

# THE PREDICTED PLAGUE

Value of the Prediction

PLANETARY AND ATMOSPHERIC  
INFLUENCES CONSIDERED AS  
CAUSE OF BLACK DEATH . . .  
AND OTHER PLAGUES . . . . .

COMETS AND PLAGUES  
OF TWO THOUSAND  
YEARS DETAILED . . .

QUEEN ELIZABETH IN RICHMOND  
HER MAJESTY'S BOOK OF ASTROLOGY  
AND  
THE DIARY OF HER ASTROLOGER, DR. DEE

RICHMOND'S QUEEN OF THE MAY  
JOYOUS YOUTH AT WHITE LODGE  
SHEPHEARD'S KALENDAR, 1500 . .

BY  
HIPPOCRATES JUNIOR

*HOLBEIN'S DANCE OF DEATH . . .  
AND OTHER SERIES OF HIS WORKS*

*THE ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY RYAN SHAW . .*

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IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD NINETEEN HUNDRED

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"And the Lord said unto Abraham, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes."

GEN. xviii. 26.

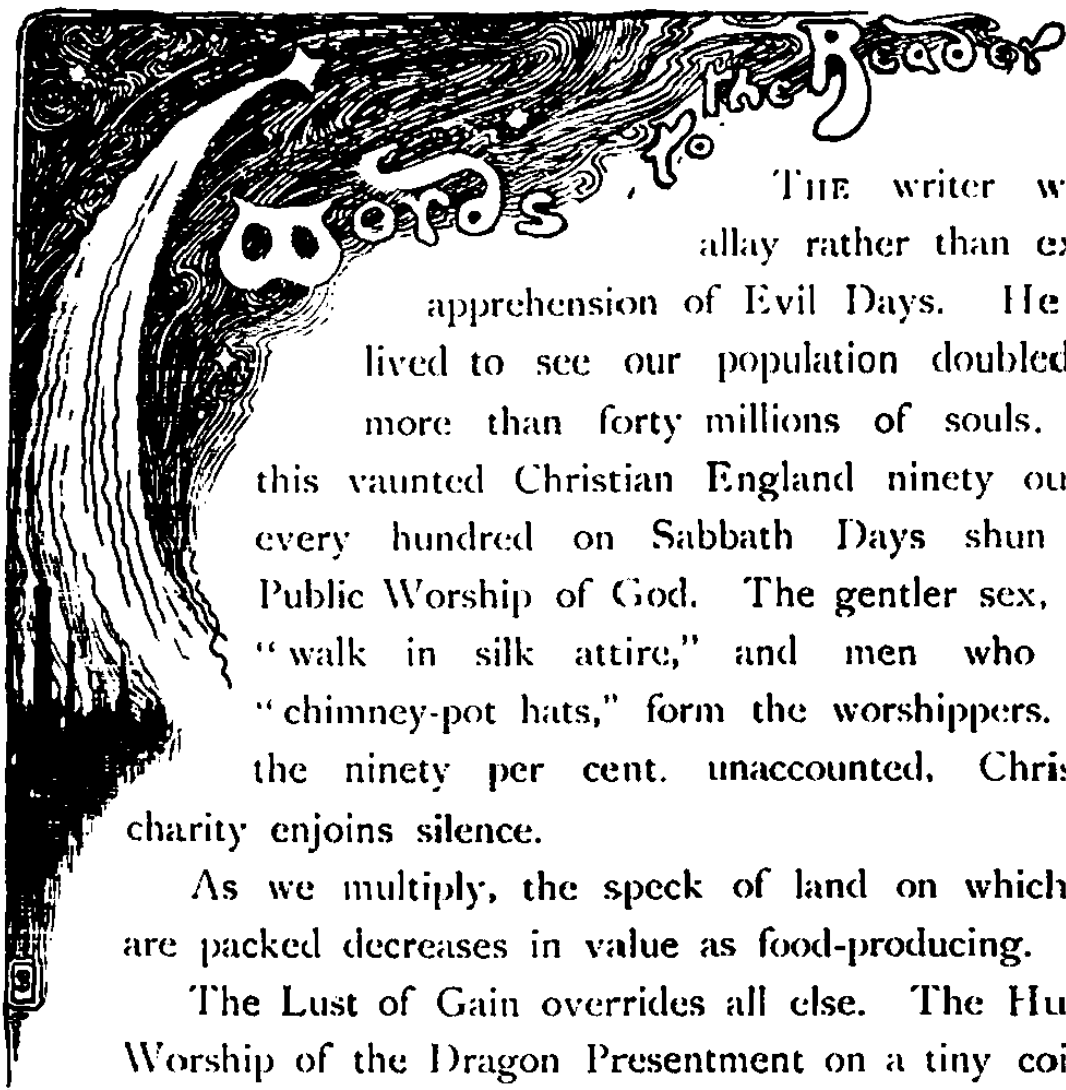
"And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake."

GEN. xviii. 32.

**T**O RICHARD DODDRIDGE  
BLACKMORE, M.A. (*Coll.*  
*Exon. Oxon.*), *Author of*  
*“Lorna Doone,” “The Georgics of*  
*Virgil, Translated,” and many other*  
*Works of unvarying elevated and*  
*purest character, abounding in truest*  
*observings of Nature in daily walks of*  
*rural life, this Work is with becoming*  
*sense of unworthiness, with esteem*  
*highest of friendship, and by special*  
*permission, dedicated by* THE AUTHOR.

