TO-DAY.

No. 17.—JUNE, 1885.

Socialist Spring Song.

The Spring is here, and the long nights grow
Less bitterly cold than awhile ago,
Our rags serve their purpose now and keep
Warmth enough in us to let us sleep,
The rain that trickles down our walls
No longer seems to freeze as it falls,
There was dust, not mud, on our feet today,
There's some green in a flower-pot over the way,
The sky-strip over the court 's changed hue—
From dull yellow-gray to clear gray blue;
Through our broken windows no more the storm
Laughs and shrieks as we try to keep warm,
But through dusty panes long sunbeams peer,
For the Spring is here.

Small joy the greenness and grace of spring
To gray hard lives like our own can bring.
A drowning man cares little to think
Of the lights on the waves where he soon must sink.
The greenest garments the spring can wear
Are black already with our despair.
Earth will be one with us soon, shall we care
If snow or sunshine be over us there,
Or if wintry the world be we found so drear
Or if Spring be here?

In the Western half of our Christian town
The winter only pretends to frown,

And when his undreaded rage is done
The "London Season" they say is begun.
With wine, feast, revelling, laugh and song,
The hours rose-garlanded dance along.
The whirl of wickedness wilder grows,
In this western camp of our bitter foes.
They fight with each other—the victors take
The largest share of the wealth we make.
They spend on their houses, their women, their wives,
The money wrung from our blasted lives.
It is theirs to enjoy—it is ours to pay.
Do they never dream of a reckoning day
When the lives they have wrecked shall be counted up,
And measured the blood that has brightened their cup,
When we who have worked shall take payment due
And they, for their work, shall have payment too?
Do they dream of that coming time? Not they!
Their feet flit fast down the steep swift way.
They see not the waiting snakes that hide
In the hot-house flowers at their life-path's side.
They know no justice, no pity, no fear—
But the Spring is here!

Yes—*here!* In the hope we had almost lost
That has sprung to bud after long years' frost—
In this fire in our veins that cries "Give youth,
Love, manhood, life, for the Right and the Truth."
In our steady purpose—for Freedom's sake—
Through custom, privilege, "Fate," to break—
In the brains of the thinkers, the arms of the men
Who will strike and strike and still strike again
Till they cut our way to the land of flowers,
And the summer of freedom at last is ours.
In these is the Spring. The winter was sore—
It is over and done—and will come no more.
The fruit will grow with the changing year
Though only the blossoms now appear
For the sake of the fruit the blossoms are dear,
And the Spring is here—the Spring is here.

E. NESBIT.

A Nursery of Millionaires

ETON College is an institution which is usually regarded by advanced thinkers with a feeling akin to despair. "*Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa*," is the thought that is uppermost in their minds, as they see the provoking stability and prosperity enjoyed by this remarkable relic of mediæval times, to which, in spite of the acknowledged deficiencies in the Eton system of education, our modern aristocrats and plutocrats vie in sending their sons. Yet the study of Eton ought surely to be interesting and instructive to all advocates of social reform, if only for the reason that it furnishes them with an admirable example of the evil results of inordinate wealth. Just as a philosophical writer, engaged in studying the question of Liberty from every point of view, might not unprofitably undertake a journey to St. Petersburg, in order to observe the working of the precisely opposite system to that which he advocates, so the social reformer may derive an unfailing text for his sermons by the contemplation of the chief of English public schools. Eton, the nursery of our future landlords and capitalists, offers a *multum-in-parvo* of information on the subject of social inequality and freedom of contract; for it shows us not only the benefits that result from a richly endowed institution, and a school composed of the sons of the wealthiest men in the country, but also a model system of free trade in boys, and internecine competition among the masters engaged in tuition.

It is sometimes urged, in defence of the Eton system, that the social advantages of the school outbalance educational defects. Boys are sent to Eton, it is said, to learn how to *live* rather than to acquire book-learning. I fear that this consolatory suggestion, which is often fondly entertained by patriotic Etonians, has little foundation in fact, for though Eton boys have of course the opportunity common to all other schoolboys, and not peculiar to Etonians, of making school friendships which are often valuable in after-life, they have certainly no special reason to congratulate themselves, as far as Eton itself is concerned, on the social condition of its inmates. It will perhaps be found convenient to consider the social *status* of Eton under three heads—viz. (1) the endowed College; (2) the position of the boys; (3) the position of the masters.

(1) In the first place, we find at Eton one of the most richly

endowed colleges in England, thanks to the munificent provision of the Royal Founder, Henry VI., whose praiseworthy intention was to establish "a seat of learning for poor scholars," though Eton has unfortunately become precisely the opposite of this. One peculiarity of Eton is what may be called its dual control, for the *College* government is still distinct from the *School*, though both are now under the supervision of the governing body. There are accordingly two funds; of which the College fund is supplied by the revenues derived from land, tithes, and house-rent, while the School fund is dependent on the payments made by the parents of the boys. Eton thus possesses an immense pecuniary advantage over ordinary schools, which are compelled to pay *all* expenses out of the regular school charges; whereas at Eton, the building expenses and such-like outlays, are defrayed by the College, and the School fund is only called upon to pay masters' salaries and direct educational charges. In other words, the nation, or a portion of the nation, contributes annually a large sum towards the maintenance of a wealthy institution which is already amply supplied by the heavy charges levied on the parents of the boys. What good is done with all these College revenues? What can this "endowed College," or in plain words, charity school, show for all the money it annually draws? The question may readily be asked; but it is not so easy to answer it? The maintenance and education of the seventy King's Scholars, which is the chief function performed by the College of Eton, can hardly be held to be a very valuable service to the country in general, for the pious intention of the founder is now quite disregarded, and the King's Scholars are for the most part sons of well-to-do parents, who could easily afford to pay for their childrens' education from their private resources. But the most flagrant waste in the application of these funds, is the payment of a Provost and Fellows for doing nothing at all. The Provost receives £2,000 a year, without the obligation of any duties worthy of the name, while the Fellows each get some £800 a year, together with a residence in College, and a valuable country living into the bargain. The absurdity of this arrangement has been so far recognised, that no more Fellows are now to be appointed; but the Provostship has been allowed to remain intact, though it is obvious that the nominal duties of the Provost could be far better discharged by the Head-Master. On the whole, it is impossible to examine this endowed institution with one's eyes open, without coming to the conclusion that a vast deal of the nation's money is annually squandered in supporting a very costly and very useless establishment.

(2) Secondly let us consider a still more important subject, the social influences surrounding the boys educated at Eton. Nowhere are the baneful effects of inordinate weath more conspicuously seen than in this nursery of youthful millionaires. The boys themselves, under favourable conditions, would offer good material to the teacher, being in a large majority of cases naturally good-tempered and well-meaning enough, but they are ruined by the very profusion of the gifts which fortune has lavished on them. How can boys become otherwise than extravagant, selfish, and unintellectual, when they are

unfortunate enough to possess the means of indulging every luxurious whim that enters their minds? It is no exaggeration to say that an Eton boy often spends in the course of a school-time as much money as would support a poor family for the same period; and this too in mere additional luxuries, quite irrespective of the regular school expenses. Unnecessary bills at the tailor's and haberdasher's; unnecessary purchases for the adornment of his person or his room; unnecessary feeding at the pastry-cook's or confectioner's; all these soon form lasting habits of selfish indulgence, for which no amount of graceful self-possession and ease of demeanour can possibly compensate. It is impossible to blame individual parents for their son's extravagance; indeed, many of them are fully aware of the temptations the boys incur by this superabundance of wealth, but at Rome one must do as Rome does, and the force of custom is too strong to admit of individual improvement. It is only one more proof, if proof were needed, that the unequal distribution of wealth is fatal to the true welfare of the rich, as well as a crushing injustice to the poor.

The extravagance of Eton boys is recognised and deplored by many Etonians, and it was as a counterpoise to this growing evil that the "Eton Mission" in Hackney Wick was established some years ago. The object of those who promoted this charitable institution was doubtless beyond all praise, but it must nevertheless be pointed out that such charity, though it may benefit a few individuals, can do no lasting good either to the upper classes or the lower, to those who give, or those who take. It cannot permanently benefit the poor; for it does not attempt to ascertain and remove the root of the evil. It cannot really benefit the rich; for to give a trifle out of much superfluous wealth is no very valuable moral training, especially for boys who regard all such subscriptions as a necessary tax, to be extracted, if possible, from the parental purse. How different might it be, if Eton boys were invited to consider the true source of their parents' wealth; if the proposition were set nakedly before them. What is the meaning of "having—say—ten thousand a year?" If they were once led to ponder the question why they and their parents are clothed, fed, and supported, without being compelled to work for their own living, it might be an invaluable moral lesson, and one that would make them less disposed to indulge thenceforth in any needless luxuries and extravagance. But this is a subject which must be carefully concealed from Eton boys; and accordingly they grow up with an undisturbed conscience, and a serene conviction that it is a fine thing to live sumptuously on the labour of others.

(3) This brings me to the third division our subject. It being obvious enough, if not to Eton boys, at any rate to the readers of *To-Day*, that the lavish wealth which supports this aristocratic school is the fruit of the toil of thousands of poor men in fields and factories, whose children are starved in body and mind in order that their employers' sons may be educated regardless of cost; we may at least expect a striking result from this favoured institution. As the parents of Eton boys are able, through the power they possess over the labour of their poorer fellow-countrymen, to pay enormous sums for their children's education, and as the College

of Eton is largely endowed with revenues drawn from the same source, we may reasonably look to this quarter for a masterpiece of educational success. Other and cheaper schools, which have to contend with the difficulty of insufficient funds, manage to give their boys a more or less satisfactory training; but at Eton we shall surely find the *ne plus ultra* of sound scholarship and intellectual acquirements. Strange to say, the result is the very contrary of our anticipations. Nowhere is there a more shallow, flimsy, and unsatisfactory education than that given in Henry VI's Royal Institution; the poorest grammar-school would be ashamed to turn out boys so ill-educated as nine-tenths of our Etonians, And the main cause of this is not far to seek; it is the competition among the masters themselves that ruins the efficiency of the teaching at Eton, and prevents any real progress. Most unhappily for the school, the system of payment is based on an indirect and competitive method of remuneration, which allows some individuals to become extremely rich, while others, for no apparent reason, are left in comparative poverty. This internecine competition, this system of "devil take the hindmost" in the matter of getting pupils, is the more deplorable at Eton, because the very large payments made by the parents of the boys would, if fairly apportioned, enable all the masters, indeed a much larger staff than that at present appointed, to draw proper salaries. Exclusive of all charges for board and maintenance (which are very high), each boy pays an entrance fee of ten guineas, and an annual sum of £24 into the school fund. Taking the average number of boys as 900, and the average entry of new boys as 300 in the year, we find the school fund in possession of between £24,000 and £25,000 for annual payment of Masters and educational expenses. But, besides this, each boy has to pay £21 per annum to a private classical tutor, and thus a sum of nearly £19,000 is spent wholly on indirect tuition, and is scrambled for by a competitive process from which all non-classical masters are rigidly excluded. What wonder if the School fund is impoverished by this immense absorption of money into private channels? The result of this special endowment of the classical masters is of course the creation of a "vested interest" as a privileged class, which insists on the retainment of the old classical *curriculum*, in all its utter absurdity and waste of time, for fear that the introduction of modern studies should necessitate a reform of the financial system, and thus lead to the abolition of the tutorial fee. Moreover, as the school fund is thus impoverished by the interception of nearly half the money paid by the parents of the boys, it is impossible to engage as many masters as the large size of the school really demands, and, accordingly, the "divisions" often contain as many as forty boys, and never less than thirty, thus seriously impairing the efficiency of the teaching. In fact, nearly all the defects in the Eton system of education, and their name is legion, are directly due to the anomalous method of payment, and the ceaseless competition among the classical masters to secure the largest number of private pupils. Reforms which have long been urgently needed are constantly postponed, in order that the existing state of affairs may not be interfered with; and the utility

of the schoolwork is thus ruthlessly sacrificed to private interests.

So far, I have spoken only of the payments for educational work; but if we turn to the boarding-houses, we find just the same indecent scramble going on, and here, too, on a large scale, for the mathematical and science masters have now established their right to take a house, though they cannot take "pupils." In a collegiate establishment such as Eton, where a sort of brotherhood is supposed to exist among the masters, one would have thought that the entrance of new boys into the various houses would be arranged on some fair and equitable principle, by which each master would have his just share, no more and no less. Free trade in boys, and freedom of contract for masters, have, however, brought about a totally different result. Some houses are full to overflowing, thus enabling the lucky masters who hold them to lay by very large sums of money every year; while others are so empty as to reduce their unfortunate owners almost to beggary; and this inequality is generally owing to mere luck or prejudice, and not to any difference of ability in the masters themselves.

