughs are past,
And Fame's broad highway stretches smooth at last ;
Grant the success, and now behold the pains :
Eleven to three—Committee upon Drains !
From three to five—self-commune and a chop :
From five to dawn, a bill to pass or stop ;
Which, stopt or pass'd, leaves England much the same.
Alas for genius staked in such a game !
When as "the guerdon" in the grasp appears,
"Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears."

—*St. Stephen's*, 198.

XXXIV.—A STRANGE STORY.

Miss Brabazon.

A spinster of uncertain age, but undoubted pedigree, with small fortune but high nose, which she would pleasantly observe was a proof of her descent from Humphrey Duke of Gloucester—with whom, indeed, I have no doubt, in spite of chronology, that she very often dined.—*A Strange Story*, 13.

Anadyomene.

In that diviner epoch of man's mysterious passion, when ideas of perfection and purity, vague and fugitive before, start forth and concentrate themselves round one virgin shape—that rises out from the sea of creation, welcomed by the Hours and adorned by the Graces—how the thought that this archetype of sweetness and beauty singles himself from the millions, singles himself for her choice, ennobles and lifts up his being!—*A Strange Story*, 67.

Margrave.

Standing at the entrance of an arched trellis, that led from the hardier flowers of the lawn to a rare collection of tropical plants under a lofty glass dome (connecting, as it were, the familiar vegetation of the North with that of the remotest East), was a form that instantaneously caught and fixed my gaze. The entrance of the arcade was covered with parasite creepers, in prodigal luxuriance, of variegated

gorgeous tints,—scarlet, golden, purple; and the form, an idealised picture of man's youth fresh from the hand of Nature, stood literally in a frame of blooms.

Never have I seen human face so radiant as that young man's. There was in the aspect an indescribable something that literally dazzled. As one continued to gaze, it was with surprise; one was forced to acknowledge that in the features themselves there was no faultless regularity; nor was the young man's stature imposing—about the middle height. But the effect of the whole was not less transcendent. Large eyes, unspeakably lustrous; a most harmonious colouring; an expression of contagious animation and joyousness; and the form itself so critically fine, that the welded strength of its sinews was best shown in the lightness and grace of its movements.

He was resting one hand carelessly on the golden locks of a child that had nestled itself against his knees, looking up to his face in that silent loving wonder with which children regard something too strangely beautiful for noisy admiration.—*A Strange Story*, 98.

Body, Mind, and Soul.

And the brain now opened on my sight, with all its labyrinth of cells. I seemed to have the clue to every winding in the maze. . . And still continuing to gaze thereon, I observed three separate emanations of light; the one of a pale red hue, the second of a pale azure, the third a silvery spark.

The red light, which grew paler and paler as I looked, undulated from the brain along the arteries, the veins, the nerves. And I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of animal life?"

The azure light equally permeated the frame, crossing and

uniting with the red, but in a separate and distinct ray, exactly as, in the outer world, a ray of light crosses or unites with a ray of heat, though in itself a separate individual agency. And again I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of intellectual being, directing or influencing that of animal life; with it, yet not of it?"

But the silvery spark! What was that? Its centre seemed the brain. But I could fix it to no single organ. Nay, wherever I looked through the system, it reflected itself as a star reflects itself upon water. And I observed that while the red light was growing feebler and feebler, and the azure light was confused, irregular—now obstructed, now hurrying, now almost lost—the silvery spark was unaltered, undisturbed. So independent of all which agitated and vexed the frame, that I became strangely aware that if the heart stopped in its action, and the red light died out, if the brain were paralysed, that energetic mind smitten into idiocy, and the azure light wandering objectless as a meteor wanders over the morass,—still that silver spark would shine the same indestructible by aught that shattered its tabernacle. And I murmured to myself, "Can that starry spark speak the presence of the soul? Does the silver light shine within creatures to which no life immortal has been promised by Divine Revelation?"

Involuntarily I turned my sight towards the dead forms in the motley collection, and lo, in my trance or my vision, life returned to them all! To the elephant and the serpent; to the tiger, the vulture, the beetle, the moth; to the fish and the polypus, and to yon mockery of man in the giant ape.

I seemed to see each as it lived in its native realm of earth, or of air, or of water; and the red light played, more or less warm, through the structure of each, and the azure light, though duller of hue, seemed to shoot through the red, and

communicate to the creatures an intelligence far inferior indeed to that of man, but sufficing to conduct the current of their will, and influence the cunning of their instincts. But in none, from the elephant to the moth, from the bird in which brain was the largest to the hybrid in which life seemed to live as in plants—in none was visible the starry silver spark.—*A Strange Story*, 150.

Priceless Manuscripts.

O mind of man, can the works, on which thou wouldst found immortality below, be annulled into smoke and tinder by an inch of candle in the hand of an old woman!—*A Strange Story*, 230.

**A Child's Instinctive Idea of God.*

Has it never occurred to you, who, in denying all innate perceptions as well as ideas, have passed on to deductions from which poor Locke, humble Christian that he was, would have shrunk in dismay; has it never occurred to you as a wonderful fact, that the easiest thing in the world to teach a child is that which seems to metaphysical schoolmen the abstrusest of all problems? Read all those philosophers wrangling about a First Cause, deciding on what *are* miracles, and then again deciding that such miracles cannot be; and when one has answered another, and left in the crucible of wisdom a *caput mortuum* of ignorance, then turn your eyes, and look at the infant praying to the invisible God at his mother's knees. This idea, so miraculously abstract, of a Power that the infant has never seen, that cannot be symbolled forth and explained to him by the most erudite sage,—a Power, nevertheless, that watches over him, that hears him, that sees him, that will carry him across the grave, that will enable him to live on for ever;—this double mystery of

a Divinity and of a Soul the infant learns with the most facile readiness, at the first glimpse of his reasoning faculty. Before you can teach him a rule in addition, before you can venture to drill him into his horn-book, he leaps, with one intuitive spring of all his ideas, to the comprehension of the truths which are only incomprehensible to blundering sages! —*A Strange Story*, 249.

Prayer.

You doubt the efficacy of prayer! Pause and reflect, bold but candid inquirer into the laws of that guide you call Nature. If there were no efficacy in prayer—if prayer were as mere an illusion of superstitious phantasy as aught against which your reason now struggles—do you think that Nature herself would have made it amongst the most common and facile of all her dictates? Do you believe that if there really did not exist that tie between Man and his Maker—that link between life here and life hereafter which is found in what we call Soul, alone—that wherever you look through the universe, you would behold a child at prayer? Nature inculcates nothing that is superfluous. Nature does not impel the leviathan or the lion, the eagle or the moth, to pray; she impels only man. Why? Because man only has soul, and Soul seeks to commune with the Everlasting, as a fountain struggles up to its source.—*A Strange Story*, 250.

Royal Prerogative of Man.

Soul and Hereafter are the heritage of all men; the humblest journeyman in those streets, the pettiest trader behind those counters, have in those beliefs their prerogatives of royalty.—*A Strange Story*, 251.

Latent Powers of Nature.

For how many centuries lay unknown all the virtues of

the loadstone and the amber? It is but as yesterday that the forces of vapour have become to men genii more powerful than those conjured up by Aladdin; that light, at a touch, springs forth from invisible air; that thought finds a messenger swifter than the wings of the fabled Afrite.—*A Strange Story*, 295.

The World!

↑ This commonplace and conventional spectre, the so-called World, if it is everywhere to him whom it awes, it is nowhere to him who despises it.—*A Strange Story*, 296.

Egeria.

What a wonderful change is made within us when we come from our callings amongst men, chafed, wearied, wounded; gnawed by our cares, perplexed by the doubts of our very wisdom, stung by the adder that dwells in cities—Slander; nay, even if renowned, fatigued with the burden of the very names that we have won! What a change is made within us when suddenly we find ourselves transported into the calm solitudes of Nature;—into scenes familiar to our happy dreaming childhood; back, back from the dusty thoroughfares of our toil-worn manhood to the golden fountain of our youth! Blessed is the change, even when we have no companion beside us to whom the heart can whisper its sense of relief and joy. But if the one, in whom all our future is garnered up, be with us there, instead of that weary World which has so magically vanished away from the eye and the thought, then does the change make one of those rare epochs of life in which the charm is the stillness.—*A Strange Story*, 297.

Three Requirements of Humanity.

The heart loves repose and the soul contemplation, but the mind needs action.—*A Strange Story*, 298.

Superstition of an Arch Free-thinker.

Take the hardest and strongest intellect which the hardest and strongest race of mankind ever schooled and accomplished. See the greatest of great men, the great Julius Cæsar! Publicly he asserts in the Senate that the immortality of the soul is a vain chimera. He professes the creed which Roman voluptuaries deduced from Epicurus, and denies all Divine interference in the affairs of the earth. A great authority for the Materialists—they have none greater! They can show on their side no intellect equal to Cæsar's! and yet this magnificent freethinker, rejecting a soul and a Deity, habitually entered his chariot in muttering a charm; crawled on his knees up the steps of a temple to propitiate the abstraction called "Nemesis," and did not cross the Rubicon till he had consulted the omens. What does all this prove?—a very simple truth. . . . Man has one instinct peculiar to himself, found universally (or with alleged exceptions in savage states so rare, that they do not affect the general law)—an instinct of an invisible power without this earth, and of a life beyond the grave, which that power vouchsafes to his spirit.—*A Strange Story*, 344.

Instinctive Belief in Immortality.

Man alone, of all earthly creatures, asks, "Can the Dead die for ever?" and the instinct that urges the question is God's answer to man! No instinct is given in vain.—*A Strange Story*, 431.

The Wonders of God.

What Sage, without cause supernatural, both without and within him, can guess at the wonders he views in the growth of a blade of grass, or the tints on an insect's wing? What-

ever art Man can achieve in his progress through time, Man's reason, in time, can suffice to explain. But the wonders of God? These belong to the Infinite; and these, O Immortal! will but develop new wonder on wonder,^f though thy sight be a spirit's, and thy leisure to track and to solve, an eternity.
—*A Strange Story*, 432.

XXXV.—CAXTONIANA.

Nature's Unfailing Solace.

Nature has no voice that wounds the self-love ; her coldest wind nips no credulous affection. She alone has the same face in our age as in our youth. The friend with whom we once took sweet counsel we have left in the crowd, a stranger—perhaps a foe ! The woman in whose eyes, some twenty years ago, a paradise seemed to open in the midst of a fallen world, we passed the other day with a frigid bow. She wore rouge and false hair. But those wild flowers under the hedgerow—those sparkles in the happy waters—no friendship has gone from them !—their beauty has no simulated freshness—their smile has no fraudulent deceit.—*Caxtoniana*, 17.

Rounding the Circle of Life.

How intuitively in age we go back with strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth. If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble on crutches. The grand-sire turns wearily from his middle-aged careworn son to listen with infant laugh to the prattle of an infant grand-child. It is the old who plant young trees ; it is the old who are most saddened by the autumn and feel most delight in the returning spring.

And, in the exquisite delicacy with which hints of the invisible eternal future are conveyed to us, may not that instinctive sympathy, with which life in age rounds its com-

pleting circle towards the point at which it touches the circle of life in childhood, be a benign intimation that

“Death is nought
But the soul’s birth—and should it call?”

And may there be no meaning more profound than the obvious interpretation, in the sacred words, “Make yourselves as little children, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?”—*Castoniana*, 18.

Shakespeare’s Universality.

It is amusing to read the ingenious hypotheses framed by critics who were not themselves poets, in order to trace in Shakespeare’s writings the footprints of his bodily life. I have seen it inferred as proof positive, from the description of the samphire-gatherer, that Shakespeare must have stood on the cliffs of Dover. I have followed the inductions of an argument intended to show, from the fidelity of his colourings of Italian scenery, that Shakespeare must have travelled into Italy. His use of legal technicalities has been cited as a satisfactory evidence that he had been an attorney’s clerk; his nice perception of morbid anatomy has enrolled him among the sons of Æsculapius as a medical student; and from his general tendency to philosophical speculation it has been seriously maintained that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare at all. So fine a philosopher could not have been a vagabond stageplayer; he must have been the prince of professed philosophers—the Lord Chancellor of Nature—Baton himself, and no other! But does it not occur to such discriminating observers that Shakespeare’s knowledge is no less accurate when applied to forms of life and periods of the world into which his personal experience could not possibly have given him an insight, than it was when applied to the description of Dover Cliff,

or couched in a metaphor borrowed from the law courts? Possibly he might have seen with his own bodily eyes the samphire-gatherer hanging between earth and sky: but with his own bodily eyes ~~had he~~ seen Brutus in his tent on the fatal eve of Philippi? Possibly he might have scrawled out a deed of conveyance to John Doe; but had he any hand in Cæsar's will, or was he consulted by Mark Antony as to the forensic use to which that will could be applied in obtaining from a Roman jury a verdict against the liberties of Rome? Shakespeare is indeed the peerless prince of clairvoyants.—*Caxtoniana*, 37.

Richardson's Lovelace.

Certainly if there were any creature in the world whom a quiet, prim, respectable printer could never have come across in the flesh and the blood, it would be a daring magnificent libertine—a *roué* of fashion the most exquisitely urbane—a prodigal of wit the most riotously lavish. It was only through clairvoyance that a Richardson could have ever beheld a Lovelace. But Richardson does not only behold Lovelace, he analyses and dissects him—minutes every impulse in that lawless heart, unravels every web in that wily brain.—*Caxtoniana*, 39.

Aspire.

Aim at the highest, and at least you soar.—*Caxtoniana*, 56.

The Secret of Youth.

The mind which retains to the last youth's quick susceptibility to disgrace and to glory, retains to the last the power to resume the shape that it wore in youth. Cynicism is old at twenty. Impudence has no elasticity. If you care no more than the grasshopper for the favour of gods and the reverence of men, your heart has the age of Tithonus

though your cheek have the bloom of Achilles. But if, even alone in your room or a desert, you could still blush or turn pale at the thought of a stain on your honour—if your crest still could rise, your ~~pulse~~ quicken, at the flash of some noble thought or brave deed—then you have the heart of Achilles, though at the age of Tithonus. There is a certain august shamefacedness—the Romans call it PUDOR—which, under hairs white as snow, preserves the aspect of youth to all personations of honour, of valour, of genius.—*Caxtoniana*, 59.

Debt.

Nurse, cherish, never cavil away, the wholesome horror of Debt. Personal liberty is the paramount essential to human dignity and human happiness. Man hazards the condition, and loses the virtues, of freeman, in proportion as he accustoms his thoughts to view, without anguish and shame, his lapse into the bondage of debtor. Debt is to man what the serpent is to the bird; its eye fascinates, its breath poisons, its coil crushes sinew and bone, its jaw is the pitiless grave.—*Caxtoniana*, 61.

The Doom of Adam.

Nothing in life worth an effort is easy. Do you expect to know the first six books of Euclid by inspiration? Could you get over that problem in the first book, popularly called the Ass's Bridge, without a sigh of fatigue? Can you look back to the rudimentary agonies of the Multiplication Table and the Rule of Three, or *As in presenti*, or even *Propria quæ maribus*, without a lively reminiscence of the moment in which you fairly gave in, and said, "This is too much for human powers"? Even in things the pleasantest, if we wish to succeed we must toil. We are all Adam's children. Whatever we culture on earth, till we win back

our way into Eden, we must earn by the sweat of our brow or the sweat of our brain. Not even the Sybarite was at ease on his rosebed—even for him some labour was needful. No hand save his ~~own~~ could uncrumple the rose-leaf that chafed him. Each object under the sun reflects a difficulty on the earth.—*Caxtoniana*, 62.

Jeremy Taylor.

In Jeremy Taylor, for instance, we are dazzled by the opulent splendour of diction with which the preacher comes in state to our souls. High priest of eloquence, to his sacred tiara the many royalties of genius contribute the richest gems of their crowns. But no teacher of style would recommend as a safe model to his pupil the style of Jeremy Taylor.—*Caxtoniana*, 81.

Sterne.

I know not if any of his contemporaries, mighty prose writers though they were, had, on the whole, so subtle and fine a perception of the various capacities of our language as the author of "Tristram Shandy." With what finger—how light and how strong—he flies over the keys of the instrument! What delicate elegance he can extract from words the most colloquial and vulgate; and again, with some word unfamiliar and strange, how abruptly he strikes on the universal chords of laughter. He can play with the massive weights of our language as a juggler plays with his airy balls. In an age when other grand writers were squaring their periods by rule and compass, he flings forth his jocund sentences loose and at random; now up towards the stars, now down into puddles; yet how they shine where they soar, and how lightly rebound when they fall! But I should have small respect for the critic who advised the youthful author to emulate the style of Sterne.—*Caxtoniana*, 81.