T O RICHARD DODDRIDGE  
BLACKMORE, M.A. (CON.)

From Orono, Maine  
The Governor of  
Maine, and my wife  
and children, and  
all the family, are  
in the city of  
Portland, Maine,  
and will be with  
you on the 15th  
of the month of  
August, and will  
be with you on  
the 15th of the  
month of August.



THE writer would allay rather than excite apprehension of Evil Days. He has lived to see our population doubled to more than forty millions of souls. In this vaunted Christian England ninety out of every hundred on Sabbath Days shun the Public Worship of God. The gentler sex, who "walk in silk attire," and men who don "chimney-pot hats," form the worshippers. Of the ninety per cent. unaccounted, Christian charity enjoins silence.

As we multiply, the speck of land on which we are packed decreases in value as food-producing.

The Lust of Gain overrides all else. The Hunger Worship of the Dragon Presentment on a tiny coin of gold increases daily. Mountains of riches accumulate in fewer hands, and in fourfold disproportion to the multitude increase of souls. It has become a duty to die rich.

Millionaires abound, and yet the writer remembers the time when a ransack of the Kingdom could not have unearthed one of this now numerous tribe. Rarely do these even in death relinquish grasp of the world's dross by yielding

back to God that which was loaned them as His test of their love and faithfulness.

The weekly Provings of Wills disclose the dire fact that men bequeathing hundreds of thousands are an almost daily occurrence. How many of these in their hours of closing accounts with God and man lend their hearts to the poor and suffering is best known in the fact of several of the largest of the London Hospitals having to deny to the maimed and dying the stretching their stricken limbs on pallets unoccupied through lack of funds. Happily a compassionate Royal Prince, Heir to the Throne, ever ready to achieve the right thing in the right way and at the right time, stands in the gap to avert this disgrace to our national humanity.

“The Scant Measure that is abominable, the Wicked Balances, and the Bag of Deceitful Weights,” thus denounced by the prophet Micah; Milk, so imperative for the sustenance of millions of children, but so often diluted,—these frauds, and other adulterations, are rampant in our midst. The Divorce Courts—an abomination unfitted for human reading—pander to the lustful. Truly, “God’s ways are not our ways.”

Has the Great and Holy One no cause of displeasure? Would a Visitation be a harsh reminder? Let every one answer from his own heart.



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“O malignant and ill-boding stars!  
Now thou art come unto a feast of  
death.”—*1st Henry VI.*, Act iv.,  
Scene 5.

**S**INCE the day of the  
Worshipful Com-  
pany of Stationers'  
turning its back  
on Francis Moore, Physician,  
and his *confrères*, who had  
through long years brought  
treasure to their pockets and  
good cheer through fraternal  
hospitality of “Court days,”  
the Science of Astrology  
(for in those days at the  
dinners of the Honourable

Society it was ever toasted and spoken of as a "Science") has been under a cloud, so much so as to need a courageous spirit to admit even the hazy confession that there "is something in it." Like their Celestial allies, given to Prognostications, these Stationers forsook those of the Astrologers who had brought grist to their mill, and deprived the world of the great forethought and wisdom, formerly the pride and glory of that eminent citizen body, annually bestowed through their income-yielding Astrological Almanacks.

The Almanack Diviners, in wrath with their old patrons of Paternoster Row, at the moment of dissolution issued an Hieroglyphic portending the downfall of the old "Row." Certainly a remarkable change has occurred, inasmuch as all sorts and conditions of men seem now to have taken possession of the locality. Many of the great publishing houses no longer grace its area. Longmans, in creating a huge block of buildings, defied the Astrological prediction; but the fact of the craft dispersion all over London indicates that, if the accomplished and able present head of "the house" had then ruled, he would have pitched its wigwam elsewhere. Simpkin & Marshall still cling to the old territory; Marston, the considerate friend of literature's scribes, being enshrined under protective shadow of St. Dunstan. The fraternity are scattered sheep; like the rooks, old neighbours in St. Paul's Churchyard trees, they have flown to happier hunting-grounds.

The Alarming Predictions forming the subject of this Volume assume to be fulminated by Chinese Astrologers, from whom, we must admit, the greater portion of, if not all, earlier forecasts and warnings of similar Pestilences proceeded. Many of these terrible Events Foretold *did actually occur at the moment predicted*, a fact in itself sufficient to give exciting interest in a Forecast of so dread nature as that herein treated of.

*It is now heralded that "early in the twentieth century Great Britain and the chief cities of Europe will be Revisited by the Black Death Plague, and that England's Exports of Cotton and Manufactures to the East will have ceased." No precise time is foretold for this Plague*



Reading Francis Moore, Physician.

*visitation, which would not occasion alarm but for the fact of the dire visitant having shown itself in approaching contiguity.*

It is not a little remarkable that, simultaneously with this Eastern prediction of Plague Visitation in Great Britain and the chief cities

#### 4 *Burrill's Views of a Spiritual Heaven and Material Universe.*

of Europe at the period named for the Plague return, a more awful calamity is foreshown by Professor Falb, of Vienna, who is especially given to looking into the future; and although some of his predictions in the past have miscarried, yet he is very confident as to certain events which he says are awaiting us in the early-coming years. He proclaims that this earth will be destroyed by collision with a comet, preceded by unparalleled pestilence. To the Professor is due the merit of precedence, his proclamation having been announced six months ahead of the Chinese prediction. Destruction of the Planet on which we hold our being has frequently been favourite matter of divination with wiseacres dignifying themselves Astrologers. Happily the path described by our heavenly body in its periodical revolution remains as ever.

