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I.—A VISIT TO THE FUEGIANS,

BY

CHARLES DARWIN.

The following account of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego is taken from one of the most interesting and instructive books of travel ever written, the full title being: *A Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the countries visited during the voyage of H.M.S. "Beagle" round the world, under command of Captain Fitzroy, R.N.*, by Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. The voyage of Her Majesty's Ship "Beagle" lasted for nearly five years, from December, 1831, to November, 1836. Its principal object was the survey of various coasts then imperfectly known, and in particular of the southern extremity of South America. This work necessitated a prolonged stay at many out-of-the-way places, and gave ample leisure to Mr. Darwin, who accompanied the expedition as naturalist and geologist, to investigate the manners and customs of the inhabitants he met with. Of all the tribes encountered none were more savage or more miserable than those dwelling in Tierra del Fuego, which means "The Land of Fire," a name given to it by the early navigators from the custom, mentioned by the author, of the inhabitants lighting signal-fires on the approach of strangers. We print consecutively the portions descriptive of this curious people. The passages omitted deal with the movements of the ship or other matters not pertinent to the subject.

Darwin subsequently acquired fame as the author of many books of great scientific value, the best known being *The Origin of Species*, and *The Descent of Man*. These set forth the doctrine that the great variety of forms in plants and animals (including man) has gradually developed, by a process of selection, from a very few, or perhaps one, original forms. This involves what is commonly held out as the most important and most obnoxious of his doctrines, that man is descended from monkeys. Darwin was born in 1809, and died in 1882, being buried in Westminster Abbey.

HAVING now finished with Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, I will describe our first arrival in Tierra del Fuego. A little after noon we doubled Cape St. Diego, and entered the famous Strait of Le Maire. We kept close to the Fuegian shore, but the outline of the rugged, inhospitable Statenland was visible amidst the clouds. In the afternoon we anchored in the Bay of Good Success. While entering we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegians, partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea; and as we passed by, they sprang up and waving their tattered cloaks sent forth a loud and sonorous shout. The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry. The harbour consists of a fine piece of water half surrounded by low rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from anything I had ever beheld. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

In the morning the captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail, one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity. It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I ever beheld; I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilised man; it is greater than between a wild and a domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family; the three others

were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children had been sent away. These Fuegians are a very different race from the stunted, miserable wretches farther westward; and they seem closely allied to the famous Patagonians of the Strait of Magellan. Their only garment consists of a mantle made of guanaco skin, with the wool outside; this they wear just thrown over their shoulders, leaving their persons as often exposed as covered. Their skin is of a dirty coppery-red colour.

The old man had a fillet of white feathers tied round his head, which partly confined his black, coarse, and entangled hair. His face was crossed by two broad transverse bars; one, painted bright red, reached from ear to ear and included the upper lip; the other, white like chalk, extended above and parallel to the first, so that even his eyelids were thus coloured. The other two men were ornamented by streaks of black powder, made of charcoal. The party altogether closely resembled the devils which come on the stage in plays like Der Freischütz.

Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenances distrustful, surprised, and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts, and making a chuckling kind of noise, as people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man, and this demonstration of friendship was repeated several times; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom for me to return the compliment, which being done he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

They are excellent mimics: as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us, for instance, could follow an American Indian through a sentence of more than three words? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habit among the Caffres: the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he may be recognised. How can this faculty be explained? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared with those long civilised?

When a song was struck up by our party I thought the Fuegians would have fallen down with astonishment. With equal surprise they viewed our dancing; but one of the young men, when asked, had no objection to a little waltzing. Little accustomed to Europeans as they appeared to be, yet they knew and dreaded our firearms; nothing would tempt them to take a gun in their hands. They begged for knives, calling them by the Spanish word "cuchilla". They explained also what they wanted, by acting as if they had a piece of blubber in their mouth, and then pretending to cut instead of tear it.

I have not as yet noticed the Fuegians whom we had on board. During the former voyage of the "Adventure" and "Beagle" in 1826 to 1830, Captain Fitzroy seized on a party of natives, as hostages for the loss of a boat, which

had been stolen, to the great jeopardy of a party employed on the survey; and some of these natives, as well as a child whom he bought for a pearl button, he took with him to England, determining to educate them and instruct them in religion at his own expense. To settle these natives in their own country was one chief inducement to Captain Fitzroy to undertake our present voyage, and, before the Admiralty had resolved to send out this expedition, Captain Fitzroy had generously chartered a vessel, and would himself have taken them back. The natives were accompanied by a missionary, R. Matthews; of whom and of the natives, Captain Fitzroy has published a full and excellent account. Two men, one of whom died in England of the small-pox, a boy and a little girl, were originally taken; and we had now on board: York Minster, Jemmy Button (whose name expresses his purchase-money), and Fuegia Basket. York Minster was a full-grown, short, thick, powerful man; his disposition was reserved, taciturn, morose, and when excited violently passionate; his affections were very strong towards a few friends on board; his intellect good. Jemmy Button was a universal favourite, but likewise passionate; the expression of his face at once showed his nice disposition. He was merry and often laughed, and was remarkably sympathetic with any one in pain; when the water was rough, I was often a little sea-sick, and he used to come to me and say in a plaintive voice: "Poor, poor fellow!" but the notion, after his aquatic life, of a man being sea-sick, was too ludicrous, and he was generally obliged to turn on one side to hide a smile or laugh, and then he would repeat his "Poor, poor fellow!" He was of a patriotic disposition; and he liked to praise his own tribe and country, in which he truly said there were "plenty of trees," and he abused all the other tribes; he stoutly declared that there was no devil in his land. Jemmy was short, thick, and fat, but vain of his personal appearance; he used always to wear gloves, his hair was neatly cut, and he was distressed if his well-polished

shoes were dirtied. He was fond of admiring himself in a looking-glass; and a merry-faced little Indian boy from the Rio Negro, whom we had for some months on board, soon perceived this, and used to mock him; Jemmy, who was always rather jealous of the attention paid to this little boy, did not at all like this, and used to say, with rather a contemptuous twist of his head: "Too much skylark". It seems yet wonderful to me, when I think over all his many good qualities, that he should have been of the same race, and doubtless partaken of the same character, with the miserable, degraded savages whom we first met here. Lastly, Fuegia Basket was a nice, modest, reserved young girl, with a rather pleasing but sometimes sullen expression, and very quick in learning anything, especially languages. This she showed in picking up some Portuguese and Spanish, when left on shore for only a short time at Rio de Janeiro and Monte Video, and in her knowledge of English. York Minster was very jealous of any attention paid to her; for it was clear he determined to marry her as soon as they were settled on shore.

Although all three could both speak and understand a good deal of English, it was singularly difficult to obtain much information from them concerning the habits of their countrymen; this was partly owing to their apparent difficulty in understanding the simplest alternative. Every one accustomed to very young children, knows how seldom one can get an answer even to so simple a question as whether a thing is black *or* white; the idea of black or white seems alternately to fill their minds. So it was with these Fuegians, and hence it was generally impossible to find out, by cross-questioning, whether one had rightly understood anything which they had asserted. Their sight was remarkably acute; it is well known that sailors, from long practice, can make out a distant object much better than a landsman; but both York and Jemmy were much superior to any sailor on board; several times they have declared what some

distant object has been, and though doubted by every one, they have proved right, when it has been examined through a telescope. They were quite conscious of this power; and Jemmy, when he had any little quarrel with the officer on watch, would say: "Me see ship, me no tell".

It was interesting to watch the conduct of the savages, when we landed, towards Jemmy Button; they immediately perceived the difference between him and ourselves, and held much conversation one with another on the subject. The old man addressed a long harangue to Jemmy, which it seems was to invite him to stay with them. But Jemmy understood very little of their language, and was, moreover, thoroughly ashamed of his countrymen. When York Minster afterwards came on shore, they noticed him in the same way, and told him he ought to shave; yet he had not twenty dwarf hairs on his face, whilst we all wore our untrimmed beards. They examined the colour of his skin and compared it with ours. One of our arms being bared, they expressed the liveliest surprise and admiration at its whiteness, just in the same way in which I have seen the ourang-outang do at the Zoological Gardens. We thought that they mistook two or three of the officers, who were rather shorter and fairer, though adorned with large beards, for the ladies of our party. The tallest amongst the Fuegians was evidently much pleased at his height being noticed. When placed back to back with the tallest of the boat's crew, he tried his best to edge on higher ground, and to stand on tip-toe. He opened his mouth to show his teeth, and turned his face for a side view; and all this was done with such alacrity, that I daresay he thought himself the handsomest man in Tierra del Fuego. After our first feeling of grave astonishment was over, nothing could be more ludicrous than the odd mixture of surprise and imitation which these savages every moment exhibited.

. . . . . .

The Fuegian wigwam resembles, in size and dimensions,

a haycock. It merely consists of a few broken branches stuck in the ground, and very imperfectly thatched on one side with a few turfs of grass and rushes. The whole cannot be the work of an hour, and it is only used for a few days. At Goeree Roads I saw a place where one of these naked men had slept, which absolutely offered no more cover than the form of a hare. The man was evidently living by himself, and York Minster said he was "very bad man," and that probably he had stolen something. On the west coast, however, the wigwams are rather better, for they are covered with seal-skins. We were detained here several days by the bad weather. The climate is certainly wretched: the summer solstice was now passed, yet every day snow fell on the hills, and in the valleys there was rain, accompanied by sleet. The thermometer generally stood about 45°, but in the night fell to 38° or 40°. From the damp and boisterous state of the atmosphere, not cheered by a gleam of sunshine, one fancied the climate even worse than it really was.

While going one day on shore near Wollaston Island, we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast the natives, as we have seen, have guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally have an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked, and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby! These

poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make one's-self believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world. It is a common subject of conjecture what pleasure in life some of the lower animals can enjoy; how much more reasonably the same question may be asked with respect to these barbarians! At night five or six human beings, naked and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground, coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, winter or summer, night or day, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks; and the women either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair-line without any hook, jerk out little fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a putrid whale discovered, it is a feast; and such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi.

They often suffer from famine: I heard Mr. Low, a sealing-master intimately acquainted with the natives of this country, give a curious account of the state of a party of one hundred and fifty natives on the west coast, who were very thin and in great distress. A succession of gales prevented the women from getting shell-fish on the rocks, and they could not go out in their canoes to catch seal. A small party of these men one morning set out, and the other Indians explained to him that they were going a four days' journey for food; on their return Low went to meet them, and he found them excessively tired, each man carrying a great square piece of putrid whales' blubber, with a hole in the middle, through which they put their heads, like the Gauchos do through their ponchos or cloaks. As soon as the blubber was brought into a wigwam, an old man cut off thin slices, and, muttering over them, broiled them for a minute, and distributed them to the famished

party, who during this time preserved a profound silence. Mr. Low believes that, whenever a whale is cast on shore, the natives bury large pieces of it in the sand as a resource in time of famine; and a native boy, whom he had on board, once found a stock thus buried. The different tribes when at war are cannibals. From the concurrent but quite independent evidence of the boy taken by Mr. Low, and of Jemmy Button, it is certainly true that, when pressed in winter by hunger, they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs; the boy, being asked by Mr. Low why they did this, answered: "Doggies catch otters, old women no". This boy described the manner in which they are killed by being held over smoke and thus choked; he imitated their screams as a joke, and described the parts of their bodies which are considered best to eat. Horrid as such a death by the hands of their friends and relatives must be, the fears of the old women, when hunger begins to press, are more painful to think of; we were told that they then often run away into the mountains, but that they are pursued by the men, and brought back to the slaughter-house at their own firesides!

Captain Fitzroy could never ascertain that the Fuegians had any distinct belief in a future life. They sometimes bury their dead in caves, and sometimes in the mountain forests; we do not know what ceremonies they perform. Jemmy Button would not eat land-birds, because "eat dead men"; they are unwilling even to mention their dead friends. We have no reason to believe that they perform any sort of religious worship; though perhaps the muttering of the old man before he distributed the putrid blubber to his famished party may be of this nature. Each family or tribe has a wizard or conjuring doctor, whose office we could never clearly ascertain. Jemmy believed in dreams, though not, as I have said, in the devil: I do not think that our Fuegians were much more superstitious

than some of the sailors; for an old quartermaster firmly believed that the successive heavy gales which we encountered off Cape Horn were caused by our having the Fuegians on board. The nearest approach to a religious feeling which I heard of was shown by York Minster, who, when Mr. Bynoe shot some very young ducklings as specimens, declared in the most solemn manner: "O Mr. Bynoe, much rain, snow, blow much". This was evidently a retributive punishment for wasting human food. In a wild and excited manner he also related that his brother, one day whilst returning to pick up some dead birds which he had left on the coast, observed some feathers blown by the wind. His brother said (York imitating his manner): "What that?" and, crawling onwards, he peeped over the cliff, and saw "wild man" picking his birds; he crawled a little nearer, and then hurled down a great stone and killed him. York declared for a long time afterwards storms raged, and much rain and snow fell. As far as we could make out, he seemed to consider the elements themselves as the avenging agents: it is evident in this case how naturally, in a race a little more advanced in culture, the elements would become personified. What the "bad, wild men" were has always appeared to me most mysterious; from what York said, when we found the place like the form of a hare, where a single man had slept the night before, I should have thought that they were thieves who had been driven from their tribes, but other obscure speeches made me doubt this; I have sometimes imagined that the most probable explanation was that they were insane.

The different tribes have no government or chief, yet each is surrounded by other hostile tribes, speaking different dialects, and separated from each other only by a deserted border or neutral territory: the cause of their warfare appears to be the means of subsistence. Their country is a broken mass of wild rocks, lofty hills, and useless forests; and these are viewed through mists and endless storms.

The habitable land is reduced to the stones on the beach; in search of food they are compelled unceasingly to wander from spot to spot, and so steep is the coast that they can only move about in their wretched canoes. They cannot know the feeling of having a home, and still less that of domestic affection; for the husband is to the wife a brutal master to a laborious slave. Was a more horrid deed ever perpetrated than that witnessed on the west coast by Byron, who saw a wretched mother pick up her bleeding, dying, infant boy, whom her husband had mercilessly dashed on the stones for dropping a basket of sea-eggs? How little can the higher powers of the mind be brought into play: what is there for imagination to picture, for reason to compare, for judgment to decide upon? To knock a limpet from the rock does not require even cunning, that lowest power of the mind. Their skill in some respects may be compared to the instinct of animals; for it is not improved by experience: the canoe, their most ingenious work, poor as it is, has remained the same, as we know from Drake, for the last two hundred and fifty years.

Whilst beholding these savages, one asks—whence have they come? What could have tempted, or what change compelled, a tribe of men to leave the fine regions of the north, to travel down the Cordillera or backbone of America, to invent and build canoes, which are not used by the tribes of Chile, Peru, and Brazil, and then to enter on one of the most inhospitable countries within the limits of the globe? Although such reflections must at first seize on the mind, yet we may feel sure that they are partly erroneous. There is no reason to believe that the Fuegians decrease in number; therefore we must suppose that they enjoy a sufficient share of happiness, of whatever kind it may be, to render life worth having. Nature, by making habit omnipotent, and its effects hereditary, has fitted the Fuegian to the climate and the productions of his miserable country.

. . . . . .

The next day we smoothly glided onwards in our little fleet, and came to a more inhabited district. Few if any of these natives could ever have seen a white man; certainly nothing could exceed their astonishment at the apparition of the four boats. Fires were lighted on every point (hence the name of Tierra del Fuego or the land of fire), both to attract our attention and to spread far and wide the news. Some of the men ran for miles along the shore. I shall never forget how wild and savage one group appeared: suddenly four or five men came to the edge of an overhanging cliff; they were absolutely naked, and their long hair streamed about their faces: they held rugged staffs in their hands, and, springing from the ground, they waved their arms round their heads, and sent forth the most hideous yells.

At dinner-time we landed among a party of Fuegians. At first they were not inclined to be friendly; for until the captain pulled in ahead of the other boats, they kept their slings in their hands. We soon, however, delighted them by trifling presents, such as tying red tape round their heads. They liked our biscuit; but one of the savages touched with his finger some of the meat preserved in tin cases which I was eating, and feeling it soft and cold, showed as much disgust at it as I should have done at putrid blubber. Jemmy was thoroughly ashamed of his countrymen, and declared his own tribe were quite different, in which he was woefully mistaken. It was as easy to please as it was difficult to satisfy, these savages. Young and old, men and children, never ceased repeating the word "yammer-schooner," which means "give me". After pointing to almost every object, one after the other, even to the buttons on our coats, and saying their favourite word in as many intonations as possible, they would then use it in a neuter sense, and vacantly repeat "yammerschooner". After yammerschoonering for any article very eagerly, they would by a simple artifice point to their young women or little

children, as much as to say: "If you will not give it me, surely you will to such as these".

At night we endeavoured in vain to find an uninhabited cove; and at last were obliged to bivouac not far from a party of natives. They were very inoffensive as long as they were few in numbers, but in the morning, being joined by others, they showed symptoms of hostility, and we thought that we should have come to a skirmish. An European labours under great disadvantages when treating with savages like these, who have not the least idea of the power of firearms. In the very act of levelling his musket he appears to the savage far inferior to a man armed with a bow and arrow, a spear, or even a sling. Nor is it easy to teach them our superiority except by striking a fatal blow. Like wild beasts, they do not appear to compare numbers; for each individual, if attacked, instead of retiring will endeavour to dash your brains out with a stone, as certainly as a tiger under similar circumstances would tear you. Captain Fitzroy on one occasion being very anxious, from good reasons, to frighten away a small party, first flourished a cutlass near them, at which they only laughed; he then twice fired his pistol close to a native. The man both times looked astounded, and carefully but quickly rubbed his head; he then stared awhile, and gabbled to his companions, but he never seemed to think of running away. We can hardly put ourselves in the position of these savages, and understand their actions. In the case of this Fuegian, the possibility of such a sound as the report of a gun close to his ear could never have entered his mind. He perhaps literally did not for a second know whether it was a sound or a blow, and therefore very naturally rubbed his head. In a similar manner, when a savage sees a mark struck by a bullet, it may be some time before he is able at all to understand how it is effected; for the fact of a body being invisible from its velocity would perhaps be to him an idea totally inconceivable. Moreover, the extreme

force or a bullet that penetrates a hard substance without tearing it, may convince the savage that it has no force at all. Certainly I believe that many savages of the lowest grade, such as these of Tierra del Fuego, have seen objects struck, and even small animals killed, by the musket, without being in the least aware how deadly an instrument it is.

After having passed an unmolested night, in what would appear to be neutral territory between Jemmy's tribe and the people whom we saw yesterday, we sailed pleasantly along. I do not know anything which shows more clearly the hostile state of the different tribes than these wide borders or neutral tracts. Although Jemmy Button well knew the force of our party, he was, at first, unwilling to land amidst the hostile tribe nearest to his own. He often told us how the savage Oens men, "when the leaf red," crossed the mountains from the eastern coast of Tierra del Fuego, and made inroads on the natives of this part of the country. It was most curious to watch him when thus talking, and see his eyes gleaming, and his whole face assume a new and wild expression. As we proceeded along the Beagle Channel, the scenery assumed a peculiar and very magnificent character; but the effect was much lessened from the lowness of the point of view in a boat, and from looking along the valley, and thus losing all the beauty of a succession of ridges. The mountains were here about three thousand feet high, and terminated in sharp and jagged points. They rose in one unbroken sweep from the water's edge, and were covered to the height of fourteen or fifteen hundred feet by the dusky-coloured forest. It was most curious to observe, as far as the eye could range, how level and truly horizontal the line on the mountain side was, at which trees ceased to grow; it precisely resembled the high-water mark of drift-weed on a sea-beach.

At night we slept close to the junction of Ponsonby Sound with the Beagle Channel. A small family of

Fuegians, who were living in the cove, were quiet and inoffensive, and soon joined our party round a blazing fire. We were well clothed, and though sitting close to the fire were far from too warm; yet these naked savages, though further off, were observed, to our great surprise, to be streaming with perspiration at undergoing such a roasting. They seemed, however, very well pleased, and all joined in the chorus of the seamen's songs; but the manner in which they were invariably a little behindhand was quite ludicrous.

During the night the news had spread, and early in the morning a fresh party arrived, belonging to the Tekenika, or Jemmy's tribe. Several of them had run so fast that their noses were bleeding, and their mouths frothed from the rapidity with which they talked; and with their naked bodies all bedaubed with black, white, and red, they looked like so many demoniacs who had been fighting. We then proceeded (accompanied by twelve canoes, each holding four or five people) down Ponsonby Sound to the spot where poor Jemmy expected to find his mother and relatives. He had already heard that his father was dead; but as he had had a "dream in his head" to that effect, he did not seem to care much about it, and repeatedly comforted himself with the very natural reflection: "Me no help it". He was not able to learn any particulars regarding his father's death, as his relations would not speak about it.

Jemmy was now in a district well known to him, and guided the boats to a quiet pretty cove named Woollya, surrounded by islets, every one of which and every point had its proper native name. We found here a family of Jemmy's tribe, but not his relations; we made friends with them, and in the evening they sent a canoe to inform Jemmy's mother and brothers. The cove was bordered by some acres of good sloping land, not covered (as elsewhere) either by peat or by forest-trees. Captain Fitzroy originally intended to have taken York Minster and

Fuegia to their own tribe on the west coast; but as they expressed a wish to remain here, and as the spot was singularly favourable, Captain Fitzroy determined to settle here the whole party, including Matthews the missionary. Five days were spent in building for them three large wigwams, in landing their goods, in digging two gardens, and sowing seeds.

The next morning after our arrival the Fuegians began to pour in, and Jemmy's mother and brothers arrived. Jemmy recognised the stentorian voice of one of his brothers at a prodigious distance. The meeting was less interesting than that of a horse, turned out into a field, joining an old companion. There was no demonstration of affection; they simply stared for a short time at each other; and the mother immediately went to look after her canoe. We heard, however, through York, that the mother had been inconsolable for the loss of Jemmy, and had searched everywhere for him, thinking that he might have been left after having been taken in the boat. The women took much notice of, and were very kind to, Fuegia. We had already perceived that Jemmy had almost forgotten his own language. I should think there was scarcely another human being with so small a stock of language, for his English was very imperfect. It was laughable, but almost pitiable, to hear him speak to his wild brother in English, and then ask him in Spanish whether he did not understand him.

Everything went on peaceably during the three next days, whilst the gardens were digging and the wigwams building. We estimated the number of natives at about one hundred and twenty. The women worked hard, whilst the men lounged about all day long, watching us. They asked for everything they saw and stole what they could. They were delighted at our dancing and singing, and were particularly interested at seeing us wash in a neighbouring brook; they did not pay much attention to anything else,

not even to our boats. Of all the things which York saw, during his absence from his country, nothing seems more to have astonished him than an ostrich near Maldonado; breathless with astonishment he came running to Mr. Bynoe, with whom he was out walking—"O Mr. Bynoe, oh! bird all same horse!" Much as our white skins surprised the natives, by Mr. Low's account a negro-cook to a sealing vessel did so more effectually; and the poor fellow was so mobbed and shouted at that he would never go on shore again. Everything went on so quietly, that some of the officers and myself took long walks in the surrounding hills and woods. Suddenly, however, on the 27th, every woman and child disappeared. We were all uneasy at this, as neither York nor Jemmy could make out the cause. It was thought by some that they had been frightened by our cleaning and firing off our muskets on the previous evening; by others, that it was owing to offence taken by an old savage, who, when told to keep further off, had coolly spit in the sentry's face, and had then, by gestures acted over a sleeping Fuegian, plainly showed, as it was said, that he should like to cut up and eat our man. Captain Fitzroy, to avoid the chance of an encounter, which would have been fatal to so many of the Fuegians, thought it advisable for us to sleep at a cove a few miles distant. Matthews, with his usual quiet fortitude (remarkable in a man apparently possessing little energy of character), determined to stay with the Fuegians, who evinced no alarm for themselves; and so we left them to pass their first awful night.

On our return in the morning we were delighted to find all quiet, and the men employed in their canoes spearing fish.

Captain Fitzroy determined to send the yawl and one whale-boat back to the ship; and to proceed with the two other boats, one under his own command (in which he most kindly allowed me to accompany him), and one under Mr. Hammond, to survey the western parts of the Beagle

Channel, and afterwards to return and visit the settlement. The day, to our astonishment, was overpoweringly hot, so that our skins were scorched: with this beautiful weather, the view in the middle of the Beagle Channel was very remarkable. Looking towards either hand, no object intercepted the vanishing points of this long canal between the mountains. The circumstance of its being an arm of the sea was rendered very evident by several huge whales spouting in different directions. On one occasion I saw two of these monsters, probably male and female, slowly swimming one after the other, within less than a stone's throw of the shore, over which the beech-tree extended its branches.

We sailed on till it was dark and then pitched our tents in a quiet creek. The greatest luxury was to find for our beds a beach of pebbles, for they were dry and yielding to the body. Peaty soil is damp; rock is uneven and hard; sand gets into one's meat when cooked and eaten boat-fashion; but when lying in our blanket-bags, on a good bed of smooth pebbles, we passed most comfortable nights.

. . . . . .

When we reached the western mouth of this northern branch of the Beagle Channel, we sailed amongst many unknown desolate islands, and the weather was wretchedly bad. We met with no natives. The coast was almost everywhere so steep that we had several times to pull many miles before we could find space enough to pitch our two tents; one night we slept on large, round boulders, with putrefying seaweed between them; and when the tide rose, we had to get up and move our blanket-bags. The farthest point westward which we reached was Stewart Island, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles from our ship. We returned into the Beagle Channel by the southern arm, and thence proceeded, with no adventure, back to Ponsonby Sound.

We arrived at Woollya. Matthews gave so bad an

account of the conduct of the Fuegians, that Captain Fitzroy determined to take him back to the "Beagle"; and ultimately he was left at New Zealand, where his brother was a missionary. From the time of our leaving, a regular system of plunder commenced; fresh parties of the natives kept arriving; York and Jemmy lost many things, and Matthews almost everything which had not been concealed underground. Every article seemed to have been torn up and divided by the natives. Matthews described the watch he was obliged always to keep as most harassing; night and day he was surrounded by the natives, who tried to tire him out by making an incessant noise close to his head. One day an old man, whom Matthews asked to leave his wigwam, immediately returned with a large stone in his hand; another day a whole party came armed with stones and stakes, and some of the younger men and Jemmy's brother were crying; Matthews met them with presents. Another party showed by signs that they wished to strip him naked, and pluck all the hairs out of his face and body. I think we arrived just in time to save his life. Jemmy's relatives had been so vain and foolish that they had shown to strangers their plunder, and their manner of obtaining it. It was quite melancholy leaving the three Fuegians with their savage countrymen; but it was a great comfort that they had no personal fears. York, being a powerful, resolute man, was pretty sure to get on well, together with his wife Fuegia. Poor Jemmy looked rather disconsolate, and would then, I have little doubt, have been glad to have returned with us. His own brother had stolen many things from him; and as he remarked: "What fashion call that?" He abused his countrymen, "all bad men, know nothing". Our three Fuegians, though they had been only three years with civilised men, would, I am sure, have been glad to have retained their new habits; but this was obviously impossible. I fear it is more than doubtful whether their visit will have been of any use to them.

In the evening, with Matthews on board, we made sail back to the ship, not by the Beagle Channel, but by the southern coast. The boats were heavily laden and the sea rough, and we had a dangerous passage. By the next evening we were on the "Beagle" after an absence of twenty days, during which time we had gone three hundred miles in the open boats. Captain Fitzroy subsequently paid a visit by himself to the Fuegians, and found them going on well; and that they had lost very few more things.

On the last day of February in the succeeding year (1834), the "Beagle" anchored in a beautiful little cove at the eastern entrance of the Beagle Channel. Captain Fitzroy determined on the bold, and as it proved successful, attempt to beat against the westerly winds by the same rout which we had followed in the boats to the settlement at Woollya.

. . . . . .

On the 5th of March we anchored in the cove at Woollya, but we saw not a soul there. We were alarmed at this, for the natives in Ponsonby Sound showed by gestures that they had been fighting; and we afterwards heard that the dreaded Oens men had made a descent. Soon a canoe with a little flag flying was seen approaching, with one of the men in it washing the paint off his face. This man was poor Jemmy,—now a thin, haggar savage, with long disordered hair, and naked, except a bit of a blanket round his waist. We did not recognise him till he was close to us; for he was ashamed of himself, and turned his back to the ship. We had left him plump, fat, clean, and well dressed; —I never saw so complete and grievous a change. As soon, however, as he was clothed, and the first flurry was over, things wore a good appearance. He dined with Captain Fitzroy, and ate his dinner as tidily as formerly. He told us he had "too much" (meaning enough) to eat, that he was not cold, that his relations were very good people, and that he did not wish to go back to England;

in the evening we found out the cause of this great change in Jemmy's feelings in the arrival of his young and nice-looking wife. With his usual good feeling, he brought two beautiful otter-skins for two of his best friends, and some spear-heads and arrows made with his own hands for the captain. He said he had built a canoe for himself, and he boasted that he could talk a little of his own language! But it is a most singular fact that he appears to have taught all his tribe some English: an old man spontaneously announced "Jemmy Button's wife". Jemmy had lost all his property. He told us that York Minster had built a large canoe, and with his wife Fuegia had several months since gone to his own country, and had taken farewell by an act of consummate villainy; he persuaded Jemmy and his mother to come with him, and then on the way deserted them by night, stealing every article of their property.

Jemmy went to sleep on the shore, and in the morning returned, and remained on board till the ship got under weigh, which frightened his wife, who continued crying violently till he got into his canoe. He returned loaded with valuable property. Every soul on board was heartily sorry to shake hands with him for the last time. I do not now doubt that he will be as happy as, perhaps happier than, if he had never left his own country. Every one must sincerely hope that Captain Fitzroy's noble hope may be fulfilled, of being rewarded for the many generous sacrifices which he made for these Fuegians, by some shipwrecked sailor being protected by the descendants of Jemmy Button and his tribe! When Jemmy reached the shore he lighted a signal fire, and the smoke curled up, bidding us a last and long farewell, as the ship stood on her course into the open sea.

NOTES.

2. Tierra del Fuego. *The Land of Fire* is the name given to the large island, with several smaller islands, forming the southern extremity of the continent of South America. It is separated from the

mainland by the *Straits of Magellan*. The islands furthest south, on one of which is Cape Horn, are in like manner separated from the main island by straits called *Beagle Channel*. Another strait, between two of the larger of these islands, runs into Beagle Channel from the south and is called Ponsonby Sound. These, which will be found marked in any good map, are frequently alluded to in the text. **3. Doubled,** *i.e.*, sailed round the point or extremity of the cape. **25. Within hail,** *i.e.*, within hailing distance, near enough for a shout to be heard. **34. Inasmuch as,** because: *i.e.*, even if the savage man and the wild beast differed little, yet man's power of improvement is so much greater than that of the beast, that civilised man is far ahead of the domesticated animal; hence the difference between civilised man and savage man is much greater than that between the domesticated animal and the wild animal. **42. Guanaco,** a species of large sheep or goat, closely allied to the llama, having a fine woolly skin. **55. Der Freischütz,** the name of an opera or musical play on the subject of a German legend in which the *Freischutz* is a marksman possessing seven magic balls, of these six will hit whatever he aims at, but the seventh must obey the commands of the evil spirit under whose influence the marksman is. **70. Articulate,** *lit.* jointed, means here language formed by the intelligent co-ordinate movements of the organs of speech, as opposed to mere meaningless sounds as uttered by an infant or an idiot. **92. Practised habits, etc.** As savages have to depend for food and protection from man and beast upon their unaided senses, these become by practice exceedingly keen; the powers of sight, hearing, etc., of savages are frequently marvellous. Darwin suggests that this same practice of minute observation may explain their powers of mimicry. **95. Struck up,** *i.e.*, commenced. **109. Hostages, etc.** A boat had been stolen from a surveying party, involving its members in great danger; the captain accordingly seized a party of the natives to hold as hostages or pledges against the repetition of such a theft. **124. York Minster,** so called because his native country was near a rugged mountain which received this name from Captain Cook, probably from some fancied resemblance in its outline to the minster or cathedral of the city of York. **Jemmy Button,** so called, we are told subsequently, because he was purchased for a pearl button. **125. Fuegia,** feminine form coined from Fuego. **136. His aquatic life.** A man who had spent almost his whole life on the water could not understand sea-sickness. **152. Skylark,** *i.e.*, skylarking, *colloquial:* frolicking, especially playing small tricks and practical jokes. **167. Singularly difficult,** *i.e.*, difficult in a singular, peculiar, or remarkable degree, very difficult. **170. Alternative,** *i.e.*, the presence in the mind—at the same time—of two contrasting or at least different things, or ideas, one of which is to be

selected. ' Thus, in the simple instance given, the mind being filled with the idea of black cannot at the same time contain that of white ; the idea of white when it comes will displace entirely that of black. **186. "Me see," etc.,** *i.e.*, if I see a ship, which with my sharp sight I am likely to do first, I shall not tell you and so punish you. **202. Zoological Gardens,** gardens in London where a large collection of wild beasts is kept. **207. Back to back,** so as to compare their heights. **208. To edge,** to move gradually without being observed; being on higher ground or standing on tip-toe he would appear taller.

216. The passage omitted here describes the passage of the ship from Good Success Bay to another harbour near Cape Horn, called Wigwam Cove. **217. Haycock,** a heap of hay (dried grass) in form of a cone with a rounded top. **229. Summer solstice.** Solstice = lat. *solstitium*, from *sol*, the sun, and *sto*, stand, meaning literally the point of time at which the sun appears to stand still in the heavens. These are: 21st June, when the sun, having reached the point furthest north of the equator, begins to turn southward ; and 22nd December, when the sun reaches the furthest point south of the equator. In the northern hemisphere we call 21st June the summer solstice, but as Darwin is in the southern hemisphere his summer solstice is the 22nd December. **251. Thawed,** the heat of the naked body caused the sleet to melt. **267. Sea-eggs** = sea-urchins. **271. Fungi,** a large class of plants of which the mushroom may be taken as a type. **273. Sealing-master,** *i.e.*, master of a vessel engaged in the capture of seals. **285. Gauchos,** the inhabitants of the plains of La Plata; they are of mixed Spanish and Indian descent. **Poncho** is the common out-of-door garb of the Gaucho, and indeed throughout South America. It is oblong in shape, with a slit in the middle through which the head is passed; the poncho thus hanging in folds from the shoulders nearly to the ground. A poncho may be made of the roughest material and in the gaudiest colours, or of the finest wool in the most delicate tints. **294. Concurrent but, etc.** The evidence of each was given without knowing of that given by the other, yet each supported the other. **316. "Eat dead men."** The birds eat dead men, hence Jemmy would not eat them. Darwin elsewhere describes the condors and other filthy-eating birds of South America. **325. Quartermaster,** a petty officer on board a ship, selected from the most experienced seamen. **345. Elements, etc.** The elements would be considered as persons, or at least directed by special deities, as the Hindu *Rudra* or Latin *Æolus*, the god of the winds, or *Jupiter Pluvius*, god of rain. **357. Neutral territory,** *i.e.*, territory belonging to neither tribe. This primitive method of avoiding war was to place a wide space of unoccupied ground between each pair of tribes. **372. Brought**

into play, occupied; there is nothing to exercise the higher powers of the mind, and therefore they are not exercised, and remain undeveloped. **384. Cordillera,** Spanish, from Latin *chorda*, a string = a chain of mountains, and specially the great mountain chain of South America, the Andes, here metaphorically called *the backbone* of the continent. **394. Habit omnipotent, etc.** Nature makes habit or custom all-powerful, so that men must obey it, and their children inherit this tendency to obey the same customs, and hence even the Fuegians become contented with what we should consider the greatest misery.

397. The following portion of the expedition was made in boats, the ship being left at Wigwam Cove. The boats explored Beagle Channel and Ponsonby Sound, on which Jemmy's tribe lived. **423. Woefully,** extremely, very; the expression here is sarcastic, Jemmy's tribe, when found, turning out to be as bad as the rest. **429. In a neuter sense,** *i.e.*, without any object; not asking specifically for this or that, they simply kept on calling *give, give.* **431. Yammerschoonering,** the inflected word is here humorously used as a verb. **447. Compare numbers,** to consider whether their opponents are few in number or many. **467. Invisible, etc.** He could not conceive a body moving so swiftly as to become invisible; he would not therefore connect the bullet striking the mark with the gun at all. **484. When the leaf red,** *i.e.*, in the late summer or autumn, when alone travelling would be possible. **491. The effect, etc.** The effect would have been greater, *i.e.*, the magnificence of the scenery would have been more apparent, had it been seen from a lofty station and not from the surface of the water. **513. A little behindhand.** Instead of singing the note at the same time as the seamen, they sang it a little later, producing a very ludicrous effect. **569. Digging,** the active form of the passive participle = *being dug.* **581. Bird, etc.** = I have seen a bird just the same as a horse, referring to the fact that the ostrich does not fly but runs with great rapidity. **618. Vanishing point;** if you look along a straight road or canal, the two sides seem gradually to approach until at a distance they appear to meet; this is the *vanishing point.* The channel would thus appear like a lake, but the presence of whales proved that it opened into the sea. **630. Boat-fashion,** *i.e.*, after the fashion or mode of travellers by boat, who land and cook their food on the beach.

697. Beat against, a nautical expression for sailing against the wind by *tacking* or sailing in a zig-zag direction. **714. Things, etc.,** a colloquialism; matters appeared in a more favourable light. **736. Got under weigh,** nautical; weighed or lifted the anchor and began to move away. **749. Stood on.** nautical, directed her course

II.—THE ORDEAL,

BY

P. MEADOWS TAYLOR.

The following extract is from *A Noble Queen*, a novel descriptive of life in the Muhammadan kingdoms of the Dakhan at the time when Queen Elizabeth was ruling in England. Colonel P. Meadows Taylor, who was born in 1808 and died in 1876, was a distinguished Indian official, and became Governor of the Dakhan in 1850. He has written many tales illustrative of Indian life and history, the most celebrated being *Confessions of a Thug*, *Tara*, and *A Noble Queen*.

The Noble Queen, who gives a title to the book, was Chand Bibi, the daughter of a king of Ahmednagar, and wife of Ali Adil Shah of Bijapur. On her husband's death she became queen-regent, his nephew and heir, Ibrahim, being very young. Until her death, however, she continued to advise him, and was practically ruler of the kingdom. She was killed by her own soldiers in 1598, while defending Ahmednagar against the armies of Akbar. The events mentioned in the following passage occurred about 1590.

To understand the extract, it is necessary only to state that the hero, the young noble Abbas Khan, had slain in a skirmish a certain Elias Khan, who had joined one of the innumerable petty rebellions that kept the kingdoms of the Dakhan in a ferment in those days. The followers of Elias, however, said that Abbas had slain him treacherously as a dreaded rival, and thus a blood feud arose between the two parties. At a council, Abbas Khan demanded the right to clear his honour by the ordeal of single combat. It was while leaving this council in company with his friend Hyat Khan, the Kotwal, or town magistrate, that the treacherous attack was made upon him, with which the extract opens.

Abbas Khan had been brought up as a companion and playfellow of the young king Ibrahim, and this explains the friendly—almost motherly—feeling shown towards him by the Noble Queen.

This and other novels of Colonel P. Meadows Taylor are published in popular form by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., to whose courtesy we are obliged for permission to publish the following extract.

For a minute or two Hyat Khan, who had a large retinue, stood conversing with the young Khan, suggesting that he should see him safely home. But this he gracefully declined, and Hyat Khan had put his horse in motion to give his companion room, and Abbas Khan's retinue had moved on into his place and awaited their master's coming. There was no one near Abbas Khan but his groom, who was holding the horse's head, and an attendant, who held out the stirrup for him to mount; his old friend the Mirdha and two or three of the eunuchs were looking on. Suddenly a man of tall and powerful frame appeared to leap from behind a buttress of the building, and exclaiming: "Elias sends you this!" struck at the young Khan with all his force. The blow was so powerfully dealt that his intended victim, helpless from his position, staggered, and, as his horse plunged, fell to the ground. Many who saw the transaction thought he had been slain, and for an instant the assassin was in the grasp of several of the eunuchs and others, but he shook them off with ease, and fled into the dark recesses of the citadel, where concealment was easy, or whence he might leap from the wall and swim the ditch, and so escape into the city. A few men with torches followed him, but returned after a vain search.

Had it not been for the shirt of mail, Abbas Khan had never spoken more, for the assassin's dagger would have reached his heart. As it was, except feeling a severe bruise, the young man was unhurt; but the shock had caused his old wound to bleed in some degree, and the warm blood, trickling down his chest, warned him to obtain assistance as soon as possible, and the good Padré was close at hand. As he was about to mount his horse, one of Hyat Khan's attendants, looking on the ground, had found the assassin's dagger, and it was at once recognised by all. The point had broken off with the force of the blow, and was found where Abbas Khan had stood. As Hyat Khan examined the

weapon, he declared it to be that of Yacoot, the chief retainer of Elias Khan, and commander of his bodyguard, who was a native Abyssinian, and had brought the weapon from his own country

"He cannot elude me," said the Kotwal to Abbas Khan. "Ruffian as he is, he hath long been notorious for his crimes and violence. But thou hast had a narrow escape, my friend, and mayest thank the Lord and thy good mail for thy life; but, hark! the queen calls; go, I will wait for thee," and, ushered in by the eunuch, Abbas Khan was again in the royal presence.

There was no formality now. The queen stood in the centre of the hall, before the throne, with her arms outstretched. She had cast away her veil, and an agonised sob broke from her, while her slight frame still trembled with the horror she had endured when the first cry of "Abbas Khan is dead!" fell upon her ears.

"Thou art safe, Meeah!" she murmured, stretching out her hands, while he stooped and touched her feet; "tell me thou art safe!"

"I am unhurt, mother," he said, "though it was a fierce blow. I am always safe with thy blessing on my head; and see, is not that proved to-night? Inshalla! to-morrow will pass as safely, for I fear not, O my queen! my heart is true and my cause just; but suffer me to depart, mother, for Hyat Khan is waiting for me."

"It is well," she replied, "else I should have ordered the Palace guard to escort thee home. Khoda Hafiz, may God have thee in His keeping! Ere morning breaks my thank-offerings will be at every shrine and mosque in the city."

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Abbas Khan attired himself carefully. His turban was of gold muslin brocade, and the links of the Milan chain were twisted into it as on the night before; but these twists were passed over his ears and under his chin, which protected his neck and side of his head completely. The

shirt of mail over his muslin tunic felt easy and light, and the padding of the armourer prevented pressure on the wound. Over all he wore a splendid suit of rich cloth of gold of Benares, and jámahs, or petticoat-like trousers, which belonged to the full Court dress, but which could be easily cast off if necessary.

Hastily he examined the beautiful Toledo blade he had ordered to be ready for him, which was a broad, double-edged rapier, sharp as a razor on both sides. It was stiff, yet in the highest degree flexible under pressure, and might have been, probably was, once the weapon of a matador. Its quaint handle of inlaid gold balanced the sword exactly, and it was a weapon which inspired confidence in strong, skilful hands. Abbas Khan bound his waist with a rich brocaded scarf, the ends of which hung down on the right side, leaving the sword handle free. His retinue was ready, and at the lucky moment, directed by the family priest, he mounted his gallant horse, with a shout of "Bismilla!" echoed by all his followers, and passed on to the citadel.

He entered the gate with many others, strangers, friends, and acquaintances, and made his way direct through the main thoroughfare between the buildings attached to the Seven-storeyed palace, and the main edifice in which lived ordinarily the king and his queen, Taj-ool-Nissa, Sooltana, the queen-dowager, and other members of the family; and finally reached the Futteh Maidan, or plain of victory, a large open space which lay before the great archway of the hall of audience. This is now covered with brush-wood, stones from the buildings around, and masses of crumbling masonry; but then it was smooth and clear. Not even a pebble was discernible among the short soft sward, which at that period of the year, the end of the monsoon, was in its greatest perfection.

It presented a noble and picturesque spectacle. Such was well calculated to stir the young soldier's heart. Around, at a little distance, stood the elephants and

retinues of those who had already arrived. Some of their rich caparisons were of cloth of gold, others of European cloth, embroidered with gold or thin native leather also embroidered. On their backs they bore howdahs; some large with canopies, some smaller without coverings, but all bearing the weapons, bows and arrows, lances, or matchlocks of their owners, with their distinguishing banner or pennant.

Many of the noble beasts were excited and restless, and were trumpeting loudly, and blowing dust into the air with their trunks. Others were gentle and quiet and steady, while their drivers made them play off the little tricks they had taught them. In front of the elephants was a line of horses, for the most part splendidly caparisoned; and from their armour, the morions and coats of mail of the riders—from spear heads and sword hilts by thousands, as well as from the many dresses of cloth of gold—the blazing sun flashed with a power and brilliance that the eyes could hardly endure.

It was a sight at once most gorgeous and impressive in itself; the costumes and banners of the ranks of infantry, interspersed with the cavalry—Dekhanies, Arabs, Persians, Oozbaks, Circassians, Tartars of many tribes, Georgians, Turks, and many other foreigners; while a strong division of Beydurs, in their peculiar costume of conical leather caps and leather drawers, were by no means the least conspicuous or remarkable of the motley assemblage.

"Oh, that Runga Naik were among them!" thought Abbas Khan, as he looked towards the body, whose peculiar long-barrelled matchlocks and broad-bladed spears formed a glittering mass, from which the wild, quivering notes of their brass trumpets sounded at intervals. "Oh, that Runga were here!"

"Go, Yasin," he continued to his standard-bearer, "see if Runga Naik is among the Beydur people yonder; if

so, tell him I am here." But Runga was not there, and it was not known where he had gone; he had taken his men from Korikul and proceeded westwards.

Abbas Khan dismounted at the foot of the steps of the corridor from which the great hall was entered at several points by open arches, and passing by that which was nearest to his "misl," or appointed place, he paused for a few moments before he took his seat, and looked around him.

The vast area was entirely filled, except the middle, by rows of nobles and superior officers, and leaders of the divisions of tribes and troops, and formed a striking scene. All the civil officers, heads of departments, secretaries, and the like, were attired in the usual Court dress of white muslin, with simply-tied turbans of the same. All else, and they were by far the majority, wore, like himself, vests of cloth of gold, with the loose petticoat trousers, which, when seated, completely concealed their persons from the knees downwards. The varied colours of the cloths of gold, and of the numberless brocaded muslins, scarfs, and turbans, especially where a ray of sun lighted upon them, was dazzling and gorgeous in the extreme, and led the eye to the effect outside, where, from the basement of the hall to the utmost limit of the open space, the divisions of the troops stood in their appointed places.

