THE CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

THE most careless observer cannot be blind to the fact that the present time is an age of great and startling discovery, and rapid advance in the pursuit of truth. Even those sciences,
had attained some measure of completeness a century ago, are now pursued with greater vigour and more success; while others have started into being, or been changed from a few hasty and uncertain generalizations to the assured certainty of deductive truth. Consider for instance the progress in physiology, botany, and in short all natural science. Geology and chemistry cannot be said to have even had any existence; it is only within the last two or three years that Tyndall has laid a sure foundation for the science of thermotics, while comparative philology and social statics are as yet but in their infancy, and promise large results. And I dare not even except theology from the list of those branches of human knowledge, in which the progress of the years is leading us to purer, wider and nobler views.

"For I doubt not thro' the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Why then is history to be the only exception to this law of universal advance? Since our knowledge of the present and the future is ever increasing, why should we not be able to survey with a truer appreciation and a livelier interest the events of the past? I venture to assert that history too has had its share of triumphs and success. Within the last few years Niebuhr, Arnold, Mommsen and Merivale have altered the whole aspect of the history of Rome, while Thirlwall and Grote have revolutionised our ideas on the affairs of Greece.

In English history it is the same; Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and his yet more able successor Mr. Spedding, have scattered for ever the cloud of infamy that hung over the fair fame of

one of England's twin-giants, the illustrious Bacon; while Mr. Carlyle has won tardy justice for the memory of one of her greatest rulers. These and many similar examples which will readily recur to every one are abundantly sufficient to show how difficult it is to reach the pure historic fact; and how for centuries a slanderous lie may pass current, till it withers beneath the touch of the Ithuriel spear of honest criticism. It is indeed no easy matter to enter fairly into the spirit of a by-gone age, so as to judge with discernment of the motives of the actors in it. To quote the words of an able historian: "As the old man forgets his childhood, as the grown man and the youth rarely comprehend each other, as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties do not reason to the same conclusions—so is the past a perplexity to the present; it lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy alike in those who read and those who write." But when the truth has been at last discovered, it is our bounden duty to accept it readily, despite all previous prejudices. Is truth the less true, because it has been long concealed? I am well aware that in maintaining that view of the character of Henry VIII., which I defend in this essay, I shall have to contend against a large amount of prejudice. Every one has some knowledge of the period of English history which I propose to glance at now, and has formed his opinion upon the character of the ruler who played so distinguished a part in it. I suppose that Hume represents the idea that most persons have of the character of Henry VIII., when he describes him as follows:—"A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature; violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice; but neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was he at intervals altogether destitute of virtue. It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their hatred: he seems even in some degree to have possessed to the last their love and their affection." A little extraordinary! does he say? Why, if this picture of his character be the true one, the whole history of his reign appears to me one of the most mysterious problems in the annals of mankind! I can safely defy Hume's followers to produce one single instance of such

complete devotion of a great and noble nation to a monarch who, according to them, so openly and shamelessly outraged their most precious principles. On the contrary I am prepared to maintain that their description of his character is most unfair, and that though certainly not without faults, and some of a grave nature, Henry is on the whole for his truthfulness, integrity, generosity, uprightness, honesty of purpose, and devotion to his country, truly deserving of our admiration.

Before I proceed to lay before the reader the positive evidence on which I ask him to agree in my view, I must briefly set forth some of the causes which have produced the popular, but as I hold, utterly erroneous opinion. In the first place it is greatly owing to the influence of Hume, to whom no small proportion of the common errors in English history may fairly be attributed. When reading his work, we must never forget the order in which it was composed. He started first with a violent and deeply-rooted bias towards the worthless, perjured house of Stuart, and wrote their history in a spirit that has most grievously tended to obscure the truth, and cover some of the noblest souls in England with unmerited disgrace. And *after* he had done so, he turned to the earlier ages of our history, resolved to find precedents for the tyranny, and palliation for the crimes of the unworthy objects of his admiration. And even had he been utterly unprejudiced, how was it possible for one who lived in the time so graphically described in that most amusing yet saddest of books, Mr. Thackeray's Lectures on the Georges, to enter into the spirit of that glorious century between Henry VIII., and Cromwell? As easily could Tom Moore rival the Inferno, or Jeremy Bentham finish Christabel. And yet in consequence of the sparkling grace and exquisitely pellucid clearness of his style, this history has been accepted as that from which we may best learn the struggles of our fathers and drink in the spirit of their noble deeds! Can we wonder that the history of our nation is too often regarded as a dry school-lesson, and not, as it surely should be, the story of God's dealings with his people, whence we may draw wisdom and strength for our present need and faith for time to come? Can the blind lead the blind and not both fall into the ditch?

But another main reason, I believe, of the prevalent error concerning Henry is, that historians instead of employing contemporaneous authorities, the only ones of the slightest worth in history, have drawn their facts and the colouring

they gave them to a great extent from writers a generation or two later. At the time of the Reformation England was passing through a terrible crisis; at such periods nations, like individuals, live fast; and a man writing fifty years after the events would as little be able to conceive the motives, hopes and fears of the actors in them, as our children will be able to enter into the spirit of our fathers' death-grapple with Napoleon. During the later years of Elizabeth, and the subsequent reigns of the Stuarts, the English nation had settled down peacefully into the two great parties of Anglicans and Puritans, with still a considerable remnant of Romanists; but throughout the reign of Henry men's minds were in a state of progress. They had burst the bonds that united them to Rome, and were drifting, they scarce knew whither, on a tempestuous starless ocean. Their only hope in union, there was yet mutiny in the ship; above them the murkiest storm-clouds, around and beneath the hungry billows; while right a-head were the iron-bound crags, whereon the vessels that bore the peace and happiness of nations had already been dashed to fragments. How little then were those, whose sky was unclouded, whose sea was unruffled, able to conceive the fierce struggles, the passionate prayers, the daring deeds of those who had wrestled with the wildest storms! How little could they understand the skill, the valour and the faith unshaken of that captain who had guided the vessel committed to his care, safely through the raging seas to peaceful and untroubled waters!

Hence, I believe, arose the unfavourable view of Henry's character that has been common since the Great Rebellion. But I have myself examined all the English chroniclers of Henry's reign who wrote before that time; and I can only add the witness of my own researches to the truth of Prof. Kingsley's assertion that, "with the exception of a few ultra Protestants, who could not forgive that persecution of Reformers which Henry certainly permitted, if not encouraged, during one period of his reign, *no one* adopted the modern view of his character till more than one hundred years after his death, when belief in all nobleness and faith had died out among an ignoble and faithless generation." To this explicit declaration of so brilliant a genius and so distinguished an historian, it is hardly needful to add anything; but for the satisfaction of the reader, I will give extracts from the principal chroniclers. Hall, writing in the year of Henry's death says, "His Grace hath done a great and

infinite number of most prudent and beneficial things both for the quietness of his realm and the wealth of his subjects." Grafton twenty years after, speaks of "this most noble and excellent Prince," and says again: "This Prince of all others that ever reigned over this realm, was most renowned and famous, and whatsoever he attempted, the same had most prosperous success, as well in wars as in all other matters of great importance; wherein he dealt far above all other princ
his history. Of personage he was tall and mighty, in wit and memory most excellent, of such majesty tempered with humanity and gentleness, as was comely in so great and noble a prince." Holinshed in 1577 uses almost the same words, and adds: "sufficient cannot be said in his high-merited commendation." We must notice at the same time that both these chroniclers freely censure some of his actions, so that their praise cannot fairly be ascribed to flattery or servility. This freedom is especially conspicuous in the way in which Grafton speaks of the execution of his friend Surrey, and the condemnation of Norfolk. Again, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his history written under a king who hated the very name of a Tudor, yet writes: "He was one of the most glorious princes of his time, insomuch that not only the chief potentates of Christendom did court him, but his subjects in general did highly reverence him," observe—a man alleged to "have been disgraced by the worst vices incident to human nature"—"did highly reverence him, as the many trials he put them to sufficiently testify. His most bitter censurers agree that he had all manner of perfection, either of nature or of education; that he was besides of a most deep judgment in all affairs to which he applied himself; a prince, not only liberal and indulgent to his family and court, but even to strangers, whom he willingly saw; and one that made choice both of able and good men for the clergy, and of wise and grave counsellors for state affairs; and above all, a prince of royal courage." These testimonies, as I have said, I have myself collected; the following, from Ulpian Fulwell, a writer towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, I owe to Mr. Froude: "To write at large of all his worthiness and incomparable acts would fill a volume, and were too great a charge; but he was a prince of singular prudence, of passing stout courage, of invincible fortitude, of dexterity wonderful.
a rare spectacle of humanity, of civility and good nature, an absolute precedent, a special pattern of clemency and modera-

tion; a worthy example of regal justice, a bottomless spring of largess and benignity; he was to the world an ornament, to England a treasure, to his friends a comfort, to his foes a terror, to his faithful and loving subjects a tender father, to innocence a sure protector, to wilful malefactors a sharp scourge, to his common weal and good people, a quiet haven and anchor of safe-guard, to the disturbers of the same a rock of extermination. In heinous and intolerable crimes against the commonwealth a severe judge; in like offences committed against himself, a ready port and refuge of mercy, except to such as would persist incorrigibly. A man he was in gifts of nature and of grace peerless; and to conclude, a man above all praises." These quotations are all made from English writers, but many opinions of foreigners to the same effect may be found in Sharon Turner's *History*; which I refrain from transcribing, because they are accessible to any who really wish to study the subject. Those which I have already transferred to the pages of *The Eagle*, are abundantly sufficient to prove my point. Assuredly I do not venture to ask any one to accept these panegyrics just as they stand, as historic truth; but I do mean to assert that no man would dare write such words within thirty years of Henry's death, if, as some historians would have us believe, his every action gave them the lie. We cannot conceive of a writer of the present day describing George III. in sober earnest, as a ruler of wide and liberal views, or George IV. as a man of pure and ascetic morality. The eulogies I have quoted need not be accepted in their entirety, but I maintain that they completely prove my first position, that Englishmen, at all events in those days, looked upon Henry as a clement, wise, and virtuous prince, whom living or dead they delighted to honour. How comes it then, that this opinion has been of late so entirely reversed? Julius Hare, in his wise and beautiful *Guesses at Truth*, has reminded us that two powers are scarcely less mighty in our intellectual, than in our moral and spiritual life—faith, and love. What he applies to poetry is no less true of history. Surely the sneering sceptical spirit of Voltaire, Hume, and Gibbon is far less likely to reach the truth as to by-gone ages, than the loving, trustful sympathy of Arnold, Kingsley, Stanley, and Milman. But in this feeling, as necessary in studying the life of a great nation, as in comprehending that of a great man, our historians have hitherto been strangely deficient. It was as true then as now, that (as our great laureate sings),

It is the land that free men till,
  That sober-suited freedom chose:
  The land where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will.

A land of settled government,
  A land of old and just renown,
  Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

This freedom of the country under the Tudor kings has been called in question by those who, like Hume, had some ulterior object, but it is placed beyond all question by the whole history of the times. Hallam explicitly declares that the kings never possessed either of the two great sources of power, the right to levy taxes, and to enact laws. But the condition of the nation is still more strikingly shewn by the fact, that all the statutes on which our liberties are founded were passed before this time, and that none enacted since do more than explain and confirm them. I shall have occasion again to allude to this freedom of the people, because it is the very keystone of my argument; but I trust I have said enough to prove my point for the present. And yet historians have not scrupled to teach us, that this free and noble nation submitted to be ruled at the arbitrary will of a cruel tyrant who, though daily shocking their dearest principles, though daily venturing on some new act of oppression and injustice, still retained to the last their reverence and love. But recently an historian has arisen who to admirable powers of narration unites that reverence for the virtues of the past, that charity for its failings, and that sympathy with its trials and difficulties, which must ever be cherished by one who wishes to write a faithful history. Mr. Froude has refused to believe "that English judges, English parliaments, English clergy, statesmen whose beneficent legislation survives among the most valued of our institutions, Prelates who were the founders and martyrs of the English Church, were the cowardly accomplices of abominable atrocities; and had disgraced themselves by a sycophancy which the Roman senate imperfectly approached, when it fawned on Nero." He has preferred in discussing points of obscurity the deliberate opinion of the representatives of the nation, as expressed in the Acts of Parliament, to the careless inaccuracies and malignant slanders of later historians. Which method, I ask, is the more likely to lead us to the truth? Whose results may we the more readily and entirely trust? Yet Mr. Froude's

method must lead us inevitably, as it has led him, to the acquittal of Henry.

It is evidently impossible for me to attempt to go through the whole of Henry's reign, and defend his every action. The space allotted me will only allow me to lay down (as I have partly done already), the principles which I think ought to guide us in judging him; and apply them to the points in which his conduct has been most mis-represented. And here I must first discuss a question on which, did the readers of *The Eagle* consist in any large proportion of the fairer but less reasoning sex, I should despair of producing conviction. I have never once hinted in the presence of any of them, that Henry VIII. was not perhaps quite so bad as he is usually painted, (a fact admitted even of the Prince of Darkness himself), without the exclamation accompanied by the prettiest little shriek, "Oh! the horrid old creature! Why he had six wives!" To which has not seldom been added, "And cut off all their heads!" Now with the greatest possible grief at differing in opinion from any fair ladies, who may deign to cast their eyes over our celibate production, I certainly do not think him a horrid old creature; nay! rather quite the reverse. I must confess that he *had* six wives: assuredly not a precedent to be followed; but is he therefore to be condemned or pitied? was he guilty or unfortunate? I hold the latter, and unhesitatingly think him "a man more sinned against than sinning."