Believing, then, with the learned American Elihu Burrill, that there is a common Spiritual Heaven to a common Material Universe, and that the worlds created in that Universe are inhabited by beings into whom God has breathed a living soul, we may see how He has ordained and provided that community of experience and sentiment which shall fit all the spirits brought from those various worlds to His Heaven for intimate companionship and sympathy. Whensoever they come, whatever the physical conditions of their Planet abodes, or of the corporeal natures they have worn, they will probably for ever retain the living sense as well as memory of their original being; for the stature and crowning of Spirit Beings, we may believe, will be proportioned to the strength of their faith when they could not walk or work by sight. In that Heaven all will be in perfect sympathy, showing the faith by which they walked in flesh and blood to the gate of the same Heaven.

A little wriggling mite, looking off from the rim of a daisy upon a field dotted with millions of those meadow-flowers, if it had a mind equal to its physical being, might say and believe that, of all

those white-belted globes, his own yellow orb alone was inhabited; that mites like itself could not live on those surrounding planets; that they were all empty houses, and its own little world was the only one



Discussing Astrology.

of the myriads whitening the boundless space which the Creator had selected and honoured as the abode of intelligent beings.

Multitudes of good men, with minds of large grasp and reach, may look off from this our earth into the world-studded expanse

above—they may count the stars in the nearest heavens, and measure and weigh them with the reeds and scales of science—and yet say and believe, with the mite-minded animalcule peering over the daisy's rim, that all the millions of these constellated orbs are empty houses, built for no intelligent peopling, for no purpose except to besprinkle the tapestry of this small planet of ours with drops of light to please our eyes for a few hours by night-time. So great are man's powers here and there, so tall the stature of his being to himself, so wide a space he and his dwelling fill in Creation, that, as to the mite on the daisy, all outside is to him the mere garniture or setting of his abode.

Doubtless ninety in a hundred of intelligent Christian men think somewhat thus as to this one planet of our occupancy, not only as regards all the other members of our own Sun's family circle of orbs, but of all the myriads of worlds that revolve around the other Suns that dot the common heaven of the material universe. On the clearest analogies reason can construct or educe, we may believe that, as Nature abhors a vacuum, so Nature's God permits no waste in the realm of His creation; that the millions of those seemingly lesser lights above are not the chips scattered about in building the earth for man, nor the scaffolding from which it was erected; that they are not empty houses, nor built for beasts and birds alone, nor for bodiless spirits, but for spirits wearing flesh and blood in some shape, with a human nature as finely adapted to the faculties and sensibilities of the intellectual soul as Adam's physical being was to his mind in the holiest days of his innocence. To those thinking differently from him one might fancy that it would be like breaking the death-damps of a universe of desolation to admit the thought that the Almighty Creator had no sentient worshippers in all the millions of these outlying worlds; that of them all, this one on which we dwell is the solitary island of human existence—of beings with

living, thinking minds; and that here alone is heard the voice of prayer and praise, and all the other voices of faith, hope, and love.

Let not the repellent words Black Death, inscribed as subject of this volume, excite alarm. Nothing beyond simple earnestness animates the writer, who desires to interest in the subject not by any advocacy of exploded doctrines or adhesion to mysterious indefensible pretensions, but rather through reasonable dealing with the announced Plague prophecy, and applying to it the test by which every such asserted forecast has been or should be judged. Calmly viewed, there may not be much occasion for disquietude in the case of this about A.D. 2000 prophecy. In former Plagues there was invariably proclamation either of some great Comet whose appearance had failed of being beforehand announced, or some very important stellar event or transition blazoned by Astrologers of the time as causing through its electric phenomena the dreaded event. In the instance of the assumed Chinese early in A.D. 2000 evil prophecy there is absence of any special Astronomical occurrence coupled with the prediction. This was the case in several instances of former Plague desolation, although on more than one occasion a Comet appeared in the heavens without having been foretold. This book does not advocate or seek the revival of Astrology: the utmost extent it travels in that direction is to direct attention to recent strides in knowledge of electricity, and the possible effect of its current on our Planet. The strongest minds through all past ages have admitted a certain influence on our Earth Planet as resulting from traverse changes of other Heavenly bodies, proven by actual occurrences.

Whether through any real Planetary or Star influence on our Globe, or in all absence of such, the Chinese Plague prognostication is couched in the vaguest possible terms, leaving the matter of occurrence seemingly one of mere chance or luck so far as the dire



calamity of such a revisitation befalling us somewhere about A.D. 2000 is concerned. No special astronomical occurrence is mentioned as the cause of the foreshadowed eventuality. Coupled with the present announcement is a declaration that the Star of Bethlehem is again to appear to our World, though with a reversal of the wondrous beneficence which characterized its manifestation in announcing to mankind the birth of the Saviour. The tacking on of a trade prognostication to the astrological pestilential foreboding savours of a class of sinister kind sure to detract from any credit the pestilential portion might otherwise secure, even among the most superstitious and credulous.