Thus it comes about that in this wealthiest of all public schools there is less unanimity of aim among the masters than in any other place of education. Vested rights, conflicting interests, and inequalities of payment, wreck every hope of any real and substantial progress. A few men make large fortunes, but the majority are discontented and restless; few love the work for the work's sake, and indeed not without good reason, for of all work done in this world, this is probably the most useless and wasteful. No modern improvements can be introduced, no considerations of the value of time can be entertained for a moment; the old classical system, in all its utter folly, must be rigidly upheld, in order that privileged classical tutors may continue to draw as large salaries as their predecessors.

These, it seems to me, are the chief faults in the social system of Eton College, and terrible faults they are. The worst of the outlook is that there is at present little prospect of any real reform. When the Provostship was vacant last summer, strong hopes were expressed that our "Liberal" Premier would break through the traditional custom of promoting the Headmaster of the time being, and would appoint to the Provostship some really eminent man, who would make his presence felt in the place, and not regard his office as a mere sinecure. These hopes were disappointed; for the appointment was made on the old lines; and the Head Mastership, thus rendered vacant, was subsequently awarded by the Governing Body to one of the most conservative of the assistant masters. All this shows how useless it is to hope for any real reform of our public schools. Royal Commissions may be appointed, and Blue-books may be issued; but things continue to go on in the old corrupt style, and will so continue, as far as one can judge, to the end of the chapter. And, indeed, what reform *can* there be of the two first evils of which I have spoken, the unnecessary endowments of the College, and the shameful extravagance of the boys, as long as the whole social condition of the country remains as it now is? Eton in these respects is merely an England in miniature, and offers, as I said at the beginning of

this article, a *multum-in-parvo* of information as an instance of social injustice. The third evil—viz., the pecuniary competition among the masters themselves, might of course be remedied by a sensible and strong-minded Head-master, determined to put the school-teaching on a satisfactory basis, but it must be confessed that the appointment of such a reformer seems at the present time indefinitely remote.

I remember well the occasion when the gloomy thought was first suggested to my mind that reform at Eton is an impossibility, and indeed a contradiction in terms. I was travelling in a fast train on the Great Western line, the only other occupant of the carriage being a middle-aged gentleman, with a disappointed but resigned-looking countenance, who was earnestly engaged in studying a German book by the help of a translation. When we passed within sight of Windsor and Eton, and were attracted by the "distant view" which the poet Gray has immortalised, my fellow-traveller confided to me that he too had been educated at Eton; "and," he added, pointing to the German book he was reading, "I have ever since been struggling to make up for the time then wasted." On my expressing a hope that modern subjects might soon be introduced more successfully into the Eton *curriculum*, he replied that he did not see the least prospect of any real reform, and that he believed Eton must eventually "perish irredeemably."

This was a discouraging prediction to one who was at that time enthusiastic on the subject of "Floreat Etona." I sincerely hope that my fellow-traveller's prognostication may prove to have been mistaken; but I am free to admit that an enlarged study of the subject during ten year's mastership at Eton has led me to a somewhat similar conclusion. For when an institution is maintained, not by its own intrinsic worth and real utility, but by the wealth, fashion, and prejudice of those who patronise it; when it depends for support, not on its merits in the present, but on its prestige and renown in the past; then the end of the institution, however long it may be delayed, is usually a disastrous one. For the collapse will come at last; though it must be confessed there are some ruins which seem to be gifted with an inexplicable stability. It is of such as these that Browning writes in "Childe Roland"—

> "'Tis the last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
> Calcine its clods, and set its prisoners free.'

H. S. Salt.

Paley on Property.

A HUNDRED years ago William Paley, late Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, then Archdeacon of Carlisle, published his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy." It preceded the even more popular "Evidences of Christianity," and was his first important work. There is a fitness in considering his views on the centenary of his appearance as an author.

I think my readers will allow that Paley's reputation is not that of a revolutionary philosopher. His conclusions are generally orthodox. Socialists are supposed to attack "the rights of property." Let us hear Paley on the subject of landlord and capitalist:

"If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst, pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool); getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provision, which their own industry produces; looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft."—("Moral Philosophy," Book III., Chapter I.)

After this startling picture of the absurdities into which a selfish individualism betrays men, he devotes a chapter (Book III., Chapter II.) to the "Use of the Institution of Property." "There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following:

(1.) It increases the produce of the earth. (2.) It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity. (3.) It prevents contests. (4.) It improves the conveniency of living."

In attempting to prove these propositions he ignores the indictment he has himself brought against existing order, and merely urges that order of any kind is better than none at all. Here is a warning for advocates of Land Nationalisation. "In the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property (*i.e.*, property in land) obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another." Reflect, oh reckless disciples of Henry George; would not literal cannibalism be worse than the metaphorical voracity of landlords? All his arguments are weakened by his omission to face his own assault. Having demonstrated to his satisfaction that government, even of the most casual and unfair description, is less horrible than utter anarchy, he pleasantly assumes, he has shown that whatever is, is well.

"Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable." Here a sudden qualm seizes him; he suspects a flaw in his reasoning, and vaguely adds: "If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected."

The next chapter, a mythological history of property, I pass over, and come to his speculations on Property in Land. He finds "a difficulty in explaining the origin of this property consistently with the law of nature," and shrewdly remarks that "moralists have given many different accounts of this matter; which diversity alone, perhaps, is a proof that none of them are satisfactory." He discusses three; the "tacit consent" theory; Locke's solution that "by occupying a piece of ground, a man inseparably mixes his labour with it, by which means the piece of ground becomes thenceforward his own"; the theory "that as God has provided these things for the use of all, he has of consequence given each leave to take of them what he wants." But then this last "justifies property, as far as necessaries alone, or, at the most, as far as a competent provision for our natural exigencies." He dismisses them all and substitutes a theory of his own in an interesting passage, which I quote at length:

"These are the accounts that have been given of the matter by the best writers upon the subject; but, were these accounts perfectly unexceptionable, they would none of them, I fear, avail us in vindicating our present claims of property in land, unless it were more probable than it is that our estates were actually acquired at first, in some of the ways which these accounts suppose; and that a regular regard had been paid to justice in every successive transmission of them since; for, if one link in the chain fail, every title posterior to it falls to the ground."

"The real foundation of our right is the Law of the Land."

"It is the intention of God that the produce of the earth be applied to the use of man; this intention cannot be fulfilled with-

out establishing property; it is consistent therefore with His will that property be established. The land cannot be divided into separate property, without leaving it to the law of the country to regulate that division; it is consistent therefore with the same will that the law should regulate that division, and, consequently, *consistent with the will of God*, or *right*, that I should possess that share which these regulations assign me."

This is a step forward. "The will of God" is evidently a higher sort of expediency, and capable of wide interpretation. "The law of the land" can be altered, as our conception of "the will of God" changes. Paley expressly declares, on omniscient authority, "that nothing ought to be made exclusive property, which can be conveniently enjoyed in common."

CHARLES A. EVERY.

Cashel Byron's Profession.

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,

Author of "An Unsocial Socialist," "The Irrational Knot," &c.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT day Alice accepted Miss Carew's invitation. Lydia, who seemed to regard all conclusions as foregone when she had once signified her approval of them, took the acceptance as a matter of course. Alice thereupon thought fit to remind her that there were other persons to be considered. So she said,

"I should not have hesitated yesterday but for my mother. It seems so heartless to leave her."

"You have a sister at home, have you not?"

"Yes. But she is not very strong; and my mother requires a great deal of attention." Alice paused, and added in a lower voice, "She has never recovered from the shock of my father's death."

"Your father is then not long dead?" said Lydia in her usual tone.

"Only two years," said Alice coldly. "I hardly know how to tell my mother that I am going to desert her."

"Go and tell her to-day, Alice," said Miss Carew composedly. "You need not be afraid of hurting her. Grief of two year's standing is nothing but a bad habit."

Alice started, outraged, Her mother's grief was sacred to her; and yet it was by her experience of her mother that she recognized the truth of Lydia's remark, and felt that it was unanswerable. She frowned; but the frown was lost: Miss Carew was not looking at her. Then she rose and went to the door, where she stopped to say,

"You do not know our family circumstances. I will go now and try to prevail on my mother to let me stay with you."

"Please come back in good time for dinner," said Lydia, unmoved. "I will introduce you to my cousin Lucian Webber. I have just received a telegram from him. He is coming down with Lord Worthington. I do not know whether Lord Worthington will come to dinner or not. He has an invalid friend at the Warren, and Lucian does not make it clear whether he is coming

to visit him or me. However, it is of no consequence: Lord Worthington is only a young sportsman. Lucian is a clever man, and will be an eminent one some day. He is secretary to a Cabinet Minister, and is very busy; but we shall probably see him often whilst the Whitsuntide holidays last. Excuse my keeping you waiting at the door to hear that long history. Adieu!" She waved her hand; and Alice suddenly felt that it was possible to be very fond of Miss Carew.

She spent an unhappy afternoon with her mother. Mrs. Goff had had the good fortune to marry a man of whom she was afraid, and who made himself very disagreeable whenever his house or his children were neglected in the least particular. Making a virtue of necessity, she had come to be regarded in Wiltstoken as a model wife and mother. At last, when a drag ran over Mr. Goff and killed him, she was left almost penniless, with two daughters on her hands. In this extremity, she took refuge in grief, and did nothing. Her daughters settled their father's affairs as best they could; moved her into a cheap house; and procured a strange tenant for that in which they had lived during many years. Janet, the elder sister, a student by disposition, employed herself as a teacher of the scientific fashions in modern female education, rumours of which had already reached Wiltstoken. Alice was unable to teach mathematics and moral science; but she formed a dancing class, and gave lessons in singing, and in a language which she believed to be current in France, but which was not intelligible to natives of that country travelling through Wiltstoken. Both sisters were devoted to one another and to their mother. Alice, who had enjoyed the special affection of her self-indulgent father, preserved some regard for his memory, though she could not help wishing that his affection had been strong enough to induce him to save a provision for her. She was ashamed, too, of the very recollection of his habit of getting drunk at races, regattas, and other national festivals, by an accident at one of which he had met his death.

Alice went home from the Castle expecting to find her mother divided between joy at her good fortune and grief at losing her. She soon found that these anticipations were erroneous. Mrs. Goff, though she could not afford to veto Lydia's offer, at once became envious of the luxury which her daughter was about to enjoy, and overwhelmed her with accusations of want of feeling, eagerness to desert her mother, and vain love of pleasure. Alice, who loved Mrs. Goff so well that she had often told her as many as five different lies in the course of one afternoon to spare her some unpleasant truth, and would have scouted as infamous any suggestion that her parent was more selfish than saintly, soon burst into tears, declaring that she would not return to the Castle, and that nothing would have induced her to stay there the night before had she thought that her doing so could give pain at home. This alarmed Mrs. Goff, who knew by experience that it was easier to drive Alice upon rash resolves than to shake her in them afterwards. Fear of incurring blame in Wiltstoken for wantonly opposing her daughter's obvious interests, and of losing her share of Miss Carew's money and countenance, got the

better of her jealousy. She lectured Alice severely for her headstrong temper, and commanded her on her duty not only to her mother, but also and chiefly to her God, to accept Miss Carew's offer with thankfulness, and to insist upon a definite salary as soon as she had, by good behaviour, made her society indispensable at the Castle. Alice, dutiful as she was, reduced Mrs. Goff to entreaties, and even to symptoms of an outburst of violent grief for the late Mr. Goff, before she consented to obey her. She would wait, she said, until Janet, who was absent teaching, came in, and promised to forgive her for staying away the previous night (Mrs. Goff had falsely represented that Janet had been deeply hurt, and had lain awake weeping during the small hours of the morning). The mother, seeing nothing for it but either to get rid of Alice before Janet's return, or to be detected in a spiteful untruth, had to pretend that Janet was spending the evening with some friends, and to urge the unkindness of leaving Miss Carew lonely. At last Alice washed away the traces of her tears and returned to the Castle, feeling very miserable, and trying to comfort herself with the reflection that her sister had been spared the scene which had just passed.

Lucian Webber had not arrived when she reached the Castle. Miss Carew glanced at her melancholy face as she entered, but asked no questions. Presently, however, she put down her book; considered for a moment: and said,

"It is nearly three years since I have had a new dress." Alice looked up with interest. "Now that I have you to help me to choose, I think I will be extravagant enough to renew my entire wardrobe. I wish you would take this opportunity to get some things for yourself. You will find that my dressmaker, Madame Smith, is to be depended on for work, though she is expensive and dishonest. When we are tired of Wiltstoken we will go to Paris, and be millinered there; but in the meantime we will trust to Madame Smith."

"I cannot afford expensive dresses," said Alice.

"I should not ask you to get them if you could not afford them. I warned you that I should give you expensive habits."

Alice hesitated. She had a healthy inclination to take whatever she could get on all occasions; and she had suffered too much from poverty not to be more thankful for her good fortune than humiliated by Miss Carew's bounty. But the thought of being driven, richly attired, in one of the Castle carriages, and meeting Janet trudging about her daily tasks in cheap black serge and mended gloves, made Alice feel that she deserved all her mother's reproaches. However, it was obvious that a refusal would be of no material benefit to Janet, so she said,

"Really I could not think of imposing on your kindness in this wholesale fashion. You are too good to me."