On the opposite side of the hall sat the grim-looking body of Abyssinians, for the most part clad in black chain mail, worn over their ordinary costume; and in a prominent place among them Yacoot, their champion, who, as he saw Abbas Khan enter, twisted what moustache he possessed with a defiant air, as, indeed, did most of the rest. On his own side, more towards the entrance to the hall, sat the chiefs of the Dekhanies, attired with all the brilliance they were famous for; and he saw that Hyat Khan, the head Kotwal, who, with the chamberlains, had marshalled the assembly, had placed between the several doubtful factions strong

parties of Arabs, Turks, Persians, and other foreigners, so that collision between any was nearly, if not quite, impossible.

It was a spirit-stirring sight, and Abbas Khan, as room was make for him by an old friend, looked around him proudly. I shall have a goodly company to witness my fate, he thought, and be the issue as the Lord wills.

The audience hall is still in existence, but only as a noble ruin. The central arch of the façade is ninety-two feet in span, and of noble height, and the hall is perhaps two hundred feet in length It is plain in character, but the groined shafts spring up to support the roof in graceful contour, like those of a Gothic church, and were once covered with a profusion of gilding which has been scraped away. The king's throne on the upper dais, which was reserved for princes of the blood, religious dignitaries, and prime ministers of the State, was empty; but a small balcony, which projected from the main wall of the edifice, was usually the seat of the queen, and it remained to be seen whether the actual queen, Taj-ool-Nissa, would use it, or whether the queen-regent would, as was frequently the case, occupy the throne on the dais.

The suspense was not of long continuance. After a short interval eunuchs were seen to pull down the transparent blinds of the balcony, which denoted the presence of the queen, and almost at the same time the queen-regent's slight figure was seen to issue from one of the archways on the basement, and, accompanied by a crowd of eunuchs and royal slaves, seat herself upon the royal throne. The whole assembly to a man rose to greet her, and the hearty shouts of the troops outside proclaimed the presence of the honoured and beloved lady.

Then the business of the day commenced. Some accounts were signed and audited, some messengers from foreign States bearing despatches were introduced by the Mirdhas, or ushers. Some officers, who had been on service

and had returned, arose, and, their names and style being proclaimed, went forward, kissed the steps of the dais, and presented the hilts of their swords to the regent.

As Abbas Khan advanced and passed close to the ranks of the Abyssinians, he was greeted by a scowl of fierce eyes, and murmurs which could hardly be repressed. But he took no notice, and resumed his seat without interruption.

"They will not be quiet long," said his friend, in a whisper; "they have vowed to be avenged on thee to-day for the murder, as they call it, of Elias Khan; but thou hast many friends, Abbas Khan, and shouldst have no fear."

"Fear?" cried the young man; "I know no fear in this matter. Wait and see; but let there be no violence before the queen."

Then the ushers called for petitions, and many were delivered to them to be read before the queen; but, as one approached the Abyssinians, Yacoot arose, and in a loud, harsh voice, and broken Persian, mixed with his own uncouth speech, demanded permission to lay his petition at the foot of the throne.

"Let him approach and speak," said the regent in her sweet, clear voice, which was heard through the hall like a silver bell; and, indeed, at that moment a breathless silence had fallen on the whole assembly.

"He cannot speak so that the fountain of justice can understand," said a secretary, "but the paper can be read. Lay it there," he continued to Yacoot.

"She will not get it, some one will take it away; I will give it to herself only," was his rude reply, as he drew his bulky figure to its full height, and twisted up his moustachios with a fierce gesture.

"Let him give it," said the queen-regent, stretching out her hand; and, apparently satisfied, Yacoot knelt on a step of the dais and delivered it into her hand.

"Now I have seen you receive it," he said surlily; "and we look to you for justice, and I will take it if not given."

At any other time such a threat would have had short shrift and a bloody ending under the great Adansonian trees. where traitors and other criminals were beheaded, and several persons advanced to arrest the speaker; but again the queen's voice was heard.

"He means me no evil," she said; "he is only rude and unmannerly; do not molest him; let him go to his place, and he will hear his paper read."

But Yacoot seemed to have no intention of moving, and might have created a disturbance, but that two or three of his brotherhood dragged him away and forced him to sit down. The petition was then read, and purported to be from the whole of the Abyssinians, claiming justice from the State for the murder of Elias Khan, and charging Abbas Khan with rebellion and cowardice in having acted on behalf of the rebel forces.

"Let Abbas Khan reply," was the queen's answer. "Let him come before the throne and speak freely and truly;" and the young man came forward, with the same easy, graceful step which all knew, and not least his noble mistress.

We know what he told the assembly, addressing them as his friends and fellow-soldiers, praying them not to spare him if he were guilty. "The headsmen are near," he said, "and if God wills it I am ready to meet my fate. What matter how I die for my queen!" and he said this with so smiling a face and so frank a manner that a murmur of applause ran through the assembly. But the Abyssinians rose to their feet as one man, and their swords, as if by one action, flashed from their scabbards.

"He hath a cunning tongue!" cried one. "We will cut it out of his mouth!" shouted Yacoot.

"Your Majesty had better quit the hall," said Hyat Khan, the Kotwal, joining his hands, "and leave these brawlers to me. Whatever happens, Yacoot must be arrested for last night's work, and I have force enough."

"Ah! Khan," returned the queen, "that would be the

sure way to begin bloodshed. No, I will remain as I am; I have no fear."

Meanwhile Abbas Khan stood where he had taken post as he addressed the assembly. He was exactly in front of the Abyssinians; but their action had no effect on him. Calm and unmoved, he felt secure though a hundred flashing swords were threatening his instant annihilation; but no one struck at him.

"Listen, all of ye, friends and brother soldiers," he cried in his manly voice which echoed through the hall. "I am accused of murder, of which I am innocent; and of cowardice, which is worse. With my honour I can live, but without it I must die under your contempt. I appeal, therefore, to our time-honoured custom of ordeal, to be decided before our noble mother and queen. Who of my enemies will meet me now? Even now, in the field yonder, and let Him who knows all hearts decide between my enemies and me. Behold, I am ready!"

Then arose from all parts of the hall cries of: "We believe thee, noble Khan; thou hast no enemies among us".

"But I have enemies, nevertheless," he continued; "and, but for an accident, I had not been alive before ye to-day; and even in the precincts of the palace I was not safe last night from attempted assassination. I see the man before me who struck the blow; he is the champion of the Abyssinians, and it is he I would meet in fair combat unto the death."

"I will not fight him," said Yacoot to his friends; "he bears a charmed life, else ——"

"Thou art named Yacoot; and he means that thou wert the would-be assassin. Behold!" cried Hyat Khan, taking the remarkable Abyssinian dagger from his waistband. "Ye all know to whom this belonged; and, look, the point is broken, yet Abbas Khan is safe!"

"He is a coward; I will not forget him," murmured the Abyssinian.

"Thou art accused of attempt at murder, Yacoot," said one of his companions; "'tis thou who art the coward, if thou refuse to fight Abbas Khan. Either to him and to God or to us thou must answer, for we tolerate no assassins."

"Come!" cried the young Khan. "Come, Yacoot! art thou afraid? Come, like a brave man as thou hast been. Nay, if thou dalliest, will this rouse thee?" and drawing his sword he slightly touched his antagonist on the shoulder, and escorted by a body of his friends turned to depart.

. . . . . .

Abbas Khan walked slowly out of the hall to the steps where his horse awaited him. There he removed his Court drawers and pulled on his boots, which had been fastened to his saddle. "Thou must be steady and sure, good Sooltan, to-day," he said, stroking the head of his beautiful charger, who rubbed his nose against its master's breast, and answered by a low, loving whinny; and the young man, vaulting lightly into the saddle, loosed his shield from the saddle-bow, drew his sword, and paced gently round the front of the vast assembly, welcomed by shouts of generous greeting, and cries of "God keep thee safe!" His adversary did not delay to follow. He had replaced his turban with a steel morion, which flashed in the sun, but otherwise nothing relieved the dull black of the heavy chain mail by which he was protected. Many remarked that he looked livid as he mounted his horse, and that he impatiently jerked the bit of his fine Kattywar charger till it became violent and unmanageable; and he rode at full speed, as if it were his intention to overwhelm his antagonist. But Abbas Khan was too good a horseman to be suddenly surprised, and he evaded the charge by a dexterous turn of his horse, which required that the Abyssinian should follow him into the centre of the field, where now the combat commenced in earnest. The Abyssinian had armed himself with a short, very heavy, and much curved sabre, his favourite weapon,

which was known by the epithet of "Kussab," the butcher, from the deadly wounds it inflicted; and he had also a large shield, which nearly covered his person, and with his armour rendered him almost impenetrable. But Abbas Khan now felt the advantage of his longer weapon, by which and his skilful horsemanship he was able to keep his enemy at bay.

Who can describe the changing nature of the combat? Each now charging, now retreating, wheeling round, again closing, while blows enough to have beaten down the guard of a stronger man than Abbas Khan were showered upon his shield. The queen saw the whole from her seat, and her lips were moving in silent prayer as she looked towards the whirling figures, and clasped her hands; and the faint shrieks and cries from the balcony above proved that excitement existed there also. But the combat was of no long duration. Abbas Khan had tried his antagonist again and again, and almost despaired of finding a vulnerable point, when in a fierce charge by the Abyssinian he saw that a portion of his helmet at the side under his ear was open, and as the encounter continued he drove his long narrow sword through it with all his force. There was a gush of blood; and after reeling in his saddle, the huge champion fell to the ground heavily, and did not rise.

'He falls! he falls!" cried hundreds in the hall. "Look, noble lady," said Hyat Khan to the queen, "he has fallen!"

"Who has fallen?" asked the queen faintly. She had been unable to look on to the end, for to her perception Abbas Khan seemed to have no chance before his enemy.

"Yacoot, the Abyssinian," replied the Kotwal. "Such is the wisdom and justice of the Lord. Ameen! Ameen!"

NOTES.

10. Mirdha, usher of the court. **15. Helpless, etc.** He was in the very act of mounting his horse, and so was quite unable to defend himself. **20. Citadel.** The Citadel of Bijapur, containing the royal palaces and other public buildings, is a strong fort, surrounded by a deep moat

in the centre of the town. **31. Padré,** a Catholic priest who forms one of the characters in the story. **39. Native Abyssinian.** Many Abyssinians and other Africans were engaged as mercenary troops by the Muhammadan sultans and nobles. **54. Meeah,** a familiar Mussulman title for an eldest son. **59. Inshalla,** please God. **64. Khoda Hafiz,** God protect you. **67.** The passage omitted describes Abbas Khan's arrival home, his breakfast the next morning, etc. **68. Links, etc.** Abbas Khan was in the habit of wearing a chain of best Milan steel twisted in the folds of his turban, so as to protect his head from a sword cut. **78. Toledo,** famous for its steel sword blades. **80. Rapier,** properly a sword used only in thrusting. **82. Matador.** Spanish = a killer, the man whose duty it is, at a bull fight, to kill the bull by thrusting his sword into the spine at the neck. **89. Bismilla,** in the name of God. **94. Seven-storeyed palace;** this palace still exists, and is known as the *sat manjli.* **122. Morion,** a Spanish word = a hat-shaped helmet. **132. Beydurs,** aboriginal Hindus. **136. Runga Naik,** a petty Beydur chief, devoted to Abbas Khan. **187. The audience hall.** The magnificent façade or front of this hall, with its elegant arches and raised dais, still remains in a fair state of preservation. The body of the hall has been converted into a tennis-ground for the station, while on the maidan around a large number of guns, dating some from the time of Aurungzebe, are laid out. **191. Groined shafts,** *i.e.*, pillars surmounted by groins, or the projecting curves produced by arches crossing each other at an angle. **192. Gothic church,** like a church built in the Gothic style of architecture. **205. Queen-regent,** Chand Bibi, the Noble Queen. **216. Style,** titles of honour or office. **231. One,** *i.e.*, one of the ushers. **233. Broken Persian,** imperfect Persian; he could speak only a little Persian, and that ungrammatically. **252. Short shrift,** short time for repentance before execution. **253. Andansonian trees,** two of these still remain in a compound near the audience hall; a common name is the *baobab.* **331. This,** striking him with the sword, which by a soldier would be considered an insult. **388. Ameen,** Amen, so let it be.

III.—AN ADVENTURE WITH A BUFFALO,

BY

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

Sir Samuel White Baker, who was born in 1821, is best known to fame as an African explorer and discoverer, in 1864, of the great lake Albert Nyanza. He has, however, travelled and hunted in many parts of the world, and the books in which he narrates his sporting adventures are full of interest. In early life he spent some years in Ceylon, where his old house near Nuvera Eliya is still familiarly known as Baker's Farm. There were comparatively few English settlers in Ceylon in those days between 1840 and 1850, and sport was plentiful and exciting. The following account of an adventure with a buffalo is taken from *The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon*, published in a cheap edition by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

IN Ceylon, one animal surpasses all others in dogged ferocity when once aroused. This is the "buffalo". The haunts of this animal are in the hottest parts of Ceylon. In the neighbourhood of lakes, swamps, and extensive plains, the buffalo exists in large herds; wallowing in the soft mire, and passing two-thirds of his time in the water itself, he may be almost termed amphibious. He is about the size of a large ox, of immense bone and strength, very active, and his hide is almost free from hair, giving a disgusting appearance to his India-rubber-like skin. He carries his head in a peculiar manner, the horns thrown back, and his nose projecting on a level with his forehead, thus securing himself from a front shot in a fatal part. This renders him a dangerous enemy, as he will receive any number of balls from a small gun in the throat and chest without

evincing the least symptom of distress. The shoulder is the acknowledged point to aim at, but from his disposition to face the guns this is a difficult shot to obtain. Should he succeed in catching his antagonist, his fury knows no bounds, and he gores his victim to death, trampling and kneeling upon him till he is satisfied that life is extinct. This sport would not be very dangerous in the forests, where the buffalo could be easily stalked, and where escape would also be rendered less difficult in case of accident; but as he is generally met with upon the open plains, free from a single tree, he must be killed when once brought to bay, or he will soon exhibit his qualifications for mischief. There is a degree of uncertainty in their character which much increases the danger of the pursuit. A buffalo may retreat at first sight with every symptom of cowardice, and thus induce a too eager pursuit, when he will suddenly become the assailant. I cannot explain their character better than by describing the first wild buffaloes that I ever saw.

I had not been long in Ceylon, but having arrived in the island for the sake of its wild sports, I had not been idle, and I had already made a considerable bag of large game. Like most novices, however, I was guilty of one great fault. I despised the game, and gave no heed to the many tales of danger and hair-breadth escapes which attended the pursuit of wild animals. This carelessness on my part arose from my first débût having been extremely lucky; most shots had told well, and the animal had been killed with such apparent ease that I had learned to place an implicit reliance in the rifle. The real fact was that I was like many others; I had slaughtered a number of animals without understanding their habits, and I was perfectly ignorant of the sport. This is now many years ago, and it was then my first visit to the island. Some places that were good spots for shooting in those days have since that time been much disturbed, and are now no longer attractive to my eyes. One of these places is Minneria Lake.

I was on a shooting trip accompanied by my brother, whom I will designate as B. We had passed a toilsome day in pushing and dragging our ponies for twenty miles along a narrow path through thick jungle, which half-a-dozen natives in advance were opening before us with bill-hooks. This had at one time been a good path, but was then overgrown. It is now an acknowledged bridle road. At 4 p.m., and eighty miles from Kandy, we emerged from the jungle, and the view of Minneria Lake burst upon us, fully repaying us for our day's march. It was a lovely afternoon. The waters of the lake, which is twenty miles in circumference, were burnished by the setting sun. The surrounding plains were as green as an English meadow, and beautiful forest trees bordered the extreme boundaries of the plains like giant warders of the adjoining jungle. Long promontories densely wooded stretched far into the waters of the lake, forming sheltered nooks and bays teeming with wild fowl. The deer browsed in herds on the wide extent of plain, or lay beneath the shade of the spreading branches. Every feature of lovely scenery was here presented. In some spots groves of trees grew to the very water's edge; in others the wide plains, free from a single stem or bush, stretched for miles along the edge of the lake; thickly wooded hills bordered the extreme end of its waters, and distant blue mountains mingled their dim summits with the clouds. It was a lovely scene which we enjoyed in silence, while our ponies feasted upon the rich grass.

The village of Minneria was three miles farther on, and our coolies, servants, and baggage were all far behind us. We had, therefore, no rifles or guns at hand, except a couple of shot-guns, which were carried by our horse-keepers: for these we had a few balls. For about half-an-hour we waited in the impatient expectation of the arrival of our servants with the rifles. The afternoon was wearing away, and they did not appear. We could wait no longer, but determined to take a stroll and examine the

country. We therefore left our horses and proceeded. The grass was most verdant, about the height of a field fit for the scythe in England, but not so thick. From this the snipe arose at every twenty or thirty paces, although the ground was perfectly dry. Crossing a large meadow and skirting the banks of the lake, from which the ducks and teal rose in large flocks, we entered a long neck of jungle which stretched far into the lake. This was not above two hundred paces in width, and we soon emerged upon an extensive plain bordered by fine forest, the waters of the lake stretching far away upon our left, like a sheet of gold. A few large rocks rose above the surface near the shore; these were covered with various kinds of wild fowl. The principal tenants of the plain were wild buffaloes. A herd of about a hundred were lying in a swampy hollow about a quarter of a mile from us. Several single bulls were dotted about the green surface of the level plain, and on the opposite shores of the lake were many dark patches undistinguishable in the distance; these were in reality herds of buffaloes. There was not a sound in the wide expanse before us, except the harsh cry of the water-fowl that our presence had already disturbed—not a breath of air moved the leaves of the trees which shaded us—and the whole scene was that of undisturbed nature. The sun had now sunk low upon the horizon, and the air was comparatively cool. The multitude of buffaloes enchanted us, and with our two light double-barrels, we advanced to the attack of the herd before us.

We had not left the obscurity of the forest many seconds before we were observed. The herd started up from their muddy bed and gazed at us with astonishment. It was a fair open plain of some thousand acres, bounded by the forest which we had just quitted on the one side, and by the lake on the other; thus there was no cover for our advance, and all we could do was to push on. As we approached the herd they ranged up in a compact body,

presenting a very regular line in front. From this line seven large bulls stepped forth, and from their vicious appearance seemed disposed to show fight. In the meantime we were running up, and were soon within thirty paces of them. At this distance the main body of the herd suddenly wheeled round and thundered across the plain in full retreat. One of the bulls at the same moment charged straight at us, but when within twenty paces of the guns he turned to one side, and instantly received two balls in the shoulder, B. and I having fired at the same moment. As luck would have it, his blade-bone was thus broken, and he fell upon his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, he retreated on three legs to the water.

We now received assistance from an unexpected quarter. One of the large bulls, his companions, charged after him with great fury, and soon overtaking the wounded beast, he struck him full in the side, throwing him over with a great shock on the muddy border of the lake. Here the wounded animal lay unable to rise, and his conquerer commenced a slow retreat across the plain. Leaving B. to extinguish the wounded buffalo, I gave chase to the retreating bull. At an easy canter he would gain a hundred paces, and then, turning, he would face me; throwing his nose up, and turning his head to one side with a short grunt, he would advance quickly for a few paces, and then again retreat as I continued to approach. In this manner he led me a chase of about a mile along the banks of the lake, but he appeared determined not to bring the fight to an issue at close quarters. Cursing his cowardice, I fired a long shot at him, and reloading my last spare ball I continued the chase, led on by ignorance and excitement.

The lake in one part stretched in a narrow creek into the plain, and the bull now directed his course into the angle formed by this turn. I thought that I had him in a corner, and, redoubling my exertions, I gained upon him considerably. He retreated slowly to the very edge of the

creek, and I had gained so fast upon him that I was not thirty paces distant, when he plunged into the water and commenced swimming across the creek. This was not more than sixty yards in breadth, and I knew that I could now bring him to action. Running round the borders of the creek as fast as I could, I arrived at the opposite side on his intended landing-place just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallows, into which I had waded knee-deep to meet him. I now experienced that pleasure as he stood sullenly eyeing me within fifteen paces. Poor, stupid fellow! I would willingly, in my ignorance, have betted ten to one upon the shot, so certain was I of his death in another instant. I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke of the barrel passed to one side; there he stood—he had not flinched; he literally had not moved a muscle. The only change that had taken place was in his eye; this, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beaming with fury; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed; had it not been for this fact, I should not have believed him struck. Annoyed at the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left-hand barrel at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake, but there he stood as though he bore a charmed life; an increased flow of blood from the wound and additional lustre in his eye were the only signs of his being struck.

I was unloaded, and had not a single ball remaining. It was now his turn. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we stared each other out of countenance. With a short grunt he suddenly sprang forward, but fortunately, as I did not move, he halted; he had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces. I began to think buffalo-shooting somewhat dangerous, and I would have given something to have been a mile away, but ten times as much to

have had my four-ounce rifle in my hand. Oh, how I longed for that rifle in this moment of suspense! Unloaded, without the power of defence, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting-knife, a useless weapon against such a foe. Knowing that B. was not aware of my situation at the distance which separated us (about a mile), without taking my eyes from the figure before me, I raised my hands to my mouth and gave a long and loud whistle; this was a signal that I knew would be soon answered if heard. With a stealthy step and another short grunt, the bull again advanced a couple of paces towards me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water and stamping violently with his fore-feet. This was very pleasant! I gave myself up for lost, but putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared hopelessly at my maddened antagonist.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpenny pieces and two anna pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying coolies. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it in the water, bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant. However, he again halted, being now within about seven paces from me, and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part. I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century. I now had a charge in my gun, which I knew if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle would certainly floor him, and I awaited his onset with comparative carelessness, still

keeping my eyes opposed to his gaze. At this time I heard a splashing in the water behind me, accompanied by the hard breathing of something evidently distressed. The next moment I heard B.'s voice. He could hardly speak for want of breath, having run the whole way to my rescue, but I could understand that he had only one barrel loaded, and no bullets left. I dared not turn my face from the buffalo, but I cautioned B. to reserve his fire till the bull should be close into me, and then to aim at the head. The words were hardly uttered, when, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me! It was the work of an instant. B. fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun barely touched his forehead when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge. Away went B. and I as fast as our heels would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead but only stunned. There was a large fallen tree about half-a-mile from us, whose whitened branches, rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum. To this we directed our flying steps, and, after a run of a hundred yards, we turned and looked behind us. He had regained his feet and was following us slowly. We now experienced the difference of feeling between hunting and being hunted, and fine sport we must have afforded him.

On he came, but fortunately so stunned by the collision with her Majesty's features upon the coin which he had dared to oppose, that he could only reel forward at a slow canter. By degrees even this pace slackened, and he fell. We were only too glad to be able to reduce our speed likewise, but we had no sooner stopped to breathe, than he was again up and after us. At length, however, we gained the tree, and we beheld him with satisfaction stretched powerless upon the ground, but not dead, within two hundred

yards of us. We retreated under cover of the forest to the spot at which we had left the horses, fortunately meeting no opposition from wild animals, and we shortly arrived at the village at which we took up our quarters, vowing vengeance on the following morning for the defeat that we had sustained. . . . The next morning we were up at daybreak, and we returned to the battle-field of the previous evening in the full expectation of seeing our wounded antagonist lying dead where we had left him. In this we were disappointed—he was gone, and we never saw him again.

NOTES.

2. Buffalo. The peculiar appearance of the buffalo is well known in India; it is an animal of very uncertain temper, and the half-wild buffaloes of the hill tribes are often dangerous to the traveller. **13. Securing himself.** A front shot in the forehead, piercing the brain, is sure to prove fatal; the buffalo, by the peculiar way in which he carries his head, the nose being level with the forehead, prevents the huntsman hitting him in this way. **17. Acknowledged point,** the spot acknowledged by hunters as the best to hit; but as the animal generally faces his enemy, it is difficult to get a shot at the shoulder. **23. Stalked.** To stalk an animal is to approach it stealthily and unawares; this is easy in a forest or jungle, but impossible in an open plain. **36. Bag;** strictly, the amount of game contained in the bag of a sportsman, but used with an extension of meaning, for the whole amount of game killed by a sportsman in a day or on an expedition. **41. Débût,** pronounce *day-boo*, French, a first appearance, or entrance upon anything: *first* débût is tautological. **42. Told well,** produced a good effect; this is a very idiomatic use of *tell*; we have it also in such a phrase as "a telling speech". **63. Burnished,** *lit.* polished, made to shine by friction, here, made bright by the reflection of the rays of the sun. **86. Wearing away.** See *The Story of Sigurd*, note to l. 24. **89. Fit for the scythe,** ready to be cut down. **91. Although,** because snipe are usually found in wet, swampy ground. **114. Double-barrels,** *i.e.*, double-barrelled guns. **121. No cover,** no jungle or trees to hide us when advancing. **166. Reared,** *rear*, used intransitively, means to rise into an erect posture on the hind legs, like a horse; here it means *reared itself*, rose from the water. **168. That pleasure,** the pleasure of meeting him. **171. Betted ten to one.** I was so certain of killing, that I considered the chances in my favour as ten to one; I should therefore have been willing

to bet, offering any one ten rupees if I failed to kill, receiving only one if I succeeded.

187. I was unloaded. A striking colloquialism for "my gun was unloaded". **196. Four-ounce rifle,** a rifle firing a bullet weighing four ounces. **217. Three shillings, etc.** In Ceylon to this day it is common to call 8-annas a shilling and 4-annas sixpence. **219. Rouleau,** French, pronounce *roo-low*, a roll of coin done up in paper or cloth. **245. Barely,** used here in the sense of *almost*, did not quite touch. The ordinary sense of the word would be, just touched and nothing more, hardly touched. **248. Momentum,** is the force or impetus possessed by a body in motion, causing it to roll or fall forward if suddenly stopped. Any one can test this by getting out of a carriage in motion, or by tripping up while running. See *An Adventure on Salisbury Plain*, l. 270. **260. Her Majesty's features,** a humorous reference to the Queen's head stamped upon the coins.

IV.—AN ADVENTURE ON SALISBURY PLAIN,

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE.

The following passage is taken from *Micah Clarke*, a historical novel by Dr. A. Conan Doyle, one of the most interesting and successful of the story tellers of the present day.

Micah Clarke, as an old man, is supposed to be relating to his grandchildren his adventures while taking part in the ill-fated rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth in June and July, 1685. Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II., attempted to wrest the crown from his uncle, James II.; and, coming as the champion of Protestantism, many of the country people flocked to his standard. He landed at Lyme on the 11th of June, but, being scantily supplied with arms and his troops being only raw levies, he was disastrously defeated by the king's forces at Sedgmoor on the 5th of July, and was executed on the 15th of the same month.

Micah Clarke, a young puritan, with a companion Reuben and an old soldier Decimus Saxon, were riding from Hampshire to join the Duke when the adventure narrated in the following pages befell them. They had met and had a dispute with some officers of the king's troops at an inn at Salisbury, but were not suspected of being adherents of Monmouth's until after they had proceeded on their journey. This was told them by Reuben, who, being delayed, overtook them as they rode across Salisbury Plain.

WE passed through scattered belts of pinewood, where the wild cat howled and the owl screeched, and across broad stretches of fenland and moor, where the silence was only broken by the booming cry of the bittern or the fluttering of wild duck far above our heads. The road was in parts overgrown with brambles, and was so deeply rutted and so studded with sharp and dangerous hollows, that our horses came more than once upon their knees. In one place the

wooden bridge which led over a stream had broken down, and no attempt had been made to repair it, so that we were compelled to ride our horses girth deep through the torrent. At first some scattered lights had shown that we were in the neighbourhood of human habitations, but these became fewer as we advanced, until the last died away and we found ourselves upon the desolate moor which stretched away in unbroken solitude to the shadowy horizon. The moon had broken through the clouds and now shone hazily through wreaths of mist, throwing a dim light over the wild scene, and enabling us to keep to the track, which was not fenced in in any way and could scarce be distinguished from the plain around it.

We had slackened our pace under the impression that all fear of pursuit was at an end, and Reuben was amusing us by an account of the excitement which had been caused in Havant by our disappearance, when through the stillness of the night a dull muffled rat-tat-tat struck upon my ear. At the same moment Saxon sprang from his horse and listened intently with sidelong head.

"Boot and saddle!" he cried, springing into his seat again. "They are after us as sure as fate. A dozen troopers by the sound. We must shake them off, or good-bye to Monmouth."

"Give them their heads," I answered, and, striking spurs into our steeds, we thundered on through the darkness. Covenant and Chloe were as fresh as could be wished, and soon settled down into a long springy gallop. Our friend's horse, however, had been travelling all day, and its long-drawn laboured breathing showed that it could not hold out for long. Through the clatter of our horses' hoofs I could still from time to time hear the ominous murmur from behind us.

"This will never do, Reuben," said I anxiously, as the weary creature stumbled, and the rider came perilously near to shooting over its head.

"The old horse is nearly foundered," he answered ruefully. "We are off the road now, and the rough ground is too much for her."

"Yes, we are off the track," cried Saxon over his shoulder —for he led us by a few paces. "Bear in mind that the Bluecoats have been on the march all day, so that their horses may also be blown. How in Himmel came they to know which road we took?"

As if in answer to his ejaculation, there rose out of the still night behind us a single, clear, bell-like note, swelling and increasing in volume until it seemed to fill the whole air with its harmony.

"A bloodhound!" cried Saxon.

A second sharper, keener note, ending in an unmistakable howl, answered the first.

"Another of them," said he. "They have loosed the brutes that we saw near the Cathedral. We little thought when we peered over the rails at them, a few hours ago, that they would so soon be on our own track. Keep a firm knee and a steady seat, for a slip now would be your last."

"I had steeled myself to die in battle," cried Reuben— "but to be dogs' meat! It is something outside the contract."

"They hold them in leash," said Saxon between his teeth; "else they would outstrip the horses and be lost in the darkness. Could we but come on running water we might put them off our track."

"My horse cannot hold on at this pace for more than a very few minutes," Reuben cried. "If I break down, do ye go on, for ye must remember that they are upon your track and not mine. They have found cause for suspicion of the two strangers of the inn, but none of me."

"Nay, Reuben, we shall stand or fall together," said I sadly, for at every step his horse grew more and more feeble. "In this darkness they will make little distinction between persons."

"Keep a good heart," shouted the old soldier, who was now leading us by twenty yards or more. "We can hear them because the wind blows from that way, but it's odds whether they have heard us. Methinks they slacken in their pursuit."

"The sound of their horses has indeed grown fainter," said I joyfully.

"So faint that I can hear it no longer," my companion cried.

We reined up our panting steeds and strained our ears, but not a sound could we hear save the gentle murmur of the breeze amongst the whin-bushes, and the melancholy cry of the night-jar. Behind us the broad rolling plain, half light and half shadow, stretched away to the dim horizon without sign of life or movement.

"We have either outstripped them completely, or else they have given up the chase," said I. "What ails the horses that they should tremble and snort?"

"My poor beast is nearly done for," Reuben remarked, leaning forward and passing his hand down the creature's reeking neck.

"For all that we cannot rest," said Saxon. "We may not be out of danger yet. Another mile or two may shake us clear. But I like it not."

"Like not what?"

"These horses and their terrors. The beasts can at times both see and hear more than we, as I could show by divers examples drawn from mine own experience on the Danube and in the Palatinate, were the time and place more fitting. Let us on, then, before we rest."

The weary horses responded bravely to the call, and struggled onwards over the broken ground for a considerable time. At last we were thinking of pulling up in good earnest, and of congratulating ourselves upon having tired out our pursuers, when of a sudden the bell-like baying broke upon our ears far louder than it had been before—so loud, indeed,

that it was evident that the dogs were close upon our heels.

"The accursed hounds!" cried Saxon, putting spurs to his horse and shooting ahead of us; "I feared as much. They have freed them from the leash. There is no escape from the devils, but we can choose the spot where we shall make our stand."

"Come on, Reuben," I shouted. "We have only to reckon with the dogs now. Their master have let them loose, and turned back for Salisbury."

"Pray heaven they break their necks before they get there!" he cried. "They set dogs on us as though we were rats in a cock-pit. Yet they call England a Christian country' It's no use, Micah Poor Dido can't stir another step."

As he spoke, the sharp fierce bay of the hounds rose again, clear and stern on the night air, swelling up from a low hoarse growl to a high angry yelp. There seemed to be a ring of exultation in their wild cry, as though they knew that their quarry was almost run to earth.

"Not another step!" said Reuben Lockarby, pulling up and drawing his sword. "If I must fight I shall fight here."

"There could be no better place," I replied. Two great jagged rocks rose before us, jutting abruptly out of the ground, and leaving a space of twelve or fifteen feet between them. Through this gap we rode, and I shouted loudly for Saxon to join us. His horse, however, had been steadily gaining upon ours, and at the renewed alarm had darted off again, so that he was already some hundred yards from us. It was useless to summon him, even could he hear our voices, for the hounds would be upon us before he could return.

"Never heed him," I said hurriedly. "Do you rein your steed behind that rock, and I behind this. They will serve to break the force of the attack. Dismount not, but strike down and strike hard."

On either side in the shadow of the rock we waited in silence for our terrible pursuers. Looking back at it, my

dear children, I cannot but think that it was a great trial on such young soldiers as Reuben and myself to be put, on the first occasion of drawing our swords, into such a position. For I have found, and others have confirmed my opinion, that of all dangers that a man is called upon to face, that arising from savage and determined animals is the most unnerving. For with men there is ever the chance that some trait of weakness or of want of courage may give you an advantage over them, but with fierce beasts there is no such hope. We knew that the creatures to whom we were opposed could never be turned from our throats while there was breath in their bodies. One feels in one's heart, too, that the combat is an unequal one, for your life is precious at least to your friends, while their lives, what are they? All this and a great deal more passed swiftly through our minds as we sat with drawn swords, soothing our trembling horses as best we might, and waiting for the coming of the hounds.

Nor had we long to wait. Another long, deep, thunderous bay sounded in our ears, followed by a profound silence, broken only by the quick shivering breathing of the horses. Then suddenly, and noiselessly, a great tawny brute, with its black muzzle to the earth, and its overhung cheeks flapping on either side, sprang into the band of moonlight between the rocks, and on into the shadow beyond. It never paused or swerved for an instant, but pursued its course straight onwards without a glance to right or to left. Close behind it came a second, and behind that a third, all of enormous size and looking even larger and more terrible than they were in the dim shifting light. Like the first, they took no notice of our presence, but bounded on along the trail left by Decimus Saxon.

The first and second I let pass, for I hardly realised that they so completely overlooked us. When the third, however, sprang out into the moonlight, I drew my right-hand pistol from its holster, and, resting its long barrel across

my left forearm, I fired at it as it passed. The bullet struck the mark, for the brute gave a fierce howl of rage and pain, but, true to the scent, it never turned or swerved. Lockarby fired also, as it disappeared among the brushwood, but with no apparent effect. So swiftly and so noiselessly did the great hounds pass that they might have been grim silent spirits of the night, the phantom dogs of Herne the hunter, but for that one fierce yelp which followed my shot.

"What brutes!" my companion ejaculated; "what shall we do, Micah?"

"They have clearly been laid on Saxon's trail," said I. "We must follow them up, or they will be too many for him. Can you hear anything of our pursuers?"

"Nothing."

"They have given up the chase, then, and let the dogs loose as a last resource. Doubtless the creatures are trained to return to the town. But we must push on, Reuben, if we are to help our companion."

"One more spurt then, little Dido," cried Reuben; "can you muster strength for one more? Nay, I have not the heart to put spurs to you. If you can do it, I know you will."

The brave mare snorted, as though she understood her rider's words, and stretched her weary limbs into a gallop. So stoutly did she answer the appeal that, though I pressed Covenant to his topmost speed, she was never more than a few strides behind him.

"He took this direction," said I, peering anxiously out into the darkness. 'He can scarce have gone far, for he spoke of making a stand. Or, perhaps, finding that we are not with him, he may trust to the speed of his horse."

"What chance hath a horse of outstripping these brutes?" Reuben answered. "They must run him to earth, and he knows it. Hullo! what have we here?"

A dark dim form lay stretched in the moonlight in front of us. It was the dead body of a hound—the one evidently at which I had fired.

"There is one of them disposed of," I cried joyously; "we have but two to settle with now."

As I spoke we heard the crack of two pistol-shots some little distance to the left. Heading our steeds in that direction, we pressed on at the top of our speed. Presently out of the darkness in front of us there arose such a roaring and a yelping as sent the hearts into our mouths. It was not a single cry, such as the hounds had uttered when they were on the scent, but a continuous deep-mouthed uproar, so fierce and so prolonged that we could not doubt that they had come to the end of their run.

"Pray God that they have not got him down!" cried Reuben in a faltering voice.

The same thought had crossed my own mind, for I have heard a similar though lesser din come from a pack of otter hounds when they had overtaken their prey and were tearing it to pieces. Sick at heart, I drew my sword with the determination that if we were too late to save our companion, we should at least revenge him upon the four-footed fiends. Bursting through a thick belt of scrub and tangled gorse bushes, we came upon a scene so unlike what we expected that we pulled up our horses in astonishment.

A circular clearing lay in front of us, brightly illuminated by the silvery moonshine. In the centre of this rose a giant stone, one of those high dark columns which are found all over the plain, and especially in the parts round Stonehenge. It could not have been less than fifteen feet in height, and had doubtless been originally straight, but wind and weather or the crumbling of the soil had gradually suffered it to tilt over until it inclined at such an angle that an active man might clamber up to the summit. On the top of this ancient stone, cross-legged and motionless, like some strange carved idol of former days, sat Decimus Saxon, puffing sedately at the long pipe which was ever his comfort in moments of difficulty. Beneath him at the base of the monolith, as our learned men call them, the two great bloodhounds were

rearing and springing, clambering over each other's backs in their frenzied and futile eagerness to reach the impassive figure perched above them, while they gave vent to their rage and disappointment in the hideous uproar which had suggested such terrible thoughts to our mind.

We had little time, however, to gaze at this strange scene, for upon our appearance the hounds abandoned their helpless attempts to reach Saxon, and flew, with a fierce snarl of satisfaction, at Reuben and myself. One great brute, with flaring eyes and yawning mouth, his white fangs glistening in the moonlight, sprang at my horse's neck; but I met him fair with a single sweeping cut, which shore away his muzzle and left him wallowing and writhing in a pool of blood. Reuben, meanwhile, had spurred his horse forward to meet his assailant; but the poor tired steed flinched at the sight of the fierce hound, and pulled up suddenly, with the result that her rider rolled headlong into the very jaws of the animal. It might have gone ill with Reuben had he been left to his own resources. At the most he could only have kept the cruel teeth from his throat for a very few moments; but, seeing the mischance, I drew my remaining pistol, and, springing from my horse, discharged it full into the creature's flank while it struggled with my friend. With a last yell of rage and pain it brought its fierce jaws together in one wild impotent snap, and then sank slowly over upon its side, while Reuben crawled from beneath it, scared and bruised, but none the worse otherwise for his perilous adventure.

"I owe you one for that, Micah," he said gratefully. "I may live to do as much for you."

"And I owe ye both one," said Saxon, who had scrambled down from his place of refuge. "I pay my debts too whether for good or evil. I might have stayed up there until I had eaten my jack-boots, for all the chance I had of ever getting down again. That was a shrewd blow of yours, Clarke! The brute's head flew in halves like a rotten pumpkin. No

wonder that they stuck to my track, for I have left both my spare girth and my kerchief behind me, which would serve to put them on Chloe's scent as well as mine own."

"And where is Chloe?" I asked, wiping my sword.

"Chloe had to look out for herself. I found the brutes gaining on me, you see, and I let drive at them with my barkers; but, with a horse flying at twenty mile an hour, what chance is there for a single slug finding its way home? Things looked black then, for I had no time to reload; and the rapier, though the king of weapons in the duello, is scarce strong enough to rely upon on an occasion like this. As luck would have it, just as I was fairly puzzled, what should I come across but this handy stone which the good priests of old did erect, as far as I can see, for no other purpose than to provide worthy Cavalieros with an escape from such ignoble and scurvy enemies? I had no time to spare in clambering up it, for I had to tear my heel out of the mouth of the foremost of them, and might have been dragged down by it had he not found my spur too tough a morsel for his chewing. But surely one of my bullets must have reached its mark." Lighting the touch-paper in his tobacco-box, he passed it over the body of the hound which had attacked me, and then of the other.

"Why, this one is riddled like a sieve," he cried. "What do you load your petronels with, good Master Clarke?"

"With two leaden slugs."

"Yet two leaden slugs have made a score of holes at the least! And of all things in this world, here is the neck of a bottle stuck in the brute's hide!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "I remember. My dear mother packed a bottle of Daffy's elixir in the barrel of my pistol."

"And you have shot it into the bloodhound!" roared Reuben. "Ho! ho! When they hear that tale at the tap of the Wheatsheaf, there will be some throats dry with laughter. Saved my life by shooting a dog with a bottle of Daffy's elixir!"

"And a bullet as well, Reuben, though I dare warrant the gossips will soon contrive to leave that detail out. It is a mercy the pistol did not burst. But what do you propose to do now, Master Saxon?"

"Why, to recover my mare if it can anywise be done," said the adventurer. "Though on this vast moor, in the dark, she will be as difficult to find as a Scotsman's breeches or a flavourless line in Hudibras."

"And Reuben Lockarby's steed can go no further," I remarked. "But do mine eyes deceive me, or is there a glimmer of light over yonder?"

"A Will-o'-the-wisp," said Saxon.

> "An *ignis fatuus* that bewitches
> And leads men into pools and ditches.

Yet I confess that it burns steady and clear, as though it came from lamp, candle, rushlight, lanthorn, or other human agency."

"Where there is light there is life," cried Reuben. "Let us make for it, and see what chance of shelter we may find there."

"It cannot come from our dragoon friends," remarked Decimus. "A murrain on them! how came they to guess our true character; or was it on the score of some insult to the regiment that that young Fahnführer has set them on our track? If I have him at my sword's point again, he shall not come off so free. Well, do ye lead your horses, and we shall explore this light, since no better course is open to us."

Picking our way across the moor, we directed our course for the bright point which twinkled in the distance; and as we advanced we hazarded a thousand conjectures as to whence it would come. If it were a human dwelling, what sort of being could it be who, not content with living in the heart of this wilderness, had chosen a spot so far removed from the ordinary tracks which crossed it? The roadway

was miles behind us, and it was probable that no one save those driven by such a necessity as that which had overtaken us would ever find themselves in that desolate region. No hermit could have desired an abode more completely isolated from all communion with his kind.

As we approached we saw that the light did indeed come from a small cottage, which was built in a hollow, so as to be invisible from any quarter save that from which we approached it. In front of this humble dwelling a small patch of ground had been cleared of shrub, and in the centre of this little piece of sward our missing steed stood grazing at her leisure upon the scanty herbage. The same light which had attracted us had doubtless caught her eye, and drawn her towards it by hopes of oats and of water. With a grunt of satisfaction Saxon resumed possession of his lost property, and, leading her by the bridle, approached the door of the solitary cottage.

The strong yellow glare which had attracted us across the moor found its way out through a single narrow slit alongside the door which served the purpose of a rude window. As we advanced towards it the light changed suddenly to red, and that again to green, throwing a ghastly pallor over our faces, and especially heightening the cadaverous effect of Saxon's austere features. At the same time we became aware of a most subtle and noxious odour which poisoned the air all round the cottage. This combination of portents in so lonely a spot worked upon the old man-at-arms' superstitious feelings to such an extent that he paused and looked back at us inquiringly. Both Reuben and I were determined, however, to carry the adventure through, so he contented himself with falling a little behind us, and pattering to himself some exorcism appropriate to the occasion. Walking up to the door, I rapped upon it with the hilt of my sword, and announced that we were weary travellers who were seeking a night's shelter.

The first result of my appeal was a sound as of some one

bustling rapidly about, with the clinking of metal and noise of the turning of locks. This died away into a hush, and I was about to knock once more when a crackling voice greeted us from the other side of the door.

"There is little shelter here, gentlemen, and less provisions," it said. "It is but six miles to Amesbury, where at the Cecil Arms ye shall find, I doubt not, all that is needful for man and for beast."

"Nay, nay, mine invisible friend," quoth Saxon, who was much reassured by the sound of a human voice. "This is surely but a scurvy reception. One of our horses is completely foundered, and none of them are in very good plight, so that we could no more make for the Cecil Arms at Amesbury than for the Gruner Mann at Lubeck. I prithee, therefore, that you will allow us to pass the remainder of the night under your roof."

At this appeal there was much creaking of locks and rasping of bolts, which ended in the door swinging slowly open, and disclosing the person who had addressed us.

By the strong light which shone out from behind him we could see that he was a man of venerable aspect, with snow-white hair and a countenance which bespoke a thoughtful and yet fiery nature. The high pensive brow and flowing beard smacked of the philosopher, but the keen sparkling eye, the curved aquiline nose, and the lithe upright figure which the weight of years had been unable to bend, were all suggestive of the soldier. His lofty bearing, and his rich though severe costume of black velvet, were at strange variance with the humble nature of the abode which he had chosen for his dwelling-place.

"Ho!" said he, looking keenly at us. "Two of ye unused to war, and the other an old soldier. Ye have been pursued, I see!"

"How did you know that, then?" asked Decimus Saxon.

"Ah, my friend, I too have served in my time. My eyes

are not so old but that they can tell when horses have been spurred to the utmost, nor is it difficult to see that this young giant's sword hath been employed in something less innocent than toasting bacon. Your story, however, can keep. Every true soldier thinks first of his horse, so I pray that you will tether yours without, since I have neither ostler or serving-man to whom I may entrust them."

The strange dwelling into which we presently entered had been prolonged into the side of the little hill against which it had been built, so as to form a very long narrow hall. The ends of this great room, as we enter, were wrapped in shadow, but in the centre was a bright glare from a brazier full of coals, over which a brass pipkin was suspended. Beside the fire a long wooden table was plentifully covered with curved glass flasks, basins, tubings, and other instruments of which I knew neither the name nor the purpose. A long row of bottles containing various coloured liquids and powders were arranged along a shelf, whilst above it another shelf bore a goodly array of brown volumes. For the rest there was a second rough-hewn table, a pair of cupboards, three or four wooden settles, and several large screens pinned to the walls and covered all over with figures and symbols of which I could make nothing. The vile smell which had greeted us outside was very much worse within the chamber, and arose apparently from the fumes of the boiling, bubbling contents of the brazen pot.

"Ye behold in me," said our host, bowing courteously to us, "the last of an ancient family. I am Sir Jacob Clancing of Snellaby Hall."

"Smellaby it should be, methinks," whispered Reuben in a voice which fortunately did not reach the ears of the old knight.