In these days of manufacturing struggle with other nations ship-owners are our seeming greatest benefactors. The cheapness of almost every article necessary for human existence and comfort is mainly attributable to them; and chiefly owing to their instrumentality as cheap carriers, the price of the commodities is lower than in the lands that produce them. Through causes not easily explainable the world pours out its surplus on these happy shores: no matter what the commodity, England, by her system of free-trade, has so far obtained it in superabundance.

This emptying of the world's cornucopia on Britain's shores, where our readily available cash payment is patent to the whole world, is certain to go on increasing. We are covering the broad seas with steam craft of four-fold capacity to any existing a few years back, each achieving more frequent voyages, thus rendering England the cheapest residential home of the World.





## GREAT CHANGES OF THOUGHT IN THE MODERN RELIGIOUS WORLD.

“ In religion What damned error but some sober brow Will bless it.”  
*Merchant of Venice, Act iii.. Scene 2.*

**I**T is with extreme diffidence the writer gives expression to his convictions regarding religious faiths and opinions. His subject, however, classes among the “ologies”: hence needed outset guard against misinterpretation. All he advances are the timid feelings of his own heart, noted long before Mrs. Humphry Ward's letter on “The Great Movement of Thought,” though much in accord with that gifted lady's views. He is no theologian, and knows nothing of the various theories of Agnosticism or other religious “isms”: dogmas so known are abhorrent to his soul. The Church of England Prayer Book, shorn of damnatory clauses which operate to keep millions of souls outside her fold, suffices for his wants. He needs no wiles of priestcraft between Him and the Almighty, and is content to bring his very advanced years to an end in the hopefulness its blessed liturgy inspires in the hearts of humble-minded worshippers.

Regarded studiously, the conditions that affect our age morally and intellectually, enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, modifying



**G**OVERNMENTS, and giving the world a tenderer justice and deeper love, are also affecting our views of God and religion. Religion may have been the last to be reached by the new awakening; but its time has come, and it is now simply passing through the ordeal, and being tested by the same critical inductions that have been applied to other things. If our secular affairs have been improved by these methods, why should we fear the results when applied to things Divine?

When we study the Press through its work, we find that one line of thinkers is growing from the outside and another from within. Outside the various religious denominations is growing up a class holding what may be called the scientific view of religion, and within the Church itself there is going on a grand work of enlargement and modification. Between these two forces there has long been a feeling of hostility: the Church has feared that the men of science were undermining its foundations or weakening the claims of the Bible, and the men of science have complained that the Church is opposed to progress. Astronomy, Geology, and Chemistry, all must admit, have been looked upon askance, have been opposed, and their steps forward jealously dealt with by clerical bigots. New views, that are in any way supposed to affect religion unfavourably, are at first strenuously resisted; then in time they come to be tolerated, not willingly, perhaps, but of necessity; and in this way they gain a lodgment in the public mind; the people become familiar with them; prejudice dies out, and at last they come to be the living beliefs of our age; and then, by a kind of common consent, rather than by formal declaration, they are accepted as true.

In like manner we, in common with our forefathers, have been



**F**AUGHT that man has been our world's inhabitant only for a limited period of years. At the present hour this theory is forced on most denominations of Christians, despite the contrary having since been brought home to the present generation by geological theory based on the most indisputable evidence and production of rudest instruments of his primitive invention dug out of earth's depths. Clear witnesses prove the various periods of

man's progression, showing that man, beyond all doubt or question, dwelt on this globe many hundreds of thousands of years earlier than the wisest of our forefathers gave him foothold. The vital question is not left to hazardous speculation. The marvel is how such men as Dean Buckland and the other distinguished geologists, even up to almost the present moment, have left us in such utter darkness. The Church, as all religious bodies, needs light on these vital questions of the age of our tiny planet, that dots the heavens in company with millions of others; so also it would be in the interest of religion to reconcile the antagonistic theories as to the period when man first took possession of his earthly estate. Who so able and fitting to speak plainly and with authority as Mandell Creighton, the Metropolitan Bishop, who has proved his great wisdom and foresight in guiding his clergy at a time of pressing rupture crisis? It is an opportunity for this learned and astute Diocesan to stand out in bold relief among the many hundreds of forgotten lawn-sleeve wearers, and pass down to posterity in company with Butler, of undying fame, as author of "The Analogy of Religion."

We are reminded by Professor Swing, the eminent preacher of Chicago, that there was once an age which reached the conclusion that "knowledge is power," but failed to see it such by its ability



**D**O cast the soul into a finer form of feeling towards society in its multiplicity of relations. Calvin's learning, such vast knowledge as Shakespeare and Milton possessed and enjoyed, was an inferior form of power compared with the deep feelings which can free slaves and establish systems of free public instruction. Men of great stores of learning have often proved men of great coldness or cruelty; hence the conclusion that, although knowledge is power, it finds its omnipotence only when it is joined to a Divine tenderness of heart. When the knowledge held by Shakespeare or Scaliger is combined with the sympathy of the elder Wilberforce, the highest power results.

A glad and hopeful feature of Christian work in these days is how best to solve the problem of how the masses can be maintained within the range of Christian influence. The duty of at least making the effort to retain them is at length felt to be the prerogative of no religious body exclusively. Wherever the masses are gathered, there should every effort be made to exhibit the humane as well as the spiritual aspect of our holy faith, and so to win body, soul, and spirit, those whose lives are hard, and whose surroundings are unfavourable, and whose temptations are many.