Addison.

No praise of Addison's style can exaggerate its merits. Its art is perfectly marvellous. ~~No~~ change of time can render the workmanship obsolete. His style has that nameless urbanity in which we recognise the perfection of manner—courteous, but not courtierlike; so dignified, yet so kindly; so easy, yet so highbred. Its form of English is fixed—a safe and eternal model, of which all imitation pleases—to which all approach is scholarship—like the Latin of the Augustan age.—*Cartoniana*, 82.

School for Men.

Whether I be the grandest genius on earth in a single thing, and that single thing earthy—or the poor peasant who, behind his plough, whistles for want of thought,—I strongly suspect it will be all one when I pass to the Competitive Examination—yonder! On the other side of the grave a Raffaele's occupation may be gone as well as a ploughman's. This world is a school for the education not of a faculty, but of a man.—*Cartoniana*, 103.

One Great Book a Year.

It is a great preservative to a high standard in taste and achievement, to take every year some one great book as an especial study, not only to be read, but to be conned, studied, brooded over; to go into the country with it, travel with it, be devotedly faithful to it, be without any other book for the time; compel yourself thus to read it again and again. Who can be dull enough to pass long days in the intimate, close, familiar, intercourse with some transcendent mind and not feel the benefit of it when he returns to the common world?—*Cartoniana*, 108.

Here and Hereafter.

In an art to which I have devoted more than thirty years' practice and study, I find that I cannot in any way adequately accomplish my own conception; that the typical idea within me is always far, infinitely far, beyond my power to give it on the page the exact image which it wore in space; that I catch from the visible light but a miserable daguerreotype of the form of which I desire the truthful picture—a caricature that gives indeed features, and lines, and wrinkles, but not the bloom, not the expression, not the soul of the idea which the love in my own heart renders lovely to me;—musing over this wondrous copiousness of thought which escapes from me, scattering into spray as a cataract yields but drops to the hand that would seize it amidst its splashes and fall, I say to myself, “Herein I recognise that necessity for another life and other conditions of being, amid which alone thought can be freed and developed. It is in the incapacity and struggle, more than in any feat or victory, of my intellect, that I feel my thought itself is a problem only to be solved in a hereafter. At present, the more I labour to complete such powers as are vouchsafed to me, the more visible to myself is my own incompleteness. And it is the sense of that incompleteness which, increasing on me in proportion as I labour for completeness, assures me, in an ulterior destination, of a wider scope and less restricted powers. As the eyes and the ears to the Unborn, are those attributes of the human Mind on this earth which for this earth are not needed—on this earth have no range, no completion. And to Man we may say, as to the Unborn, “WAIT! Nothing is given to you in vain. Nature is no spendthrift; she invents nothing for which no use is designed. These superfluous accessories to your being now, are the essential provisions for your felicity and development in a state of being to come.”

For Man, every present contains a future. I say not with Descartes, "I think, therefore I am," but rather, "I am, therefore I think; I think, and therefore I shall be."—*Caxtoniana*, 132.

Confidences of the Essayist.

For years—which should have given some compensations in experience for all that they have borne away from me in hope—I am and have been a student of life and of books; and that which in such study has become part and parcel of my mind, be it old, be it new, be it a truth or a fallacy, I gossip forth in these Essays. I have known the public so long that I cannot but regard it as a friend. Alas! how few friendships are left to me half as long, half as intimate, as that which I claim with thyself, O my Reader! As I talk to those I know best, so I write here. I affect not to dictate; my desire is to suggest.—*Caxtoniana*, 149.

Faith.

Strike from Mankind the Principle of Faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.—*Caxtoniana*, 186.

Conciliation.

The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.—*Caxtoniana*, 192.

Beautiful Renowns.

What English gentleman would not rejoice to bequeath a name like that of Sir Philip Sydney? what French cavalier like that of Bayard? what cosmopolitan philanthropist

like that of Howard? what republican patriot like that of Washington? what holy priest like that of Carlo Borromeo? But in all these serene and beautiful renowns the intellectual attributes, ~~though~~ not inconsiderable, are slight in comparison with the moral. The admiring genius of others, however, invests them with the intellectual glory which genius alone can bestow. They are of those whom poets do not imitate, but whom poets exalt and sanctify.—*Caxtoniana*, 332.

Bees and Butterflies.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.—*Caxtoniana*, 425.

XXXVI. — POEMS.

The First Violets.

Brief-lived first flowers—first love ! The hours steal on
To prank the world in summer's pomp of hue,
But what can flaunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you ?

Off by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book
We mark the lines that charm us most ;—Retrace
Thy life ;—recall its loveliest passage ;—Look,
Dead violets keep the place !
—*Poems*, 39.

Proof of Man's Immortality.

Rise, then, my soul, take comfort from thy sorrow ;
Thou feel'st thy treasure when thou feel'st thy load ;
Life without thought, the day without the morrow,
God on the brute bestow'd ;

Longings obscure as for a native clime,
Flight from what is to live in what may be,
God gave the Soul.—Thy discontent with Time
Proves thine eternity.
—*Poems*, 46.

Love and Death.

O Strong as the eagle,
O mild as the dove,

How like and how unlike
O Death and O Love!

And therefore in wailing
We enter on life;
And therefore in smiling
Depart from its strife.

Thus Love is best known
By the tears it has shed;
And Death's surest sign
Is the smile of the dead.

—*Poems*, 57.

The Desire of Fame.

I do confess that I have wish'd to give
My land the gift of no ignoble name,
And in that holier air have sought to live,
Sunn'd with the hope of Fame.

Do I lament that roseate youth has flown
In the hard labour grudged its niggard meed,
And cull from far and juster lands alone
Few flowers from many a seed?

No! for whoever with an earnest soul
Strives for some end from this low world afar,
Still upward travels, though he miss the goal,
And strays—but towards a star.

Better than fame is still the wish for fame,
The constant training for a glorious strife:
The athlete nurtured for the Olympian Game
Gains strength at least for life.

—*Poems*, 113

The Harrow and the Harvest.

Can earth, where the harrow is driven,
 The sheaf in the furrow foresee,—
 Or thou guess the harvest of heaven
 Where iron has enter'd in thee ?

—*Poems*, 127.*Love and Fame.*

It was the May when I was born,
 Soft moonlight through the casement stream'd,
 And still, as it were yesternorn,
 I dream the dream I dream'd.
 I saw two forms from fairy land,
 Along the moonbeam gently glide,
 Until they halted, hand in hand,
 My infant couch beside.

With smiles, the cradle bending o'er,
 I heard their whisper'd voices breathe—
 The one a crown of diamond wore,
 The one a myrtle wreath ;
 "Twin brothers from the better clime,
 A poet's spell hath lured to thee ;
 Say, which shall, in the coming time,
 Thy chosen fairy be ?"

I stretch'd my hand, as if my grasp
 Could snatch the toy from either brow ;
 And found a leaf within my clasp,
 One leaf—as fragrant now !
 If both in life may not be won,
 Be mine, at least, the gentler brother—
 "For he whose life deserves the one,
 In death may gain the other.

—*Poems*, 131.

Love—the Remembrance of Paradise.

Is not Love,
 Of all those memories which to parent skies
 Mount struggling back—(as to their source above,
 In upward showers, imprison'd founts arise;)
 Oh, is not Love the strongest and the clearest?
 Love, and thine eyes instinctive seek the Heaven;
 Love, and a hymn from every star thou hearest;
 Love, and a world beyond the sense is given;
 Love, and how many a glorious sleeping power
 Wakes in thy breast and lifts thyself from thee;
 Love, and, till then so wedded to the Hour,
 Thy thoughts go forth and ask Eternity!

Lose what thou lovest, and the life of old
 Is from thine eyes, O soul, no more conceal'd;
 Look beyond Death, and through thy tears behold
 There, where Love goes—thine ancient home reveal'd.

—*Poems*, 186.

The Midnight Lamp.

Hot and lurid on the student's sight
 Flares the still ray which, like himself, consumes
 Its life in gilding darkness.

—*Poems*, 199.

Self-Sacrifice.

Blame we or laud the cause, all human life
 Is grander by one grand self-sacrifice;
 While earth disputes if righteous be the strife,
 The martyr soars beyond it to the skies.

—*Poems*, 200.

Home.

One home there is, from which, howe'er we stray,
 True as a star, the smile pursues our way;

The home of thoughtful childhood's mystic tears,
 Of earliest Sabbath bells on sinless ears,
 Of noonday dreamings under summer trees,
 And prayers first murmur'd at a mother's knees.
 Ah! happy he, whose later home as man
 Is made where Love first spoke, and Hope began,
 Where haunted floors dear footsteps back can give,
 And in our Lares all our fathers live.

—*Poems*, 211.

The Span of an Instant.

Between two moments in the life of man
 An airy bridge divided worlds may span;
 Fine as the hair which sways beneath a soul
 By Azrael summon'd to the spectre goal,
 It springs abrupt from that sharp point in time
 Where, soft behind us in its orient clime,
 Lies the lost garden-land of young Romance:
 Beyond, with cloud upon the cold expanse,
 Looms rugged Duty;—and betwixt them swell
 Abysmal deeps, in which to fall were hell.
 O thou, who tread'st along that trembling line,
 The steadfast step, the onward gaze be thine!
 Dread Memory most!—the light thou leav'st would blind,
 Thy foot betrays thee if thou look behind!

—*Poems*, 227.

Seasons of the Soul.

How fair to sinless Adam Eden smiled;
 But sin brought tears, and Eden was a wild!
 Man's soul is as an everlasting dream,
 Glassing life's fictions on a phantom stream:
 To-day, in glory all the world is clad—
 Wherefore, O Man?—because thy heart is glad.

To-morrow, and the self-same scene survey—
The same! Oh no—the pomp hath pass'd away!
 Wherefore the change? *Within*, go, ask reply—
 Thy heart hath given its winter to the sky!
 Vainly the world revolves upon its pole;—
 Light—Darkness—Seasons—these are in the soul!

—*Poems*, 240.

André Chénier.

The shrine that longest guards a Name
 Is of an early tomb;
 The Poem most secure of fame
 Is—some wronged poet's doom!

—*Poems*, 327.

Liberty.

O thou blood-stain'd Ideal of the free,
 Whose breath is heard in clarions—Liberty!
 Sublimier for thy grand illusions past,
 Thou spring'st to Heaven—Religion at the last,
 Alike below, or commonwealths, or thrones,
 Where'er men gather some crush'd victim groans;
 Only in death thy real form we see,
 All life is bondage—souls alone are free.
 Thus through the waste the wandering Hebrews went,
 Fire on the march, but cloud upon the tent.
 At last on Pisgah see the prophet stand,
 Before his vision spreads the PROMISED LAND;
 But where reveal'd the Canaan to his eye?—
 Upon the mountain he ascends to die.

—*Poems*, 375.

XXXVII.—THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS.

Love.

Love, we are told, comes like the wind from heaven,
Not at our bidding, but its own free will.

—*Lost Tales of Miletus*, 224.

Reason's Alternative.

Where reason ends,
Men have no choice between the Gods and Chaos.

—*Lost Tales of Miletus*, 226.

Kings.

Kings are not merely men—
Epochs their lives, their actions the world's story.

—*Lost Tales of Miletus*, 235.

Sisyphus.

They gave me work for torture ; work is joy.
Slaves work in chains, and to the clank they sing.

—*Lost Tales of Miletus*, 262.

No Solitude in Youth.

The young are never lonely ;
Solitude's self to them is a boon comrade.

—*Lost Tales of Miletus*, 310.

Grandchildren.

Toys to the greybeard are his children's children ;
They are to age, my son, as hopes to youth.

—*Lost Tales of Miletus*, 311.

XXXVIII.—THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

The Sea.

She is not cruel if her breast swell high
 Against the winds that thwart her loving aim
 To link, by every raft whose course she speeds,
 Man's common brotherhood from pole to pole ;
 Grant she hath danger—danger schools the brave,
 And bravery leaves all cruel things to cowards.
 Grant that she harden us to fear,—the hearts
 Most proof to fear are easiest moved to love,
 As on the oak whose roots defy the storm,
 All the leaves tremble when the south wind stirs.

—*The Rightful Heir*, i. ii.

Tropical Landscape.

A land where feathering palm-trees shade
 To delicate twilight, suns benign as those
 Whose dawning gilded Eden ;—Nature there,
 Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
 Flings her whole treasure on the lap of Time.
 There, steeped in roseate hues, the lakelike sea
 Heaves to an air whose breathing is ambrosia ;
 And, all the while, bright-winged and warbling birds,
 Like happy souls released, melodious float
 Thro' blissful light, and teach the ravished earth
 How joy finds voice in Heaven.

—*The Rightful Heir*, i. ii.

XXXIX.—WALPOLE.

Buying and Selling.

Wal. You are not to be bought, sir—astonishing man !
Let us argue that point. If creation you scan,
You will find that the children of Adam prevail
O'er the beasts of the field but by barter and sale.
Talk of coals—if it were not for buying and selling,
Could you coax from Newcastle a coal to your dwelling ?
You would be to your own fellow-men good for nought,
Were it true, as you say, that you're not to be bought.
If you find men worth nothing—say, don't you despise
them ?
And what proves them worth nothing ?—why, nobody
buys them.
But a man of such worth as yourself ! nonsense—come,
Sir, to business ; I want you—I buy you ; the sum ?
—*Walpole*, II. ii.

XL.—THE COMING RACE.

First Scare as to the Under-World.

I was invited by a professional engineer, with whom I had made acquaintance, to visit the recesses of the — mine, upon which he was employed. . . . In piercing this shaft we came one day upon a chasm jagged and seemingly charred at the sides, as if burst asunder at some distant period by volcanic fires. Down this chasm my friend caused himself to be lowered in a 'cage,' having first tested the atmosphere by the safety-lamp. He remained nearly an hour in the abyss. When he returned he was very pale, and with an anxious, thoughtful expression of face, very different from its ordinary character, which was open, cheerful, and fearless. . . .

All the rest of that day the engineer seemed pre-occupied by some absorbing thought. He was unusually taciturn, and there was a scared, bewildered look in his eyes, as that of a man who has seen a ghost.—*The Coming Race*, 8.

Descent into the Abyss.

As the cage held only one at a time, the engineer descended first; and when he had gained the ledge at which he had before halted, the cage re-rose for me. I soon gained his side. We had provided ourselves with a strong coil of rope. . . . Quitting the cage, we descended, one after the other, easily enough owing to the juts in the side, till we

reached the place at which my friend had previously halted, and which was a projection just spacious enough to allow us to stand abreast. From this spot the chasm widened rapidly like the lower end of a vast funnel, and I saw distinctly the valley, the road, the lamps which my companion had described. He had exaggerated nothing. I heard the sounds he had heard—a mingled indescribable hum as of voices and a dull tramp as of feet. . . . We now proceeded to attach the end of the rope we had brought with us to the ledge on which we stood, by the aid of clamps and grappling-hooks, with which, as well as with necessary tools, we were provided.

We were almost silent in our work. We toiled like men afraid to speak to each other. One end of the rope being thus apparently made firm to the ledge, the other, to which we fastened a fragment of the rock, rested on the ground below, a distance of some fifty feet. I was a younger and a more active man than my companion, and having served on board ship in my boyhood, this mode of transit was more familiar to me than to him. In a whisper I claimed the precedence, so that when I gained the ground I might serve to hold the rope more steady for his descent. I got safely to the ground beneath, and the engineer now began to lower himself. But he had scarcely accomplished ten feet of the descent, when the fastenings, which we had fancied so secure, gave way, or rather the rock itself proved treacherous and crumbled beneath the strain; and the unhappy man was precipitated to the bottom, falling just at my feet, and bringing down with his fall splinters of the rock, one of which, fortunately but a small one, struck and for the time stunned me. When I recovered my senses I saw my companion an inanimate mass beside me, life utterly extinct. While I was bending over his corpse in grief and horror, I heard close at hand a strange sound between a snort and

a hiss ; and turning instinctively to the quarter from which it came, I saw emerging from a dark fissure in the rock a vast and terrible head, with open jaws and dull, ghastly, hungry eyes—the head of a monstrous reptile resembling that of the crocodile or alligator, but infinitely larger than the largest creature of that kind I had ever beheld in my travels. I started to my feet and fled down the valley at my utmost speed. I stopped at last, ashamed of my panic and my flight, and returned to the spot on which I had left the body of my friend. It was gone ; doubtless the monster had already drawn it into his den and devoured it. The rope and the grappling-hooks still lay where they had fallen, but they afforded me no chance of return : it was impossible to re-attach them to the rock above, and the sides of the rock were too sheer and smooth for human steps to clamber. I was alone in this strange world, amidst the bowels of the earth.—*The Coming Race*, 12.