"I will write to Madame Smith this evening," said Lydia.

Alice was about to renew her protest more faintly, when a servant entered and announced Mr. Webber. She stiffened herself to receive the visitor. Lydia's manner did not alter in the least. Lucian, whose demeanor resembled Miss Goff's rather than his cousin's, went through the ceremony of introduction with solemnity,

and was received with a dash of scorn; for Alice, though secretly awe-struck, bore herself tyrannically towards men from habit.

In reply to Alice, Mr. Webber thought the day cooler than yesterday. In reply to Lydia, he admitted that the resolution of which the Leader of the Opposition had given notice was tantamount to a vote of censure on the Government. He was confident that Ministers would have a majority. He had no news of any importance. He had made the journey down with Lord Worthington, who had come to Wiltstoken to see the invalid at the Warren. He had promised to return with him in the seven-thirty train.

When they went down to dinner, Alice, profiting by her experience of the day before, faced the servants with composure, and committed no solecisms. She was unable to take part in the conversation, as she knew little of literature and nothing of politics, which were the staple of Lucian's discourse. So she sat silent and reconsidered an old opinion of hers that it was ridiculous and ill-bred in a lady to discuss anything that was in the newspapers. She was impressed by Lucian's cautious and somewhat dogmatic style of conversation, and concluded that he knew everything. Lydia seemed interested in his information, but quite indifferent to his opinions.

Towards half-past seven, Lydia proposed that they should walk to the railway station, adding, as a reason for going, that she wished to make some bets with Lord Worthington. Lucian looked grave at this; and Alice, to show that she shared his notions of propriety, looked shocked. Neither demonstration had the slightest effect on Lydia. On their way to the station he remarked,

"Worthington is afraid of you, Lydia—needlessly, as it seems."

"Why?"

"Because you are so learned, and he so ignorant. He has no culture save that of the turf. But perhaps you have more sympathy with his tastes than he supposes."

"I like him because I have not read the books from which he has borrowed his opinions. Indeed, from their freshness, I should not be surprised to learn that he had them at first hand from living men, or even from his own observation of life."

"I may explain to you, Miss Goff," said Lucian, "that Lord Worthington is a young gentleman——"

"Whose calendar is the racing calendar," interposed Lydia; "and who interests himself in favourites and outsiders much as Lucian does in prime ministers and independent radicals. Would you like to go to Ascot, Alice?"

Alice answered, as she felt Lucian wished her to answer, that she had never been to a race, and that she had no desire to go to one.

"You will change your mind in time for next year's meeting. The people are much more deeply interested at a race than they are at the opera or the Academy."

"I have been at the Academy," said Alice, who had made a trip to London once.

"Indeed!" said Lydia. "Were you in the National Gallery?"

"The National Gallery! I think not. I forget."

"I know many persons who never miss an Academy, and who do not know where the National Gallery is. Did you enjoy the pictures, Alice?"

"Oh, very much indeed."

"You will find Ascot far more amusing."

"Let me warn you," said Lucian to Alice, "that my cousin's pet caprice is to affect a distaste for art, to which she is passionately devoted; and for literature, in which she is profoundly read."

"Cousin Lucian," said Lydia; "if you are ever cut off from your politics, and disappointed in your ambition, you will have an opportunity of living upon art and literature. Then I shall respect your opinion of their satisfactoriness as a staff of life. As yet you have only tried them as a sauce."

"Discontented, as usual?" said Lucian.

"Your one idea respecting me, as usual," replied Lydia patiently, as they entered the station.

The train, consisting of three carriages and a van, was waiting at the platform. The engine was humming subduedly; and the driver and fireman were leaning out: the latter, a young man, staring eagerly at two gentlemen who were standing before the first-class carriage, and the driver sharing his curiosity in an elderly, preoccupied manner. One of the persons thus observed was a slight, fair-haired man of about twenty-five, in the afternoon costume of a metropolitan dandy. Lydia recognized the other the moment she came upon the platform as the Hermes of the day before, modernised by a straw hat, a canary-coloured scarf, and a suit of a minute black-and-white chessboard pattern, with a crimson silk handkerchief overflowing the breast pocket of the coat. His hands were unencumbered by stick or umbrella; he carried himself smartly, balancing himself so accurately that he seemed to have no weight; and his expression was self-satisfied and good humoured. But—! Lydia felt that there was a But somewhere—that he must be something more than a handsome, powerful, and light-hearted young man.

"There is Lord Worthington," she said, indicating the slight gentleman. "Surely that cannot be his invalid friend with him?"

"That is the man who lives at the Warren," said Alice. "I know his appearance."

"Which is certainly not suggestive of a valetudinarian," remarked Lucian, looking hard at the stranger.

They had now come close to the two, and could hear Lord Worthington, as he prepared to enter the carriage, saying, "Take care of yourself, like a good fellow, wont you? Remember! if it lasts a second over the fifteen minutes, I shall drop five hundred pounds."

Hermes placed his arm round the shoulders of the young lord, and gave him a playful roll. Then he said with good accent and pronunciation, but with a certain rough quality of voice, and louder than English gentlemen usually speak, "Your money is as safe as the Mint, my boy."

Evidently, Alice thought, the stranger was an intimate friend of Lord Worthington. She resolved to be particular in her behaviour before him, if introduced.

"Lord Worthington," said Lydia.

At the sound of her voice he climbed hastily down from the step of the carriage, and said in some confusion, "How de do, Miss Carew. Lovely country and lovely weather—must agree awfully well with you. Plenty of leisure for study, I hope."

"Thank you: I never study now. Will you make a book for me at Ascot?"

He laughed and shook his head. "I am ashamed of my low tastes," he said; "but I havent the head to distinguish myself in your—— Eh?"

Miss Carew was saying in a low voice, "If your friend is my tenant, introduce him to me."

Lord Worthington hesitated; looked at Lucian; seemed perplexed and amused at the same time; and at last said,

"You really wish it?"

"Of course," said Lydia. "Is there any reason——"

"Oh, not the least in the world, since you wish it," he replied quickly, his eyes twinkling mischievously as he turned to his companion, who was standing at the carriage door watching Lydia, and being himself watched with admiration by the stoker. "Mr. Cashel Byron: Miss Carew."

Mr. Cashel Byron raised his straw hat and reddened a little; but, on the whole, bore himself like an eminent man who was not proud. As he did not, however, seem to have anything to say for himself, Lord Worthington hastened to avert silence by resuming the subject of Ascot. Lydia listened to him, and looked at her new acquaintance. Now that the constraint of society had banished his former expression of easy good humour, there was something formidable in him that gave her an unaccountable thrill of pleasure. The same impression of latent danger had occurred, less agreeably, to Lucian, who was affected much as he might have been by the proximity of a large dog of doubtful temper. Lydia thought that Mr. Byron did not, at first sight, like her cousin; for he was looking at him obliquely, as though stealthily measuring him.

The group was broken up by the guard admonishing the gentlemen to take their seats. Farewells were exchanged; and Lord Worthington cried, "Take care of yourself," to Cashel Byron, who replied somewhat impatiently, and with an apprehensive glance at Miss Carew, "All right! all right! Never you fear, sir." Then the train went off; and he was left on the platform with the two ladies.

"We are returning to the Park, Mr. Cashel Byron," said Lydia

"So am I," said he. "Perhaps——" Here he broke down, and looked at Alice to avoid Lydia's eye. Then they went out together.

When they had walked some distance in silence; Alice looking rigidly before her, recollecting with suspicion that he had just addressed Lord Worthington as "sir", whilst Lydia was admiring his light step and perfect balance, which made him seem like a man of cork; he said,

"I saw you in the park yesterday; and I thought you were a ghost. But my trai— my man, I mean—saw you too. I knew by that that you were genuine."

"Strange!" said Lydia. "I had the same fancy about you."

"What! You had!" he exclaimed, looking hard at her. Whilst thus unmindful of his steps he stumbled, and recovered himself with a stifled oath. Then he became very red, and remarked that it was a warm evening.

Miss Goff, whom he had addressed, assented. "I hope," she added, "that you are better."

He looked puzzled. Concluding, after consideration, that she had referred to his stumble, he said,

"Thank you: I didnt hurt myself."

"Lord Worthington has been telling us about you," said Lydia. He recoiled, evidently deeply mortified. She hastened to add, "He mentioned that you had come down here to recruit your health: that is all."

Cashel's features relaxed into a curious smile. But presently he became suspicious, and said anxiously, "He didnt tell you anything else about me, did he?"

Alice stared at him superciliously. Lydia replied composedly, "No. Nothing else."

"I thought you might have heard my name somewhere," he persisted.

"Never," said Lydia, in the same quiet tone. "Why? Do you know any friends of mine?"

"Oh no. Only Lord Worthington."

"I conclude then that you are celebrated, and that I have the misfortune not to know it, Mr. Cashel Byron. Is it so?"

"Not a bit of it," he replied hastily. "There's no reason why you should ever have heard of me. I am much obliged to you for your kind enquiries," he continued, turning to Alice. "I'm quite well now, thank you, The country has set me right again."

Alice, who was beginning to have her doubts of Mr. Byron, in spite of his familiarity with Lord Worthington, smiled falsely and drew herself up a little. He turned away from her, hurt by her manner, and so ill able to conceal his feelings that Miss Carew, who was watching him, set him down privately as the most inept dissimulator she had ever met. He looked at Lydia wistfully, as if trying to read her thoughts, which now seemed to be with the setting sun, or in some equally beautiful and mysterious region. But he could see that there was no reflection of Miss Goff's scorn in her face.

"And so you really took me for a ghost," he said,

"Yes. I thought at first that you were a statue."

"A statue!"

"You do not seem flattered by that."

"It is not flattering to be taken for a lump of stone," he replied, ruefully.

Lydia looked at him thoughtfully. Here was a man whom she had mistaken for the finest image of manly strength and beauty in the world; and he was so devoid of artistic culture that he held a statue to be a distasteful lump of stone.

"I believe I was trespassing then," she said; "but I did so unintentionally. I had gone astray; for I am comparatively a stranger here, and cannot find my way about the park yet."

"It didnt matter a bit," said Cashel impetuously. "Come as often as you want. Mellish fancies that if any one gets a glimpse of me he wont get any odds. You see he would like people to think——" Cashel checked himself, and added in some confusion, "Mellish is mad: that's about where it is."

Alice glanced significantly at Lydia. She had already suggested that madness was the real reason of the seclusion of the tenants at the Warren. Cashel saw the glance, and intercepted it by turning to her, and saying, with an attempt at conversational ease,

"How do you young ladies amuse yourselves in the country? Do you play billiards ever?"

"No," said Alice indignantly. The question, she thought, implied that she was capable of spending her evenings on the first floor of a public-house. To her surprise, Lydia remarked,

"I play—a little. I do not care sufficiently for the game to make myself proficient. You were equipped for lawn-tennis, I think, when I saw you yesterday. Miss Goff is a celebrated lawn-tennis player. She vanquished the Australian champion last year."

It seemed that Byron, after all, was something of a courtier; for he displayed great astonishment at this feat. "The Australian champion!" he repeated. "And who may *he*—— Oh! you mean the lawn-tennis champion. To be sure. Well, Miss Goff, I congratulate you. It is not every amateur that can brag of having shewn a professional champion to a back seat."

Alice, outraged by the imputation of bragging, and certain that, whatever billiards might be, slang was vulgar, bore herserlf still more loftily, and resolved to snub him explicitly if he addessed her again. But he did not; for they presently came to a narrow iron gate in the wall of the park, at which Lydia stopped.

"Let me open it for you," said Cashel. She gave him the key; and he seized one of the bars of the gate with his left hand, and stooped as though he wanted to look into the keyhole. Yet he opened it smartly enough.

Alice was about to pass in with a cool bow when she saw Miss Carew offer Cashel her hand. Whatever Lydia did was done so well that it seemed the right thing to do. He took it timidly and gave it a little shake, not daring to meet her eyes. Alice put out her hand stiffly. Cashel immediately stepped forward with his right foot and enveloped her fingers with the hardest clump of knuckles she had ever felt. Glancing down at this remarkable fist, she saw that it was discolored almost to blackness. Then she went in through the gate, followed by Lydia, who turned to close it behind her. As she pushed, Cashel, standing outside, grasped a bar and pulled. She at once relinquished to him the labour of shutting the gate, and smiled her thanks as she turned away; but in that moment he plucked up courage to look at her. The sensation of being so looked at was quite novel to her, and very curious. She was even a little out of countenance, but not so much so as Cashel, who nevertheless could not take his eyes away.

"Do you think," said Alice, as they crossed the orchard, "that that man is a gentleman?"

"How can I possibly tell? We hardly know him.

"But what do you think? There is always a certain something about a gentleman that one recognizes by instinct."

"Is there? I have never observed it."