In considering this question, we shall be influenced much by the idea we form of his character, before the divorce from Catherine, and on this point at least historians are unanimous. All speak of him during the earlier years of his reign in the highest terms. It is true that he was somewhat extravagant, and perhaps left state affairs too much to his able and faithful minister, Wolsey; he certainly did not at this time show that devotion to his country, and self-sacrifice, that shone out so brightly in his later years. But in generosity, honour, justice, and moral purity, his early life will stand comparison with that of any of our kings before or since, if I except perhaps King Charles I., who assuredly had sins enough of another kind to answer for. With one solitary exception, throughout the whole fiery period of youth, in the midst of the temptations of a court, he remained unswervingly faithful to the wife forced upon him in his boyhood, though six years older than himself, plain and unamiable. With a character like this to start from, the defenders of Henry may fearlessly challenge the severest investigation. Of his six wives, one died a natural death, and one survived him; no one, I presume, will venture to defend the worthless Catherine Howard, or deny that her fate was righteously deserved. The divorce of Anne of Cleves I do not intend to refer to; it involves questions little fitted for discussion, and is one of those which must be decided after all by the opinions we have previously formed of the characters of those concerned. I will simply express my belief that any one who will fairly examine (as I have done) the voluminous State-papers published on the subject, will admit that Henry was perfectly justified in all his conduct. There remain, therefore, for our discussion, only the divorce of Catherine of Arragon and the execution of Anne Boleyn; and if I succeed in showing that both these measures were just and needful, I think the candid reader must admit that, as regards his wives, Henry's character was stainless. It will be remembered that Catherine of Arragon had been the wife of Prince Arthur, Henry's elder brother; and that after Arthur's death, by an arrangement between Ferdinand of Spain and Henry VII., she was betrothed to young Henry, then but twelve years old. The marriage was illegal according to the ecclesiastical canons: but a papal dispensation was reluctantly granted. "But in the year following the ambiguity of the law, the extreme undesirableness of imperilling the succession, and the doubts of the English ecclesiastics as to the adequacy of the forms observed, all combined to change the intentions of the king of England, and he compelled the prince on his arrival at the requisite age, to disown and renounce by a formal and solemn act the obligations contracted in his name." Thus an atmosphere of doubt and of uncertainty from the first surrounded this connection. When Henry ascended the throne at the age of eighteen, he was persuaded by a majority of his council, in spite of his own renunciation, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to renew his engagement; and having done so, in this doubtful and uncongenial marriage he lived for twenty years almost blameless. The only offspring was the Princess Mary, and in 1527 the French ambassador openly raised a question as to her legitimacy. Such a question so raised could not be lightly passed over, but must be boldly met and answered. And besides, at a time when the right of the Pope to issue dispensations from the laws of God and man was being so openly questioned, Henry could not fail to be tormented by doubts as to the legality of the marriage which had been entered upon with so much hesitation.

He began to fear lest the assertion made by the brave monk of Wittemberg, that the Sovereign Pontiff was but a fallible mortal, which had once appeared so audacious a heresy, might after all be true; and grave doubts seized him, that he had been led by the Pope to the commission of a grievous sin in marrying his brother's widow. These doubts became converted into certainty when that very curse (of barrenness) fell on him, that had been threatened in the law of Moses against those guilty of this crime. Mr. Froude has shown that six sons had been born to him by Catherine, not one of whom survived to leave the cradle. He said himself, "All such issue male as I have received of the queen died incontinent after they were born, so that I doubt the punishment of God in that behalf. Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience, and partly in despair of any issue male by her, it drove me at last to consider the estate of this realm, and the danger it stood in for the lack of issue male to succeed me in this imperial dignity." And of what that danger was we in these settled times can form but little idea. The life of the Princess Mary was very uncertain, and if she should die, or the proud barons of England, never yet ruled by a woman, should refuse her their allegiance, how terrible the future that awaited this land! The Dukes of Buckingham, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the King of Scotland, and the Queen of France, Lady Margaret Lennox, the Countess of Salisbury, and the powerful families of the Courtenays, the Nevilles, and the Poles, had each and all conflicting claims upon the throne, and partisans ready to support them. They would assuredly have been advanced on the death of Henry, and must inevitably have convulsed the country with the combined fury of a foreign and an intestinal war. The danger is long over-past, and so we forget it; but is not our conduct like that of the passengers in a storm-tost vessel, who, while the billows are rolling mountains high, and the winds are howling around them, cling in frantic terror to their trusted captain, with passionate prayers that he would save them; but when the tempest has past and the waves are still, they say, "the storm was not so dangerous as we fancied," and even blame their saviour for the loss of any of the cargo he has thrown over for their preservation! Truly we are a generous people! To prove that I do not exaggerate, I beg the reader to listen to the language of the statesmen of the day. Wolsey said to Sir Gregory Cassilis, "If his Holiness, which God forbid, shall show himself unwilling to listen to the king's demands, to me assuredly it will be but grief to

live longer, for the innumerable evils which I foresee will follow. Nothing is before us but universal and inevitable ruin." Hall, the chronicler, declares that, "all indifferent (*i.e.* unprejudiced) and discreet persons judged it necessary for the Pope to grant Henry a divorce, and by enabling him to marry again, give him the hope of an undisputed heir male." The Cardinal Governor of Bologna asserts that "he knew the gyze of England as well as few men did, and if the king should die without heirs male, he was sure it would cost 200,000 men's lives." It was reserved for historians who lived under the Jameses and the Charleses, and had lost all faith (as well they might) in the virtue of princes, and the confidence of their subjects, to reject utterly the witness of the wisest and greatest men of the time, and the testimony of the plainest common sense, and assert that a king who had borne himself so uprightly and honourably for twenty years of youth in imperial power, should now bring years of trouble on his country and the whole of Europe, for the sake of a silly wicked love-fit.

I am sure that the verdict of every unprejudiced reader, will be that given by the pope's own legates, when they said, "it is mere madness to suppose that the king would act as he is doing merely out of dislike to the queen, or out of inclination to another person; nor can any sane man believe him to be so infirm of character that sensual allurements would have led him to dissolve a connection in which he has passed the flower of youth withou
in which he has borne himself in his present trial so reverently and honourably." So temperate and yet firm was his resolve, that for seven long years Henry bore with the vexatious delays of diplomacy, and the constant deception of the Pope, and what wonder that at last the patience of the king as well as the people was utterly exhausted, and that in righteous wrath they threw off the fetters of one who claimed to be the vicegerent of the God of Truth, and had shown himself hopelessly fickle, false and perjured. The divorce by the Parliament as well as by the all but unanimous voice of the nation was declared absolutely necessary for its peace and safety. Henry did not hesitate to obey that voice; the universities and bishops pronounced the previous marriage illegal; and in dazzling splendour the woman who had some months before become his wife was crowned as Henry's queen. Again peace seemed restored to England: Emperor and Pope might do their worst; but a bold, free, and united people, faithful in their allegiance to a prince in whom they

trusted, would bid them proud defiance. The king had leisure now for those important reforms of the church to which I shall refer by and bye. But soon these matrimonial troubles to which he seemed fated recommenced. Rumours of the most unfavourable kind were spread abroad about the conduct of the queen. A committee of the Privy Council was appointed to examine into the case; and a special commission was issued for her trial. Grand Juries of Kent and Middlesex found true bills against her; the commission sentenced her to death, and she was beheaded on Tower Hill. Such is the barest outline of those tragic events that have brought such odium on the head of Henry. But how far does he really deserve our censure? Let us consider for a moment the consequences of the truth of the usual belief. Mr. Hallam says, "Few, very few, have in any age hesitated to admit the innocence of Anne Boleyn. Nothing in this detestable reign is worse than her trial." The usual candour and judicial impartiality of this great historian, deservedly give great weight to any opinion he may advance. But let us consider what follows if we accept this view. We are told to believe that the king grew tired of that woman for whose sake but three short years before he had defied the mightiest princes of his time, and that, in the age of Catherine de Medici, instead of removing her by poison, by secret assassination or by divorce, he caused her to be accused of the most heinous crimes, and deliberately incurred the scandal, the risk, and the disgrace of a public trial and execution. Remember Henry's position, surrounded by enemies abroad, and harassed by disunion and conspiracies at home, his foes all eagerly watching for an occasion of attack, and ready to take advantage of the slightest slip. I maintain that if he were not fully convinced of the guilt of Anne, his conduct shows not only a murderous thirst for blood, but a besotted madness, utterly at variance with his previous actions. And yet more, far more, we must believe that in his design, which would stand almost unmatched for foul atrocity, he had the unanimous and hearty support of her own father the Earl of Wiltshire, of her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, of the Privy Council, the House of Peers, with the Archbishops and Bishops, the House of Commons, the Grand Juries of Middlesex and Kent, and the great mass of the English people. We must believe that the bravest, proudest, and freest nation of Christendom, in the persons of their noblest chivalry, consented to be accomplices in a deed of unutterable baseness, and inscribe their degradation in the most enduring annals of the realm. Such infamy could find no parallel in the days of pagan Rome's most abject bondage. Even then there were found some noble souls, who chose to die rather than be silent on their country's shame. And yet we are to believe that not one such was to be found among those men whom God honoured by making them the instruments of the greatest work He ever wrought in this fair land; not one such among that glorious band of statesmen and warriors, that rallied round the throne of the maiden queen, threw down the gage of battle to the mightiest prince of Christendom, and in that deadly yet triumphant struggle for truth and freedom, won for themselves immortal fame. Yet we are taught that it is not true as it was in the days of old: "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;" we are told the eagle may come from the egg of the carrion-crow; and that the vilest of the vile now take the foremost rank in the noble army of martyrs. On the other supposition we are asked to believe that a youthful queen, brought up in the most profligate court of the time, was tempted to commit those crimes, which she had seen treated as matter of jest rather than reproach. I do not hesitate to say, that no man who can divest himself of early prejudices, will doubt which alternative he ought to adopt. But if it be allowed that the guilt is proved, surely the punishment was not too great for the offence. As Mr. Kingsley says, "Death, and death of a far more horrible kind than that which Anne Boleyn suffered, was the established penalty of the offences of which she was convicted, and in this case they had the fearful aggravation that they were offences, not against Henry merely, but against the whole English nation. She had married in order that there might be an undisputed heir to the throne, and a fearful war avoided. To throw into dispute by any conduct of hers (and it is universally admitted that this was at least excessively indiscreet) the legitimacy of her own offspring, argues a levity or a hard-heartedness, which of itself deserved the severest punishment." And if this be conceded, why are we to blame Henry if he did not interfere to prevent the execution of the sentence passed by the highest legal authorities upon the most revolting crimes?

I claim therefore to have proved that both in the divorce from Catherine, and in the execution of Anne Boleyn, Henry was perfectly blameless. Other evidence indeed I might have adduced, but the limits of one brief article are utterly inadequate to exhaust the subject. My space will only allow me to place before the reader some of the most striking considerations;

and if I can only succeed in inducing some to study with impartial minds and clearer views this important period of our annals, my labour, which has not been trifling, will not have been spent in vain. But before I leave this portion of my subject, candour demands that I should allude to one of Henry's actions, which I confess cannot be so completely justified; though it may be greatly palliated. On the day after Anne's execution, he married Jane Seymour, one of the late queen's maids of honour. That this was in the highest degree unbecoming and indelicate, admits of no denial, but delicacy is not a virtue easily learnt by a powerful prince, whose will has usually been law. To me it seems that Henry, indignant at the faithlessness of one to whom he had been strongly attached, resolved to show his nation how completely her guilt had torn her from his heart, and how little he would respect the memory of one who had so bitterly deceived him. Henceforward he seems to have regarded marriage as an unpleasant duty required by the necessities of his country, urged by his Council, and to be performed as speedily as possible. It seems to me simply childish to imagine, that the monarch who had waited seven long years for one whom he undoubtedly passionately loved, was so regardless of his own dignity and the feelings of his people as to be hurried away by the impulse of a violent passion. That so petty a revenge upon the memory of a woman who, however unworthy, had once been his wife, was sadly beneath so great a king, I freely confess; but I am not trying to show that Henry was without his faults, but simply that they have been grossly exaggerated. How his own people looked upon this action is clearly shown by the records of the following parliament. They declare the criminality of the late queen proved, the sentence upon her just; and they thank the king, in the name of the nation, for having made haste with the marriage, which is now regarded as the temptation to his crime. The student may refuse, if he will, to accept the truth of this representation; but it is impossible to pass over the deliberate judgment of the leaders of the nation with a few contemptuous sneers. That this judgment was not evoked by fear of the king, I shall prove further on.

But now I must turn to another charge that is frequently brought against Henry; that of capricious and blood-thirsty tyranny. This has perhaps not so much affected the common opinion of his character as his relations with his wives; but of course I must boldly meet and answer

it. The alleged tyranny is of two kinds, in political and ecclesiastical matters. And here again historians have been led into error by neglecting to consider the condition of the nation at the time. It was divided into contending factions at bitter variance, especially upon the two main points of the succession and religion. These were checked indeed for the time by the consciousness that a cool and sagacious head and powerful arm were curbing them, but were ready at any moment to break forth into furious discord, and plunge the suffering country once more into the fearful horrors of a new civil war. We can little understand what these words mean: but had we ridden over the fields of Gettysburg, or Chancellorsville, had we seen the flames arise from our own dear Atlanta home, or listened to the booming of the monitors at Charleston, we could better comprehend them. And we must not forget that the Tudors and their counsellors had seen the close of a sanguinary contest between rival families, and had heard from their fathers tales of pillaged homes, of wasted lands, and of battle-fields strewn with corpses polluting the air for miles around. Historians in their peaceful libraries have condemned in no measured language the executions of Buckingham and Darcy, Exeter and Montague, the Countess of Salisbury and the Earl of Surrey; and I admit at once that some of these were put to death on evidence that would not satisfy a modern jury. But then if peace was to be kept at all, it must be by a keen eye and vigorous hand. Then it was impossible to wait for the commission of some overt act of rebellion. If it were proved that the accused was strongly disaffected to the government, it was then considered, and it was in reality, ample reason for his execution. So at least thought the noblest and wisest of those days; and they knew far more of the needs of the country than we can ever know. But again in many cases the MSS. recently discovered in the Rolls house, contain far more evidence of positive treason, than has hitherto been known to exist. To take but one instance—the Marquis of Exeter withdrew from his command in the royal army at the time of the great Northern Rebellion, returned to his estates in Devonshire, interfered with the course of justice, and prevented the levy of the subsidy granted by parliament; it was found that a large conspiracy had been formed to make him king. For these and other similar crimes he was tried fairly by his peers, convicted on the clearest evidence (which yet remains) and condemned to death. And yet his execution is usually brought forward as a proof of Henry's insatiate thirst for

blood! Is it, I ask, either honest or generous, so recklessly and wantonly to malign the character of one so long departed? Were he still among us, the accusation would be treated as a foul malignant slander; and does the lapse of years make so much difference? Too often do we find it true that

> "The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

It has been so long with Henry, but let it be so no longer. As long as we retain any just pride in the religious liberty of our country, let us not forget our debt of gratitude to the ruler who took the first steps in that road, even though his vision was not always clear and his footsteps sometimes wavered.