"I pray that ye be seated," he continued, "and that ye lay aside your plates and headpieces, and remove your boots. Consider this to be your inn, and behave as freely. Ye will hold me excused if for a moment I turn my attention from

you to this operation on which I am engaged, which will not brook delay."

Saxon began forthwith to undo his buckles and to pull off his harness, while Reuben, throwing himself into a chair, appeared to be too weary to do more than unfasten his sword-belt. For my own part, I was glad to throw off my gear, but I kept my attention all the while upon the movements of our host, whose graceful manners and learned appearance had aroused my curiosity and admiration.

He approached the evil-smelling pot, and stirred it up with a face which indicated so much anxiety that it was clear that he had pushed his courtesy to us so far as to risk the ruin of some important experiment. Dipping his ladle into the compound, he scooped some up, and then poured it slowly back into the vessel, showing a yellow turbid fluid. The appearance of it evidently reassured him, for the look of anxiety cleared away from his features, and he uttered an exclamation of relief. Taking a handful of a whitish powder from a trencher at his side, he threw it into the pipkin, the contents of which began immediately to seethe and froth over into the fire, causing the flames to assume the strange greenish hue which we had observed before entering. This treatment had the effect of clearing the fluid, for the chemist was enabled to pour off into a bottle a quantity of perfectly watery transparent liquid, while a brownish sediment remained in the vessel, and was emptied out upon a sheet of paper. This done, Sir Jacob Clancing pushed aside all his bottles, and turned towards us with a smiling face and a lighter air.

"We shall see what my poor larder can furnish forth," said he. "Meanwhile, this odour may be offensive to your untrained nostrils, so we shall away with it." He threw a few grains of some balsamic resin into the brazier, which at once filled the chamber with a most agreeable perfume. He then laid a white cloth upon the table, and, taking from a cupboard a dish of cold trout and a large meat pasty, he

placed them upon it, and invited us to draw up our settles and set to work.

"I would that I had more toothsome fare to offer ye," said he. "Were we at Snellaby Hall, ye should not be put off in this scurvy fashion, I promise ye. This may serve, however, for hungry men, and I can still lay my hands upon a brace of bottles of the old Alicant." So saying, he brought a pair of flasks out from a recess, and, having seen us served and our glasses filled, he seated himself in a high-backed oaken chair and presided with old-fashioned courtesy over our feast. As we supped, I explained to him what our errand was, and narrated the adventures of the night, without making mention of our destination.

NOTES.

11. Girth deep, the water came up to the girths of the horses, the girth being the broad strap that, passing under the horse's belly, keeps the saddle in position. **25. Havant,** Micah's native village in Hampshire; Reuben did not leave until some time after Micah and Saxon. **29. Boot and saddle,** *lit.* "Get on your heavy riding-boots, saddle your horses, and be off"; used here simply as a colloquial expression: "We must be off without delay". **31. Shake them off,** get rid of them, distance them, so used metaphorically, the literal meaning being actually to get rid of a thing by shaking. **33. Give, etc.,** *i.e.*, let the horses have their heads free, to gallop at full speed. **35. Covenant,** Micah's horse was named *Covenant*, Saxon's *Chloe*, and Reuben's *Dido*. **45. Foundered,** so lame as to be unable to proceed. **50. Bluecoats,** the king's soldiers; the colour of the royal uniform is now red, hence British soldiers are commonly called *redcoats*. **51. Himmel,** heaven, German. Saxon, having seen much service on the continent, is continually using German words and introducing references to his experiences; see ll. 109, 313, etc. **61. We saw, etc.,** at Salisbury. "On our way back to the inn we passed the town lock-up, with a railed space in front of it, in which three great black-muzzled bloodhounds were stalking about, with fierce crimsoned eyes and red tongues lolling out of their mouths. They were used, a bystander told us, for the hunting down of criminals upon Salisbury Plain." **67. Dogs' meat,** food for dogs; I have courage enough to die in battle, but I did not agree to be eaten by dogs. **69. In leash,** held by a line or rope, so as not to outrun the horses; we are told (l. 121) that when the horses of the pursuers

got tired, the dogs were released from the leash and allowed to go on alone in pursuit. **71. Running water**; the dogs follow by scent, which will not lie in running water. **77. Two strangers,** Reuben and Saxon. **84. It's odds,** the odds or chances are that they have not heard us, as the wind blows from them to us. See *An Adventure with a Buffalo*, note to l. 171. **129. Cock-pit,** a pit in which cocks are set to fight, used also as a rat-pit, in which dogs are set to kill rats. **136. Run to earth,** the quarry or game being looked on as a fox or other animal which takes refuge in a hole in the ground. **176. Overhung**; the cheeks of the bloodhound hang down over the mouth in folds on each side. **192. True to the scent**; it followed the line of scent, which in this case was that of Saxon. We are told presently (l. 300) that he had left a kerchief and a horse's girth at Salisbury, and, smelling these, the dogs would follow the scent of Saxon and his horse. They were thus "laid on his trail" (l. 200). **261. Monolith,** Greek, *monos*, single, *lithos*, a stone = a pillar cut from a single stone. **278. With the result,** an instance of *momentum*. See *An Adventure with a Buffalo*, note to l. 248. **291. Owe you one,** colloquial, "I owe you a service in return for the service you have done me". **305. Barkers,** slang for pistols. **308. Duello,** a form of the word *duel*. **313. Cavalieros,** cavaliers. **321. Riddled, etc.,** has as many holes in it as a sieve. **322. Petronels,** large pistols; derived through the French *Poictrinal* from Latin, *pectus*, *pectoris*, the breast, because the butt end was held against the breast when the weapon was fired. **328. Daffy's elixir,** a medicine made of herbs, much favoured by country folk. In a paper of instructions given to Micah by his mother, we read: "4. Daffy's elixir possesses extraordinary powers in purifying the blood and working off all phlegms, humours, vapours, or rheums. The dose is five drops. *A small phial of it will be found in the barrel of your left pistol*, with wadding around it, lest it come to harm." **332. Wheatsheaf,** name of the inn at Havant. **341. Scotsman's breeches**; the national dress of the Scotsman being the kilt, he was not supposed to possess breeches. **342. Hudibras.** Saxon is a great admirer of Samuel Butler's poem of Hudibras, and is constantly, as here, quoting couplets from it. He means you cannot find a line of Hudibras that is not witty. **358. Fahnführer**; a German title for an officer, here applied to the English officer with whom they had a quarrel at Salisbury. Saxon had disarmed him, but let him go free. **392. Cadaverous,** like a corpse. **400. Pattering,** muttering, generally of a prayer or mantram: said to be derived from *pater*; in *Paternoster*, our Father, the commencement of a prayer frequently repeated in churches in a low voice. **412. Cecil Arms,** name of an inn. As the inn at Havant bore the sign of a wheatsheaf, so the inn at Amesbury bore as sign the arms of the family of Cecil, whose title (Marquis of

Salisbury) shows the connection of the family with the district. **419. Gruner Mann,** name of an inn at Lubeck in Germany. Saxon means "Our horses are so tired, you might as well ask us to go to Germany as even six miles further". **429. Smacked of,** suggested, were typical of. **445. Toasting bacon,** the sword could be used for holding a piece of bacon before the fire to be toasted. **471. Smellaby,** an attempt at a pun. Referring to the noxious odours of the chemicals, Reuben suggests the proper name would be, not *snell*-aby but *smell*-aby. **475. Plates** of armour for breast, back, thighs, etc. **489. Pushed his courtesy, etc.,** his extreme politeness had led him to neglect his experiment so long that it was nearly ruined. **513. Pasty,** pie. **514. Settles,** benches. **520. Alicant,** wine from Alicante in Spain. *The* is intensive = "the celebrated old wine of Alicante".

V.—THE STORY OF SIGURD.

This is a very old story: the Danes who used to fight with the English in King Alfred's time knew this story. They have carved on the rocks pictures of some of the things that happen in the tale, and those carvings may still be seen. Because it is so old and so beautiful the story is told here again, but it has a sad ending—indeed it is all sad, and all about fighting and killing, as might be expected from the Danes. Many of these stories are contained in the Scandinavian Sagas. A Saga is properly the life of a hero, composed in regular form, and intended to be recited orally by the bards. It thus resembles Epic poems such as the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, or the Ramayana and Mahabharata. The Saga from which the following story is taken is called the *Volsunga Saga*. It has been translated into English prose by Mr. William Morris, and from his version the story has been condensed by Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang, who is one of the most voluminous writers of the present day, in newspapers and magazines, has made a special study of ancient myths and legends; and in telling the story of Sigurd has endeavoured to use very simple language, so as to give an air of antiquity, and so, in this case, of truth, to the tale. It is extracted from *The Red Fairy Book*, published by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

ONCE upon a time there was a king in the North who had won many wars, but now he was old. Yet he took a new wife, and then another prince, who wanted to have married her, came up against him with a great army. The old king went out and fought bravely, but at last his sword broke, and he was wounded and his men fled. But in the night, when the battle was over, his young wife came out and searched for him among the slain, and at last she found him, and asked whether he might be healed. But he said "No," his luck was gone, his sword was broken, and he must die. And he told her that she would have a son, and that son would be a great warrior, and would avenge him on the other

king, his enemy. And he bade her keep the broken pieces of the sword, to make a new sword for his son, and that blade should be called *Gram.*

Then he died. And his wife called her maid to her and said: "Let us change clothes, and you shall be called by my name, and I by yours, lest the enemy find us".

So this was done, and they hid in a wood, but there some strangers met them and carried them off in a ship to Denmark. And when they were brought before the king, he thought the maid looked like a queen, and the queen like a maid. So he asked the queen: "How do you know in the dark of night whether the hours are wearing to the morning?"

And she said:—

"I know because, when I was younger, I used to have to rise and light the fires, and still I waken at the same time."

"A strange queen to light the fires," thought the king.

Then he asked the queen, who was dressed like a maid: "How do you know in the dark of the night whether the hours are wearing near the dawn?"

"My father gave me a gold ring," said she, "and always, ere the dawning, it grows cold on my finger."

"A rich house where the maids wore gold," said the king. "Truly you are no maid, but a king's daughter."

So he treated her royally, and as time went on she had a son called Sigurd, a beautiful boy and very strong. He had a tutor to be with him, and once the tutor bade him go to the king and ask for a horse.

"Choose a horse for yourself," said the king; and Sigurd went to the wood, and there he met an old man with a white beard, and said: "Come! help me in horse-choosing".

Then the old man said: "Drive all the horses into the river and choose the one that swims across".

So Sigurd drove them, and only one swam across. Sigurd chose him: his name was Grani, and he came of Sleipnir's breed, and was the best horse in the world. For Sleipnir

was the horse of Odin, the god of the North, and was as swift as the wind.

But a day or two later his tutor said to Sigurd: "There is a great treasure of gold hidden not far from here, and it would become you to win it".

But Sigurd answered: "I have heard stories of that treasure, and I know that the dragon Fafnir guards it, and he is so huge and wicked that no man dares to go near him".

"He is no bigger than other dragons," said the tutor, "and if you were as brave as your father you would not fear him."

"I am no coward," says Sigurd; "why do you want me to fight this dragon?"

Then the tutor, whose name was Regin, told him that all this great hoard of red gold had once belonged to his own father. And his father had three sons—the first was Fafnir, the dragon; the next was Otter, who could put on the shape of an otter when he liked; and the next was himself, Regin, and he was a great smith and maker of swords.

Now there was at that time a dwarf called Andvari, who lived in a pool beneath a waterfall, and there he had hidden a great hoard of gold. And one day Otter had been fishing there, and had killed a salmon and eaten it, and was sleeping, like an otter, on a stone. Then some one came by, and threw a stone at the otter and killed it, and flayed off the skin, and took it to the house of Otter's father. Then he knew his son was dead, and to punish the person who had killed him he said he must have the otter's skin filled with gold, and covered all over with red gold, or it should go worse with him. Then the person who had killed Otter went down and caught the dwarf who owned all the treasure and took it from him.

Only one ring was left, which the dwarf wore, and even that was taken from him.

Then the poor dwarf was very angry, and he prayed that the gold might never bring any but bad luck to all the men who might own it, for ever.

Then the otter skin was filled with gold and covered with gold, all but one hair, and that was covered with the poor dwarf's last ring.

But it brought good luck to nobody. First Fafnir, the dragon, killed his own father, and then he went and wallowed on the gold, and would let his brother have none, and no man dared go near it.

When Sigurd heard the story he said to Regin :—

"Make me a good sword that I may kill this dragon".

So Regin made a sword, and Sigurd tried it with a blow on a lump of iron, and the sword broke.

Another sword he made, and Sigurd broke that too.

Then Sigurd went to his mother, and asked for the broken pieces of his father's blade, and gave them to Regin. And he hammered and wrought them into a new sword, so sharp that fire seemed to burn along its edges.

Sigurd tried this blade on the lump of iron, and it did not break, but split the iron in two. Then he threw a lock of wool into the river, and when it floated down against the sword it was cut into two pieces. So Sigurd said that sword would do. But before he went against the dragon he led an army to fight the men who had killed his father, and he slew their king, and took all his wealth, and went home.

When he had been at home a few days, he rode out with Regin one morning to the heath where the dragon used to lie. Then he saw the track which the dragon made when he went to a cliff to drink, and the track was as if a great river had rolled along and left a deep valley.

Then Sigurd went down into that deep place, and dug many pits in it, and in one of the pits he lay hidden with his sword drawn. There he waited, and presently the earth began to shake with the weight of the dragon as he crawled to the water. And a cloud of venom flew before him as he snorted and roared, so that it would have been death to stand before him.

But Sigurd waited till half of him had crawled over the pit, and then he thrust the sword Gram right into his very heart.

Then the dragon lashed with his tail till stones broke and trees crashed about him.

Then he spoke, as he died, and said :—

"Whoever thou art that hast slain me this gold shall be thy ruin, and the ruin of all who own it".

Sigurd said :—

"I would touch none of it if by losing it I should never die. But all men die, and no brave man lets death frighten him from his desire. Die thou, Fafnir;" and then Fafnir died.

And after that Sigurd was called Fafnir's Bane, and Dragon-slayer.

Then Sigurd rode back, and met Regin, and Regin asked him to roast Fafnir's heart and let him taste of it.

So Sigurd put the heart of Fafnir on a stake, and roasted it. But it chanced that he touched it with his finger, and it burned him. Then he put his finger in his mouth, and so tasted the heart of Fafnir.

Then immediately he understood the language of birds, and he heard the woodpeckers say :—

"There is Sigurd roasting Fafnir's heart for another, when he should taste of it himself and learn all wisdom".

The next bird said :—

"There lies Regin, ready to betray Sigurd, who trusts him".

The third bird said :—

"Let him cut off Regin's head, and keep all the gold to himself".

The fourth bird said :—

"That let him do, and then ride over Hindfell, to the place where Brynhild sleeps".

When Sigurd heard all this, and how Regin was plotting to betray him, he cut off Regin's head with one blow of the sword Gram

Then all the birds broke out singing :—

"We know a fair maid,
A fair maiden sleeping ;
Sigurd, be not afraid,
Sigurd, win thou the maid
Fortune is keeping.

"High over Hindfell
Red fire is flaming,
There doth the maiden dwell.
She that should love thee well
Meet for thy taming.

"There must she sleep till thou
Comest for her waking ;
Rise up and ride, for now
Sure she will swear the vow
Fearless of breaking."

Then Sigurd remembered how the story went that somewhere, far away, there was a beautiful lady enchanted. She was under a spell, so that she must always sleep in a castle surrounded by flaming fire ; there she must sleep for ever till there came a knight who would ride through the fire and waken her. There he determined to go, but first he rode right down the horrible trail of Fafnir. And Fafnir had lived in a cave with iron doors, a cave dug deep down in the earth, and full of gold bracelets, and crowns, and rings ; and there, too, Sigurd found the Helm of Dread, a golden helmet, and whoever wears it is invisible. All these he piled on the back of the good horse Grani, and then he rode south to Hindfell.

Now it was night, and on the crest of the hill Sigurd saw a red fire blazing up into the sky, and within the flame a castle, and a banner on the topmost tower. Then he set the horse Grani at the fire, and he leaped through it lightly, as if it had been through the heather. So Sigurd went within the castle door, and there he saw some one sleeping, clad all in armour. Then he took the helmet off the head of

the sleeper, and behold, she was a most beautiful lady. And she wakened and said: "Ah! is it Sigurd, Sigmund's son, who has broken the curse, and comes here to waken me at last?"

This curse came upon her when the thorn of the tree of sleep ran into her hand long ago as a punishment because she had displeased Odin the god. Long ago, too, she had vowed never to marry a man who knew fear, and dared not ride through the fence of flaming fire. For she was a warrior maid herself, and went armed into the battle like a man. But now she and Sigurd loved each other, and promised to be true to each other, and he gave her a ring, and it was the last ring taken from the dwarf Andvari. Then Sigurd rode away, and he came to the house of a king who had a fair daughter. Her name was Gudrun, and her mother was a witch. Now Gudrun fell in love with Sigurd, but he was always talking of Brynhild, and how beautiful she was and how dear. So one day Gudrun's witch-mother put poppy and forgetful drugs in a magical cup, and bade Sigurd drink to her health, and he drank, and instantly he forgot poor Brynhild and he loved Gudrun, and they were married with great rejoicings.

Now the witch, the mother of Gudrun, wanted her son Gunnar to marry Brynhild, and she bade him ride out with Sigurd and go and woo her. So forth they rode to her father's house, for Brynhild had quite gone out of Sigurd's mind by reason of the witch's wine, but she remembered him and loved him still. Then Brynhild's father told Gunnar that she would marry none but him who could ride the flame in front of her enchanted tower, and thither they rode, and Gunnar set his horse at the flame, but he would not face it. Then Gunnar tried Sigurd's horse Grani, but he would not move with Gunnar on his back. Then Gunnar remembered witchcraft that his mother had taught him, and by his magic he made Sigurd look exactly like himself, and he looked exactly like Gunnar. Then

Sigurd, in the shape of Gunnar and in his mail, mounted on Grani, and Grani leaped the fence of fire, and Sigurd went in and found Brynhild, but he did not remember her yet, because of the forgetful medicine in the cup of the witch's wine.

Now Brynhild had no help but to promise she would be his wife, the wife of Gunnar as she supposed, for Sigurd wore Gunnar's shape, and she had sworn to wed whoever should ride the flames. And he gave her a ring, and she gave him back the ring he had given her before in his own shape as Sigurd, and it was the last ring of that poor dwarf Andvari. Then he rode out again, and he and Gunnar changed shapes, and each was himself again, and they went home to the witch queen's, and Sigurd gave the dwarf's ring to his wife, Gudrun. And Brynhild went to her father, and said that a king had come called Gunnar, and had ridden the fire, and she must marry him. "Yet I thought," she said, "that no man could have done this deed but Sigurd, Fafnir's bane, who was my true love. But he has forgotten me, and my promise I must keep."

So Gunnar and Brynhild were married, though it was not Gunnar but Sigurd in Gunnar's shape, that had ridden the fire.

And when the wedding was over and all the feast, then the magic of the witch's wine went out of Sigurd's brain, and he remembered all. He remembered how he had freed Brynhild from the spell, and how she was his own true love, and how he had forgotten and had married another woman, and won Brynhild to be the wife of another man.

But he was brave, and he spoke not a word of it to the others to make them unhappy. Still he could not keep away the curse which was to come on every one who owned the treasure of the dwarf Andvari, and his fatal golden ring.

And the curse soon came upon all of them. For one day, when Brynhild and Gudrun were bathing, Brynhild

waded farthest out into the river, and said she did that to show she was Gudrun's superior. For her husband, she said, had ridden through the flame when no other man dared face it.

Then Gudrun was very angry, and said that it was Sigurd, not Gunnar, who had ridden the flame, and had received from Brynhild that fatal ring, the ring of the dwarf Andvari.

Then Brynhild saw the ring which Sigurd had given to Gudrun, and she knew it and knew all, and she turned as pale as a dead woman, and went home. All that evening she never spoke. Next day she told Gunnar, her husband, that he was a coward and a liar, for he had never ridden the flame, but had sent Sigurd to do it for him, and pretended that he had done it himself. And she said he would never see her glad in his hall, never drinking wine, never playing chess, never embroidering with the golden thread, never speaking words of kindness. Then she rent all her needlework asunder and wept aloud, so that every one in the house heard her. For her heart was broken, and her pride was broken in the same hour. She had lost her true love, Sigurd, the slayer of Fafnir, and she was married to a man who was a liar.

Then Sigurd came and tried to comfort her, but she would not listen, and said she wished the sword stood fast in his heart.

"Not long to wait," he said, "till the bitter sword stands fast in my heart, and thou will not live long when I am dead. But, dear Brynhild, live and be comforted, and love Gunnar thy husband, and I will give thee all the gold, the treasure of the dragon Fafnir."

Brynhild said: "It is too late".

Then Sigurd was so grieved and his heart so swelled in his breast that it burst the steel rings of his shirt of mail.

Sigurd went out and Brynhild determined to slay him. She mixed serpent's venom and wolf's flesh, and gave them

in one dish to her husband's younger brother, and when he had tasted them he was mad, and he went into Sigurd's chamber while he slept and pinned him to the bed with a sword. But Sigurd woke, and caught the sword Gram into his hand, and threw it at the man as he fled, and the sword cut him in twain. Thus died Sigurd, Fafnir's bane, whom no ten men could have slain in fair fight. Then Gudrun wakened and saw him dead, and she moaned aloud, and Brynhild heard her and laughed; but the kind horse Grani lay down and died of very grief. And then Brynhild fell a-weeping till her heart broke. So they attired Sigurd in all his golden armour, and built a great pile of wood on board his ship, and at night laid on it the dead Sigurd and the dead Brynhild, and the good horse Grani, and set fire to it, and launched the ship. And the wind bore it blazing out to sea, flaming into the dark. So there were Sigurd and Brynhild burned together, and the curse of the dwarf Andvari was fulfilled.

NOTES.

10. Luck, *i.e.*, good luck, good fortune; an influence supposed to pertain to a person which will cause events to result favourably. **14. Blade,** *i.e.*, sword-blade, sword. **16. Maid,** *i.e.*, maid-servant, female servant. **17. Change clothes,** *i.e.*, exchange clothes, the queen wearing those of the servant, and the servant those of the queen. **24. Wearing;** the verb *wear* is in this sense intransitive, meaning *to pass, to be spent, to become gradually consumed,* or *wasted;* it is most commonly combined with the prepositions *away, off,* or *out.* **29. A strange queen, etc.,** a very condensed colloquialism; a queen whose duty it is to light the fires is a strange or curious queen. **37. Royally,** with royal honours, as a royal person should be treated. **53. Would become you,** *i.e.*, would be becoming to you, to win the sword would bring you honour. **62. His own,** *i.e.*, Regin's. **76. It should go worse, etc.,** *i.e.*, worse things would happen to him. **102. Lock of wool,** *i.e.*, a tuft or small quantity of wool. The splitting of the iron proved the strength of the blade, the cutting of the unresisting wool proved its sharpness. **134. Bane,** ruin, destruction. **162. Fortune,** *i.e.*, the maid whom fortune is preserving for thee. **167. Meet, etc.,** *i.e.*, ready to be tamed by thee. **173. The story went,** there was a

story to the effect that; also common in the form, *the story ran*. **210. Dear,** beloved. **211. Forgetful,** ordinarily means *frequently forgetting, possessing a bad memory*, but here means *causing to forget;* whoever drank the drug would forget the past. **274. Knew it, etc.,** *i.e.*, she recognised the ring and guessed the whole story. **297. Heart so swelled,** a good example of hyperbole. **303. Pinned him,** *i.e.*, the sword went through him and fastened him to the bed as with a pin. **314. Set fire;** this was the traditional mode of burying northern heroes; the body, placed on a burning vessel, was allowed to be carried away over the ocean.

VI.—INTELLIGENCE OF THE ELEPHANT,

BY

G. J. ROMANES.

The following collection of elephant stories is taken, with the permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., from vol. xli. of their International Scientific Series. The volume, every page of which is most interesting, is entitled *Animal Intelligence*, and is written by Dr. G. J. Romanes, F.R.S., a well-known naturalist and disciple of Darwin. His writings display the same characteristics as those of his master—acute observation and scrupulous care in the collection and statement of facts

THE higher mental faculties of the elephant are more advanced in their development than in any other animal, except the dog and monkey. I shall, therefore, devote some considerable space to the narration of instances of its display. The general fact that elephants are habitually employed in certain parts of India for the purposes of building, storing timber, etc., in itself shows a level of docile intelligence which only that of the dog can rival; but I shall here confine myself to stating special instances of the display of sagacity unusually high, even for the elephant.

Capt. Shipp, in his *Memoirs*, gives the following incident, of which he was an eye-witness. During a march with guns in the mountainous districts of India, the force of which he was a member came to a steep ascent. A staircase of logs was prepared to enable the elephants to ascend the slope. When all was ready the first elephant was led to the bottom of the staircase.

"He looked up, shook his head, and, when forced by his driver, roared piteously. There can be no question, in my

opinion, but that this sagacious animal was competent instinctively to judge of the practicability of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed; for the moment some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach. He then commenced his examination and scrutiny by pressing with his trunk the trees that had been thrown across; and after this he put his fore-leg on with great caution. . . . The next step for him to ascend by was a projecting rock, which he could not remove. Here the same sagacious examination took place, the elephant keeping his flat side close to the side of the rock, and leaning against it. The next step was against a tree, but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here the driver made use of the most endearing epithets, such as 'Wonderful,' 'My life,' 'Well done, my dear,' 'My dove,' 'My son,' 'My wife'; but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, would not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move."

Something was then altered, the elephant was satisfied, and at last succeeded in mounting to the top of the staircase.

"On reaching the top his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keepers and threw dirt about in a most playful manner. Another elephant, a much younger animal, had now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the utmost interest, making motions all the while as though he was assisting him by shouldering him up the acclivity, in such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he evinced his pleasure by giving a salute something like the sound of a trumpet. When called upon to take his turn, however, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force."

After a performance similar to that of the previous elephant, however, he too neared the top, when "the other,

who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger animal entwined his, and thus reached the summit". There was then a cordial greeting between the two animals, "as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering congratulations."

. . . . . .

Again, as Dr. Lindley Kemp observes: "The manner in which tame elephants assist in capturing wild ones affords us an instance of reasoning in an animal"; and similarly, Mr. Darwin observes: "It is, I think, impossible to read the account given by Sir E. Tennent of the behaviour of the female elephants used as decoys, without admitting that they intentionally practise deceit".

The following is an extract from the more interesting of the observations to which Mr. Darwin here alludes, and I think it is impossible to read them without assenting to his judgment. Several herds of wild elephants having been driven into a corral, two tame decoys were ridden into it.

"One was of prodigious age, having been in the service of the Dutch and English Governments in succession for upwards of a century. The other, called by her keeper 'Siribeddi,' was about fifty years old, and distinguished for gentleness and docility. She was a most accomplished decoy, and evinced the utmost relish for the sport. Having entered the corral noiselessly, carrying a mahout on her shoulders with the headman of the noosers seated behind him, she moved slowly along with a sly composure and an assumed air of easy indifference; sauntering leisurely in the direction of the captives, and halting now and then to pluck a bunch of grass or a few leaves as she passed. As she approached the herd they put themselves in motion to

meet her, and the leader, having advanced in front and passed his trunk gently over her head, turned and paced slowly back to his dejected companions. Siribeddi followed with the same listless step, and drew herself up close behind him, thus affording the nooser an opportunity to stoop under her and slip the noose over the hind foot of the wild one. The latter instantly perceived his danger, shook off the rope, and turned to attack the man. He would have suffered for his temerity had not Siribeddi protected him by raising her trunk and driving the assailant into the midst of the herd, when the old man, being slightly wounded, was helped out of the corral, and his son, Ranghanie, took his place.

"The herd again collected in a circle, with their heads towards the centre. The largest male was singled out, and two tame ones pushed boldly in, one on either side of him, till the three stood nearly abreast. He made no resistance, but betrayed his uneasiness by shifting restlessly from foot to foot. Ranghanie now crept up, and holding the rope open with both hands (its other extremity being made fast to Siribeddi's collar), and watching the instant when the wild elephant lifted its hind foot, succeeded in passing the noose over its leg, drew it close, and fled to the rear. The two tame elephants instantly fell back, Siribeddi stretched the rope to its full length, and whilst she dragged out the captive, her companion placed himself between her and the herd to prevent any interference.

"In order to tie him to a tree he had to be drawn backwards some twenty or thirty yards, making furious resistance, bellowing in terror, plunging on all sides, and crushing the smaller timber, which bent like reeds beneath his clumsy struggles. Siribeddi drew him steadily after her, and wound the rope round the proper tree, holding it all the time at its full tension, and stepping cautiously across it when, in order to give it a second turn, it was necessary to pass between the tree and the elephant.

With a coil round the stem, however, it was beyond her strength to haul the prisoner close up, which was, nevertheless, necessary in order to make him perfectly fast; but the second tame one, perceiving the difficulty, returned from the herd, confronted the struggling prisoner, pushed him shoulder to shoulder, and head to head, forcing him backwards, whilst at every step Siribeddi hauled in the slackened rope till she brought him fairly up to the foot of the tree, where he was made fast.

"A second noose was then passed over the other hind-leg, and secured like the first, both legs being afterwards hobbled together by ropes made from the fibre of the kitool or jaggery palm, which, being more flexible than that of the cocoa-nut, occasions less formidable ulcerations. The two decoys then ranged themselves, as before, abreast of the prisoner on either side thus enabling Ranghanie to stoop under them and noose the two fore-feet as he had already done the hind; and these ropes being made fast to the tree in front, the capture was complete, and the tame elephants and keepers withdrew to repeat the operation on another of the herd."

. . . . . .

Sir E. Tennent has also some observations on other uses to which tame elephants are put, which are well worth quoting. Thus, speaking of the labour of piling timber, he says that the elephant "manifests an intelligence and dexterity which are surprising to a stranger, because the sameness of the operation enables the animal to go on for hours disposing of log after log, almost without a hint or direction from his attendant. For example, two elephants employed in piling ebony and satinwood in the yards attached to the commissariat stores at Colombo, were so accustomed to their work, that they were able to accomplish it with equal precision and with greater rapidity than if it had been done by dock-labourers. When the pile attained a certain height, and they were no longer able by

their conjoint efforts to raise one of the heavy logs of ebony to the summit, they had been taught to lean two pieces against the heap, up the inclined plane of which they gently rolled the remaining logs, and placed them trimly on the top.

"It has been asserted that in their occupations 'elephants are to a surprising extent the creatures of habit,' that their movements are altogether mechanical, and that 'they are annoyed by any deviation from their accustomed practice, and resent any constrained departure from the regularity of their course'. So far as my own observation goes, this is incorrect; and I am assured by officers of experience, that in regard to changing his treatment, his hours, or his occupation, an elephant evinces no more consideration than a horse, but exhibits the same pliancy and facility.

"At one point, however, the utility of the elephant stops short. Such is the intelligence and earnestness he displays in work, which he seems to conduct almost without supervision, that it has been assumed that he would continue his labour, and accomplish his given task, as well in the absence of his keeper as during his presence. But here his innate love of ease displays itself, and if the eye of his attendant be withdrawn, the moment he has finished the thing immediately in hand, he will stroll away lazily, to browse or enjoy the luxury of fanning himself and blowing dust over his back.

"The means of punishing so powerful an animal is a question of difficulty to his attendants. Force being almost inapplicable, they try to work on his passions and feelings, by such expedients as altering the nature of his food or withholding it altogether for a time. On such occasions the demeanour of the creature will sometimes evince a sense of humiliation as well as of discontent. In some parts of India it is customary, in dealing with offenders, to stop their allowance of sugar canes or of jaggery; or to restrain them

from eating their own share of fodder and leaves till their companions shall have finished; and in such cases the consciousness of degradation betrayed by the looks and attitudes of the culprit is quite sufficient to identify him, and to excite a feeling of sympathy and pity.

"The elephant's obedience to his keeper is the result of affection, as well as of fear; and although his attachment becomes so strong that an elephant in Ceylon has been known to remain out all night, without food, rather than abandon his mahout, lying intoxicated in the jungle, yet he manifests little difficulty in yielding the same submission to a new driver in the event of a change of attendants."

Lastly, Sir E. Tennent writes:—

"One evening, whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, towards the scene of the massacre of Major Davies' party in 1803, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation *urmph! urmph!* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing us face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was labouring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks, but, the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side to permit it to pass endways; and the exertion and this inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitred us for a moment, then flung down the timber, and voluntarily forced himself backwards among the brushwood so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse hesitated: the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of *urmph!* but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to advance. Still the horse trembled: and, anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious animals

I forbore any interference: again the elephant of his own accord wedged himself further in amongst the trees, and manifested some impatience that we did not pass him. At length the horse moved forward; and when we were fairly past, I saw the wise creature stoop and take up its heavy burden, trim and balance it on its tusks, and resume its route as before, hoarsely snorting its discontented remonstrance."

Dr. Erasmus Darwin records an observation which was communicated to him by a "gentleman of undoubted veracity," of an elephant in India which the keeper was in the habit of leaving to play the part of nurse to his child when he and his wife had occasion to go away from home. The elephant was chained up, and whenever the child in its creeping about came to the end of the elephant's tether, he used gently to draw it back again with his trunk.

In *Nature*, Mr. J. J. Furniss writes:—

"In Central Park one very hot day my attention was drawn to the conduct of an elephant which had been placed in an enclosure in the open air On the ground was a heap of newly-mown grass, which the sagacious animal was taking up by the trunkful, and laying carefully upon his sun-heated back. He continued the operation until his back was *completely thatched*, when he remained quiet, apparently enjoying the result of his ingenuity."

Mr. Furniss in a later communication continues:—

"Since the publication of my former letter (as above), I have received additional data bearing on the subject from Mr. W. A. Conklin, the superintendent of the Central Park Menagerie. I am informed by him that he has frequently observed elephants, when out of doors in the hot sunshine, thatch their backs with hay or grass; that they do so to a certain extent when under cover in the summer time, and when the flies which attack the animals, often so fiercely as to draw blood, are particularly numerous; but that they never attempt to thatch their backs in winter. This seems

to prove that they act intelligently for the attainment of a definite end. It would be interesting to learn whether elephants in their wild state are in the habit of so thatching their backs. It seems more probable to suppose that in their native wilds they would avail themselves of the natural shade afforded by the jungle, and that the habit is one which has been developed in consequence of their changed surroundings in captivity."

Mr. G. E. Peal writes to *Nature*:—

"One evening, soon after my arrival in Eastern Assam, and while the five elephants were as usual being fed opposite the bungalow, I observed a young and lately caught one step up to a bamboo-stake fence, and quietly pull one of the stakes up. Placing it under foot, it broke a piece off with the trunk, and after lifting it to its mouth threw it away. It repeated this twice or thrice, and then drew another stake and began again. Seeing that the bamboo was old and dry, I asked the reason of this, and was told to wait and see what it would do. At last it seemed to get a piece that suited, and holding it in the trunk firmly, and stepping the left fore-leg well forward, passed the piece of bamboo under the armpit, so to speak, and began to scratch with some force. My surprise reached its climax when I saw a large elephant leech fall on the ground, quite six inches long and thick as one's finger, and which, from its position, could not easily be detached without this scraper or scratcher which was deliberately made by the elephant. I subsequently found that it was a common occurrence. Such scrapers are used by every elephant daily.

"On another occasion, when travelling at a time of the year when the large flies are so tormenting to an elephant, I noticed that the one I rode had no fan or wisp to beat them off with. The mahout, at my order, slackened pace and allowed her to go to the side of the road, when for some moments she moved along rummaging the smaller jungle on

the bank; at last she came to a cluster of young shoots well branched, and after feeling among them and selecting one, raised her trunk and neatly stripped down the stem, taking off all the lower branches and leaving a fine bunch on top. She deliberately cleaned it down several times, and then laying hold at the lower end broke off a beautiful fan or switch about five feet long, handle included. With this she kept the flies at bay as we went along, flapping them off on each side.

"Say what we may, these are both really *bonâ fide* implements, each intelligently made for a definite purpose."

My friend, Mrs. A. S. H. Richardson, sends me the following. The Rev. Mr. Townsend, who narrated the episode, is personally known to her:—

"An elephant was chained to a tree in the compound opposite Mr. Townsend's house. Its driver made an oven at a short distance, in which he put his rice-cakes to bake, and then covered them with stones and grass and went away. When he was gone, the elephant with his trunk unfastened the chain round his foot, went to the oven and uncovered it, took out and ate the cakes, re-covered the oven with the stones and grass as before, and went back to his place. He could not fasten the chain again round his own foot, so he twisted it round and round it, in order to look the same, and when the driver returned the elephant was standing with his back to the oven. The driver went to his cakes, discovered the theft, and, looking round, caught the elephant's eye as he looked back over his shoulder out of the corner of it. Instantly he detected the culprit, and condign punishment followed. The whole occurrence was witnessed from the windows by the family."

NOTES.

4. Its, refers to *development.* **21. Practicability,** the animal was able to decide whether the artificial flight of steps was such as could be ascended with safety. **69. Tennent,** Sir James Emerson Tennent was

for some years Governor of Ceylon, and wrote what is still the best book on the island. **70. Decoy,** properly **duck-coy,** a duck-cage in which wild fowl are entrapped; generally any stratagem or person employed to lead into a snare. **76. Corral,** properly an American word, derived from Spanish *corro*, a circle, meaning an enclosure for cattle or horses; it is also employed to designate the enclosure or stockade in which wild elephants are captured. **79. Dutch, etc.** Ceylon, which belonged first to the Portuguese, and afterwards to the Dutch, was annexed by the English in 1795. **124. At full tension,** tightly stretched. **138. Hobbled,** fastened together by a short rope which allows movement but prevents easy walking. **140. Occasions, etc.,** does not cause such severe sores through rubbing against the skin as the animal moves its legs impatiently. **239. Trim,** adjust accurately in position. **251. Central Park,** in New York. **261. Data,** a Latin word meaning, literally, *things given;* here means information, *facts.* **305. Rummaging, etc.,** searching carefully amongst the small shrubs.

VII.—THE ARMADA,

BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

The following graphic account of England's great sea fight is taken from the last volume of the *History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada*, by James Anthony Froude. Mr. Froude, who was born in 1818, and has just been appointed to succeed Dr. Freeman as Professor of History at Oxford, long ago earned the reputation of being one of our most picturesque historians. His style is graphic and vivid, and while he makes the scene stand before us like a picture, he hurries us along through the action with almost breathless interest.

As the account would be too long to print in full, the most interesting incidents have been selected, while explanations in the notes will maintain the continuity of the story.

THE scene as the fleet passed out of the harbour [of Ferrol] must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruña. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who

in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundreds returned only to die.

The Spaniards, though a great people, were usually over-conscious of their greatness, and boasted too loudly of their fame and prowess; but among the soldiers and sailors of the doomed expedition against England the national vainglory was singularly silent. They were the flower of the country, culled and chosen over the entire Peninsula, and they were going with a modest nobility upon a service which they knew to be dangerous, but which they believed to be peculiarly sacred. Every one, seaman, officer, and soldier, had confessed and communicated before he went on board. Gambling, swearing, profane language of all kinds had been peremptorily forbidden. Private quarrels and differences had been made up or suspended. . . . In every vessel, and in the whole fleet, the strictest order was prescribed and observed. Medina Sidonia led the way in the "San Martin," showing lights at night, and firing guns when the weather was hazy. Mount's Bay was to be the next place of rendezvous if they were again separated.

On the first evening the wind dropped to a calm. The morning after, the 13th [of July, 1588], a fair fresh breeze came up from the south and south-west; the ships ran flowingly before it; and in two days and nights they had crossed the bay, and were off Ushant. The fastest of the pinnaces was despatched from thence to Parma, with a letter bidding him expect the Duke's immediate coming.

But they had now entered the latitude of the storms which through the whole season had raged round he English shore. The same night a south-west gale overtook them. They lay-to, not daring to run further. The four galleys unable to keep the sea were driven in upon the French coast, and wrecked. The "Santa Aña" a galleon of eight hundred tons, went down, carrying with her ninety seamen, three hundred soldiers, and fifty thousand ducats in gold. The weather was believed to be under the peculiar

care of God, and this first misfortune was of evil omen for the future. The storm lasted two days, and then the sky cleared, and again gathering into order they proceeded on their way. On the 19th they were in the mouth of the Channel. At daybreak on the morning of the 20th the Lizard was under their lee, and an English fishing-boat was hanging near them, counting their numbers. They gave chase, but the boat shot away down wind and disappeared. They captured another an hour or two later, from which they learnt the English fleet was in Plymouth, and Medina Sidonia called a council of war, to consider whether they should go in, and fall upon it while at anchor. Philip's orders however were peremptory that they should turn neither right nor left, and make straight for Margate Roads and Parma. The Duke was unenterprising, and consciously unequal to his work; and already bending under his responsibilities he hesitated to add to them.

Had he decided otherwise it would have made no difference, for the opportunity was not allowed him. Long before the Spaniards saw the Lizard they had themselves been seen, and on the evening of the 19th, the beacons along the coast had told England that the hour of its trial was come. . . .

The warning light flew on to London, swift messengers galloping behind it. There was saddling and arming in village and town, and musters flocking to their posts. Loyal England forgot its difference of creeds, and knew nothing but that the invader was at the door. One thing was wanting, a soldier to take the supreme command; but the queen found what she needed, found it in the person in whom in her eyes, notwithstanding his offences in the Low Countries, all excellencies were still combined—her own Leicester. Worse appointment could not possibly have been made; but even Leicester was lifted into a kind of hero by the excitement of the moment. He was not a coward, and not entirely a fool. Tilbury had been chosen

as the place where the force was to assemble which was intended to cover London. It was the lowest spot where the Thames could be easily crossed, and it was impossible to say on which side of the river the enemy might choose to approach. Leicester flew at once to his post there, and so far he had fulfilled his duty that he had sixteen thousand men with him at Tilbury, with thirty thousand forming rapidly in his rear out of the musters of the midland counties, before Parma could have advanced, under the most favourable circumstances, within a day's march of London.

Meanwhile, on the night of the 19th, while the Armada was still some leagues to the south of the Lizard, the wind blowing fresh into Plymouth Sound, the queen's ships and a few of the privateers were warped out behind the shelter of Mount Edgecombe. All hands went merrily to work; vessel after vessel was brought to moorings behind Ram Head, so placed that they could fetch clear to the sea; and by Saturday morning, when the Spaniards were first sighting the coast of Cornwall, forty sail were lying ready for action under the headland.

The day wore on; noon passed and nothing had been seen. At length, towards three in the afternoon, the look-out men on the hill reported a line of sails on the western horizon, the centre being first visible, the two wings gradually rising and spreading along the rim of the sea. On they swept in a broad crescent, slowly, for the air was light; and as the hulls showed clear, it was seen that report had not exaggerated the numbers said to be coming. A hundred and fifty, large and small, were counted and reported to Lord Howard; a few stray tenders bound for Flanders having sought the company and the protection of the mighty escort.

The English ships at once weighed, but showed themselves as little as they could. The evening was cloudy, with the wind hanging to the land. It was growing dusk

when the Armada opened Plymouth, and then for the first time Medina Sidonia perceived that Howard was prepared for him, and that if he wished it he could not enter the Sound without an action. There was not light enough for him to measure his enemy's strength. He saw sails passing continually between his fleet and the land, and vessels tacking and manœuvring; but confident in his own overpowering force, he sent up signals to lie-to for the night, and to prepare for a general action at daybreak.

About two o'clock, the moon rose with a clear sky—a gibbous moon, little more than a half circle, but by the light of it the Spaniards perceived that sixty or seventy ships had glided out behind them, and were hovering at their rear just out of cannon-shot.

The dawn was still, but towards eight o'clock the breeze freshened from the west. The Armada made sail, and attempted to close. To Medina Sidonia's extreme astonishment, it seemed at the pleasure of the English to leave him or allow him to approach them as they chose. The high-towered, broad-bowed galleons moved like Thames barges piled with hay; while the sharp low English sailed at once two feet to the Spaniards' one, and shot away as if by magic in the eye of the wind. It was as if a modern steam fleet was engaged with a squadron of the old-fashioned three-deckers, choosing their own distance and fighting or not fighting as suited their convenience.

The action opened with the "Ark," carrying Howard's flag, and three other English ships, whose names the Spaniards did not know, running along their entire rear line, firing successively into each galleon as they passed, then wearing round and returning over the same course. The "San Matteo" luffed into the wind as far as she could, inviting them to board, but they gave her their broadsides a second time and passed on.

Astonished and confounded as well by the manœuvring as by the rapidity of the fire, the Spanish officers could not

refuse their admiration. They knew that they were inferior at sea, but how inferior they had not realised. The English were firing four shots to one, and with a fresh breeze even the galleasses could not touch them. Such artillery practice and ships so handled had never been seen. Alonzo da Leyva in the "Rata" attempted to cross the "Ark". Howard kept away as if to meet him, but ran by, again fired into the "San Matteo," which was lying head to wind unable to move, and swept on upon his way.

The rest of the English ships were now engaged on the same conditions. The action continued through the whole forenoon, the Spaniards making efforts to close and always failing. Conscious of their disadvantage, they still fought bravely. "So far as we see," wrote Drake, "they mean to sell their lives with blows." But they had been flurried and surprised. Being to leeward, and leaning over to the wind, their shots had flown high, and had scarcely touched the English ships at all, while they had themselves suffered considerably. The Biscayan flag-ship, the "San Juan," had her mizzenmast shot through in two places, many spars carried away the captain wounded, and fifteen men killed. Oquendo had specially distinguished himself, being present wherever the danger was greatest, driving back into action vessels which were inclined to flinch; but as the wind held neither he nor any one could change the fortunes of the day, or enable the Spaniards to hurt an enemy whom they could not touch; and the rest of the English fleet coming out of the harbour, Medina Sidonia signalled to make sail up Channel, Martinez de Recalde covering the rear with the squadron of Biscay. . . .

On Saturday [27th July] the weather broke. After less than a week of calm and sunshine, squalls and driving showers again came up from the westward. The Armada was then off Boulogne, the English fleet a league behind it. The Duke, with the prospect of a rising sea, without pilots who knew the coast, afraid of the Downs for fear of the Goodwin Sands,

and of Margate, on account of the banks and shoals in the mouth of the river, determined to bring up in Calais Roads, and wait there till Parma was ready. The wind was to the west of south, and as long as it held in that quarter the roadstead was tolerably secure. Coming up with a rising tide, he let fall his anchors suddenly, hoping that his pursuers would be unprepared, and would be swept past him; but his movements had been observed by eyes which were skilful to interpret them. The English anchors fell simultaneously with his own two miles astern, and the two fleets lay watching each other, almost within cannon-shot of the shore.