A Subterranean Landscape.

Slowly and cautiously I went my solitary way down the lamplit road. It seemed like a great Alpine pass. . . . Deep below to the left lay a vast valley, which presented to my astonished eye the unmistakable evidences of art and culture. There were fields covered with a strange vegetation, similar to none I have seen above the earth ; the colour of it not green, but rather of a dull leaden hue or of a golden red.

There were lakes and rivulets which seemed to have been curved into artificial banks ; some of pure water, others that shone like pools of naphtha. At my right hand, ravines and defiles opened amidst the rocks, with passes between, evidently constructed by art, and bordered by trees resembling, for the most part, gigantic ferns, with exquisite varieties of feathery foliage, and stems like those of the

palm-tree. Others were more like the cane-plant, but taller, bearing large clusters of flowers. Others, again, had the form of enormous fungi, with short thick stems supporting a wide dome-like roof, from which either rose or drooped long slender branches. The whole scene behind, before, and beside me, far as the eye could reach, was brilliant with innumerable lamps. The world without a sun was bright and warm as an Italian landscape at noon, but the air less oppressive, the heat softer.—*The Coming Race*, 16.

The Vril-ya.

There came out of this building a form—human ;—was it human? It stood on the broad way and looked around, beheld me and approached. It came within a few yards of me, and at the sight and presence of it an indescribable awe and tremor seized me, rooting my feet to the ground. It reminded me of symbolical images of Genius or Demon that are seen on Etruscan vases or limned on the walls of Eastern sepulchres—images that borrow the outlines of man, and are yet of another race. It was tall, not gigantic, but tall as the tallest men below the height of giants. . . . But the face! it was that which inspired my awe and my terror. It was the face of man, but yet of a type of man distinct from our known extant races. The nearest approach to it in outline and expression is the face of the sculptured sphinx—so regular in its calm, intellectual, mysterious beauty. Its colour was peculiar, more like that of the red man than any other variety of our species, and yet different from it—a richer and a softer hue, with large black eyes, deep and brilliant, and brows arched as a semicircle. The face was beardless ; but a nameless something in the aspect, tranquil though the expression, and beautiful though the features, aroused that instinct of danger which the sight of a tiger or

serpent arouses. I felt that this manlike image was endowed with forces inimical to man. As it drew near, a cold shudder came over me. I fell on my knees and covered my face with my hands.—*The Coming Race*, 20.

Automaton Servants or Messengers.

A figure, in a simpler garb than that of my guide, but of similar fashion, was standing motionless near the threshold. My guide touched it twice with his staff, and it put itself into a rapid and gliding movement, skimming noiselessly over the floor. Gazing on it, I then saw that it was no living form, but a mechanical automaton.—*The Coming Race*, 22.

Ærial Dance of the Vril-ya.

We were on the uppermost story of one of the angular pyramids; the view beyond was of a wild and solemn beauty impossible to describe. . . . Suddenly there arose, as from the streets below, a burst of joyous music; then a winged form soared into the space; another, as in chase of the first, another and another; others after others, till the crowd grew thick and the number countless. But how describe the fantastic grace of these forms in their undulating movements! They appeared engaged in some sport or amusement; now forming into opposite squadrons; now scattering; now each group threading the other, soaring, descending, interweaving, severing; all in measured time to the music below, as if in the dance of the fabled Peri.—*The Coming Race*, 32.

A Proverb from the Nether-World.

They have a proverb, the pithiness of which is much lost in this paraphrase, "No happiness without order, no order without authority, no authority without unity."—*The Coming Race*, 59.

Religion of the Vril-ya.

This people have a religion, and, whatever may be said against it, at least it has these strange peculiarities: firstly, that they all believe in the creed they profess; secondly, that they all practise the precepts which the creed inculcates.—*The Coming Race*, 83.

Past and Future of the Vril-ya.

“There is,” said Zee, “among our ancient books a legend, once popularly believed, that we were driven from a region that seems to denote the world you come from, in order to perfect our condition and attain to the purest elimination of our species by the severity of the struggles our forefathers underwent; and that, when our education shall become finally completed, we are destined to return to the upper world, and supplant all the inferior races now existing therein.”—*The Coming Race*, 106.

The Koom-Posh.

“The most powerful,” said Aph-Lin, “of all the races in our world, beyond the pale of the Vril-ya, esteems itself the best governed of all political societies, and to have reached in that respect the extreme end at which political wisdom can arrive, so that the other nations should tend more or less to copy it. It has established, on its broadest base, the Koom-Posh—viz., the government of the ignorant upon the principle of being the most numerous. It has placed the supreme bliss in the vying with each other in all things, so that the evil passions are never in repose—vying for power, for wealth, for eminence of some kind; and in this rivalry it is horrible to hear the vituperation, the slanders, and calumnies which even the best and mildest among them heap on each other without remorse or shame.

“Some years ago I visited this people, and their misery and degradation were the more appalling because they were always boasting of their felicity and grandeur as compared with the rest of their species.”—*The Coming Race*, 109.

The Young Gy—Zee.

This young Gy was a magnificent specimen of the muscular force to which the females of her country attain. Her features were beautiful, like those of all her race: never in the upper world have I seen a face so grand and so faultless, but her devotion to the severer studies had given to her countenance an expression of abstract thought which rendered it somewhat stern when in repose; and such sternness became formidable when observed in connection with her ample shoulders and lofty stature. She was tall even for a Gy, and I saw her lift up a cannon as easily as I could lift a pocket-pistol. Zee inspired me with a profound terror—a terror which increased when we came into a department of the museum appropriated to models of contrivances worked by the agency of vril: for here, merely by a certain play of her vril staff, she herself standing at a distance, she put into movement large and weighty substances. She seemed to endow them with intelligence, and to make them comprehend and obey her command.—*The Coming Race*, 114.

Vril's Influence upon Matter.

When you talk of matter as something in itself inert and motionless, your parents or tutors surely cannot have left you so ignorant as not to know that no form of matter is motionless and inert: every particle is constantly in motion and constantly acted upon by agencies, of which heat is the most apparent and rapid, but vril the most subtle, and,

when skilfully wielded, the most powerful.—*The Coming Race*, 116.

Difficulty of arguing with a Gy.

Every sensible man knows that it is useless to argue with any ordinary female upon matters he comprehends; but to argue with a Gy seven feet high upon the mysteries of vril,—as well argue in a desert, and with a simoom!—*The Coming Race*, 118.

The All-Good.

Formerly there was a vast deal written respecting the attributes and essence of the All-Good, and the arguments for and against a future state; but now we all recognise two facts, that there *is* a Divine Being, and there *is* a future state, and we all equally agree that if we wrote our fingers to the bone, we could not throw any light upon the nature and conditions of that future state, or quicken our apprehensions of the attributes and essence of that Divine Being.—*The Coming Race*, 134.

Wings worn by the Vrilya.

The wings are very large, reaching to the knee, and in repose thrown back so as to form a very graceful mantle. They are composed from the feathers of a gigantic bird that abounds in the rocky heights of the country—the colour mostly white, but sometimes with reddish streaks. They are fastened round the shoulders with light but strong springs of steel; and, when expanded, the arms slide through loops for that purpose, forming, as it were, a stout central membrane. As the arms are raised, a tubular lining beneath the vest or tunic becomes, by mechanical contrivance, inflated with air, increased or diminished at will by the movement of the arms, and serving to buoy the whole form as on bladders. The wings and the balloon-like apparatus are

highly charged with vril; and when the body is thus wafted upwards, it seems to become singularly lightened of its weight. I found it easy enough to soar from the ground. —*The Coming Race*, 163.

Departure from the Under-World.

“We do not part,” said Zee, “until thou sayest, ‘Go, for I need thee no more.’”

My heart smote me with remorse at these words. “Ah!” I exclaimed, “would that thou wert of my race or I of thine, then I should never say, ‘I need thee no more.’”

“I bless thee for those words, and I shall remember them when thou art gone,” answered the Gy tenderly.

During this brief interchange of words, Zee had turned away from me, her form bent and her head bowed over her breast. Now, she rose to the full height of her grand stature, and stood fronting me. While she had been thus averted from my gaze, she had lighted up the circlet that she wore round her brow, so that it blazed as if it were a crown of stars. Not only her face and her form, but the atmosphere around, were illuminated by the effulgence of the diadem.

“Now,” said she, “put thine arms around me for the first and last time. Nay, thus; courage, and cling firm.”

As she spoke her form dilated, the vast wings expanded. Clinging to her, I was borne aloft through the terrible chasm. The starry light from her forehead shot around and before us through the darkness. Brightly, and steadfastly, and swiftly as an angel may soar heavenward with the soul it rescues from the grave, went the flight of the Gy, till I heard in the distance the hum of human voices, the sounds of human toil. We halted on the flooring of one of the galleries of the mine, and beyond, in the vista, burned the

dim, rare, feeble lamps of the miners. Then I released my hold. The Gy kissed me on my forehead passionately, but as with a mother's passion, and said, as the tears gushed from her eyes, "Fareyvell for ever." . . . Her voice ceased. I heard the swan-like sough of her wings, and saw the rays of her starry diadem receding far and farther through the gloom.

I sate myself down for some time, musing sorrowfully; then I rose and took my way with slow footsteps towards the place in which I heard the sounds of men. The miners I encountered were strange to me, of another nation than my own. They turned to look at me with some surprise, but finding that I could not answer their brief questions in their own language, they returned to their work and suffered me to pass on unmolested. In fine, I regained the mouth of the mine, little troubled by other interrogatories.—*The Coming Race*, 245.

XLI.—KENELM CHILLINGLY.

Collision of Intellects.

How full soever of sparks a flint may be, they might lurk concealed in the flint till doomsday, if the flint were not hit by the steel.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 7.

A Startling Child.

During the earlier years of childhood he spoke as little as if he had been prematurely trained in the school of Pythagoras. But he evidently spoke the less in order to reflect the more. He observed closely and pondered deeply over what he observed. At the age of eight he began to converse more freely, and it was in that year that he startled his mother with the question—"Mamma, are you not sometimes overpowered by the sense of your own identity?"—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 19.

A Muscular Christian.

Sir Peter found the Parson in his study, which exhibited tastes other than clerical. Over the chimney-piece were ranged fencing-foils; boxing-gloves, and staves for the athletic exercise of single-stick; cricket-bats and fishing-rods filled up the angles. There were sundry prints on the walls: one of Mr. Wordsworth, flanked by two of distinguished race-horses; one of a Liecestershire short-horn, with which the Parson, who farmed his own glebe and bred cattle in its

rich pastures, had won a prize at the county show ; and on either side of that animal were the portraits of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor. There were dwarf bookcases containing miscellaneous works very handsomely bound. At the open window, a stand of flower-pots, the flowers in full bloom. The Parson's flowers were famous.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 20.

A Gentleman's Idea of Fighting.

The natural desire of man in his attribute of fighting animal (an attribute in which, I believe, he excels all other animated beings, except a quail and a gamecock), is to beat his adversary. But the natural desire of that culmination of man which we call gentleman, is to beat his adversary fairly. A gentleman would rather be beaten fairly than beat unfairly.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 24.

Irony.

Irony is to the high-bred what Billingsgate is to the vulgar ; and when one gentleman thinks another gentleman an ass, he does not say it point-blank—he implies it in the politest terms he can invent.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 24.

Mr. Mivers.

It was one of his maxims that in youth a man of the world should appear older than he is ; and in middle age, and thence to his dying day, younger. And he announced one secret for attaining that art in these words : “Begin your wig early, thus you never become grey.”

Unlike most philosophers, Mivers made his practice conform to his precepts ; and while in the prime of youth inaugurated a wig in a fashion that defied the flight of time, not curly and hyacinthine, but straight-haired and unassuming. He looked five-and-thirty from the day he put on that

wig at the age of twenty-five. He looked five-and-thirty now at the age of fifty-one.

"I mean," said he, "to remain thirty-five all my life. No better age to stick at. People may choose to say I am more, but I shall not own it. No one is bound to criminate himself."—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 27.

Living with Clever People.

It is a great thing to mix betimes with clever people. One picks their brains unconsciously.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 31.

A Subtle Humorist.

He never laughed audibly, but he had a quick sense of the comic, and his eye would laugh when his lips were silent. He would say queer, droll, unexpected things which passed for humour; but, save for that gleam in the eye, he could not have said them with more seeming innocence of intentional joke if he had been a monk of La Trappe looking up from the grave he was digging in order to utter "memento mori."—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 35.

A Cheerful Toast.

"I thank you no less for the civil things you have said of me and of my family," said Kenelm Chillingly in his speech on coming of age, "but I shall endeavour to walk to that grave to which we are all bound with a tranquil indifference as to what people may say of me in so short a journey. And the sooner, my friends, we get to our journey's end, the better our chance of escaping a great many pains, troubles, sins, and diseases. So that when I drink to your good healths, you must feel that in reality I wish you an early deliverance from the ills to which flesh is ex-

posed, and which so generally increase with our years, that good health is scarcely compatible with the decaying faculties of old age. Gentlemen, your good healths!"—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 40.

Nature.

A thing which science and art never appear to see with the same eyes. If to an artist Nature has a soul, why, so has a steam-engine. Art gifts with soul all matter that it contemplates; science turns all that is already gifted with soul into matter.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 50.

Saints and Sinners.

A man who sets up for a saint is sure to be a sinner, and a man who boasts that he is a sinner, is sure to have some feeble, maudlin, snivelling bit of saintship about him which is enough to make him a humbug. Masculine honesty, whether it be saint-like or sinner-like, does not label itself either saint or sinner.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 65.

Thumbs and Teeth.

"If nothing," said Kenelm, "were left on this earth of the present race of man, as we are assured upon great authority will be the case one of these days—and a mighty good riddance it will be—if nothing, I say, of man were left except fossils of his teeth and his thumbs, a philosopher of that superior race which will succeed to man would at once see in those relics all his characteristics and all his history; would say, comparing his thumbs with the talons of an eagle, the claws of a tiger, the hoof of a horse, the owner of that thumb must have been lord over creatures with talons and claws and hoofs. You may say the monkey tribe has thumbs. True; but compare an ape's thumb with a man's,—could the biggest ape's thumb have built Westminster Abbey?"

But even thumbs are trivial evidence of man as compared with his teeth. Look at his teeth!"—here Kenelm expanded his jaws from ear to ear and displayed semicircles of ivory, so perfect for the purposes of mastication that the most artistic dentist might have despaired of his power to imitate them—"look, I say, at his teeth!" The boy involuntarily recoiled. "Are the teeth those of a miserable cauliflower-eater? or is it purely by farinaceous food that the proprietor of teeth like man's obtains the rank of the sovereign destroyer of creation? No, little boy, no," continued Kenelm, closing his jaws, but advancing upon the infant, who at each stride receded towards the aquarium—"no; man is the master of the world, because of all created beings he devours the greatest variety and the greatest number of created things. His teeth evince that man can live upon every soil from the torrid to the frozen zone, because man can eat everything that other creatures cannot eat. And the formation of his teeth proves it. A tiger can eat a deer—so can man; but a tiger can't eat an eel—man can. An elephant can eat cauliflowers and rice-pudding—so can man! but an elephant can't eat a beefsteak—man can. In sum, man can live everywhere, because he can eat anything, thanks to his dental formation!" concluded Kenelm, making a prodigious stride towards the boy. "Man, when everything else fails him, eats his own species."

"Don't; you frighten me," said the boy. "Aha!" clapping his hands with a sensation of gleeful relief, "here come the mutton-chops!"—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 66.

Proverbs.

Proverbs are so wise that no one can guess the author of them. They are supposed to be fragments of the philosophy of the antediluvians—come to us packed up in the Ark.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 68.

Suffer Cheerfully.

Every fault must undergo its punishment. A brave nature undergoes it cheerfully, as a part of atonement. You are brave. Submit, and in submitting rejoice!—*Kenelm Chillingly, 78.*

Safety in Numbers.