"Have you not?" said Alice, surprised, and beginning uneasily to fear that her superior perception of gentility was in some way the effect of her social inferiority to Miss Carew. "I thought one could always tell."

"Perhaps so," said Lydia. "For my own part I have found the same varieties of address in every class. Some people enjoy a native distinction and grace of manner—"

"That is what I mean," said Alice.

"—but they are seldom ladies and gentlemen; often actors, gipsies, and Celtic or foreign peasants. Undoubtedly one can make a fair guess, but not in the case of this Mr. Cashel Byron. Are you curious about him?"

"I!" exclaimed Alice superbly. "Not in the least."

"I am," rejoined Lydia quietly. "He interests me. I seldom see anything novel in humanity; and he is a very singular man."

"I meant," said Alice, crestfallen, "that I take no special interest in him."

Lydia, not being curious as to the exact degree of Alice's interest, merely nodded, and continued, "He may, as you suppose, be a man of humble origin, who has seen something of society; or he may be a gentleman unaccustomed to society. Probably the latter. I feel no conviction either way."

"But he speaks very roughly; and his slang is disgusting. His hands are hard and quite black. Did you not notice them?"

"I noticed it all; and I think that if he were a man of low condition he would be careful not to use slang. Self-made persons are usually precise in their language: they rarely violate the written laws of society. Besides, his pronunciation of some words is so distinct, that an idea crossed me once that he might be an actor. But then it is not uniformly distinct. I am sure that he has some object or occupation in life: he has not the air of an idler. Yet I have thought of all the ordinary professions, and he does not fit one of them. That is perhaps what makes him interesting. He is unaccountable."

"He must have some position. He was very familiar with Lord Worthington."

"Lord Worthington is a sportsman, and is familiar with all sorts of people."

"Yes; but surely he would not let a jockey, or anybody of that class, put his arm round his neck, as we saw Mr. Byron do."

"That is true," said Lydia thoughtfully. "Still," she added, clearing her brow and laughing, "I am loth to believe that he is an invalid student."

"I will tell you what he is," said Alice suddenly. "He is companion and keeper to the man with whom he lives. Do you recollect his saying 'Mellish is mad'?"

"That is possible," said Lydia. "At all events we have got a topic; and that is an important home comfort in the country."

Just then they reached the Castle. Lydia lingered for a moment on the terrace. The Gothic chimneys of the Warren Lodge

stood up against the long crimson cloud into which the sun was sinking. She smiled as if some quaint idea had occurred to her; raised her eyes for a moment to the black marble Egyptian high on the pediment gazing with unwavering eyes into the sky; and followed Alice indoors.

Later on, when it was quite dark, Cashel sat in a spacious kitchen at the lodge, thinking. His companion, who had laid his coat aside, was at the fire, smoking, and watching a saucepan that simmered there. He broke the silence by remarking, after a glance at the clock, "Time to go to roost."

"Time to go to the devil," said Cashel. "I am going out."

"Yes, and get a chill. Not if I know it, you dont."

"Well, go to bed yourself; and then you wont know it. I want to take a walk round the place."

"If you put your foot outside that door to-night, Lord Worthington will lose his five hundred pounds. You cant lick anyone in fifteen minutes if you train on night air. Get licked yourself more likely."

"Will you bet two to one that I dont stay out all night and knock the Flying Dutchman out of time in the first round afterwards? Eh?"

"Come," said Mellish coaxingly: "have some common sense. I'm advising you for your good."

"Suppose I dont want to be advised for my good. Eh? Hand me over that lemon. You neednt start a speech: I'm not going to eat it."

"Blest if he aint rubbing his 'ands with it!" exclaimed Mellish, after watching him for some moments. "Why, you bloomin' fool, lemon wont harden your hands. Aint I took enough trouble with them?"

"I want to whiten them," said Cashel, impatiently throwing the lemon under the grate; "but it's no use. I cant go about with my fists like a nigger's. I'll go up to London to-morrow and buy a pair of gloves."

"What! Real gloves? Wearin' gloves?"

"You thundering old lunatic," said Cashel, rising and putting on his hat, "is it likely that I want a pair of mufflers? Perhaps you think *you* could teach me something with them. Ha! ha! By the bye—now mind this, Mellish—dont let it out down here that I'm a fighting man. Do you hear?"

"Me let it out!" cried Mellish indignantly. "Is it likely? Now, I asts you, Cashel Byron, is it likely?"

"Likely or not, dont do it," said Cashel. "You might get talking with some of the chaps about the Castle stables. They are generous with their liquor when they can get sporting news for it."

Mellish looked at him reproachfully; and Cashel turned towards the door. This movement changed the trainer's wounded feelings into anxious ones. He renewed his remonstrances as to the folly of venturing into the night air, and cited many examples of pugilists who had suffered defeat in consequence of neglecting the counsel of their trainers. Cashel expressed his disbelief in these anecdotes in brief and personal terms; and at last Mellish had to

content himself with proposing to limit the duration of the walk to half-an-hour.

"Perhaps I will come back in half-an-hour," said Cashel. "And perhaps I wont."

"Well, look here," said Mellish. "We wont quarrel about a minute or two; but I feel the want of a walk myself, and I'll come with you."

"I'm damned if you shall," said Cashel. "Here: let me out; and shut up. I'm not going further than the park. I have no intention of making a night of it in the village, which is what you are afraid of. I know you, you old dodger. If you dont get out of my way, I'll seat you on the fire."

"But duty, Cashel, duty," pleaded Mellish persuasively. "Every man oughter do his duty. Consider your duty to your backers."

"Are you going to get out of my way, or must I put you out of it?" said Cashel, reddening ominously.

Mellish went back to his chair; bowed his head on his hands; and wept. "I'd sooner be a dog nor a trainer," he exclaimed. "Oh! the cussedness of bein' shut up for weeks with a fightin' man! For the fust two days they're as sweet as treacle; and then their contrairyness comes out. Their tempers is puffict 'ell."

Cashel, additionally enraged by a sting of remorse, went out and slammed the door. He made straight towards the Castle, and watched its windows for nearly half an hour, keeping in constant motion so as to avert a chill. At last an exquisitely toned bell struck the hour from one of the minarets. To Cashel, accustomed to the coarse jangling of ordinary English bells, the sound seemed to belong to fairyland. He went slowly back to the Warren Lodge, and found his trainer standing at the open door, smoking, and anxiously awaiting his return. Cashel rebuffed certain conciliatory advances with a haughty reserve more dignified, but much less acceptable to Mr. Mellish, than his former profane familiarity, and went thoughtfully to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

One morning Miss Carew sat on the bank of a great pool in the park, throwing pebbles two by two into the water, and intently watching the intersection of the circles they made on its calm surface. Alice was seated on a campstool a little way off, sketching the Castle, which appeared on an eminence to the south-east. The woodland rose round them like the sides of an amphitheatre; but the trees did not extend to the water's edge, where there was an ample margin of bright greensward, and a narrow belt of gravel, from which Lydia was picking her pebbles.

Presently, hearing a footstep, she looked back, and saw Cashel Byron standing behind Alice, apparently much interested in her drawing. He was dressed as she had last seen him, except that he wore primrose gloves and an Egyptian red scarf. Alice turned, and surveyed him with haughty surprise; but he made nothing of her looks; and she, after glancing at Lydia to re-assure herself that she was not alone, bade him good morning, and resumed her work.

"Queer place," he remarked, after a pause, alluding to the Castle. "Chinese looking, isnt it?"

"It is considered a very fine building," said Alice.

"Oh, hang what it is considered!" said Cashel. "What *is* it? That is the point to look to."

"It is a matter of taste," said Alice, very coldly.

"Mr. Cashel Byron."

Cashel started and hastened to the bank. "How d'ye do, Miss Carew," he said. "I didnt see you until you called me." She looked at him; and he, convicted of a foolish falsehood, quailed. "There is a splendid view of the Castle from here," he continued, to change the subject. "Miss Goff and I have just been talking about it."

"Yes. Do you admire it?"

"Very much indeed. It is a beautiful place. Everyone must acknowledge that."

"It is considered kind to praise my house to me, and to ridicule it to other people. Mark that, Mr. Cashel Byron; *it is considered so.* You do not say, 'Hang what it is considered,' now."

Cashel, with an unaccustomed sense of getting the worst of an encounter, almost lost heart to reply. Then he brightened, and said, "I can tell you how that is. As far as being a place to sketch, or for another person to look at, it is Chinese enough. But somehow your living in it makes a difference. That is what I meant: upon my soul it is."

Lydia smiled; but he, looking down at her, did not see the smile because of her coronet of red hair, which seemed to flame in the sunlight. The obstruction was unsatisfactory to him: he wanted to see her face. He hesitated, and then sat down on the ground beside her cautiously, as if getting into a very hot bath.

"I hope you wont mind my sitting here," he said timidly. "It seems rude to talk down at you from a height."

She shook her head and threw two more stones into the water. He could think of nothing further to say; and as she did not speak, but gravely watched the circles in the water, he began to stare at them too; and they sat in silence for some minutes, steadfastly regarding the waves, she, as if there were matter for infinite thought in them, and he as though the spectacle wholly confounded him. At last she said,

"Have you ever realized what a vibration is?"

"No," said Cashel, after a blank look at her.

"I am glad to hear you make that admission. Science has reduced everything nowadays to vibration. Light—sound—sensation—all the mysteries of nature are either vibrations or interference of vibrations. There," she said, throwing another pair of pebbles in, and pointing to the two sets of widening rings as they overlapped one another: "the twinkling of a star, and the pulsation in a chord of music, are *that.* But I cannot picture the thing in my own mind. I wonder whether the hundreds of writers of text-books on physics, who talk so glibly of vibrations, realize them any better than I do."

"Not a bit of it. Not one of them. Not half so well," said Cashel cheerfully, replying to the only part of her speech that he understood.

"Perhaps the subject does not interest you," she said, turning to him.

"On the contrary, I like it of all things," said he boldly.

"I can hardly say so much for my own interest in it. I am told that you are a student, Mr. Cashel Byron. What are your favorite studies?—or rather, since that is generally a hard question to answer, what are your pursuits?"

Alice listened.

Cashel looked doggedly at Lydia, and his colour slowly deepened. "I am a professor," he said.

"A professor of what? I know I should ask of where; but that would only elicit the name of a college, which would convey no real information to me."

"I am a professor of science," said Cashel in a low voice, looking down at his left fist, which he was balancing in the air before him, and stealthily hitting his bent knee as if it were another person's face.

"Physical or moral science?" persisted Lydia.

"Physical science," said Cashel. "But there s more moral science in it than people think."

"Yes," said Lydia seriously. "Though I have no real knowledge of physics, I can appreciate the truth of that. Perhaps all the science that is not at bottom physical science, is only pretentious nescience. I have read much of physics, and have often been tempted to learn something of them—to make the experiments with my own hands—to furnish a laboratory—to wield the scalpel even. For to master science thoroughly, I believe one must take one's gloves off. Is that your opinion?"

Cashel looked hard at her. "You never said a truer word," he said. "But you can become a very respectable amateur by working with the gloves."

"*I* never should. The many who believe they are the wiser for reading accounts of experiments, deceive themselves. It is as impossible to learn science from hearsay as to gain wisdom from proverbs. Ah, it is so easy to follow a line of argument, and so difficult to grasp the facts that underlie it! Our popular lecturers on physics present us with chains of deductions so highly polished that it is a luxury to let them slip from end to end through our fingers. But they leave nothing behind but a vague memory of the sensation they afforded. Excuse me for talking figuratively. I perceive that you affect the opposite—a reaction on your part, I suppose, against tall talk and fine writing. Pray, should I ever carry out my intention of setting to work in earnest at science, will you give me some lessons?"

"Well," said Cashel with a covert grin, "I would rather you came to me than to another professor; but I dont think it would suit you. I should like to try my hand on your friend there. She's stronger and straighter than nine out of ten men."

"You set a high value on physical qualifications then. So do I."

"Only from a practical point of view, mind you," said Cashel earnestly. "It isnt right to be always looking at men and women as you should at horses. If you want to back them in a race or in a fight, that's one thing; but if you want a friend or a sweetheart, that's another."

"Quite so," said Lydia smiling. "You do not wish to commit yourself to any warmer feeling towards Miss Goff than a critical appreciation of her form and condition."

"Just that," said Cashel, satisfied. "*You* understand me, Miss Carew. There are some people that you might talk to all day, and they'd be no wiser at the end of it than they were at the beginning. You're not one of that sort."

"I wonder do we ever succeed really in communicating our thoughts to one another. A thought must take a new shape to fit itself into a strange mind. You, Mr. Professor, must have acquired special experience of the incommunicability of ideas in the course of your lectures and teaching."

Cashel looked uneasily at the water, and said in a lower voice, "Of course you may call me just whatever you like; but—if its all the same to you—I wish you wouldnt call me Professor."

"I have lived so much in countries where professors expect to be addressed by their titles on all occasions, that I may claim to be excused for having offended on that point. Thank you for telling me. But I am to blame for discussing science with you. Lord Worthington told us that you had come down here expressly to escape from it—to recruit yourself after an excess of work."