There were still some hours of daylight remaining, and M. Gourdain, the Governor of Calais, drove down with his wife to the parade, in the hope of seeing a battle. The Duke sent an officer on shore to intimate his arrival, and request the hospitalities of the port, while a boat went on to Dunkirk with another despatch to the Prince. . . .

Parma's answer did not diminish Medina Sidonia's uneasiness. More than half of his shot was expended; and with the enemy's fleet so near, the promised supply from Dunkirk could not easily reach him. On the night of his arrival too the few Flemish pilots that he had slipped overboard in the darkness, stole the cockboats, set their shirts for sails, and made for Flushing, leaving him dependent on the imperfect knowledge of the Spanish shipmasters, and their still more imperfect charts. . . .

The Spanish fleet was anchored close on the edge of the shoal water, and to attack it where it lay was impossible. It was determined to drive them out into the Channel with fire-ships, of which they were known to be afraid. Sir Henry Palmer proposed to cross to Dover and fetch over some worthless hulks; but time would be lost, and there was not a day nor an hour to spare. Among the volunteer vessels which had attached themselves to the fleet there were many that would be useless in action, and as fit as the

best for the service for which they were now needed. Eight were taken, the rigging smeared rapidly with pitch, the hulls filled with any useless material which could be extemporised that would contribute to the blaze. The sky was cloudy. The moon was late in its last quarter, and did not rise till morning; and the tide, towards midnight, set directly down from the English position to where the ships of the Armada, seeking shelter from the bend of the coast, lay huddled dangerously close. Long, low, sighing gusts from the westward promised the rising of a gale. The crews of the condemned vessels undertook to pilot them to their destination, and then belay the sheets, lash the helm, fire, and leave them.

Thus when the Spanish bells were about striking twelve, and, save the watch on deck, soldiers and seamen lay stretched in sleep, certain dark objects which had been seen dimly drifting on the tide near where the galleons lay thickest, shot suddenly into pyramids of light, flames leaping from ruddy sail to sail, flickering on the ropes and forecastles, foremasts and bowsprits, a lurid blaze of conflagration. A cool commander might have ordered out his boats and towed the fireships clear; but Medina Sidonia, with a strain already upon him beyond the strength of his capacity, saw coming upon him some terrible engines of destruction, like the floating mine which had shattered Parma's bridge at Antwerp. Panic spread through the entire Armada; the enemy they most dreaded was upon them. The galleons were each riding with two anchors; for their misfortune few of them were provided with a third. A shot was fired from the "San Martin" as a signal to cut or slip their cables and make to sea. Amidst cries and confusion, and lighted to their work by the blaze, they set sail and cleared away, congratulating themselves when they had reached the open water, and found that all or most of them were safe, on the skill with which they had defeated the machinations of the enemy. They lay-to six miles from

shore, intending to return with the daylight, recover their anchors, and resume their old position

The English meanwhile, having accomplished at least part of their purpose in starting the Armada out of its berth, weighed at leisure, and stood off after it into the Channel, Drake, with half the fleet, hanging on the skirts of the Spaniards; Howard, with the rest, hovering nearer to Calais, endeavouring to drive in upon the sands or the fire-ships the last loiterers of the Armada which had been slower than the rest in getting out. The first object which the Admiral saw at daybreak was the largest of the four galleasses, with De Monçada himself on board, aground on Calais bar. Her helm had been entangled in a cable, she had become ungovernable, and the tide had forced her ashore within shot of the French batteries at the back of the sand bank which forms the harbour. The tide had ebbed, the water was still round her, but she had fallen over towards the bank, and Howard, whose notion was to "pluck the feathers of the Spaniards one by one," sent his own launch with some other boats to take her. She was powerfully manned; between soldiers, sailors, and slaves, she carried seven hundred men. In the position in which she was lying however her large guns were useless, and the galley slaves, with the prospect of liberty before them, did not make the defence more easy. The Spaniards fought gallantly; several of the English were killed, but at last two musket balls struck Monçada at the same moment. He fell dead on the deck. The slaves sprung overboard, and half in panic and half in pursuit, the crew and the troops followed. "Some swam, some waded on shore, many were drowned." The English swarmed up over the bulwarks, took possession of the galleass, and intended to wait for the tide to carry her off.

The French meanwhile were watching the scene in crowds from the top of the Rysbank. M. Gourdain, as the ship was on the French shore, might have disputed if he

had pleased the lawfulness of the capture. He contented himself with sending off a boat with a message that the English deserved the spoil for their courage, and might have it; but the ship itself he required them to leave where it lay. The language was perfectly friendly, and Gourdain, having been appointed by the king, was better disposed to England than to Spain. National antipathy however proved too strong to be controlled. "Our rude men," says an English officer who was present, "knowing no difference between friend and foe," began to ill-use the French who had come on board, "spoiling them," and probably pitching them into the sea. Their friends on shore took up their quarrel. The Rysbank battery opened upon the galleass in return, and the English had to scramble into their boats in haste, carrying with them what plunder they could seize.

It was well that no more time was wasted over so small a matter. Lord Howard had delayed already too long for his fame. It was no time for the Admiral of the fleet to be loitering over a stray plume which had dropped from the enemy's wing, when every ship was imperiously needed for a far more important service. Medina Sidonia intended to return to his position at Calais. Drake, whose larger mind comprehended the position in its broader bearings, was determined not only that he should never see his anchors again, but that he should be driven north through the narrow seas. The wind was still rising and threatened a storm. He had seen enough of the sailing powers of the galleons to be assured that until it shifted they could make no way against it; and once in the North Sea, they would be in unknown waters without a harbour into which they could venture to run, and at all events for a time cut off from their communication with Dunkirk. They had drifted in the night further than they intended, and when the sun rose they were scattered over a large surface off Gravelines. Signals were sent up for them to collect and make back for

Calais; but Drake with his own squadron, and Henry Seymour, with the squadron of the Straits, having the advantage of wind, speed, and skill, came on them while they were still dispersed. Seymour opened the action at eight in the morning with a cluster of galleons on the Spaniards' extreme right. Reserving their fire till within a hundred and twenty yards, and wasting no cartridges at any longer distance, the English ships continued through the entire forenoon to pour into them one continuous rain of shot. They were driven in upon their own centre, where they became entangled in a confused and helpless mass, a mere target to the English guns, Sir William Winter alone delivering five hundred shot into them, "never out of harquebuz range, and often within speaking distance".

Drake himself meanwhile had fallen on Medina Sidonia and Oquendo, who, with a score of galleons better handled than the rest, were endeavouring to keep sea-room, and retain some command of themselves. But their wretched sailing powers put them at a disadvantage for which skill and courage could not compensate. The English were always to windward of them, and hemmed in at every turn, they too were forced back upon their consorts, hunted together as a shepherd hunts sheep upon a common, and the whole mass of them forced slowly towards the shoals and banks on the Flanders coast.

Howard came up at noon to join in the work of destruction. The English accounts tell a simple story. The Spaniards' gun practice, which had been always bad, was helpless beyond past experience. Their want of ammunition was not suspected, for they continued to fire throughout the day after their slow awkward fashion; but their guns, worked on rolling platforms by soldiers unused to the sea, sent their shot into the air or into the water; while the English, themselves almost untouched, fired into them without intermission from eight in the morning till sunset,

"when almost the last cartridge was spent, and every man was weary with labour". They took no prizes and attempted to take none. Their orders were to sink or destroy. They saw three large galleons go down. Three others, as the wind fell westerly, they saw reeling helplessly towards Ostend; and the fate of these they heard of afterwards; but of the general effect of the fire, neither at the time nor afterwards did they know anything beyond its practical and broad results. Some details however of that terrible day can be gathered from the narratives of the few Spaniards who fought through it and survived to tell the tale.

Being always to leeward and the wind blowing hard, the hulls of the galleons as they heeled over were exposed below the water-line. The massive timbers which were to have furnished so secure a shelter added only to the effect of the shot. The middle decks were turned into slaughter-houses, and in one ship blood was seen streaming from the lee scuppers. Their guns were most of them dismounted or knocked in pieces, and their chief work was to save themselves from sinking by nailing sheets of lead over the shot-holes. The action was on so large a scale, and there was so much smoke and confusion, that individuals could only see what was immediately near them. Don Pedre Coco Calderon, purser of the fleet, lay most of the day at the side of Medina Sidonia, himself exposed to the tempest of balls. Alonzo da Leyva with the "Rata" was next to him, and close by were the "San Matteo" and the "San Felipe," commanded by Don Diego de Pimentel and Don Francisco de Toledo. They were opposed to Drake in person, and frightful as was their disadvantage, they fought with conspicuous courage. With men falling in all directions, and heads and arms flying in the smoke, they still manned their maintops, keeping up a fire of musket balls. Don Francisco, finding, as he supposed, that the "San Felipe" was sinking, attempted to grapple with the English ship that was nearest

to him. He had fought so well that one of the English officers, seeing his apparently desperate condition, sprung upon his forecastle and called to him in Spanish, complimenting his valour, and bidding him save the lives of his brave crew by an honourable surrender. One of the Spaniards replied with a shot from a musket. The officer fell: the English ship filled her sails and backed away, leaving the "San Felipe" to her fate, the Spanish crew shouting after them that they were cowards and Lutheran hens, and daring them to come on once more.

It was an idle bravado: soon after the "San Felipe" sent up signals of distress. A barque called the "Doncella" went to her assistance, but was herself shot through and through while the crew of the "San Felipe" were going on board her; and she filled so rapidly that they returned into their own galleon, made for the shore, and contrived to keep afloat till they touched the sands between Nieuport and Ostend. The Nieuport boatmen carried them into a friendly harbour, from whence they made their way to the Prince of Parma. The "San Antonio" of Padua, another of the three which the English observed to fall away, crawled into Ostend, where she was taken possession of by the English garrison. The "San Matteo" had a sadder fortune. She too, finding that she was filling, sent to Medina Sidonia for assistance. Medina Sidonia had work enough to save himself, and could not help her. She was put before the wind and followed the "San Felipe," but falling more to leeward grounded between Ostend and the Sluys. She was seen by a Dutch lugger, and Lord Willoughby, who was in Flushing, sent three vessels to take possession of her. She again made a gallant fight, and for two hours kept at bay her new assailants, but she was carried by boarding at last. Don Diego and two or three noblemen were reserved alive for their ransom; all the rest, the survivors of five hundred who went into action in the morning, were either killed or

flung into the sea. Among the bodies were found those of two English refugees, one of them a brother of Lord Montague.

Outside meanwhile the battle, if battle it could be called, which was but the rending and tearing of a scarce resisting enemy, continued until evening. Towards sunset the wind shifted to the north-west with an increasing sea. The wounded ships were driving in a mass towards the banks, and, had the English powder held out for a few hours more, the entire Armada must have been either sunk or driven ashore. Gun after gun however fell gradually silent. A few provision ships came off from the Thames with a day or two's rations. The men were exhausted with toil and hunger combined, and the fleet hauled off to take on board the supplies so sorely needed.

Sidonia, left to himself, extricated his miserable vessels, and made sail for the North Sea, the "Santa Maria" going down with all hands as the sun went under the horizon. When the ships' companies were called over, it was found that four thousand men had been killed or drowned. The wounded were not mentioned, but were perhaps at least as many more. The galleons pierced and shattered were leaking in all directions, the rigging cut up, the masts splintered, the sails torn, rudders, yards, and bowsprits shot away, and still more unfortunately, most of the water-butts destroyed. The men had been kept hard at work the day before cleaning and polishing up the guns. Through some accident they had missed their evening meal. The fire-ships had spoilt their night's rest, and through the long day's desperate engagement there had been no leisure to serve out food. Nature could endure no more. To remain where they were was certain wreck, to attempt to recover Calais was to invite a fresh attack, and they fled away into the German Ocean, as close to the wind as their crippled state would bear, "generally frighted and dismayed".

NOTES

1. Ferrol. The bay of Ferrol is on the extreme north-west corner of Spain, near Corunna (Coruña) in Gallicia. The greater part of the fleet had assembled there after having been scattered by a storm rounding Cape Finisterre; some of the vessels, however, had to make for Santander. The date of leaving Ferrol was the 12th July, 1588. **2. Treacherous.** The whole summer was extremely stormy; the interval of fine weather led them to believe that a real change had taken place, but in this it deceived them. **7. Galleons,** a Spanish name for a large vessel, an augmentation from *galley*, a large galley. **9. Truck,** the small wooden cap at the top of a mast. **Crusade.** The Armada was declared to be a crusade on behalf of the Church against Protestant England, or rather against "the usurping heretic Elizabeth, the bane of Christendom," and hence bore the Crusader's emblem, the red cross. The Pope had requested Philip to undertake the expedition, and though his real motive was a desire to secure to himself the succession to the English throne, as a descendant of the house of Lancaster, instead of James of Scotland, the Spanish monarch was only too glad to use religion as a cloak for his secret plans. **14. Armada,** from Latin *arma*, arms, a fleet of armed ships, but always applied specifically to the expedition here described. **18. Over-conscious,** placed too high an estimate on their greatness.

22. Flower of the country. "The crusade against England had been preached from pulpit and platform, and the chivalrous Castilians, whose creed was not yet a cant, and in whom the ardour of the crusade had been kept alive by the wars of the Moors, had come forward with enthusiasm to draw their swords for God, and for the Virgin Lady of their devotion. Every noble family in Spain had selected one or more of its sons to represent it. Country hidalgoes . . . had volunteered as if for the war against the Saracens." Froude's *History*, vol. xii. p. 319. **27. Confessed and communicated,** confessed his sins to the priest and joined in the sacrament of the Mass. **32. Medina.** The Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had shown no particular ability entitling him to such a lofty position, was appointed Admiral of the Armada on the death, in January, 1588, of Philip's ablest seaman, Santa Cruz. **40. The bay**—of Biscay. **41. Parma.** Alexander, Prince of Parma, was Spanish regent of the Netherlands. The plan was that, while the Armada guarded the Channel and kept off the English fleet, Parma, with a large force, should cross over in transports from Dunkirk and land in England. But this army had been lying without pay and almost without provisions for nearly twelve months waiting for the Armada, and was now depleted in numbers and in a very distressed state. **43.**

Entered the latitude, come sufficiently far north to enter the region of storms. **46. Lay-to,** stopped, remained stationary. **57. Under their lee.** The lee side is the side opposite to that from which the wind blows. The wind here blowing from south-west (l. 45), *i.e.*, towards the English coast, the Lizard would be on their lee side. The opposite side is called the windward, or weather side. **59. Shot áway, etc.,** sailed away rapidly with the wind, in the same direction as the wind blew. **65. Make straight.** Their orders were explicit; they were to go to Margate Roads, and there wait until Parma had crossed. **72. Beacons:** as Macaulay tells us—

"For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head;
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire".

77. Musters, bodies of troops. **83. Her own,** her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. He had been Governor of the Low Countries, and there showed himself utterly incompetent both as a diplomatist and as a military commander. **89. To cover,** to protect London. **101. Fresh,** strong. As the wind was blowing strongly into the Sound the ships could not sail out, and therefore had to be got out by *warping, i.e.*, an anchor with a rope attached is carried forward and made fast, the ship is then dragged up by the rope to the anchor; and this slow process is repeated as often as necessary. **105. Fetch clear,** nautical, sail straight out to sea. **157. Hundred and fifty.** In the Armada were sixty-five large ships or galleons, the smallest of 700 tons and seven over 1000 tons, four galleasses, four large galleys, fifty-six armed merchant vessels, and twenty pinnaces or small vessels attached to larger ships. **118. Tenders,** small vessels for carrying stores or despatches.

121. Weighed—anchor. **123. Hanging to,** blowing towards the land. **124. Opened first,** began to see Plymouth. **130. Tacking,** moving in a zig-zag course so as to catch the wind first on one side, then on the other. **146. In the eye, etc.,** in the direction right opposite to that of the wind. **154. Wearing round,** turning round, tacking. **155. Luffed,** turned her head towards the wind and sailed out as far as she could, so as to tempt the English to attack her at close quarters and try to get on board. The Spaniards, while conscious of their deficiencies as seamen, felt confident that in hand-to-hand fighting on sea or land they were sure to conquer. **175. Being to leeward.** The wind blew from the English ships to the Spanish; blowing against the latter, it caused them to lean over, and thus the cannon on the side next the English were inclined with their muzzles in the air, consequently their shot went high over the English ships. **183. As the wind held,** while the wind continued blowing in the same direction.

190. The passage omitted describes the disastrous passage of the Armada up channel, including the battle of the Isle of Wight, from the 20th to 27th July, during which time the weather was again fine. **190. Broke,** became stormy. **214. Parma's answer** was to the effect that his transports were useless against either a rough sea or an enemy, and he could not embark his men until the Armada had cleared the British fleet away and could protect him. **219. Cock-boats,** small boats.

223. The passage omitted describes the state of destitution and despair to which the British fleet was reduced through the want of supplies, which Elizabeth seemed careless to provide. It was really this that drove them to the final attack. **234. Extemporised,** provided hurriedly for the occasion. **243. Belay, etc.** Fasten the ropes holding the sails in position and tie up the rudder in position ; so that the vessels would thus when left to themselves sail in the required direction among the enemy's ships. **246. Watch on deck,** that portion of the ship's company whose turn it was to keep watch on the deck. **257. Parma's bridge.** An incident in the siege of Antwerp by Parma. Antwerp surrendered in August, 1585. **259. For their misfortune.** Those who had no third anchor found, when they had cut away the two they had out, that they had none left. **262. Slip,** let the ropes run out, leaving the anchors in the sea. **279. De Monçada,** the commander of the galleasses. **285. To pluck, etc.,** *i.e.*, to destroy their ships one by one. **298. Swarmed up,** climbed in swarms or crowds. **302. M. Gourdain,** the Governor of Calais, l. 209. **309. King**—of France, who at this time was more inclined to side with the English. **314. Spoiling them,** plundering with violence. **323. Stray plume,** referring to the remark in l. 290. **330. Narrow seas,** lying between England and Scotland on the one side, and Europe on the other. **332. Make no way against it,** could not sail out of the North Sea southwards, as the wind was blowing from the south (see l. 198). **338. Gravelines,** between Calais and Dunkirk. **353. Harquebuz,** or arquebus, an old-fashioned gun. They were so near that a shot from a gun would have hit the enemy.

357. Keep sea-room, keep room for sailing and manœuvring in, and not get driven on shore, or huddled together, like those just described. **369. Helpless,** far worse than anything previously known. **380. Fell westerly,** changed from the south towards the west. **389. Heeled over,** leant over to one side under the force of the wind, thus exposing their sides even below the water-line to the enemy, who were on the windward side. **394. Lee scuppers.** *Scuppers* are channels in the side of a ship for carrying off water ; as the ships heeled over, blood ran out of the scuppers on the lee or lowest side. **400. Purser,** paymaster. **409. Maintops,** platforms at the top of the main-mast, where

it was usual to post men with shot-guns. **411. Grapple with,** come to close quarters with, attach himself to. **414. Forecastle,** the high, raised portion of the deck in the front part of a ship. **419. Backed away,** went away backwards. **421. Lutheran hens.** Luther was a leading reformer, hence the title Lutheran applied contemptuously to the Protestant English. **423. Bravado,** Spanish, boast, brag. **461. Hauled off,** drew off, ceased to pursue. **481. As close to the wind,** as nearly as possible in the direction from which the wind blew *i.e.*, from the north-west.

VIII.—A FIRST VISIT TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS,

BY

LADY BRASSEY.

The following passages are extracted from *A Voyage in the "Sunbeam,"* by the late Lady Brassey, wife of Sir Thomas, now Lord, Brassey. The "Sunbeam" was a steam yacht, belonging to Lord Brassey, and the voyage lasted from 6th July, 1876, to 27th May, 1877, during which time the globe was circumnavigated. The first visit to the South Sea Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, was in November, when it is summer in the southern hemisphere. The volcano of Kilauea, or Mauna Loa, is situated in Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands. It was visited during Christmas week, 1876. An illustrated edition of *The Voyage* is published in the "Silver Library," by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

WE passed Anaa, or Chain Island, in the morning watch, before daybreak. I came on deck to try and get a glimpse of it, and was rewarded by a glorious sunrise. We had a nice eight-knot breeze and a strong current in our favour, and just before breakfast Tom descried from the masthead Amanu, or Möller Island, which we had hardly expected to make before ten or eleven o'clock. The reef encircling this island varies much in height and vegetation. In some places it supports a noble grove of trees, in others the sea breaks over the half-submerged coral-bed, the first obstacle it has met for 4000 miles, with a roar like thunder.

Before we had lost sight of Amanu, the island of Hao Harpe, or Bow Island, was visible on our port bow. I wished very much to land, and at last persuaded Tom, who was rather anxious on the score of the natives, to allow some of us to make the attempt, cautioning us to turn away

from the shore directly, in case the islanders looked at all doubtful in their attitude and intentions. After lunch, therefore, we hove to, and the gig's crew were ordered to arm themselves with revolvers and rifles, which they were not to show unless required to do so. All the gentlemen had revolvers, and Mabelle and I were also provided with two small ones, Phillips and Muriel being the only unarmed members of the party. I took a bag full of beads, knives, looking-glasses, and pictures, for barter and presents, and with these preparations we set off to make our first personal acquaintance with the islanders of the South Pacific. Tom gave us a tow to windward, and we then rowed direct to a point on one side of the entrance to 'the lagoon, where we saw some natives waving something white. As we approached we could distinguish several figures standing on the point, under the shade of some cocoa-nut trees, and on the opposite side of the entrance some canoes were drawn up on the beach, by the side of a hut, close to a large clump of low trees. We were by this time surrounded by breakers, and it required no little skill to steer the boat safely through the broken water, between the race of the tide on one side, and the overfall from the coral reef on the other. It was successfully done however, and, having rounded the point, we found ourselves at once in the waters of the tranquil lagoon. We should have preferred to land at the point, had it been possible, as it was doubtful whether it would be safe to go round the corner, and so lose sight of the yacht; but the intentions of the natives seemed peaceable, several of them running into the water up to their waists to meet us while others could be seen hurrying along the beach, the women carrying what looked like bunches of fruit.

It is really impossible to describe the beauty of the scene before us. Submarine coral forests, of every colour, studded with sea-flowers, anemones, and echinidæ, of a brilliancy only to be seen in dreamland, shoals of the brightest and swiftest fish darting and flashing in and out; shells, every

one of which was fit to hold the place of honour in a conchologist's collection, moving slowly along with their living inmates: this is what we saw when we looked down, from the side of the boat, into the depths below. The surface of the water glittered with every imaginable tint from the palest aquamarine to the brightest emerald, from the pure light blue of the turquoise to the deep dark blue of the sapphire, and was dotted here and there with patches of red, brown, and green coral, rising from the mass below. Before us, on the shore, there spread the rich growth of tropical vegetation, shaded by palms and cocoa-nuts, and enlivened by the presence of native women in red, blue, and green garments, and men in motley costumes, bringing fish, fowls, and bunches of cocoa-nuts, borne, like the grapes brought back from the land of Canaan by the spies, on poles.

As soon as we touched the shore the men rushed forward to meet us, and to shake hands, and, having left the muskets and revolvers judiciously out of sight in the boat, we were conducted to a cluster of huts, made of branches, or rather leaves, of the palm-tree, tied by their foot-stalks across two poles, and hanging down to the ground. Here we were met by the women and children, who likewise all went through the ceremony of shaking hands with us, after which the head-woman, who was very good-looking and was dressed in a cherry-coloured calico gown, with two long plaits of black hair hanging down her back, spread a mat for me to sit upon just outside the hut. By this time there was quite a little crowd of people assembled round, amongst whom I noticed one woman with a baby, who had her hair sticking straight out all round her head, and another who held a portion of her dress constantly before her face. After the gentlemen had walked away she removed the cloth, and I then saw that her nose had been cut off. Most of the women were good-looking, with dark complexions and quantities of well-greased, neatly-plaited black hair, but we did not see a single young girl, though there were plenty of children and

babies, and lots of boys, the latter of whom, like some of the older women, had only a piece of palm matting round their loins. We therefore came to the conclusion that the girls must have been sent away intentionally when the approach of the yacht was observed.

As soon as I was seated, the head-woman told one of the men to knock down some cocoa-nuts from the trees close by, and after cutting off the ends she offered us a drink of the fresh cool milk, which was all the sweeter and better for the fact that the nuts were not nearly ripe. While this was going on, the natives brought piles of cocoa-nuts, fish, and fowls, and laid them at our feet as a present. Some of the fish were of a dark-brown colour, like bream, others were long and thin, with a pipe-like nose and four fins, somewhat resembling the wings of a flying-fish.

Seeing smoke in the distance, rising from under some high palm-trees, we thought we should like to go and see whence it proceeded, and accordingly set off to walk through a sort of bush, over sharp coral that cut one's boots terribly, the sun blazing down upon us fiercely all the time, until we reached a little settlement, consisting of several huts, the inhabitants of which were absent. Fine plaited mats for beds, cocoa-nut shells for cups, mother-of-pearl shells for plates, and coral, of various kinds and shapes, for dishes and cooking utensils, formed their only furniture. We saw three women, one very old, with nothing but a palm-leaf mat as a covering, the others dressed in the apparently universal costume, consisting of a long bright-coloured gown, put into a yoke at the shoulders, and flowing thence loosely to the ground, which completely conceals the wearer's form, even to the tips of her toes. I think these dresses must come from England or America, for they are evidently machine-made, and the cotton-stuff of which they are composed has the most extraordinary patterns printed on it I ever saw. Cherry and white, dark-blue and yellow or white stripes, red with yellow spots, and blue with yellow crosses, appear

to be the favourite designs. The women seemed gentle and kind, and were delighted with some beads, looking-glasses, and knives I gave them, in return for which they brought us quantities of beautiful shells.

The natives made us understand that on the other side of the entrance to the lagoon, in the better sort of house we had noticed, there resided a white man. He did not, however, make his appearance during our visit, and I imagine he must have been one of those individuals called "beach-combers," referred to in so many of the books that treat of the South Sea Islands,—a sort of ne'er-do-well Englishman or American, rather afraid of meeting any of his own countrymen, but very clever at making a bargain between a ship's crew and the natives, with considerable profit to himself.

Among the bushes we found numbers of large hermit-crabs, crawling, or rather running, about in whelk shells, half-a-dozen of them occasionally having a grand fight amongst themselves. We picked up at least twenty different sorts of gracefully shaped pieces of coral, and quantities of shells of an infinite variety of form and colour; cowries, helmet-shells, the shells from which cameos are sometimes cut, mother-of-pearl shells, and a large spiral univalve, nearly a foot long, with dark-brown spots and stripes on a delicate cream-coloured ground, like the skin of a tiger or leopard. On our way back to the huts we peeped into several of the canoes drawn up on the beach, in which were some fish-spears and a fish-hook, nearly three inches long, made of solid mother-of-pearl, the natural curve of the shell from which it was cut being preserved. A piece of bone was securely fastened to it by means of some pig's hair, but there was no bait, and it seems that the glitter of the mother-of-pearl alone serves as a sufficient allurement to the fish.

In nearly all accounts of voyages in the South Seas much space is devoted to the description of the purchase, or rather barter, of hogs. We thought we could not do better

than follow as far as possible the example of our predecessors, and accordingly bought two little pigs for two shillings each. They were evidently quite pets, lying on the mats outside the huts, and coming when called, just like dogs. The one I first bought appeared to be quite happy and content to be carried under my arm. The natives seemed quite to understand the value of money, and did not hesitate to ask for it in return for the cocoa-nuts full of shells which they brought us. I fancy some of the Tahiti schooners trade here for pearl, shells, and bêche-de-mer.

The cocoa-nuts, fowls, fish, coral, etc., having been put into our boat, we shook hands with the friendly islanders and embarked, and having rounded the point we soon found ourselves again in the broken water outside the lagoon, where the race of the tide and the overfall were now much more violent than they had been when we landed. If we had once been drawn into the current, we should have stood a good chance of being knocked to pieces on the coral reefs, strong as our boat was; but the danger was happily avoided, and we reached the yacht safely, much to Tom's relief.

The natives did not exhibit the slightest curiosity about us during our visit to the island, and though they received us with courtesy, and assisted us as far as they could on our arrival and departure, they did not follow us about.

A Great Volcano.

The first part of our way [to Kilauea] lay along the flat ground, gay with bright scarlet Guernsey lilies, and shaded by cocoa-nut trees, between the town and the sea. Then we struck off to the right and soon left the town behind us, emerging into the open country. At a distance from the sea Hilo looks as green as the Emerald Isle itself; but on a closer inspection the grass turns out to be coarse and dry, and many of the trees look scrubby and half dead. Except in the "gulches" and the deep holes between the hills, the island is covered with lava, in many places of so recent a

deposit that it has not yet had time to decompose, and there is consequently only a thin layer of soil on its surface. This soil being, however, very rich, vegetation flourishes luxuriantly for a time; but as soon as the roots have penetrated a certain depth, and have come into contact with the lava, the trees wither up and perish like the seed that fell on stony ground.

The *ohia* trees form a handsome feature in the landscape, with their thick tall stems, glossy foliage, and light crimson flowers. The fruit is a small, pink, waxy-looking apple, slightly acid, pleasant to the taste when you are thirsty. The candle-nut trees attain to a large size, and their light green foliage and white flowers have a very graceful appearance. Most of the foliage, however, is spoiled by a deposit of black dust, not unlike what one sees on the leaves in a London garden. I do not know whether this is caused by the fumes of the not far-distant volcano, or whether it is some kind of mould or fungus.

After riding about ten miles in the blazing sun we reached a forest, where the vegetation was quite tropical, though not so varied in its beauties as that of Brazil, or of the still more lovely South Sea Islands. The protection from the sun afforded by the dense mass of foliage was extremely grateful; but the air of the forest was close and stifling, and at the end of five miles we were glad to emerge once more into the open. More than once we had a fine view of the sea, stretching away into the far distance, though it was sometimes mistaken for the bright blue sky, until the surf could be seen breaking upon the black rocks, amid the encircling groves of cocoa-nut trees. . . .

We were indeed glad to dismount after our weary ride, and rest in the comfortable rocking-chairs under the verandah. It is a small, white, wooden building, overhung with orange-trees, with a pond full of ducks and geese outside it, and a few scattered outbuildings, including a cooking hut, close by. A good-looking man was busy broiling beef-steaks,

stewing chickens, and boiling *taro*, and we had soon a plentiful repast set before us, with the very weakest of weak tea as a beverage. The woman of the house, which contained some finely-worked mats and clean-looking beds, showed us some *tappa* cloth, together with the mallets and other instruments used in its manufacture, and a beautiful orange-coloured *lei*, or feather necklace, which she had made herself. The cloth and mallets were for sale, but no inducement would persuade her to part with the necklace. It was the first she had ever made, and I was afterwards told that the natives are superstitiously careful to preserve the first specimen of their handiwork, of whatever kind it may be.

Directly we had finished our meal—about three o'clock—the guide came and tried to persuade us that, as the baggage-mules had not yet arrived, it would be too late for us to go on to-day, and that we had better spend the night where we were, and start early in the morning. We did not, however, approve of this arrangement, so the horses were saddled, and, leaving word that the baggage-mules were to follow on as soon as possible, we mounted, and set off for the "Volcano House". We had not gone far before we were again overtaken by a shower, which once more drenched us to the skin.

The scene was certainly one of extreme beauty. The moon was hidden by a cloud, and the prospect lighted only by the red glare of the volcano, which hovered before and above us like the Israelites' pillar of fire, giving us hopes of a splendid spectacle when we should at last reach the long-wished-for crater. Presently the moon shone forth again, and gleamed and glistened on the rain-drops and silver-grasses till they looked like fireflies and glowworms. At last becoming impatient, we proceeded slowly on our way, until we met a man on horseback, who hailed us in a cheery voice with an unmistakable American accent. It was the landlord of the "Volcano House," Mr. Kane, who, fearing from the delay that we had met with some mishap, had started

to look for us. He explained that he thought it was only his duty to look after and help ladies visiting the volcano, and added that he had intended going down as far as the "Half-way House" in search of us. It was a great relief to know that we were in the right track, and I quite enjoyed the gallop through the dark forest, though there was barely sufficient light to enable me to discern the horse immediately in front of me. When we emerged from the wood, we found ourselves at the very edge of the old crater, the bed of which, three or four hundred feet beneath us, was surrounded by steep and in many places overhanging sides. It looked like an enormous cauldron, four or five miles in width, full of a mass of cooled pitch. In the centre was the still glowing stream of dark-red lava, flowing slowly towards us, and in every direction were red-hot patches, and flames and smoke issuing from the ground. A bit of the "black country" at night, with all the coal heaps on fire, would give you some idea of the scene. Yet the first sensation is rather one of disappointment, as one expects greater activity on the part of the volcano; but the new crater was still to be seen, containing the lake of fire, with steep walls rising up in the midst of the sea of lava.

Twenty minutes' hard riding brought us to the door of the "Volcano House," from which issued the comforting light of a large wood fire, reaching half way up the chimney. Native garments replaced Mabelle's and my dripping habits, and we sat before the fire in luxury until the rest of the party arrived. After some delay supper was served, cooked by our host, and accompanied by excellent Bass's beer, no wine or spirits being procurable on the premises.

Everything at this inn is most comfortable, though the style is rough and ready. The interior is just now decorated for Christmas, with wreaths, and evergreens, and ferns, and bunches of white plumes, not unlike *reva-reva*, made from the pith of the silver-grass. The beds and bedrooms are clean, but limited in number, there being only three of the

latter altogether. The rooms are separated only by partitions of grass, seven feet high, so that there is plenty of ventilation, and the heat of the fire permeates the whole building. But you must not talk secrets in these dormitories or be too restless. I was amused to find, in the morning, that I had unconsciously poked my hand through the wall of our room during the night.

The grandeur of the view in the direction of the volcano increased as the evening wore on. The fiery cloud above the present crater augmented in size and depth of colour; the extinct crater glowed red in thirty or forty different places; and clouds of white vapour issued from every crack and crevice in the ground, adding to the sulphurous smell with which the atmosphere was laden. Our room faced the volcano: there were no blinds, and I drew back the curtains and lay watching the splendid scene until I fell asleep.

I was up at four o'clock to gaze once more on the wondrous spectacle that lay before me. The molten lava still flowed in many places, the red cloud over the fiery lake was bright as ever, and steam was slowly ascending in every direction, over hill and valley, till, as the sun rose, it became difficult to distinguish clearly the sulphurous vapours from the morning mists. We walked down to the Sulphur Banks, about a quarter of a mile from the "Volcano House," and burnt our gloves and boots in our endeavours to procure crystals, the beauty of which generally disappeared after a very short exposure to the air. We succeeded, however, in finding a few good specimens, and, by wrapping them at once in paper and cotton wool and putting them into a bottle, hope to bring them home uninjured.

On our return we found a gentleman who had just arrived from Kau, and who proposed to join us in our expedition to the crater, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we set out, a party of eight, with two guides, and three porters to carry our wraps and provisions, and to bring

back specimens. Before leaving the inn the landlord came to us and begged us in an earnest and confidential manner to be very careful, to do exactly what our guides told us, and especially to follow in their footsteps exactly when returning in the dark. He added: "There never has been an accident happen to anybody from my house, and I should feel real mean if one did; but there have been a power of narrow escapes".

First of all we descended the precipice, 300 feet in depth, forming the wall of the old crater, but now thickly covered with vegetation. It is so steep in many places that flights of zig-zag wooden steps have been inserted in the face of the cliff in some places, in order to render the descent practicable. At the bottom we stepped straight on to the surface of cold boiled lava, which we had seen from above last night. Even here, in every crevice where a few grains of soil had collected, delicate little ferns might be seen struggling for life, and thrusting out their green fronds towards the light. It was the most extraordinary walk imaginable over that vast plain of lava, twisted and distorted into every conceivable shape and form, according to the temperature it had originally attained, and the rapidity with which it had cooled, its surface, like half-molten glass, cracking and breaking beneath our feet. Sometimes we came to a patch that looked like the contents of a pot, suddenly petrified in the act of boiling; sometimes the black iridescent lava had assumed the form of waves, or more frequently of huge masses of rope, twisted and coiled together; sometimes it was piled up like a collection of organ-pipes, or had gathered into mounds and cones of various dimensions. As we proceeded the lava became hotter and hotter, and from every crack arose gaseous fumes, affecting our noses and throats in a painful manner; till at last, when we had to pass to leeward of the molten stream flowing from the lake, the vapours almost choked us, and it was with difficulty we continued to advance. The lava was

more glassy and transparent-looking, as if it had been fused at a higher temperature than usual; and the crystals of sulphur, alum, and other minerals, with which it abounded, reflected the light in bright prismatic colours. In places it was quite transparent, and we could see beneath it the long streaks of a stringy kind of lava, like brown spun glass.

At last we reached the foot of the present crater, and commenced the ascent of the outer wall. Many times the thin crust gave way beneath our guide, and he had to retire quickly from the hot, blinding, choking fumes that immediately burst forth. But we succeeded in reaching the top; and then what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! I could neither speak nor move at first, but could only stand and gaze at the horrible grandeur of the scene.

We were standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red, fiery, liquid lava hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air. The restless, heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. Its normal colour seemed to be a dull dark red, covered with a thin grey scum, which every moment and in every part swelled and cracked, and emitted fountains, cascades, and whirlpools of yellow and red fire, while sometimes one big golden river, sometimes four or five, flowed across it. There was an island on one side of the lake, which the fiery waves seemed to attack unceasingly with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base. On the other side was a large cavern, into which the burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of the cave, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of fresh ones.

It was all terribly grand, magnificently sublime; but no words could adequately describe such a scene. The precipice on which we were standing overhung the crater so much that it was impossible to see what was going on immediately beneath; but from the columns of smoke and vapour that arose, the flames and sparks that constantly drove us back from the edge, it was easy to imagine that there must have been two or three grand fiery fountains below. As the sun set, and darkness enveloped the scene, it became more awful than ever. We retired a little way from the brink, to breathe some fresh air, and to try and eat the food we had brought with us; but this was an impossibility. Every instant a fresh explosion or glare made us jump up to survey the stupendous scene. The violent struggles of the lava to escape from its fiery bed, and the loud and awful noises by which they were at times accompanied, suggested the idea that some imprisoned monsters were trying to release themselves from their bondage, with shrieks and groans, and cries of agony and despair, at the futility of their efforts.

Sometimes there were at least seven spots on the borders of the lake where the molten lava dashed up furiously against the rocks—seven fire-fountains playing simultaneously. With the increasing darkness the colours emitted by the glowing mass became more and more wonderful, varying from the deepest jet black to the palest grey, from darkest maroon, through cherry and scarlet, to the most delicate pink, violet, and blue; from the richest brown, through orange and yellow, to the lightest straw-colour. And there was yet another shade, only describable by the term "molten-lava colour". Even the smokes and vapours were rendered beautiful by their borrowed lights and tints, and the black peaks, pinnacles, and crags, which surrounded the amphitheatre, formed a splendid and appropriate background. Sometimes great pieces broke off and tumbled with a crash into the burning lake, only to be

remelted and thrown up anew. I had for some time been feeling very hot and uncomfortable, and on looking round the cause was at once apparent. Not two inches beneath the surface, the grey lava on which we were standing and sitting was red-hot. A stick thrust through it caught fire, a piece of paper was immediately destroyed, and the gentlemen found the heat from the crevices so great that they could not approach near enough to light their pipes.

One more long last look, and then we turned our faces away from the scene that had enthralled us for so many hours. It was a toilsome journey back again, walking as we did in single file, and obeying the strict injunctions of our head guide to follow him closely, and to tread exactly in his footsteps. On the whole it was easier by night than by day to distinguish the route to be taken, as we could now see the dangers that before we could only feel; and many were the fiery crevices we stepped over or jumped across. Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leant caught fire before I could fairly recover myself.

Either from the effects of the unaccustomed exercise after our long voyage, or from the intense excitement of the novel scene, combined with the gaseous exhalations from the lava, my strength began to fail, and before reaching the side of the crater I felt quite exhausted. I struggled on at short intervals, however, collapsing several times and fainting away twice; but at last I had fairly to give in, and to allow myself to be ignominiously carried up the steep precipice to the "Volcano House" on a chair, which the guides went to fetch for me.

NOTES.

1. Morning watch. The day on board a vessel is divided into periods of four hours each, or watches, divisions of the ship's crew going on duty during the watches alternately. The *morning watch* would be from

four to eight A.M. **2. On deck;** the cabins, or sleeping apartments, are below the deck. **4. Eight-knot breeze,** a breeze that would drive the vessel along, with all sails set, at the speed of eight knots an hour. **5. Tom,** Sir Thomas Brassey. **Masthead.** The head of the mast being much higher than the deck, objects can, owing to the rotundity of the earth, be perceived from it at a greater distance than from the deck, which is nearly on the sea level. **7. Make,** a nautical usage = to have within sight. **Reef,** the ring of coral rocks surrounding, at a short distance from the shore, many of the Pacific Islands. In this instance the reef in some places rose just to the surface of the water, in others it rose so high above it as to bear groves of trees. **13. Port bow,** nautical. *Port* has replaced *larboard*, as meaning the left-hand side of a ship, if one stand at the stern and look forward. *Bow* is the forepart of a ship. *On the port bow* therefore means in front towards the left, as a soldier would say *on the left front*. **15. Anxious, etc.,** afraid on account of the natives, lest they should attack a party landing. **19. Hove to;** *to heave to* is to bring a ship's head to the wind, *i.e.*, turn the ship so that the bow points in the direction from which the wind is blowing, and stop its onward motion. **Gig,** a name given to one of the ship's boats. **22. Mabelle** and *Muriel* were Lady Brassey's daughters. **28. Gave us a tow, etc.,** *i.e.*, attached the boat to the yacht and towed it for some distance against the wind so as to save the labour of the rowers. **29. Lagoon,** from Lat. *lacuna*, a lake, is the smooth expanse of water *inside* the reef (see l. 7). **35. Breakers,** waves breaking, and so making rough water. The *race* or strong current, formed by the tide on one side, meeting the water falling over the reef, caused the surface to be much broken or disturbed, and therefore demanded much skill in the steersman. **49. Submarine, etc.;** the coral growing upon the submerged portions of the reef looked like forests under water. **50. Anemones,** *lit.* wind-flowers, from Greek *anemos*, the wind, because the petals are easily blown off by the wind; from resemblance in shape and colour, the name is given to *sea-anemones* or *actinia*, a species of sea-animal distinguished by its beautiful tints. **Echinidæ,** sea-urchins, the sea-eggs of Darwin. **53. To hold, etc.,** to be considered the finest specimen in the collection of a person who studies shells. *Conchologist*, from Lat. *concha*, shell, same as Sansk. *chankha*. **66. Like the grapes, etc.;** this refers to the spies whom Moses sent to search the land of Canaan. Among other incidents, "they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff" (see *Numbers*, xiii. 17-25). **70. Judiciously;** it was wise to conceal the muskets, so as not to alarm the natives. **107. A sort of bush,** jungly ground. **117. A yoke,** a piece of cloth fitting on the shoulders, like the yoke of an ox, to which

the gown proper is sewn, and from which it hangs in loose folds to the ground. **120. Machine-made,** sewn by a machine and not by hand, and therefore imported. **133. Beach-combers.** A beach-comber is a name applied to a settler on the islands of the Pacific, making a living by native trade, and generally bearing a bad character. See note to l. 170. **135. Ne'er-do-well** = never do well, never likely to succeed in life. **140. Hermit-crab,** so called because it takes up its abode in the cast-off shell of some other animal. **146. Cameos** are figures of heads, etc., cut in relief upon shells. The various colours of the layers of which the shell is composed are thus displayed, often with very beautiful effect. **147. Univalve.** Valve, *lit.* a door or lid, is the name applied to one separate piece of a shell. If the shell be all in *one* piece, it is univalve; if in *two* pieces like an oyster, it is bivalve, and so on. **170. Bêche-de-mer,** a species of sea-slug, an extensive article of diet in China. The word means *sea-spade*, from the shape of it when dried for market. This word *bêche* has been corrupted into *beach* in *beach-comber* (see l. 133). **180. Relief;** Sir T. Brassey had been anxious about their safety, but their return relieved his mind.

185. Way, from the bay of Hilo, where the yacht was now anchored. **188. Struck off,** diverged, left the straight road and turned to the right. **190. Emerald Isle,** a poetical name for Ireland. **193. Gulches,** an American word = nullahs (*nālas*). **200. The seed, etc.,** referring to the Biblical parable of the sower (see *St. Matthew*, xiii. 1-8). **220. The open,** the open country, free from forest. **225.** The short passage omitted relates the arrival of the party at a rest-house called the "Half-way House". **231. Taro,** a native dish made of grain. **235. Tappa cloth,** cloth made from the bark of the paper mulberry. **251. Volcano House,** *i.e.*, Volcano Hotel; this use of house for hotel is an Americanism. **257. Israelites, etc.,** referring to the pillar of fire that guided the Israelites in their flight from Egypt (see *Exodus*, xiii. 21, 22). **282. Black country;** the coal and iron districts of the English Midlands are called "the black country". **292. Dripping habits;** habit is a lady's riding dress; the rain was dripping from their wet clothes. **298. Rough and ready,** a colloquialism, devoid of elegance; more attention being paid to use than beauty. **300. Reva-reva,** a species of grass. **316. Faced,** the windows looked towards. **345. Real mean,** an Americanism = very much ashamed. **346. Power of,** also Americanism = many. **350. Zig-zag;** such flights of steps may frequently be seen in the hills, especially in footpaths forming short cuts on ghāt roads. **365. Iridescent,** reflecting colours like those of the rainbow or *iris*. **372. To leeward,** *i.e.*, so that the wind blew from the stream towards us, and thus bore the vapours directly towards us. **380. Spun glass,** glass drawn out into fine threads as if by spinning. **395. Gory** = blood-red. **397.**

Normal, usual, ordinary; *lit.* according to *norma* or rule. **408. Stalactites,** a Greek word meaning literally what is formed by dropping or trickling, and hence applied strictly to masses of material formed by water trickling through cracks in the roofs of caves, etc.; it is here, from similarity in appearance, applied to masses of cooled lava, hanging from the roof of the cave. **441. Molten-lava colour**; there being no name for the colour, the authoress is compelled to say the molten lava is of the colour of molten lava. **462. See the dangers,** because the fire in the crevices and cracks would not be seen in daylight, but would glow red in the darkness. **473. Collapsing,** *lit.* tumbling together in a heap; breaking down, becoming too exhausted to proceed.