Other cases of alleged judicial murder were really precisely similar. Even the Earl of Surrey whose poetical genius has won him so much pity, despite his infamous private character, really deserves no sympathy. He was at the head of the party of reaction, and was using his utmost exertions to reverse the policy of Cromwell and Latimer, and anticipate the Marian persecutions. He was engaged in a life and death struggle with the party of progress, and in his failure he only incurred that fate, which his victory would have brought on Somerset and Dudley.

But the strongest proof of the justice of these executions is found in the effect they produced at the time. Unjust severity provokes indignation, which in stormy times finds the means sooner or later of shaping itself into punishment. But of this indignation we do not find the slightest trace. It is admitted by all historians that the whole of Henry's strength lay in the perfect harmony between himself and the common people. But how was this maintained? Surely not, as some would teach us, by a constant series of judicial murders of their best-loved favorites, like Buckingham, More and Surrey. Had not the necessity of the executions been manifest, the Pilgrimage of Grace must have had a very different ending.

In all consideration of the reigns of the Tudors, it is very necessary that we have a clear idea of the power at their disposal. It is a self-evident axiom, that there can be no tyranny where the ruler has no power to enforce his commands. Now it is a well-known fact, that Henry was far inferior in the number of his immediate vassals to the Howards, the Brandons, the Courtenays, and the Nevilles. As Macaulay says—"the Tudors had no armed force, and they were surrounded by an armed people. Their palace was guarded by a few domestics, whom the array of a single shire, or of a single ward of London, could with ease have overpowered." Indeed throughout the whole of his reign, the only troops that Henry kept in his pay were about a hundred Yeomen of the Guard. Had one of his powerful barons risen against him, it could only have been by trusting to the support of his people that he would have been able to put down the rebellion. Is it, I ask, conceivable that the English nobles would have stooped to be the instruments of a capricious tyranny to which they might themselves ere long fall victims? Yet historians would have us believe that through fear of a monarch so completely in their power, the foremost gentlemen of England became his obedient tools in the most atrocious designs. This is to teach us in the words of Mr. Froude "that our Great England once called

> The land of lordliest souls, the dear dear land,
> Dear for her reputation through the earth,
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,

was really the nursery of everything most pitiful, most base, and most contemptible." Again I say this may be so, but far weightier evidence than the malignant slanders of historians of a century later will be needed to make me believe it. For the same reason, we may utterly reject the charges of having gained money by extortion and violence, and of having levied taxes not granted by parliament. Here again I frankly admit that some of his measures were not strictly legal: that occasionally he anticipated the consent of his people when money was greatly needed. But it is the veriest trifling to attach such immense importance to mere form, and to overlook entirely the spirit of the actions. The money thus raised was not devoted to luxury and extravagance; it was absolutely required for the defence of the nation; (I do not refer to the period of Wolsey's administration); as soon as parliament met complete accounts were presented, showing that it had really been applied to that purpose, and they hastened to express their formal approval of the steps that the council had taken. With what right then does Hume charge Henry with "violence, profusion, rapacity, injustice, cruelty, extortion and arbitrary administration" because for the pressing need of the nation he adopted a course illegal indeed in form but so thoroughly

approved by the people he governed? I will take one instance only, for my space is very limited, and that shall be one upon which Mr. Hallam has laid especial stress. In 1545 the faithless emperor had broken a treaty to which he had sworn with peculiar solemnity and thus left England to sustain alone a most burdensome war with France. The King coined down his plate, pawned his jewels, and sold or mortgaged his estates; and then, and not till then, with trustful reliance on the people's sympathy, the council called upon them for their aid. The vast majority replied with a cheerful readiness, and if one niggardly tradesman who had refused to bear his part in the nation's burdens met with severe but strictly legal treatment, is that a sufficient reason why we should overlook wholly the mutual trust and confidence shown in the generosity of the many, and visit with our severest wrath the impatience of the council at the meanness of the few? But had these demands been really odious to the great mass of the people, Henry had absolutely no means of compelling their payment. But one such demand was ever made. The consequences may be told in the graphic words of Macaulay: "the cry of hundreds of thousands was that they were English and not French, freemen and not slaves. In Kent the royal commissioners fled for their lives. In Suffolk four thousand men appeared in arms. The King's lieutenants in that county vainly exerted themselves to raise an army. Those who did not join in the insurrection declared they would not fight against their brethren in such a quarrel. Henry, proud and self-willed as he was, shrank not without reason from a conflict with the roused spirit of the nation. He not only cancelled his illegal commissions; he not only granted a general pardon to all the malcontents; but he publicly and solemnly apologized for his infraction of the laws." Surely the fact that this tax was successfully contested, proves clearly that the King had no power to compel the payment of any, and that whenever their collection was not opposed, it was because the people at large perceived them to be needful.

But I must now turn to the ecclesiastical portion of our subject. And here again Henry has met with little favour hitherto; Protestants and Catholics alike have joined in reproaching him, the one sect with his tardy advances, the other with his violent changes. But in this, as in many other points, Henry was a fair representative of the people that he governed and it was precisely in this similarity to the bulk of his subjects that his power mainly lay. In the

early years of his reign, England was strongly and decidedly Romanist, and Henry one of Luther's most violent opponents. At the time of the fall of Wolsey, the nation was sick of the pope's arrogance and disgusted with the pride and licentiousness of the monks; and Henry renounced the supremacy of Rome and abolished the monasteries; nation and king alike clinging firmly to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But

> "The old order changeth, giving place to new,
> But God fulfils himself in many ways."

By degrees, through the teachings of Cranmer, Latimer, Hooper and Ridley, the doctrines of the Reformers gained more and more adherents, and one by one were admitted into the creed of the established Church. The Reformation in England was not an event, but a period; full fifty years were needed to change the faith of the nation: and it was truly fortunate for the country, that as it became each year more and more Protestant, the views of the king were developed in precisely the same degree. Had Henry at the commencement boldly supported the Lutheran doctrines he would have exposed his country to the fearful horrors of a religious war: had he at its close clung firmly to the Church of Rome, the Reformation would have been checked for a while, and its foremost champions suffered with their lives for the unpardonable crime of being wiser than their generation. But Henry advanced at the same rate as the mass of his people; and thus he wisely and ably held the balance between the two great parties of the Reformers and the Anglicans. We in these more enlightened days may think that it would have been wiser for him "to have left both alone; to have allowed opinion to correct opinion, and truth to win its own victory. But this, so easy now, was then impossible: it would have been rejected equally by the governors and the governed. Deep in the hearts of Englishmen in that century lay the conviction, that it was the duty of the magistrate to maintain truth as well as to execute justice. Toleration was neither understood nor desired." The grand law of spiritual being that a man's religious belief is a matter between himself and his God, that his innermost heart is a sacred shrine which neither king nor priest dare enter, was then a hidden truth. It is among the brightest of the many glories that beam on the care-worn brow of Oliver Cromwell, that when in power he first attempted to maintain this principle. Yet even he did not carry it to its full

extent; though enounced long before by Robinson and the Independents, as far as my own researches go, it is barely a century since it was first made a rule of conduct, and that by a prince of the petty German principality of Wied.

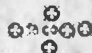
But in Henry's time the Protestants clamoured against persecution, not because it was persecution, but because truth was persecuted by falsehood; and however furiously the hostile factions exclaimed each that the truth was with them, and the falsehood with their enemies, neither the one nor the other disputed the obligation of the ruling power to support the truth in itself. We cannot then surely blame Henry very severely because he was not guided by a principle which the wisest rulers never dreamt of till more than two centuries after his death. "It was therefore," in the words of Mr. Froude, "fortunate, most fortunate for the peace of England that it possessed in the king, a person whose mind to a certain extent sympathised with both parties; to whom both, so long as they were moderate, appeared to be right; to whom the extravagancies of both were wrong and to be repressed. Protestant and Anglican alike might look to him with confidence, alike were obliged to fear him; neither could take him for their enemy, neither for their partisan." And besides these considerations, when we hear Henry charged with cruelty in his persecution of Catholics and Protestants, we must remember certain facts which were ever present to his mind, but which we are too apt to overlook. In the first place I must again remind the reader that the bulk of the nation was equally opposed to the partisans of either extreme. The light of God's glorious gospel, like the light of the morning sun, did not burst forth in all its splendour in the midst of midnight darkness; a few faint streaks in the east were the heralds of the coming dawn; the pale grey light spread over the heavens; till the rising sun, first flushing the mountain peaks with its rosy light, poured forth its floods of molten gold on the world beneath, till it warmed and gladdened the lowliest vallies. Or to change the metaphor; Protestantism in England did not spring up like Jonah's gourd in a night, to be withered by the parching rays of the first noon-day sun; but rather like some giant oak, rising by slow and steady increase, striking its roots deep and firm into a fruitful soil, to stand for centuries, unshaken by the fiercest storms, and gladdening the hearts of all beholders. Again, we must never forget that a Catholic in those days did not mean merely one who believed in transubstantiation, and worshipped the Virgin; but a citizen

of England who yet professed allegiance to a foreign prince whose authority was in his eyes superior to that of his own monarch. This may now be but a harmless theory: then and long after it was a principle that proved its power by murderous conspiracies, and repeated and obstinate rebellion; and which required to be put down by a stern, strong hand. And further in the case of the Protestants their cardinal doctrine of justification by faith was too often so interpreted by fanatical and ignorant preachers, as to lead (according to the confession of Latimer himself) to the most injurious effect on the morals of the people. It is hardly to be wondered that Henry with a narrow theological training, and surrounded by the most bigoted enemies of Reformers whose leading doctrine was so easily misunderstood, deemed it his duty to use severe measures for the suppression of the most noisy and violent of the party. We must never forget moreover that the harshest of these penal statutes were carried through parliament, often against the will of the king, by the bishops and the Anglican faction. Again and again did he interfere to prevent the rigorous execution of those laws whose enaction he would have been powerless, had he been desirous, to prevent. But whatever may be our own opinions as to the best course that might have been adopted in the conduct of so great a Reformation, one fact must outweigh a thousand such theories. In Germany the attempt at Reformation had but a partial success after a century of fearful bloodshed, which razed hundreds of flourishing towns, caused the death of hundreds of thousands of citizens, and inflicted a blow on the prosperity of the country, from which it is even now struggling to recover. In France the contest was long and sanguinary; and its result was only the triumph of falsehood, and the banishment or murder of thousands of its most industrious and intelligent population. In Spain, the Netherlands, and Italy, the Reformation that once had promised so fair was extinguished in rivers of blood; there was hardly a town but had its market-place consecrated by the ashes of those who had sealed with their lives, but all in vain, their witness to the truth. And yet our own loved country passed with hardly a struggle from the darkness and spiritual thraldom of Popery, to the glorious light and liberty of God's free gospel. And while we acknowledge that much of our peace was owing to the character and temperament of the English people, and much to the noble army of Marian martyrs; I hold it to be the basest ingratitude to refuse all share of the

praise to that ruler, by whose wisdom, moderation and firmness the conflicting factions were bridled, and under whose guidance the nation moved so harmoniously and so triumphantly to the freedom and order wherein we now rejoice.

My space, and I fear the patience of the reader, are exhausted; I could have wished to have cleared away the baseless calumnies that have been borrowed from Popish historians; and especially those that relate to his death; I should like to have transcribed his dying words, to show with what patience, faith and resignation this noble life was closed, but I must forbear. In conclusion, I would simply remind those who have followed me thus far, of the principles on which I believe this reign should be studied, of the uncertainty of the succession and the importance that it should be clearly settled; of the difficulties arising from the change in religion; of the small power that Henry had at his command, wherewith to enforce his decrees; and above all, of the trust which his people ever placed in him, and the love with which they regarded him. With this I commenced this paper, and with this I will close it. My view of Henry's character may be accompanied by some difficulties; but these sink into utter nothingness when compared with the inexplicable problem which must be solved by those who oppose me. Until they have done so;—until they have shown me how a monarch whose character is asserted to have been disgraced by the worst vices incident to human nature, could have retained to the last the confidence, the reverence and the affection of the free and noble English nation;—till then, I say, I shall hold to the opinion I have attempted to maintain, that a monarch to whom we owe such priceless blessings, has still the strongest claims on our gratitude and admiration.

L.



A BALLAD.

A SWEET bird sat on yonder tree
And thus it trilled its lay,
While to and fro the heedless world
Was passing on its way:

"The first love and the true love
That dieth not for ever,
That liveth on and hopeth on,
And living changeth never;

"The great love, and the strong love,
The true through good and ill,
That changeth not through changing time,
But living loveth still;

"The one love, and the pure love,
That still forgetteth not,
But liveth still, and loveth still,
Although it be forgot;

"Ah! can ye still be blind to it,
Nor see it, where it is?
Can any love be truer love
Than such a love as this?"

Still to and fro the careless world
Went passing on its way,
And heeded not the simple bird
That sang upon the spray.

And soon the winter's cruel storm
Came up across the wold,
And stripped the tree of leaf and bloom,
And killed the bird with cold.

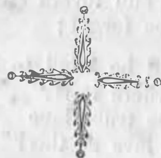
And still the heartless world went on,
And let the songster lie;—
But one sweet maiden paused awhile,
And wept to see it die.

She raised it up with gentle care
To see if life were fled,
"Ah me!" she cried, "too late! too late!
The pretty bird is dead!"

But still within her heart she bore
The music of the lay,
The bird had loved to sing of old,
When sitting on the spray.

And still for her the dead bird sang
Of love that changeth not,
But liveth on and loveth on,
Although it be forgot.

E.



THE PICTURE GALLERY.

I.—The Bore.

THERE is a certain trite commodity with which it is our painful lot to be more conversant, while we are at the University, than perhaps at any other period of our natural existence. This article rejoices in common-place, delights in inflicting pain on others, and is as dead to any sense of shame or modesty as Mr. Swinbourne is to that of decency. Deficient in tact and taste, it may be compared to the Thersites, whose voice was so well known to the Grecian host, and of whom Sophocles sarcastically remarks

ὃς οὐκ ἂν εἵλετ' εἰσάπαξ εἰπεῖν ὅπου
μηδεὶς ἐῴη.