Unfair contrasts are too commonly drawn between London's "squalid East" and her "magnificent and luxurious West"—a contrast in some respects too true, though the fitness of the epithet in either case may be open to question. The East is not by any means all "squalid," nor is the West continuously "magnificent." Nevertheless, a contrast of a most painful character does meet the eye and ear of the most unobservant passer-by from the one to the other. The two are almost like different hemispheres, yet how closely are they linked



**T**OGETHER! Community of faith, of hope, of interest in all that makes life real, and putting aside the mere accidents of outward surroundings, is happily being more and more felt both in London's East and West. The leisure of the one is taking cognizance of the work of the other. The luxurious West is well said to be stretching out its hands with a friendly grasp of sympathy and cheer to its brothers and sisters in the

East, where the buoyancy of the rising tide and the energy of the younger life are being felt with a strange and keen reality.

A sensibility once awakened is like a river once started from the melting mountain snows. It has received its gift of waters from the spring sun which has touched the Rocky Range or the Alps, and with pure clear treasures, better than the wine in a goblet of gold, it starts onward through the plains of populous life. The channel is dry and empty no more. It is ready for many purposes. The miller asks it to turn his wheel; the merchantman to float his ship; the farmer, perhaps, to irrigate his field; the flocks crowd down its banks at noon to slake their thirst, and the hidden veins in the soil and rocks transport this blessing afar to the roots of the elm and the oak.

We are awakening to a knowledge that where labour and capital, engines and wheels, and tools and furnaces and iron are made companions of beautiful homes and parks and walks and attractive free public libraries and sanctuaries, as beautiful as an Ezra could have wished for a Hebrew ceremony, the ornaments of home are as practical as is the engine which drives the machines. The wee garden in front of a cottage home for the growth of flowers is as full of value as is the water that runs in the house, or the fire that burns in the kitchen. For civilization comes not by bread alone,



**N**OR by bread and clothes and shelter, but by the uprising of many sentiments, and the true man or the true woman is made at last, like the temple of Artaxerxes and Ezra, by a wonderful mingling of rude timber and beaten gold, of hard rocks and precious stones, and visible knolls of flowers, and spiritual holy places, fitted for the breastplate of jewels and the presence of God. The mind is at best an unit; and although its power may come from many sources, it is simply at last power; and hence the song that children sing at the Church or Board Schools, the flowers they may pluck on the way when May and June cast shadows of trees on the school roofs, the poems they may commit to memory, are woven into whatever subsequent force they may reveal in their several paths of life. The flowers of the field are all wedded to mechanics and practical science; and the beautiful public parks, and the Queen's gardens at Osborne, Windsor, Frogmore, and Balmoral, as the glories of Chatsworth or the Duke of Westminster's palatial home at Eaton Hall, so beneficently ordained by trifling admission toll to yield money provision for Chester Infirmary, are as fully related to the cornfield of the humblest subject; so that the mind trained in the one can go without violence to care for and enjoy the other. In the preparation of such practical and influential characters as Lubbock, Balfour, Pitt, Burke, Peel, Mill, Gladstone, Bright, Iveagh, Froude, and Dean Farrar, and other ornaments of our generation, every scene in Nature—the hills and valleys, the days of Spring and Summer—enters early and abundantly; so that statesmanship itself is only an application of a mind whose power came not from politics only, but which simply spent itself in that vast field.



**T**HE Apostle Paul being, as Professor Swing of Chicago has eloquently said, such a common resort for all parties in religion, does not by his writings make necessary the conclusion that he changed his belief with passing months or years. This conclusion may result from the difficulty we now experience in learning all the opinions of one who has left only letters addressed to special persons, and those letters clothed in the drapery

of a foreign and poetic style. "Charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned: from which some having swerved have turned aside unto vain jangling." These his words will ever remain a true picture of the religious principles of this greatest of the Apostles, who has uttered more broad doctrines than have all the New Testament writers combined. We infer from him that an intricate theology ought never to have come into God's Church. It was an error and a weakness to busy the mind over the merely difficult in thought, or over the curious in logic. But blind attachments have always been popular with the human race, whether busying itself in physical or spiritual things. Not only have different times dressed oddly, but they have studied and thought oddly. The Middle Ages were as eccentric in their literature as in their dress and costumes. Plato and Socrates were as strange in their themes of study as was Diogenes in his dwelling-place. The human heart will fall in love with any object, and then become blind.

Protestantism was a clear stream compared with those yellow waters which ran along through the scholastic times—times when learned men would rather discuss the nature of an angel than the value of agriculture, or industry, or liberty; but, compared to the written thought of to-day, the stream of the Reformation was as





**M**UDDY as the Severn round and about Gloucester Cathedral. Far into full manhood Luther had been a mystery, a lover of holy feelings and dreams; and although he in after-years denounced all the impracticable theologians, and urged a return to the simple teachings of the Bible, it can now be seen that his age and his personal studies had rendered him a defective judge of simplicity. Protestantism

was a move towards the Scriptures rather than a move into them, for an age cannot all at once pass from an old custom of food, or dress, or thought, or feeling; and while moving towards the Bible, and away from scholastic rubbish, the leaders of the Reformation came to the Bible to ask it to uphold some things they had brought to it from the outside. Calvin did not find his "Five Points" in the "Good Book," but he took them up to it; nor did Luther find in the Testament his peculiar merits of faith, but taking his forms of thought with him he made of *the* Bible a new country for migration, carrying his whole family with him. This is our Protestantism, the old and new met to dwell together until the old shell gradually fades and expires.