IX.—THE BOYHOOD OF LORD MACAULAY,

BY

G. O. TREVELYAN.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, is acknowledged to be one of the best biographies ever published. The writer displays great judgment in the selection of his materials, while he was fortunate in having as his subject one of the most charming personalities of the nineteenth century. Sir G. O. Trevelyan was Lord Macaulay's nephew, being the son of Sir Charles Trevelyan, sometime Governor of Madras, who married Macaulay's sister when she accompanied her brother to India. Sir George began his career in the Indian Civil Service, being one of the first competition-wallahs, but he abandoned India for public life, entering Parliament in 1865. He is one of the leading members of the Liberal party, and is now (1892) Secretary of State for Scotland. His close relationship enabled him to give a picture of Macaulay's private life such as no stranger could have pretended to furnish.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, afterwards Lord Macaulay, was born at Rothley Temple in Leicestershire in 1800. After leaving school, he joined Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the bar. He was law member of the Supreme Council in India from 1834 to 1838, and member of Parliament for Edinburgh from 1840 to 1847, and again from 1852 to 1856. He was raised to the peerage in 1857, and died suddenly in December, 1859. Though an able administrator and conscientious politician, he has earned his title to fame through his writings—his *History of England*, his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and above all his *Essays*. His biography, and in particular the letters published in it, show his private character to have been no less admirable than his public career; in every relation of life he displayed the same noble and generous nature, and appears on every page as a dutiful son, an affectionate brother and uncle, and a warm friend.

The biography, which should be read by every student, is published in various cheap editions by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

MR. MACAULAY took a house in the High Street of Clapham, in the part now called the Pavement, on the same side as the Plough inn, but some doors nearer to the Common. It was a roomy comfortable dwelling with a very small garden behind, and in front a very small one indeed, which has entirely disappeared beneath a large shop thrown out towards the roadway by the present occupier, who bears the name of Heywood. Here the boy passed a quiet and most happy childhood. From the time that he was three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. A very clever woman, who then lived in the house as parlour-maid, told how he used to sit in his nankeen frock, perched on the table by her as she was cleaning the plate, and expounding to her out of a volume as big as himself. He did not care for toys, but was very fond of taking his walk, when he would hold forth to his companion, whether nurse or mother, telling interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading in language far above his years. His memory retained without effort the phraseology of the book which he had been last engaged on, and he talked, as the maid said, "quite printed words," which produced an effect that appeared formal, and often, no doubt, exceedingly droll. Mrs. Hannah More was fond of relating how she called at Mr. Macaulay's, and was met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with abundance of light hair, about four years of age, who came to the front door to receive her, and tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits: a proposition which greatly startled the good lady, who had never aspired beyond cowslip wine. When questioned as to what he knew about old spirits, he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some. About this period his father took him on a visit to Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill, and was much pleased to exhibit to his old friend the fair bright boy,

dressed in a green coat with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white trousers. After some time had been spent among the wonders of the Orford Collection, of which he ever after carried a catalogue in his head, a servant who was waiting upon the company in the great gallery spilt some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was all kindness and compassion, and when, after a while, she asked how he was feeling, the little fellow looked up in her face and replied: "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated".

But it must not be supposed that his quaint manners proceeded from affectation or conceit; for all testimony declares that a more simple and natural child never lived, or a more lively and merry one. He had at his command the resources of the Common; to this day the most unchanged spot within ten miles of St. Paul's, and which to all appearance will ere long hold that pleasant pre-eminence within ten leagues. That delightful wilderness of gorse bushes, and poplar groves, and gravel-pits, and ponds great and small, was to little Tom Macaulay a region of inexhaustible romance and mystery. He explored its recesses; he composed, and almost believed, its legends; he invented for its different features a nomenclature which has been faithfully preserved by two generations of children. A slight ridge, intersected by deep ditches, towards the west of the Common, the very existence of which no one above eight years old would notice, was dignified with the title of the Alps; while the elevated island, covered with shrubs, that gives a name to the Mount pond, was regarded with infinite awe as being the nearest approach within the circuit of his observation to a conception of the majesty of Sinai. Indeed, at this period his infant fancy was much exercised with the threats and terrors of the Law. He had a little plot of ground at the back of the house, marked out as his own by a row of oyster-shells, which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle, and said very

solemnly: "Cursed be Sally; for it is written, Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark".

While still the merest child he was sent as a day scholar to Mr. Greaves, a shrewd Yorkshireman with a turn for science, who had been originally brought to the neighbourhood in order to educate a number of African youths sent over to imbibe Western civilisation at the fountain-head. The poor fellows had found as much difficulty in keeping alive at Clapham as Englishmen experience at Sierra Leone; and, in the end, their tutor set up a school for boys of his own colour, and at one time had charge of almost the entire rising generation of the Common. Mrs. Macaulay explained to Tom that he must learn to study without the solace of bread and butter, to which he replied: "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter". But, as a matter of fact, no one ever crept more unwillingly to school. Each several afternoon he made piteous entreaties to be excused returning after dinner, and was met by the unvarying formula: "No, Tom; if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go".

His reluctance to leave home had more than one side to it. Not only did his heart stay behind, but the regular lessons of the class took him away from occupations which in his eyes were infinitely more delightful and important; for these were probably the years of his greatest literary activity. As an author he never again had more facility, or anything like so wide a range. In September, 1808, his mother writes: "My dear Tom continues to show marks of uncommon genius. He gets on wonderfully in all branches of his education, and the extent of his reading, and of the knowledge he has derived from it, are truly astonishing in a boy not yet eight years old. He is at the same time as playful as a kitten. To give you some idea of the activity of his mind I will mention a few circumstances that may interest you and Colin. You will believe that to him we never appear to regard anything he does as

anything more than a schoolboy's amusement. He took it into his head to write a compendium of Universal History about a year ago, and he really contrived to give a tolerably connected view of the leading events from the Creation to the present time, filling about a quire of paper. He told me one day that he had been writing a paper, which Henry Daly was to translate into Malabar, to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion. On reading it I found it to contain a very clear idea of the leading facts and doctrines of that religion, with some strong arguments for its adoption. He was so fired with reading Scott's *Lay* and *Marmion*, the former of which he got entirely, and the latter almost entirely, by heart, merely from his delight in reading them, that he determined on writing himself a poem in six cantos which he called the 'Battle of Cheviot'. After he had finished about three of the cantos of about 120 lines each, which he did in a couple of days, he became tired of it. I make no doubt he would have finished his design, but, as he was proceeding with it, the thought struck him of writing an heroic poem to be called 'Olaus the Great, or the Conquest of Mona,' in which, after the manner of Virgil, he might introduce in prophetic song the future fortunes of the family;—among others, those of the hero who aided in the fall of the tyrant of Mysore, after having long suffered from his tyranny; and of another of his race who had exerted himself for the deliverance of the wretched Africans. He has just begun it. He has composed I know not how many hymns. I send you one, as a specimen, in his own handwriting, which he wrote about six months ago on one Monday morning while we were at breakfast.". . .

Of all his performances, that which attracted most attention at the time was undertaken for the purpose of immortalising Olaus Magnus, King of Norway, from whom the clan to which the bard belonged was supposed to derive its name. Two cantos are extant, of which there are several exemplars, in every stage of calligraphy from

the largest round hand downwards,—a circumstance which is apparently due to the desire on the part of each of the little Macaulays to possess a copy of the great family epic. The opening stanzas, each of which contains more lines than their author counted years, go swinging along with plenty of animation and no dearth of historical and geographical allusion.

> Day set on Cambria's hills supreme,
> And, Menai, on thy silver stream.
> The star of day had reached the West.
> Now in the main it sunk to rest.
> Shone great Eleindyn's castle tall:
> Shone every battery, every hall:
> Shone all fair Mona's verdant plain;
> But chiefly shone the foaming main.

And again:—

> "Long," said the Prince, "shall Olave's name
> Live in the high records of fame.
> Fair Mona now shall trembling stand,
> That ne'er before feared mortal hand.
> Mona, that isle where Ceres' flower
> In plenteous autumn's golden hour
> Hides all the fields from man's survey
> As locusts hid old Egypt's day."

. . . . . .

Nothing could be more judicious than the treatment that Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay adopted towards their boy. They never handed his productions about, or encouraged him to parade his powers of conversation or memory. They abstained from any word or act which might foster in him a perception of his own genius with as much care as a wise millionaire expends on keeping his son ignorant of the fact that he is destined to be richer than his comrades. "It was scarcely ever," writes one who knew him well from the very first, "that the consciousness was expressed by either of his parents of the superiority of their son over

other children. Indeed, with his father I never remember any such expression. What I most observed myself was his extraordinary command of language. When he came to describe to his mother any childish play, I took care to be present, when I could, that I might listen to the way in which he expressed himself, often scarcely exceeded in his later years. Except this trifle, I remember him only as a good-tempered boy, always occupied, playing with his sisters without assumption of any kind." One effect of this early discipline showed itself in his freedom from vanity and susceptibility,—those qualities which, coupled together in our modern psychological dialect under the head of "self-consciousness," are supposed to be the besetting defects of the literary character. Another result was his habitual over-estimate of the average knowledge possessed by mankind. Judging others by himself, he credited the world at large with an amount of information which certainly few have the ability to acquire, or the capacity to retain. If his parents had not been so diligent in concealing from him the difference between his own intellectual stores and those of his neighbours, it is probable that less would have been heard of Lord Macaulay's Schoolboy.

The system pursued at home was continued at Barley Wood, the place where the Misses More resided from 1802 onwards. Mrs. Macaulay gladly sent her boy to a house where he was encouraged without being spoiled, and where he never failed to be a welcome guest. The kind old ladies made a real companion of him, and greatly relished his conversation; while at the same time, with their ideas on education, they would never have allowed him, even if he had been so inclined, to forget that he was a child. Mrs. Hannah More, who had the rare gift of knowing how to live with both young and old, was the most affectionate and the wisest of friends, and readily undertook the superintendence of his studies, his pleasures, and his health. She would keep him with her for weeks, listening to him as

he read prose by the ell, declaimed poetry by the hour, and discussed and compared his favourite heroes, ancient, modern, and fictitious, under all points of view and in every possible combination; coaxing him into the garden under pretence of a lecture on botany; sending him from his books to run round the grounds, or play at cooking in the kitchen; giving him Bible lessons which invariably ended in a theological argument, and following him with her advice and sympathy through his multifarious literary enterprises. She writes to his father in 1809: "I heartily hope that the sea air has been the means of setting you up, and Mrs. Macaulay also, and that the dear little poet has caught his share of bracing. . . . Tell Tom I desire to know how 'Olaus' goes on. The sea, I suppose, furnished him with some new images."

The broader and more genial aspect under which life showed itself to the boy at Barley Wood has left its trace in a series of childish squibs and parodies, which may still be read with an interest that his Cambrian and Scandinavian rhapsodies fail to inspire. The most ambitious of these lighter efforts is a pasquinade occasioned by some local scandal, entitled "Childe Hugh and the Labourer, a pathetic ballad". The "Childe" of the story was a neighbouring baronet, and the "Abbot" a neighbouring rector, and the whole performance, intended, as it was, to mimic the spirit of Percy's Reliques, irresistibly suggests a reminiscence of John Gilpin. It is pleasant to know that to Mrs. Hannah More was due the commencement of what eventually became the most readable of libraries, as is shown in a series of letters extending over the entire period of Macaulay's education. When he was six years old she writes: "Though you are a little boy now, you will one day, if it please God, be a man: but long before you are a man I hope you will be a scholar. I therefore wish you to purchase such books as will be useful and agreeable to you *then*, and that you employ this very small sum in laying a little tiny corner-stone for your future library." A year or two after-

wards she thanks him for his "two letters, so neat and free from blots. By this obvious improvement you have entitled yourself to another book. You must go to Hatchard's and choose. I think we have nearly exhausted the Epics. What say you to a little good prose? *Johnson's Hebrides*, or *Walton's Lives*, unless you would like a neat edition of *Cowper's Poems* or *Paradise Lost* for your own eating? In any case choose something which you do not possess. I want you to become a complete Frenchman, that I may give you Racine, the only dramatic poet I know in any modern language that is perfectly pure and good. I think you have hit off the Ode very well, and I am much obliged to you for the Dedication." The poor little author was already an adept in the traditional modes of requiting a patron.

In the course of 1812 it began to be evident that Tom had got beyond the educational capabilities of Clapham; and his father seriously contemplated the notion of removing to London in order to place him as a day-scholar at Westminster. Thorough as was the consideration which the parents gave to the matter, their decision was of more importance than they could at the time foresee. If their son had gone to a public school, it is more than probable that he would have turned out a different man, and have done different work. So sensitive and home loving a boy might for a while have been too depressed to enter fully into the ways of the place; but, as he gained confidence, he could not have withstood the irresistible attractions which the life of a great school exercises over a vivid eager nature, and he would have sacrificed to passing pleasures and emulations a part, at any rate, of those years which, in order to be what he was, it was necessary that he should spend wholly among his books. Westminster or Harrow might have sharpened his faculties for dealing with affairs and with men; but the world at large would have lost more than he could by any possibility have gained. If Macaulay had received the usual education of a young Englishman, he might in all probability

have kept his seat for Edinburgh, but he could hardly have written the *Essay on Von Ranke*, or the description of England in the third chapter of the *History*.

Mr. Macaulay ultimately fixed upon a private school, kept by the Rev. Mr Preston, at Little Shelford, a village in the immediate vicinity of Cambridge The motives which guided this selection were mainly of a religious nature. . . . But whatever had been the inducement to make it, the choice proved singularly fortunate. The tutor, it is true, was narrow in his views, and lacked the taste and judgment to set those views before his pupils in an attractive form. . . . But, on the other hand, Mr. Preston knew both how to teach his scholars, and when to leave them to teach themselves. The eminent judge, who divided grown men into two sharply defined and most uncomplimentary categories, was accustomed to say that private schools made poor creatures, and public schools sad dogs; but Mr Preston succeeded in giving a practical contradiction to Sir William Maule's proposition. His pupils, who were limited to an average of a dozen at a time, got far beyond their share of honours at the university and of distinction in after life. . . . Shelford was strongly under the influence of the neighbouring university, an influence which Mr Preston, himself a Fellow of Trinity, wisely encouraged. The boys were penetrated with Cambridge ambitions and ways of thought; and frequent visitors brought to the table, where master and pupils dined in common, the freshest Cambridge gossip of the graver sort.

Little Macaulay received much kindness from Dean Milner, the President of Queen's College, then at the very summit of a celebrity which is already of the past . . The Dean, who had boundless goodwill for all his fellow-creatures at every period of life, provided that they were not Jacobins or sceptics, recognised the promise of the boy, and entertained him at his college residence on terms of friendliness, and almost of equality. After one of these

visits he writes to Mr. Macaulay: "Your lad is a fine fellow. He shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

Shelford: February 22, 1813.

My dear Papa,—As this is a whole holiday, I cannot find a better time for answering your letter. With respect to my health, I am very well, and tolerably cheerful, as Blundell, the best and most clever of all the scholars, is very kind, and talks to me, and takes my part. He is quite a friend of Mr. Preston's. The other boys, especially Lyon, a Scotch boy, and Wilberforce, are very good-natured, and we might have gone on very well had not one ——, a Bristol fellow, come here. He is unanimously allowed to be a queer fellow, and is generally characterised as a foolish boy, and by most of us as an ill-natured one. In my learning I do Xenophon every day, and twice a week the Odyssey, in which I am classed with Wilberforce, whom all the boys allow to be very clever, very droll, and very impudent. We do Latin verses twice a week, and I have not yet been laughed at, as Wilberforce is the only one who hears them, being in my class. We are exercised also once a week in English composition, and once in Latin composition, and letters of persons renowned in history to each other. We get by heart Greek grammar or Virgil every evening. As for sermon-writing, I have hitherto got off with credit, and I hope I shall keep up my reputation. We have had the first meeting of our debating society the other day, when a vote of censure was moved for upon Wilberforce, but he getting up said, "Mr. President, I beg to second the motion". By this means he escaped. The kindness which Mr. Preston shows me is very great. He always assists me in what I cannot do, and takes me to walk out with him every now and then. My room is a delightful snug little chamber, which nobody can enter, as there is a trick about opening the door. I sit like a king, with my writing-desk before me; for (would you believe it?) there is a writing-desk in my

chest of drawers; my books on one side, my box of papers on the other, with my arm-chair and my candle; for every boy has a candlestick, snuffers, and extinguisher of his own. Being pressed for room, I will conclude what I have to say to-morrow, and ever remain,

Your affectionate son,

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

The youth who on this occasion gave proof of his parentage by his readiness and humour was Wilberforce's eldest son. A fortnight later on, the subject chosen for discussion was "whether Lord Wellington or Marlborough was the greatest general. A very warm debate is expected."

Shelford: April 20, 1813.

My dear Mamma,—Pursuant to my promise I resume my pen to write to you with the greatest pleasure. Since I wrote to you yesterday, I have enjoyed myself more than I have ever done since I came to Shelford. Mr. Hodson called about twelve o'clock yesterday morning with a pony for me, and took me with him to Cambridge. How surprised and delighted was I to learn that I was to take a bed at Queen's College in Dean Milner's apartments! Wilberforce arrived soon after, and I spent the day very agreeably, the Dean amusing me with the greatest kindness. I slept there, and came home on horseback to-day just in time for dinner. The Dean has invited me to come again, and Mr. Preston has given his consent. The books which I am at present employed in reading to myself are, in English, *Plutarch's Lives*, and *Milner's Ecclesiastical History;* in French, *Fénelon's Dialogues of the Dead.* I shall send you back the volumes of *Madame de Genlis's Petits Romans* as soon as possible, and I should be very much obliged for one or two more of them. Everything now seems to feel the influence of spring. The trees are all out. The lilacs are in bloom.

The days are long, and I feel that I should be happy were it not that I want home. Even yesterday, when I felt more real satisfaction than I have done for almost three months, I could not help feeling a sort of uneasiness, which indeed I have always felt more or less since I have been here, and which is the only thing that hinders me from being perfectly happy. This day two months will put a period on my uneasiness.

Fly fast the hours, and dawn th' expected morn.

Every night when I lie down I reflect that another day is cut off from the tiresome time of absence.

Your affectionate son,

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

NOTES.

1. Clapham is a pleasant suburb in the south of London. Though now, like most London suburbs, greatly encroached upon by modern buildings, it yet, thanks to its extensive Common, retains much of its old rural beauty. **4. Roomy**, containing many large rooms. **6. Thrown out,** built in front of the house and covering the old garden. This has been the fate of many of the old houses in the main thoroughfares leading out of London towards the country. **13. Parlour-maid,** female servant who attended in the parlours or sitting-rooms of the house, waited at table during meals, etc. **15. Plate,** silver plate; dishes, spoons, utensils, etc., made of silver. **23. Quite printed words,** long and learned words, such as the maid imagined would be used only by writers in books. **25. Mrs. Hannah More,** a well-known poetess and novelist, born 1745, died 1833. **32. Cowslip wine,** a mild beverage made from the flowers of the cowslip, and much used as a domestic drink. The good old lady, then about sixty, who had never imbibed anything stronger than cowslip wine, was astonished when offered *spirits* by the child. **33. Robinson Crusoe,** the well-known hero of Defoe's story, a great favourite with boys. **35. Lady Waldegrave** resided at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham on the Thames, the celebrated residence of the Walpoles, Earls of Orford, and where was stored the *Orford Collection* of works of art, etc. **40. Carried a catalogue,** remembered accurately all the various items of the collection, as if he had learned a catalogue of them by heart. Macaulay possessed a

remarkably quick and accurate memory. **49. Resources**; all the scenery and matters of interest about Clapham Common were at his disposal. **51. St. Paul's** Cathedral, which stands on a low hill in the centre of London. **55. Inexhaustible romance**; he invented innumerable romantic and mysterious stories about the Common. **66. Sinai,** the mountain on which Moses received the tables of the Law. Macaulay had read in the Bible about Mount Sinai, and the small mount on the Common, being the nearest approach to a hill he had ever seen, was compared by him to Sinai. **68. The Law** of Moses, as laid down in the Bible. **73. Sally,** the maid-servant's name. **It is written**—in the Laws of Moses (see *Deuteronomy*, xxvii. 17). **76. Turn for,** liking for, knowledge of. **78. African youths.** Several families interested in Africa and the abolition of slavery, as the Macaulays and the Thorntons, lived at Clapham, and there interested themselves in spreading civilisation in Africa by bringing over youths to educate in England. **91. Rains cats and dogs,** an absurd colloquialism. **97. Greatest literary activity**; this remark is of course made humorously. **115. Malabar,** the language of Malabar. His uncle, as we see farther on, was engaged in Travancore, and this probably turned the boy's thoughts in the direction of the West Coast. **128. Olaus,** king of Norway, from whom, we are told, the name Macaulay was supposed to be derived (see l. 142) as if it were Mác Olaus, the son of Olaus. **129. Mona,** Anglesey in North Wales. **130. Virgil,** a Roman poet; the reference is to the sixth book of his epic poem, the *Æneid*. **131. Hero,** the uncle before referred to, General Colin Macaulay, who had been one of Tippu Sultan's prisoners. On his return from India in 1810, his nephew greeted him with a triumphal ode commencing—

> "Now safe returned from Asia's parching strand,
> Welcome, thrice welcome to thy native land".

133. Another of his race, his father, Zachary Macaulay, one of the leading opponents of the slave trade. **152. Cambria's hills,** the Cambrian mountains in Wales. **165. Ceres,** the Roman goddess of seeds and the harvest; hence we have the word *cereals* for grains, such as wheat, rice, etc. **168. Day,** daylight; referring to the plague of locusts with which Egypt was afflicted because Pharaoh would not permit the Israelites to depart (see Bible, *Exodus*). **168.** With reference to these early writings Sir G. O. Trevelyan says: "It is worthy of note that the voluminous writings of his childhood, dashed off at headlong speed in the odds and ends of leisure from school-study and nursery routine, are not only perfectly correct in spelling and grammar, but display the same lucidity of meaning, and scrupulous accuracy in punctuation and the other minor details of the literary art, which characterise his

mature works". **190. Susceptibility,** sensitiveness, capacity for feeling emotion strongly. The qualities ordinarily called *vanity* and *susceptibility* are called by modern writers on mental science *self-consciousness.* **194. Over-estimate;** knowing so much himself, he was apt to think others knew as much, or at least more than they actually did. **201.** A favourite phrase with Macaulay in his essays is "Every schoolboy knows so and so," the fact perhaps being one which few but himself would be likely to know. Thus in the *Essay on Clive* he says: "Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma," etc.; and in the *Essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson* he remarks: "Every schoolgirl knows the lines". The author suggests that he would not have been so ready to use such expressions had he been conscious that he really knew much more than the average person knows. **232. Squibs,** short satirical and humorous writings; **Parodies,** imitations, generally humorous, of some serious poem or writing. **235. Pasquinade,** also a satirical and humorous writing, so called from *Pasquino,* a satirical tailor of Rome. **236. Childe Hugh,** *childe,* an antiquated form, meaning "a noble youth," a young squire of high birth; it was afterwards used by Byron in his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.* **240. Percy's Reliques,** the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* a collection of old English ballads published by Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore. **241. John Gilpin,** the hero of a famous humorous poem by the poet Cowper. **250. Tiny corner-stone,** a small beginning. **254. Hatchard's,** a well-known bookseller's in Piccadilly, London. **265. Traditional modes;** poets and other writers as well had been accustomed from the days of the Romans to recognise the liberality of their patrons by writing odes in their honour and dedicating their works to them, often in very laudatory and exaggerated terms. **270. Westminster** School, one of the great public schools of England; so is *Harrow,* l. 283. **288. Seat for Edinburgh.** Macaulay lost his seat for Edinburgh in 1848, owing to a conscientious difference with some of his supporters on the Catholic question. His biographer suggests that while a public school education might have made him more a man of the world, and a more practical and less conscientious politician, it would have prevented his acquiring those immense stores of peculiar information which enabled him to produce some of his finest writings. **301. Eminent judge,** Sir William Maule; he divided mankind wittily and sarcastically into *poor creatures,* people not very clever or adapted to get on in the world, and *sad dogs,* people rather too clever, their knowledge being of a not very creditable kind and their abilities misdirected. **305. Practical contradiction;** Mr. Preston's pupils did not turn out *poor creatures,* and thus proved that the proposition was not correct. **311. Trinity,** *i.e.,* Trinity College, the largest at Cambridge. Fellows are distinguished

students who, on taking their degrees, receive a sort of superior scholarship. These used to be retained for life, but are now, except in special circumstances, held for only ten years. **316. Dean Milner,** born in 1751, died in 1820, was a well-known Cambridge celebrity early in the present century. **321. Jacobins** were members of a club of very advanced Radicals during the French Revolution, hence the word came to be used, as here, as synonymous with *radical:* not to be confounded with *Jacobite.* **325. He shall stand, etc.,** a Biblical quotation (see *Proverbs,* xxii. 29). **334. Wilberforce,** the eldest son of the celebrated William Wilberforce, the opponent of slavery, and brother of Samuel Wilberforce, the well-known Bishop of Oxford. **389. Petits Romans,** pronounce *petee romong,* French = short stories. **399. Put a period on,** put a stop to, end; because on that day his holidays would commence.

X.—RURAL JAPAN.

BY

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

This charming description of life in rural Japan is extracted from a volume entitled *Seas and Lands*, by Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E. The book is composed of letters written in the course of a trip round the world in 1889-90, to the great London newspaper, *The Daily Telegraph*. Sir Edwin Arnold, who was born in 1832, was for some time in the Educational Department in India, but has been for many years editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. *Seas and Lands* is published, beautifully illustrated, by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

THE Emperor being still indisposed, and the garden party at the palace, by consequence, deferred, we took advantage of the interval to visit Nikko, some ninety miles, or forty *ri*, north of Tokio. A railway runs sixty or seventy miles of this distance, to a place called Utsunomîya—the remaining *ri* must be traversed by jinrikisha. It is necessary to be provided with a passport for journeys beyond the treaty limits—which are very circumscribed—and the first policeman encountered at the railway station did not fail to demand and to inspect the imposing document wherewith we stood furnished. It forbade us—I trust it may be added needlessly—to "deface the temples; to ride on horseback to a conflagration; to trap, snare, or hunt wild animals without licence; or to resist the authorities with violence in the discharge of their duty". The officer at the station

found the perpendicular Japanese characters on the document which we presented quite satisfactory, and bowed to the earth in token of it. On entering our railway carriage we perceived a *go-zen*, or tea-tray, thoughtfully provided by the company. There stood the boiling water, in a chased bronze kettle, the tiny dainty pot with green tea leaves ready for infusion, and the small cups in their stand, so that, free of charge, we might sip *o-cha* as we started.

The line passes through low-lying fields with harvests of rice, tobacco, cotton, and the huge radish, fringed with waving thickets of bamboo, and populous with villages of little huts all built upon the same pattern, with fronts of framework and paper, and roofs of fine shingle or thatch. Here and there, near a temple, would be seen a "garden of the dead"—stone monuments of quaint form inscribed with Japanese letters, and interspersed with clumps of the red camellia or tufts of chrysanthemum. Everywhere, indeed, is seen the *Ki-ku*—imperial blossom of Japan—growing at the cottage door, by the well, in the temple yard, beside the graves, and even in the paths intersecting the rice-fields. Everywhere, too, are visible the delightful Japanese babies —most placid and most plump of all known infanthood— rocking and blinking in the folds of the mother's *kimono*, but just as frequently tied on the backs of old men, boys, and little maidens; for as soon as a Japanese child can even toddle about, a smaller one, who cannot yet run alone, is swaddled tightly upon its shoulders. The babies thus see everything, share everything, take part in agriculture, kite-flying, shopping, cooking, gossiping, washing, and all that goes forward and around, which perhaps gives them their extraordinary gravity and worldly wisdom, mingled with gladness, as soon as they reach the mature age of four or five. They then bow, and say *ohayho!* and carry up and down another baby, and shuffle about on clogs, as if life were already understood by them quite as thoroughly as by their mothers, whose wooden pattens make the stations

echo so blithely as they enter or quit the train. Round almost every country hut the yellow fruit of the *ka-ki*, or persimmon, is hanging up to dry for winter use, and the fruit itself may be seen on the leafless tree, like a smooth, elongated orange. On the left of the line, all the way from Tokio to Utsunomîya, the beautiful head of Fuji-san perpetually shows itself; at first dim, misty, and vaguely gilded in the too full light of the afternoon; then majestically displaying its crown of snow high above a belt of sunset clouds; and, lastly, as the evening falls, and the background of the west deepens from rose red and amber to grey and emerald green, emerging in full outline, almost from base to summit, a cone, mathematically perfect, of indigo blue, dominating the whole landscape by its grace and grandeur, although it is twenty leagues, as the stork flies, to the foot of that stupendous mountain.

We arrive in the dark at Utsunomîya, hand our tickets to collectors, who bow down to the platform, and our light baggage and ourselves to jinrikisha men, who trundle away up an interminable street, glittering with paper lanterns and the lamps of a thousand little open shop-fronts. Just as we wonder whether there will ever be any "other end" to Utsunomîya, the Kurumas are wheeled sharply round and brought up with a general shout of arrival in front of a Japanese inn. The peculiarity of such an establishment, on a first experience, is that you see all of it at once, like a doll's house of which the façade has been flung open. There is the little passage full of *waraji* and clogs, by which you enter between raised platforms covered with mats so spotless that you would not, as you must not, tread upon them except with unshod feet. There is the shining ladder of dark polished wood without hand-rails, by which you pass to the little rooms upstairs, all visible at a glance with their sliding doors and papered lattices. There is the kitchen, with charcoal fire burning under the rice-cauldron, and beside it a little paved way to the bath-room and minor

offices. The entire *personnel* of the inn upon your first approach—including mistress, proprietor, and four or five female "helps," with glossy hair, and short, white, cloven stockings—prostrates itself on the edge of the matting, with hands spread, foreheads touching the black lacquer border, and soft little choruses of "Your honourable arrival is most welcome!" "Please to make your honourable entrance!" Shoes are slipped off and indoor slippers offered, into which thrusting your feet, you slide and glide with many a bow and "Thank you," over the immaculate mats and up the shining ladder to the blamelessly clean pigeon-loft assigned for your use. Squares of padded cloth are placed on the floor, and the *hibachi*, or "fire-box," is brought in and set in the midst, with two brass knitting needles whereby to stir and trim the glowing charcoal. The *musumë*, a young waiting girl, next presents, always on her knees, tiny cups of pale yellow tea, unsweetened and unmilked, and, learning that you will partake of dinner, beats the matting with her little brow, and goes to command it. Various members of the household drop in meanwhile to salute and inspect the visitors, and presently the repast arrives.

First appears a small square table about eight inches high, upon which are placed fresh cups and chopsticks, the latter being cut from white wood, the two sticks still joined at the end, so that you may know they are fresh and unused. You separate them as a hungry man takes up his knife and fork, and are then ready for the "honourable tray" of red or black lacquer, which is slid within your reach by the kneeling and bowing *musumë*. On each of our trays was a little bowl of soup with shreds of vegetables, a saucer of pickled celery and radish, a minute slab of boiled trout, another saucer holding shreds of cold chicken, and a wooden bowl with a rather doubtful composition of some sort of whey and white of egg. Between the trays a large wooden tub of hot boiled rice, admirably dressed, was set,

with a fresh pot of tea. A plate of cakes also appeared, and when we had asked for and obtained salt and bread—articles apparently not usually furnished—there was quite enough to eat, and of no bad quality. The little glossy-haired *musumë* kneels all the time before the guest, softly murmuring as she re-fills your plate or cup, "Condescend to take a little more!"—and it is part of the refined politeness of this nation that they call hot water, tea, and soup, by complimentary terms, as: "The honourable hot-water"; "The honourable tea"; "The honourable refreshing dew—of soup". The hot white rice, decorously poked into the mouth with the chopsticks from the edge of the lacquered basin, is the real mainstay of the meal, which, being removed, the tobacco-box and small bamboo pipes succeed.

By-and-by beds are prepared by drawing from a hidden cupboard many quilted mats and a little bolster about the size of a Bologna sausage, stuffed with rice blades. An *andon*, or paper lamp, is then put in a corner of the room, the charcoal brasier is replenished, and the household, generally, again touch the soft, clean mats with their foreheads, murmuring: "Condescend to take honourable repose". The sliding *shoji* are pushed back, you creep between the padded quilts on the floor, and before sinking to slumber observe in the dim light the simplicity of your apartment. It contains *one* "hanging picture," in Indian ink, *one* pot of chrysanthemums, an inscribed tablet in Japanese bearing the name of a god, or a river, or mountain, and a tiny looking-glass on a dressing-table about as large as a cigar-box. Now you will hear the shrill notes from the street below of the pipe blown by the *amma*, the shampooer; the light, musical laughter of the *musumës* downstairs washing up; the tinkling strings of the *samisen* played in one little room, the monotones of a Buddhist reading his sacred books in another, the barking of the village dogs, the rattle of a late jinrikisha, the splash of some tardy traveller boiling himself

by way of refreshment in the very hot *furo-dô* of the basement, the noise of numerous paper shutters closing in your own and adjoining abodes, and the stroke of the watchman's staff as he makes his rounds. Lulled more or less by these sounds, and with a strange, indescribable odour about you of clean matting, *soy*, and salted jasmine, you sink to sleep, to dream, perhaps, amid the transparent walls of the chamber, that you are a new hat in a bandbox, or an ivory carving wrapped up in tissue paper.

After a breakfast more substantial than the airy appetites of the Japanese would demand, we depart, amid a shower of *sayonaras* and gentle good wishes for a prosperous journey, to Nikko. The distance by road is twenty-five miles, which we are to accomplish in four jinrikishas, one of these ever-amusing vehicles containing our guide and another our baggage. We have two men to each jinrikisha, one in the shafts, the other pushing behind or pulling with a cord; and, small though they be, and hilly albeit the road, they will run the twenty-five miles quite easily in four hours. The journey gives a good insight into Japanese rural life, since the way passes through many villages, and a fairly populous country. The road for four-fifths of its length is bordered on either side by stately trees, some of which attain an extraordinary size, and for leagues together furnish an avenue of the utmost beauty and magnificence. Hundreds among these trees have more than five feet diameter at a man's height, and lift their dark green crowns more than a hundred feet high. Every now and then a spot is reached where lightning, or the tail of a typhoon, has brought down one of these forest giants, hollowed to the core, and it either lies from bank to bank like a massive bridge, or has been partly consumed by fire and sawn in fragments, so that the thoroughfare can be cleared. In and about the villages a primitive but very practical agriculture is being carried on. The men are reaping rice, knee-deep in its wet bed; the women, old and young, are threshing out the rice-bundles

with curious revolving flails, or beating bunches of millet and other grains on the top of a web, which lets the seed fall through, and thus combines threshing and winnowing. Lightly built carts, drawn by ponies, led by a nose-string, convey rice straw, shingles, petroleum for the household lamps, and vegetables; but much of the traffic is done with pack animals. Everywhere may be seen the bright, placid life, the easy manners, the quiet contentment with the day, its duties and its pleasures, the light yet sincere piety, the kindness to children, strangers, and animals, the friendliness and temperance, and the indifference to the future, which mark a Buddhistic people.

At Matsumoto, and again at Imaichi, our two-legged steeds pull up briskly at a roadside tea-house, where we are received with the sweet invariable politeness of this people, and sip little cups of pale tea, and munch parti-coloured biscuits under the shade of waving bamboos, or in a garden of the usual fantastic design. The Japanese love of flowers is as genuine as it is refined. At Imaichi a small boy brings us out a pot of chrysanthemums and places it beside us, as if it were in the nature of things that our rest would be made better and happier by the purple and amber blossoms. The little ones in the streets shout out "Ohayo!" in cheerful salutation, and the older people bow gracefully. As for our human horses, they seem insensible to fatigue, and trot the last five miles into Nikko as freshly as at first. Starting so early in the morning from Utsunomîya, we have arrived in time for lunch at the hotel, and for a good walk into the heart of the mountains as far as Nanataki, the "Seven Cascades". All around the little town, which deals principally in skins of wild animals and articles turned from wood, are lofty hills clothed in thick timber and full lakes and cataracts, and the air is pure and invigorating, Nikko being 2000 feet above sea-level.

But what brings native and foreign people to Nikko is not the grand mountain scenery surrounding to it, nor its

superb avenues of firs, nor any attraction the little town can offer, but the splendid temples and the royal tombs, which make it a place of pilgrimage and one of the spots dearest to Japanese piety and patriotism. The people have a proverb: "He who has not seen Nikko knows not the meaning of the word Kikko" (beautiful). . . .

A range of imposing mountains rises round Nikko, called the "Hills of the Sun's Brightness," and in a hollow of one of its lower glens stand the picturesque and curious structures which make the little town famous. They have grown up chiefly to mark the resting-places of a Buddhist saint named Shôdô Shônin and of two famous royal Shoguns, Iye Yasu and Iye Mitsu. At the top of the single street of Nikko you turn, by an ancient bridge painted red, and pass through a grove of cryptomerias to the gate of the *Sambutsudo*, or "Hall of Three Buddhas". You will enter that presently, and see within it the colossal figures, heavily gilded, and the familiar decorations of a sumptuous Buddhist shrine; but you must first go on to a tall granite gateway, where, hard by a five-storied pagoda, painted in red and green, a Shinto priest gives you the paper of admission, which he stamps with a vermilion seal. Armed with this, you enter the "porch of the two kings," and find yourself in a region of barbaric grandeur, where edifice after edifice grotesquely glorified, and tomb after tomb superbly but sombrely adorned, at first fascinate and then bewilder the attention. It is a region of fantastic architecture, gigantic gateways glowing with carved work, sometimes exquisitely beautiful or sometimes singularly hideous; of paved courts, rich with wonderful bronzes, and ranges of sculptured votive lanterns; of wide stairways of masonry leading to black-lacquered platforms, on which magnificent shrines stand with golden walls and pillars, and roof-trees and eaves, blazing with red and green and blue, are cut into wonderful volutes and gargoyles. Gilding and carving, lacquer and enamels,

the richest chasing and the rarest sculpture, with blocks of stone massive enough for the Titans, and joinery delicate as fairy work, unite in these extraordinary fanes.

If you studied every detail of wonder, it is not a day but a month which would be necessary, and they would look yet more imposingly splendid but for a casing of plain wood which covers their sidewalls. In one court rises a great tree a hundred feet high, which Iye Yasu was wont to carry about in his palanquin in a flower-vase. A holy cistern next presents itself, where the water runs over the granite so equally that it seems a solid block of the element; a bronze lamp from the King of Loochoo also claims attention, and a bell from the King of Corea. Another stone staircase is ascended, and you are amongst tigers, tapirs, twisted dragons, and gilded demons, so lifelike as almost to alarm. And then gate succeeds to gate, court to court, cloister to cloister, and stairway to stairway, in such lavish confusion that it is a welcome repose to abstract the mind from the bewildering and heathenish grandeur by slipping off the shoes and entering one of the temples. The folding doors are rich with lotus and peony in gold relief. Beyond the black threshold stretch soft white mattings, leading through an antechamber, under a ceiling diapered with wonderful colour and carving, to an altar glittering with gold and shining red-and-black lacquer. The panels of what might be called the nave, as well as the chancel to which it brings us, are embellished with marvellous figures in sculptured wood and beaten gold; and gold asarum leaves, the crest of the great family whose founders rest here, repeat themselves in every spot. In the oratory, if it be Shinto, there hang *Gohei*, or charms in gold paper, with a circular mirror of metal, and you see the rural pilgrims prostrate themselves here, wrap a coin or two in white paper, reverently deposit the gift, and rise and depart without a word. If it is Buddhist, the decorations will be still more dazzling,

and the treasures of the oratory more numerous and elaborate, while scrolls of "the Law" will be laid for reading on low stools. Both and all these buildings are chapels to the tombs of the saint and of the great Shoguns. Weary of the overwhelming but often rude and grotesque splendour, you quit the soft-matted, silent, shining temple and the motionless priests, and pass up moss-grown ancient stone stairways and along galleries of masonry to the bell-shaped tombs, surrounded by balustrades of stone, where the old secular Kings of Japan sleep. In front of them stand great storks in bronze, and huge incense burners in the same material. All round the tombs, enclosing the entire range of buildings, groves of enormous trees cast their black-green shadow. The mountain glen seems to embrace the shrines and tombs alike, and to shut them from the glare of day, with gaunt rocks and impenetrable foliage. There is one spot near the gate of the mausoleum of Iye Mitsu where you pass between the God of Wind, painted green and gold, and the God of Thunder, all blazing crimson, and reaching the "Yaksha Gate" look out of it upon the wall of dark-green verdure and the wilderness of curving roofs, gilded ridge-poles, brilliant doorways, and lacquer alight with gold. Here the weird and strange attractions of the scene seem to be concentrated in all that nature can lend of solemnity to all that superstition can devise of blended terror and beauty. For there is nothing elevating, reposeful, or edifying here. The Shinto has taken up with splendid but painful images of ugliness and awe, the Buddhism is degenerate and decorative, and the mountains around, which have elsewhere so many features of gracious beauty, huddle their crags together round the place, and lend it nothing but what it seems to ask—profound shadow, sepulchral gloom, and an unbroken silence.

Half dazzled, half oppressed with pacing through a dozen glittering shrines and chapels, superb oratories and gloomy tomb-enclosures, where gorgeous details overlaid and over-

whelmed each other, and the mind became obscured as is the eye when it gazes too long upon extreme brilliancy, we resumed our shoes, and passing towards the beautiful gate, *Yomei Mon,* saw the one graceful and charming sight of the fantastic labyrinth. Close by a side building where country people upon their knees were buying written charms to take home for good luck or recovery from illness, we came upon a pretty little open chapel marked by the Shinto gold paper shreds and mirror. On its floor of spotless matting was a seated figure, which might have been taken at first for the chief triumph of the Shogun carvers' work, so motionless was it: but in another moment you perceived this was only a Japanese girl clothed in white, and seated in the shrine. Our guide threw a coin into the box in front of her. Upon this she rose, and, with extremely becoming movements, commenced the *kagura,* or temple dance, beating slow time to her own steps with the bunch of silver bells held in her right hand, and waving her fan to the same cadence with her left, while performing what was a most rhythmical, solemn and striking "*pas seul*". Her white head-dress, almost Abyssinian in style, her large white sleeves and scarlet "*obi,*" made her very pictorial, and she was, besides this, so entirely comely, gentle, and demure, that when she bowed her head, closed her fan, and sank back again into dreamy silence, I asked my interpreter what gift he had made for so delightful a little ceremony, and what would be its efficacy theologically. He answered that the dance was supposed to "drive away devils" for those who paid; and that his offering, on our behalf, had been four sen, a sum equal to about twopence. Shocked at this unworthy tribute —for certainly any demons of taste would have been attracted rather than repelled by so much grace and gentleness—I offered the taciturn *danseuse* a more adequate present on my own account, whereupon she rose again silently and demurely as before, and repeated the strange undulating movements, the deftly-measured steps, the fan-waving, and bell-ring-

ing of the mystic dance. Her dark eyes, fair, quiet face, and pious gravity were perhaps the best and nicest things we saw in the renowned temple grounds at Nikko; and I, at least, shall remember the slow, musical beat of her silver bells, and the perfect harmony between her little feet and her fluttering fan longer than the gold and red and green devils whom it was her befitting duty to exorcise. Even had those devils been "blue," O Také San—"the Hon. Miss Bamboo"—might have danced them all away with her *debonnair* simplicity and youthful grace.

NOTES.

1. **Indisposed,** *lit.* means "not disposed or inclined to do anything"; as this feeling is often the result of slight sickness, the word means, as here, rather unwell, in poor health. 7. **Passport,** *lit.* a permission to enter or leave a port, a warrant of permission to travel in a foreign country. In China and Japan there are certain ports and districts in which alone foreigners are permitted to reside and trade; these, being settled by *treaty* between the governments concerned, are called *treaty ports* or *treaty districts.* To travel beyond the limits thus defined by treaty, a permit or passport must be obtained from the government of the country. 12. **Needlessly,** a humorous parenthesis. The author hopes that he and his companions might be trusted not to infringe any of these quaint regulations. 16. **Perpendicular;** in Chinese and Japanese the letters, or rather the characters representing syllables and words, are placed in perpendicular or vertical lines, one below the other, and not side by side as with us. 20. **Chased.** Chase, in this use, is a shortened form of *enchase*, meaning *lit.* to *encase*, or enclose with an ornamental border, but generally to ornament metal with designs cut in low relief, *i.e.*, so as not to stand out far from the surface. The designs on Benares brasswork, for example, are *chased* (see l. 268). 23. **O-cha,** tea. 28. **Shingle,** thin rectangular pieces of wood used as tiles for roofing. 29. **Garden of the dead,** burial ground. 38. **Kimono,** woman's cloth. 49. **Clogs,** wooden shoes, *pattens.* 57. **Fuji-san,** also Fuji-yama, and Fusi-yama; this mountain is over 14,000 feet high. 64. **Mathematically perfect,** *i.e.*, the outline of the mountain is a cone, as perfect as if the lines had been traced mathematically. 73. **Other end,** the street is so long that they doubt if it will ever end. 78. **Façade,** the front or face of a building. A house for a child's doll is generally made so that the whole front opens like a door, so as to

enable every part of the interior to be easily reached. **88. Personnel,** a body of persons engaged in any common occupation; here all the persons engaged in the inn. **90. Helps,** an Americanism for servants. **Cloven;** the stockings were made like gloves, with separate spaces for the toes. **98. Pigeon-loft.** The upstairs room assigned to the travellers is humorously compared to the loft or space beneath the roof of a house in which pigeons are often kept. **105. Unmilked,** unmixed with milk (an uncommon use of the word). **117. Musumë,** maid-servant, female "help". **121. Doubtful composition.** It is not very clear of what ingredients the dish is composed, and hence there is some doubt as to eating of it. **141. Bologna** is famous for its sausages, which are skins filled with chopped meat and other ingredients. **146. Shoji,** frames covered with paper, which form movable partitions between the rooms. **155. Washing up,** *i.e.*, washing the dishes after the meal. **156. Samisen,** a musical instrument, something like the *vina*. **157. Monotones,** single tones; in reading in monotone the tone of the voice is neither raised nor lowered, the same key or note is preserved throughout, as in repeating a *mantram*. **159. Boiling himself.** The Japanese mode of bathing is to sit in a large tub of water as hot as the skin will bear it; Europeans, indeed, can hardly endure it. This hot tub is called the *furo-do*, and is a necessary and prominent article of furniture in Japan, where the bathing is quite public. **165. Soy,** a species of sauce used in China and Japan. **167. A new hat,** a humorous simile.