His attentions were so equally divided between the three daughters as to prevent all suspicion of a particular preference. "There is safety in numbers," thought Kenelm, "especially in odd numbers. The three Graces never married, neither did the nine Muses."—*Kenelm Chillingly, 91.*

A Battle-Royal.

As Kenelm took his ground, there was a supple ease in his posture which at once brought out into clearer evidence the nervous strength of his build, and, contrasted with Tom's bulk of chest, made the latter look clumsy and topheavy.

The two men faced each other a minute, the eyes of both vigilant and steadfast. Tom's blood began to fire up as he gazed—nor, with all his outward calm, was Kenelm insensible of that proud beat of the heart which is aroused by the fierce joy of combat. Tom struck out first, and a blow was parried, but not returned; another and another blow—still parried—still unreturned. Kenelm, acting evidently on the defensive, took all the advantages for that strategy which he derived from superior length of arm and lighter agility of frame. Perhaps he wished to ascertain the extent of his adversary's skill, or to try the endurance of his wind, before he ventured on the hazards of attack. Tom, galled to the quick that blows which might have felled an ox were thus warded off from their mark, and dimly aware that he was encountering some mysterious skill which turned his brute

strength into waste force, and might overmaster him in the long-run, came to a rapid conclusion that the sooner he brought that brute strength to bear, the better it would be for him. Accordingly, after three rounds, in which, without once breaking the guard of his antagonist, he had received a few playful taps on the nose and mouth, he drew back, and made a bull-like rush at his foe—bull-like, for it butted full at him with the powerful down-bent head, and the two fists doing duty as horns. The rush spent, he found himself in the position of a man *milled*. I take it for granted that every Englishman who can call himself a man—that is, every man who has been an English boy, and, as such, been compelled to the use of his fists—knows what a “mill” is. But I sing not only “*pueris*,” but “*virginibus*.” Ladies,—“a mill”—using, with reluctance and contempt for myself, that slang in which lady-writers indulge, and Girls of the Period know much better than they do their Murray—“a mill”—speaking not to lady-writers, not to Girls of the Period, but to innocent damsels, and in explanation to those foreigners who only understand the English language as taught by Addison and Macaulay—a “mill,” periphrastically, means this: your adversary, in the noble encounter between fist and fist, has so plunged his head that it gets caught, as in a vice, between the side and doubled left arm of the adversary, exposing that head, unprotected and helpless, to be pounded out of recognisable shape by the right fist of the opponent. It is a situation in which raw superiority of force sometimes finds itself, and is seldom spared by disciplined superiority of skill. Kenelm, his right fist raised, paused for a moment, then, loosening the left arm, releasing the prisoner, and giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder, he turned round to the spectators, and said apologetically,—“he has a handsome face—it would be a shame to spoil it.”

Tom's position of peril was so obvious to all, and that

good-humoured abnegation of the advantage which the position gave to the adversary seemed so generous, that the labourers actually hurraed. Tom himself felt as if treated like a child; and alas, and alas for him! in wheeling round, and regathering himself up, his eye rested on Jessie's face. Her lips were apart with breathless terror; he fancied they were apart with a smile of contempt. And now he became formidable. He fought as fights the bull in presence of the heifer, who, as he knows too well, will go with the conqueror.

If Tom had never yet fought with a man taught by a prize-fighter, so never yet had Kenelm encountered a strength which, but for the lack of that teaching, would have conquered his own. He could act no longer on the defensive; he could no longer play, like a dexterous fencer, with the sledge-hammers of those mighty arms. They broke through his guard—they sounded on his chest as on an anvil. He felt that did they alight on his head he was a lost man. He felt also that the blows spent on the chest of his adversary, were idle as the stroke of a cane on the hide of a rhinoceros. But now his nostrils dilated, his eyes flashed fire—Kenelm Chillingly had ceased to be a philosopher. Crash came his blow—how unlike the swinging round about hits of Tom Bowles!—straight to its aim as the rifle-ball of a Tyrolese, or a British marksman at Aldershot—all the strength of nerve, sinew, purpose, and mind concentrated in its vigour,—crash just at that part of the front where the eyes meet, and followed up with the rapidity of lightning, flash upon flash, by a more restrained but more disabling blow with the left hand just where the left ear meets throat and jaw-bone.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 108.

But.

But, is a word that cools many a warm impulse, stifles .

many a kindly thought, puts a dead stop to many a brotherly deed. Nobody would ever love his neighbour as himself if he listened to all the Buts that could be said on the other side of the question.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 122.

Scientific Experiments.

The experiments of Science are the answers made by Nature to the questions put to her by man.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 132.

What is it that Questions?

It is the supernatural within us—viz., Mind—which can alone guess at the mechanism of the natural—viz., Matter. A stone cannot question a stone.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 132.

A Critical Moment.

It was one of those crises in life which find all the elements that make up a man's former self in lawless anarchy; in which the Evil One seems to enter and direct the storm; in which a rude untutored mind, never before harbouring a thought of crime, sees the crime start up from an abyss, feels it to be an enemy, yet yields to it as a fate. So that when, at the last, some wretch, sentenced to the gibbet, shudderingly looks back to the moment 'that trembled between two worlds'—the world of the man guiltless, the world of the man guilty—he says to the holy, highly educated, rational, passionless priest who confesses him and calls him 'brother,' "The devil put it into my head."—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 136.

Cecilia Travers.

She had one advantage over most girls in the same rank of life—she had not been taught to fritter away such capacities for culture as Providence gave her in the sterile nothingnesses which are called feminine accomplishments. She did.

not paint figures out of drawing in meagre water-colours; she had not devoted years of her life to the inflicting on polite audiences the boredom of Italian bravuras, which they could hear better sung by a third-rate professional singer in a metropolitan music-hall. I am afraid she had no other female accomplishments than those by which the sempstress or embroideress earns her daily bread. That sort of work she loved, and she did it deftly.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 145.

An Improvement on the Girl of the Period.

Without being at all blue or pedantic, Cecilia became one of those rare young women with whom a well-educated man can converse on equal terms—from whom he gains as much as he can impart to her; while a man who, not caring much about books, is still gentleman enough to value good breeding, felt a relief in exchanging the forms of his native language without the shock of hearing that a bishop was “a swell,” or a croquet-party “awfully jolly.”—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 145.

A Serene Expression.

The peculiar charm of her face is in an expression of serene happiness, that sort of happiness which seems as if it had never been interrupted by a sorrow, had never been troubled by a sin—that holy kind of happiness which belongs to innocence, the light reflected from a heart and conscience alike at peace.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 146.

Eldest Sons.

If eldest sons do not often make as great a figure in the world as their younger brothers, it is not because their minds are less cultivated, but because they have less motive power for action.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 151.

The Best of Friends.

There are few friends one likes more cordially, and ought to respect more heedfully, than the enemy, with whom one has just made it — *Kenelm Chillingly*, 158.

Predictions Fulfil Themselves.

When we believe such and such is to be our fate, we are too apt to work out our life into the verification of the belief. If Lady Macbeth had disbelieved in the witches, she would never have persuaded her lord to murder Duncan.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 164.

Brandy and Tobacco.

“No, Tom,” said Kenelm, “you have promised me friendship, and that is not compatible with brandy. Brandy is the worst enemy a man like you can have; and would make you quarrel even with me. If you want a stimulus I allow you a pipe: I don’t smoke myself, as a rule, but there have been times in my life when I required soothing, and then I have felt that a whiff of tobacco stills and softens one like the kiss of a little child. Bring this gentleman a pipe.” — *Kenelm Chillingly*, 170.

Nature Speaks of God to Man alone.

“You and I, Tom,” said Kenelm, “are not so good as we ought to be—of that there is no doubt; and good people would say justly that we should now be within yon church itself rather than listening to its bell. Granted, my friend, granted; but still it is something to hear that bell, and to feel by the train of thought which began in our innocent childhood, when we said our prayers at the knees of a mother, that we were lifted beyond this visible Nature, beyond these fields, and woods, and waters, in which, fair

though they be, you and I miss something, in which neither you nor I are as happy as the kine in the fields, as the birds on the bough, as the fishes in the water—lifted to a consciousness of a sense vouchsafed to you and to me, not vouchsafed to the kine, to the bird, and the fish—a sense to comprehend that Nature has a God, and Man has a life hereafter. The bell says that to you and to me. Were that bell a thousand times more musical, it could not say that to beast, bird, and fish. . . . Nature never gives to a living thing capacities not practically meant for its benefit and use. If Nature gives to us capacities to believe that we have a Creator whom we never saw, of whom we have no direct proof, who is kind and good and tender beyond all that we know of kind and good and tender on earth, it is because the endowment of capacities to conceive such a Being must be for our benefit and use; it would not be for our benefit and use if it were a lie. Again, if Nature has given to us a capacity to receive the notion that we live again, no matter whether some of us refuse so to believe, and argue against it,—why, the very capacity to receive the idea (for unless we received it we could not argue against it) proves that it is for our benefit and use; and if there were no such life hereafter, we should be governed and influenced, arrange our modes of life, and mature our civilisation, by obedience to a lie, which Nature falsified herself in giving us the capacity to believe. . . . Staidly to apply that which you understand to your own case. You are something more than Tom Bowles, the smith and doctor of horses; something more than the magnificent animal who rages for his mate, and fights every rival: the bull does that. You are a soul endowed with the capacity to receive the idea of a Creator so divinely wise and great and good that, though acting by the agency of general laws, He can accommodate them to all individual cases, so that—takin~

into account the life hereafter, which He grants to you the capacity to believe—all that troubles you now will be proved to you wise and great and good either in this life or the other. Lay that truth to your heart, friend, now—before the bell stops ringing; recall it every time you hear the church bell ring again.”—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 171.

The Best Teacher.

The best teacher is the one who suggests rather than dogmatizes, and inspires his listener with the wish to teach himself.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 187.

The Greed of a Little More.

How common—I don't say to the extent of forgery and fraud, but to the extent of degradation and ruin—is the greed of a Little More to those who have The Enough; is the discontent with competence, respect, and love, when catching sight of a money-bag! How many well-descended county families, cursed with an heir who is called a clever man of business, have vanished from the soil. A company starts—the clever man joins it—one bright day. Puff! the old estates and the old name are powder. Ascend higher. Take nobles whose ancestral titles ought to be to English ears like the sound of clarions, awakening the most slothful to the scorn of money-bags and the passion for renown. Lo! in that mocking dance of death called the Progress of the Age, one who did not find Enough in a sovereign's revenue, and seeks The Little More as a gambler on the turf by the advice of blacklegs! Lo! another, with lands wider than his greatest ancestors ever possessed, must still go in for The Little More, adding acre to acre, heaping debt upon debt! Lo! a third, whose name, borne by his ancestors, was once the terror of England's foes—the landlord of a hotel! A fourth—but why go on through the list? Another and

another still succeeds—each on the Road to Ruin, each in the Age of Progress. “In the old time it was through the Temple of Honour that one passed to the Temple of Fortune. In this wise age the process is reversed.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 204.

A Youth's Good Genius.

“You were to me,” said Kenelm, with emotion, “that most precious and sustaining good genius which a youth can find at the threshold of life—a woman gently wise, kindly sympathising, shaming him by the spectacle of her own purity from all grosser errors, elevating him from mean tastes and objects by the exquisite, ineffable loftiness of soul which is only found in the noblest order of womanhood.”—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 229.

Honest Gordon.

Though so frankly ambitious, no one could accuse him of attempting to climb on the shoulders of patrons. There was nothing servile in his nature, and though he was perfectly prepared to bribe electors if necessary, no money could have bought himself. His one master-passion was the desire of power. He sneered at patriotism as a worn-out prejudice, at philanthropy as a sentimental catch-word. He did not want to serve his country, but to rule it. He did not want to raise mankind, but to rise himself. He was therefore unscrupulous, unprincipled, as hungerers after power for itself too often are; yet still if he got power he would probably use it well, from the clearness and strength of his mental perceptions.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 241.

A Woman's Temper.

As to temper, one never knows what a woman's temper is—till one puts her out of it.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 243.

As it Ought to Be.

Alas and alas! that "ought to be;" what depths of sorrowful meaning lie within that simple phrase! How happy would be our lives, how grand our actions, how pure our souls, if all could be with us as it ought to be!—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 255.

Lord Thetford.

He has not yet spoken in debate, but he has been only two years in Parliament, and he takes his father's wise advice not to speak till the third. But he is not without weight among the well-born youth of the party, and has in him the stuff out of which, when it becomes seasoned, the Corinthian capitals of a Cabinet may be very effectively carved. In his own heart he is convinced that his party are going too far and too fast; but with that party he goes on light-heartedly, and would continue to do so if they went to Erebus. But he would prefer their going the other way. For the rest, a pleasant bright-eyed young fellow, with vivid animal spirits; and, in the holiday moments of reprieve from public duty, he brings sunshine into draggling hunting-fields, and a fresh breeze into heated ball-rooms.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 258.

House of Commons Life.

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that you are not bored in the House of Commons?"

"With the speakers very often, yes; but with the strife between the speakers, no. The House of Commons life has a peculiar excitement scarcely understood out of it; but you may conceive its charms when you observe that a man who has once been in the thick of it, feels forlorn and shelved if he lose his seat, and even repines when the accident of birth

transfers him to the serener air of the Upper House. Try that life, Chillingly."—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 259.

An Alarming Leader.

"You call him earnest?"

"Thoroughly, in the pursuit of one object—the advancement of Chillingly Gordon. If he get into the House of Commons, and succeed there, I hope he will never become my leader; for if he thought Christianity in the way of his promotion, he would bring in a bill for its abolition."—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 260.

Transforming Eyes.

She has a blink of those soft eyes of hers that might charm a wise man out of his skin, and put a fool there instead.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 263.

An Oldish Coxcomb.

Mr. Roach was somewhere about fifty—a good-looking man, and evidently thought himself so, for he wore his hair long behind and parted in the middle; which is not done by men who form modest estimates of their personal appearance.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 290.

Philanthropy and Posterity.

"Pooh, pooh; leave off that affectation of cynicism; you are not a bad-hearted fellow—you must love mankind—you must have an interest in the welfare of posterity."

"Love mankind? Interest in posterity? Bless my soul, cousin Peter, I hope you have no prospectuses in *your* pockets; no schemes for draining the Pontine Marshes out of pure love to mankind; no propositions for doubling the income tax, as a reserve fund for posterity, should our coal-

fields fail three thousand years hence. Love of mankind! Rubbish! This comes of living in the country."

"But you do love the human race—you do care for the generations that are to come."

"I! Not a bit of it. On the contrary, I rather dislike the human race, taking it altogether, and including the Australian bushmen; and I don't believe any man who tells me that he would grieve half as much if ten millions of human beings were swallowed up by an earthquake at a considerable distance from his own residence, say Abyssinia, as he would for a rise in his butcher's bills. As to posterity, who would consent to have a month's fit of the gout or tic-douloureux in order that in the fourth thousand year, A.D., posterity should enjoy a perfect system of sewage?"—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 298.

An Ineffable Mystery.

The tritest things in our mortal experience are among the most mysterious. There is more mystery in the growth of a blade of grass than there is in the wizard's mirror or the feats of a spirit medium. Most of us have known the attraction that draws one human being to another, and makes it so exquisite a happiness to sit quiet and mute by another's side; which stills for the moment the busiest thoughts in our brain, the most turbulent desires in our heart, and renders us but conscious of a present ineffable bliss. Most of us have known that. But who has ever been satisfied with any metaphysical account of its why or wherefore? We can but say it is love, and love at that earlier section of its history which has not yet escaped from romance: but by what process that other person has become singled out of the whole universe to attain such special power over one, is a problem that, though many have attempted to solve it, has never attained to solution.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 347

The Coming of Love and of Spring.

“It seems to me that the coming of love is like the coming of spring—the date is not to be reckoned by the calendar. It may be slow and gradual; it may be quick and sudden. But in the morning, when we wake and recognise a change in the world without, verdure on the trees, blossoms on the sward, warmth in the sunshine, music in the air, then we say Spring has come!”

“I like your illustration. And if it be an idle question to ask a lover how long he has known the beloved one, so it is almost as idle to ask if she be not beautiful. He cannot but see in her face the beauty she has given to the world without.”—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 427.

Praise and Derision.

How a little praise warms out of a man the good that is in him, and the sneer of a contempt which he feels to be unjust chills the ardour to excel!—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 430.

Love and Fame.

Love ascends to heaven, to which we hope ourselves to ascend; but fame remains on the earth, which we shall never again revisit.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 430.