"It doesnt matter," said Cashel.

"I have not done harm enough to be greatly concerned; but I will not offend again. To change the subject, let us look at Miss Goff's sketch."

Miss Carew had hardly uttered this suggestion, when Cashel, in a business-like manner, and without the slightest air of gallantry, expertly lifted her and placed her on her feet. This unexpected attention gave her a shock, followed by a thrill which was not disagreeable. She turned to him with a faint mantling in her cheeks; and he stood looking with contracted brow at the sky, as though occupied with some calculation.

"Thank you," she said; "but pray do not do that again. It is a little humiliating to be lifted like a child. You are very strong."

"There is not much strength needed to lift such a feather-weight as you. Seven stone two, I should judge you to be about. But there's a great art in doing these things properly. I have often had to carry off a man of fourteen stone, resting him all the time as if he was in bed."

"Ah," said Lydia: "I see you have had some hospital practice. I have often admired the skill with which trained nurses handle their patients."

Cashel made no reply, but, with a sinister grin, followed her to where Alice sat.

"It is very foolish of me, I know," said Alice presently; "but I never can draw when anyone is looking at me."

"You fancy that everybody is thinking about how you're doing it," said Cashel, encouragingly. "That's always the way with amateurs. But the truth is that not a soul except yourself is a bit concerned about it. *Ex*-cuse me," he added, taking up the drawing, and proceeding to examine it leisurely.

"Please give me my sketch, Mr. Byron," she said, her cheeks red with anger. Puzzled, he turned to Lydia for an explanation, whilst Alice seized the sketch and packed it in her portfolio.

"It is getting rather warm," said Lydia. "Shall we return to the castle?"

"I think we had better," said Alice, trembling with resentment as she walked away quickly, leaving Lydia alone with Cashel, who presently exclaimed,

"What in thunder have I done?"

"You have made an inconsiderate remark with unmistakeable sincerity."

"I only tried to cheer her up. She must have mistaken what I said."

"I think not. Do you believe that young ladies like to be told that there is no occasion for them to be ridiculously self-conscious?"

"I say that! I'll take my oath I never said anything of the sort."

"You worded it differently. But you assured her that she need not object to have her drawing overlooked, as it is of no importance to anyone."

"Well, if she takes offence at that, she must be a born fool. Some people cant bear to be told anything. But they soon get all that thin-skinned nonsense knocked out of them."

"Have you any sisters, Mr. Cashel Byron?"

"No. Why?"

"Or a mother?"

"I have a mother; but I havent seen her for years; and I dont much care if I never see her. It was through her that I came to be what I am."

"Are you then dissatisfied with your profession?"

"No—I dont mean that. I am always saying stupid things."

"Yes. That comes of your ignorance of a sex accustomed to have its silliness respected. You will find it hard to keep on good terms with my friend without some further study of womanly ways."

"As to her, I wont give in that I'm wrong unless I *am* wrong. The truth's the truth."

"Not even to please Miss Goff?"

"Not even to please you. You'd only think the worse of me afterwards."

"Quite true, and quite right," said Lydia cordially. "Good-bye, Mr. Cashel Byron. I must rejoin Miss Goff."

"I suppose you will take her part if she keeps a down on me for what I said to her."

"What is 'a down'? A grudge?"

"Yes. Something of that sort."

"Colonial, is it not?" pursued Lydia, with the air of a philologist.

"Yes. I believe I picked it up in the colonies." Then he added sullenly, "I suppose I shouldnt use slang in speaking to you. I beg your pardon."

"I do not object to it. On the contrary, it interests me. For example, I have just learnt from it that you have been in Australia."

"So I was. But are you out with me because I annoyed Miss Goff?"

"By no means. Nevertheless I sympathize with her annoyance at the manner, if not the matter, of your rebuke."

"I cant, for the life of me, see what there was in what I said to raise such a fuss about. I wish you would give me a nudge whenever you see me making a fool of myself. I will shut up at once and ask no questions."

"So that it will be understood that my nudge means 'Shut up, Mr. Cashel Byron: you are making a fool of yourself'?"

"Just so. *You* understand me. I told you that before, didnt I?"

"I am afraid," said Lydia, her face bright with laughter, "that I cannot take charge of your manners until we are a little better acquainted."

He seemed disappointed. Then his face clouded; and he began, "If you regard it as a liberty——"

"Of course I regard it as a liberty," she said, neatly interrupting him. "Is not my own conduct a sufficient charge upon my attention? Why should I voluntarily assume that of a strong man and learned professor as well?"

"By George!" exclaimed Cashel, with sudden excitement, "I dont care what you say to me. You have a way of giving things a turn that makes it a pleasure to be shut up by you; and if I were a gentleman as I ought to be, instead of a poor devil of a professional pug, I would——" He recollected himself, and turned quite pale. There was a pause.

"Let me remind you," said Lydia composedly, though she too had changed colour at the beginning of his outburst, "that we are both wanted elsewhere at present: I by Miss Goff; and you by your servant, who has been hovering about us and looking at you anxiously for some minutes.

Cashel turned fiercely, and saw Mellish standing a little way off, sulkily watching them. Lydia took the opportunity, and left the place. As she retreated, she could hear that they were at high words together; but she could not distinguish what they were saying. Fortunately so, for their language was villainous.

She found Alice in the library, seated bolt upright in a chair that would have tempted a good-humoured person to recline. Lydia sat down in silence. Alice, presently looking at her, discovered that she was in a fit of noiseless laughter. The effect, in contrast to her habitual self-possession, was so strange that Alice almost forgot to be offended.

"I am glad to see that it is not hard to amuse you," she said.

Lydia waited to recover herself thoroughly, and then replied, "I have not laughed so three times in my life. Now, Alice, put aside your resentment of our neighbour's impudence for the moment; and tell me what you think of him."

"I have not thought about him at all, I assure you," said Alice disdainfully.

"Then think about him for a moment to oblige me; and let me know the result."

"Really, you have had much more opportunity of judging than I. *I* have hardly spoken to him."

Lydia rose patiently and went to the bookcase. "You have a cousin at one of the universities, have you not?" she said, seeking along the shelf for a volume.

"Yes," said Alice, speaking very sweetly in reparation for her want of amiability on the previous subject.

"Then perhaps you know something of university slang?"

"I never allow him to talk slang to me," replied Alice quickly.

"You may dictate modes of expression to a single man, perhaps, but not to a whole university," said Lydia, with a quiet scorn that brought unexpected tears to Alice's eyes. "Do you know what a pug is?"

"A pug!" said Alice vacantly. "No: I have heard of a bull-dog—a proctor's bulldog, but never of a pug."

"I must try my slang dictionary," said Lydia, taking down a book and opening it. "Here it is. 'Pug—A fighting man's idea of the contracted word to be produced from pugilist.' What an extraordinary definition! A fighting man's idea of a contraction! Why should a man have a special idea of a contraction when he is fighting; or why should he think of such a thing at all under such circumstances? Perhaps 'fighting man' is slang too. No: it is not given here. Either I mistook the word, or it has some signification unknown to the compiler of my dictionary."

"It seems quite plain to me," said Alice. "Pug means pugilist."

"But pugilism is boxing: it is not a profession. I suppose all men are more or less pugilists. I want a sense of the word in which it denotes a calling or occupation of some kind. I fancy it means a demonstrator of anatomy. However, it does not matter."

"Where did you meet with it?"

"Mr. Byron used it just now."

"Do you really like that man?" said Alice, returning to the subject more humbly than she had quitted it.

"So far, I do not dislike him. He puzzles me. If the roughness of his manner is an affectation, I have never seen one so successful before."

"Perhaps he does not know any better. His coarseness did not strike me as being affected at all."

"I should agree with you but for one or two remarks which fell from him, and which showed an insight into the real nature of scientific knowledge, and an instinctive sense of the truths underlying words, which I have never met with except in men of considerable culture and experience. I suspect that his manner is deliberately assumed in protest against the selfish vanity which is the common source of social polish. It is partly natural, no doubt. He seems too impatient to choose his words heedfully. Do you ever go to the theatre, Alice?"

"No," said Alice, taken aback by this apparent irrelevance. "My father disapproved of it. But I was there once. I saw the Lady of Lyons."

"There is a famous actress, Adelaide Gisborne——"

"It was she whom I saw as the Lady of Lyons. She did it beautifully."

"Did Mr. Byron remind you of her?"

Alice stared incredulously at Lydia. "I do not think there can be two people in the world less like one another," she said.

"Nor do I," said Lydia meditatively. "But I think their dissimilarity owes its emphasis to some lurking likeness. Otherwise how could he have reminded me of her?" Lydia, as she spoke, sat down with a troubled expression, as if trying to unravel her

thoughts. "And yet," she added presently, "my theatrical associations are so complex that——" A long silence ensued, during which Alice, conscious of some unusual stir in her patroness, watched her furtively and wondered what would happen next.

"Alice."

"Yes."

"My mind is exercising itself in spite of me on small and impertinent matters—a sure symptom of failing mental health. My presence here is only one of several attempts that I have made to live idly since my father's death. They have all failed. Work has become necessary to me. I will go to London to-morrow."

Alice looked up in dismay; for this seemed equivalent to a dismissal. But her face expressed nothing but polite indifference.

"We shall have time to run through all the follies of the season before June, when I hope to return here and set to work at a book I have planned. I must collect the material for it in London. If I leave town before the season is over, and you are unwilling to come away with me, I can easily find someone who will take care of you as long as you please to stay. I wish it were June already!"

Alice preferred Lydia's womanly impatience to her fatalistic calm. It relieved her sense of inferiority, which familiarity had increased rather than diminished. Yet she was beginning to persuade herself with some success that the propriety of Lydia's manners was at least questionable. That morning she had congratulated herself on being too well bred to ask a man what his profession was, as Miss Carew had not scrupled to do. She had quite lost her awe of the servants; and had begun to address them with an unconscious haughtiness and a conscious politeness that were making the word "upstart" common in the servants' hall. Bashville, the footman, had risked his popularity there by opining that Miss Goff was a fine young woman.

Bashville was in his twenty-fourth year, and stood five feet ten in his stockings. At the sign of the Green Man in the village he was known as a fluent orator and keen political debater In the stables he was deferred to as an authority on sporting affairs, and an expert wrestler in the Cornish fashion. The women servants regarded him with undissembled admiration. They vied with one another in inventing expressions of delight when he recited before them, which, as he had a good memory and was fond of poetry, he often did. They were proud to go out walking with him. But his attentions never gave rise to jealousy; for it was an open secret in the servants' hall that he loved his mistress. He had never said anything to that effect; and no one dared allude to it in his presence, much less rally him on his weakness; but his passion was well known for all that, and it seemed by no means so hopeless to the younger members of the domestic staff as it did to the cook, the butler, and Bashville himself. Miss Carew, who knew the value of good servants, appreciated her footman's smartness, and paid him accordingly; but she had no suspicion that she was waited on by a versatile young student of poetry and public affairs, distinguished for his gallantry, his personal prowess, his eloquence, and his influence on local politics.

It was Bashville who now entered the library with a salver,

which he proffered to Alice, saying, "The gentleman is waiting in the round drawing-room, Miss."

Alice took the gentleman's card, and read, "Mr. Wallace Parker."

"Oh!" she said, with vexation, glancing at Bashville as if to divine his impression of the visitor. "My cousin from Cambridge has come to see me."

"How fortunate!" said Lydia. "He will tell me the meaning of pug. Ask him to lunch with us."

"You would not care for him," said Alice. "He is not much used to society. I suppose I had better go and see him."

Miss Carew did not reply, being plainly at a loss to understand how there could be any doubt about the matter. Alice went to the round drawing-room, where she found Mr. Parker examining a trophy of Indian armour, and presenting a back view of a short gentleman in a spruce blue frock-coat. A new hat and pair of gloves were also visible as he stood looking upward with his hands behind him. When he turned to greet Alice, he displayed a face expressive of resolute self-esteem, with eyes whose watery brightness, together with the bareness of his temples, from which the hair was worn away, suggested late hours and either very studious or very dissipated habits. He advanced confidently; pressed Alice's hand warmly for several seconds; and placed a chair for her, without noticing the marked coldness with which she received his attentions.

"I was surprised, Alice," he said, when he had seated himself opposite to her, "to learn from Aunt Emily that you had come to live here without consulting me. I——"

"Consult you!" she said, contemptuously interrupting him. "I never heard of such a thing! Why should I consult you as to my movements?"

"Well, I should not have used the word consult, particularly to such an independent little lady as sweet Alice Goff. Still, I think you might—merely as a matter of form, you know—have informed me of the step you were taking. The relations that exist between us give me a right to your confidence."

"What relations, pray?"

"What relations!" he repeated, with reproachful emphasis.

"Yes. What relations?"

He rose, and addressed her with tender solemnity. "Alice," he began, "I have proposed to you at least six times——"

"And have I accepted you once?"