171. Sayonaras, Japanese, good-byes. **177. Albeit,** and although the road be hilly. **202. Pack animals.** Goods are carried for the most part not in carts, but on the backs of animals in packs or bales. **211. Munch,** an onomatopoetic word; suggests here eating slowly and carelessly. **237.** The passage omitted contains a disquisition upon the two religions of Japan, *Shinto*, or the "Way of God," and Buddhism, *Butsu-do*, or the "Way of Buddha". These two religions flourish amicably side by side and do not appear to differ much more from each other than Sivaism and Vishnavism. **244. Shogun,** a secular ruler or king. **256. Grotesquely glorified,** made gorgeous with sculptures of a grotesque character. **262. Votive lanterns,** lanterns presented to the temple in satisfaction of a vow. **265. Roof-trees,** the principal beam in the roof of a house. **266. Volutes,** from *volutus*, rolled; spiral carvings on the tops of pillars. **267. Gargoyles,** spouts projecting from the roof to carry off rain water; these are commonly carved into grotesque heads, the water issuing from the mouth. **269. Titans,** the giant gods of ancient Greek mythology. The oldest Greek buildings, constructed of huge masses of stone, were attributed to the Titans. **Joinery,** woodwork. **278. Equally;** the water flows over the granite

with such an equal stream that it appears to be a solid block of water. **291. Diapered** is applied to a flat surface ornamented with colours or gilding. It is a corrupted form of *jasper*, and so literally means an imitation of the beautiful natural colours of that stone. The word *diaper* is also used for a linen or cotton cloth bearing a pattern of the same material and colour. **294. Nave** is the large central hall of a cathedral or church; the *chancel* is a smaller hall leading from the nave to the altar or shrine; the chancel was so called because separated from the nave by a railing of lattice work or crossed bars, *cancelli*. **298. Oratory,** place of prayer, shrine. **305. "The Law,"** sacred books, Buddhist shastras. **326.** *Paraphrase:* "The whole scene is weird and strangely attractive, but the weirdness and strangeness seem to be concentrated in this particular spot, for here not only has religious superstition produced buildings and images of great beauty and inspiring the utmost terror, but the natural features of the landscape are of a solemn and imposing character". **339. Overlaid,** should be *overlay*, a common blunder. **340. The mind, etc.,** a striking simile; just as the eye, gazing upon too brilliant a light, becomes dazzled and unable to see, so the mind, contemplating so much beauty, becomes obscured and unable clearly to distinguish and appreciate the details. **359. Pas seul,** French, pronounce *pā-sūl*, a dance performed by a single person alone. **361. Obi,** a species of wide sash forming part of the dress of a Japanese lady. **Pictorial,** an uncommon use of the word in the sense of *picturesque*. **366. Efficacy, etc.,** *i.e.*, what effect the ceremony would have from a theological or religious point of view. **370. Demons of taste, etc.,** *i.e.*, if the demons possessed any taste, any admiration of the beautiful and pleasing, they would have been attracted instead of repelled by the grace of the dancer. **372. Danseuse,** French = dancing-girl. **383. Blue;** *blue devils* is a colloquialism for melancholy and low spirits. Still more colloquial is the expression *the blues*. Had the writer been in a melancholy and dejected frame of mind, the dancing would have cheered and enlivened him. **385. Debonnair,** French, *lit.* "of good extraction," courteous and well-bred; combines the ideas of elegance and good-nature.

XI.—BENEDICT ARNOLD AND MAJOR ANDRÉ,

BY

W. E. H. LECKY.

The following extract describes one of the most painful incidents of the American War of Independence. At the time of its occurrence the English, under General Clinton, were holding New York, while the Northern American Army, under Washington, was stationed at Westpoint, on the Hudson river.

Our account is taken from vol. v. (cabinet edition, published by Messrs. Longmans & Co.) of the *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, by W. E. H. Lecky. Dr. Lecky, born in 1838, is one of the most learned and judicious of living historians; his works include, besides the *History of England*, the *Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*, and the *History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne*.

IN September, 1780, a terrible shock was given to the confidence of the [American] army by the discovery of the treachery of Benedict Arnold.

To any one who attentively follows the letters of Washington, it will appear evident that there was no officer in the American army of whom for a long period he wrote in terms of higher, warmer, and more frequent eulogy. Arnold was in truth an eminently brave and skilful soldier, and in the early stages of the struggle his services had been of the most distinguished kind. In conjunction with Colonel Allen, he had obtained the first great success of the war by capturing Ticonderoga and Crown Point in the summer of 1775. He had fallen wounded leading the forlorn hope against Quebec on the memorable day on which Mont-

gomery was killed. In the gallant stand that was made at Ticonderoga in October, 1776, he had been placed at the head of the American fleet, and his defence of Lake Champlain against overwhelming odds had been one of the most brilliant episodes of the whole American war. He took a leading part in the campaign which ended with the capitulation of Saratoga, led in person that fierce attack on the British lines on October 7, 1777, which made the position of Burgoyne a hopeless one, was himself one of the first men to enter the British lines, and fell severely wounded at the head of his troops. No American soldier had shown a more reckless courage. Hardly any had displayed greater military skill or possessed to a higher degree the confidence of the army; and if the wound which he received near Saratoga had proved fatal, the name of Benedict Arnold would have now ranked among the very foremost in the hagiology of American patriotism.

His early letters seem to show beyond question that he began his career as a genuine Whig, but he had probably always been of a type which is common and prominent in all revolutions. Conscious of unbounded energy and courage, of a strong will, and of very considerable military capacities, he saw in the troubles which had arisen an opportunity of carving his way from the position of bookseller, druggist, and smuggler in a small town in Connecticut, to great wealth and world-wide honour. He was a man of coarse fibre and violent ambition, delighting in adventure and combat, very extravagant in his tastes, and at the same time very arrogant, irritable, and insubordinate in his temper. A number of serious charges, some of them affecting his personal integrity, were brought against him relating to incidents in his Canadian career; but the only charges which were submitted to an official investigation were fully disproved, and the Board of War, in a report which was confirmed by Congress, pronounced Arnold to have been "cruelly and groundlessly aspersed".

This appears to have been the opinion of Washington, who continued to give him his full confidence; it was the opinion of Schuyler, who commanded the army in Canada, and John Adams afterwards expressed his belief that Arnold had been "basely slandered and libelled". There were men, however, in Congress who greatly disliked him, and seemed to feel a peculiar pleasure in humiliating him; and in February, 1777, when Congress appointed five major-generals, Arnold was not on the list, though every one of the officers appointed was his junior in standing. Washington was extremely displeased at this marked slight shown to one who, as he truly said, had "always distinguished himself as a judicious, brave officer, of great activity, enterprise, and perseverance". The letters of Arnold show how keenly he felt the wrong, and he spoke seriously of throwing up his commission, but was dissuaded by Washington. A few months later he displayed the most splendid daring in a skirmish with the English near Danbury, and his horse fell pierced by no less than nine bullets. Congress then granted him the promotion that had been hitherto withheld, and presented him with a horse as a token of his conspicuous gallantry, but he never regained his seniority.

The wound which he had received near Saratoga was painful and disabling, and he for a long time could only move about with assistance. Being incapable of taking an active part in the war, Washington placed him in command at Philadelphia after that city had been evacuated by the English, and he there fell under new and powerful influences. His first wife had died in the summer of 1775, when he was in the midst of his Northern campaign, and, in April, 1779, after a long courtship, he married Miss Shippen, a young lady of great beauty and attraction, who belonged to one of the leading families in Philadelphia, and to a family of Tory sympathies. He loved her deeply and faithfully, and there is something inexpressibly touching in the tender affection and the undeviating admiration for her

husband, which she retained through all the vicissitudes of his dark and troubled life. He mixed much in the best society at Philadelphia, and although the more decided loyalists had been driven into exile, the social atmosphere was still very Tory, and many of the best and most respected citizens were secretly sighing for the overthrow of what they regarded as the revolutionary tyranny, and for a return to the settled condition of the past. He kept open house, plunged into expenses far greater than he could meet, and, like many other American officers, entered into several enterprises which were not military. He speculated largely. He took part in various commercial undertakings. He had shares in privateering expeditions, but his speculations do not appear to have been successful, and he was sinking rapidly into debt. Party spirit ran furiously at Philadelphia, and Arnold, who had nothing of the tact and self-control of Washington, soon made many enemies. A long series of charges against him were laid before Congress, some of them deeply affecting his honour, and amounting to little short of an imputation of swindling, while others were of the most trivial description. Congress referred the matter to a committee, which reported in favour of Arnold; but, in spite of this report, Congress insisted on sending Arnold, on some of the charges, before a court-martial. The proceedings were greatly delayed, and nearly a year passed between the promulgation of the charges and the final decision, and during all this time the commander of the chief town in the States, and one of the most distinguished generals in the American service, was kept in a condition of the most painful and humiliating suspense. He resented it fiercely, and was little mollified by the result of the court-martial. On all the graver charges he was acquitted, and he was condemned only on two counts of the most petty character. He had exceeded his powers in giving a passport to a vessel containing American property which was in Philadelphia while that town was

occupied by the English, and he had, on one occasion, employed public waggons to convey some of his private property. This, the court-martial said, ought not to have been done, though Arnold "had no design of employing the waggons otherwise than at his own private expense, nor of defrauding the public, nor of injuring or impeding the public service". For these two offences he was condemned to the great humiliation of a formal and a public reprimand.

Washington, who was obliged to execute the sentence of the court-martial, did the utmost in his power to mitigate the blow, and nothing could be more skilful than the language with which he made his reprimand the vehicle of a high eulogy on the services and the character of Arnold. While the sentence of the court-martial was in suspense, another stroke had fallen which affected both his fortune and his reputation. During his command in Canada, he had often acted as commissary and quartermaster. Much public money had passed through his hands, and he had large claims upon Congress. His accounts were examined at great length, and after great delay, by the Board of Treasury and by a committee of Congress; they were found to be in much confusion, which was possibly due to the hurry and turmoil of an active campaign, and a large part of the claims of Arnold were disallowed. How far the sentence was just, it is now impossible to say. The character of Arnold gives no presumption that he would have shown scrupulous integrity in money dealings; but, on the other hand, the Congress was full of his personal enemies, who were determined by any means to hunt him down, and he loudly and vehemently declared that his judges had been actuated by private resentment or undue influence, and that they were wholly unfit to give any impartial judgment on his case. Ruin seemed now staring him in the face, and he even made an application, without success, for money to the representative of the French Government.

It is easy to conceive the influence of these things upon

a proud, violent, ambitious, and unprincipled man, conscious of having rendered great services to his country, and at this very time suffering under the irritation and the impotence arising from a severe wound. Early in 1779 he had sent some letters to Clinton under the name of Gustavus, in which, without revealing his name or his rank, and without making any positive overtures, he had expressed his dislike to the French alliance, and had from time to time given the British commander pieces of authentic intelligence. On the English side the correspondence was chiefly conducted under a false name by Major André, the adjutant-general of the British army, a young officer of singular promise and popularity. After the sentence of the court-martial, Arnold appears at last to have fully determined to go over to the English, and he was equally determined not to go over as a mere insignificant and isolated individual. Ambition, cupidity, and revenge must all be gratified. At Saratoga he had done much to ruin the British cause. He would now undo, and more than undo, his work, annihilate by an act of skilful treachery the only considerable army in the North, restore America at once to peace and to the British rule, and make himself the Monk of the American Revolution.

Few great plots have more nearly succeeded. Though there had been murmurs about the leniency of Arnold to Tories and about the admission of Tories into his society, his fidelity to the American cause seems to have been quite unsuspected, and Washington especially looked upon him with the most perfect confidence. On the plea that his wound was not yet sufficiently cured, Arnold excused himself from serving actively with Washington in the field, but he asked for and easily obtained the command of Westpoint, which included all the American forts in the highlands, and was the essential key of the whole American position. He arrived at Westpoint in the first week of August, and lost very little time in concerting with Clinton for a surrender of the post to the British.

Clinton has been absurdly blamed for listening to these overtures, but he only acted as any general of any nation would have acted, and he would have deserved the gravest censure if he had neglected such an opportunity of bringing to an end the desolation and the bloodshed of war. It was necessary to send a confidential agent to arrange the details of the surrender and the terms of the bargain, and this task was committed to André. Arnold invited him to come within the American lines, but both Clinton and André himself positively declined the proposal, and Clinton was determined that nothing should be done that could bring André under the category of a spy. A British sloop called the "Vulture," with André on board, sailed up the Hudson river to within a few miles of the American camp; and Washington having just left the camp on a visit to the French commander at Hartford, a boat, with muffled oars, was sent by Arnold a little before midnight to the "Vulture" to bring André to shore. The boatmen were wholly ignorant of the nature of their mission. They were furnished with a passport authorising them to pass freely with a flag of truce, but they were told that it was of public interest that the expedition should be secret. Arnold and André met at a lonely spot on the bank of a river. The meeting was on the night of 21st September. André wore his uniform, covered by a blue great-coat, and the spot where the interview took place was outside the American lines, so that if they had been arrested there, André could not have been treated otherwise than as a prisoner of war. The nights, however, were still short, and the daylight having dawned before the affair was fully arranged, it became necessary either to leave it unfinished and risk the dangers of a second interview, or else to seek some place of concealment. Arnold then induced André to enter the American lines and take shelter in the house of a man named Smith, who was devoted to the American general, and who had already been employed to bring André to shore. He remained

there during the day, and in the evening, all being arranged, André prepared to return.

In the meantime, however, the "Vulture" had been noticed with suspicion by the American soldiers, and had been compelled to change her position in consequence of a cannon which was brought to bear on her. The risk of carrying André back by water was so great that Smith refused to incur it, and the only chance of safety was to return by land to New York, a distance of about thirty miles. To accomplish this object André exchanged his British uniform for a civilian's dress; he obtained from Arnold a pass enabling him under the name of John Anderson to traverse the American lines, and he concealed in his boots unsigned papers written by Arnold containing such full and detailed information as would enable Clinton without difficulty to seize the fortifications of Westpoint. On the evening of the 22nd he passed the American lines in safety under the guidance of Smith, and slept in a house beyond them, and the next day he set out alone to complete his journey. It is strange to think how largely the course of modern history depended upon the solitary traveller, for had André reached New York, the plot would almost certainly have succeeded, and the American Revolution been crushed. He had not, however, proceeded far, when he was stopped by three young men, who were playing cards near the road. They have been called militiamen, but appear, according to better accounts, to have been members of a party who were engaged in cattle-stealing for their own benefit. Had André produced at once his pass, he would probably have been allowed to proceed in safety, but in the confusion of the moment he believed that the men were British, and he proclaimed himself a British officer. Finding his mistake, he then produced his pass, but his captors at once proceeded to search him, and though they found little or no money, they discovered the papers in his boots, and although André promised that they would obtain a

large reward if they released him, or took him to New York, they determined to carry him to the nearest American outpost. Colonel Jamieson, who commanded there, recognised the handwriting of Arnold, but he did not realise the treachery of his chief, and he sent a letter to Arnold, informing him that papers of a very compromising character had been found on a person just arrested, who carried a pass signed by the general. The papers were sent on to Washington, who was now returning from Hartford.

Arnold was expecting the arrival of Washington, and his house was filled with company when the letter, announcing the arrest of André, arrived. For a moment he is said to have changed countenance, but he quickly recovered himself, rose from the table, and telling his guests that he had an immediate call to visit one of the forts at the opposite side of the river, he ordered a horse to be at once brought to the door. He called his wife upstairs, and, after a short interview, left her in a fainting condition, mounted his horse, galloped at full speed down the steep descent to the river, and, springing into a barge, ordered the boatmen to row him to the middle of the stream. They obeyed his command, and he then told them to row swiftly to the "Vulture". He was going there, he said, with a flag of truce, and as he must be back in time to receive Washington, there was not a moment to be lost. As he passed the American batteries he waved a white handkerchief as a sign of truce, and in a short time, and before any rumours of his treason were abroad, he stood on the deck under the British flag.

He wrote, shortly after, more than one letter and address, declaring that the motive of his conduct was a detestation of the French alliance, and that he only desired to restore America to peace and true liberty, and to fulfil what he knew to be the secret wish of a great majority of his countrymen. It is not surprising, however, that neither contemporaries nor posterity have attached the smallest weight to these declarations. That the position of an

American loyalist was in itself a perfectly upright one, will hardly indeed be questioned in England, and will, I should hope, be now admitted by all reasonable men beyond the Atlantic, and it is probably below the truth to say that a full half of the more honourable and respected Americans were either openly or secretly hostile to the revolution. There was also nothing strange or dishonourable in men who had zealously espoused the revolution in its earlier stages, passing, after the legislation of 1778 and after the French alliance, into the opposite camp. Every grievance the Americans had put forward as a reason for taking up arms had been redressed; every claim they had resented had been abandoned, and from the time when the English Parliament surrendered all right of taxation and internal legislation in the colonies, and when the English commissioners laid their propositions before the Americans, the character of the war had wholly changed. It was no longer a war for self-taxation and constitutional liberty. It was now an attempt, with the assistance of France and Spain, to establish independence by breaking up and ruining the British empire. It may also be readily admitted that it is probable that the early Whig convictions of Arnold had evaporated under the influence of the society in which he had lately been living. Expressions dropped by him were afterwards repeated which seemed to imply that he regretted sincerely the continuance of the war and the connection with France, and an unsigned letter addressed to him, urging, in very powerful language, the importance on purely public grounds of putting a speedy end to the war, was found among his papers. But, when all this is said, the conduct of a ruined and desperate soldier, who, having been placed, by the full confidence of his superior, in command of military posts of the first importance, bargains with the enemy to surrender them for money, will admit of no justification and very little palliation. Arnold escaped from his many creditors in America. He received from the

British Government a sum of about £6300, and he was appointed colonel of a British regiment with the brevet of brigadier-general; but he carried with him into his new service the brand not only of failure, but of indelible disgrace, and his feelings must have been doubly poignant when he learned that the gallant soldier whom he had led within the American lines had expiated his conduct on the gibbet.

The execution of Major André is, indeed, one of the saddest episodes of the American war, and in the judgment of many it left a deep stain on the reputation of Washington. The victim was well fitted to attract to himself a halo of romantic interest. Though only twenty-nine, he had already shown the promise of a brilliant military career. He was a skilful artist; and the singular charm of his conversation, and the singular beauty of his frank, generous, and amiable character, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and was acknowledged by no one more fully than by those American officers with whom he spent the last sad days of his life. Nothing could be more dignified, more courageous, more candid, and at the same time more free from everything like boasting or ostentation, than his conduct under the terrible trial that had fallen upon him, and it is even now impossible to read without emotion those last letters in which he commended to his country and his old commander the care of his widowed mother, and asked Washington to grant him a single favour—that he might die the death of a soldier and not of a spy. At the same time it is but justice to remember that he suffered under the unanimous sentence of a board consisting of fourteen general officers, and that two of these—Steuben and Lafayette—were not Americans. Nor can the justice of the sentence in my opinion be reasonably impugned. An enemy who was in the camp for the purpose of plotting with the commander for a corrupt surrender, and who passed through the lines in a civilian dress, under a false name, and with

papers conveying military intelligence to the enemy, did 375
unquestionably, according to the laws of war, fall under the denomination of a spy, and the punishment awarded to spies was universally recognised and had been inflicted by both sides in the present war.

NOTES.

12. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Lake Champlain, Saratoga, are all in the state of New York. It was while leading an expedition from Albany to Canada that the English General, Burgoyne, was compelled to surrender at Saratoga. **23. Burgoyne,** became afterwards commander-in-chief in Ireland, and died in 1792. He was the father of a more famous son, Sir John Fox Burgoyne, born in 1782, who, after serving in Spain, New Orleans, and Portugal, became chief engineer to the British army before Sebastopol in the Crimean War. He died in 1871. **31. Hagiology,** from Greek, *hagios*, holy, and *logos*, a writing ; means literally a record of the lives of saints, but is here transferred to patriots. The passage means: "Had Arnold died at Saratoga, before anything occurred to cast a blot on his character, he would now be ranked in history as one of the greatest of American patriots". **33. Whig.** The revolutionists and those favouring them were called *Whigs*, the English party were called *Tories*. **41. Coarse fibre,** a metaphor, not possessed of fine feelings or delicacy. **49. Congress,** the American House of Commons. **50. Aspersed,** literally *besprinkled*, but always used in a bad sense, *besprinkled with what is foul*, hence metaphorically *slandered, calumniated*. **53. John Adams,** president of the United States, 1797-1801; his son, John Quincy Adams, was also president, 1825 29. **65. Throwing up,** resigning. **72. Regained his seniority.** Although promoted, he still remained junior to the five officers (l. 58) originally *his* juniors, who had been promoted over his head. **90. Social atmosphere,** metaphorical: the general tendency and feelings of the society in which he was now thrown were Tory, and therefore favourable to the English. **94. Kept open house,** entertained liberally and made every one welcome. **99. Privateering;** a privateer is a war-ship owned by private persons, but licensed by government to seize and plunder the ships of an enemy. **110. Court-martial,** a court for the trial of military offences. **121. Passport,** see *Rural Japan*, note to l. 7. **133. Language.** Washington among other things said: "I reprimand you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have shown moderation towards our citizens. Exhibit again those splendid qualities which have placed you in the rank of our most distinguished generals. As far as it

shall be in my power I will myself furnish you with opportunities for regaining the esteem which you have formerly enjoyed." **139. Commissary,** officer in charge of the commissariat department. **Quartermaster,** officer in charge of the quarters, *i.e.*, barracks, tents, etc.: not to be confounded with the quartermaster on a ship, see *A Visit to the Fuegians*, note to l. 325. **147. Gives no presumption.** Arnold's previous character was not such as to entitle us to presume beforehand that he would be very careful in money matters. **165. Positive overtures,** direct and definite offers. **169. Major André.** This English officer, though he held the high rank of adjutant-general, or chief executive officer of the army, was only twenty-nine years of age, having been born in 1751. **176. Would now undo.** He had done much to ruin the British and advance the Republican cause, he would undo his work, *i e.*, he would do something that would in the same or a greater degree ruin the Republican and advance the British cause. **180. Monk,** he would act in the American Revolution the part played by Monk in the English Revolution by restoring the monarchy and the supremacy of the Crown. **191. Essential key,** the most important point in the time of defence; Westpoint captured, the whole American position lay at the mercy of the British. The greater part of the fortifications at Westpoint were erected by the celebrated Polish hero, Kosciusko.

195. Absurdly blamed, it is absurd to blame Clinton. **210. Muffled oars,** oars wrapped round with cloth, or some soft substance, so as to make little or no noise. **218. Uniform.** As long as he wore his uniform and was outside the American lines he could not be considered a spy, but, if captured, an ordinary prisoner of war. **256. Militiamen.** Members of the militia, an enrolled body of men trained to arms, but called out on service only in time of war or for purposes of drill, carrying on at other times their ordinary occupations as private citizens. **272. Very compromising character,** of a nature likely to prove injurious to his interests. **279. Changed countenance,** the expression of his face changed. **294. British flag,** under the protection of the British. He lived in England until his death in 1801. **303. American loyalist,** an American who retained his allegiance to the British government. **325. Evaporated,** a metaphor, disappeared almost without his knowing it. **332. When all, etc.,** making every allowance for these considerations. **337. Palliation,** from *pallium*, a cloak, hence to *conceal;* as we use *cloak*, "to cloak his offences". Palliate, however, means to conceal, not by hiding or covering, but by offering excuses and apologies for; hence *palliation* = excuse, softening down. **345. Expiated, etc.** André was hung 2nd October, 1780. **350. Halo,** a circle of light round the sun, then round the heads of saints and holy persons; hence some imaginary or ideal glory attaching to a person. **366. Death of a soldier,** *i.e.*, that he might be shot and not hung.

XII.—STORIES OF THE LATER KINGS OF ROME.

The following passages give the stories of the Kings of Rome as told by the Roman historians themselves. There has been much discussion as to how much of these stories is true and how much legend, but this need not interfere with our enjoyment of them as stories. In their present form they are extracted from the *History of Rome*, by Thomas Arnold, the father of the well-known poet and critic, Matthew Arnold. Thomas Arnold, who was born in 1795 and died at the comparatively early age of forty-seven in 1842, is best known as the Head Master of Rugby School. What that school was under Arnold is depicted in the celebrated *Tom Brown's School-days*, by Thomas Hughes. Few schoolmasters have been more loved by their pupils or left a more lasting influence behind them.

It will be observed that the language in which the following stories are narrated is peculiarly simple and even quaint. Dr. Arnold explains this in his preface. He says: "The form and style in which I have given the legends and stories of the first three centuries of Rome may require some explanation. I wished to give these legends at once with the best effect, and at the same time with a perpetual mark, not to be mistaken by the most careless reader, that they were legends and not history. There seemed a reason, therefore, for adopting a more antiquated style, which otherwise of course would be justly liable to the charge of affectation."

I.—The Story of L. Tarquinius Priscus.

In the days of Ancus Marcius there came to Rome from Tarquinii, a city of Etruria, a wealthy Etruscan and his wife. The father of this stranger was a Greek, a citizen of Corinth, who left his native land because it was oppressed by a tyrant, and found a home at Tarquinii. There he married a noble Etruscan lady, and by her he had two sons. But his son found, that for his father's sake he was still looked upon as a stranger; so he left Tarquinii, and went with his wife

Tanaquil to Rome, for there, it was said, strangers were held in more honour. Now, as he came near to the gates of Rome, as he was sitting in his chariot with Tanaquil his wife, an eagle came and plucked the cap from his head, and bore it aloft into the air; and then flew down again and placed it upon his head as it had been before. So Tanaquil was glad at this sight, and she told her husband, for she was skilled in augury, that this was a sign of the favour of the gods, and she bade him be of good cheer, for that he would surely rise to greatness.

Now when the stranger came to Rome they called him Lucius Tarquinius; and he was a brave man and wise in council; and his riches won the good word of the multitude, and he became known to the king. He served the king well in peace and war, so that Ancus held him in great honour, and when he died he named him by his will to be the guardian of his children.

But Tarquinius was in great favour with the people; and when he desired to be king, they resolved to choose him rather than the sons of Ancus. So he began to reign, and he did great works both in war and peace. He made war on the Latins, and took from them a great spoil. Then he made war on the Sabines, and he conquered them in two battles, and took from them the town of Collatia, and gave it to Egerius, his brother's son, who had come with him from Tarquinii. Lastly, there was another war with the Latins, and Tarquinius went round to their cities and took them one after another; for none dared to go out to meet him in open battle. These were his acts in war.

He also did great works in peace, for he made vast drains to carry off the water from between the Palatine and the Aventine, and from between the Palatine and the Capitoline Hills. And in the space between the Palatine and the Aventine, after he had drained it, he formed the Circus, or great race-course, for chariot and for horse races. Then in the space between the Palatine and the Capitoline he made

a forum or market-place, and divided out the ground around it for shops or stalls, and made a covered walk round it. Next he set about building a wall of stone to go round the city; and he laid the foundations of a great temple on the Capitoline Hill, which was to be the temple of the gods of Rome. He also added a hundred new senators to the senate, and doubled the number of the horsemen in the centuries of the Ramnenses, Titienses, and Luceres, for he wanted to strengthen his force of horsemen; and when he had done so, his horse gained him great victories over his enemies.

Now he first had it in his mind to make three new centuries of horsemen, and to call them after his own name. But Attus Navius, who was greatly skilled in augury, forbade him. Then the king mocked at his art, and said: "Come now, thou augur, tell me by thy auguries whether the thing which I now have in my mind may be done or not". And Attus Navius asked counsel of the gods by augury, and he answered, "It may". Then the king said: "It was in my mind that thou shouldst cut in two this whetstone with this razor. Take them, and do it, and fulfil thy augury if thou canst." But Attus took the razor and the whetstone, and he cut, and cut the whetstone asunder. So the king obeyed his counsels, and made no new centuries; and in all things afterwards he consulted the gods by augury, and obeyed their bidding.

Tarquinius reigned long and prospered greatly; and there was a young man brought up in his household of whose birth some told wonderful tales, and said that he was the son of a god; but others said that his mother was a slave, and his father was one of the king's clients. But he served the king well, and was in favour with the people, and the king promised him his daughter in marriage. The young man was called Servius Tullius. But when the sons of King Ancus saw that Servius was so loved by King Tarquinius, they resolved to slay the king, lest he should make this stranger his heir; and so they should lose the

crown for ever. So they set on two shepherds to do the deed, and these went to the king's palace, and pretended to be quarrelling with each other, and both called on the king to do them right. The king sent for them to hear their story; and while he was hearing one of them speak the other struck him on the head with his hatchet, and then both of them fled. But Tanaquil, the king's wife, pretended that he was not dead, but only stunned by the blow; and she said that he had appointed Servius Tullius to rule in his name till he should be well again. So Servius went forth in royal state, and judged causes amidst the people, and acted in all things as if he were king, till after a while it was known that the king was dead, and Servius was suffered to reign in his place. Then the sons of Ancus saw that there was no hope left for them, and they fled from Rome, and lived the rest of their days in a foreign land.

II.—The Story of Servius Tullius.

Servius Tullius was a just and good king, he loved the commons, and he divided among them the lands which had been conquered in war, and he made many wise and good laws to maintain the cause of the poor, and to stop the oppression of the rich. He made war with the Etruscans, and conquered them. He added the Quirinal and the Viminal Hills to the city, and he brought many new citizens to live on the Esquiline; and there he lived himself amongst them. He also raised a great mound of earth to join the Esquiline, and the Quirinal, and the Viminal Hills together; and to cover them from the attacks of an enemy.

He built a temple of Diana on the Aventine, where the Latins, and the Sabines, and the Romans should offer their common sacrifices; and the Romans were the chief in rank amongst all who worshipped at the temple.

He made a new order of things for the whole people; for he divided the people of the city into four tribes; and the

people of the country into six-and-twenty. Then he divided all the people into classes according to the value of their possessions; and the classes he divided into centuries, and the centuries of the several classes furnished themselves with arms, each according to their rank and order. The centuries of the rich classes had good and full armour, the poorer centuries had but darts and slings. And when he had done all these works, he called all the people together in their centuries, and asked if they would have him for their king, and the people answered that he should be their king. But the nobles hated him, because he was so loved by the commons; for he had made a law that there should be no king after him, but two men chosen by the people to govern them year by year. Some even said that it was in his mind to give up his own kingly power, that so he might see with his own eyes the fruit of all the good laws that he had made, and might behold the people wealthy, and free, and happy.

Now King Servius had no son, but he had two daughters, and he gave them in marriage to the two sons of King Tarquinius. These daughters were of very unlike natures, and so were their husbands; for Aruns Tarquinius was of a meek and gentle spirit, but his brother Lucius was proud and full of evil; and the younger Tullia, who was the wife of Aruns, was more full of evil than his brother Lucius; and the elder Tullia, who was the wife of Lucius, was as good and gentle as his brother Aruns. So the evil could not bear the good, but longed to be joined to the evil that was like itself, and Lucius slew his wife secretly, and the younger Tullia slew her husband, and then they were married to one another, that they might work all the wickedness of their hearts, according to the will of fate.

Then Lucius plotted with the nobles who hated the good king; and he joined himself to the sworn brotherhood of the young nobles, in which they bound themselves to stand by each other in their deeds of violence and of oppression. When all was ready, he waited for the season of the harvest, when

the commons, who loved the king, were in the fields getting in their corn. Then he went suddenly to the forum with a band of armed men, and seated himself on the king's throne before the doors of the senate-house, where he was wont to judge the people. And they ran to the king, and told him that Lucius was sitting on his throne. Upon this the old man went in haste to the forum, and when he saw Lucius, he asked him wherefore he had dared to sit on the king's seat. And Lucius answered, that it was his father's throne, and that he had more right in it that Servius. Then he seized the old man, and threw him down the steps of the senate-house to the ground; and he went into the senate-house and called together the senators, as if he were already king. Servius meanwhile arose and began to make his way home to his house; but when he was come near to the Esquiline Hill, some whom Lucius had sent after him overtook him and slew him, and left him in his blood in the middle of the way.

Then the wicked Tullia mounted her chariot and drove into the forum, nothing ashamed to go amidst the multitude of men, and she called Lucius out from the senate-house and said to him, "Hail to thee, King Tarquinius!" But Lucius bade her to go home; and as she was going home the body of her father was lying in the way. The driver of the chariot stopped short, and showed to Tullia where her father lay in his blood. But she bade him drive on for the furies of her wickedness were upon her, and the chariot rolled over the body; and she went to her home with her father's blood upon the wheels of her chariot. Thus Lucius Tarquinius and the wicked Tullia reigned in the place of the good King Servius

III.—The Story of Lucius Tarquinius the Tyrant.

Lucius Tarquinius gained his power wickedly, and no less wickedly did he exercise it. He kept a guard of armed

men about him, and he ruled all things at his own will; many were they whom he spoiled of their goods, many were they whom he banished, and many also whom he slew. He despised the senate, and made no new senators in the place of those whom he slew, or who died in the course of nature, wishing that the senators might become fewer and fewer till there should be none of them left. And he made friends of the chief men among the Latins, and gave his daughter in marriage to Octavius Mamilius of Tusculum; and he became very powerful amongst the Latins, insomuch that when Turnus Herdonius of Aricia had dared to speak against him in the great assembly of the Latins, Tarquinius accused him of plotting his death, and procured false witnesses to confirm his charge; so that the Latins judged him to be guilty, and ordered him to be drowned. After this they were so afraid of Tarquinius, that they made a league with him, and followed him in his wars wherever he chose to lead them. The Hernicans also joined this league, and so did Ecetra and Antium, cities of the Volscians.

Then Tarquinius made war upon the rest of the Volscians, and he took Suessa Pometia, in the lowlands of the Volscians, and the tithe of the spoil was forty talents of silver. So he set himself to raise mighty works in Rome; and he finished what his father had begun; the great drains to drain the low grounds of the city, and the temple on the Capitoline Hill. Now the ground on which he was going to build his temple was taken up with many holy places of the gods of the Sabines, which had been founded in the days of King Tatius. But Tarquinius consulted the gods by augury whether he might not take away these holy places to make room for his own new temple. The gods allowed him to take away all the rest, except only the holy places of the god of Youth, and of Terminus the god of boundaries, which they would not suffer him to move. But the augurs said that this was a happy omen, for that it showed how the youth of the city should never pass away, nor its boundaries be

moved by the conquest of an enemy. A human head was also found, as they were digging the foundations of the temple, and this too was a sign that the Capitoline Hill should be the head of all the earth. So Tarquinius built a mighty temple, and consecrated it to Jupiter, and to Juno, and to Minerva, the greatest of the gods of the Etruscans.

At this time there came a strange woman to the king, and offered him nine books of the prophecies of the Sibyl for a certain price. When the king refused them, the woman went and burnt three of the books, and came back and offered the six at the same price which she had asked for the nine; but they mocked at her, and would not take the books. Then she went away, and burnt three more, and came back and asked still the same price for the remaining three. At this the king was astonished, and asked of the augurs what he should do. They said that he had done wrong in refusing the gift of the gods, and bade him by all means to buy the books that were left. So he bought them; and the woman who sold them was seen no more from that day forward. Then the books were put into a chest of stone, and were kept under ground in the Capitol, and two men were appointed to keep them, and were called the two men of the sacred books.

Now Gabii would not submit to Tarquinius, like the other cities of the Latins; so he made war against it; and the war was long, and Tarquinius knew not how to end it. So his son Sextus Tarquinius pretended that his father hated him, and fled to Gabii, and the people of Gabii believed him and trusted him, till at last he betrayed them into his father's power. A treaty was then made with them, and he gave them the right of becoming citizens of Rome, and the Romans had the right of becoming citizens of Gabii, and there was a firm league between the two peoples.

Thus Tarquinius was a great and mighty king; but he grievously oppressed the poor, and he took away all the good laws of King Servius, and let the rich oppress the poor,

as they had done before the days of Servius. He made the people labour at his great works: he made them build his temple, and dig and construct his drains, and he laid such burdens on them, that many slew themselves for very misery, for in the days of Tarquinius the tyrant it was happier to die than to live.

While King Tarquinius was at the height of his greatness, it chanced upon a time, that from the altar in the court of his palace there crawled out a snake, which devoured the offerings laid on the altar. So the king thought it not enough to consult the sooth-sayers of the Etruscans whom he had with him, but he sent two of his own sons to Delphi to ask counsel of the oracle of the Greeks; for the oracle of Delphi was famous in all lands. So his sons Titus and Aruns went to Delphi, and they took with them their cousin Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus, that is, the Dullard; for he seemed to be wholly without wit, and he would eat wild figs with honey. This Lucius was not really dull, but very subtle; and it was for fear of his uncle's cruelty that he made himself as one without sense; for he was very rich, and he feared lest King Tarquinius should kill him for the sake of his inheritance. So when he went to Delphi he carried with him a staff of horn, and the staff was hollow, and it was filled within with gold, and he gave the staff to the oracle as a likeness of himself; for though he seemed dull, and of no account to look upon, yet he had a golden wit within. When the three young men had performed the king's bidding, they asked the oracle for themselves, and they said: "O Lord Apollo, tell us, which of us shall be king in Rome?" There came a voice from the sanctuary and said: "Whichever of you shall first kiss his mother". So the sons of Tarquinius agreed to draw lots between themselves, which of them should first kiss their mother, when they should have returned to Rome; and they said they would keep the oracle secret from their brother Sextus, lest he should be king rather than they. But Lucius understood

the mind of the oracle better; so as they all went down from the temple, he stumbled as if by chance, and fell with his face to the earth, and kissed the earth; for he said: "The earth is the true mother of us all".

Now when they came back to Rome, King Tarquinius was at war with the people of Ardea; and as the city was strong, his army lay a long while before it, till it should be forced to yield through famine. So the Romans had leisure for feasting and for diverting themselves; and once Titus and Aruns were supping with their brother Sextus, and their cousin Tarquinius of Collatia was supping with them. And they disputed about their wives, whose wife of them all was the worthiest lady. Then said Tarquinius of Collatia: "Let us go and see with our own eyes what our wives are doing, so shall we know which is the worthiest". Upon this they all mounted their horses, and rode first to Rome; and there they found the wives of Titus, and of Aruns, and of Sextus, feasting and making merry. They then rode on to Collatia, and it was late in the night, but they found Lucretia, the wife of Tarquinius of Collatia, neither feasting, nor yet sleeping, but she was sitting with her handmaids around her, and all were working at the loom. So when they saw this, they all said: "Lucretia is the worthiest lady". And she entertained her husband and his kinsmen, and after that they rode back to the camp before Ardea.

But a spirit of wicked passion seized upon Sextus, and a few days afterwards he went alone to Collatia, and Lucretia received him hospitably, for he was her husband's kinsman. At midnight he arose and went to her chamber, and he said that if she yielded not to him, he would slay her and one of her slaves with her, and would say to her husband that he had slain them. So when Sextus had accomplished his wicked purpose, he went back again to the camp.

Then Lucretia sent in haste to Rome, to pray that her father Spurius Lucretius would come to her; and she sent to Ardea to summon her husband. Her father brought

along with him Publius Valerius, and her husband brought with him Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus. When they arrived, they asked earnestly: "Is all well?" Then she told them of the wicked deed of Sextus, and she said: "If ye be men, avenge it". And they all swore to her that they would avenge it Then she said again: "I am not guilty; yet must I too share in the punishment of this deed, lest any should think that they may be false to their husbands and live". And she drew a knife from her bosom, and stabbed herself to the heart.

At that sight, her husband and her father cried aloud, but Lucius drew the knife from the wound, and held it up and said: "By this blood I swear that I will visit this deed upon King Tarquinius, and all his accursed race; neither shall any man hereafter be king in Rome, lest he do the like wickedness". And he gave the knife to her husband, and to her father, and to Publius Valerius. They marvelled to hear such words from him whom men called dull; but they swore also, and they took up the body of Lucretia, and carried it down into the forum; and they said: "Behold the deeds of the wicked family of Tarquinius". All the people of Collatia were moved, and the men took up arms, and they set a guard at the gates, that none might go out to carry the tidings to Tarquinius, and they followed Lucius to Rome. There, too, all the people came together, and the crier summoned them to assemble before the tribune of the Celeres, for Lucius held that office. And Lucius spoke to them of all the tyranny of Tarquinius and his sons, and of the wicked deed of Sextus. And the people in their curiæ took back from Tarquinius the sovereign power which they had given him, and they banished him and all his family. Then the younger men followed Lucius to Ardea to win over the army there to join them, and the city was left in the charge of Spurius Lucretius. But the wicked Tullia fled in haste from her house, and all, both men and women,

cursed her as she passed, and prayed that the furies of her father's blood might visit her with vengeance.

Meanwhile King Tarquinius set out with speed to Rome to put down the tumult. But Lucius turned aside from the road, that he might not meet him, and came to the camp; and the soldiers joyfully received him, and they drove out the sons of Tarquinius. King Tarquinius came to Rome, but the gates were shut and they declared to him, from the walls, the sentence of banishment which had been passed against him and his family. So he yielded to his fortune, and went to live at Cære with his sons Titus and Aruns. His other son, Sextus, went to Gabii, and the people there, remembering how he had betrayed them to his father, slew him. Then the army left the camp before Ardea, and went back to Rome. And all men said: "Let us follow the good laws of the good King Servius; and let us meet in our centuries, according as he directed, and let us choose two men year by year to govern us, instead of a king". Then the people met in their centuries in the field of Mars, and they chose two men to rule over them, Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus, and Lucius Tarquinius of Collatia.

NOTES TO I.

1. Ancus Martius. According to the Roman historians there were seven kings of Rome, *viz.*:—

1. Romulus, B.C. 753-716.
2. Numa Pompilius, B.C. 715-672.
3. Tullus Hostilius, B.C. 672-640.
4. Ancus Martius, B.C. 640-616.
5. Tarquinius Priscus, B.C. 616-578.
6. Servius Tullius, B.C. 578-534.
7. Tarquinius Superbus, B.C. 534-510.

The dynasty of the three last kings was thus a foreign one. The first of them, Etruscan (native of Etruria), by birth and marriage, was of Greek descent. At this period, however, Southern Italy was studded with Greek towns, so that it had earned the name of *Magna Græcia*, Great Greece. **30. Latins.** The Romans at this time occupied only

the town of Rome, and a very small district of surrounding country. Outside were many tribes and independent towns. Of the former the Latins and Sabines were early and determined antagonists of Rome. **40. Palatine, etc.** Rome is famous as the "City of Seven Hills". The seven hills celebrated in history are called Palatine, Cœlian, Esquiline, Aventine, Capitoline, Quirinal, Viminal. **52. Ramnenses.** The oldest division of the Roman people was into three tribes, thus named. The Ramnenses were so called from Romulus; the Titienses from Tatius, a Sabine king; the Luceres perhaps from Lucumo, an Etruscan chief who had assisted Romulus. Each tribe contained ten curiæ or classes, and ten centuries (bodies of 100 men each) of foot soldiers, and 100 horsemen. These horsemen Tarquinius doubled in number. The senate, or council of elders, had hitherto consisted of 200, it was now increased to 300. **84. Do them right,** do them justice, decide their cause justly.

NOTES TO II.

2. Commons. The early history of Rome for centuries is the account of a struggle between the commons, the *plebs* or plebeians, and the *patricians*, the aristocracy or men of noble birth. **18. Six-and-twenty,** *i.e.*, tribes. There were thus thirty tribes in all. The assembly of the people in their centuries, *i.e.*, as an armed nation, was called the *comitia centuriata*. Their assembly in their old curiæ was called *comitia curiata*. **50. Brotherhood,** secret societies, the members of which bound themselves by oath to keep their conspiracies secret, and to support each other. **76. Bade her to go home,** "to" of the infinitive is now omitted after "bid". Its use here is antiquated but suited to the telling of these ancient legends.

NOTES TO III.

7. In the course of nature, *i.e.*, who died natural deaths, from disease or old age. **20. Hernicans.** These with the Volscians were tribes of Italy, also hostile to the growing power of Rome. **24. Tithe,** tenth; often used generally for a *share*, even though not accurately one-tenth. **46. Sibyl.** Many prophetic women bore this name. The best known—and that here referred to—was the Cumœan Sibyl, said to have come from the east to Italy. **86. Delphi.** Delphi, the most famous of all the Greek oracles, was situated on the slopes of Mount Parnassus, in Phocis. Its presiding deity was Apollo, who uttered his oracles through the mouth of an inspired priestess. **159. Visit.** Take vengeance for; I will punish Tarquin and his race for this deed. **173.**

Celeres. The horsemen of the tribes (see Note I. 52) were called *Celeres*, from their first *tribune* or commander, *Celer*, who slew Remus, the brother of Romulus. **175. Curiæ.** See Notes I. 52 and II. 18. **182. Furies.** Avenging deities, originally supposed to be the personification of curses pronounced upon criminals. In course of time they came to be considered as horrible goddesses, three in number, who punished men after death for various acts of impiety on earth. **198. Two men.** These were the first of the famous consuls, although the actual name was not given till somewhat later. All through the long history of the Roman Republic, from the expulsion of the kings to the time of the Cæsars, the chief magistrates of Rome were the two consuls, elected annually. Under the emperors, consuls were still appointed, but the office then lost its real power and dignity.

XIII.—BALACLAVA.

The Crimean War was undertaken—on what most people now consider very insufficient grounds—by the united forces of England, France, and Turkey against Russia. The allied forces determined to destroy Sebastopol, the great arsenal and dockyard of Russia on the Crimean Peninsula in the Black Sea. This proved a more difficult and prolonged task than had been anticipated, and in the course of it many valuable lives were lost, not only in battle but from hardships and disease. The following sentences from Airy's *Text Book of English History* together with the plan of the Balaclava Valley copied from Gardiner's *School Atlas of English History* will make the description in the text perfectly clear.

"On 14th September, 1854, the joint expedition landed to the north of Sebastopol. On the 20th was fought a great battle on the little river Alma, fifteen miles from the city, the brunt of which fell upon the English, and which resulted in a complete victory. Had the invaders marched straight forward on the 20th or 21st, Sebastopol, practically indefensible, must have fallen at once. Prince Menschikoff, indeed, the Russian commander, evacuated the place with the main part of the army and retired towards Bakshi Serai. But a fatal delay took place, during which Korniloff and the great engineer Todleben were able to make the defences on the south side as strong as they had formerly been weak. The allies had meanwhile carried their whole army from the north to the south of Sebastopol; and on 17th October a tremendous bombardment was opened both by land and sea.