One of the infirmities of much of the past was the deep love of mere brain-work, regardless of the question of the application of any such labour to life. The finest intellects were given to the examining of a question for its own sake, simply because it was a difficult question without any answer annexed. The natural sciences lay dormant, agriculture and mechanics and chemistry and all the useful arts slept, because the thought that was in the world attempted to soar up above all such mundane things, and was more ready to examine the Nature of God than the nature of man, and would at



**A**NY time leave the wants of this world to ponder over the details of the next. Even so rugged a mind as that of Luther fell into mysterious thoughts and conclusions regarding the very Salvation by Faith which he restored to the Church, and *supposed* faith to be a kind of talisman which would save even the most wicked soul if only it should possess the magical jewel. Happily for the present generation Westminster Abbey's vener-

able pulpit is open for the expression of calm Christian thought free from dogmatic teaching. A Farrar has not in vain occupied it, neither was it without full consideration that a Kingsley within those hallowed walls uttered the exclamation: "We move so fast in these days that probably half a century hence people may wonderingly say, 'Is it possible that England's Church Liturgy held the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, so painfully objectionable to millions?'"

Standing aside, and ceasing for the moment to be a part of the world's moving and contending lines of thought, we become impressed with the important fact that the things about which thinkers are contending have an existence to themselves, and wholly independent of the minds that are engaged in studying them. This thought is assuring to those who fear the consequences; for in all our thinking we neither add to nor take from the objective world or the sum of what is. Man once thought that the earth was the centre of the universe, that it was stationary, and that the sun moved round it every twenty-four hours: but their thinking it so did not make it so; the Solar System was just the same then that it is now. An Eclipse of the Sun was once thought to be a war among the gods, and man feared that the god of day might be



**D**ESTROYED; but such an eclipse was nothing different then from what we know it to be now. And so whatever be our views of God, and the Bible, and the Saviour, and the Future World, our thinking does not change the facts. Our thinking that the Bible is not inspired does not change in the least the quantity or the quality of the Divine Spirit that breathes through its pages. The Great Almighty is not made greater nor less, nor better nor worse, by our thought, nor is the soul rendered mortal or immortal by our poor reasonings or beliefs.

And thus it is seen that facts are not dependent upon our theories, but exist in themselves, and what we do is to approach them from our different standpoints, and theorize about them as we do about the origin of all evil, or the age of the earth, or the destiny of the race. And in the religious world the important facts, such as the evil of sin, and the necessity of repentance, and pardon, and righteousness, are hardly questioned by any. It is our own theories about these things that we debate.

But whilst we do not by our own thinking create nor change things that exist in themselves, we do by our thinking put ourselves into new or changed relations to these facts. When men thought that an eclipse was a battle among the gods, or that some monster was attacking and was likely to devour the sun, they were terrified; and whilst there was really no ground for their fears, yet their fears were real, and the consequent sufferings actual. Now a better understanding of the motions of the planets has taken away all that fear, and made an eclipse an event of general interest, and all this from knowing the facts. If we form a theory of the Divine Nature



**A**ND Decrees, and that theory leaves uncertain the Salvation of Infants, and dooms the larger portion of the human race to Everlasting Fire in Hell, and then accept that theory as the fact, its influence on our minds is the same as if it were fact. Many are driven to despair by such a view of God. The Old Theology is trying to defend its theories: the new theology is trying to find the truth, whether it be old or new; and it welcomes all the increasing light and help of history, and philosophy, and science, and experience.

The tendency of the scientific movement is to Naturalism—in which the intellect is made to predominate—and to the deification and worship of Nature. In Spiritualism, or the intuition and worship of God, the heart is uppermost. Men of science have to deal with matter, and life, and law; and finding in these so much of order, beauty, grandeur, and power, they say, "This we see and know; what is beyond we do not know: here we will rest; we will worship the grand and the beautiful in Nature, and we will worship the good and wise in man." Nor shall we say that this is not a form of worship. What feelings of reverence, of solemn awe, of delight, of love, may fill the heart, as one stands in the morning or evening hour, or walks by the sea, or rests beneath the canopy of Heaven's illuminants! What sentiments of admiration do we feel for the great and the good in man—for his heroism, his devotion to principle, his self-sacrifices for others!

These two parts of our common nature have hardly ever before met face to face. For twelve centuries the mind of Europe practically slept, so far as any progress in the Natural Sciences was concerned. These were centuries of war, of ignorance, of poverty, of superstition,



**F** despotism, of ecclesiasticism, and *creed-making*. The revolutions of the earth were not known: there was no such thing as instrumental Astronomy, no printing-press.

And when at last the awakened reason of man broke away from its prison, and, leaving behind the dream-land of mystery, began in earnest the work of studying the world; of things about it, it had everything to learn and everything to do. The Telescope had to be invented, and the printing-press, and chemistry, and the higher mathematics had to be perfected and applied, and physiology and natural philosophy to be studied. Geology was not born, and astronomy made the earth the centre of the universe, and *the sky a solid floor or roof*.

This was the condition of the world in the thousand years when theology was debating the Nature of God and the destiny of man.