And a modern poet, speaking of the same man, uses the following words, which are somewhat longer and hardly so pointed as the Greek,

Thersites only clamoured in the throng,
Loquacious, loud and turbulent of tongue:
Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold.

This creature of which I am speaking is unfortunately human; but it is confined to the masculine gender. In point of fact it has a hundred feet and a hundred heads, like the fearful monsters of classical times; but to the outward eye it seems to possess no more than the ordinary members common to humanity. It may be likened to Proteus in that it is capable of assuming many forms, with this difference however, that it never becomes invisible, but is always

Gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

One of the numerous forms which it assumes, and the one to which perhaps it seems most attached, is that of the intimate friend. From the stage of friendship, alas! to

that of relationship there is but a narrow gulf, which it crosses with the greatest ease, and then approaches nearer and nearer to its unfortunate victim till it becomes a veritable first cousin. It is quite useless to deny all connexion with your persecutor: you are assured that you are labouring under a painful mistake. Your mother's cousin married the cousin of your persecutor's step mother, and so of course you are related. Don't attempt to deny it—*Ipse dixit.* The bore has declared it to the world, and the relationship has become a matter of history. And here by the way may we not all pay a slight tribute of respect to that most charming of all relations? What is there that a cousin may not do with propriety and decency? What a multitude of sins and short-comings does that name cover! Under its all receiving cloak we may insult, abuse, intrude upon, and partake of the hospitality of anybody without amends. The name is sufficiently distant and sufficiently near for all purposes. We can use or abuse it at pleasure. And what is more—it is a dish that can be cooked and served up at a moment's notice. But to proceed. Having thus introduced himself to your notice, the cousin proceeds to treat you quite in a family way, and turns up at all sorts of odd times. You are just going off to a concert with a friend, and your carriage is waiting at the door, when the bore comes up and professing his intense joy at having met you after a long absence—of one hour, he declares his intention of accompanying you. Of course he did not know you were going. He happened to be going there himself on foot, and turning the corner he espied your carriage. Wasn't it odd! Unluckily there is only room inside for two, and so you offer to sit outside, which after a show of resistance he agrees to; taking great care to say as soon as you are well started that he would never have allowed it, if he had known it was raining; though it has been raining the whole day. He wants to have the carriage stopped and to change places: but as you are already two hours late it is impossible. On arriving in the concert room he takes great care to appear very intimate with you. You are somewhat late, and the noise you make in entering causes everybody to turn round and look at you. Then he seizes the golden opportunity, and while everybody is attracted by his loud voice he calls you by an affectionate title or perversion of your Christian name. At last you reach your place, and then you reasonably hope that he will at least hold his tongue and let you enjoy the music. But alas—in this fond hope you are doomed to the bitterest disappointment. For he

makes running comments upon the performances of the various artistes, taking great care the while to inform you that he has heard all the great singers of the day. He sighs theatrically, and pulling his whiskers in a fond and affectionate manner, assures you that Tietjens' voice now is not to be compared with what it was when she sang at Marlborough House last year. This opens a new channel to him, and the whole force and volubility of the stream setting in this direction causes an instantaneous inundation. You are deluged with descriptions of the dresses, looks, and manners of the people who were present on that occasion. The different performances are passed in review: and withal his knowledge seems so thorough, and his details are so minute that you think he must have been an eyewitness. However on your pressing the point he reluctantly owns that his information is only deduced from a newspaper which a friend lent him for the occasion. You turn away in disgust: and if your would-be cousin has any sense of shame he leaves off boring you for the rest of the evening; but too often he is too used to being snubbed to take the hint, so he returns to the charge. It would however be tedious to recount any more of his doings, for they soon get monotonous. He seems like a piece of machinery wound up every week with the key of annoyance to humanity, and when he has run out his whole length he begins again, and his next week is an exact reproduction of the preceding one. Unfortunately he is not so given to getting out of order as a piece of modern machinery is, and so he is never placed *hors de combat*.

Our Proteus assumes many other forms besides that which I have already described. Perhaps he adopts some intellectual theory and is smitten with a desire of proselytism. In this he calls on you at all sorts of unseasonable hours, appearing in your rooms quite out of breath with his haste. He brings with him papers and pamphlets which he asks you to correct for the press. He is in a great hurry as he is afraid that some one will anticipate him in his mighty undertaking. If he thinks that you do not duly appreciate certain passages, he calls your attention to the rounded periods, the rich overflowing language, the beauty of imagery, and the depth of feeling which underlies them. At other times he commends some terse epigrammatic sentence, and remarks that he hardly knew before the depth and clearness of the intellectual fountain welling up within him. Having proceeded thus far in his self-laudatory remarks, he deprecates any praise from you, reads you a short lecture on the ad-

vantages which he possesses over others, assures you that he is perfectly sensible of his own defects as every great man should be, and without thinking of what your opinion of his merits may be, he again begs you not to praise him too much. All the while he is talking so fast and so incessantly, that when you try to get in a remark he passes it over unheeded. He lives entirely in an atmosphere of his own, and never so much as guesses at what is passing in your mind. He has a very limited sympathy with what anyone else either feels or does. If however you do say anything to him, he is sure to misapprehend your meaning, and to fly off at altogether the wrong tangent. For his whole mind is so engrossed with The Theory, and his wish to inoculate it into others, that he has no space for the reception of any influx of new ideas. This intellectual and theoretic phenomenon is also a great trial in ordinary conversation. Let us suppose that you are discussing Shelley's claim to be a poet of the first order. You offer some remark on the subject: he at once contradicts you, and talking with even more than his usual volubility, he describes a circle round the question, and at last from lack of breath leaves you at the point from which you started, repeating your remark in different words, it is true, but quite unaltered in substance. Woe betide the unlucky wretch who rouses again the latent fire by pointing out this evident contradiction! Leave him alone, my friend, and say with those who know him better, I like thee not thou loud talker and mighty mouthed inventor of sonorous quibblings; Heaven deliver me from thee and birds of thy feather.

In conclusion let a passing word be uttered in favour of the dull and stupid Bore. This worthy and most proper individual is in the habit of paying you frequent visits, merely because he thinks it right and socially correct to do so. In manner he is blunt. In looks he is heavy and dull. He has no life, no fire, no enthusiasm. Of sentiment he has none. He is too dull, too cold for a kind of dish which requires to be served up hot, and is unpalatable when cold. No ray of warm invigorating light ever penetrates the ice-bound recesses of his mind, but the darkness of utter inanity reigns supreme. He comes into your room, and as he sits down he groans with the unwonted exertion, by way of breaking the silence that naturally follows on the advent of such an apparition. After a pause he tells you that he happened to be passing (which by the bye happens as a matter of course every day) and so just looked in. Seeing

your visitor looking about as if at a loss for a subject of conversation, you tell him some amusing story or make some humorous remark: but he loses the point of both, and is sure to laugh, if indeed he laughs at all, at the wrong place. When you have finished, he says Is that all? or what next? He then recurs to the weather or the approaching boat races, both of which subjects are rather heavy about this period, as it is the fourth time they have been broached. At last, after having interrupted your reading for one hour and refused to take any amount of broad hints, he departs. This quiet and slow commodity is certainly more palateable than the noisy and obtrusive specimen which we met above, but he is scarcely more agreeable. For being rather timid and shy he is insulted if you do not endeavour to entertain him, and he is sure to stay some time for fear you should think him cold towards you. I have always observed this characteristic of the slow bore, namely, the idea that frequent visits from him are a necessary consequence of an acquaintance however small.

There is yet another class of Bores which delights in conversing about subjects which can be of no possible interest to its audience, as for instance talking about racquets, boating news, or small talk about schools and any matters of school interest. This kind of conversation is known by the expressive name of shop: and is the terror of every well regulated mind. Sometimes again the Bore annoys you by stories of his brother's performances, or he tells you that his maternal uncle won a steeplechase, and forthwith proceeds to tell you the name of every horse that contended against him. This of all others is the little gnat that stings us with its venomous bite every day of our lives.

These are the most important of the numerous characters which are comprehended under the name of Bores. Any one, even the most casual observer, on looking round at the struggling swarms of humanity about him, will recognise a thousand such. Surely they are the rule and not the exception. Nor do I fear that any one will accuse me of viewing life in a mirror of my own distorted ideas and thoughts.

But my good friends, have you so soon forgotten the "blood and flesh" theory? I bid you at once call to mind and apply Mr. Gladstone's theory. What though our first acquaintance was no cousin, in spite of his protestations to that effect? Yet still you cannot deny him a place among your brethren. Yes, he is a brother. Witness the same blood

that courses through his veins and yours, the same pulse that throbs within him, and the same intellectual organization that is common to both of you. It is your duty therefore to foster and to cherish him: to allow him to link his arm into your's, to follow you as a pet poodle would, and even to partake of your daily meals. You must joyfully listen to his long and spun out accounts of his brother's performances, and you must entertain him if he calls upon you seventy times seven every day.

W. L.

II.—The Absent Man.

Anomalies are not uncommon in this world, but I know not whether in the whole genus there exists a more striking anomaly than the subject of my present sketch. When is he more palpably absent, than when he is present? Nay, when is his absence noted at all except when he lives and moves before our very eyes? Again, when is he so abstracted himself as when he is abstracting from his neighbours? I have often wondered that his very name should be the cloak of such a glaring falsehood. Is he called absent, I should like to know, because he is so universally present? Where will you not meet with him? Climb to the summit of Mont Blanc, and you will find him boiling his watch and anxiously timing it with his egg: dive into the eternal night of the coal-mine, and he will appear before you rendering his safety-lamp doubly safe by the simple precaution of not lighting it at all. His generous impulses are not parched by the heats of India. He is "so delighted to see you: will be so glad if you will come in to tiffin any day during the week." Do you feel grateful? Reserve your gratitude. In the course of conversation, it appears that he is going to Jumnapore next day for a month. He is not unknown in the saloons of New York; if we may believe our transatlantic cousins, he is there found in the highest state of development. Who has not heard how he once hung himself upon the peg and sent his hat and stick in to dinner? Not unlike is the story of a certain peer in the last century, who went out to dinner without stockings, and when the omission was pointed out by a friend, sent a footman to buy him a pair; having procured them, the tale proceeds, he carefully put both stockings on one leg.

But it is my intention to treat principally of the absent man as he is seen in the various pursuits of this University; to trace him, if possible, in his erratic course across our range of vision, and when he at length touches the horizon of our sky, to deduce from our observations of his career such approximate conclusions as shall enable some future savant to clear up for ever the many mysteries which now alas! enshroud his character and his history. I have observed that the absent man rarely begins his day by keeping a matutinal chapel. Whether it is that he always forgets to tell his bedmaker to call him, or whether it is due to the late hours which he almost invariably keeps, I do not pretend to say; of the fact itself I am quite certain. I have occasionally known him appear at eight o'clock lecture with traces of sleep written in every line of his eloquent countenance, but I have always found on enquiry, that he had either mistaken the time and risen from the couch of repose two hours earlier than he intended, or else that his alacrity was the result of a cogent message from the lecturer, in which, by a singular coincidence, mention has generally been made of the College gates. On the rare occasions in question, he makes a point of getting up the wrong pieces of bookwork, and has usually forgotten to bring his spectacles, which are of a construction peculiar to themselves, and without which he can see to do nothing. Finally, having borrowed from divers of his acquaintance one penknife, two pencils, a book, and a piece of india-rubber, all of which he neglects to return, he carries off his spoil in triumph to his own room, there to join the large magazine of stolen goods which a search-warrant could not fail to bring to light in its mysterious recesses. He now invests himself in a Margaret straw and a gown, and, unconscious of the singular picturesqueness of his attire, meanders across the court to breakfast with a friend. His proceedings during the meal are well worth the attention of the casual observer. It is well if he is content with upsetting his neighbour's coffee and pouring the greater part of the claret-cup upon the floor. It is well if he only takes sugar three times over and spoils his fish by drenching it with the milk instead of the vinegar. It is far more probable that he will let the ducks which he is carving fall bodily under the table, and will carry off as trophies a spoon protruding from each waistcoat-pocket, under the vague impression that they represent respectively his pencil and his tobacco-pouch. Thus enriched, and feeling in his pocket the while for his pipe which is in his mouth, he returns meditatively to his rooms.

His next business is to see the Senior Dean, who has sent for him to know on what principle he usually wears his gown inside out at Chapel. He apparently considers the shortest cut to that gentleman's rooms to be through the apartments of some half-dozen of his friends, upon whom he calls by the way, finally arriving at his destination exactly an hour and three-quarters after he left his own rooms. He now returns and settles down to his reading, and becoming absorbed in his work, reads on till nearly half-past two, happily oblivious of the fact that he is due at the boat-house at two. Suddenly becoming conscious of his engagement, he hurriedly makes his toilet—a successful one in most respects, but rendered perhaps a little singular by the combination of a boot on one foot and a boating-shoe on the other, and also by the somewhat unusual prominence given to the blazer which he wears over his pea-jacket—and arrives at the river not more than thirty-five minutes behind his time. In a boat he is invaluable: for it never strikes him that he is pumped, and he quite forgets to shut up. He has however an unpleasant habit of putting it on at Grassy when he is rowing two, and at Ditton when he is bow, on each occasion apparently for no other reason, than because it is *not* his corner. If he is stroke, he rows a casual fifty to the minute, which the 'Varsity oar, who is rowing five, says he does not much mind himself, but perhaps the others might like a rather slower stroke. But, alas, three catches a crab and the boat upsets. See how carefully our hero throws his watch into the river to save it, and carries his oar laboriously with him to the bank to prevent it from sinking. The Absent Man did I call him? What presence of mind could equal that? The happy hour when a repast of nectar and ambrosia—represented, alas! too often, by a glass of undrinkable beer and a mangled joint of beef or mutton—awaits the hungry Undergraduate, now approaches. Our hero, unconscious of the fact that grace is being read, enters the Hall with a thoughtful step; and it is not until he has walked half-way up the room that he becomes aware of that fact, and also that he has his cap on. Rectifying the latter mistake with an indifferent air, he takes his place: and, with a prudence and precaution which would do honour to the most mature deliberation, he first sends a waiter for some beef and then helps himself to the mutton; and having originally despatched another waiter for currant jelly (apparently a conventional term with him for horse-radish sauce) to the beef, he now sends off a third waiter to get him horse-radish sauce to his mutton. Having thus provided for every

emergency, he orders College (a phrase by which he is accustomed to indicate bitter), and then with reckless hospitality invites the eight nearest men to wine after Hall, shortly afterwards readily accepting an invitation to play billiards till Chapel. He ends by ordering old Stilton and—no cream, and, with an equal contempt for both his engagements, makes the best of his way to the Union. His next appearance is at Chapel. His conduct there is marked by no very characteristic peculiarities, except that he is absorbed in deeper depths of contemplation than ever, as a result of which he occasionally finds an anthem-book in his pocket a day or two afterwards. By what process it arrived there he always declares himself unable to conceive.