"Hear me to the end, Alice. I know that you have never explicitly accepted me; but it has always been understood that my needy circumstances were the only obstacle to our happiness. We —— Dont interrupt me, Alice: you little know what's coming. That obstacle no longer exists. I have been made second master at Sunbury College, with £350 a year, a house, coals, and gas. In the course of time, I shall undoubtedly succeed to the head mastership—a splendid position, worth £800 a year. You are now free from the troubles that have pressed so hard upon you since your father's death, and you can quit at once—now—instantly, your dependent position here."

"Thank you: I am very comfortable here. I am staying on a visit with Miss Carew."

Silence ensued; and he sat down slowly. Then she added, "I am exceedingly glad that you have got something good at last. It must be a great relief to your poor mother."

"I fancied, Alice—though it may have been only fancy—I fancied that *your* mother was colder than usual in her manner this morning. I hope that the luxuries of this palatial mansion are powerless to corrupt your heart. I cannot lead you to a castle and place crowds of liveried servants at your beck and call; but I can make you mistress of an honorable English home, independent of the bounty of strangers. You can never be more than a lady, Alice."

"It is very good of you to lecture me, I am sure."

"You might be serious with me," he said, rising in ill humor, and walking a little way down the room. "I think the offer of a man's hand ought to be received with respect."

"Oh! I did not quite understand. I thought we agreed that you are not to make me that offer every time we meet."

"It was equally understood that the subject was only deferred until I should be in a position to resume it without binding you to a long engagement. That time has come now; and I expect a favourable answer at last. I am entitled to one, considering how patiently I have waited for it."

"For my part, Wallace, I must say I do not think it wise for you to think of marrying with only £350 a year."

"With a house: remember that; and coals, and gas! You are becoming very prudent, now that you live with Miss Whatshername here. I fear you no longer love me, Alice."

"I never said I loved you at any time."

"Pshaw! You never said so, perhaps; but you always gave me to understand that——"

"I did nothing of the sort, Wallace; and I wont have you say so."

"In short," he retorted bitterly, "you think you will pick up some swell here who will be a better bargain than I am."

"Wallace! How dare you?"

"You hurt my feelings, Alice; and I speak out. I know how to behave myself quite as well as those who have the *entrée* here; but when my entire happiness is at stake I do not stand on punctilio. Therefore I insist on a straightforward answer to my fair, honourable proposal."

"Wallace," said Alice, with dignity: "I will not be forced into giving an answer against my will. I regard you as a cousin."

"I do not wish to be regarded as a cousin. Have I ever regarded you as a cousin?"

"And do you suppose, Wallace, that I should permit you to call me by my Christian name, and be as familiar as we have always been together, if you were not my cousin. If so, you must have a very strange opinion of me."

"I did not think that luxury could so corrupt——"

"You said that before," said Alice pettishly. "Do not keep repeating the same thing over and over. You know it is one of your bad habits. Will you stay to lunch? Miss Carew told me to ask you."

"Indeed! Miss Carew is very kind. Please inform her that I am deeply honoured, and that I feel quite disturbed at being unable to accept her patronage."

Alice poised her head disdainfully. "No doubt it amuses you to make yourself ridiculous," she said; "but I must say I do not see any occasion for it."

"I am sorry that my behaviour is not sufficiently good for you. You never found any cause to complain of it when our surroundings were less aristocratic. I am quite ashamed of taking so much of your valuable time. *Good* morning."

"Good morning. But I do not see why you are in such a rage."

"I am not in a rage. I am only grieved to find that you are corrupted by luxury. I thought your principles were higher. Good morning, Miss Goff. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again in this very choice mansion."

"Are you really going, Wallace?" said Alice, rising.

"Yes. Why should I stay?"

She rang the bell, greatly disconcerting him; for he had expected her to detain him and make advances for a reconciliation. Before they could exchange more words, Bashville entered.

"Good-bye," said Alice politely.

"Good-bye," he replied, through his teeth. He walked loftily out, passing Bashville with marked scorn.

He had left the house, and was descending the terrace steps, when he was overtaken by the footman, who said civilly,

"Beg your pardon, sir. You've forgotten this, I think." And he handed him a walking stick.

Parker's first idea was that his stick had attracted the man's attention by the poor figure it made in the castle hall, and that Bashville was requesting him, with covert superciliousness, to remove his property. On second thoughts, his self-esteem rejected this suspicion as too humiliating; but he resolved to show Bashville that he had a gentleman to deal with. So he took the stick, and, instead of thanking Bashville, handed him five shillings.

Bashville smiled and shook his head. "Oh no, sir," he said, "thank you all the same. Those are not my views."

"The more fool you," said Parker, pocketing the coins, and turning away.

Bashville's countenance changed. "Come come, sir," he said, following Parker to the foot of the steps: "fair words deserve fair words. I am no more a fool than you are. A gentleman should know his place as well as a servant."

"Oh, go to the devil," muttered Parker, turning very red, and hurrying away.

"If you werent my mistress's guest," said Bashville, looking menacingly after him, "I'd send you to bed for a week for sending me to the devil."

(To be continued).

A Confession of Faith.

"OF genius in the Fine Arts," wrote Wordsworth, "the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe, or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance or conquest made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader can make progress of this kind like an Indian prince or general stretched on his palanquin and borne by slaves? No; he is invigorated and inspirited by his leader in order that he may exert himself, for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power."

A great poet, then, is "a challenge and summons"; and the question first of all is not whether we like or dislike him, but whether we are capable of meeting that challenge, of stepping out of our habitual selves to answer that summons. He works on Nature's plan: Nature, who teaches nothing but supplies infinite material to learn from; who never preaches but drives home her meanings by the resistless eloquence of effects. Therefore the poet makes greater demands upon his reader than any other man. For it is not a question of swallowing his ideas or admiring his handiwork merely but of seeing, feeling, enjoying, as he sees, feels, enjoys. "The messages of great poems to each man and woman are," says Walt Whitman, "come to us on equal terms, only then can you understand us. We are no better than you; what we enclose you enclose, what we enjoy you may enjoy"—no better than you potentially, that is; but if you would understand us the potential must become the actual, the dormant sympathies must awaken and broaden, the dulled perceptions clear themselves and let in undreamed of delights, the wonder-working imagination must respond, the ear attune itself, the languid soul inhale large draughts of love and hope and courage, those "empyreal airs" that vitalize the poet's world. No wonder the poet is long in finding his audience; no wonder he has to abide the "inexorable tests of Time," which, if indeed he be great, slowly turns the handful into

hundreds, the hundreds into thousands and at last having done its worst, grudgingly passes him on into the ranks of the Immortals.

Meanwhile let not the handful who believe that such a destiny awaits a man of our time cease to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

So far as the suffrages of his own generation go Walt Whitman may, like Wordsworth, tell of the "love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion and even the contempt" with which his poems have been received; but the love and admiration are from even a smaller number, the aversion, the contempt more vehement, more universal and persistent than Wordsworth ever encountered. For the American is a more daring innovator; he cuts loose from precedent, is a very Columbus who has sailed forth alone on perilous seas to seek new shores, to seek a new world for the soul, a world that shall give scope and elevation and beauty to the changed and changing events, aspirations, conditions of modern life. To new aims, new methods; therefore let not the reader approach these poems as a judge, comparing, testing, measuring by what has gone on before, but as a willing learner, an unprejudiced seeker for whatever may delight and nourish and exalt the soul. Neither let him be abashed nor daunted by the weight of adverse opinion, the contempt and denial which have been heaped upon the great American even though it be the contempt and denial of the capable, the cultivated, the recognized authorities; for such is the usual lot of the pioneer in whatever field. In religion it is above all to the earnest and conscientious believer that the Reformer has appeared a blasphemer, and in the world of literature it is equally natural that the most careful student, that the warmest lover of the accepted masterpieces, should be the most hostile to one who forsakes the methods by which, or at any rate, in company with which, those triumphs have been achieved. "But," said the wise Goethe, "I will listen to any man's convictions; you may keep your doubts, your negations to yourself, I have plenty of my own." For heartfelt convictions are rare things. Therefore I make bold to indicate the scope and source of power in Walt Whitman's writings, starting from no wider ground than their effect upon an individual mind. It is not criticism I have to offer; least of all any discussion of the question of form or formlessness in these poems, deeply convinced as I am that when great meanings and great emotions are expressed with corresponding power, literature has done its best, call it what you please. But my aim is rather to suggest such trains of thought, such experience of life as having served to put me *en rapport* with this poet may haply find here and there a reader who is thereby helped to the same end. Hence I quote just as freely from the prose (especially from "Democratic Vistas" and the preface to the first issue of "Leaves of Grass," 1855) as from his poems, and more freely, perhaps, from those parts that have proved a stumbling block than from those whose conspicuous beauty assures them acceptance.

Fifteen years ago, with feelings partly of indifference, partly of antagonism,—for I had heard none but ill words of them—I first opened Walt Whitman's poems. But as I read I became conscious

of receiving the most powerful influence that had ever come to me from any source. What was the spell? It was that in them humanity has, in a new sense, found itself; for the first time has dared to accept itself without disparagement, without reservation. For the first time an unrestricted faith in all that is and in the issues of all that happens has burst forth triumphantly into song.

> . . . The rapture of the hallelujah sent
> From all that breathes and is . . .

rings through these poems. They carry up into the region of Imagination and Passion those vaster and more profound conceptions of the universe and of man reached by centuries of that indomitably patient organized search for knowledge, that "skilful cross-questioning of things" called science.

> O truth of the earth I am determined to press my way toward you.
> Sound your voice! I scale the mountains, I dive in the sea after you,

cried science; and the earth and the sky have answered, and continue inexhaustibly to answer her appeal. And now at last the day dawns which Wordsworth prophesied of: "The man of science," he wrote, "seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude. The Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science, it is the first and last of all knowledge; it is immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will then sleep no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of science itself. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to man, shall be ready to put on as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man." That time approaches: a new heavens and a new earth await us when the knowledge grasped by science is realized, conceived as a whole, related to the world within us by the shaping spirit of imagination. Not in vain, already, for this Poet have they pierced the darkness of the past, and read here and there a word of the earth's history before human eyes beheld it; each word of infinite significance, because involving in it secrets of the whole. A new anthem of the slow, vast, mystic dawn of life he sings in the name of humanity:—

> I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be
>
> My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stars;
> On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps;
> All below duly travell'd and still I mount and mount.
>
> Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me:
> Afar down I see the huge first No-thing

I know I was even there;
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long I was hugg'd close—long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen;
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me.
My embryo has never been torpid—nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me;
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

Not in vain have they pierced space as well as time and found "a vast similitude interlocking all."

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems,
And all I see multiplied as high as I can cypher; edge but the rim of the farther systems.

Wide and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding,
Outward, and outward, and forever outward.

My sun has his sun, and round him obediently wheels,
He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit,
And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest inside them.

There is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage;
If I, you, and the worlds and all beneath or upon their surfaces were this moment reduced back to a pallid float it would not avail in the long run;
We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
And as surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

Not in vain for him have they penetrated into the substances of things to find that what we thought poor, dead, inert matter is (in Clerk Maxwell's words), "a very sanctuary of minuteness and power where molecules obey the laws of their existence, and clash together in fierce collision, or grapple in yet more fierce embrace, building up in secret the forms of visible things;" each stock and stone a busy group of Ariels plying obediently their hidden tasks.

Why who makes much of a miracle?
As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles,

* * * *

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same;
Every spear of grass—the frames, limbs, organs of men and women, and all that concerns them,
All these to me are unspeakably perfect miracles.

The natural *is* the supernatural, says Carlyle. It is the message that comes to our time from all quarters alike; from poetry, from science, from the deep brooding of the student of human history.

Science materialistic? Rather it is the current theology that is materialistic in comparison. Science may truly be said to have annihilated our gross and brutish conceptions of matter, and to have revealed it to us as subtle, spiritual, energetic beyond our powers of realization. It is for the Poet to increase these powers of realization. He it is who must awaken us to the perception of a new heavens and a new earth here where we stand on this old earth. He it is who must in Walt Whitman's words indicate the path between reality and the soul.

Above all is every thought and feeling in these poems touched by the light of the great revolutionary truth that man, unfolded through vast stretches of time out of lowly antecedents, is a rising, not a fallen creature; emerging slowly from purely animal life; as slowly as the strata are piled and the ocean beds hollowed; whole races still barely emerged, countless individuals in the foremost races barely emerged; "the wolf, the snake, the hog" yet lingering in the best; but new ideals achieved, and others come in sight, so that what once seemed fit is fit no longer, is adhered to uneasily and with shame; the conflicts and antagonisms between what we call good and evil, at once the sign and the means of emergence, and needing to account for them no supposed primeval disaster, no outside power thwarting and marring the Divine handiwork, the perfect fitness to its time and place of all that has proceeded from the Great Source. In a word that Evil is relative; is that which the slowly developing reason and conscience bid us leave behind. The prowess of the lion, the subtlety of the fox are cruelty and duplicity in man.