A Completing Tenderness.

In the friendship of this man there was that sort of tenderness which completes a nature, thoroughly manlike, by giving it a touch of the woman's.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 447.

An Artist's Ambition.

If I feel joy in the hope that my art may triumph, and my country may add my name to the list of those who contribute to her renown—where and whenever lived an artist

not sustained by that hope, in privation, in sickness, in the sorrows he must share with his kind? Nor is this hope that of a feminine vanity, a sicklier craving for applause; it identifies itself with glorious services to our land, to our race, to the children of all after-time. Our art cannot triumph, our name cannot live, unless we achieve a something that tends to beautify or ennoble the world in which we accept the common heritage of toil and of sorrow, in order, therefrom, to work out for successive multitudes a recreation and a joy.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 458.

An Honoured Tomb.

It tells much for the duration of a people, when it accords with the instinct of immortality in a man; when an honoured tomb is deemed recompense for the toils and dangers of a noble life. How much of the history of England, Nelson summed up in the simple words—"Victory or Westminster Abbey."—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 468.

The Palace and the Back Slums of Westminster.

Kenelm had drawn him aside from the direct thoroughfare, and had now made halt in the middle of Westminster Bridge, bending over the massive parapet and gazing abstractedly upon the waves of the starlit river. On the right the stately length of the people's legislative palace, so new in its date, so elaborately in each detail, ancient in its form, stretching on towards the lowly and jagged roofs of penury and crime. Well might these be so near to the halls of a people's legislative palace;—near to the heart of every legislator, for a people must be the mighty problem, how to increase a people's splendour and its virtue, and how to diminish its penury and its crime.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 469.

Victory, and Westminster Abbey.

“The world is a battle-field in which the worst wounded are the deserters, stricken as they seek to fly, and hushing the groans that would betray the secret of their inglorious hiding-place. The pain of wounds received in the thick of the fight is scarcely felt in the joy of service to some honoured cause, and is amply atoned by the reverence for noble scars. My choice is made. Not that of a deserter, that of soldier in the ranks.”

“It will not be long before you rise from the ranks, my boy, if you hold fast to the Idea of Old, symbolised in the English battle-cry—‘Victory or Westminster Abbey.’”

So saying, Sir Peter took his son’s arm, leaning on it proudly; and so, into the crowded thoroughfares, from the halting-place on the modern bridge that spans the legendary river, passes the Man of the Young Generation to fates beyond the verge of the horizon to which the eyes of *my* generation must limit their wistful gaze.—*Kenelm Chillingly*, 471.

XLII.—THE PARISIANS.

Paris, a Loadstone to Frenchmen.

“I believe,” said Lemer cier, “that Paris is built on a loadstone, and that every Frenchman with some iron globules in his blood is irresistibly attracted towards it. The English never seem to feel for London the passionate devotion that we feel for Paris.”—*The Parisians*, i. 51.

Martyrs.

The death of the martyr is the triumph of his creed.—*The Parisians*, i. 63.

Shakespeare's Supremacy.

The genius without an equal in the literature of Europe.—*The Parisians*, i. 64.

Authors discouraging Neophytes.

Have you never remarked that authors, however absorbed in their own craft, do not wish their children to adopt it? The most successful author is perhaps the last person to whom neophytes should come for encouragement. This I think is not the case with the cultivators of the sister arts. The painter, the sculptor, the musician, seem disposed to invite disciples and welcome acolytes. As for those engaged in the practical affairs of life, fathers mostly wish their sons to be as they have been.

The politician, the lawyer, the merchant, each says to his children, "Follow my steps." All parents in practical life would at least agree in this—they would not wish their sons to be poets. There must be some sound cause in the world's philosophy for this general concurrence of digression from a road of which the travellers themselves say to those whom they love best "Beware!"—*The Parisians*, i. 71.

Neatness of Style—two Kinds.

There are two kinds of neatness—one is too evident, and makes everything about it seem trite and cold and stiff, and another kind of neatness disappears from our sight in a satisfied sense of completeness—like some exquisite, simple, finished style of writing—an Addison's or a St. Pierre's.—*The Parisians*, i. 110.

Parisians Irrepressible Revolutionists.

If the archangel Gabriel were permitted to descend to Paris and form the best government for France that the wisdom of seraph could devise, it would not be two years—I doubt if it would be six months—before out of this Paris, which you call the *Foyer des Idées*, would emerge a powerful party, adorned by yourself and other *hommes de plume*, in favour of a revolution for the benefit of *ce bon Satan* and *ce cher petit Beelzebub*."—*The Parisians*, i. 122.

Napoleon III. compared to Augustus.

Napoleon III. has been compared to Augustus; and there are many startling similitudes between them in character, and in fate. Each succeeds to the heritage of a great name that had contrived to unite autocracy with the popular cause. Each subdued all rival competitors, and inaugurated despotic

rule in the name of freedom. Each mingled enough of sternness with ambitious will to stain with bloodshed the commencement of his power; but it would be an absurd injustice to fix the same degree of condemnation on the *coup d'état* as humanity fixes on the earlier cruelties of Augustus. Each, once firm in his seat, became mild and clement: Augustus perhaps from policy, Napoleon III. from a native kindness of disposition which no fair critic of character can fail to acknowledge. Enough of similitudes; now for one salient difference. Observe how earnestly Augustus strove, and how completely he succeeded in the task, to rally round him all the leading intellects in every grade and of every party—the followers of Antony, the friends of Brutus—every great captain, every great statesman, every great writer, every man who could lend a ray of mind to his own Julian constellation, and make the age of Augustus an era in the annals of human intellect and genius. But this has not been the good fortune of your Emperor. The result of his system has been the suppression of intellect in every department. He has rallied round him not one great statesman; his praises are hymned by not one great poet. The *célébrités* of a former day stand aloof; or, preferring exile to constrained allegiance, assail him with unremitting missiles from their asylum in foreign shores. His reign is sterile of new *célébrités*. The few that arise enlist themselves against him. Whenever he shall venture to give full freedom to the press and to the legislature, the intellect thus suppressed or thus hostile will burst forth in collected volume. His partisans have not been trained and disciplined to meet such assailants. They will be as weak as no doubt they will be violent. And the worst is, that the intellect thus rising in mass against him will be warped and distorted, like captives who, being kept in chains, exercise their limbs, on escaping, in vehement jumps without

definite object. The directors of emancipated opinion may thus be terrible enemies to the Imperial Government, but they will be very unsafe councillors to France.—*The Parisians*, i. 124.

Music.

Am I not told truly by musical composers, when I ask them to explain in words what they say in their music, that such explanation is impossible, that music has a language of its own untranslatable by words?

But what recesses of mind, of heart, of soul, this untranslatable language penetrates and brightens up! How incomplete the grand nature of man—though man the grandest—would be, if you struck out of his reason the comprehension of poetry, music, and religion! In each are reached and are sounded deeps in his reason otherwise concealed from himself. History, knowledge, science, stop at the point in which mystery begins. There they meet with the world of shadow. Not an inch of that world can they penetrate without the aid of poetry and religion, two necessities of intellectual man much more nearly allied than the votaries of the practical and the positive suppose. To the aid and elevation of both those necessities comes in music, and there has never existed a religion in the world which has not demanded music as its ally. If, as I said frankly, it is only in certain moods of my mind that I enjoy music, it is only because in certain moods of my mind I am capable of quitting the guidance of prosaic reason for the world of shadow; that I am so susceptible as at every hour, were my nature perfect, I should be to the mysterious influences of poetry and religion. . . . You are forbidden to undervalue the gift of song. You must feel its power over the heart, when you enter the opera-house; over the soul, when you kneel in a cathedral.—*The Parisians*, i. 145.

A Slow Eternity.

He who loves not music would have a dull time of it in heaven.—*The Parisians*, i. 148.

The Real and the Ideal World.

“I was told in my childhood,” said Isaura, “by one whose genius gives authority to her words, that beside the real world lies the ideal. The real world then seemed rough to me. ‘Escape,’ said my counsellor, ‘is granted from that stony thoroughfare into the fields beyond its formal hedges. The ideal world has its sorrows, but it never admits despair.’ That counsel then, methought, decided my choice of life. I know not now if it has done so.”

“Fate,” answered Graham, slowly and thoughtfully—“Fate, which is not the ruler, but the servant of Providence, decides our choice of life, and rarely from outward circumstances. Usually the motive power is within. We apply the word genius to the minds of the gifted few; but in all of us there is a genius that is inborn, a pervading something which distinguishes our very identity, and dictates to the conscience that which we are best fitted to do and to be. In so dictating it compels our choice of life; or if we resist the dictate, we find at the close that we have gone astray.—*The Parisians*, i. 149.

The Countess de Craon.

The Countess had written lyrical poems entitled “Cries of Liberty,” and a drama of which Danton was the hero and the moral too revolutionary for admission to the stage; but at heart the Countess was not at all a revolutionist—the last person in the world to do or desire anything that could bring a washerwoman an inch nearer to a countess. She

was one of those persons who play with fire in order to appear enlightened.—*The Parisians*, i. 154.

A Time-Serving Parisian.

Speaking without regard to partial exceptions, the French *gentilhomme* is essentially a Parisian; a Parisian is essentially impressionable to the impulse or fashion of the moment. Is it *à la mode* for the moment to be Liberal or anti-Liberal? Parisians embrace and kiss each other, and swear through life and death to adhere for ever to the *mode* of the moment. The Three Days were the *mode* of the moment—the Count de Passy became an enthusiastic Orleanist. Louis Philippe was very gracious to him. He was decorated—he was named *préfet* of his department—he was created senator—he was about to be sent Minister to a German Court when Louis Philippe fell. The Republic was proclaimed. The Count caught the popular contagion, and after exchanging tears and kisses with patriots whom a week before he had called *canaille*, he swore eternal fidelity to the Republic. The fashion of the moment suddenly became Napoleonic, and with the *coup d'état* the Republic was metamorphosed into an Empire. The Count wept on the bosoms of all the *Vieilles Moustaches* he could find, and rejoiced that the sun of Austerlitz had re-arisen. But after the affair of Mexico the sun of Austerlitz waxed very sickly. Imperialism was fast going out of fashion. The Count transferred his affection to Jules Favre, and joined the ranks of the advanced Liberals. During all these political changes, the Count had remained very much the same man in private life; agreeable, good-natured, witty, and, above all, a devotee of the fair sex. When he had reached the age of sixty-eight he was still *fort bel homme*—unmarried, with a grand presence and charming manner. At that age he said, "*Je me range,*"

and married a young lady of eighteen. She adored her husband, and was wildly jealous of him; while the Count did not seem at all jealous of her, and submitted to her adoration with a gentle shrug of the shoulders.—*The Parisians*, i. 156.

Gustave Rameau.

He was undersized, and of a feeble slender frame. In the eyes of women and artists the defects of his frame were redeemed by the extraordinary beauty of the face. His black hair, carefully parted in the centre, and worn long and flowing, contrasted the whiteness of a high though narrow forehead, and the delicate pallor of his cheeks. His features were very regular, his eyes singularly bright; but the expression of the face spoke of fatigue and exhaustion—the silky locks were already thin, and interspersed with threads of silver—the bright eyes shone out from sunken orbits—the lines round the mouth were marked as they are in the middle age of one who has lived too fast. . . .

In a word, Mons. Gustave Rameau is a type of that somewhat numerous class among the youth of Paris, which I call “the lost Tribe of Absinthe.” There is a set of men who begin to live full-gallop while they are still boys. As a general rule, they are originally of the sickly frames which can scarcely even trot, much less gallop, without the spur of stimulants, and no stimulant so fascinates their peculiar nervous system as absinthe. The number of patients in this set who at the age of thirty are more worn out than septuagenarians, increases so rapidly as to make one dread to think what will be the next race of Frenchmen. To the predilection for absinthe young Rameau and the writers of his set add the imitation of Heine, after, indeed, the manner of caricaturists, who effect a likeness striking in proportion as it is ugly. It is not easy to imitate the pathos.

and the wit of Heine; but it is easy to imitate his defiance of the Deity, his mockery of right and wrong, his relentless war on that heroic standard of thought and action which the writers who exalt their nation intuitively preserve. Rameau cannot be a Heine, but he can be to Heine what a misshapen snarling dwarf is to a mangled blaspheming Titan.—*The Parisians*, i. 157.

May Noon in a Parisian Suburb.

It was one of those lovely noons towards the end of May in which a rural suburb has the mellow charm of summer to him who escapes awhile from the streets of a crowded capital. The Londoner knows its charms when he feels his tread on the softening swards of the Vale of Health, or, pausing at Richmond under the budding willow, gazes on the river glittering in the warmer sunlight, and hears from the villa-gardens behind him the brief trill of the blackbird. But the suburbs round Paris are, I think, a yet more pleasing relief from the metropolis; they are more easily reached, and I know not why, but they seem more rural, perhaps because the contrast of their repose with the stir left behind—of their redundance of leaf and blossom, compared with the prim efflorescence of trees in the Boulevards and Tuileries—is more striking.—*The Parisians*, i. 203.

An Artist.

“I am not an artist,” said Graham Vane, “and I have a great dislike to that word as it is now hackneyed and vulgarised in England and in France.” A cook calls himself an artist; a tailor does the same; a man writes a gaudy melo-drame, a spasmodic song, a sensational novel, and straightway he calls himself an artist, and indulges in a pedantic jargon about ‘essence’ and ‘form,’ assuring us that a poet we can

understand wants essence, and a poet we can scan wants form. Thank heaven, I am not vain enough to call myself artist.—*The Parisians*, i. 206.

A Prima Donna's Mission.

“How your mind,” wrote Madame de Grantmesnil to Isaura Cicogna, “has grown since you left me, the sanguine and aspiring votary of an art which, of all arts, brings the most immediate reward to a successful cultivator, and is in itself so divine in its immediate effects upon human souls! Who shall say what may be the after-results of those effects which the waiters on posterity presume to despise because they *are* immediate? A dull man, to whose mind a ray of that vague star-light undetected in the atmosphere of workday life has never yet travelled; to whom the philosopher, the preacher, the poet appeal in vain—nay, to whom the conceptions of the grandest master of instrumental music are incomprehensible; to whom Beethoven unlocks no portal in heaven; to whom Rossini has no mysteries on earth unsolved by the critics of the pit,—suddenly hears the human voice of the human singer, and at the sound of that voice the walls which enclosed him fall. The something far from and beyond the routine of his commonplace existence becomes known to him. He of himself, poor man, can make nothing of it. He cannot put it down on paper, and say the next morning, “I am an inch nearer to heaven than I was last night;” but the feeling that he *is* an inch nearer to heaven abides with him. Unconsciously he is gentler, he is less earthly, and, in being nearer to heaven, he is stronger for earth. You singers do not seem to me to understand that you have—to use your own word, so much in vogue that it has become abused and trite—a *mission*! When you talk of missions, from whom comes the mission? Not from men. If there be a mission

from man to men, it must be appointed from on high."—
The Parisians, i. 211.

Undying Names.

"A writer cannot be sure of immortality till his language itself be dead; and then he has but a share in an uncertain lottery. Nothing but fragments remains of the Phrynichus, who rivalled Æschylus; of the Agathon, who perhaps excelled Euripides; of the Alcæus, in whom Horace acknowledged a master and a model; their renown is not in their works, it is but in their names. And, after all, the names of singers and actors last perhaps as long. Greece retains the name of Polus, Rome of Roscius, England of Garrick, France of Talma, Italy of Pasta, more lastingly than posterity is likely to retain mine," wrote Madame de Grontmesnil to Isaura.—*The Parisians*, i. 212.

The Last Bourbons.

Louis XV. was the worst of the Bourbons,—he was the *bien aimé*,—he escapes, Louis XVI. was in mortal attributes the best of the Bourbons,—he dies the death of a felon; Louis XVIII., against whom much may be said, restored to the throne by foreign bayonets, reigning as a disciple of Voltaire might reign, secretly scoffing alike at the royalty and the religion which were crowned in his person, dies peacefully in his bed; Charles X., redeeming the errors of his youth by a reign untarnished by a vice, by a religion earnest and sincere, is sent into exile for defending established order from the very inroads which you lament. He leaves an heir against whom calumny cannot invent a tale, and that heir remains an outlaw simply because he descends from Henry IV., and has a right to reign.—*The Parisians*, i. 283.

The Reign of Napoleon III.