On his way from Chapel he registers a vow to read for the rest of the evening. Infatuated man! If he had made no such resolve, the chances are, that his unconscious feet would have carried him to his own rooms, and his object would have been attained. But, elated by his virtuous determination, he conceives it his duty to call on a friend just to announce his resolve, and to prepare himself for the effort by a few minutes' conversation. Need I detail the consequences? At ten o'clock he finds that he has had the conversation which was to prepare him for his work, but has not done the work for which the conversation was to prepare him. But the day is not yet lost. He wanders disconsolately to his own rooms, with a vague idea that he ought to go to bed. But luckily a problem-paper is lying on his table, and that—to the unmathematical mind—surprising phenomenon, an interesting problem, attracts his attention. He sits down, and two o'clock finds him still at work. But he grows sleepy, and lighting a candle, he seizes a pen and proceeds to write: "Call me at half-past ——." At this stage of the proceeding he falls into a reverie and his arm-chair, and is found at seven the next morning pen in hand, with the unfinished document before him. But let me not leave the reader under the impression that he has been asleep. I am assured on the combined testimony of his gyp and his bed-maker that his eyes are wide open; and he has himself told me, in confidence, that he was only thinking of that fifth problem, which would not come out as neatly as he liked.

My task approaches a termination. We have traced his brief career, his flaming track across our heaven, and, like the burning arrow in Virgil, which

> "Signavit viam flammis tenuesque recessit
> ...in ventos,"

or, like the meteors, which in the words of the same poet

"Cælo sæpe refixa,
Transcurrunt crinemque volantia sidera ducunt,"

so does the subject of our sketch vanish from our gaze, while we

"Attonitis hæremus animis,"

and can only exclaim

"Unde quo venit?"

What was his origin, and what the closing scenes of his life? Who has seen him in his early infancy? Who has followed him to his grave? An absent baby is a phenomenon which my eyes at least have never witnessed. Let us try for a moment to conjecture what that prodigy of nature would be like. Does it first see the light in those stagnant country towns where the clock seems to have stopped at noon on the nineteenth of November, 1766, and not yet to have been set going? where the farmers have their coats cut in a fashion which has immortalized the tailor of our respected progenitor Noah, and where the man who once travelled four miles by rail, is at once the admiration and the horror of the whole community? Imagination fails me; I leave the problem to be solved by the wider spirit of research, and by the fuller light of future ages.

Of the absent man's career after his disappearance from our sight, I hazard a bolder conjecture. He is hesitating in his choice of a profession, when he is suddenly offered a lucrative appointment in New Zealand. Charmed with the prospect, he rushes up to London, having first despatched his luggage by an earlier train to Liverpool, and finding a packet just sailing, engages a berth, and does not remember until he is fairly in the middle of the Atlantic that he neglected to enquire the vessel's destination, which he then discovers to be—Jamaica. On his arrival there, he finds the island in a state of revolt, and to avoid being massacred by the negroes, disguises himself as one of them, and succeeds only too well. Some days afterwards he falls into the hands of the British troops, and is ignominiously shot by the orders of his most intimate College friend, who is in command of the detachment. He dies as he has lived, true to his reputation and his principles. May our last end *not* be like his!

SS.

SORROW AND JOY.

(See p. 140.)

WHAT is sorrow but a cloud,
Hiding from us for a while,
As our heads with grief are bowed,
Joy's perennial sunny smile:
Soon the cloud shall fade away,
Leaving nought but radiant day.

Sorrow like the gloom around
Some high mountain's dreary sides,
Veils the summit glory-crowned,
Where the brightness aye abides.
Upwards ever! thou shalt know
Short the reign of care and woe.

Now the light is cold and dull,
Struggling down thro' sorrow's night;
Soon it shall be warm and full,
Bursting through in glorious might.
Lasts a day the reign of sorrow,
Joy has all the eternal morrow.

L.

REMINISCENCES OF OUR TOWN.

A Murder without a Motive.

MANY years ago, when people were not so wise as they are now, in a word, when I was a young man, wore tight boots, thought a good deal about my figure, and wrote sonnets in young ladies' albums, it was my lot to reside for most of the year in a quiet country town in one of the midland counties. The railroad had not come there then; the grandest man in the place was the straight-backed bald-headed squire, very near him ranked the broad-shouldered port-loving rector, and no one would for a moment have thought of awarding the third place to any less imposing dignitary than the parish clerk, a sleek and pompous personage who gave the tone to the politics and religion of his most orthodox fellow-townsmen, never knocked under to any one except the rector and squire, and to them only under protest as being the representatives of church and state. Everybody in the town voted for the conservative candidate in case of a contested election, everybody went to bed at ten o'clock, and the only gaiety countenanced in the place was an occasional tea-party, at which young ladies of staid demeanour attired in white muslin, met stiff-jointed young gentlemen encased in black cloth, and solemnly conversed on the weather. Altogether it was one of those charmingly primitive abodes of rural felicity that the march of intellect is doing its best to sweep from the face of the earth by the help of railroads and radical trade unions. Such a place, if any such still exist, would by the present fast age be voted "the slowest hole in Christendom," and its inhabitants would be stigmatised as "a set of humdrum old bores," but at the time of which I write we managed to live there contentedly enough and let the world wag as it would. The squire was not ashamed to live on his own estate and manage his farm himself, the rector preached two sermons a week, and the clerk held up

his head and said 'Amen' in church, and settled the affairs of the nation in the parlour of the public-house afterwards, and who were we that we should wish for change when we saw our betters so well content with themselves and all the world? So we bowed to the squire, slept through the sermons, and listened to the clerk, like good churchmen and honest Tories as we were.

My chief ally in those days was Barney, the rector's gardener and general factotum, who also filled the arduous posts of sexton and town crier to the universal satisfaction of the whole community. Barney was a genuine son of Erin, descended as he used to say from the "ould ancient stock of Brian Boroo who wor kings of all Ireland before the flood, aye, an' afther that too for a matther of three or it might be four thousand years." Poor Barney! his royal descent did not help him much, but his unfailing good humour and original eccentricity made him an invaluable companion, and many long afternoons used I to spend watching Barney prepare a last narrow tenement for the reception of such of our neighbours as at last left the home of their childhood for the unknown land, in obedience to the summons which even they, stubborn old Tories as they were, could not withstand. I often think now that to the casual observer we must have appeared a strange pair; the light-hearted boy with all his life and his trials to come, and the white-haired wrinkled old man, who in a short time must himself inherit one of those narrow houses he is now preparing for another. To see us two there among the grey stones and grass grown mounds that told of so many generations already past away and lying now forgotten and uncared for, must have awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the looker on. But I never saw it in that light then, and was quite content to stand and listen to Barney's countless stories on every imaginable subject, with every now and then a strange feeling of childish awe as he threw up with a spadeful of earth some discoloured bone or other crumbling relic of the long forgotten dead.

One bright afternoon, in July, I was watching Barney preparing a grave for old Miles, an ancient peasant, who after living to a fabulous age and being repeatedly alluded to in the local newspapers as "the oldest inhabitant,"—that mysterious individual within whose memory such "terrific hail storms," "prodigious gooseberries," and "devastating floods" "never before occurred," had now at length ended his days in peace and the almshouse. After working for

some time in silence, a very unusual thing with him, Barney suddenly broke out, "I seen a ghost here last night, masther Tom."

"Indeed, Barney?" said I, "how was that?"

"Well sir," continued Barney, "this was the way of it. I had been over to the rectory as his riverince had a word to say about the mendin' of the pound; it was nigh till eleven o'clock before I was startin' for home, an' as the shortest way was across the church yard, I came out by the garden gate an' shut it afther me, an' then came across to the wee gate yonder into the road. Ye see the moon was up though the night was cloudy, an' there was light enough between whiles for me to see the way I was goin' plain enough. Well sir, I had just got to the turn the path takes yonder undher the shadow of the tower, when somethin' passed close to me. It seemed to rise up out of Sir James Bransome's big tomb there, an' went quickly down the path, so close till me I could have touched it with my hand. It was not runnin' nor yet walkin', but it seemed to sweep over the groun' like a shadow, an' then it disappeared just foreninst the butthress there in the side of the church wall."

"Was it like a man or a woman?" I asked.

"Well ye see sir," replied Barney, "it was gone that quick I could just hardly say, but I thought it was like a woman in a long gray dhress. I was a bit scared as ye might say, an' stood still a while to see av it would be comin' again, but I seen nothin', so I just went on. Well sir, when I came just where ye're standing' now I seen the figure again settin' on the ground' wid its arrums clasped roun' its knees rockin' to an' fro an' moanin' as if its heart would break. I'd have to pass within a yard of it, so I stopped short an' says I, 'av ye're here for good, say what it is ye want at all, but av ye're here for evil, I charge ye let me pass'. Well sir, the words were not out of my mouth before it rose up, an' I saw then it was like a very tall woman, wid her hair down on her shouldhers, an' she sthretches her hands so above her head, an' says she, wid a screech that seemed to turn my blood to wather, 'For evil, for evil! There is nowt but evil!' an' wid that she sweeps down the path out of my sight in a minnit, back again towards the church. Ye may think I was frightened nearly to death, an' so I was, an' away I runs hot fut all the rest of the way to the wee gate, an' gets out into the road kilt intirely, what wid the fright an' the run afther it. Well sir, when I got into the road I looked back again, the moon was shinin' sthrong

across the church yard, an' there I seen her standin' just where ye are now, moanin' an' crying an' then a big black cloud comes across the moon an' I seen nothin' for some time, an' when the cloud was gone she was gone too, an', masther Tom, all the time the moon was shinin' on her, I noticed that fiend a hait of shadow she threw on the groun' at all—may He be betune us an' harrum!"

"And whose ghost should you think it was, Barney?" I asked with considerable scepticism.

"Sure I thought it was Kitty Brettles, she that was murdhered by a dhrunken thramp afther Wonnaby fair; she's buried somewhere nigh till this I know, but then the thing I seen was a matter of three good inches or more taller nor poor Kitty."

"It must have been fancy, Barney," said I, adopting the usual argument put forward by unbelievers. "You were nervous at having to cross the churchyard at that time of night, and you fancied some shadow or another was a ghost."

"Hear till him!" cried Barney half indignantly and half pityingly, "I tell ye, masther Tom, there was sorra taste of fancy in it at all. The first time I seen her wasn't I just thinkin' of nothin' at all, or it may be whistlin' 'The Protestan' Boys' to keep the cowld air out of my mouth by rason of a stoon of the tooth ache I had? An' the second time I seen her didn't she spake? What will ye say till that, now masther Tom."

"Probably it was the echo of your own voice," I replied with the air of a materialist bringing forward a clincher, "You say the figure repeated your words."

"Echo is it?" retorted Barney, "begorra it's the first time I iver heard my swate voice had an echo like the screech of a cat wid its back broke, the crathur; av that don't bate Paddy Blake's echo at Blarney to nothin' at all! No, masther Tom," continued the old man after a pause, "av ye iver get such a fright ye'll know right well it was no fancy nor no echo;" so saying Barney set to work again with renewed energy, and for some time I watched him in silence as he threw up spadeful after spadeful of the moist brown earth; and the heap near which I was standing grew larger and larger, while that cold cruel looking hole, with its jagged edges standing asunder like a pair of greedily gaping jaws, grew deeper and deeper. Suddenly something rolled off the top of the heap and lodged close at my feet. I saw it was a skull that had been buried for a long time, and actuated by some spirit of curiosity, I stooped to pick it up. On

doing so I was at once struck by its curious appearance. The whole top part seemed to have been smashed in by some tremendous blow, evidently not the work of Barney's spade.

"Hullo, Barney," I cried, calling his attention to it, "Whoever this was, he must have had a great blow on the head!"

"Well, well!" said Barney looking curiously at it, "I didn't know *he* lay so close to this. I thought we had buried him twenty yards more to the west." "Do you know whose skull it is then?" I asked. "Faith I do, sir," answered Barney, "it must be Hudie Butler, poor fellow! I buried him now nigh upon eighteen years back."

"And how came he to get his head broken like this?" said I.

"Sure that's just the thing none of us could ever tell," Barney replied, "it was a quare story altogether. Ye see Hudie was courtin' Nelly Earle, an' a fine sthrappin' wench she was. Ye'd not find her aqual among all the colleens betune this an' Connaught. But she niver cared the squeedge of a bad potatoe for poor Hudie, an' many's the time she towld him so. But she was fine an' thick wid a young engineer chap of the name of George Jeffries who came down from Lunnon to build the new bridge—it was a new bridge then—over yonder by the squire's saw mill. Well the end of it was one night Jeffries and Nelly both disappeared from here, an' no one iver saw either of them again. But poor Hudie was foun' the next mornin' lyin' stone dead on the Lunnon road wid his head smashed all to smithereens. There was nothin' to fix the murdher on any one, but they did say that Hudie must have foun' out that Jeffries and Nelly were for flittin' an' thried to stop them, and that then Jeffries bate his head in, an' murdhered him as ye see there——"

"O no, no, no!" shrieked, or rather yelled, a strange voice close to us so suddenly that we both started in terror. On turning round we saw standing by the edge of the grave a tall woman about forty years old, dressed in a long gray gown with her hair flowing down from her bare head on to her shoulders.