"This movement of the allies had left the communications of Sebastopol with Russia on the north unhindered; and very soon troops were poured in to the Crimea, until the Russian armies, 120,000, were twice as large as the besieging force. They therefore determined to take the offensive. The English, forming the right of the line of siege, drew their supplies from the little harbour of Balaclava due south of Sebastopol; while the French rested on the sea at Kamiesch. The valley at the mouth of which Balaclava is situated rises to a causeway called the Woronzoff Road, upon which we had redoubts garrisoned by Turks, and thence slopes downwards towards the north to the Tchernaya, the river running

from east to west into the harbour of Sebastopol. On 25th October the Russians attacked the redoubts, drove out the Turks, and then crossed into the southern valley hoping to carry Balaclava. Here they were brilliantly and successfully charged by the Heavy Brigade, under General Scarlett, and driven off. Then the British tried to prevent the Russians taking away the guns which had been captured in the redoubts; and this led to the still more famous charge of the Light Brigade, of 600 men against the Russian batteries, supported by thousands of troops in the northern valley, in which two-thirds of their number went down under a terrific cross-fire. In the end the Russians remained masters of the heights commanding the southern valley."

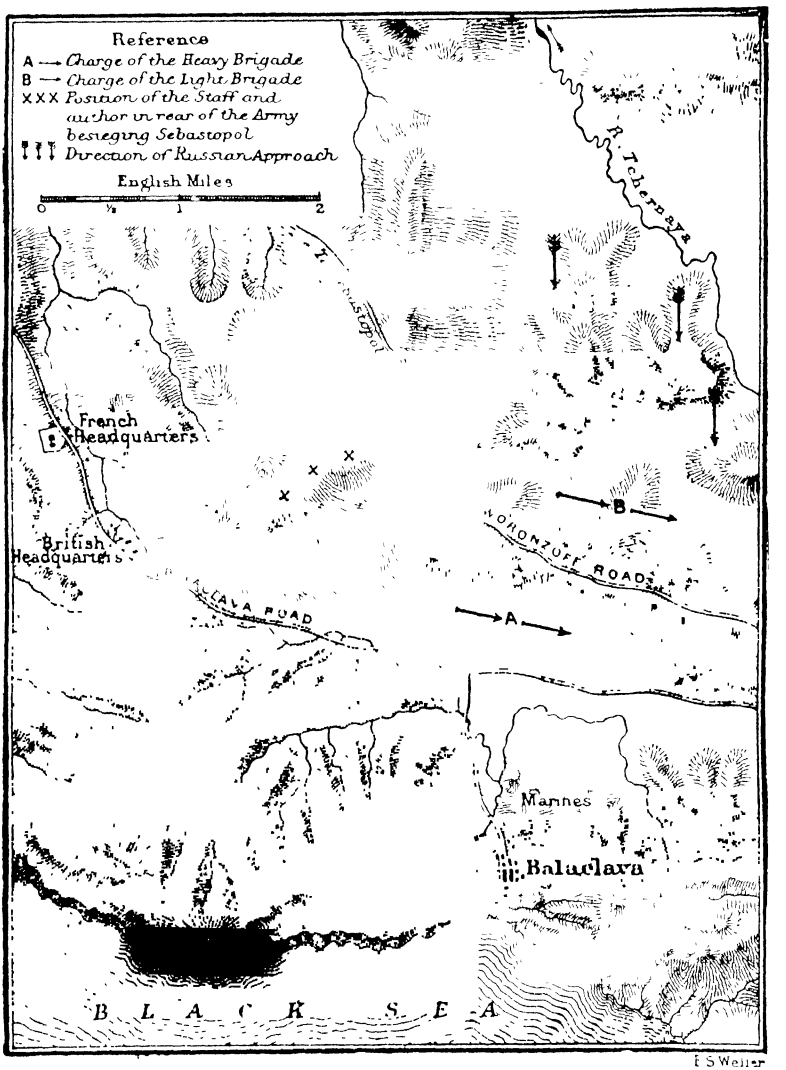
The following account was written on the day of the battle by an eye-witness, Dr. William Howard Russell, in the form of a letter to the journal he represented, the London *Times*. Dr. Russell was the first war correspondent of the modern type, and still remains unsurpassed as a vivid descriptive writer. In the following account the whole scene seems laid out as a picture before the reader, who follows with breathless interests the events of the day as they rapidly succeed each other.

In my last I mentioned that several battalions of Russian Infantry had crossed the Tchernaya, and that they threatened the rear of our position and our communication with Balaclava. Their bands could be heard playing at night by the travellers along the Balaclava road to the camp, but they "showed" but little during the day, and kept up among the gorges and mountain passes through which the roads to Inkermann, Simpheropol, and the south-east of the Crimea wind towards the interior. The position we occupied in reference to Balaclava was supposed by most people to be very strong—even impregnable. Our lines were formed by natural mountain slopes in the rear, along which the French had made very formidable entrenchments. Below those entrenchments, and very nearly in a right line across the valley beneath, are four conical hillocks, one rising above the other as they recede from our lines; the furthest, which joins the chain of mountains opposite to our ridges, being named Canrobert's Hill, from the meeting there of that

general with Lord Raglan after the march to Balaclava. On the top of each of these hills the Turks had thrown up earthen redoubts, defended by 250 men each, and armed with two or three guns—some heavy ship guns—lent by us to them, with one artilleryman in each redoubt to look after them. These hills cross the valley of Balaclava at the distance of about two and a half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator, then, to take his stand on one of the heights forming the rear of our camp before Sebastopol, he would see the town of Balaclava, with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts on his right hand; immediately below he would behold the valley and plain of coarse meadow land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side; he would see the French trenches lined with Zouaves a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill; a Turkish redoubt lower down, then another in the valley, then, in a line with it, some angular earthworks, then, in succession, the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's Hill. At the distance of two or two and a half miles across the valley there is an abrupt rocky mountain range of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into barren pinnacles and plateaux of rock. In outline and appearance this portion of the landscape is wonderfully like the Trossachs. A patch of blue sea is caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Balaclava as they close in the entrance to the harbour on the right. The camp of the Marines, pitched on the hill sides more that 1000 feet above the level of the sea, is opposite to you as your back is turned to Sebastopol and your right side towards Balaclava. On the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town and beneath these hills, is the encampment of the Ninety-third Highlanders.

The cavalry lines are nearer to you below, and are some way in advance of the Highlanders, but nearer to the town

than the Turkish redoubts. The valley is crossed here and there by small waves of land. On your left the hills and



rocky mountain ranges gradually close in towards the course of the Tchernaya, till, at three or four miles' distance from Balaclava, the valley is swallowed up in a mountain gorge

and deep ravines, above which rise tiers after tiers of desolate whitish rock, garnished now and then by bits of scanty herbage, and spreading away towards the east and south, where they attain the Alpine dimensions of the Tschatir Dagh. It is very easy for an enemy at the Belbek, or in command of the road of Mackenzie's farm, Inkermann, Simpheropol, or Bakshiserai, to debouch through these gorges at any time upon this plain from the neck of the valley, or to march from Sebastopol by the Tchernaya, and to advance along it towards Balaclava, till checked by the Turkish redoubts on the southern side, or by the fire from the French works on the northern side, *i.e.*, the side which, in relation to the valley of Balaclava, forms the rear of our position. It was evident enough that Menschikoff and Gortschakoff had been feeling their way along this route for several days past, and very probably at night the Cossacks had crept up close to our pickets, which are not always as watchful as might be desired, and had observed the weakness of a position far too extended for our army to defend, and occupied by their despised enemy, the Turks.

At half-past seven o'clock this morning an orderly came galloping into the headquarters camp from Balaclava, with the news, that at dawn a strong corps of Russian horse, supported by guns and battalions of infantry, had marched into the valley, and had already nearly dispossessed the Turks of the redoubt No. 1 (that on Canrobert's Hill, which is farthest from our lines), and that they were opening fire on the redoubts Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which would speedily be in their hands unless the Turks offered a stouter resistance than they had done already.

Orders were despatched to Sir George Cathcart, and to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, to put their respective divisions, the Fourth and the First, in motion for the scene of action; and intelligence of the advance of the Russians was also furnished to General Canrobert. Immediately on receipt of the news, the General commanded General

Bosquet to get the Third Division under arms, and sent a strong body of artillery and some 200 Chasseurs d'Afrique to assist us in holding the valley. Sir Colin Campbell, who was in command of Balaclava, had drawn up the Ninety-third Highlanders a little in front of the road to the town, at the first news of the advance of the enemy. The Marines on the heights got under arms; the seamen's batteries and Marines' batteries, on the heights close to the town, were manned, and the French artillerymen and the Zouaves prepared for action along their lines. Lord Lucan's little camp was the scene of great excitement. The men had not had time to water their horses; they had not broken their fast from the evening of the day before, and had barely saddled at the first blast of the trumpet, when they were drawn up on the slope behind the redoubts in front of their camp, to operate on the enemy's squadrons. It was soon evident that no reliance was to be placed on the Turkish infantry or artillerymen. All the stories we had heard about their bravery behind stone walls and earthworks proved how differently the same or similar people fight under different circumstances. When the Russians advanced, the Turks fired a few rounds at them, got frightened at the distance of their supports in the rear, looked round, received a few shots and shell, and then "bolted," and fled with an agility quite at variance with commonplace notions of Oriental deportment on the battle-field. But Turks on the Danube are very different beings from Turks in the Crimea, as it appears that the Russians of Sebastopol are not at all like the Russians of Silistria.

Soon after eight o'clock Lord Raglan and his staff turned out and cantered toward the rear of our position. The booming of artillery, the spattering roll of musketry, were heard rising from the valley, drowning the roar of the siege guns in front before Sebastopol. As I rode in the direction of the firing, over the thistles and large stones which cover the undulating plain that stretches away towards Balaclava, on a level with the summit of the ridges

above it, I observed a French light infantry regiment (the Twenty-seventh, I think) advancing with admirable care and celerity from our right towards the ridge near the telegraph-house, which was already lined by companies of French infantry, while mounted officers scampered along its broken outline in every direction.

General Bosquet, a stout soldier-like-looking man, who reminds one of the old *genre* of French generals as depicted at Versailles, followed with his staff and a small escort of hussars, at a gallop. Faint white clouds rose here and there above the hill from the cannonade below. Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke: the patch of sea sparkled freshly in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below.

Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en echelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, and lance points, and gay accoutrements.

In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in

hand, hidden chin deep by the earthworks which run along the line of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the Ninety-third Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaclava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the Marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ship's guns. The Ninety-third had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaclava, but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the Lancers and Light Cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like

moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt.

There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries, which are placed along the French entrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1500 men along the ridge—Lancers, and Dragoons, and Hussars. Then they move *en echelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view.

The Heavy Brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines.

The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and some of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the Fourth Royal Irish, of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, and of the First Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet, gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel.* The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above.

With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the Ninety-third never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers.

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently

corps d' élite—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry.

The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line bring forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and the Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Greys and the

red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge.

It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the First Royals, the Fifth Dragoon Guards, and the Fourth Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say "Well done". The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both

affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the quartermaster-general, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, Fifteenth Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He was known to all his arm of the service for his entire devotion to his profession, and his name must be familiar to all who take interest in our cavalry for his excellent work, published a year ago, on our drill and system of remount and breaking horses. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and I know he entertained the most exalted opinions respecting the capabilities of the English horse soldier. Properly led, the British hussar and dragoon could, in his mind, break square, take batteries, ride over columns of infantry, and pierce any other cavalry in the world as if they were made of straw. He thought they had not had the opportunity of doing all that was in their power, and that they had missed even such chances as they had offered to them—that, in fact, they were in some measure disgraced. A matchless horseman and a first-rate swordsman, he held in contempt, I am afraid, even grape and canister.

He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan. He is now dead and gone. God forbid I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honour, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he reached his lordship. I should premise that as the Russian cavalry retired, their infantry fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the redoubts they had taken, and abandoning the fourth. They had also placed some guns on the heights

over their position on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley, on our left, as the ground was broken in front, and had halted in the order I have already mentioned. When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told: "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said: "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them," or words to that effect, according to the statements made since his death. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against him. Don Quixote in his tilt against the windmill was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death. It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support," that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous," and that "it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous". The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length.

At ten minutes past eleven, our Light Cavalry Brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies;

and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy.

A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1200 yards, the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire

of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of hussars was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the Eighth Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of friend and foe, men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry Brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

Captain Nolan was killed by the first shot fired, as he rode in advance of the Hussars, cheering them on. Lord Lucan was slightly wounded. Lord Cardigan received a lance thrust through his clothes. Major Halkett of the Fourth Light Dragoons was killed. Lord Fitzgibbon of the Eighth Hussars was desperately wounded, and has since, I fear, died.

While our affair was going on, the French cavalry made a most brilliant charge at the battery on our left, which was firing on our men, and cut down the gunners; but they could not get off the guns without support, and had to

retreat with the loss of two captains, and fifty men killed and wounded out of their little force of 200 Chasseurs. The heavy cavalry, in columns of squadrons, moved slowly backwards, covering the retreat of the broken men. The ground was left covered with our men and with hundreds of Russians, and we could see the Cossacks busy searching the dead. Our infantry made a forward movement towards the redoubts after the cavalry came in, and the Russian infantry in advance slowly retired towards the gorge; at the same time the French cavalry pushed forward on their right, and held them in check, pushing out a line of skirmishers, and forcing them to withdraw their guns. The Russians from the redoubt still harassed us very much by shell and shot, and our infantry (First Division) were ordered to lie down in two lines to escape their effect. The Fourth Division, covered by the rising ground, and two regiments of French infantry, which had arrived in the valley followed by a strong artillery, moved onwards to operate on the Russian right, already threatened by the French cavalry. The Russians threw out skirmishers to meet the French skirmishers, and, as it would be madness to attack them as our light horse had done, the French contented themselves with keeping their position.

At eleven A.M. the Russians, feeling alarmed at our steady advance, and at the symptoms of our intention to turn or cut off their right, retired from No. 1 redoubt, which was taken possession of by the allies. At fifteen minutes past eleven, they abandoned redoubt No. 2, blowing up the magazine, and, as we still continued to advance, they blew up and abandoned No. 3 at forty-five minutes past eleven, but to our great regret, we were not in time nor in force to prevent their taking off seven out of nine guns in these earthworks. At forty-eight minutes past eleven the Russian line of infantry all began to retire slowly, and a strong portion of it crept up the hills behind the 1st redoubt which still belongs to them, in the hope that we would attack them

in that position; but it was not our desire to risk a battle, and we had already found out that our position was too large to be readily defended. We made up our minds, therefore, to let the Russians have the redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and even 4 if they liked, and to content ourselves with keeping Balaclava and the communication with it open by the westerly and southerly heights behind our camp. The artillery on right of First Division fired shot and rockets at the 1st redoubt, but could not do much good, nor could the heavy guns of the batteries near the town carry so far as to annoy the Russians. At twelve o'clock the greater portion of the French and English moved on more rapidly, and an accession to the strength of our artillery was made by two French batteries, who pushed on towards the front of our left in support of their cavalry. The First Division remained still in line along the route to Balaclava. From twelve to fifteen minutes past, not a shot was fired on either side, but the Russians gathered up their forces towards the heights over the gorge, and still keeping their cavalry on the plain, manœuvred in front of our right.

At twenty-eight minutes after twelve, the whole of the allies again got into motion towards the enemy, with the exception of the First Division, which moved *en echelon* towards the opposite hills, keeping their right wing well before Balaclava. At forty minutes after twelve, Captain Calthorpe was sent by Lord Raglan with orders to the troops, which seemed to have the effect of altering the disposition of our front, for the French at one P.M. showed still further up on our left. When we got to the ridges, they took possession of redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3. But the Russians evidently intended to keep No. 4, and to draw us after them, if possible, into the gorge, where they had retired their guns. As our object was solely to keep Balaclava, this was not our game; and as the Russians would not advance, but kept their cavalry in front of the approach to the mountain passes, it became evident there would be no furtherengage-

ment to-day. The cannonade which began again at a quarter past twelve, and was continued with little effect, ceased altogether at a quarter past one, and the two armies retained their respective positions. Our men and horses were alike tired and hungry, and the French were no better.

Lord Raglan continued on the hill-side all day, watching the enemy. It was dark ere he returned to his quarters. With the last gleam of day we could see the sheen of the enemy's lances in their old position in the valley; and their infantry gradually crowned the heights on their left, and occupied the road to the village which is beyond Balaclava to the southward. Our Guards were moving back, as I passed them, and the tired troops, French and English, were being replaced by a strong French division, which was marched down to the valley at five o'clock. All our operations in the trenches were lost sight of in the interest of this melancholy day, in which our Light Brigade was annihilated by their own rashness, and by the brutality of a ferocious enemy.

NOTES.

1. My last, *i.e.*, my last letter. The present letter is headed "Before Sebastopol, 25*th October*". The year was 1854. **3. Rear,** as explained in the introduction, the British forces were besieging Sebastopol; their front, therefore, was towards that town, and their rear towards the valley, through which flows the river Tchernaya, and at the extreme south of which Balaclava is situated. Had the Russians been successful, they would have interrupted the *communication* between the army and Balaclava, and so prevented the forwarding of supplies and ammunition from that port to the besieging force. **6. "Showed,"** *i.e.*, showed themselves, were seen. The inverted commas are used to indicate that this intransitive use of the word is uncommon and colloquial. **15. Four conical hillocks.** These bore the redoubts mentioned in the introduction as placed on the *Woronzoff Road*, shown clearly on the plan. **18. Canrobert.** The French commander-in-chief. Lord Raglan commanded the British troops. **23. One artilleryman,** *i.e.*, one British artilleryman sent with the guns from the ships. **26. Supposing the spectator, etc.** The place where the spectator is thus supposed to stand is marked by **x** on the plan. This

device of description is called the *panoramic view*, the landscape being supposed to be spread out like a panorama or picture before the reader, who occupies the position of an imaginary spectator. **34. Zouaves.** Zouave is the name of a tribe of Algerian Arabs, applied to Arab regiments in the French army, like Sepoys in the Indian army. The name was, in process of time, transferred to regiments composed of Frenchmen, but wearing a dress slightly modified from that of the Arabs. These regiments are here intended. **35. And distant,** *i.e.*, and a few feet distant. **37. Angular earthworks,** fortifications composed mainly of earth and not in a straight line but projecting and receding in angles. **43. Plateaux.** French plural, flat surfaces, as opposed to pinnacles. Also applied to table lands or large elevated tracts of nearly flat country. **44. Trossachs.** A mountainous district in Perthshire, Scotland. **47. Marines,** are soldiers serving on board ships, sea-soldiers, in the present case they had been landed from the ships and were encamped on the heights above Balaclava as marked in the plan. **52. Ninety-third Highlanders,** *i.e.*, the Ninety-third Regiment which is, or was, composed mainly of men from the Scotch Highlands and wears as a uniform the Highland garb. The phrase "Ninety third Highlanders" corresponds to such titles as Second Sikhs, Third Goorkhas, etc. **54. Nearer to the town,** *i.e.*, they lay south of the Woronzoff Road. **57. Gradually close in,** *i.e.*, the ranges forming the sides of the valley gradually draw closer together, until the valley becomes a mere gorge, through which the Tchernaya issues. **63. Attain, etc.** They grow larger, until the largest, the Tschatir Dagh, would be considered a mountain, even among the lofty Alps. **66. Debouch** is a military term, meaning to march out from a narrow passage on an open plain. It is a French word, from *de* = dis = away, and *bouche* = the mouth; hence, to open, to uncork. The enemy's forces at the distant places mentioned could easily march through the gorges into the more open valley of Balaclava. **73. Menschikoff and Gortschakoff,** Russian generals. **74. Feeling their way,** sending out reconnoitring expeditions, especially at night. **75. Cossacks,** Russian irregular cavalry, recruited mainly from various warlike tribes inhabiting different parts of Russia. Those dwelling on the banks of the River Don are most famous. **80. Orderly,** a soldier who attends upon an officer to convey his orders, messages, etc. **95. The General,** *i.e.*, the French General Canrobert. He ordered up the Third French Division to assist the English Fourth and First Divisions. **97. Chasseurs d'Afrique,** African chasseurs, *i.e.*, lightly armed troops, called African because they had been largely employed in Africa against the Arabs. The name is applied to both infantry and cavalry. **98. Sir Colin Campbell,** afterwards Lord Clyde, well known for his services during the Indian Mutiny. **105. Lord Lucan,** commanded the cavalry.

119. Bolted, ran away, a colloquialism. **120. Commonplace, etc.,** *i.e.*, the agility with which the Turks ran away did not at all accord with the ideas usually held as to how Orientals behave on a field of battle. **121. Turks on the Danube, etc.** In the early part of the war the Turks had driven the Russians out of the Danubian Provinces; if, suggests the author, there the Turks were superior to the Russians, here at least the Russians were superior to the Turks. In the last Russo Turkish war, the Turks amply regained their character as desperate fighters behind fortifications; above all, at the celebrated siege of Plevna in 1877.

139. Genre, French, style, kind, type. The Palace of Versailles, near Paris, is adorned with pictures of war and battle scenes. Bosquet in appearance resembled the type of general depicted in these paintings. **156. Playing,** firing. **160. En echelon.** Troops are arranged in *echelon* when, their lines being parallel, each body is not immediately behind but somewhat to the left or right of that in front of it. The six squares were thus arranged in sets of three, one set on the right, the other on the left of the advancing force, thus:—

* *
* *
* *

The word is derived from French *echelle*, Latin *scala*, a ladder, because the arrangement resembles that of the steps of a ladder or flight of stairs. **161. Blaze,** *i.e.*, the blaze of light reflected from their steel sabres, etc. **166. Zouaves.** These were the Zouaves in the trenches already mentioned, line 34. **178. Light Brigade.** The distinctions *Light* and *Heavy* refer to the armament of the horses and soldiers. Heavy cavalry are more heavily armed and are themselves often heavier men, so that the horses require to be stronger. Light cavalry have less weight to carry and both men and horses are more active and fleeter. The Life Guards and Dragoon Guards are types of heavy cavalry; Hussars and Lancers of light. **182. Wave,** the ground rose slightly and again fell. **201. Gathered up.** As the main body of cavalry advanced, the skirmishers, who were scattered over the plain, gradually joined it and became absorbed in the mass. The rows of skirmishers, constantly changing in position and size, are aptly compared to the shifty light of the moon on the water. **203. Played,** moved about rapidly. **205. Peloton,** *lit.* a ball of thread, hence a small body of men. The English form of this French word is *platoon*. **206. Up came, etc.,** a good instance of inversion, *up*, *in* coming in the place of emphasis and indicating rapid and decisive movement. **213. Opens.** The redoubt being carried, the skirmishers again spread out from the main body to cover the plain, like a *fan* or the *spray* of a fountain jet. **216. Musket-**

guard. The musket held up to guard and defend the head from the blow of the sword. **218. No support,** *i.e.*, no troops to support and assist them. **240. Scots Greys,** Seventh Dragoons, so called because mounted on grey horses. **241. Enniskillens,** Sixth Dragoons, so called on account of their defence of Enniskillen on the side of William III. **250. Thin red streak,** the red coats of the Highlanders drawn up two deep, with their steel bayonets fixed on the muzzles of their muskets, suggested this vivid phrase, which has become historic. **253. Minié,** the name of the musket then used by the British army, as now the Martini-Henri. **259. Gaelic rock,** Gaels and Celts of the Scottish Highlands. Their language is still called Gaelic. The Highlanders are compared to a rock, against which the wave breaks harmlessly. **265. Events thicken,** events follow so fast upon each other that each in turn is forgotten. **276. Corps d'élite,** French, a specially selected body of men. **300. Gather way,** get into full speed. **302. Brings forward, etc.,** that is, each extremity of the line is thrown forward in advance of the centre so as to encircle the advancing British troops. **312. Red-coats,** the Enniskillens. **339. Scenic character,** keeping up their imaginary character as spectators at a theatre, see line 288.

352. And now, etc. A few paragraphs have been omitted. They describe some minor movements whereby the Light Brigade came to be stationed on the left of the line as seen by the spectators on the ridge. From this position they made the famous charge. The time had advanced to 10·55 A.M. **Melancholy catastrophe.** The charge of the Light Brigade, though carried out with the greatest bravery, is thus described because it was impossible that such a small body of men should avoid immense loss, while the loss could not be compensated by any advantage to be gained. It has been, and must always remain, a matter of doubt as to how the mistake occurred, especially as Captain Nolan was the first killed. The only conclusion possible is, in the words of Tennyson, "Some one had blundered". **360. His arm, etc.,** the cavalry. **375. Grape and canister,** species of cannon shot, in which a number of small balls are fired off together, but separate after they leave the cannon and spread over a considerable area. **377. Cast a shade, etc.;** this refers to the suggestion, which happily need not be adopted, that Captain Nolan had purposely varied the orders he conveyed, so as to give the cavalry an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. **403. Don Quixote,** the hero of a celebrated Spanish romance by Cervantes. He tries to imitate the deeds of the knights of the days of chivalry and is described as meeting with the most absurd adventures. One of his feats was to charge with his lance the revolving sails of a windmill. Quixotic has been adopted as an English adjective for any romantically extravagant behaviour. **442. Laid,** aimed. **458. Demi-god,**

a fabulous hero, supposed to be the offspring of a god and a mortal. Demi-gods, such as Hercules, are credited with the performance of superhuman feats of valour. **494. Columns of squadrons**; a squadron (*lit.* a square) is applied to a body of cavalry from 100 to 200 strong. Instead of the cavalry being in line or in one solid body, they were arranged in columns each composed of a certain number of squadrons. **507. Covered,** protected. **520. Magazine,** *i.e.*, powder magazine. **561. Our game,** *i.e.*, this was not what we intended to do, we had no intention to follow them into the gorge. The expression is colloquial. **578. Operations in the trenches,** the trenches were those around Sebastopol. The operations connected with the siege were surpassed in interest by this battle in the rear of the besieging army.

XIV.—SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

The following passages, extracted from a work entitled *A Diary of Two Parliaments*, by Henry W. Lucy, 2 vols. (Cassell & Co., Ld.), describe two of the most important scenes in the life of a Parliament. A new House of Commons must be elected at least every seven years, and must therefore be *dissolved* within seven years of its opening. Ordinarily, however, Parliament holds one session or sitting in each year, opening in January or February and being adjourned, or as it is technically termed *prorogued*, in August. The ceremonies of opening and closing each session takes place in the House of Lords, to which the members of the House of Commons are summoned as described below; and performed by the sovereign, either in person or represented by commissioners appointed for the purpose. The ceremony in the latter case is naturally much less splendid and popular.

The passages quoted describe (1) the opening by Her Majesty the Queen in person of the session of 1876 of the Parliament that lasted from 1874 to 1880; and (2) the prorogation by commission of the session of 1877 of the same Parliament.

The author, Mr. Henry W. Lucy (born in 1845), is a well-known member of the press, and a master in the art of vivid and humorous description. He contributes to various London papers, but is best known as the author of the amusing Diary of Parliament that appears from week to week in *Punch*.

The Queen Opens Parliament—1876.

The scene in the House of Lords to-day was not indebted for any portion of its splendour to the glory of sunlight falling through the richly stained windows of the chamber. It was, in truth, as murky a day as might be, and before the company began to assemble the House looked all the drearier by reason of the alterations made in it to meet the necessities of the great occasion. The rows of cushioned seats had all been deprived of their backs, and so placed on an equality

with the woolsack, whilst narrow benches, covered with dull crimson cloth of a shade distinctly different from that of the permanent seats, were set about in different portions of the chamber. Thus the cross benches in front of the bar, where the Prince of Wales is accustomed to sit and whence the Duke of Cambridge is used to speak, were placed longitudinally, and the space thus gained was filled in with the narrow strips of raised plank referred to. The confusion of colour was not pleasing to the eye, and it received a final touch of discordance when the peers assembled dressed in robes of yet another shade of the all-pervading crimson.

Compensation was to be found by glancing to the right of the throne, where in close clusters sat some hundreds of ladies in full evening dress, wherein all the softer colours of the rainbow were represented and sweetly blended. Happily, the ladies preponderated in point of number, and reduced as nearly as possible to the minimum the inartistic effects of the oddly made cloaks of the peers, which seemed all misfits. The whole of the floor of the House, save the front row of benches and seats improvised in the centre of the chamber between the bar and the woolsack, was occupied by ladies, whilst a bright garland ran round the full length of the gallery to the right, continued in the opposite for two-thirds of its extent, and met in a tangled skein of colour in the Strangers' Gallery. Where the garland stopped, in the gallery to the left of the throne, the Lord Mayor sat, and dressed in his richest robes toned off the colour till it was lost in the quiet uniform of an attaché of the German Embassy who leaned over the railings at the extreme end. Baron de Grancy, military attaché of the French Embassy, sat on the right hand of the Lord Mayor, and near him Sir John Glover, his breast glittering with medals won in many a dashing enterprise.

According to the arrangements made by the Lord Chamberlain, the peeresses had had placed at their disposal

the whole of the benches on the floor of the House (save the first) to the left of the throne; the daughters of peeresses had the second line of seats in the rows to the right, behind them, in the left-hand gallery, and in the Strangers' Gallery were the untitled ladies who had obtained tickets of admission; whilst the friends of the diplomatic corps occupied the long gallery to the right.

Amongst the earlier arrivals of the peers was the Duke of Richmond, scarcely recognisable in the gay uniform of a lord-lieutenant. Lord Aberdare, Lord Cardwell, and Lord Hampton came in fully robed in their scarlet cloaks, tippeted with ermine, and tied at throat and shoulder with broad bows of black ribbons. By one o'clock the ladies were nearly all seated, and the peers began to arrive in large numbers taking up their places on the front benches, and amongst the closely packed rows of seats before the bar. Like the temporal peers, the bishops had relinquished their usual seats, retaining only the front bench.

The seats at the back of this were railed off, and appropriated to the use of the diplomatic corps. Early arrivals of this distinguished body were the Spanish Minister and General Schenck, the representative of the United States, who wore the uniform of his rank in the American army. Count Beust, the Austrian Ambassador, was the first representative of the Great European Powers to present himself, and he took his seat at the end of the front bench furthest from the throne. The tall figure of Count Münster was presently seen towering high above the Duke of Richmond, with whom, in passing, he stopped to chat. Count Schouvaloff took his seat next to Count Beust, then Count Münster placed himself; then the Marquis d'Harcourt; and late and last Musurus Pacha, glittering with gold lace, diamonds, and orders of merit, and capped with a plain crimson fez

When the bishops arrived preceded by the Bishop of Lichfield, who had the bench all to himself for nearly half-

an-hour, they disposed themselves partly on the solitary bench reserved for them, and principally on the broad-cushioned bench in front of the woolsack. That their lordships wore their lawn was occasionally made clear; but like the rest of the peers of Parliament, they had thrown over their ordinary dress the loose-fitting robe of crimson, in their case distinguished by a deep tippet of ermine falling half-way down the back. Then came the judges, in wigs and gowns, and sat down *dos-à-dos* on the other broad-cushioned bench in front of the woolsack. It seemed hard work for all their learned lordships to arrange themselves in so small a space, but its elasticity was further demonstrated when five minutes later the Lord Chief Justice entered, and had to be accommodated. At twenty minutes to two the Lord Chancellor entered, preceded by the mace, and took his seat on the woolsack. Then it seemed as if, save for the throne and the chair to the right of it, there was no empty place in all the chamber.

Up to this time semi-darkness reigned in the House, and a thin mist partially obscured the long lines of colour that led up to the solitary empty space where the throne stood, with the state robes of the sovereign spread open upon it. At a signal from the Lord Chancellor, a flood of light fell upon the scene from the gaseliers in the roof, lighting up the fair faces, the softly coloured dresses, and the boundless wealth of jewellery that glistened on arm and neck and breast and head, and trembled like a sea of light with every movement of the wearers.

Whilst the buzz of conversation which the sudden transformation scene thus simply effected was at its height, the Duke of Teck entered unnoticed, and stood near the steps to the left of the throne. A few minutes later, with a swift rustling sound, the whole company rose to their feet, and silently welcomed the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duchess of Teck, who entered, escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge. The royal ladies

were led to the woolsack, which the Lord Chancellor vacated, and were seated facing the throne

Both the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge wore the unsightly peer's robe, but underneath were plainly visible on the one the uniform of a captain in the navy, and on the other that of a field-marshal of the army. The royal dukes sat at the end of the front Opposition bench closer to the throne.

At twenty minutes past two the head of the royal procession arrived, in the persons of the four gorgeously clad heralds, who, bowing low as they passed before the royal ladies seated on the woolsack, crossed and took up a position to the left of the throne. Then followed Norroy King of Arms, Clarenceux King of Arms, Garter King of Arms, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the Earl Marshal, who, each stopping to bow to the two duchesses, crossed over, and, with other officials and court dignitaries, stood in a dazzling group to the left of the throne.

Once more the company rose as the Queen entered, the Marquis of Winchester and the Duke of Richmond preceding her, the one bearing the cap of maintenance and the other clasping with both hands the sword of state. As the Queen turned to the left to take her place on the throne, the Princess of Wales lightly stepped forward and sat down in the centre of the woolsack.

The Queen was dressed in a robe of imperial purple, so dark that it might have passed for black. On her head, surmounting the white pointed cap familiar in many of her portraits, was a miniature crown of diamonds. Round her neck was a magnificent necklace of diamonds, a large diamond glistened like a star on her breast, and the jewel of the Order of the Garter shone on the broad blue band of ribbon worn across her shoulder Conspicuous amongst so much splendour were the simple black fan Her Majesty carried, and the black gloves which covered hands and wrists,

The Princess Beatrice and the Princess Louise, who followed close behind, accompanied Her Majesty to the throne, and during the ceremony remained standing on either side.

The company remained standing till, by a slight gesture, the Queen commanded them to be seated, and a pause followed whilst Black Rod was despatched to summon the Commons. During this interval, the Lord Chancellor, who had gone out to meet the procession, and had returned in the train of the Queen, stood behind the Prince of Wales' chair. The Marquis of Winchester, with the cap of maintenance, stood on the steps of the throne to the right; the Duke of Richmond (his uniform now hidden under his peer's robe) to the left; whilst the Lord Privy Seal, the Earl Marshal, and the Lord Great Chamberlain, stood before the throne.

The perfect silence which reigned through the chamber after the Queen was seated was broken by the rush of many feet, and from behind the bar were seen advancing the Speaker of the House of Commons, with the Sergeant-at-arms carrying the mace, and close at their heels a turbulent throng. These were the "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," to whom a portion of the speech was specially addressed, and when they had arranged themselves—not without considerable noise and some cries of "Order!" from noble lords comfortably seated on the floor of the House—the Lord Chancellor advanced to the foot of the throne, and kneeling, offered Her Majesty the document containing the speech. The Queen mutely signed to the Lord Chancellor to keep it, and rising, his lordship returned to his old position by the empty chair of the Prince of Wales, and there read the speech in a voice which resounded to the uttermost parts of the chamber.

When the end was reached the Queen rose, and bowing first to the left and then to the right, walked out, followed by the princesses and the procession, having opened

Parliament without uttering a single word. As she departed the brilliant company rapidly melted away, and the session of 1876 had commenced.

Parliament Prorogued—1877.

It is a happy conclusion of a complicated matter, that after a session in which there has been displayed an occasional lack of dignity, and in which there have occurred scenes that scarcely maintain the majesty of Parliament, the business should be brought to a conclusion by the imposing ceremony of prorogation by commission. To the eye troubled with reading the records of turbulence in the Commons, and to the heart weary with watching for the return of the old dignity of Parliament, there is something soothing and refreshing in the sight of the five commissioners seated on the bench before the throne. There is a sense of security about the scarlet gowns slashed with ermine, and a measure of comfort about the cocked hats, which atone for much former uncertainty and earlier wrestling with obstruction.

For the rest, the chamber is almost empty. Two bishops, arrayed in lawn, give an atmosphere of coolness to the benches to the right of the throne; whilst four peers are thrown out in skirmishing order on the benches behind. Black Rod had been despatched to summon Her Majesty's faithful Commons, and in the meanwhile the Lord Chancellor putting up his eye-glass, which he does in a manner carefully after the Premier, surveys the scene, and Salisbury violently essays to regard the whole matter as a joke. . . .

Sir William Knollys having amidst breathless excitement safely encompassed his backward journey towards the door, the Speaker rose, and passed with stately presence through the upstanding ranks of the Commons. The procession moved on in due order, till it reached the broad gateway to the Lords, when like a regiment at the charge, its ranks

broke, and a desperate rush was made for front places. On the crest of the wave which parted and made for the left gallery, Bourke was carried, coming in first, with Henry Havelock second, O'Brien third, the rest not placed. It is said that during the rush there was an anxious moment, when it was feared that Fiji was about to lose a father. The alderman got jammed up against a post, and there stuck, uttering exclamations which it is only charitable to suppose were scraps of the Fijian tongue. He was presently extricated before the pressure had reached his bones, and on the whole rather profited by the accident, getting nearer to the front than he otherwise might have done.

The Five Figures who sat on the wooden bench before the throne, observing the presence of the Speaker, three times lifted their cocked hats. Then the Clerk of Parliament, rising from the end of the table, advanced till he stood at the side, and producing a large document began to read the Royal Commission, appointing our trusted and well-beloved counsellors to the distinguished position they quite successfully conceal under the red cloaks. It was, as Mr. Pepys says "pretty to see" how, when the Clerk, reading down the document, came to the name of one of the Commissioners, he turned and bowed lowly towards the Five Figures on the form, whereat one produced a hand from under the folds of the cloak, and raising it to the cocked hat, uplifted with stately sweep that peaked incongruity.

The pink of politeness was reached later on, when the form of giving the royal assent was gone through. At this juncture another Clerk in wig and gown stepped out at the other side of the table, when the procedure was literally as follows: The Clerk on the right hand of the table takes up a Bill, and turning round so as to face the Figures bows low, the Clerk on the other side performing at the same time precisely the same gesture, as if the two were connected by an axle and turned by a single cogwheel. The Clerk on the

right, who is known as the Clerk of Parliament, reads the title of the Bill, and then faces to the left. The Clerk of the Crown on the other side faces to the right, and the two being thus brought face to face, the Clerk of the Crown chants, "*La reyne le veult!*"

Then some one in charge, possibly the resident engineer, giving another turn to the invisible wheel, the Clerk of Parliament and the Clerk of the Crown simultaneously turn towards the Five Figures, and bow down almost to their boots. The Clerk of Parliament takes up another Bill and reads the title, after which he turns and bows again, the Clerk of the Crown bowing at the same time. Then they turn and face each other as before, and once more there rings through the chamber the solemn lugubrious chant, "*La reyne le veult!*"

Fancy this going on without intermission or variation for the space of a quarter of an hour, add to it an aspect of settled melancholy on the face of the Clerk of the Crown, and an ever-deepening sadness in his monotonous chant, "*La reyne le veult!*" and some excuse may be found for the ladies, who, to the number of sixteen, were, before the ceremony was over, reduced to a state of exhaustion through uncontrollable laughter.

After this, *que voulez-vous?* the Act of Prorogation was read; the Lord Chancellor declared Parliament prorogued; Colonel Talbot shouldered the mace; another functionary took up the elegantly-worked bag in which the Grand Seal is supposed to be conveyed; the Lord Chancellor walked out in procession by himself—and the session of 1877 became a chapter in history.

NOTES

1. Not indebted, *i.e.* the day was gloomy, and therefore the splendour of the scene was not due to the sun shining through the painted windows. The splendour was mainly due to the gorgeous dresses of the ladies and official personages present. **5. All the drearier,** the alterations made the House look even more dreary than it

usually does when empty. The benches are covered with bright red crimson, but the backs had been removed—to give more room for the company—and this caused the blaze of colour to be diminished. **9. Woolsack,** the seat of the Lord Chancellor, who acts as chairman of the House of Lords. It is a large square sack, filled with wool, and covered with red cloth. **12. Cross benches,** the seats in the House of Lords are arranged in rows longitudinally, on each side of the chamber. The members of the Government and their followers sit on the benches on one side, while the peers who oppose them, or the Opposition, sit on the benches on the other side, facing them. So far a similar arrangement holds for the House of Commons. In the middle space there stands at the top the throne, with the woolsack in front of it, and at the bottom is the bar, beyond which strangers cannot advance, and to which are summoned the members of the House of Commons and offenders against the privilege of Parliament. On the space before the bar are placed benches, not longitudinally or cross-wise, and on these generally sit peers who are not associated with either party, and are commonly critics and candid friends of both. Members of the royal family, though peers, are supposed not to take any share in party disputes, and hence sit on these *cross benches*. **19. All-pervading crimson.** The colour of the permanent benches, of the temporary benches (or raised planks) and of the peers' cloaks was crimson, but the shade was different in each case and this produced an inharmonious result. **23. Full evening dress,** the dress worn on state and grand occasions; these are generally in the evening—hence "evening dress". "*Complete durbar dress*" is an equivalent phrase. **27. Misfits,** badly made by the tailor, so as not to fit the person of the wearer. **31. Garland,** the ladies in their bright costumes seated in the galleries running round the hall are compared to a garland of flowers. **35. Lord Mayor,** the president of the municipality of the city of London. **37. Attaché,** French, *lit.* a person attached. an official of the embassy. Each great power is represented at the court of another by an ambassador, with the necessary officials, who collectively form the embassy. **40. Sir John Glover,** born 1829, died 1885; held various colonial governorships. **43. Lord Chamberlain,** an official of the Queen's household who directs all great royal ceremonies; corresponds to the officer called in some Indian courts *durbar bakshi*. The official who makes arrangements for the opening of Parliament, and other great functions in which Parliament is concerned, is not, however, the Lord Chamberlain, but the Lord *Great* Chamberlain, a different and very ancient officer of the state. The office is hereditary in the family of the Lords Willoughby de Eresby, whose barony dates from 1313 A.D. **50. Diplomatic corps,**

corps, French = *body*; the ambassadors, attachés, etc., taken together constitute the diplomatic corps. **54. Lord-lieutenant** (pronounce *lef-tenant*), *lit.* one holding the place of another; the principal official, generally a peer, in a county where he directly represents the sovereign. **55. Tippeted.** A tippet is a small cloak or large collar, just covering the shoulders. The scarlet robes of the peers had tippets of ermine, a rare white fur. **63. This,** *i.e.*, the front bench retained by the bishops. **69. Great European Powers.** Five European Powers are commonly in diplomacy reckoned as great; these, with their representative ambassadors here mentioned, are: Austria, Count Beust; Germany, Count Münster; Russia, Count Schouvaloff; France, Marquis D'Harcourt; Turkey, Musurus Pacha. **81. Disposed themselves,** placed themselves, sat down. **84. Lawn.** The full dress of a bishop is distinguished by very large sleeves made of *lawn*, a species of fine white linen cloth. **89. Dos-à-dos,** French, "back-to-back". **95. Mace,** a highly ornamental staff or mace, used as the emblem of authority; *mace* is here used for *mace-bearer*, a sort of dignified *choldar*. **104. Gaselier,** a hanging cluster of lights for burning gas; the word is formed by imitation from *chandelier*, a cluster of candles, from French, *chandelle*, Latin *candela*, candle. **110. Transformation scene,** a metaphor from the theatre, where one scene is suddenly changed into another. **111. Duke of Teck,** a German prince, husband of the Duchess of Teck, to be mentioned immediately. The duchess is Princess Mary of Cambridge, sister of the Duke of Cambridge and cousin to the Queen. The Duke of Edinburgh is the Queen's second son. His wife, the Duchess of Edinburgh, is a sister of the present Czar of Russia. **123. Front Opposition bench,** the front bench on that side of the House on which the members of the Opposition (see note on l. 12) usually sit. **129. Norroy, etc.,** the sole jurisdiction in all matters connected with honour and armorial bearings, crests, etc., is vested in the Earl Marshal an office hereditary in the Dukes of Norfolk. His officials constitute the College of Arms, consisting of the three kinds here enumerated, six heralds, four pursuivants, and minor officials. **137. Cap of maintenance,** a cap emblematic of dignity carried before the sovereign on state occasions. **148. Order of the Garter,** the principal order of knighthood in England, originally established by King Edward III. in 1349. **166. Lord Privy Seal,** formerly the keeper of the private seal of the sovereign. The office is ancient and dignified, but no special functions are now attached to it, and the holder vacates his post on a change of ministers. **172. Sergeant-at-arms,** the official who carries the mace of the House of Commons before the Speaker.

195. Scenes. Various turbulent discussions took place in this

session of Parliament, which were thought by many to impair the ancient dignity of that assembly. They would be thought trivial beside the scenes of uproar and obstruction that have occurred since 1880. The idea that this lack of dignity could be compensated for by the solemnity of the commissioners is ironical; and the whole of the following account of the prorogation is an example of humorous irony. **203. Slashed,** having long cuts made in the cloth bordered with ermine. **208. Atmosphere.** White suggests the idea of coolness, hence the white lawn of the bishops' garb suggested coolness. **210. In skirmishing order,** skirmishers are thrown out in irregular formation in front of an army; thus this metaphor implies that the peers were not sitting together but scattered about the hall. **214. Premier,** the Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. He used a single eye-glass in a peculiar and distinctive manner which the Lord Chancellor, Earl Cairns, is said to have copied. **216. Sir William Knollys** held the office in the House of Lords bearing the name of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, commonly called simply "Black Rod". When the commissioners arrive and the presence of the members of the House of Commons is desired "Black Rod" is sent to summon them. In the text he is supposed to have delivered his message, and now retires backward, keeping his face turned towards the Speaker. **224. Bourke,** this is the Hon. R. Bourke, then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, now Lord Connemara and recently Governor of Madras. **227. Father,** a humorous reference to Mr. MacArthur, an alderman of the city of London, who took a great interest in the affairs of Fiji. **239. Our,** the royal plural. **242. Mr. Pepys,** Pepys was Secretary to the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II. He left a diary which is one of the most amusing collections of gossip ever published. The phrase "pretty to see" occurs frequently in this diary. **248. Incongruity.** Cocked hats being remnants of an old fashion appear incongruous in a modern ceremony. **249. Pink of politeness,** a colloquial phrase: "The highest degree of politeness". **250. Royal assent.** Bills, having past the Houses of Commons and Lords, must receive the approval of the sovereign before becoming Acts, and thus part of the law of the land. This assent, when not given by the sovereign personally, is declared by the commissioners. **257. Axle;** the two turned and bowed so exactly at the same time that they looked like mechanical figures, placed upon an axle, like two wheels of a cart on the same axle, turned by a wheel (see note on l. 263). **262. La reyne, etc.;** this is an old Norman French sentence, still employed in the ceremony of giving the royal assent to Bills. Its meaning is "The Queen wills it,' or "assents to it". **263. Some one in charge.** The

author keeps up the humorous idea described above (note on l. 257); some concealed person, he says, gives a turn to the wheel which works the figures. **281. Que voulez-vous?** A French colloquial phrase, meaning "What more do you want?" Everything is finished and there is nothing more to be said.