Under it religion is honoured, a national Church secured, in reality if not in name; under it you have united the votes of millions to the establishment of the throne; under it all the material interests of the country, commercial, agricultural, have advanced with an unequalled rapidity of progress; under it Paris has become the wonder of the world for riches, for splendour, for grace and beauty; under it the old traditional enemies of France have been humbled and rendered impotent. The policy of Richelieu has been achieved in the abasement of Austria; the policy of Napoléon I. has been consummated in the salvation of Europe from the semi-barbarous ambition of Russia. England no longer casts her trident in the opposite scale of the balance of European power. Satisfied with the honour of our alliance, she has lost every other ally; and her forces neglected, her spirit enervated, her statesmen dreaming believers in the safety of their island, provided they withdraw from the affairs of Europe, may sometimes scold us, but will certainly not dare to fight. With France she is but an inferior satellite,—without France she is—nothing. Add to all this a Court more brilliant than that of Louis XIV., a sovereign not indeed without faults and errors, but singularly mild in his nature, warm-hearted to friends, forgiving to foes, whom personally no one could familiarly know and not be charmed with a *bonté* of character, lovable as that of Henri IV.,—and tell me what more than all this could you expect from the reign of a Bourbon?—*The Parisians*, i. 284.

Man's Inscrutable Future.

The heart has no history which philosophers can recognise. An ordinary political observer, contemplating the condition of a nation, may very safely tell us what effects must follow

the causes patent to his eyes. But the wisest and most far-seeing sage, looking at a man at one o'clock, cannot tell us what revulsions of his whole being may be made ere the clock strike two.—*The Parisians*, i. 318.

Appreciation of Women.

In matters of sentiment it is the misfortune of us men that even the most refined of us often grate upon some sentiment in a woman, though she may not be romantic—not romantic at all, as people go,—some sentiment which she thought must be so obvious, if we cared a straw about her, and which, though we prize her above the Indies, is, by our dim, horn-eyed, masculine vision, undiscernible. It may be something in itself the airiest of trifles: the anniversary of a day in which the first kiss was interchanged, nay, of a violet gathered, a misunderstanding cleared up; and of that anniversary we remember no more than we do of our bells and coral. But she—she remembers it; it is no bells and coral to her. Of course, much is to be said in excuse of man, brute though he be. Consider the multiplicity of his occupations, the practical nature of his cares. But granting the validity of all such excuse, there is in man an original obtuseness of fibre as regards sentiment in comparison with the delicacy of woman's. It comes, perhaps, from the same hardness of constitution which forbids us the luxury of ready tears. Thus it is very difficult for the wisest man to understand thoroughly a woman. Goethe says somewhere that the highest genius in man must have much of the woman in it. If this be true, the highest genius alone in man can comprehend and explain the nature of woman; because it is not remote from him, but an integral part of his masculine self. I am not sure, however, that it necessitates the highest genius, but rather a special idiosyncrasy in

genius which the highest may or may not have. I think Sophocles a higher genius than Euripides; but Euripides has that idiosyncrasy, and Sophocles not. I doubt whether women would accept Goethe as their interpreter with the same readiness with which they would accept Schiller. Shakespeare, no doubt, excels all poets in the comprehension of women, in his sympathy with them in the woman-part of his nature which Goethe ascribes to the highest genius; but, putting aside that "monster," I do not remember any English poet whom we should consider conspicuously eminent in that lore, unless it be the prose poet, now-a-days generally underrated and little read, who wrote the letters of Clarissa Harlowe.—*The Parisians*, i. 355.

Oh, for an Explanation!

Reader, be you male or female, have you ever known this sore trial of affection and pride, that from some cause or other, to you mysterious, the dear intercourse to which you had accustomed the secret life of your life, abruptly ceases? you know that a something has come between you and the beloved which you cannot distinguish, cannot measure, cannot guess, and therefore cannot surmount; and you say to yourself at the dead of solitary night, "Oh, for an explanation! Oh for one meeting more! All might be so easily set right; or if not, I should know the worst, and knowing it, could conquer!"

This trial was Isaura's. There had been no explanation, no last farewell between her and Graham. She divined—no woman lightly makes a mistake there—that he loved her. She knew that this dread something had intervened between her and him when he took leave of her before others so many months ago; that this dread something still continued—what was it? She was certain that it

'would vanish, could they but once meet again and not before others. Oh for such a meeting!—*The Parisians*, ii. 23.

Society.

Society, my friend, is a wall of very strong masonry, as it now stands; it may be sapped in the course of a thousand years, but stormed in a day—no. You dash your head against it—you scatter your brains, and you dislodge a stone. Society smiles in scorn, effaces the stain, and replaces the stone.—*The Parisians*, ii. 37.

Romance.

“The most real side of every life,” said Isaura, “from the earliest dawn of mind in the infant, is the romantic.

“When the child is weaving flower-chains, chasing butterflies, or sitting apart and dreaming what it will do in the future, is not *that* the child's real life, and yet is it not also the romantic?”

“But there comes a time when we weave no flower-chains, and chase no butterflies.”

“Is it so?—still on one side of life, flowers and butterflies may be found to the last; and at least to the last are there no dreams of the future? Have you no such dreams at this moment? and without the romance of such dreams, would there be any reality to human life which could distinguish it from the life of the weed that rots on Lethè?”—*The Parisians*, ii. 51.

A Rarely Realised Dream.

What girl, the best and the cleverest, comes up to the ideal of even a commonplace man—if he ever dreamed of an ideal!—*The Parisians*, ii. 51.

An Ideally Happy Marriage.

The only authoress I ever knew whose married lot was serenely happy to the last, was the greatest of English poetesses married to a great English poet.—*The Parisians*, ii. 124.

Agitation in Paris.

Among things indescribable is that which is called “Agitation” in Paris—“Agitation” without riot or violence—showing itself by no disorderly act, no turbulent outburst. Perhaps the *cafés* are more crowded; passengers in the streets stop each other more often, and converse in small knots and groups; yet, on the whole, there is little externally to show how loudly the heart of Paris is beating. A traveller may be passing through quiet landscapes, unconscious that a great battle is going on some miles off; but if he will stop and put his ear to the ground he will recognise, by a certain indescribable vibration, the voice of the cannon.

But at Paris an acute observer need not stop and put his ear to the ground; he feels within himself a vibration—a mysterious inward sympathy which communicates to the individual a conscious thrill—when the passions of the multitude are stirred, no matter how silently.—*The Parisians*, ii. 159.

England from the other side of the Channel.

A country in which France is always coveting an ally, and always suspecting an enemy.—*The Parisians*, ii. 194.

Saving Rule of the British Constitution.

“From England,” said de Mauléon, “we must borrow the great principle that has alone saved her from revolution—

that the head of the State can do no wrong. He leads no armies, he presides over no Cabinet. All responsibility rests with his advisers; and where we upset a dynasty, England changes an administration."—*The Parisians*, ii. 236.

Everything has its Importance.

There is nothing so trivial in this world but what there will be some one to whom it is important.—*The Parisians*, ii. 248.

Unacknowledged Relations.

The people of whose history we know the least are the relations we refuse to acknowledge.—*The Parisians*, ii. 250.

Two Voices of Nature to the Artist.

There are two voices of Nature in the soul of the genuine artist,—that is, of him who, because he can create, comprehends the necessity of the great Creator. Those voices are never both silent. When one is hushed, the other becomes distinctly audible. The one speaks to him of Art, the other of Religion.—*The Parisians*, ii. 278.

The Soul's Destiny.

All is vanity which does not concentrate imagination and intellect in the destinies of the soul hereafter.—*The Parisians*, ii. 279.

A Holy Talisman.

At daybreak, before the great *sortée*, Madame de Vandemar stole into the chamber. Unconscious of his brother's watch, Enguerrand had asked her to wake him in good time, for the young man was a sound sleeper. Shading the candle she bore with one hand, with the other she drew aside the curtain, and looked at Enguerrand's calm fair face, its lips

parted in the happy smile which seemed to carry joy with it wherever its sunshine played. Her teats fell noiselessly on her darling's cheek; she then knelt down and prayed for strength. As she rose she felt Raoul's arm around her; they looked at each other in silence; then she bowed her head and wakened Enguerrand with her lips. "*Pas de querelle, mes amis,*" he murmured, opening his sweet blue eyes drowsily. "Ah, it was a dream! I thought Jules and Emile (two young friends of his) were worrying each other; and you know, dear Raoul, that I am the most officious of peacemakers. Time to rise, is it? No peacemaking to-day. Kiss me again, mother, and say, 'Bless thee.'"

"Bless thee, bless thee, my child," cried the mother, wrapping her arms passionately round him, and in tones choked with sobs.

"Now leave me, *maman,*" said Enguerrand, resorting to the infantine ordinary name, which he had not used for years. "Raoul, stay and help me to dress. I must be *très beau* to-day. I shall join thee at breakfast, *maman*. Early for such repast, but, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. Mind the the coffee is hot."

Enguerrand, always careful of each detail of dress, was especially so that morning, and especially gay humming the old air, "*Partant pour la Syrie*." But his gaiety was checked when Raoul, taking from his breast a holy talisman, which he habitually wore there, suspended it with loving hands round his brother's neck. It was a small crystal set in Byzantine filigree; imbedded in it was a small splinter of wood, said, by pious tradition, to be a relic of the Divine Cross. It had been for centuries in the family of the Contessa di Rimini, and was given by her to Raoul, the only gift she had ever made him, as an emblem of the sinless purity of the affection that united those two souls in the bonds of the beautiful belief.

“She bade me transfer it to thee to-day, my brother,” said Raoul, simply; “and now without a pang I can gird on thee thy soldier’s sword.”

Enguerrand clasped his brother in his arms, and kissed him with passionate fervour. “Oh, Raoul! how I love thee! how good thou hast ever been to me! how many sins thou hast saved me from! how indulgent thou hast been to those from which thou couldst not save! Think on that, my brother, in case we do not meet again on earth.”

“Hush, hush, Enguerrand! No gloomy forebodings now! Come, come hither, my half of life, my sunny half of life!” and uttering these words, he led Enguerrand towards the crucifix, and there, in deeper and more solemn voice, said, “Let us pray.” So the brothers knelt side by side, and Raoul prayed aloud as only such souls can pray.—*The Parisians*, ii. 282.

A Banquet in the midst of Famine.

“Gallant friend,” said De Brézé, “if it be true that thy mortal career is menaced, die as thou hast lived. An honest man leaves no debt unpaid. Thou owest me a dinner.”

“Alas!” responded Lemercier, “ask of me what is possible. I will give thee three, however, if I survive and regain my *rentes*. But to-day I have not even a mouse to share with Fox.”

“Fox lives then?” cried De Brézé, with sparkling hungry eyes.

“Yes. At present he is making the experiment how long an animal can live without food.”

“Have mercy upon him, poor beast! Terminate his pangs by a noble death. Let him save thy friends and thyself from starving. For myself alone I do not plead; I am but an amateur in polite literature. But Savarin, the illustrious Savarin,—in criticism the French Longinus—in poetry the Parisian Horace—in social life the genius of gaiety in

pantaloons,—contemplate his attenuated frame! Shall he perish for want of food while thou hast such superfluity in thy larder? I appeal to thy heart, thy conscience, thy patriotism. What, in the eyes of France, are a thousand Foxes compared to a single Savarin?"

"At this moment," sighed Savarin, "I could swallow anything, however nauseous, even thy flattery, De Brézé. But, my friend Frederic, thou goest into battle—what will become of Fox if thou fall? Will he not be devoured by strangers? Surely it were a sweeter thought to his faithful heart to furnish a repast to thy friends?—his virtues acknowledged, his memory blest!"

"Thou dost look very lean, my poor Savarin! And how hospitable thou wert when yet plump!" said Frederic, pathetically. "And certainly, if I live, Fox will starve; if I am slain, Fox will be eaten. Yet, poor Fox, dear Fox, who lay on my breast when I was frostbitten. No; I have not the heart to order him to the spit for you. Urge it not."

"I will save thee that pang," cried De Brézé. "We are close by thy rooms. Excuse me for a moment: I will run in and instruct thy *bonne*."

So saying he sprang forward with an elasticity of step which no one could have anticipated from his previous languor. Frederic would have followed, but Savarin clung to him, whimpering—"Stay; I shall fall like an empty sack, without the support of thine arm, young hero. Pooh! of course De Brézé is only joking—a pleasant joke. Hist!—a secret: he has mōneys, and means to give us once more a dinner at his own cost, pretending that we dine on thy dog. He was planning this when thou camest up. Let him have his joke, and we shall have a *festin de Balthazar*."

"Hein!" said Frederic, doubtfully; "thou art sure he has no designs upon Fox?"

“Certainly not, except in regaling us. Donkey is not bad, but it is 14 francs a lb. A pullet is excellent, but it is 30 francs. Trust to De Brézé: we shall have donkey and pullet, and Fox shall feast upon the remains.”

Unprescient of the perils that awaited him, absorbed in the sense of existing discomfort, cold and hunger, Fox lifted his mournful visage from his master’s dressing-gown, in which he had encoiled his shivering frame, on the entrance of De Brézé and the *concièrge* of the house in which Lemerrier had his apartment. Recognising the Vicomte as one of his master’s acquaintances, he checked the first impulse that prompted him to essay a feeble bark, and permitted himself, with a petulant whine, to be extracted from his covering, and held in the arms of the murderous visitor.

“*Dieu de dieu!*” ejaculated De Brézé, “how light the poor beast has become!” Here he pinched the sides and thighs of the victim. “Still,” he said, “there is some flesh yet on these bones. You may grill the paws, *fricasser* the shoulders, and roast the rest. The *rognons* and the head accept for yourself as a perquisite.” Here he transferred Fox to the arms of the *concièrge*, adding, “*Vite à la besogne, mon ami.*”

“Yes, Monsieur. I must be quick about it while my wife is absent. She has a *faiblesse* for the brute. He must be on the spit before she returns.”

“Be it so; and on the table in an hour—five o’clock precisely—I am famished.”

The *concièrge* disappeared with Fox. De Brézé then amused himself by searching into Frédéric’s cupboards and *buffets*, from which he produced a cloth and utensils necessary for the repast. These he arranged with great neatness, and awaited in patience the moment of participation in the feast.

The hour of five struck before Savarin and Frédéric

entered the *salon*; and at their sight De Brézé dashed to the staircase and called out to the *concierge* to serve the dinner.

Frederic, though unconscious of the Thyestean nature of the banquet, still looked round for the dog; and, not perceiving him, began to call out, "Fox! Fox! where hast thou hidden thyself?"

"Tranquillise yourself," said De Brézé, "Do not suppose that I have not"

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR'S SON.—The hand that wrote thus far has left unwritten the last scene of the tragedy of poor Fox. In the deep where Prospero has dropped his wand are now irrevocably buried the humour and the pathos of this cynophagous banquet. One detail of it, however, which the author imparted to his son, may here be fatally indicated. Let the sympathising reader recognise all that is dramatic in the conflict between hunger and affection; let him recall to mind the lachrymose loving-kindness of his own post-prandial emotions after blissfully breaking some fast, less mercilessly prolonged, we will hope, than that of these besieged banqueters: and then, though unaided by the fancy which conceived so quaint a situation, he may perhaps imagine what tearful tenderness would fill the eyes of the kind-hearted Frederic, as they contemplate the well-picked bones of his sacrificed favourite on the platter before him; which he pushes away, sighing, "Ah, poor Fox! how he would have enjoyed those bones!"—*The Parisians*, ii. 368.

XLIV.—DARNLEY.

Selfby Fyshe.

Marsden [reading the newspaper].

[Enter SELFBY FYSHE.

Mars. How d'ye do? You find me getting up the news of the day for the small talk of the evening.

Fyshe. News? I don't care for news. What's news to me? News means other people's concerns; I don't care for other people.

Mars. [reading.] What a horrible fire last night in St. Giles's!

Fyshe. Ah! I've no property in that direction.

Mars. So, Louis Philippe has been shot at again! What would become of France if she lost that sagacious king?

Fyshe. It's all one to me. I've nothing in the French funds.

Mars. Heavens! What is this? Your poor friend Dick Squander—blew out his brains at a quarter before six yesterday evening!

Fyshe. Did he? Thank Heaven I never lent him anything—except my umbrella! I must send for it.

Mars. Unparalleled philosopher, unmoved by the conflagration of a parish, the murder of a king, the danger of a realm, and the suicide of a friend!

Fyshe. Why, certainly, we ought all to be thankful when

the calamities of others do not injure ourselves. [*Offers snuff.*]
My mixture—the Selfby Fyshe mixture.