"The saints betwixt us an' evil, Masther Tom!" exclaimed Barney, "but it's the ghost again." The figure went on, evidently not noticing the panic she had caused, in a kind of fierce scream in which the words seemed to be struggling with one another for utterance, "You must not say so. Hush! if George hears you he will kill you and me too. Who says he killed him? No, no, I didn't see it. How soon it was done! Ah, and he moaned and cried to me to help him! but I didn't, no I hid my eyes, only I could'nt help hearing that horrible crash, crash, crashing, and he moaning so all the while! And then it was all so still, as still as death! and once I dared to look back, and saw something lying there, still and black in the bright moonlight. And then George came back to me looking so white and fierce! I never saw him look so before, and he said, 'See what I've done for love of you!' Oh! it burns here like fire, like fire!" She finished with a fearful yell, pressing her hands on her forehead, and then stood still moaning softly as if in pain. Barney, now partly recovered from his first panic, stood for some time gazing at her with a kind of horror-stricken curiosity. There were but few traces of former beauty in that faded face so pale and worn, and those wild, mad eyes, yet he seemed to recognize her, for at last he said, speaking like a man talking in his sleep, "It is Nelly Earle, poor lass!"

She heard him, and answered in an eager whisper, "No, Nelly Jeffries. I am Mrs. Jeffries now, Mrs. Jeffries, the wife of the great engineer Mr. Jeffries, you know him, everybody knows him and respects him so much! and I am Mrs. Jeffries." So saying she spread out her dress with both hands, and performing a grotesquely elaborate curtsey, swept away with a queenly air. Before she had gone many yards she returned, and then speaking in a perfectly natural voice, but with a mincing tone that forced us to smile in spite of ourselves, said, "If you should see my husband, the great Mr. Jeffries, be kind enough not to mention the fact of my absence from town. You see I followed him to the country without his knowledge, indeed I may say against his orders. But we young wives you know are not always subservient to orders: *good* morning;" and so with another deep curtsey she was gone. On my relating this adventure at home, my father instantly caused a strict search to be made for the poor mad woman, in the hopes of gaining from her some knowledge of the whereabouts of Jeffries, in case it should ever be possible to fix the murder of Butler on him. But it was all in vain. Nelly had disappeared again as mysteriously as she had appeared. In the meantime I was invited to a tea party at General Crogan's for the following evening, and with all the elasticity of mind peculiar to my time of life, soon forgot the mad woman and her story in the thoughts of the dissipation in store for me.

The next evening accordingly saw me on my way to General Crogan's. On my way across the churchyard I overtook old Barney going slowly home after his day's work. "Good evening, Barney," said I, as I came up to him, "have you been seeing any more ghosts?" "Ah! now, masther Tom," replied the old man with a deprecating smile, "would ye be for makin' a gowk of ould Barney behind his back, and him all the while foreninst your very own nose? sure it's not a moment of pace I've had this blessed day, but ivery body will still be sayin' 'Barney, where's the ghost?' But by the powers I'd rather go to Room on my bare bended knees this minnit than get another such a fright as I resaved that night, so I would!"

"What did you do with Hudie's skull?" I asked. "The skull is it! sure I buried it. There was Misther Harding, he that's just taken the new house on Gorse Hill ye know, he was botherin' an' bletherin' about the place all the mornin', wantin' me to sell the skull till him. What will ye do with it? says I. Oh! says he, I just want to kape it for a curiosity, says he. Begorra then, says I, it's divil a taste of curiosity ye'll get out of Hudie's skull, for I'm goin' to bury it, says I, I'm not the man to be sellin' the poor lad's bones about the counthry an' him cowld in the grave, an' ye ought to be ashamed of yerself for askin' me, says I. Wid that he went off lookin' as black as thunder, an' I just buried the skull where I foun' it."

"Who is this Mr. Harding?" said I.

"Sorra one of me knows," answered Barney, "but he's goin' to marry Miss Annerley, the rector's niece, an' a swate young lady she is, more by the token. He met her first in Manchester, they say, where he's in some business, an' now it's all settled betwixt them, an' fine an' fond they are of aich other. He has her picthur set in a powerful fine goold locket that hangs from his watch chain, an' he's still openin' it, an' shuttin' it, and lookin' at it, an' polishin' it. He's a right handsome young fellow, but I don't know how it is I don't just like the looks of him. He seems cowld and proud, belike he's only a thrifle shy though. I'm thinkin' ye'll see him to night at the Gineral's, for the Rector I know is goin' an' so is Miss Annerley, an' wheriver she is he's not far off, ye may take yer oath to that."

We had now reached the little wicket into the road, and I went on alone to "the General's." On entering the drawing room, I found most of the guests had already arrived. There was the Rector, hearty and jolly as usual, standing before the fire-place talking to the General, a tall, dark, rather wizened looking old gentleman, who after thirty years service had at last retired on his well-earned pension. He was a singular character, this General. Brave as a lion he had often shewn himself to be at the head of his troops in many a fierce charge against the wild Mahratta hordes, stern and decided he could be on occasions, as those who had served under him knew full well; but now, to see him with his kind smile lighting up those great dark eyes, to hear his soft mellow voice, almost effeminate in its sweetness, and to mark his manner, gentle and nearly playful as a girl's; at first sight one would almost have been inclined to set him down as one of those carpet knights, whose active service has been a long day's review in the park, and whose greatest daring has been the storming of the heart of a lady's maid. He was an old bachelor still, as he used often plaintively to say, but there was nothing his great warm heart more delighted in than in assembling all his friends and neighbours together. And it was an acknowledged fact, that of all the staid parties in which that slow neighbourhood took such delight, there were none so delightful as the General's. Miss Crogan, a cheery old lady some five years older than her brother, the General, was bustling about in a fantastic head gear among her guests. On a sofa near the window sat Mrs. Barlow, the Rector's wife, with her niece Miss Annerley, an extremely pretty and pleasant girl, who, besides her good looks, enjoyed the reputation of being a great heiress. The old lady was "playing gooseberry" between the young one and her admirer, for you see in this extremely well regulated town, no one would have thought for an instant of letting a betrothed couple sit together in the recess of a window without some respectable go between, in the shape of an aged chaperone, being present to see fair and satisfy the rules of propriety. Seated on a chair near the sofa, and in conversation with its two occupants, was Mr. Harding. A striking face was his. Masses of black hair, black whiskers and moustaches offered a strong contrast to the clear colourless white of his face. His features were faultless in their regularity, and would have been perfectly handsome, but for a stern, set expression about the thin bloodless lips, and a cruel hungry look in the eyes. The eyes themselves, a very unusual thing in a dark haired man, were of a very light stony blue, and had an unpleasant way of fixing themselves without ever winking. It was one of those faces that give no clue to its age. He might be five-and-twenty or

he might be five-and-forty, and to judge from the face, one age was as likely to be near the truth as the other. I don't know why, but I took an extreme dislike to him at the very first sight that did not in the least give way on a better acquaintance. I noticed the locket Barney had described to me hanging at his chain, and also the trick he had of perpetually fingering and playing with it, especially when talking to any one.

On entering the room I was immediately saluted by the General with, "Well Tom, here you see me in hot discussion with Mr. Barlow about that flint you brought me the other day. I say it's a fossil goose, and he will have it it's nothing but a sponge."

The General had a mania on the subject of fossils, and was particularly fond of detecting, in distorted lumps of flint, all sorts of resemblances to impossible animals.

"That was a curious fossil," he continued, "you found in the churchyard. Barney was telling me all about it this morning. To think of that poor fellow's skull turning up again after all these years!"

"Eh? What skull was that?" exclaimed Mr. Harding, suddenly interested in the conversation.

"That broken skull you wanted so much to buy of old Barney," I replied.

"That I wanted to buy?" said he, fixing his eyes on me with a look of such anger, I thought my remark must have conveyed more meaning to him than I intended it should. "Oh, yes," he continued, almost instantly resuming his former expression, "I remember. A battered old head piece it was too, very curious. That silly old man pretended to have some conscientious scruples about letting me have it. I suppose I did not bid high enough. But what was its story? Some rustic legend, I suppose, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity."

"No," said I, "I think not. At least if that poor mad woman be the same person Barney supposes her to be, it would seem as if some of the actors in that story were still alive."

"What mad woman?" asked the Rector, "I heard nothing of her."

Mr. Harding, evidently interested in the recital, drew his chair nearer, as I told all the story of Barney's ghost and the sudden appearance of the mad woman at the side of the open grave. When I had done, he remarked, "So she said she followed her husband without his knowledge? Where is she now, does anybody know?"

"No," I answered, "she has disappeared, but I expect she will be seen again before long in the churchyard, she seems unable to tear herself away from it."

Tea was now brought in, and during the handing round and discussion of that delightful beverage Mr. Harding still sat in the same position, playing with his locket, and with his cold unwinking eyes fixed in a fierce stare at the fireplace. At last he roused himself with a start and a slight shiver, and turning to Miss Annerley with a smile, that looked to me more like a grin of pain, asked her to sing a song. She rose and went to the piano, and he turned over the leaves of her music. After Miss Annerley's song had arrived at a happy conclusion, Miss Pickerson, the stumpy little doctor's stumpy little daughter, executed a brilliant fantasia in B very flat; and then the two plain Miss Slokers performed a plain duet, and so the musical part of the entertainment terminated. An animated game of proverbs, followed by a round of consequences, at length brought the evening's dissipation to an end. I was the last to leave, as the General detained me for a few minutes to shew me the latest additions to his collection of flints. These comprised the "head of a young ostrich," "a baby's foot," and "an antediluvian horseshoe." When I got out there was a full bright moon overhead, and the night so clear and still that distant sounds came to the ear with a wonderful distinctness.

As I returned through the churchyard, I suddenly heard the voice of the mad woman on the other side of the church, raised in tones of piteous expostulation; "Oh George," she was saying, "don't you, don't you, George! I can't give them up, don't ask me, George, or I shall think you don't love me any more!"

I hesitated for a moment, not wishing to meet that weird creature alone at that time of night, and was thinking of the advisability of returning to the road and making a long circuit in order to avoid her, when, to my surprise, I heard Mr. Harding's voice say, in a tone trembling with passion, "You infernal hag! Give me those papers at once! What do you mean by following me down here against my express orders?"

"Oh, George," answered the woman, "don't be so angry with me. I didn't know you were here, indeed I didn't, till I saw you going into church, and then I hid myself for fear you should see me and be angry. But they were unkind to me at that place, George, and so I ran away and came back here where we used to be so happy. Long ago! long

ago!" she concluded with a long wild wail of despair, which only seemed to increase her companion's frensy, for he suddenly broke out: "Hold your noise, you fool, and give me the paper at once, or I'll make you!"

Here I thought he must have tried to wrest something from her by force, for she gave a short shriek as if of sudden pain. I could restrain my curiosity no longer, but ran round the corner of the church wall to see what might be the meaning of this strange meeting. The noise of my footsteps evidently alarmed the two persons whose voices I had heard, for as soon as I got round the corner, I saw by the bright moonlight a figure, which I had then no doubt was Mr. Harding's, running swiftly away from me. The woman stood still for a moment, and then ran in the opposite direction. She passed close to me with her hair streaming behind her, and her wild eyes flashing strangely in the moonlight. She took no notice of me, but passed at a quick run, moaning low, as if in pain, with both her hands clutching something to her breast. I looked after her till she disappeared in the darkness, and then went on my way wondering much at the strange scene I had just witnessed. If the man I had just seen were really Mr. Harding, as I had very little doubt he was, what on earth could be the meaning of this mysterious meeting by night with the mad woman, of whose existence he had only been made aware a few hours before? Once indeed a dark suspicion crossed my mind that Mr. Harding and Jeffries were one and the same person, but on consideration I dismissed this idea as ridiculous. It was nearly twenty years since Jeffries had left the town, and Mr. Harding was to all appearance considerably under thirty years old. The only conclusion I could arrive at was that I had been mistaken in supposing the man I had just seen to be Mr. Harding. And indeed this seemed to be more than probable, for as Mr. Harding had made a considerable impression on me, it was, to say the least, likely that a man seen at a distance in that uncertain light, should appear to me to bear a strong resemblance to the man on whom my thoughts were at that time running.

The next morning I was sauntering down the village street after breakfast, trying to devise some plan for killing time till luncheon, when my attention was attracted by an excited looking group round the door of the "Dun Cow," the chief inn and posting establishment in the town. It could be no usual matter that at this early hour had startled

so many of the village worthies out of their customary staid demeanour, and that it was something of a serious nature, was evident from the look of horror and consternation on every face. Mr. Bradshaw, the portly landlord, was standing in the middle of the group, with a look of gloomy importance on his ruddy face, recounting for the benefit of his hearers, some startling fact which they swallowed open-mouthed in silence. As I drew near he concluded his discourse as follows: "Mr. Mutts here," contemptuously indicating with the stem of his pipe a timid looking little man with a dirty face, the village shoemaker, "suggests it was a case of fellow deasy, but in course that's absurd. Fellow deasies aren't generally found lying on their backs with their eyes half out of their heads, and all the bushes and grass trodden down about them as this un were. In my opinion it was nothing more nor less than murder."

"Good morning, Mr. Bradshaw," I said as I came up, "is anything the matter?"

"Good morning, sir," was the reply with a solemn inclination of the head, a compromise between a bow and a nod, "Yes, sir, a most horrible murder, though some may call it a fellow deasy," here he flung another contemptuous glance at poor Mutts, who quailed beneath its withering scorn, "has just been committed. A poor woman was found this morning lying dead in the churchyard, and is now lying till the crowner's quest in that room."

"Good Heavens! in the churchyard?" I exclaim, "Why I saw a woman there at about eleven o'clock last night. I should know her again. May I see the body?"

"Well, sir, my orders was to admit no one till the crowner's quest this arternoon, but in course there'd be no objection to you, especially if it's for the purpose of indemnification. This way sir, if you please." So saying, he led the way to a door which he unlocked with a key that he took with great solemnity and deliberation from the right-hand pocket of his trousers, and we entered a small plainly furnished room with bare walls and a sanded floor. On a deal table in the centre lay the body just as it had been found, and to my horror, I at once recognized the poor mad woman whom I had seen on the evening before. There was a large bruise on her forehead, but the starting eyes, the swollen tongue protruding from the corner of the mouth, the horribly discoloured and distorted face clearly shewed that death had been caused by strangling. Her cowardly assailant had no doubt first stunned the poor woman with a heavy

blow on the head, and then strangled her in cold blood. Her hands tightly clenched, and disordered dress seemed to shew that she had struggled hard for life. I turned away sickened by the ghastly sight. Even the pompous landlord seemed awed by the terrible presence of the King of Terrors, and in a hoarse whisper he asked, "was that the woman you saw last night, sir?"