> Silent and amazed when a little boy,
> I remember I heard the preacher every Sunday put God in his statements,
> As contending against some being or influence,

says the poet. And elsewhere, "Faith, very old now, scared away by science"—by the daylight science lets in upon our miserable inadequate, idolatrous conceptions of God and of his works, and on the sophistications, subterfuges, moral impossibilities, by which we have endeavoured to reconcile the irreconcilable—the co-existence of omnipotent Goodness and an absolute Power of Evil,—"Faith must be brought back by the same power that caused her departure: restored with new sway, deeper, wider, higher than ever." And what else, indeed, at bottom, is science so busy at? For what is Faith? "Faith," to borrow venerable and unsurpassed words, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." And how obtain evidence of things not seen but by a knowledge of things seen? And how know what we may hope for but by knowing the truth of what is, here and now? For seen and unseen are parts of the Great Whole: all the parts interdependent, closely related; all alike have proceeded from and are manifestations of the Divine Source. Nature is not the barrier between us and the unseen but the link, the communication; she too has something behind appearances, has an unseen soul; she too is made of "innumerable energies." Knowledge is not faith, but it is faith's indispensable preliminary and starting ground. Faith runs ahead to fetch glad tidings for us; but if she start from a basis of ignorance and

illusion, how can she but run in the wrong direction? "Suppose" said that impetuous lover and seeker of truth, Clifford, "Suppose all moving things to be suddenly stopped at some instant, and that we could be brought fresh, without any previous knowledge, to look at the petrified scene. The spectacle would be immensely absurd. Crowds of people would be senselessly standing on one leg in the street looking at one another's backs; others would be wasting their time by sitting in a train in a place difficult to get at, nearly all with their mouths open, and their bodies in some contorted, unrestful posture. Clocks would stand with their pendulums on one side. Everything would be disorderly, conflicting, in its wrong place. But once remember that the world is in motion, is going somewhere, and everything will be accounted for and found just as it should be. Just so great a change of view, just so complete an explanation is given to us when we recognize that the nature of man and beast and of all the world is *going somewhere*. The maladaptions in organic nature are seen to be steps toward the improvement or discarding of imperfect organs. The *baneful strife which lurketh inborn in us, and goeth on the way with us to hurt us*, is found to be the relic of a time of savage or even lower condition." "Going somewhere!" That is the meaning then of all our perplexities! That changes a mystery which stultified and contradicted the best we knew into a mystery which teaches, allures, elevates; which harmonises what we know with what we hope. By it we begin to

> . . . . see by the glad light,
> And breathe the sweet air of futurity.

The scornful laughter of Carlyle as he points with one hand to the baseness, ignorance, folly, cruelty around us, and with the other to the still unsurpassed poets, sages, heroes, saints of antiquity, whilst he utters the words "progress of the species!" touches us no longer when we have begun to realize "the amplitude of time;" when we know something of the scale by which Nature measures out the years to accomplish her smallest essential modification or development; know that to call a few thousands or tens of thousands of years antiquity, is to speak as a child, and that in her chronology the great days of Egypt and Syria, of Greece and Rome are affairs of yesterday.

> Each of us inevitable;
> Each of us limitless—each of us with his or her rights upon the earth;
> Each of us allow'd the eternal purports of the earth;
> Each of us here as divinely as any are here,
>
> You Hottentot with clicking palate! You woolly hair'd hordes!
> You own'd persons dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!
> You human forms with the fathomless ever-impressive countenances of brutes!
> I dare not refuse you—the scope of the world and of time and space are upon me.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> I do not prefer others so very much before you either;
> I do not say one word against you, away back there, where you stand;
> (You will come forward in due time to my side).
> My spirit has pass'd in compassion and determination around the whole earth;
> I have look'd for equals and lovers, and found them ready for me in all lands;
> I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them.

O vapors! I think I have risen with you, and moved away to distant continents
and fallen down there for reasons;
I think I have blown with you, O winds;
O waters, I have finger'd every shore with you.

I have run through what any river or strait of the globe has run through;
I have taken my stand on the bases of peninsulas and on the high embedded
rocks to cry thence,
Salut au monde!
What cities the light or warmth penetrates, I penetrate those cities myself;
All islands to which birds wing their way I wing my way myself.

Toward all,
I raise high the perpendicular hand, I make the signal
To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men.

But "Hold!" says the reader, especially if he be one who loves science, who loves to feel the firm ground under his feet, "That the species has a great future before it we may well believe; already we see the indications. But that the individual has is quite another matter. We can but balance probabilities here, and the probabilities are very heavy on the wrong side; the poets must throw in weighty matter indeed to turn the scale the other way!" Be it so: but ponder a moment what science herself has to say bearing on this theme; what are the widest, deepest facts she has reached down to. INDESTRUCTIBILITY: Amidst ceaseless change and seeming decay all the elements, all the forces (if indeed they be not one and the same) which operate and substantiate those changes, imperishable; neither matter nor force capable of annihilation. Endless transformations, disappearances, new combinations, but diminution of the total amount never; missing in one place or shape to be found in another, disguised ever so long, ready always to re-emerge. "A particle of oxygen," wrote Faraday, "is ever a particle of oxygen; nothing can in the least wear it. If it enters into combination and disappears as oxygen, if it pass through a thousand combinations, animal, vegetable, mineral,—if it lie hid for a thousand years and then be evolved, it is oxygen with its first qualities neither more nor less." So then out of the universe is no door. CONTINUITY again is one of Nature's irrevocable words; everything the result and outcome of what went before; no gaps, no jumps; always a connecting principle which carries forward the great scheme of things as a related whole, which subtly links past and present, like and unlike. Nothing breaks with its past. "It is not," says Helmholtz, "the definite mass of substance which now constitutes the body to which the continuance of the individual is attached. Just as the flame remains the same in in appearance and continues to exist with the same form and structure although it draws every moment fresh combustible vapour and fresh oxygen from the air into the vortex of its ascending current; and just as the wave goes on in unaltered form and is yet being reconstructed every moment from fresh particles of water, so is it also in the living being. For the material of the body like that of flame is subject to continuous and comparatively rapid change,—a change the more rapid the livelier the activity of the organs in question. Some constituents are renewed from day to day, some from month to month, and others only after years.

That which continues to exist as a particular individual is, like the wave and the flame, only the *form of motion* which continually attracts fresh matter into its vortex and expels the old. The observer with a deaf ear recognizes the vibration of sound as long as it is visible and can be felt, bound up with other heavy matter. Are our senses in reference to life like the deaf ear in this respect?"

You are not thrown to the winds—you gather certainly and safely around yourself;

* * * * * * *

It is not to diffuse you that you were born of your father and mother—it is to identify you;
It is not that you should be undecided, but that you should be decided;
Something long preparing and formless is arriv'd and form'd in you.
You are henceforth secure whatever comes or goes.

* * * * * * *

O Death! the voyage of Death!
The beautiful touch of Death, soothing and benumbing a few moments for reasons;
Myself discharging my excrementitious body to be burn'd or reduced to powder or buried,
My real body doubtless left me for other spheres,
My voided body, nothing more to me, returning to the purifications, farther offices, eternal uses of the earth."

Yes, they go their way, those dismissed atoms with all their energies and affinities unimpaired. But they are not all; the will, the affections, the intellect are just as real as those affinities and energies, and there is strict account of all; nothing slips through; there is no door out of the universe. But they are qualities of a personality, of a self, not of an atom but of what uses and dismisses those atoms. If the qualities are indestructible so must the self be. The little heap of ashes, the puff of gas, do you pretend that is all that was Shakspeare? The rest of him lives in his works, you say? But he lived and was just the same man after those works were produced. The world gained, but he lost nothing of himself, rather grew and strengthened in the production of them.

Still farther, those faculties with which we seek for knowledge are only a part of us, there is something behind which wields them, something that those faculties cannot turn themselves in upon and comprehend; for the part cannot compass the whole. Yet there it is with the irrefragable proof of consciousness. Who should be the mouthpiece of this whole? Who but the poet, the man most fully "possessed of his own soul," the man of the largest consciousness; fullest of love and sympathy which gather into his own life the experiences of others, fullest of imagination; that quality whereof Wordsworth says that it

. . . in truth
Is but another name for absolute power,
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind
And reason in her most exalted mood."

Let Walt Whitman speak for us:—

I know I am solid and sound,
To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow;
All are written to me and I must get what the writing means.

I know I am deathless;
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by the carpenter's compass;
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.

I know I am august;
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood;
I see that the elementary laws never apologize;
(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by, after all.)

I exist as I am—that is enough;
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,
And if each one and all, be aware, I sit content

One world is aware and by far the largest to me, and that is myself;
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.

What lies through the portal of death is hidden from us; but the laws that govern that unknown land are not all hidden from us, for they govern here and now; they are immutable, eternal.

"Of and in all these things
I have dream'd that we are not to be changed so much, nor the law of us changed,
I have dream'd that heroes and good doers shall be under the present and past law,
And that murderers, drunkards, liars, shall be under the present and past law.
For I have dream'd that the law they are under now is enough."

And the law not to be eluded is the law of consequences, the law of silent teaching. That is the meaning of disease, pain, remorse. Slow to learn are we; but success is assured with limitless Beneficence as our teacher, with limitless time as our opportunity. Already we begin—

To know the Universe itself as a road—as many roads
As roads for travelling souls.
For ever alive; for ever forward.
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied;
Desperate, proud, fond, sick;
Accepted by men, rejected by men.
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go.
But I know they go toward the best, toward something great;
The whole Universe indicates that it is good.

Going somewhere! And if it is impossible for us to see whither, as in the nature of things it must be, how can we be adequate judges of the way? how can we but often grope and be full of perplexity? But we know that a smooth path, a paradise of a world could only nurture fools, cowards, sluggards. "Joy is the great unfolder," but pain is the great enlightener, the great stimulus in certain directions, alike of man and beast. How else could the self-preserving instincts, and all that grows out of them, have been evoked? How else those wonders of the moral world, fortitude, patience, sympathy? And if the lesson be too hard comes Death, come "the sure-enwinding arms of Death" to end it, and speed us to the unknown land.

. . Man is only weak
Through his mistrust and want of hope,

wrote Wordsworth. But man's mistrust of himself is, at bottom, mistrust of the central Fount of power and goodness whence he has issued. Here comes one who plucks out of religion its heart of fear, and puts into it a heart of boundless faith and joy; a faith that beggars previous faiths because it sees that All is good, not part bad and part good; that there is no flaw in the scheme of things, no primeval disaster, no counteracting power; but orderly and sure growth and development, and that infinite Goodness and Wisdom embrace and ever lead forward all that exists. Are you troubled that He is an unknown God; that we cannot by searching find Him out? Why, it would be a poor prospect for the Universe if otherwise; if, embryos that we are, we could compass Him in our thoughts:

"I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least."

It is the double misfortune of the churches that they do not study God in his works—man and Nature and their relations to each other; and that they do profess to set Him forth; that they worship therefore a God of man's devising, an idol made by men's minds it is true, not by their hands, but none the less an idol. "Leaves are not more shed out of trees than Bibles are shed out of you," say the poet. They were the best of their time, but not of all time; they need renewing as surely as there is such a thing as growth, as surely as knowledge nourishes and sustains to further development; as surely as time unrolls new pages of the mighty scheme of existence. Nobly has George Sand, too, written "Everything is divine, even matter; everything is superhuman, even man. God is everywhere: he is in me in a measure proportioned to the little that I am. My present life separates me from Him just in the degree determined by the actual state of childhood of our race. Let me content myself in all my seeking to feel after Him, and to possess of him as much as this imperfect soul can take in with the intellectual sense I have. The day will come when we shall no longer talk about God idly; nay, when we shall talk about Him as little as possible. We shall cease to set Him forth dogmatically, to dispute about His nature. We shall put compulsion on no one to pray to Him, we shall leave the whole business of worship within the sanctuary of each man's conscience. And this will happen when we are really religious."