Mars. No, man! I abhor your puny excitements of Rappee and Havannah. Give me those which stir the blood, and rock the heart—Fighting, Politics, Gaming, Drinking, Wine, Love!

Fyshe. Marsden, don't bore!

Marsden [*looking at his watch*]. I did not know it was so late. I am going to Lady Juliet's; shall I take you in my cab?

Fyshe. No! Cabs are liable to accidents. I have a patent safety close little carriage.

Mars. Then you shall take me.

Fyshe. No! the Selfby Fyshe Patent Safety only holds one. Built on purpose not to be crowded by self-invited companions. [*Opens the window and puts out his hand.*] It's going to rain. I left my carriage at the corner, that damned fellow before he blew out his brains should have sent me back my umbrella.—*Darnley*, I. i.

Capital.

Darn. What benefactor to the world like the money-maker? Charity feeds one man, but Capital a million. It reaches Genius, and up springs Art. It converts the desert to a garden, the hamlet to a city. Without competition no excellence, but without capital no competition. Without energy no virtue, but no energy without gold. Your money-maker is the great civiliser.—*Darnley*, I. ii.

A Curmudgeon's Self-Justification.

Darn. Always some sneer at my poor Juliet. For shame!

Main. For shame yourself, Harry Darnley! This extravagant wife of yours is—

Darn. Beware!

Main. Beware? Damme, sir, don't take that tone with me! 'Tis not generous. Don't I owe everything to you? and does not that give me the right to say whatsoever I please? Blame yourself if I am a troublesome, honest, disagreeable friend—and zounds, sir, I don't care how uncomfortable I may make you, so long as I save you from a single sorrow.

Darn. My dear Mainwaring!

Main. Don't "dear" me, sir! I won't be wheedled out of my right to reprove you.—*Darnley*, I. i.

Qualifications for a Wife.

Mars. What! are you about to propose?

Fyshe. Not exactly. There are many things to consider before one admits another to the right of sharing one's existence, and crowding one's carriage. The girl's certainly quiet and silent. But has she all the other qualifications for a conjugal partner? There's the question! Take off all trouble, claim no authority, recollect what one likes when she orders the dinner, and never presume to appropriate to herself the liver-wing of the chicken?—*Darnley*, II. i.

A Superior Woman.

Fyshe. What they call a superior woman is always fidgety, and generally cracked.—*Darnley*, II. i.

Love.

Fyshe. Love? Human Nature was not made for such violent emotions. Love—the Enemy of Repose and the Promoter of Dyspepsia!—*Darnley*, II. i.

Fyshe and Miss Placid.

Fyshe. Believe me, we shall be exceedingly happy.

Fyshe Hall is the quietest place—game in abundance and the poultry superb. By the way, what part of the chicken do you prefer?

Miss P. I've no preference.

Fyshe. Thank Heaven! the liver wing is safe! No preference? Excellent creature—a perfect treasure! . . . How serenely she tats! Nothing disturbs her. Made on purpose for me—quite an automaton! Might as well not be married at all.—*Darnley*, II. i.

Smoking.

Main. A good cigar is as great a comfort to a man as a good cry to a woman.—*Darnley*, III. ii.

Miss Placid's Outbreak.

Mainwaring [smoking].

Miss P. Never mind me. I like it. [*Aside.*] How astonished he looks! I'll just practise on Mainwaring the part intended for Fyshe. [*Aloud.*] Bless you, when I lived with my poor uncle in Leicestershire, I've smoked a cigar myself, while riding to cover.

Main. Riding to cover!

Miss P. Don't you know my celebrity at Melton? Did you never hear of my great day at Langley Broom?

Main. My poor dear young friend, let me feel your pulse, will you?

Miss P. No, it always gallops a little when I think of that great day at Langley Broom. [*Knock at the door. Aside.*] There he is! Now for it. [*Aloud.*] That was a day!

“A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning!”

Fifteen miles to cover. Uncle rather gouty; so we went in a chaise and four, and sent on the horses. Mounted at Crutch Holloy. The field quite on fire with expectation

and scarlet. Here the Duke—his brows knit—hounds don't find. There—just where you stand—Count Scamper [*enter FYSHE*—and there Handsome Tom [*pointing towards FYSHE without seeming to see him*—Suddenly, yap, yap, yap! Hounds find. Horses snort. Freshmen look nervous. Out slips the fox—there, just by the fireplace—Yeo, yeo, yoicks! Tallyho! over the stonewall, up the hill, on through the wood, Handsome Tom leads the way—stops at the fence and goes plump in the ditch on the other side. “Lie still for your life!” and over I go upon Brown Bess—fence, ditch, Tom, and all! Fox takes to the mill—Hounds at fault—all at a stand-still. “Stole away!” cries the Duke. “Yoicks! yoicks!” cries the Huntsman, “there he sneaks the other side of the mill-stream.” “Harkaway! Harkaway!”—Into the stream—dash, dash, splash, splash! Safe on the bank—halt a moment to breathe—drip, drip, pant, pant! To it again! Count Scamper and I, neck and neck. Yap, yap, helter skelter—hurry curry! Here we are, in at the death! “Mettlesome girl!” cries the Duke. Oh, what a day! Let me light a cigar.

[*Lights a cigar, and throws herself on the sofa upon which MR. FYSHE has sunk in speechless consternation.—Darnley, III. iii.*]

Nil Desperandum.

Darn. Undone? we are never undone while the mind is firm and the name is spotless. The spider reweaves her web: the brave man rebuilds his fortunes.—*Darnley, III. iii.*

Friends.

Main. But I waste time. This is the hour to seek friends. As if friends were not like mammoths and iguanodons—a species of monsters that never survive a deluge.—*Darnley, IV. i.*

INDEX.

- A BANQUET in the midst of famine, 407
 A baronet of the last century, 217
 A battle royal, 375
 A bloody besom, 225
 A buck of the last century, 218
 A cheerful toast, 372
 A child's instinctive idea of God, 336
 A city's silence after nightfall, 48
 A claim to a friend's confidence, 314
 A completing tenderness, 387
 A constitutional sovereign, 69
 A convict ship, 229
 A Coxcomb, 5
 A critical moment, 378
 A curmudgeon's self justification, 412
 A dearly remembered footstep, 106
 A desperado at bay, 325
 A despot's nature, 200
 A dog's fidelity, 223
 A dog's greeting, 226
 A fiercer tempest than a thunderstorm, 105
 A fig for posterity, 34
 A first parting, 185
 A friend indeed, 49
 A genius, 131
 A gentleman, 142
 A gentleman's idea of fighting, 371
 A genus! 140
 A gibe at the historians, 60
 A gourmand's dinner, 44
 A great man's demon, 101
 A great man's friendship, 40
 A great noble's position, 131
 A halcyon glimpse of midsummer, 219
 A holy talisman, 405
 A home for love, 141
 A ladder of the angels, 105
 A liberator's creative power, 96
 A liberator's grandeur, 95
 A little management, 154
 A little more, 308
 A lover—a chameleon, 144
 A lower depth than the grave, 23
 A lumber closet, 158
 A lumber room, 270
 A man of genius, 319
 A mere Foible, 7
 A muscular Christian, 370
 A nation's choice, 239
 A nervous swindler, 129
 A noble name, 179
 A nose in the air, 315
 A panegyric on smoking, 160
 A patriot's justification, 96
 A perfect gentleman, 14
 A pessimist's view of humanity, 23
 A poet of poets, 173
 A poet's royalty, 293
 A prima donna's mission, 398
 A prize—glory, 140
 A proverb from the nether-world, 364
 A rarely realised dream, 408
 A rivulet's murmur, 50
 A Scarecrow, 7
 A serenade changed to an epithalamium, 203
 A serene expression, 379
 A single grave, 56
 A sizar, 152
 A Slavkenburgian extravagance, 257
 A slow eternity, 394
 A soul's grandeur revealed, 243
 A stalwart fop's deprecation, 60
 A startling child, 370
 A subterranean landscape, 362
 A subtle humorist, 372
 A superior woman, 413
 A time-serving Parisian, 395
 A Trifler or a Philosopher? 10
 A wicked world, my masters, 313
 A woman's temper, 383
 A worldling's laugh at trouble, 64
 A young reader's view, 324
 A youth's good genius, 383
 Above the little grave, 139
 Accomplishments of a scapegrace, 265
 Acrobats of civilisation, 133
 Action, the true Lethé, 54
 Adam Warner's Eureka, 193
 Addison, 34
 Advancing fears, 321
 Adversity, 87
 Adversity and prosperity, 316

- Aërial dance of the Vrill-ya, 364
 Æschylus, 110
 Agitation in Paris, 404
 Agony of parting, 253
 All envy groundless, 62
 All-golden Youth, 118
 All the earth a sepulchre, 236
 Alps on Alps, 111
 Ambition, 64
 Ambition fearless, 104
 Amusement, 69
 Amusements in France and England, 71
 An abortive revolution, 98
 An agony of grief, 115
 An alarming leader, 385
 An angler's haunt, 39
 An arch-appetitor, 204
 An Archimedean stand-point, 96
 An artist, 397
 An artist's ambition, 387
 An autumnal evening, 45
 An emotionless heart, 184
 An epicure victimised, 33
 An escaped madman's sense of freedom, 137
 An Exquisite's view of Vulgarians, 4
 An honoured tomb, 388
 An ideally happy marriage, 404
 An improvement on the Girl of the Period, 379
 An incipient murderess, 219
 An ineffable mystery, 356
 An insolent duchess, 61
 An irreparable loss, 12
 An old reader's view, 323
 An oldish coxcomb, 385
 Anadyomene, 333
 Ancestral glories, 136
 Andre Chénier, 355
 Angelic deaths in the Reign of Terror, 187
 Angelic office of paternity, 184
 Another's happiness, 39
 Anticipation and retrospect, 17
 Apathy, 123
 Apology, 290
 Appreciation of woman, 401
 Approach of the honeymoon, 155
 Arbaces' doom, 90
 Arbaces the Egyptian, 80
 Aristocracy and the People, 70
 Art and Nature, 178
 Arthur's prevision of Vietpria, 255
 As it ought to be, 384
 Ascending or levelling the mountain, 292
 Aspirations after immortality, 93
 Aspire, 343
 At your time of life! 140
 Audley Egarçon's death, 311
 August, 160
 Augustus Tomlinson's parliamentary axiom, 34
 Australian landscape, 275
 Authors, 124
 Authors discouraging neophytes, 300
 Automaton servants or messengers, 364
 Avalanche, 252
 Awful uncertainty of the future, 58
 Be just before you are generous, 224
 Beautiful renowns, 348
 Beauty and genius, 320
 Beauty and virtue, 149
 Bees and butterflies, 349
 Before his age, 98
 Belief conquers doubt, 63
 Benign proof of repentance, 63
 Benignity in old age, 15
 Bible of the universe, 201
 Bodiless spirits, 66
 Body, mind, and soul, 334
 Bolingbroke, 328
 Books, 257, 266
 Boys and girls, 113
 Bragelone's warning to Louis Quatorze, 106
 Brandy and tobacco, 380
 Brod a hatter, 153
 Brevity of human life, 94
 Brightest when vanishing, 126
 British Museum Library, 261
 Brotherhood of Englishmen, 276
 Bulls that are bores, 12
 Bumptious and gumptious, 293
 Burley's view of authorship, 302
 But, 377
 But me no buts, 158
 Buying and selling, 359
 Byron's death, 73
 C-a-h! I soar, I am a hawk, 17
 Callousness of law, 35
 Canalic, 98
 Capital, 412
 Cavi-playing, 265
 Carpe Diem, 1
 Cecilia Travers, 378
 Centralisation, 134
 Centre and circumference, 276
 C'est le premier pas qui coûte, 271
 Charles dear, 282
 Chastity of honour in youth, 316
 Chatham, 329
 Chatterton, 300
 Cherries, 127
 Childlike faith, 215
 Children, 130, 300
 Christianity, 215
 Civilisation a Juggernaut, 134
 Claude Melnotte's exculpation, 143
 Clean—comparatively, 28
 Cleveland's denunciation of Paris, 132
 Clothhoppers, 272
 Closing words of the "Last Days of Pompeii," 90

- Collision of intellects, 370
 Colonel Legard, 130
 Companionship of nature, 322
 Comprehensive education, 255
 Conceit invulnerable, 15
 Conciliation, 348
 Confidences of the Essayist, 348]
 Consolation for death, 67
 Consolations of authorship, 120
 Consoling thought of the hereafter, 100
 Consumption, 210
 Contempt most contemptible, 23
 Content, 51
 Contrasts among men, 104
 Conversational French, 322
 Corporal Bunting and Peter Dealty, 37
 Courage, 70
 Courts and trials, 111
 Cowardice, 13
 Coxcombry and heroism, 206
 Crisis of life and death, 264
 Critics, 31
 Crowned passion on the brink of death, 64
 Crucial test of friendship, 52
 Crush out

 DANCING among the brigands, 161
 Dawn of love, 130
 Dawn of sentiment, 318
 Day-dreams of authorship, 119
 Day-dreaming, a common heritage, 173
 Daybreak, 214
 De Mauprat's malediction on Richelieu, 146
 Deadly Smooth, 154
 Death, 159
 Death, both Victory and Emancipation, 20
 Death of Robespierre, 191
 Death's victors, 254
 Debt, 344
 Deductions from the past, 303
 Degenerate genius, 51
 Degenerate Rome, 95
 Demons of the Revolution, 189
 Departure from the under-world, 368
 Descent into the abyss, 360
 Description of Robespierre, 186
 Despair, 254
 Destiny, 205
 Dictatorship, 169
 Difficulty of arguing with a Gy, 367
 Dignity of thought, 276
 Disinterested tenderness, 52
 Divine consolations, 116
 Dogs, 307
 Dreamland, 51
 Dreams of youth, 271
 Dropping the mask, 310
 Dumme Dunnaker's Caution, 31
 Dying is but being born anew, 184

 EARL Godwin and his sons, 238
 Earl Warwick, 194
 Early death, 264
 Early death enviable, 56
 Early rising, 261
 Earth our mother, 86
 Earth's cloudlike glories, 148
 Easy's irrepressible happiness, 313
 Edith's self-sacrifice, 240
 Edward IV.'s ferocious war-cry, 266
 Edward the Confessor, 231
 Egeria, 338
 Egotism among the million, 1
 Elasticity of the conscience, 114
 Eldest sons, 379
 Emotions in good society, 136
 England, 155
 England from the other side of the Channel, 404
 English Abroad, 6
 English architecture, 74
 English parks, 114
 English Sundays, 71
 Englishmen when duellists, 285
 Emmet, 23
 Envy, 307
 Epigram and Epitaph, 314
 Epitaph, 416
 Episcopal qualifications, 132
 Equality essential to friendship, 158
 Eternal activity of intelligence, 223
 Eternal progress, 135
 Eugene Aram, 38
 Events—not Years, 21
 Every one has talent, 228
 Everything has its importance, 405
 Exhaustion of travel, 28
 Experience, 30

 FAIL! 147
 Faith, 55, 125, 348
 Faith and incredulity, 173
 False educational system, 274
 Fame enhanced by imperfections, 43
 Felon footfalls, 309
 Favour, 259
 Fiat Justitia, 10
 Final catastrophe at Pompeii, 88
 Finding of Harold's body, 248
 Finite and Infinite Wisdom, 183
 First love, 67
 First night of the Siren, 174
 First-rate and second-rate faculties, 118
 First scare as to the under-world, 300
 Flattery—the Infallible Touchstone, 5
 Flowers, 127
 Flunkeyism, 69
 Force of circumstances, 102
 Foretastes of love, 162
 Forgetfulness, 43
 Fox, 330
 Free translation, 271
 Freemen and Slaves, 29