"Yes, yes," I answered, "come away, let us come out," and out again we went, out of that dark and dreadful room, away from that horrible sight, into the fresh air and strong glad smile of the sun-light.

"Who found her?" I asked, as soon as we got outside.

"It was Bungay, the squire's footman, sir," said Bradshaw. "He had just been to take a note to the Rector, and as he came back across the churchyard he saw little Vic, the Squire's sky terrier he had with him, barking away at something in the ditch. He called to her, thinking it was only a rat she was after, and went on. But when he looked back, there he saw the dog still sitting by the ditch whining and barking, and not a foot would she stir for him. So then he thought there must be something the matter with her, and went back. When he came up the dog jumped down into the ditch again, barking and scratching like mad, and when he looked down, there he saw that poor creature lying at the bottom of the ditch quite dead. The grass was pressed down for some distance, as if the body had been dragged along the ground to the ditch, and a few yards off the bushes and grass was all trampled about as if there had been a great struggle."

"Has no clue been discovered yet?" I asked.

"Not yet sir, there's the constable out there now with the Squire and General Crogan and Bungay, but I hav'nt heard if they have found anything yet."

"I must go and see the General at once," I exclaimed, and hurried off in the direction of the churchyard. On arriving there I found a large party assembled under the direction of the rural Dogberry, doing their best to destroy any possible clue to the murder, by trampling about all over the scene of its perpetration. In a little knot apart from the rest stood the Squire, General Crogan, and the Rector talking low and earnestly. I drew the General aside out of the Rector's hearing, and told him all about my adventure on the preceding evening.

"Good Heavens, boy!" he exclaimed, "do you know you are as good as accusing Harding of this murder!"

"Yes," I said, "I know it, and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced he must have had a hand in it."

"But to what end?" asked the General.

"I can't say, I thought at one time he might be Jeffries——"

"Oh, absurd!" interrupted the General, "You forget how long ago that took place, and Harding now is about the same age I should say as Jeffries was then. Besides, I remember Jeffries well, a fresh coloured young man with bushy light hair, very light, almost white, and Harding's face is as white as marble, and his hair is as black as it can be. Have you mentioned your suspicions to any one else?"

"No," I said, "no one."

"Then don't. No good can come of it, and a great deal of harm may. You'll be at the Dun Cow this afternoon at three; your evidence will probably be wanted, unless they succeed in finding out the murderer before then, which does not look very likely from their present mode of proceeding." And the General as he spoke cast a look of contemptuous pity at Dogberry, who was standing very red in the face and hoarse in the voice, fanning himself with his hat, and giving all sorts of useless and absurd directions to his rustic myrmidons.

Not feeling inclined to assist in this wild goose chase after nothing, especially when my own convictions remained in spite of myself as firm as ever, I returned home in no very enviable frame of mind, and anxiously waited for the afternoon.

A few minutes after three I entered the sanded parlour of the Dun Cow, and found the proceedings had already commenced. Bungay was giving his evidence. He deposed to the finding of the body, and described its position. After him Dr. Pickerson proved the nature and extent of the injuries, declared that death was no doubt caused by them, and that it was impossible for anyone to inflict such injuries on onesself. Whilst he was giving his evidence, Mr. Harding came in and sat down by me, and began to converse in a low tone with me.

"Awful business this, isn't it?" he said.

"Very," I answered, feeling an intense aversion to him, and yet a strange fascination that would not allow me to withdraw my gaze from his cold stony eyes.

"Have they any clue to the murderer yet?" was his next question. I felt my horror of him growing stronger, and

yet I could not have left his side, or even attended to any one else for worlds.

"Not yet," I replied.

"And they're not likely to, I should say," was his answer with a mocking smile, so keen and cruel in its expression, that with that unaccountable association of ideas that sometimes rises in our minds, I couldn't help thinking of the bright hard edge of a razor. "That old simpleton the constable—what's his name—Jaggerson, I suppose was appointed to the post as being the most incapable idiot in a case of this kind any one could find." As he spoke, his right hand mechanically strayed down in quest of the locket he was so fond of playing with while speaking to anyone. I saw the locket was gone, and the end of the chain to which it was fastened, was hanging broken from his waistcoat. In obedience to some strange impulse within that forced me to speak, I suddenly asked, "Where is your locket, Mr. Harding?"

"I—I don't know," he replied, glancing down, "I must have dropped it on my way home from that party last night, I suppose. I hope I shall find it again, I should not like to lose it. But hadn't you better go and give your evidence? They're calling for you."

My name had been already called once, but I had not heard it. I accordingly related all the reader knows already of my adventure on the way home from General Crogan's, only suppressing my suspicion that the man I had seen running away was Mr. Harding.

"You say you recognised the woman's voice before you saw her," said the Coroner, "didn't you recognize the other voice too?"

"I thought I had heard it before," I replied.

"And whose did you think it was?"

"Mr. Harding's."

My answer was the signal for a general commotion. Mr. Harding sprung to his feet, and with his white lips quivering with rage thundered out, "What, sir? my voice? why you had only spoken to me for the first time in your life a short time before, and now you pretend to recognize my voice! you had better take care what you are saying," and he darted on me a look of such deadly hate, that if a look could kill I should hardly be here now to tell the story. I was rather emboldened than otherwise, at seeing the general feeling seemed strong against me, and I replied, "I know this, Mr. Harding, that the angry voice you are speaking with now, is exactly the same as the angry voice I heard threatening the woman, and that I'll swear to."

Mr. Harding had recovered himself with marvellous quickness, and when he next spoke, it was in his usual quiet sneering tones, with the same sharp hard smile playing about his thin lips.

"Perhaps you are good enough then to think I committed this murder?"

"I do," I answered doggedly.

"Hush, Tom! Do be quiet, for Heaven's sake," whispered the General, who was standing close beside me.

"Oh, indeed," replied Mr. Harding quietly with the same sneer, "*cui bono*, may I ask? What do you imagine was my motive for the murder of this unfortunate woman, young gentleman? Perhaps you think I had made rather too free with the General's excellent negus?"

"I believe you're her husband, George Jeffries," I blurted out, rather incensed at his coolness.

"Tom, Tom, *do* be quiet, how can you be such a fool?" cried the General, angrily.

"Gently, Sir," said the Coroner, "you're here to give evidence on the subject of this murder, not to make unfounded assertions against that gentleman's character."

My last remark seemed to have stung Mr. Harding, for his lips turned even whiter than before, and quivered for a moment before he spoke, but when he did so, it was quite calmly. "I demand to have my character cleared," he said, "before this ridiculous idea goes any further."

"It is quite unnecessary, sir," said the Coroner, "any one who knows Mr. Harding I am sure——"

"Perhaps so," interrupted Mr. Harding, "but it would be more satisfactory to me if any one present who knew this George Jeffries, would say whether I bear any resemblance to him."

"This is hardly the time or the place," objected the Coroner.

"In justice to Mr. Harding," interposed General Crogan, "allow me to say, I knew Jeffries well by sight. It is about eighteen years since he left this place, and he was then about the same age as Mr. Harding is now. He was a fresh complexioned man, very light-haired, quite unlike Mr. Harding, and I can only express my regret at any annoyance that gentleman may have been put to by the unguarded expressions let fall by this headstrong boy, and beg he will excuse them."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Harding, sitting down, "you have your answer, young gentleman," he continued, scowling at me, "and you may thank the General that I take no more notice of your impertinence."

As may be supposed, I felt foolish enough after this scene, and bitterly repented my hastiness in thus having published my unfounded suspicions.

The next witness was Barney, who in a style quite his own, was describing the first occasion on which the poor woman had appeared after her long absence, when Jenny Bradshaw, the landlord's pretty daughter, hastily entered the room, and conversed with her father for a short time in whispers, and ended by handing him something, with which he strode pompously up to the table, saying as he did so, "If I may be allowed to interrupt for a moment, sir, I would call your attention to this. It was evidently tored off by the pore woman in her struggle with the murderer. My daughter just found it tightly clenched in her hand, as she and the maid was laying out the body in the next room."

"Does any one know this?" asked the Coroner, holding up a heavy gold locket.

"Good God, it's Harding's!" exclaimed the General.

"There's a likeness inside it of the young lady that is at present staying with the Rector," resumed the Coroner, opening the locket——

A loud report startled us all, several men sprung forward in time to catch the body of Mr. Harding as he fell, shot dead by his own hand. In the breast pocket of his coat was found the certificate of marriage of Ellen Earle to George Jeffries, dated eighteen years back.

"O holy mother! look at this," cried Barney as the body was being lifted. As he spoke, he pointed to the roots of the hair at the back of Mr. Harding's head, they were of a light flaxen colour.

"You were right after all, Tom," said the General gravely, "the wretched man however managed his disguise well."

E.

DIVÁN I HÁFIZ.

"Khule mujh pah hain raz e nihufta e Háfiz,
Ki sunke lútún hún shi'r e shigufta e Háfiz."
SAUDA (*Hindustani Poems*).

WHAT is a Divan?

A bizarre establishment, you reply, in which the contemplative Cockney delighteth to inhale the fragrance of his native cheroot.

You are deceived.

There is a document in the British Museum that is so labelled, says the antiquarian lounger; an Arachnean production under a glass case near the Gorilla.

My last ingenious respondent is a representative man. Let us call him British Appreciative Acquaintance with Oriental Literature.

I see a look of offended dignity lighting up the features of the B. A. A. O. L. as he vindicates his Saracenic taste, "Why I dote on Moore, and surely he is Oriental enough—there are plenty of bulbuls, and all that sort of thing; besides, have we not the assurance of one of his contemporaries that his lays are sung

"By midnight in the Persian tongue
"Along the streets of Isfahan!"

A pleasing illusion this; you doubtless picture to yourself a lanky, dark, troubadour, accompanying himself on a noisy tom-tom to some pathetic selection from Lalla Rookh; a work that bears to Persian poetry about the same relation as the Alhambra of Leicester Square does to its Granada prototype*. Shall I tell you of Guebres (pronounced gabbers),

* Those who are desirous of seeing Tom Moore in an Eastern dress, may consult the *Birgis Baris* (Paris Jupiter) No. 156, June 21st, 1865, which contains a translation of "Paradise and the Peri" into Arabic Verse, entitled *Al Janneh wel Jinniyeh*, by the writer of the present paper.

Arab hating, thoroughbred Parsee patriots, with purely Arab names? of..............

You tear your hair.

Poor Moore! and yet his *réchauffè* of d'Herbelot is a charming work.

But what *is* a Divan?

It is a collection of ghazuls or short odes, of from five to fifteen verses each, with the same rhyme throughout. When a certain number of these have been completed, they are arranged in alphabetical order of rhymes and called a Divan.

Voilà.

To the superficial reader, the *ahl i surat*, they are but anacreontic songs, love and wine being the constant theme, but the initiated, *the ahl i ma'ni*, finds a deeper and purer meaning that lurks beneath the fascinating garb of glowing imagery and amorous complaint; for ghazuls are the hymns of the most extraordinary sect the East has ever produced, the philosophical Súfis.

The aim of the Oriental poet is to elevate mankind to the contemplation of spiritual things through the medium of their most impressionable feelings. The charms of visible objects are enthusiastically described by him, but it is easy to pierce this veil of allegory, and reach the grand ideal of eternal love and perfection that lurks behind.

The subtle union of philosophy and revelation which is the characteristic of Súfi poetry, is the esoteric doctrine of Islam. Steering a mid course between the pantheism of India on the one side, and the deism of the Koran on the other, the Súfi's cult is the religion of beauty, where heavenly perfection is considered under the imperfect type of earthly loveliness.

But as the ladies of the East never issue unveiled from their Harem's retreat, and would consider any public praise of their charms as a deadly affront, for which the poet would have to pay dear at the hands of indignant relatives, the beauty of a mistress is less often lauded by him than by our own poets.

The Oriental, therefore, is compelled to dwell on beauty in the abstract, and draw upon an ideal that shall arouse no scandal or prejudices; hence it is that a youth is more often eulogized than a maiden's charms; much as an European might sing of the beauty of a little child.*

Here, under various beautiful allegories, is celebrated the aspiration of the soul after God; now it is the nightingale

* Cf. (*Œuvres de Wali,* par M. Garcin de Tassy, Préface pp. viii.

intoxicated with ecstacy at the fragrance of the rose, now the moth annihilated by the intensity of the brilliant object of his contemplation.

And all this without a taint of Muslim superstition. For the Súfi takes his stand on higher ground, and all creeds may bow down with him before the sublime presence of the Infinite.

Háfiz is a Súfi of Súfis.

Islam claims him for its own.

An Englishman has written a treatise to prove him to have been a Christian.

The ardent out-pourings of the Hebrew sage, are they not a Divan too? If you would *feel* that "song of songs," if you would learn how an Oriental mind, filled at once with the soft influence of poesy and fired with the inspiration of a Divine love, seeks to clothe its thoughts in words, then join awhile the mystic circle of the Súfis, and take a chalice of intellectual joy from the hands of Háfiz, their great high priest.

*Towbah!** my readers nod.

Here I might become profound, and submit you to the torture of a disquisition on the origin and progress of philosophy in the East, but I forbear.

The circumvolutory cockchafer of my boyhood's days stings my conscience even now.

Kha'ja Shamsuddin was born at Shiraz, his *nom de plume* was Háfiz, a name that will have a magic in its sound as long as there is a sun to warm an Iráni heart.

A son of the chilly North, I cannot read one of his warm and flowing verses without an emotion bordering on hysteria.

On such occasions I pity my mathematical neighbours, for my voice is not melodious, and Persian is *caviare* to the million.

But what a task do I assign myself, in endeavouring to display before you this enchanting string of pearls? alas! I fear that my unskilful setting will mar the beauty of the gems, and reduce them to the commonest of beads.

For how can I translate what is untranslateable?

How convey the exquisitely-refined shades of meaning, point out the nice contrasts, or, even in our own plastic language, reproduce a versification which rivals the softness of the Italian, and the stately grandeur of the Greek?

Astaghfiru 'llah!†

* *Towbah* "repentance." † *Astaghfiru 'llah* "I ask pardon of God." These expressions are used by Persians by way of deprecating a sentiment or course of action.

The roses may wither at my touch, but some fragrance will perhaps remain to tell of what they were.

Here is one of his ghazuls:

Shab az Mútrib ki dil khosh bád Vairá.