Now science has enlarged the natural world; has placed the sun in the centre, and taken away the solid roof, and left only the wide and open expanse above us; and taken away the "foundations of the earth," and left it swinging in the air; and has followed the reign of law far out to the stars that are billions of miles away. Meantime, religion, sharing in the common impulse of learning, has joined the study of Nature, and has carried the scientific methods of definition and induction into her own field of history, and literature; and criticism, and philosophy, with the result that the two forces come together in a more friendly spirit and for a common purpose.

Science says to religion, "Behold the new universe, in which our little earth is but as a grain of sand—a universe stretching away into countless suns and sun-systems; and behold everything, from the atom to the star, under the reign of law, and moving in such



CHANGELESS order that the time of an Eclipse or the Transit of a Venus can be calculated a thousand years in advance!"

All this we see and know, and we stand with solemn reverence before the awful grandeur thus revealed; but let us bear in mind that, although we have found matter, and life, and law, *we have not found God, nor can we conceive of a Being standing on the outside of this mighty order, and shaping it and directing its movements as a workman makes and regulates a watch.*

Religion meets Science in this new universe, and repeats with a deeper emphasis and realization what the Almighty Saviour of Man said long ago, that "*God is a Spirit*"; and what Paul said, "In Him we live and move and have our being," that God is all in all. Religion says we recognize matter, and law, and life, and we find God in these things—in Nature, and *not outside* of Nature. And Religion says more,—says we find in ourselves the sentiment of right, and duty, and justice, and mercy, and love; we find inside of this great physical order a moral order or world; and we find God revealed in the Bible and in Jesus Christ, and God as a Holy Spirit in the consciences of men; and we find pardon, and peace, and purity, and hope; and having this Eternal Life *now*, and finding that the soul's world of truth and right is immortal, we hope and believe that *we are immortal*, and live on in its world of principles For Ever.

As a result of a coming together of science and religion, we have a larger universe. Dr. Thomas, an American preacher of great power, has described the New Theology as a larger outlook, a larger and perhaps changed conception of God; but withal the conception is more true and real, for we need no longer go to some far-off heights



**F**ind God, for lo! He is in this and every place. His Presence is in the light as in darkness, in storm and calm, in flowers, in oceans, in stars. He is about and within us, speaking to our hearts. And the tendency of all this will be, not to remove God from man, but to make His Presence imminent in all things, and hence to make all things and all places holy. And as this conception comes to be realized more fully, man will not need to die to find Heaven or Hell or to find God, for "the Kingdom of Heaven is within us," and

Hell is where there is sin, where there is guilt, where there is fear, and God is present everywhere. With this thought we are in Eternity now!!

Any form of religion that would command the earnest assent and hearty acceptance of the thinking people of the present age, must neither deny their right to think nor contradict the plainest dictates of reason and the moral sense. Large numbers, from association, and for the sake of a Church Home, dreading to break away from the old relationships, do yield a partial and reluctant assent to dogmas that they no longer really believe. But such a state of mind is not satisfactory, and naturally tends to produce that state of indifference and neglect of which the clergy generally complain as being so common in the Churches. It is no longer common to find the educated clergy insisting upon a number of things that it was once supposed dangerous, if not wicked, to doubt—such as the literal six-day theory of the Creation, or the universality of the Flood, or an Atonement offered to Satan, or material fire punishments after death. But there is still a vigorous insistence upon other points that have largely ceased to be a part of the real beliefs of the age. The New

named Nazareth, to  
a virgin affianced to  
a man whose name  
was Joseph. Lu. i.



**T**HEOLOGY, dealt with on various occasions in these pages, is less open to attacks, and less antagonistic, and hence more in sympathy with what is called progressive thought.

The Old Theology, in holding to the equal and infallible inspiration of all parts of the Bible, has on its hands the task of defending this large assumption against the arguments of Science and Archaeology, as to the Creation and the Age of Man on the Earth, and all such points. . But the New Theology sets out with no such difficulties in its way. It looks upon the Bible as a Book of Spiritual Truths and Forces, as a Book of Morals, of Life, of Religion. And it beholds the unfolding and the play of these forces and principles in the Great Historic Movement of God with the Hebrew people and in Christianity. It seizes upon the life and the purpose of the Bible as found in its biographies, its revelations of law and duty, its progressive plan, and its final unfolding of the Spiritual and the Eternal.

It took four thousand years of preparatory work before the world was in any condition of readiness to receive the higher manifestations of God in Christ; but all this time the Spiritual Religion of Christianity was just as true as when the Saviour came to teach it. But the mind and heart of man were not ready to receive it; and when the fuller Truth of God came, it could be but partially unfolded, and was then, and is even yet, but imperfectly understood. Let it be borne in mind Jesus said, "*I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot receive them*"; and He sorrowfully said to the disciples, "*Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not understood Me?*"

Another illustration comes of the old and the new views of the





**F**UTURE State and the Final Destiny of the Race. In the old view an awful finality follows close upon every passing moment of life, and settles down in an irreversible doom at the moment of Death. It brings Christ out of Eternity into Time, and plants the Cross upon our Earth, but it makes the benefits of that Cross available only in Time, and for each individual only during his few and uncertain years. And, consequently, as but comparatively few accept this religion, it has to face the fact that in a Universe where once there was

naught but God Himself—in a Universe that He planned and projected—there is building up a Kingdom of endless rebellion and misery.