- Friends, 415
 Friends in need, 13
 Friendship and love, 120
 • Fundamental truth, 257
 Futility of human aspirations, 2
 Futile ambition, 118
 Fyshe and Miss Placid, 413
- GARNERING up hopes of immortality, 50**
 Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, 98
 Gawtrey's death, 165
 Genius ever young, 128
 Genius no ruder, 21
 George Morley's appeal to Waife, 320
 Germs of reverence, 292
 Githa's prayers for the defenders of
 England, 245
 Glamour of a thoughtful face, 60
 Glaucus the Greek, 79
 Gloucester's charge through the battle,
 207
 Godlike isolation of youth, 105
 Godolphin's round of dissipation, 66
 God's gifts to the poor, 163
 Golden axioms, 157
 Golden rule of earthly happiness, 17
 Golden youth, 113
 Good and bad, 302
 Good from evil, 229
 Good sense, 119
 Government, 75
 Gradus ad Cœlum, 19
 Grandchildren, 357
 Grave turf, 272
 Greece, 109
 Greek sculpture and Greek literature, 115
 Green old age, 131
 Grief the true teacher, 1
 Gumption—how attained, 43
 Gustave Ramont, 396
 Guy Darrell on Horace, 317
- HANDWRITING of the dead, 310**
 Happiness, 252
 Happiness in every condition, 128
 Happiness not in rest but labour, 170
 Harold proclaimed king at Westminster,
 12
 Harold's conquest of the Norsemen, 243
 Harold's defeat at Hastings, 245
 Harold's extorted oath of allegiance to
 William, 228
 Haunting melodies, 173
 Haunts of our childhood, 56
 Health not our greatest blessing, 63
 Helen on Chatterton's fate, 302
 Help better than advice, 159
 Henry VI. in the Tower of London, 205
 Here and hereafter, 347
 Heroic example, 108
 High arguments, 295
 High-wrought egotism, 119
- Historians and biographers, 14
 Historic representatives, 110
 Home, 132, 203, 353
 Home influences on the ambitious, 239
 Honest Gordon, 383
 Honesty, 152
 Honesty—alert, not sluggish, 168
 Honour, 129
 Hope, 210
 Hope and faith, 324
 Hope should anchor us in happiness, 24
 Hospitallers, 99
 House of Commons life, 384
 House of Lords, 75
 Household treason, 222
 How Pompeii was re-peopled by the
 romancist, 78
 How to gain repute for ability, 22
- I HEAR a voice you cannot hear, 177**
 Icebergs, 255
 Ignorance and knowledge, 18
 Imagination a Paradise, 93
 Imagination and the soul, 66
 Imitation intrinsically base, 12
 Immortality of the affections, 84
 In a passion, 121
 In memoriam, 52
 Incarnate Divinity, 108
 Inconsolable widower, 150
 Inequality an universal law, 178
 Infinitude of life in the universe, 180
 Innermost thoughts, 293
 Insoluble problems, 227
 Inspiration of the Lares, 135
 Instinctive belief in immortality, 339
 Irony, 371
 Isora's converse with Nature, 27
 Italia! O Italia! 83
 Italian and German music, 118
- JACQUEMO and Riccabocca, 287**
 Jeremy Taylor, 315
 Jewels in Pawn, 4
 Journalism, 72, 74
 Judicious rattling, 132
- KEEPING a secret, 155**
 Kind, but ruthless, 134
 Kings, 356
 Knowledge transmutable to virtue, 17
- LARES and Penates, 92**
 Latent powers of nature, 337
 Law, 151
 Laurel, 251
 Leonidas, 111
 Let us part friends, 155
 Liberty, 151, 355
 Life, a Curse or a Blessing? 135
 Life and death, 54

- Life of an M.P., 331
 Life of Robert Hall, 268
 Life's drama, 66
 Life's dreams, 117
 Life's opening leaf, 210
 Life's undercurrent—Death, 49
 Light for others, not ourselves, 24
 Take my luck, 151
 Literature as a profession, 301
 Littleness of the earth, greatness of the soul, 177
 Living up to the age, 321
 Living with clever people, 372
 London, 120, 214, 261
 London idlers classified, 58
 Looking to the future, 11
 Lord Borodaine's hauteur, 16
 Lord John Russell, 212
 Lord John Aggrey, 213
 Lord L'Estrange's odd idea, 209
 Lord Mauleverer on love, 35
 Lord Mauleverer's Political Cynicism, 33
 Lord Stanley, 211
 Lord Thotford, 384
 Lord Vargrave's heir, 123
 Lord Vargrave's private secretary, 125
 Lord Warwick's battle axe, 265
 we, 99, 169, 252, 356, 413
 we and death, 350
 we and fame, 352, 387
 we at first sight, 227
 we equalises, 153
 we eternal, 200
 Love sanctified by death, 30
 Love, the remembrance of Paradise,
 Love's intuitive wisdom, 185
 Love's regiments, 43
 Lovers' days are years, 55
 Loyal to the core! 197
 Lucy Brandon, 31
 Lunley Ferrers' soliloquy, 122
 Lyrical poetry, 109
- MANNERISM**, 121
 Manners, 7
 Manners and good looks, 117
 Man's inscrutable future, 400
 Man's little wisdom, 19
 Man's proper study, 12
 Man's worth, 156
 Many called, but few chosen, 100
 Margaret of Anjou and the King-maker
 203
 Margrave, 333
 Martyrs, 390
 Master Stirn, 285
 May noon in a Parisian suburb, 397
 Meaning of home, 275
 Melbourne's sensibility, 330
 Men and Women, 267
 Men never can be equals, 179
 Mental cosmetics, 28
 Merlin's prophecy, 251
- Microcosms, 121
 Middle life's to-morrow, 114
 Mighty fine talkers not the best scholars, 47
 Misapplied genius, 196
 Misfortune provokes ridicule, 34
 Miss Brulazon, 333
 Miss Placid's outbreak, 414
 Modern French novels, 209
 Money and friends, 158
 Moonbeam and starbeam, 222
 Movement and Rest, 52
 Mr. Carr Vipont, 321
 Mr. Mandeville's head level, 1
 Mr. Mivers, 371
 Music, 393
- NAPOLÉON III.** compared to Augustus,
 391
 Nature, 373
 Nature abhors a vacuum, 57
 Nature speaks of God to man alone, 380
 Nature's unflinching solace, 341
 Nature's variety, 259
 Neatness of style, two kinds, 391
 Nemesis, 311
 Never alone, 255
 New lad every morning, 224
 New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, 53
 News from the East, 149
 Newspapers, 153
 Next morning, 113
 Night the time for prayer, 88
 Nil Desperandum, 415
 No prejudice, 304
 No solitude in youth, 357
 No vacancy for vice, 258
- O'CONNELL**, 211, 331
 Obscure lives, 293
 Oh, for an explanation! 402
 Old aforesaid, 309
 On horseback, 13
 One great book a year, 346
 One moment, 122
 One on whom Christ had smiled, 84
 Opinions beyond Acts, 177
 Orators, 253
 Oratory, 328
 Order, 322
 Origin of music, 114
 Originating and reflecting journalism, 72
 Originality, 122
 Our mutual dependence, 19
 Our soul's trust, 123
 Our spiritual essence, 309
 Our two lives, 53
 Outlet of Pisani's anguish, 174
- PALMERSTON**, 253
 Paralysing influence of ridicule, 65

Parents, 267
 Paris, a loadstone to Frenchmen, 390
 Parisians, irrepressible revolutionists, 391
 Parliament, 296
 Parsons and Philosophers, 264
 Party politics, 151
 Parvenus, 307
 Passion, an Avalanche, 2
 Past and future of the Vrill-ya, 365
 Paul's preaching, 85
 Pearls before Swine, 6
 Pedigrees, 267
 Pelham on Dress, 10
 Penalty of isolation, 28
 Penny tracts, 292
 Perennial youth, 96
 Peter the Great, 29
 Petrarch in Vaucluse, 99
 Philanthropy and posterity, 385
 Philosophic reveries, 202
 Philosophy lapped on earth, 147
 Pisani's Barbifon, 172
 Pitt's oratory, 330
 Pity, 130
 Placable and imperturbable, 250
 Plighted troth, 170
 Poetical justice, 205
 Poignant civility, 21
 Pooh ! 61
 Popular fallacies, 69
 Portraits, 137
 Posthumous praise, 167
 Poverty, 69
 Praise and derision, 387
 Prayer, 168, 215, 387
 Predictions fulfil themselves, 380
 Priceless manuscripts, 336
 Pride, 29, 315
 Pride of a peasant, 289
 Principle and a free constitution, 14
 Principles and details, 70
 Principles first, Facts afterwards 9
 Privileged postponers, 22
 Progress, 77
 Prometheus, 19
 Proof, 259
 Proof of man's immortality, 350
 Proverbs, 374
 Provocation to laughter, 153
 Prudence, patience, and order, 229
 Public life, 305
 Puzzle of life, 317

 QUALIFICATIONS for a wife, 423

 RAINBOW, 254
 Rapport between rogues, 306
 Real despair, 107
 Real life, 311
 Reason's alternative, 356
 Reconciled to death, 124

Reflections on the Thames at night, 48
 Refreshments on Road and Pack, 284
 Relations, 310
 Religion, 70, 125
 Religion of freedom, 128
 Religion of the Vrill-ya, 365
 Remorse, 216
 Representatives of the past, 111
 Representatives of things, 162
 Requisites for a diplomatist, 28
 Restricting rights, 295
 Reunion at last of Alice and Maltravers, 138
 Revolution, 71
 Revolutions, 134
 Riccabocca, 281
 Richard III., 196
 Richardson's Lovelace, 64
 Ridicule of others acceptable, 14
 Rights of property, safeguards of freedom, 75
 Rivalry, its elevating influence, 207
 Robin's warning to the Great Earl, 198
 Romance, 403
 Rooks conventual, 14
 Roses, 85
 Rounding the circle of life, 341
 Royal prerogative of man, 347

 SADDEST songs are sweetest, 99
 Safe generosity, 20
 Safety in numbers, 375
 St. James's Street, 214
 Saints and Sinners, 373
 Sanctity of Infants, 185
 Sanity hangs upon a gossamer, 35
 Satire and satirists, 105
 Saville's sneer at authors, 62
 Saving rule of the British Constitution, 404
 School of life, 275
 School for men, 346
 Scientific experiments, 378
 Seasons of the soul, 354
 Selfly Fyshe, 411
 Self-esteem and Confidence, the Wings of Genius, 16
 Self-purification of literature, 138
 Self-revelation of authors, 92
 Self-sacrifice, 102, 215, 353
 Serenity in High Life, 4
 Shakespeare's supremacy, 390
 Shakespeare's universality, 342
 Shakespearian enchantment, 39
 Silence, 269
 Silence is golden, 117
 Simple materials of immortality, 185
 Simplicity in Aristocratic Life, 9
 Sir John Vesey's philosophy, 149
 Sir Robert Peel, 211
 Sir Sedley Beaudesert, 262
 Slayphus, 356

- Sleep and Dreamland, 251
 Sleep-life's elixir, 107
 Sleep of the young, 200
 Sloth, 317
 Slow accession of knowledge, 295
 Smoking, 114
 Society, 403
 Sole joy in life, 2
 Some comfort, 152
 Something like a Dinner, 8
 Soul above fortune, 103
 Soul and stream, 68
 Southern sunrise, 99
 Sown in corruption, 255
 Spiritual Familiars, 3
 Stage illusion, 59
 Sterne, 345
 Subtle associations, 67
 Such fun! 271
 Sudden impulses to faith and expiation,
 248
 Suffer cheerfully, 375
 Sugar plums after date, 323
 Sunshine and shower, 252
 Superstition of an arch free-thinker, 339
 Suppers, 14
 Supreme efficacy of patience, 188
 Sweet uses of adversity, 210
 Sweeney's resignation of his birthright,
 255
 Swift, 328
 Sympathy, 289
 Sympathy essential to influence, 116
 Sympathy for the great, 272
- Tact, 12
 Taking the conceit out of him, 277
 Talent and Genius, 127
 Taming a Bucephalus, 160
 Tantalising, 263
 Tasteless Profusion, 11
 Teachings of experience, 92
 Tears, 316
 Tears of joy and of sorrow, 184
 Temptation always to be vanquished,
 137
 The all-god I, 367
 The angel of death, 55
 The atheist Nicot, 191
 The best of friends, 380
 The best teacher, 382
 The Bible of the universe, 211
 The chastity of his honour! 227
 The Circle, 29
 The Countess de Craon, 394
 The Crucifix, 102
 The dear deceased, 150
 The desire of fame, 351
 The desire to know, 296
 The detective in the coiner's den, 163
 The Divine Weed, 315
 The doom of Adam, 344
 The Duke of Wellington, 212
- The Earthquake, 81
 The English Press, 117
 The Essays of Elia, 72
 The essential of friendship, 35
 The Eternal Silencos, 2
 The few who are the earth's benefactors,
 170
 The first violets, 350
 The garbage of French literature, 269
 The gilt of the gab, 45
 The Globe, a Cemetery, 56
 The gnomon of literature, 31
 The golden number, 156
 The greed of a little more, 382
 The harrow and the harvest, 352
 The heart's harvest, 43
 The heaven of art, 316
 The height of bliss, 311
 The honeymoon, 26
 The house-tops, 272
 The hush of a storm, 22
 The impenetrable future, 101
 The inner self, 263
 The King-maker, 196
 The Koom-Push, 365
 The last Bourbons, 399
 The last love the best, 170
 The life of the stage, 173
 The light that never was on sea or land,
 24
 The Man from Baker Street, 284
 The Mastodons of Literature, 47
 The midnight lamp, 353
 The miniature, 266
 The minstrel, 55
 The moth, 260
 The Norman race, 193
 The one-eye perch, 297
 The only soothers of a great affliction,
 49
 The palace and the back slums of West-
 minster, 358
 The parish stocks, 278
 The passions when strougcat, 136
 The People, 105
 The purposes of patience and labour,
 229
 The real and the ideal world, 394
 The reign of Napoleon III., 400
 The roar of a multitude, 206
 The Roman Campagna, 62
 The sea, 358
 The secret of youth, 343
 The smile of death, 214, 310
 The soul's destiny, 405
 The soul's impenetrable sanctuary, 97
 The span of an instant, 354
 The Stout Gentleman, 156
 The sublimest heritage of humanity,
 190
 The sword, 27
 The sword and the pen, 146
 The tailor makes the gentleman, 151
 The tortoise in the viridarium, 80

- The tymbesteres, 201
 The unattainable ideal, 21
 The violet-crowned, 110
 The violin, 172
 The voice of our youth, 56
 The Vril-ya, 868
 The wily trout, 41
 The wings of genius, 226
 The Witch of Vesuvius, 87
 The wonders of God, 339
 The world | 338
 The world a spider's web, 24
 The world incarnate in Lord Lilburne, 168
 The world's reading of vice and virtue,
 156
 The young Cy-Zee, 306
 Thinkers and actors, 295
 Three requirements of humanity, 338
 Three silences, 289
 Thumbs and Teeth, 373
 Thunderstorm at the Devil's Crag, 46
 Time the old gravedigger, 168
 Tit for tat, 149
 To enjoy is to obey, 22
 To-day and to-morrow, 318
 Too late ! 51
 Too little and too much, 127
 Transforming eyes, 335
 Treachery, 311
 Trifles, 122
 Trifles have a relative value, 177
 Tropical landscape, 358
 True and false lights, 122
 True philosophy, 188, 291
 True repentance, 154
 Twaddle and Brag, 86
 Two ideal worlds, 127
 Two voices of Nature to the artist, 405

 UNACKNOWLEDGED relations, 405
 Unappreciated genius, 193
 Uncle Jack, 270
 Undying names, 309
 University Cads, 4
 Unselfishness, 215

 VAIN quest of happiness, 67
 Value of conjecture, 121
 Vanity an universal Irritation,
 Varium et inutabile serper, 22
 Venal, 261
 Very poor wit, 150,
 Vice and crime, 167
 Victory and Westminster Abbey, 389
 Virtue, God's Empire, 17
 Virtues of the vegetable kingdom, 179
 Vivian's despair, 273
 Vivian's knock, 269
 Vril's influence upon matter, 366

 WAKING dreams, 202
 War's benefits, 111
 Warwick at Barnet, 207
 Warwick's deceiver, 196
 Warwick's oath of vengeance, 201
 Waterloo medal, 258
 Wedded love, 169
 What is it that questions ? 378
 What made Harold formidable, 233
 What makes the cell a heaven, 167
 What service can we render the dead ?
 109
 Whist, 286
 William the Conqueror when Duke of
 Normandy, 231
 Wings worn by the Vril-ya, 367
 Winning its way to the light, 176
 Wisdom and Greatness, 6
 Wit and humour, 94
 Woman's objects many, not one, 62
 Woman's remembrance of her first lover,
 62
 Women, 51
 Writers, 307

 YOUNG ambition, 12
 Youth and Hope, 140
 Youthful aspirations, 265
 Youth's bridge of sighs, 116
 Youth's refuge in anguish, 264

THE END.