In what sense may Walt Whitman be called the Poet of Democracy? It is as giving utterance to this profoundly religious faith in man. He is rather the prophet of what is to be than the celebrator of what is. "Democracy," he writes, "is a word, the real gist of which still sleeps quite unawakened, notwithstanding the resonance and the many angry tempests out of which its syllables have come from pen or tongue. It is a great word whose history, I suppose, remains unwritten because that history has yet to be enacted. It is in some sort younger brother of another great and often used word, Nature, whose history also waits unwritten." Political democracy, now taking shape, is the house to live in, and whilst what we demand of it is room for all, fair chances for all, none disregarded or left out as of no account, the main question, the kind of life that is to be led in that house is altogether

beyond the ken of the statesmen as such, and is involved in those deepest facts of the nature and destiny of man which are the themes of Walt Whitman's writings. The practical outcome of that exalted and all accepting faith in the scheme of things, and in man, toward whom all has led up and in whom all concentrates as the manifestation, the revelation of Divine Power is a changed estimate of himself; a higher reverence for, a loftier belief in the heritage of himself; a perception that pride, not humility, is the true homage to his Maker; that "noblesse oblige" is for the Race, not for a handful; that it is manhood and womanhood and their high destiny which constrain to greatness, which can no longer stoop to meanness and lies and base aims, but must needs clothe themselves in "the majesty of honest dealing" (majestic because demanding courage as good as the soldier's, self-denial as good as the saint's for ever-day affairs), and walk erect and fearless, a law to themselves, sternest of all law givers. Looking back to the palmy days of feudalism, especially as immortalized in Shakspeare's plays, what is it we find most admirable? what is it that fascinates? It is the noble pride, the lofty self-respect; the dignity, the courage and audacity of its great personages. But this pride, this dignity rested half upon a true, half upon a hollow foundation; half upon intrinsic qualities, half upon the ignorance and brutishness of the great masses of the people, whose helpless submission and easily dazzled imaginations made stepping-stones to the elevation of the few, and "hedged round kings," with a specious kind of "divinity." But we have our faces turned towards a new day, and toward heights on which there is room for all.

"By God, I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms"

is the motto of the great personages, the great souls of to-day. *On the same terms*, for that is Nature's law and cannot be abrogated, the reaping as you sow. But all shall have the chance to sow well. This is pride indeed! Not a pride that isolates, but that can take no rest till our common humanity is lifted out of the mire everywhere, "a pride that cannot stretch too far because sympathy stretches with it":—

"Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard,
These shows of the east and west are tame compared to you;
These immense meadows, these interminable rivers—
You are immense and interminable as they;
These furies, elements, storms, motions of nature, throes of apparent dissolution—you are he or she who is master or mistress over them.
Master or mistress in your own right over nature, elements, pain, passion, dissolution.
The hopples fall from your ankles, you find an unfailing sufficiency;
Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected by the rest, whatever you are promulgates itself;
Through birth. life, death, burial, the means are provided, nothing is scanted;
Through angers, losses, ambition, ignorance and ennui
What you are picks its way."

This is indeed a pride that is "calming and excellent to the soul"; that "dissolves poverty from its need and riches from its conceit."

And humility? Is there, then, no place for that virtue so much praised by the haughty? Humility is the sweet spontaneous grace

of an aspiring, finely developed nature which sees always heights a-head still unclimbed, which outstrips itself in eager longing for excellence still unattained. Genuine humility takes good care of itself as men rise in the scale of being; for every height climbed discloses still new heights beyond. Or it is a wise caution in fortune's favourites lest they themselves should mistake, as the unthinking crowd around do, the glitter reflected back upon them by their surroundings for some superiority inherent in themselves. It befits them well if there be also due pride, pride of humanity behind. But to say to a man 'Be humble' is like saying to one who has a battle to fight, a race to run 'You are a poor, feeble creature; you are not likely to win and you do not deserve to.' Say rather to him, 'Hold up your head! You were not made for failure, you were made for victory: go forward with a joyful confidence in that result sooner or later, and the sooner or the later depends mainly on yourself.'

"What Christ appeared for in the moral-spiritual field for humankind, namely, that in respect to the absolute soul there is in the possession of such by each single individual something so transcendent, so incapable of gradations (like life) that to that extent it places all beings on a common level, utterly regardless of the distinctions of intellect, virtue, station, or any height or lowliness whatever" is the secret source of that deathless sentiment of Equality which how many able heads imagine themselves to have slain with ridicule and contempt, as Johnson, kicking a stone, imagined he had demolished Idealism when he had simply attributed to the word an impossible meaning. True, *In*equality is one of Nature's words: she moves forward always by means of the exceptional. But the moment the move is accomplished, then all her efforts are towards equality, towards bringing up the rear to that standpoint. But social inequalities, class distinctions, do not stand for, or represent Nature's inequalities. Precisely the contrary in the long run. They are devices for holding up many that would else gravitate down and keeping down many who would else rise up; for providing that some should reap who have not sown, and many sow without reaping. But literature tallies the ways of Nature; for though itself the product of the exceptional, its aim is to draw all men up to its own level. The great writer is "hungry for equals day and night," for so only can he be fully understood. "The meal is equally set"; all are invited. Therefore is literature whether consciously or not, the greatest of all forces on the side of Democracy.

Carlyle has said there is no grand poem in the world but is at bottom a biography—the life of a man. Walt Whitman's poems are not the biography of a man, but they are his actual presence. It is no vain boast when he exclaims,

> Camerado! this is no book;
> Who touches this touches a man.

He has infused himself into words in a way that had not before seemed possible; and he causes each reader to feel that he himself or herself has an actual relationship to him, is a reality full of inexhaustible significance and interest to the poet. The power of

his book, beyond even its great intellectual force, is the power with which he makes this felt; his words lay more hold than the grasp of a hand, strike deeper than the gaze or the flash of an eye; to those who comprehend him he stands "nigher than nighest."

America has had the shaping of Walt Whitman, and he repays the filial debt with a love that knows no stint. Her vast lands with their varied, brilliant climes and rich products, her political scheme, her achievements and her failures, all have contributed to make these poems what they are both directly and indirectly. Above all has that great conflict, the Secession War, found voice in him. And if the reader would understand the true causes and nature of that war, ostensibly waged between North and South, but underneath a tussle for supremacy between the good and the evil genius of America (for there were just as many secret sympathisers with the secession-slave-power in the North as in the South) he will find the clue in the pages of Walt Whitman. Rarely has he risen to a loftier height than in the poem which heralds that volcanic upheaval:—

Rise, O days, from your fathomless deeps, till you loftier and fiercer sweep!
Long for my soul, hungering gymnastic, I devour'd what the earth gave.
Long I roam'd the woods of the north—long I watch'd Niagara pouring;
I travell' the prairies over, and slept on their breast—
I cross'd the Nevadas, I cross'd the plateaus;
I ascended the towering rocks along the Pacific, I sail'd out to sea;
I sail'd through the storm, I was refresh'd by the storm;
Iwatch'd with joy the threatening maws of the waves;
I mark'd the white combs where they career'd so high curling over;
I heard the wind piping, I saw the black clouds;
Saw from below what arose and mounted. (O superb! O wild as my heart and powerful!);
Heard the continuous thunder, as it bellow'd after the lightning;
Noted the slender and jagged threads of lightning, as sudden and fast amid the din they chased each other across the sky;
—These and such as these, I, elate, saw—saw with wonder, yet pensive and masterful;
All the menacing might of the globe uprisen around me;
Yet there with my soul I fed—I fed content, supercilious.

'Twas well, O soul! 'twas a good preparation you gave me!
Now we advance our latent and ampler hunger to fill;
Now we go forth to receive what the earth and the sea never gave us;
Not through the mighty woods we go, but through the mightier cities.
Something for us is pouring now, more than Niagara pouring;
Torrents of men (sources and rills of the north-west, are you indeed inexhaustible?)
What to pavements and homesteads here—what were those storms of the mountains and sea?
What to passions I witness around me to-day, was the sea risen?
Was the wind piping the pipe of death under the black clouds?
Lo! from deeps more unfathomable something more deadly and savage;
Manhattan rising, advancing with menacing front—
Cincinnati, Chicago, unchain'd;
—What was that swell I saw on the ocean? behold what comes here!
How it climbs with daring feet and hands! how it dashes!
How the true thunder bellows after the lightning! how bright the flashes of lightning!
How Democracy with vengeful port strides on, shown through the dark by those flashes of lightning!
(Yet a mournful wail and low sob I fancied I heard through the dark,
In a lull of the deafening confusion.)

Thunder on! stride on, Democracy! stride with vengeful stroke!
And do you rise higher than ever yet, O days, O cities!
Crash heavier, heavier yet O storms! you have done me good;
My soul, prepared in the mountains, absorbs your immortal strong nutriment:
—Long had I walk'd my cities, my country roads, only half satisfied;
One doubt, nauseous, undulating like a snake, crawl'd on the ground before me,
Continually preceding my steps, turning upon me oft, ironically hissing low;
—The cities I lov'd so well, I abandon'd and left—I sped to the certainties suitable to me;
Hungering, hungering, hungering for primal energies, and nature's dauntlessness;
I refresh'd myself with it only, I could relish it only;
I waited the bursting forth of the pent fire—on the water and the air I waited long;
—But now I no longer wait—I am fully satisfied, I am glutted;
I have witness'd the true lightning—I have witnessed my cities electric;
I have lived to behold man burst forth and warlike America rise;
Hence I will seek no more the food of the northern solitary wilds,
No more on the mountains roam or sail the stormy sea.

But not for the poet a soldier's career. "To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead" was the part he chose. During the whole war he remained with the army, but only to spend the days and nights, saddest, happiest of his life, in the hospital tents. It was a beautiful destiny for this lover of men, and a proud triumph for this believer in the People; for it was the People that he beheld, tried by severest tests. He saw them "of their own choice, fighting, dying for their own idea, insolently attacked by the secession-slave-power." From the workshop, the farm, the store, the desk, they poured forth, officered by men who had to blunder into knowledge at the cost of the wholesale slaughter of their troops. He saw them "tried long and long by hopelessness, mismanagement, defeat; advancing unhesitatingly through incredible slaughter; sinewy with unconquerable resolution. He saw them by tens of thousands in the hospitals tried by yet drearier, more fearful tests—the wound, the amputation, the shattered face, the slow hot fever, the long impatient anchorage in bed; he marked their fortitude, decorum, their religious nature and sweet affection." Finally, newest, most significant sight of all, victory achieved, the Cause, the Union safe, he saw them return back to the workshop, the farm, the desk," the store, instantly reabsorbed into the peaceful industries of the land:—

A pause—the armies wait.
A million flush'd embattled conquerors wait.
The world, too, waits, then soft as breaking night and sure as dawn
They melt, they disappear.

"Plentifully supplied, last-needed proof of Democracy in its personalities!" ratifying on the broadest scale Wordsworth's haughty claim for average man—"Such is the inherent dignity of human nature that there belong to it sublimities of virtue which all men may attain, and which no man can transcend."

But, aware that peace and prosperity may be even still severer tests of national as of individual virtue and greatness of mind, Walt Whitman scans with anxious, questioning eye the America

of to-day. He is no smooth-tongued prophet of easy greatness.

> I am he that walks the States with a barb'd tongue questioning every one I meet.
> Who are you that wanted only to be told what you knew before?
> Who are you that wanted only a book to join you in your nonsense?

He sees clearly as any the incredible flippancy, the blind fury of parties, the lack of great leaders, the plentiful meanness and vulgarity; the labour question beginning to open like a yawning gulf. . . . "We sail a dangerous sea of seething currents, all so dark and untried. . . . It seems as if the Almighty had spread before this nation charts of imperial destinies, dazzling as the sun, yet with many a deep intestine difficulty, and human aggregate of cankerous imperfection, saying lo! the roads! The only plans of development, long and varied, with all terrible balks and ebullitions! You said in your soul, I will be empire of empires, putting the history of old-world dynasties, conquests, behind me as of no account—making a new history, a history of democracy . . . I alone inaugurating largeness, culminating time. If these, O lands of America, are indeed the prizes, the determinations of your soul, be it so. But behold the cost, and already specimens of the cost. Thought you greatness was to ripen for you like a pear? If you would have greatness, know that you must conquer it through ages . . . must pay for it with proportionate price. For you, too, as for all lands, the struggle, the traitor, the wily person in office, scrofulous wealth, the surfeit of prosperity, the demonism of greed, the hell of passion, the decay of faith, the long postponement, the fossil-like lethargy, the ceaseless need of revolutions, prophets, thunderstorms, deaths, new projections and invigorations of ideas and men."

"Yet I have dreamed, merged in that hidden-tangled problem of our fate, whose long unravelling stretches mysteriously through time—dreamed, portrayed hinted already—a little or a larger band, a band of brave and true, unprecedented yet, arm'd and equipt at every point, the members separated, it may be by different dates and states, or south or north, or east or west, a year, a century here, and other centuries there, but always one, compact in soul, conscience-conserving, God-inculcating, inspired achievers, not only in literature, the greatest art, but achievers in all art—a new undying order, dynasty from age to age transmitted, a band, a class at least as fit to cope with current years, our dangers, needs, as those who, for their time, so long, so well, in armour or in cowl, upheld and made illustrious that far-back-feudal, priestly world,"

Of that band, is not Walt Whitman the pioneer? Of that New World literature, say, are not his poems the beginning? A rude beginning if you will. He claims no more and no less. But whatever else they may lack they do not lack vitality, initiative, sublimity. They do not lack that which makes life great and death, with its "transfers and promotions, its superb vistas," exhilarating,—a resplendent faith in God and man which will kindle anew the faith of the world:—

> Poets to come! Orators, singers, musicians to come!
> Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for;

But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known

Arouse! Arouse, for you must justify me, you must answer.
I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future,
I but advance a moment only to hurry back in the darkness.

I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping turns a casual look upon you and then averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.

ANNE GILCHRIST.