XV.—STUDENT LIFE IN ATHENS,

BY

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The following picturesque extract is from a volume of essays entitled the *Office and Work of Universities*, by the late Cardinal Newman. His Eminence John Henry, Cardinal Newman, was born in 1801 and died in 1890. He was educated at Oxford, but in 1845 left the Church of England and joined that of Rome. During the years 1854-58 he was Rector of a new Catholic University in Dublin, in connection with which these essays on Universities were written. From 1858 till his death, he resided at Birmingham, as head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. He published many works and is acknowledged to be a writer of English of great purity and elegance, while his style is simplicity itself.

The object of the essays is to exhibit by historical parallel and reasoning what the true functions, the true *Office and Work*, of a University are. In pursuit of this object he gives a graphic picture of ancient Athens and Athenian life, desiring to show what in its nature a University really is and what external assistance it requires. In the following passage he commences by adducing, as specimens of students, various great men whom we know to have studied at Athens; among others a certain Eunapius, who being ill on his arrival was carried by his friends to the house of Proæresius. The latter and his friend Hephæstion had themselves come to Athens with but one cloak between them. The young students of Athens behaved much like other young students and made fun of the freshman until he had been initiated at the Baths in the Agora. He was also annoyed by the touts of rival professors and rival lodging-houses. As to lodgings, indeed, Athens was little better than a modern Greek or Turkish town. But at Athens the student need not stop indoors, not even to read. He goes out early in the morning to study art by viewing the temples and the sculptures and the paintings; to visit a theatre; to listen to the orators in the Agora; to hear a funeral oration at the Ceramicus; or to listen to the philosopher Plato in the groves of Academé. All this is described in the choicest language and with a grace that no writer of our time has surpassed.

So now let us fancy our Scythian, or Armenian, or African, or Italian, or Gallic student, after tossing on the Saronic waves, which would be his more ordinary course to Athens, at last casting anchor at Piræus. He is of any condition or rank of life you please, and may be made to order, from a prince to a peasant. Perhaps he is some Cleanthes, who has been a boxer in the public games. How did it ever cross his brain to betake himself to Athens in search of wisdom? or, if he came thither by accident, how did the love of it ever touch his heart? But so it was, to Athens he came with three drachms in his girdle, and he got his livelihood by drawing water, carrying loads, and the like servile occupations. He attached himself, of all philosophers, to Zeno the Stoic,—to Zeno, the most high-minded, the most haughty of speculators; and out of his daily earnings the poor scholar brought his master the daily sum of an obolus, in payment for attending his lectures. Such progress did he make, that on Zeno's death he actually was his successor in his school; and, if my memory does not play me false, he is the author of a hymn to the Supreme Being, which is one of the noblest effusions of the kind in classical poetry. Yet, even when he was the head of a school, he continued in his illiberal toil as if he had been a monk; and, it is said, that once, when the wind took his pallium, and blew it aside, he was discovered to have no other garment at all;—something like the German student who came up to Heidelberg with nothing upon him but a great-coat and a pair of pistols.

Or it is another disciple of the Porch,—Stoic by nature, earlier than by profession,—who is entering the city; but in what different fashion he comes! It is no other than Marcus, Emperor of Rome and philosopher. Professors long since were summoned from Athens for his service, when he was a youth, and now he comes, after his victories in the battle-field, to make his acknowledgments at the end of life,

to the city of wisdom, and to submit himself to an initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries.

Or it is a young man of great promise as an orator, were it not for his weakness of chest, which renders it necessary that he should acquire the art of speaking without over-exertion, and should adopt a delivery sufficient for the display of his rhetorical talents on the one hand, yet merciful to his physical resources on the other. He is called Cicero; he will stop but a short time, and will pass over to Asia Minor and its cities, before he returns to continue a career which will render his name immortal; and he will like his short sojourn at Athens so well, that he will take good care to send his son thither at an earlier age than he visited it himself.

But see where comes from Alexandria (for we need not be very solicitous about anachronisms), a young man from twenty to twenty-two, who has narrowly escaped drowning on his voyage, and is to remain at Athens as many as eight or ten years, yet in the course of that time will not learn a line of Latin, thinking it enough to become accomplished in Greek composition, and in that he will succeed. He is a grave person, and difficult to make out; some say he is a Christian, something or other in the Christian line his father is for certain. His name is Gregory, he is by country a Cappadocian, and will in time become pre-eminently a theologian, and one of the principal doctors of the Greek Church

Or it is one Horace, a youth of low stature and black hair, whose father has given him an education at Rome above his rank in life, and now is sending him to finish it at Athens; he is said to have a turn for poetry: a hero he is not, and it were well if he knew it; but he is caught by the enthusiasm of the hour, and goes off campaigning with Brutus and Cassius, and will leave his shield behind him on the field of Philippi.

Or it is a mere boy of fifteen: his name Eunapius; though

the voyage was not long, sea-sickness, or confinement, or bad living on board the vessel, threw him into a fever, and, when the passengers landed in the evening at Piræus, he could not stand. His countrymen who accompanied him took him up among them and carried him to the house of the great teacher of the day, Proæresius, who was a friend of the captain's, and whose fame it was which drew the enthusiastic youth to Athens. His companions understand the sort of place they are in, and, with the licence of academic students, they break into the philosopher's house, though he appears to have retired for the night, and proceed to make themselves free of it, with an absence of ceremony, which is only not impudence, because Proæresius takes it so easily. Strange introduction for our stranger to a seat of learning, but not out of keeping with Athens; for what could you expect of a place where there was a mob of youths and not even the pretence of control; where the poorer lived anyhow, and got on as they could, and the teachers themselves had no protection from the humours and caprices of the students who filled their lecture-halls? However, as to this Eunapius, Proæresius took a fancy to the boy, and told him curious stories about Athenian life. He himself had come up to the University with one Hephæstion, and they were even worse off than Cleanthes the Stoic; for they had only one cloak between them, and nothing whatever besides, except some old bedding; so when Proæresius went abroad, Hephæstion lay in bed, and practised himself in oratory; and then Hephæstion put on the cloak and Proæresius crept under the coverlet. At another time there was so fierce a feud between what would be called "town and gown" in an English University, that the professors did not dare lecture in public, for fear of ill-treatment.

But a freshman like Eunapius soon got experience for himself of the ways and manners prevalent in Athens. Such a one as he had hardly entered the city, when he was

caught hold of by a party of the academic youth, who proceeded to practise on his awkwardness and his ignorance. At first sight one wonders at their childishness; but the like conduct obtained in the medieval Universities: and not many months have passed away since the journals have told us of sober Englishmen, given to matter of-fact calculations, and to the anxieties of money making, pelting each other with snow-balls on their own sacred territory, and defying the magistracy, when they would interfere with their privilege of becoming boys. So I suppose we must attribute it to something or other in human nature. Meanwhile, there stands the new-comer, surrounded by a circle of his new associates, who forthwith proceed to frighten, and to banter, and to make a fool of him, to the extent of their wit. Some address him with mock politeness, others with fierceness; and so they conduct him in solemn procession across the Agora to the Baths; and as they approach, they dance about him like madmen. But this was to be the end of his trial, for the bath was a sort of initiation; he thereupon received the pallium, or University gown, and was suffered by his tormentors to depart in peace. One alone is recorded as having been exempted from this persecution; it was a youth graver and loftier than even St. Gregory himself: but it was not from his force of character, but at the instance of Gregory, that he escaped. Gregory was his bosom-friend, and was ready in Athens to shelter him when he came. It was another saint and another doctor; the great Basil, then (it would appear), as Gregory, but a catechumen of the Church.

But to return to our freshman. His troubles are not at an end, though he has got his gown upon him. Where is he to lodge? whom is he to attend? He finds himself seized, before he well knows where he is, by another party of men, or three or four parties at once, like foreign porters at a landing, who seize on the baggage of the perplexed

stranger, and thrust half-a-dozen cards into his unwilling hands. Our youth is plied by the hangers-on of professor this, or sophist that, each of whom wishes the fame or the profit of having a houseful. We will say that he escapes from their hands,—but then he will have to choose for himself where he will put up; and, to tell the truth, with all the praise I have already given, and the praise I shall have to give, to the city of mind, nevertheless, between ourselves, the brick and wood which formed it, the actual tenements, where flesh and blood had to lodge (always excepting the mansions of great men of the place), do not seem to have been much better than those of Greek or Turkish towns, which are at this moment a topic of interest and ridicule in the public prints. A lively picture has lately been set before us of Gallipoli. Take, says the writer, a multitude of the dilapidated out-houses found in farm-yards in England, of the rickety old wooden tenements, the cracked, shutterless structures of planks and tiles, the sheds and stalls, which our bye-lanes, or fish-markets, or river-sides can supply; tumble them down on the declivity of a bare bald hill; let the spaces between house and house, thus accidentally determined, be understood to form streets, winding of course for no reason, and with no meaning, up and down the town; the roadway always narrow, the breadth never uniform, the separate houses bulging or retiring below, as circumstances may have determined, and leaning forward till they meet overhead;—and you have a good idea of Gallipoli. I question whether this picture would not nearly correspond to the special seat of the Muses in ancient times. Learned writers assure us distinctly that the houses of Athens were for the most part small and mean; that the streets were crooked and narrow; that the upper stories projected over the roadway; and that staircases, balustrades, and doors that opened outwards, obstructed it;—a remarkable coincidence of description. I do not doubt at all, though

history is silent, that that roadway was jolting to carriages, and all but impassable; and that it was traversed by drains, as freely as any Turkish town now. Athens seems in these respects to have been below the average cities of its time. "A stranger," says an ancient, "might doubt, on the sudden view, if really he saw Athens."

I grant all this, and much more, if you will; but, recollect, Athens was the home of the intellectual and beautiful; not of low mechanical contrivances, and material organisation. Why stop within your lodgings counting the rents in your wall or the holes in your tiling, when nature and art call you away? You must put up with such a chamber, and a table, and a stool, and a sleeping board, anywhere else in the three continents; one place does not differ from another indoors; your magalia in Africa, or your grottos in Syria are not perfection. I suppose you did not come to Athens to swarm up a ladder or to grope about a closet: you came to see and to hear, what hear and see you could not elsewhere. What food for the intellect is it possible to procure indoors, that you stay there looking about you? do you think to read there? where are your books? do you expect to purchase books at Athens?—you are much out in your calculations. True it is, we at this day, who live in the nineteenth century, have the books of Greece as a perpetual memorial; and copies there have been, since the time that they were written; but you need not go to Athens to procure them, nor would you find them in Athens. Strange to say, strange to the nineteenth century, that in the age of Plato and Thucydides, there was not, it is said, a bookshop in the whole place: nor was the book trade in existence till the very time of Augustus. Libraries, I suspect, were the bright invention of Attalus or the Ptolemies; I doubt whether Athens had a library till the reign of Hadrian. It was what the student gazed on, what he heard, what he caught by the

magic of sympathy, not what he read, which was the education furnished by Athens.

He leaves his narrow lodging early in the morning; and not till night, if even then, will he return. It is but a crib or kennel—in which he sleeps when the weather is inclement or the ground damp; in no respect a home. And he goes out of doors, not to read the day's newspaper, or to buy the gay shilling volume, but to imbibe the invisible atmosphere of genius, and to learn by heart the oral traditions of taste. Out he goes; and, leaving the tumble-down town behind him, he mounts the Acropolis to the right, or he turns to the Areopagus on the left. He goes to the Parthenon to study the sculptures of Phidias; to the temple of the Dioscuri to see the paintings of Polygnotus. We indeed take our Sophocles or Æschylus out of our coat-pocket; but, if our sojourner at Athens would understand how a tragic poet can write, he must betake himself to the theatre on the south, and see and hear the drama literally in action. Or let him go westward to the Agora, and there he will hear Lysias or Andocides pleading, or Demosthenes haranguing. He goes farther west still, along the shade of those noble planes, which Cimon has planted there; and he looks around him at the statues and porticos and vestibules, each by itself a work of genius and skill, enough to be the making of another city. He passes through the city gate, and then he is at the famous Ceramicus; here are the tombs of the mighty dead; and here, we will suppose, is Pericles himself, the most elevated, the most thrilling of orators, converting a funeral oration over the slain into a philosophical panegyric of the living.

Onwards he proceeds still; and now he has come to that still more celebrated Academé, which has bestowed its own name on Universities down to this day; and there he sees a sight which will be graven on his memory till he dies. Many are the beauties of the place, the groves, and

the statues, and the temple, and the stream of the Cephissus flowing by; many are the lessons which will be taught him day after day by teacher or by companion; but his eye is just now arrested by one object; it is the very presence of Plato. He does not hear a word that he says; he does not care to hear; he asks neither for discourse nor disputation; what he sees is a whole, complete in itself, not to be increased by addition, and greater than anything else. It will be a point in the history of his life; a stay for his memory to rest on, a burning thought in his heart, a bond to union with men of like mind, ever afterwards. Such is the spell which the living man exerts on his fellows, for good or for evil. How nature impels us to lean upon others, making virtue, or genius, or name, the qualification for our doing so! A Spaniard is said to have travelled to Italy, simply to see Livy; he had his fill of gazing, and then went back again home. Had our young stranger got nothing by his voyage but the sight of the breathing and moving Plato, had he entered no lecture-room to hear, no gymnasium to converse, he had got some measure of education, and something to tell of to his grandchildren.

NOTES.

1. Our Scythian; *our* is here colloquial, "the Scythian, etc., student of whom we have been speaking". The writer has in a previous chapter pointed out how students resorted to Athens from the most remote provinces of the Roman Empire. **3. Saronic waves,** the waters of the Saronic Gulf, now the Gulf of Ægina, between Attica and Argolis. **4. Piræus,** the port of Athens. **5. May be made to order.** He may be assumed to be anything the reader chooses, his rank in life will make no difference to him as a student. **6. Some,** *i.e.*, some one such as Cleanthes. **7. Cleanthes**—lived in the third century B.C. For his slowness and stupidity he was nicknamed *the Ass* by his fellow-students; for his perseverance and industry he gained the more honourable title of *the second Hercules*. **8. Cross his brain**; how did the idea ever occur to him? **11. Drachms,** usually calculated as equal to about 10*d* or 10*as* each. **13. Of all philosophers**; of the many philosophers at Athens, he selected Zeno, the one we should consider the least likely to

have been chosen. **14. Zeno the Stoic** was a native of Cyprus; he was shipwrecked near the Piræus between his twentieth and thirtieth year, and spent twenty years attending the lectures of various professors before he set up his own school. He was called *Stoic*, and his followers *Stoics*, because he lectured in a *Stoa*, a porch (see l. 29) or mantapam, which stood near the market-place, and contained a great painting of the battle of Marathon. **17. Obolus** was a sixth of a drachm, about 1½*as*. **19. If my memory, etc.** If I am not mistaken in my recollection. **23. Illiberal,** used here in its original classic meaning of *ignoble, sordid*. It is the opposite of *liberal* in such a phrase as "a liberal education". There is another side to the story however, for we are told that one of his admirers, King Antigonus of Macedonia, presented him with 3000 *minæ*, or over a lac and a half of rupees—truly a princely fee. **24. Took his pallium,** caught his cloak. **27. Heidelberg,** a celebrated German University town. **29. Stoic by nature,** *i.e.*, his natural inclinations and character were such as to make him follow in practice the principles of the stoic philosophy, even before he professed his faith in them openly. The leading doctrines of stoicism resemble in many points those of Christianity and Buddhism. **31. Marcus.** Marcus Aurelius Antonius, "the philosopher," became emperor at the age of forty (161 A.D.), in succession to his adoptive father, Antonius Pius. His visit to Athens was made in 176 and he died in 180. He wrote a volume of *Meditations*, which still maintains wide popularity and has been the chosen companion of many of our greatest thinkers. **37. Eleusinian mysteries,** the most sacred rites of the Greeks, derived their name from Eleusis in Attica. **38. Of great promise,** giving good ground for the expectation that he will be a great orator. **44. Cicero,** the Roman statesman and orator, was twenty-seven years old when he made this trip to Athens. **51. Solicitous about anachronisms,** careful about accuracy in dates. The author is not arranging these students in chronological order. He cites, as they occur to him, celebrated men living at periods far apart. **57. Difficult to make out,** he is somewhat of a mystery, his birth and character are not well known. **58. Something or other, etc.;** this is said humorously, as the sort of remark likely to be made by the young men at Athens. His father was really Bishop of Nanzianzus in Cappadocia, of which place Gregory himself became subsequently bishop; and whence he has been since known as St. Gregory Nanzianzene. He lived in the fourth century, A.D. **60. Pre-eminently a theologian,** in an especial sense, and more than all others; he was in fact called Gregory the Theologian. **63. Horace,** the Roman poet, was about eighteen when he visited Athens. **66. A hero he is not;** he is commonly put down as anything but a hero, from the fact

mentioned in the text, that at the battle of Philippi he ran away and left his shield behind him—a great disgrace to a Roman. **70. Philippi,** the great battle in which, after the murder of Cæsar, Octavianus and Antonius defeated Brutus and Cassius, 42 B.C. **71. Eunapius;** little is known of him. **77. Proæresius,** the head of all the Athenian teachers of his day, was born A.D. 276, and was eighty-seven years of age when Eunapius arrived at Athens. He lived to the age of ninety-two. **80. Licence;** with the freedom so often taken by, and pardoned in, students. **84. Only not, etc.** If Proæresius were likely to be offended it would be impudence, but as they know he will not care, it can hardly be so called. **102. Town and gown,** the townspeople and the members of the University, who—at Oxford and Cambridge at least—wear gowns. **109. Practise on,** take advantage of, play tricks on him to show his awkwardness and ignorance. **113. Sober Englishmen,** Englishmen of mature age and good sense. **115. Their own sacred territory.** Their own private property, where the police and magistrates could not interfere, so long as no violence was offered to the public. Fighting with snow-balls is a favourite amusement of English schoolboys; and is sometimes in exuberance of spirit indulged in by older men, such as the members of the London Stock Exchange, who are here referred to, merchants and brokers supposed to be devoted only to making money. **124. Agora,** the public square or market-place, corresponding to the Roman *Forum*. **135. Basil,** the Great, also from Cappadocia, became Bishop of Cæsarea. **136. But,** only. **Catechumen,** the Greek *katechoumenos*, instructed = one who is under instruction in the elements of Christianity. **140. Whom,** *i.e.*, whose lectures. **144. Thrust half-a-dozen cards.** The proprietors of hotels are wont to send agents to the various railway stations and wharves with cards containing the address and recommendation of each house. So the Athenian professors and sophists appear to have been in the habit of sending out emissaries or touts to catch new arrivals as pupils. **145. Professor this, or sophist that,** a colloquial mode of describing persons who are only a type and whose names may be anything one chooses. **151. Between ourselves,** a colloquial and humorous touch of confidence with the reader as if to say, "We must admit that this city that we have been praising so, was a very disreputable place, but we shall not tell this to the world, to the people who care nothing about intellect and would only sneer at the filthy streets and sewage-choked wells". **156. At this moment,** *i.e.*, at the commencement of the Crimean war, when Englishmen were much interested in Turkey. **159. The writer,** Dr. W. H. Russell, the *Times'* special correspondent, in his letters to that newspaper in 1854. See extract *Balaclava*. **163. Tumble, etc.,**—let them be placed without care or arrangement on the

slope of a bare hill, without trees or any element of beauty. **173. Seat of the Muses,** Athens, the home of the Arts and Sciences, as personified in the name Muses. **182. Drains,** *i.e.*, open drains, as in Indian as well as Turkish towns, Madras for example. **184. An ancient,** one Dicæarchus, who visited Athens in the fourth century B.C. **194. Magalia,** little huts or tents; applied in particular to the suburbs of Carthage. **195. Grottos,** a cave or subterranean chamber. **196. Swarm up,** climb up the ladder reaching to the upper chamber, garrot, or attic. **211. Libraries,** *i.e.*, public libraries. **212. Attalus,** King of Pergamus, where was a famous library. **Ptolemies,** Kings of Egypt who commenced and built up the world-renowned library of Alexandria. **213. Hadrian,** Roman Emperor, 117-138 A.D.

217. He leaves, descriptive present. The author imagines what a student would do in Athens in the course of a day. **225. Acropolis,** the *High City,* the fortified citadel of Athens, covered with temples and statues, the most celebrated being the *Parthenon* (l. 227), the great temple of Athena the virgin, the patron goddess of Athens. **226. Areopagus,** the *Hill of Ares,* or Mars, where the Upper Council met. **228. Dioscuri,** the twin gods, Castor and Pollux. **229. Sophocles or Æschylus,** Greek dramatists. We can read them in book form, the Athenian student had to go to the theatre and hear them acted. **237. Cimon,** son of the celebrated Miltiades, was ruler of Athens from 480 to his death in 449 B.C. He devoted his great wealth to the adornment of his native city. **241. Ceramicus,** outside the gate, was a broad thoroughfare, lined with the tombs of those who had been deemed worthy of a state burial. **242. Pericles;** the allusion is to a great oration made by Pericles, the celebrated Athenian statesman, in honour of the dead who had fallen at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war. The oration was delivered in the winter of 431-30, and Pericles himself died of the plague in 429. Pericles, artfully utilising his opportunity, under guise of praising the dead really eulogised the living and urged them on to renewed patriotic exertions. **247. Academé,** where Plato taught, and from which we derive our names, academy, academical, etc., is said to have been so named from its original proprietor, a mythical Attic hero, *Academus.* **255. Plato,** the most celebrated in modern times of the Greek philosophers. He lived from 428 to 347 B.C. **266. Livy,** a celebrated Roman historian. The story reminds one of the old Scotch peasant who made a pilgrimage to London to see Carlyle. He posted himself in the street until he saw the sage look out of the window for a minute, when he turned and went away home quite contented. **269. Gymnasium** is

used here in its Greek sense, as a seminary for the higher branches of education. It is used to-day in Germany to mean a school preparatory to the Universities, a High school. In English, it means a place for the performance of athletic exercises. It is derived from Greek *gymnos*, naked.

XVI.—THE INCREASE AND DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

The following extract forms part of the Preliminary Remarks to the treatise on *Political Economy* by John Stuart Mill. In these remarks the author, declaring that the subject of Political Economy is *wealth*, proceeds to discuss what wealth is. Wealth is not *money* though "in common discourse it is always expressed in money," and though money may be "rightly regarded as wealth"; "to be wealthy is to have a large stock of useful articles or the means of purchasing them" "Wealth, then, may be defined, all useful or agreeable things which possess exchangeable value; or, in other words, all useful or agreeable things except those which can be obtained, in the quantity desired, without labour or sacrifice"—as, under ordinary circumstances, air and water.

He then proceeds: "These things having been premised respecting wealth, we shall next turn our attention to the extraordinary differences in respect to it, which exist between nation and nation, and between different ages of the world; differences both in the quantity of wealth and in the kind of it, as well as in the manner in which the wealth existing in the community is shared among its members". This investigation takes the form of a sketch of the world's history, or, we may say, using civilisation in a purely material sense, of the progress of civilisation; and it is this sketch that we have selected.

John Stuart Mill was son of James Mill, the historian of British India. He was born in 1806 and spent the greater part of his life (1823-1858) as an official in the India Office in London. His first great work was the *System of Logic* originally published in 1843, but the most popular has always been the *Political Economy* which first appeared in 1848. In this he had ample scope for his wonderful powers of exposition and argument; and his style is so clear and his language so apt, that the most abstruse portions may be read with ease and even pleasure. The following passage contains more narrative and descriptive matter than is usually found in Mill, yet the enunciation of definite principles and conclusions is never lost sight of. Mill was for a short time (1865-1868) member of Parliament for Westminster, and died in 1873.

THERE is, perhaps, no people or community, now existing, which subsists entirely on the spontaneous produce of vegetation. But many tribes still live exclusively, or almost exclusively, on wild animals, the produce of hunting, or fishing. Their clothing is skins; their habitations, huts rudely formed of logs or boughs of trees, and abandoned at an hour's notice. The food they use being little susceptible of storing up, they have no accumulation of it, and are often exposed to great privations. The wealth of such a community consists solely of the skins they wear; a few ornaments, the taste for which exists among most savages; some rude utensils; the weapons with which they kill their game, or fight against hostile competitors for the means of subsistence; canoes for crossing rivers and lakes, or fishing in the sea: and perhaps some furs or other productions of the wilderness, collected to be exchanged with civilised people for blankets, brandy, and tobacco; of which foreign produce also there may be some unconsumed portion in store. To this scanty inventory of material wealth, ought to be added their land; an instrument of production of which they make slender use, compared with more settled communities, but which is still the source of their subsistence, and which has a marketable value if there be any agricultural community in the neighbourhood requiring more land than it possesses. This is the state of greatest poverty in which any entire community of human beings is known to exist; though there are much richer communities in which portions of the inhabitants are in a condition, as to subsistence and comfort, as little enviable as that of the savage.

The first great advance beyond this state consists in the domestication of the more useful animals; giving rise to the *pastoral* or *nomad* state, in which mankind do not live on the produce of hunting, but on milk and its products, and on the annual increase of flocks and herds This condition is not only more desirable in itself, but more

conducive to further progress: and a much more considerable amount of wealth is accumulated under it. So long as the vast natural pastures of the earth are not yet so fully occupied as to be consumed more rapidly than they are spontaneously reproduced, a large and constantly increasing stock of subsistence may be collected and preserved, with little other labour than that of guarding the cattle from the attacks of wild beasts, and from the force or wiles of predatory men. Large flocks and herds, therefore, are in time possessed by active and thrifty individuals through their own exertions, and by the heads of families and tribes through the exertions of those who are connected with them by allegiance. There thus arises in the shepherd state inequality of possessions; a thing which scarcely exists in the savage state, where no one has much more than absolute necessaries, and in case of deficiency must share even those with his tribe. In the nomad state, some have an abundance of cattle, sufficient for the food of a multitude, while others have not contrived to appropriate and retain any superfluity, or perhaps any cattle at all. But subsistence has ceased to be precarious, since the more successful have no other use which they can make of their surplus than to feed the less fortunate, while every increase in the number of persons connected with them is an increase both of security and of power; and thus they are enabled to divest themselves of all labour except that of government and superintendence, and acquire dependents to fight for them in war and to serve them in peace. One of the features of this state of society is, that a part of the community, and in some degree even the whole of it, possesses leisure. Only a portion of time is required for procuring food, and the remainder is not engrossed by anxious thought for the morrow, or necessary repose from muscular activity. Such a life is highly favourable to the growth of new wants, and opens a possibility of their gratification. A desire arises for better

clothing, utensils, and implements, than the savage state contents itself with; and the surplus food renders it practicable to devote to these purposes the exertions of a part of the tribe. In all or most nomad communities we find domestic manufactures of a coarse, and in some, of a fine kind. There is ample evidence that while those parts of the world which have been the cradle of modern civilisation were still generally in the nomad state, considerable skill had been attained in spinning, weaving, and dyeing woollen garments, in the preparation of leather, and in what appears a still more difficult invention, that of working in metals. Even speculative science took its first beginnings from the leisure characteristic of this stage of social progress. The earliest astronomical observations are attributed, by a tradition which has much appearance of truth, to the shepherds of Chaldæa.

From this state of society to the agricultural the transition is not indeed easy (for no great change in the habits of mankind is otherwise than difficult, and in general either painful or very slow), but it lies in what may be called the spontaneous course of events. The growth of the population of men and cattle began in time to press upon the earth's capabilities of yielding natural pasture: and this cause doubtless produced the first tilling of the ground, just as at a later period the same cause made the superfluous hordes of the nations which had remained nomad precipitate themselves upon those which had already become agricultural; until, these having become sufficiently powerful to repel such inroads, the invading nations, deprived of this outlet, were obliged also to become agricultural communities.

But after this great step had been completed, the subsequent progress of mankind seems by no means to have been so rapid (certain rare combinations of circumstances excepted) as might perhaps have been anticipated. The quantity of human food which the earth is capable of

been disabused, concerning the great opulence of Oriental nations. In this wealth, without reckoning the large portion which adheres to the hands employed in collecting it, many persons, of course, participate, besides the immediate household of the sovereign. A large part is distributed among the various functionaries of Government, and among the objects of the sovereign's favour or caprice. A part is occasionally employed in works of public utility. The tanks, wells, and canals for irrigation, without which in many tropical climates cultivation could hardly be carried on; the embankments which confine the rivers, the bazaars for dealers, and the saráís for travellers, none of which could have been made by the scanty means in the possession of those using them, owe their existence to the liberality and enlightened self-interest of the better order of princes, or to the benevolence or ostentation of here and there a rich individual, whose fortune, if traced to its source, is always found to have been drawn immediately or remotely from the public revenue, most frequently by a direct grant of a portion of it from the sovereign.

The ruler of a society of this description, after providing largely for his own support, and that of all persons in whom he feels an interest, and after maintaining as many soldiers as he thinks needful for his security or his state, has a disposable residue, which he is glad to exchange for articles of luxury suitable to his disposition: as have also the class of persons who have been enriched by his favour, or by handling the public revenues. A demand thus arises for elaborate and costly manufactured articles, adapted to a narrow but a wealthy market. This demand is often supplied almost exclusively by the merchants of more advanced communities, but often also raises up in the country itself a class of artificers, by whom certain fabrics are carried to as high excellence as can be given by patience, quickness of perception and observation, and manual dexterity, without any considerable knowledge of the properties of objects:

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such as some of the cotton fabrics of India. These artificers are fed by the surplus food which has been taken by the Government and its agents as their share of the produce. So literally is this the case, that in some countries the workman, instead of taking the work home, and being paid for it after it is finished, proceeds with his tools to his customer's house, and is there subsisted until the work is complete. The insecurity, however, of all possessions in this state of society, induces even the richest purchasers to give a preference to such articles as, being of an imperishable nature, and containing great value in small bulk, are adapted for being concealed or carried off. Gold and jewels, therefore, constitute a large proportion of the wealth of these nations, and many a rich Asiatic carries nearly his whole fortune on his person, or on those of the women of his harem. No one, except the monarch, thinks of investing his wealth in a manner not susceptible of removal. He, indeed, if he feels safe on his throne, and reasonably secure of transmitting it to his descendants, sometimes indulges a taste for durable edifices, and produces the Pyramids, or the Taj Mahal and the Mausoleum at Sikandra. The rude manufactures destined for the wants of the cultivators are worked up by village artisans, who are remunerated by land given to them rent-free to cultivate, or by fees paid to them in kind from such share of the crop as is left to the villagers by the Government. This state of society, however, is not destitute of a mercantile class; composed of two divisions, grain dealers and money dealers. The grain dealers do not usually buy grain from the producers, but from the agents of Government, who, receiving the revenue in kind, are glad to devolve upon others the business of conveying it to the places where the prince, his chief civil and military officers, the bulk of his troops, and the artisans who supply the wants of these various persons, are assembled. The money dealers lend to the unfortunate cultivators, when ruined by bad seasons or fiscal exactions, the

means of supporting life and continuing their cultivation, and are repaid with enormous interest at the next harvest; or, on a larger scale, they lend to the Government, or to those to whom it has granted a portion of the revenue, and are indemnified by assignments on the revenue collectors, or by having certain districts put into their possession, that they may pay themselves from the revenue; to enable them to do which, a great portion of the powers of Government are usually made over simultaneously, to be exercised by them until either the districts are redeemed, or their receipts have liquidated the debt. Thus, the commercial operations of both these classes of dealers take place principally upon that part of the produce of the country which forms the revenue of the Government. From that revenue their capital is periodically replaced with a profit, and that is also the source from which their original funds have almost always been derived. Such, in its general features, is the economical condition of most of the countries of Asia, as it has been from beyond the commencement of authentic history, and is still, wherever not disturbed by foreign influences.

In the agricultural communities of ancient Europe whose early condition is best known to us, the course of things was different. These, at their origin, were mostly small town communities, at the first plantation of which, in an unoccupied country, or in one from which the former inhabitants had been expelled, the land which was taken possession of was regularly divided, in equal or in graduated allotments, among the families composing the community. In some cases, instead of a town there was a confederation of towns, occupied by people of the same reputed race, and who were supposed to have settled in the country about the same time. Each family produced its own food and the materials of its clothing, which were worked up within itself, usually by the women of the family, into the coarse fabrics with which the age was contented. Taxes there

were none, as there were either no paid officers of Government, or if there were, their payment had been provided for by a reserved portion of land, cultivated by slaves on account of the State; and the army consisted of the body of citizens. The whole produce of the soil, therefore, belonged, without deduction, to the family which cultivated it. So long as the progress of events permitted this disposition of property to last, the state of society was, for the majority of the free cultivators, probably not an undesirable one; and under it, in some cases, the advance of mankind in intellectual culture was extraordinarily rapid and brilliant. This more especially happened where, along with advantageous circumstances of race and climate, and no doubt with many favourable accidents of which all trace is now lost, was combined the advantage of a position on the shores of a great inland sea, the other coasts of which were already occupied by settled communities. The knowledge which in such a position was acquired of foreign productions, and the easy access of foreign ideas and inventions, made the chain of routine, usually so strong in a rude people, hang loosely on these communities. To speak only of their industrial development; they early acquired variety of wants and desires, which stimulated them to extract from their own soil the utmost which they knew how to make it yield; and when their soil was sterile, or after they had reached the limit of its capacity, they often became traders, and bought up the productions of foreign countries to sell them in other countries with a profit.

The duration, however, of this state of things was from the first precarious. These little communities lived in a state of almost perpetual war. For this there were many causes. In the ruder and purely agricultural communities a frequent cause was the mere pressure of their increasing population upon their limited land, aggravated as that pressure so often was by deficient harvests in the rude state of their agriculture, and depending as they did for food upon a

very small extent of country. On these occasions the community often emigrated in a body, or sent forth a swarm of its youth, to seek, sword in hand, for some less warlike people, who could be expelled from their land, or detained to cultivate it as slaves for the benefit of their despoilers. What the less advanced tribes did from necessity, the more prosperous did from ambition and the military spirit: and after a time the whole of these city communities were either conquerors or conquered. In some cases, the conquering state contented itself with imposing a tribute on the vanquished: who being, in consideration of that burden, freed from the expense and trouble of their own military and naval protection, might enjoy under it a considerable share of economical prosperity, while the ascendant community obtained a surplus of wealth, available for purposes of collective luxury or magnificence. From such a surplus the Parthenon and the Propylæa were built, the sculptures of Pheidias paid for, and the festivals celebrated, for which Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes composed their dramas. But this state of political relations, most useful, while it lasted, to the progress and ultimate interest of mankind, had not the elements of durability. A small conquering community which does not incorporate its conquests always ends by being conquered. Universal dominion, therefore, at last rested with the people who practised this art—with the Romans; who, whatever were their other devices, always either began or ended by taking a great part of the land to enrich their own leading citizens, and by adopting into the governing body the principal possessors of the remainder. It is unnecessary to dwell on the melancholy economical history of the Roman empire. When inequality of wealth once commences, in a community not constantly engaged in repairing by industry the injuries of fortune, its advances are gigantic; the great masses of wealth swallow up the smaller. The Roman empire ultimately became covered with the vast landed

possessions of a comparatively few families, for whose luxury, and still more for whose ostentation, the most costly products were raised, while the cultivators of the soil were slaves, or small tenants in a nearly servile condition. From this time the wealth of the empire progressively declined. In the beginning, the public revenues and the resources of rich individuals sufficed at least to cover Italy with splendid edifices, public and private: but at length so dwindled under the enervating influences of misgovernment, that what remained was not even sufficient to keep those edifices from decay. The strength and riches of the civilised world became inadequate to make head against the nomad population which skirted its northern frontier: they overran the empire, and a different order of things succeeded.

In the new frame in which European society was now cast, the population of each country may be considered as composed, in unequal proportions, of two distinct nations or races, the conquerors and the conquered: the first the proprietors of the land, the latter the tillers of it. These tillers were allowed to occupy the land on conditions which, being the product of force, were always onerous, but seldom to the extent of absolute slavery. Already, in the later times of the Roman empire, predial slavery had extensively transformed itself into a kind of serfdom: the *coloni* of the Romans were rather villeins than actual slaves; and the incapacity and distaste of the barbarian conquerors for personally superintending industrial occupations, left no alternative but to allow to the cultivators, as an incentive to exertion, some real interest in the soil. If, for example, they were compelled to labour three days in the week for their superior, the produce of the remaining days was their own. If they were required to supply the provisions of various sorts ordinarily needed for the consumption of the castle, and were often subject to requisitions in excess, yet after supplying these demands they were suffered to dispose at their will of whatever additional produce they could raise.

Under this system during the Middle Ages it was not impossible, no more than in modern Russia (where, up to the recent measure of emancipation, the same system still essentially prevailed) for serfs to acquire property; and, in fact, their accumulations are the primitive source of the wealth of modern Europe.

In that age of violence and disorder, the first use made by a serf of any small provision which he had been able to accumulate was to buy his freedom and withdraw himself to some town or fortified village, which had remained undestroyed from the time of the Roman dominion; or, without buying his freedom, to abscond thither. In that place of refuge, surrounded by others of his own class, he attempted to live, secured in some measure from the outrages and exactions of the warrior caste, by his own prowess and that of his fellows. These emancipated serfs mostly became artificers; and lived by exchanging the produce of their industry for the surplus food and material which the soil yielded to its feudal proprietors. This gave rise to a sort of European counterpart of the economical condition of Asiatic countries; except that, in lieu of a single monarch and a fluctuating body of favourites and employés, there was a numerous and in a considerable degree fixed class of great landholders; exhibiting far less splendour, because individually disposing of a much smaller surplus produce, and for a long time expending the chief part of it in maintaining the body of retainers whom the warlike habits of society, and the little protection afforded by Government, rendered indispensable to their safety. The greater stability, the fixity of personal position, which this state of society afforded, in comparison with the Asiatic polity to which it economically corresponded, was one main reason why it was also found more favourable to improvement. From this time the economical advancement of society has not been further interrupted. Security of person and property grew slowly, but steadily; the arts of life made constant progress; plunder

ceased to be the principal source of accumulation; and feudal Europe ripened into commercial and manufacturing Europe. In the latter part of the Middle Ages, the towns of Italy and Flanders, the free cities of Germany, and some towns of France and England, contained a large and energetic population of artisans, and many rich burghers, whose wealth had been acquired by manufacturing industry, or by trading in the produce of such industry. The Commons of England, the Tiers-État of France, the *bourgeoisie* of the Continent generally, are the descendants of this class. As these were a saving class, while the posterity of the feudal aristocracy were a squandering class, the former by degrees substituted themselves for the latter as the owners of a great proportion of the land. This natural tendency was in some cases retarded by laws contrived for the purpose of detaining the land in the families of its existing possessors, in other cases accelerated by political revolutions. Gradually, though more slowly, the immediate cultivators of the soil, in all the more civilised countries, ceased to be in a servile or semi-servile state: though the legal position, as well as the economical condition attained by them, vary extremely in the different nations of Europe, and in the great communities which have been founded beyond the Atlantic by the descendants of Europeans.

NOTES.

2. **Subsists,** lives, is supported. The verb is intransitive, but Mill constantly uses a passive form of it, *e.g.*, l. 187, is there subsisted = is there provided with the means of living. **Spontaneous produce,** what grows without cultivation. No tribe lives exclusively on the fruit, seeds, etc., found growing wild. 6. **At an hour's notice,** not to be taken literally; at short notice. The dwellings are of so little value and so easily built, that they are abandoned without hesitation. 21. **Instrument of production,** *i.e.*, a means of producing wealth. 24. **Marketable value,** the ground is sufficiently valuable to fetch a price if offered for sale. 32. **Domestication,** taming and keeping for the

use of man, the more useful animals, *e.g.*, the cow, the sheep, the horse, the camel. **33. Pastoral,** a *pastor* is one who superintends animals grazing, hence the pastoral state is one in which the tribe devotes itself to the superintendence of the domesticated animals. This involves moving from place to place in search of pasture, hence—**Nomad**—the Greek equivalent of the Latin *pastor*, is frequently employed in the sense of *wandering*. **40. Consumed more rapidly,** *i.e.*, so long as the earth produces regularly without cultivation, a greater supply of food than is consumed. **62. They are enabled;** when inequality of possessions has commenced, some become rapidly so much richer than others that they can devote a share of their wealth to the support of their poorer neighbours, who thus become their dependents, working or fighting for them. These rich men do not then require to work themselves, but superintend and govern. **74. Surplus food,** more food is produced by cultivation than the cultivators themselves consume. Hence all need not be cultivators. Some cultivate, and their surplus, or the amount they do not require for their own subsistence, can be devoted to the subsistence of those engaged in manufactures. **79. Cradle, etc.,** *i.e.*, those parts of the world in which modern civilisation was developed and fostered. **84. Speculative science,** theoretical science, meditating on, and constructing theories as to the various phenomena of Nature. **88. Chaldæa,** a province of Babylon, hence used for the whole empire of Babylon. **89. Agricultural,** *i.e.*, the state in which people till the ground, and therefore necessarily settle down in fixed seats. **94. Press upon,** the food consumed by men and cattle comes to be more than the earth produces without cultivation. **99. Precipitate themselves,** throw themselves, attack the agriculturists and invade their territories. When the agriculturists are strong enough to repel them, the nomads must settle down and become agriculturists themselves. **108. Is capable of returning,** *i.e.*, will produce when cultivated even under the worst system of agriculture. **123. Torn from,** in the shape of rent, taxes, etc. **138. Régime.** French = system of administration. **141. With any tolerable management,** with moderately good management. Though the great bulk of the people are very poor, the Government through its exactions can appear to be wealthy; hence Europeans persist in believing Oriental nations to be very wealthy. **147. Adheres to the hands,** is retained justly or corruptly, by the officials or agents who collect the revenue. **159. Enlightened self-interest.** The wiser princes are sufficiently enlightened to perceive that such expenditure, which encourages trade and commerce, is really to their own benefit and is returned with ample interest. **168. State,** rank, dignity. **169. Disposable residue,** *i.e.*, after defraying their expenses he has some

money left which he can devote to the purchase of articles of luxury. **174. A narrow, etc.,** *i.e.*, there are not many purchasers for the class of goods indicated, but the few purchasers are wealthy and prepared to pay high prices. **200. Pyramids,** built as tombs by Egyptian kings. They are the most remarkable instances of *durability* in building in the world. **201. Taj Mahal.** The Taj at Agra was erected by the Emperor Shah Jahan over the body of his favourite wife Arjamand Banu. It is said that 20,000 workmen were employed for seventeen years in building it. It is estimated to have cost over £4,000,000 sterling (over 600 laks of rupees), and was completed in A.D. 1648. **Mausoleum at Sikandra;** at Sikandra, six miles distant from Agra, is the mausoleum or tomb of the Emperor Akbar.

The following short descriptions of Taj Mahal and the Mausoleum are taken from *Picturesque India*, by W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P.

"The Taj Mahal is 186 feet square, and 220 feet high to the top of the dome. It is raised upon a plinth of white marble, 313 feet square and 18 feet above the level of the garden. At each corner of the plinth stand four tapering minarets 137 feet high. At each side of the Taj 400 feet back, across a great court flagged with marble, are splendid mosques of red sandstone, richly decorated with mosaics of white marble, topped with three marble domes, only inferior in beauty to that of the Taj itself. Inside the Taj the Emperor Shah Jahan and his beloved queen lie buried side by side in marble tombs, inlaid with rich gems, lighted by double screens of white marble trellis work of the most exquisite design and workmanship, one on the outer, the other on the inner face of the walls. In England a building thus lighted would be gloomy and dark; under the blazing sun of India it only tempers a glare that would otherwise be unbearable, while giving light enough to see the infinite lace-like details of the wonderful screen of open tracery surrounding the cenotaphs" (p. 211).

"The mausoleum has five storeys or arched causeways of hewn stone richly carved, the bottom storey being 320 feet square with towers at each angle; it is thirty feet in height, with ten lofty arches in each face; the entrance to the tomb being about sixty feet high, topped with an exquisite marble cupola. The grand simplicity of this vast platform forms the best of settings for the more ornate terrace which stands upon it, measuring 186 feet each way, and 15 feet in height. Upon this stand a third and fourth storey of similar design, the whole building so far being of red sandstone elaborately carved. The fifth storey is of the purest white marble, a cloistered quadrangle within, surrounded with marble trellis work of the most intricate and beautiful designs, through which the blue of the sky and the dark green of the tangled garden gleam like some jewelled mosaic. Dainty cupolas

crown the angles. In the centre is the cenotaph of Alabar, decorated with arabesque tracery. A few feet from the monument stands a marble pillar containing a receptacle, in which it is said the Koh-i-noor was kept. In the heart of this stupendous pile of arched terraces lies the grave of the mighty Alabar, in a gloomy domed chamber, into which the light of day faintly struggles through narrow apertures in the walls. This huge mausoleum took twenty years to build, and is said to have employed 3000 workmen the whole time. The total height of the building is about 100 feet" (pp. 227, 8).

211. **In kind,** in grain or other produce, and in money. 216. **Fiscal exactions,** taxes and all payments to Government. 221. **Indemnified by assignments,** guaranteed against loss by being given a charge on the revenues of specific districts, or having the collection of the revenues handed over to them. 268. **Great inland sea,** the Mediterranean. 272. **Chain of routine,** force of custom. The power of custom, of *mamul*, is strong among communities that have little intercourse with other nations. The facilities for trade and travel among the peoples settled on the Mediterranean sea-board weakened the strength of custom. 290. **A swarm,** a metaphor from bees. When a tribe is over full a portion of the members depart under a new queen and found a new colony. This is a swarm. 302. **The ascendant community,** the conquering state. 305. **Parthenon,** a great temple, of the goddess Athenê at Athens. **Propylæa,** from *pro*, before, and *pyle*, a gate, the gateway to a temple, or a temple enclosure. Here used specifically to designate the entrance to the Acropolis at Athens, constructed by Pericles. 306. **Pheidias,** a celebrated Greek sculptor. 310. **Elements of durability,** it had not then conditions which would ensure its permanence; it could not last long. 322. **Its advances, etc.,** *i.e.*, it progresses with great rapidity. The rich become quickly richer, and the poor become poorer. 337. **Overran the empire,** the Teutonic peoples from central and northern Europe invaded and overran the Roman empire—which was at that time conterminous with the civilised world.

347. **Predial slavery,** agricultural slavery; slaves bound to work upon an estate, and often bought and sold with the estate. These slaves became transformed into *serfs* or *villeins*, dependent upon the lord or estate owner, and bound to cultivate his land and render him various services, being, however, otherwise free and able to hold and cultivate land for themselves. 348. **Coloni,** the Roman name for cultivators holding the position of serfs. 361. **This system,** the feudal system of land tenure. 363. **Recent measure,** fifty millions of Russian serfs were emancipated in 1861 by the Emperor Alexander II. 380. **Sort of European counterpart,** the state of things in