But yester e'en upon mine ear
There fell a pleasing gentle strain,
With melody so soft and clear
That straightway sprung the glistening tear,
To tell my rapturous inward pain.

For such a deep harmonious flood
Came gushing as he swept each string,
It melted all my harsher mood,
Nor could my glance, as rapt I stood,
Fall pitiless on any thing.

To make my growing weakness weak,
The Sàki* crossed my dazzled sight,
Upon whose bright and glowing cheek,
And perfumed tresses dark and sleek,
Was blended strangely day with night.

Fair maid, I murmured, prithee stay,
And pass the ruby-colored wine;
Such reparation should'st thou pay,
For thou hast stol'n my heart away
With that bright silvery hand of thine.

In Hafiz we are especially charmed with the smooth elegance of the metres. An almost endless variety of rhythm is presented to us, alternately flowing softly, as the gentle stream of a fountain, or babbling along like a running brook—

Come bring the wine, oh, page of mine, for now the roses blow,
Each temperate vow, we'll slacken now, where fragrant roses blow,
Mid roses gay, bid Hafiz stray, like Philomela fond,
Make him thy friend whose footsteps tend the spot where roses blow.

And again, the well-known song, "*tāza ba tāza now ba now*," often sung by the tawny troubadour even in our own unromantic streets—

Oh minstrel wake thy lay divine,
Freshly fresh and newly new!
Bring me the heart expanding wine,
Freshly fresh and newly new!

* Cup-bearer.

Seated beside a maiden fair,
I gaze with a loving and raptured view,
And I sip her lip and caress her hair,
Freshly fresh and newly new!

Who of the fruit of life can share,
Yet scorn to drink of the grape's sweet dew,
Then drain a cup to thy mistress fair,
Freshly fresh and newly new!

She who has stolen my heart away,
Heightens her beauty's rosy hue,
Decketh herself in rich array,
Freshly fresh and newly new!

Balmy breath of the western gale,
Waft to her ear my love-song true,
Tell her poor love-lorn Hafiz tale,
Freshly fresh and newly new!

These in the original are full of the sweetest melody. But perhaps the greatest charm of Hafiz' songs is their richness in simile and metaphorical conceits. In some of these last, too, we recognize sentiments that have from long familiarity become household words to us; for instance, in the very first ghazul, we read,

The night is dark, the ocean boils, and loud the billows roar,
What know they of the seaman's toils who ramble on the shore?

Which smacks somewhat of the old song,

Little do the landsmen know
The toils we seamen undergo.

Nor can we believe that a mere coincidental relation exists between the vulgar proverb anent the impossibility of capturing an aged and experienced fowl by a transparent paleous imposition; and the following:

Who looks on beauty's treacherous hue,
Allured by winsome smiles,
And deems it true as well as fair,
His simple faith ere long will rue;
But ah! what fowler's net beguiles
A bird when nought but chaff is there?

The limits of this article will not allow me to give a selection from this necklace of

"Orient pearls at random strung."

I will, therefore, content myself with rendering the following verses, which are a fair sample of the chaste imagery employed by our bard:

My heart with youthful ardour glows,
  Though all my locks be frosted o'er,
And white with winters' tell-tale snows.
Ah! now the cruel maiden knows
  The secret love my bosom bore.

Now through the portals of mine eyes
  My prisoned soul has taken flight,
Now like a bird set free it flies
  To revel in the loved one's sight.
  Ah me! where it must soon alight,
Love's fatal net beneath it lies.

Should I have succeeded in raising in one single breast a desire to penetrate the Harem veil, which shrouds these brides of Eastern imagination from the outer world, my object will have been attained.

It has too long been the custom to regard the West as the sole proprietress of all that is noble and excellent in literature and art, and to such an extent is this complaisant self-satisfaction carried, that we scarcely care to know what our Eastern neighbours possess.

The man of education will only throw a glance of pity and scorn upon the rash innovator who seeks to hurl his favourite Horace from his time-honoured Parnassian throne, by venturing to assert that there exists another poet whose lyrics yield nought to his in melody, imagination, and grace, whilst in purity of thought and ornate finish of style they are incomparable; yet such is the case.

Let the incredulous examine for himself.

Persian is not a difficult tongue, a few hours profitably spent would soon enable him to master the difficulties that beset a beginner's path, and then the glimpse that would be afforded him of the flowery plains beyond could not fail to stimulate him to pursue his course, until the fairy realm of Eastern poesy should

"Lie all before him where to choose."

HAJJI.

OUR CHRONICLE.

ONLY a very short time has elapsed since a deep gloom was cast over the University, by the fatal accident which robbed it of one of its brightest ornaments, in the person of the late Master of Trinity. And now it is our painful duty to chronicle a similar accident, happily not followed as yet by the like sad consequences, that has befallen one of whom we all are proud, the Margaret Professor of Divinity. On Saturday, November 10th, Prof. Selwyn was riding on the Madingley Road when his horse took fright at a passer by, and ran away with his rider, who shortly after was seen to fall to the ground, first striking his shoulder, and then the back of his head. It is not known with certainty whether his foot had slipped from his stirrup, or whether the stirrup-leather broke. The Professor was lifted from the ground by two undergraduates who happened to be passing, and was able with assistance to walk to his carriage, in which he was at once removed to his home. The accident was unquestionably a very serious one, but up to the time of our going to press, the reports of his progress have been on the whole decidedly favourable.

In each of the two events which have excited the most general interest in the University during the present Term, Prof. Selwyn took a prominent part. The first we allude to was the opening of the Union Society's new buildings, in connexion with which, his kindly, humorous, and eloquent speech will long be remembered by all who heard it. An official report of the proceedings is in the press, edited by the late Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. C. Whiteley of this College; so that we need not do more here than state that the buildings were formally opened by the Earl of Powis (an old Johnian, whose name appears as Viscount Clive in the First Class of the Classical Tripos, in 1840), and that an admirable inaugural address was delivered by Lord Houghton.

The other event, his share in which Prof. Selwyn spoke of on the same occasion with pride and joy, was the appoint-

ment of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A., to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy. It is hardly necessary to say that there has been the greatest diversity of opinion expressed about this appointment. There are some who regard Mr. Maurice's writings as highly erroneous, and fraught with danger in the extreme, danger only increased by the winning sweetness of his temper, and the extent and depth of his learning. Others, perhaps the majority, know little or nothing of his writings, but have a vague idea that in some way or other he is highly heretical. But there are not a few, especially among the younger members of our College, who feel that they owe Mr. Maurice a debt which words can very imperfectly express, and that his teaching alone has sufficed to furnish them with armour of proof, from which the arrows of the positivism of the day, the deadliest foe to faith, fall blunted and powerless to harm. To such the opportunity of receiving fresh instruction from his lips, will be one of the highest privileges that the University will be able to offer.

The New Chapel is progressing rapidly: the exterior of the choir and apse being almost entirely completed. Excellent views of the Chapel from the north-west, and from the south-east have been lithographed, and by the kindness of the Senior Bursar, copies have been presented to all the members of the College in residence.

The Rev. Churchill Babington, B.D., Senior Fellow, Disney Professor of Archæology, has been presented to the College living of Cockfield, Suffolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. Richard Jeffreys, B.D.

The Rev. James Samuel Hoare, B.D., has been presented to the College living of Murston, Kent, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Poore, D.D.

The Rev. Hammond Roberson Bailey, M.A., has been presented to the College living of Warley Magna, Essex, vacant by the death of the Rev. Hastings Robinson, D.D.

The Rectory of Fulbourn has become vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Hall, who has held it since 1826.

The following have been elected Fellows of the College:—

Rev. James Snowdon, M.A., 16th Wrangler, 1863, Second Class Classics, Crosse and Tyrwhitt Scholar.

Alexander Wood, B.A., 6th Wrangler, 1865.

Mr. R. G. Marrack, B.A., has been appointed to a Mac Mahon Law Studentship.

At the election of Members of the Council of the Senate, Professor C. C. Babington, M.A., was elected as a Professor, Rev. S. Parkinson, B.D., and Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D., as ordinary members.

The subjoined list of Minor Scholars and Exhibitioners elected last April, should have appeared in our May Term number:

Minor Scholars, £70—Pendlebury and Frank Watson; £50—Cruickshank and C. H. Griffith.

Hare Exhibitions—Hathornthwaite, Hillary, and Saxton.

Somerset Exhibitions, £40 for four years—Baker and Marklove; £50 for three years—Levett, Greenhill, and Whitaker.

Robin's Exhibition—W. B. Wilson.

The Foundation Scholars of the College elected in June were as follows:

Third Year—E. Carpmael, Chaplin, Groome, and C. E. Thorpe.

Second Year—Fynes-Clinton, W. Griffith, Moss, Moulton, Verdon, and Wilkins.

First Year—Elliot.

The Proper Sizars elected were:

Second Year—Ashe, Atkinson, and Holditch.

First Year—Drake, Ibbetson, Oxland, and G. Smith.

The Le Bas Prize for an English Essay, open to all Bachelors, has just been awarded to J. B. Mullinger, B.A. of this College. The subject this year was "Cambridge in the 17th Century: the influence of its studies upon the Character and Writings of its most distinguished Graduates during that Period."

The following is the list of Prizemen after the last May Examination:

THIRD YEAR.

Humphreys	Fiddian }	Green
Carpmael, E.	Thorpe, C. E. }	Beaumont }
Charnley	Gwatkin	Landon }
Groome	Blunn }	
	Chaplin }	

SECOND YEAR.

Moulton	Holditch	Brook-Smith }
Griffith	Lester	Wilkins }
Obbard }	Bourne	Sparkes
Verdon }	Fynes-Clinton	Luck, R.
Watson, F.		

FIRST YEAR.

Elliott	Cotterill	Watkins
Boutflower	Carpmael, C.	Preston
Chamberlain	Cassels }	Eustace
Robinson	Fitzgerald }	Hodgson, A. E.
Hewison	Vinter	Musgrave
Smith, G.	Hallam	Pridden
Benson	Bradshaw	Bousfield
Barnes	Capel	Cochrane }
Drake	Howlett }	Hart, W. E. jun. }
Bennett, J. R. S.	Lee-Warner }	Reed
Oxland	Norton	Bennett, G. L. }
Ibbetson	Routh	Hodges }

Greek Testament Prizes—Gwatkin, Thornley, and Sandys.
Reading Prize—A. Bonney.

The University Four-oars were held on Thursday, Nov. 7th, and Friday, Nov. 8th. There were six entries. On the first day two trial heats were rowed, the winners competing in a final heat on the second day. The first heat. between 3rd Trinity, an Amalgamation (Caius and Magdalene), and Pembroke, was won by the Amalgamation, Pembroke being second. The second heat, between 1st Trinity, Christ's, and Lady Margaret, was won by 1st Trinity, Lady Margaret being second. In the final heat 1st Trinity won with ease.

The Lady Margaret crew was composed as under:

1 C. F. Roe
2 A. Low
3 J. M. Collard
A. J. Finch (*stroke*)
A. Forbes (*cox.*)

The races for the Colquhoun Sculls came off on Tuesday, Nov. 20th, and the four following days. The Lady Margaret Boat Club was represented by only one of its members:—Mr. A. J. Finch. The time race was won by Mr. Shann, First Trinity, beating Mr. W. R. Griffiths, Third Trinity, and Mr. J. G. Wood, Emmanuel.

The University Freshmen's Athletic Sports were held on Monday, Nov. 12, when several members of our College distinguished themselves. Mr. Norris won a heat in the 100 yards race, was bracketed with two others for the High Jump (at 5 ft. $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.), and was first for the Long Jump at 18 ft. 5 in. Mr. Cooper was first, and Mr. W. Hoare second, in the Hurdle race. The ground was very heavy in consequence of much rain the night before, so that the heights and distances actually jumped are not to be considered a fair standard for estimating the winners' powers.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are:

President—E. W. Bowling, M.A.
Treasurer—A. Low.
Secretary—J. M. Collard.
First Captain—W. Bonsey.
Second Captain—A. J. Finch.
Third Captain—C. W. Bourne.
Fourth Captain—J. Watkins.
Fifth Captain—W. H. Green.

Lieutenant W. P. H. Vaughan and Ensign E. S. Thorpe having resigned the commissions lately held by them in the Cambridge University Volunteers, Corporal C. F. Roe has been elected Lieutenant, and Private F. Lyman, Ensign.

The preliminary competition to select six for the final match for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' cup, took place on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23rd and 24th. Captain Richardson and Lieut. Roe of No. 2 Company are among those selected. The final match takes place on Dec. 1st.

The College cricket ground was this year opened for practice in the Long Vacation: this was a great convenience, and several more members were thereby induced to join the Club.

The following were the principal matches:—

July 11. *v.* University Servants. The Servants scored 69 and 33. St. John's 146, of which Mr. Bennett scored 58.

July 16 and 17. *v.* Trinity. Trinity 87 and 149. St. John's 202 and 35 for four wickets. In the first innings Mr. Carpmael scored 41.

July 20 and 21. *v.* Clare. Clare 166 and 52. St. John's 174 and 19. In the first innings Mr. Carpmael scored 43; two of the Johnian eleven were absent on the second day.

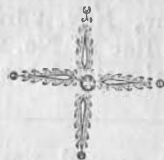
July 24 and 25. *v.* The University. The University 88 and 157. St. John's 220 and 26 for 7 wickets. In the first innings Mr. Cotterill scored 94, Mr. Bennett 31.

July 28 and 30. *v.* Rev. P. Frost's Eleven. The Eleven 230. St. John's 95 and 92.

August 7 and 8. *v.* Trinity. Trinity 259 and 139 for 8 wickets. St. John's 204 of which Mr. Warren scored 106 and Mr. Torry 39 (not out).

August 11. *v.* Christ's College. Christ's 163 for 7 wickets. St. John's 181. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Carpmael each scored 29.

August 15 and 16. *v.* College Servants. The Servants 123 and 204, Cornwell scoring 22 and 104 (not out). The College 81 and 161 for 6 wickets. In the first innings Mr. Bonsey scored 36. In the second Mr. Carpmael 49, Mr. Taylor 45 (not out), Mr. Radcliffe 28 (not out).



ERRATUM.

Vol. v., p. 161, 8th line from the bottom, *for* £300 *read* £3000. In the time of the empire, £3125.