The New Theology refrains from pronouncing final judgment as to the destiny of souls and the result of God's Government, and, with Dean Farrar, says, "We will leave our dead in the hands of a Merciful Father, and we will not forbid the hope that all will at last be gathered home; nor will we coldly stifle the prayers of parents and friends for the dear ones who have passed from earth!"

The New Theology sees the Soul of Man, with all its wonderful and progressive powers, standing in its infancy and childhood on this little star of ours, and looking out upon a universe that is infinite and an existence that is endless, and it asks if destiny is to be determined by these few years! It asks if so Great a Fact as the Redemption of the Race is to so far fail as to leave the majority to be for ever Lost? It asks if all the souls who die unconverted are to be set down as incorrigible! It asks why the sentence as to the duration or time of punishment should be alike in all cases, when it is not so in any human court of justice! It asks if we are certain that everything has been done for every

shall say. We have  
no king, because we  
feared not the Lord.  
What, Sr Mosca 2.



**S**OULD in this world that could be done, or whether under different conditions different results might not have been reached!

Another intellectual advantage of the new Divinity is in what may be called corollaries of theology. The old school makes the Fall of Man in Adam the ground and the necessity of Redemption in Christ. The whole race, it says, was lost by the Fall of Adam, and saved by the Death of Christ, Who satisfied the law and reconciled the Angry Father, by taking the punishment due to man upon himself, or becoming man's substitute. But where will these theologians be left if it be proved that Adam was not the first man, but that the Africans and the Mongolians had long been upon the earth when the Adamic race made its appearance?—and this is getting to be very generally accepted as fact. Or what will become of this Old Theology if evolution should prove that man has all the time been rising instead of falling, or falling up instead of down?

The moral or paternal view of Atonement does not stand nor fall with the Garden of Eden, nor with any special doctrine of creation or evolution. Whether Adam be the first or the millionth man; whether by creation or evolution he came; or whether the Garden of Eden be historic; or whether we are all born into some garden of innocence, it matters little: for this is still undeniably true—true in the consciousness of each soul—that we are all, in some sense, sinners, and need mercy; we are lost, and need to be found; we have sinful desires and tendencies to be overcome; we have natures capable of coming into fellowship with God: and it is just as true, however our sin and sinning came, that God loves the world, and that love seeks to save, and that Jesus came to seek the



**L**OST. Once grounded in the soothing nature of love, the doctrine of the Atonement is beyond the possibility of attack by any science or scepticism; and it is where it must for ever appeal to all that is deepest and best in the heart of man.

We claim a higher power for the New Theology in reaching and saving the world. All that gives it a firmer and surer hold upon the intellect of man is so much in its favour; and when we study its moral power, it goes to the very depths and centres of the soul.

The old view is largely concerned with some means of getting man from under the penalty of sin; and hence its doctrines of imputation and substitution, of punishing the innocent to buy off the guilty. The New Theology looks to getting men out of sin, to leading them to repent because of sin, to sorrow because they have done wrong, rather than to repent to escape penalty. No doctrine is more neglected to-day than that of repentance; *repentance because of consequences* is a lighter thing than *repentance because of sin*; and the teaching that Another bore the penalty seems to make necessary only a selfish faith, and to largely do away with the deep Bible doctrine that men should be sorry on account of their sins—should turn from their sin because they loathe the wrong, rather than from the dread of punishment.

The moral view keeps the idea of the wrong of sin before the sinner, and appeals to his higher nature to rise above it and seek the love of God, that will make him inwardly pure, and bring him into the living, soothing Spirit of Christ. It teaches that men are not lost because of the sin of another, but by their own sins; and that they cannot be saved by another bearing their penalty, nor by



**IMPUTED** righteousness; but only by repentance and turning to God, Who will forgive sin, and by an imparted righteousness. ¶The basis of character is not in dreading penalty, but in loathing sin; and the problem of religion is not how to get men out of penalty, but to get them out of sin and into the loving Spirit of Christ!

Religion places at last her feet upon this world, not because there is no Heaven, but because Time and Eternity are all One. Earth is the first part of Heaven or of Hell, just as childhood is the first part of life. Christianity has ceased to stand, like an anchorite of India, gazing until blent into the sun; it gazes around its feet, and considers the fields, and towns, and cities, and homes of humanity to surpass the Sun in being the dwelling-place of God. Greece became great by a similar love of humanity; a Greek writer pointed out a reason of his nation's success when he said the Egyptian deities were honoured by lamentations and by the dance, thus reminding us that that amazing nation made no friendships with the bewildering, but loved deeply all that was radiant in thought or in physics. No one in our day understands the Pyramids and the Sphinx, but there is no one who does not understand the marbles of Phidias and the verses of Homer. Greece was a sunbeam world. Its great men were children of light.

The Christianity which shall offer the Christ-image of God, which shall demand a pure heart, which shall enjoin all duties, which shall rule and transform by love, and which shall confer a future of blessedness upon all the good—this will be as free from darkness and confusion as any one possible to the finite horizon of the mind. In



**E**VERY doctrine it will touch actual life. It surpasses all the arts in sublimity, all the philosophies in wisdom, all the common sympathies in the extent and warrant of its love, and all other outlooks in its hope. It is already invading our world, but not as a military host too frequently lands on shores to make a desolation, but it comes as a spring-time, to chase away winter, and cover the fields and hills with verdure.

It may be a strange deep question of science how our sun became established in the centre of his system, and reached that grandeur which marks him now—Eight Great Worlds, such as Earth, Mars, Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, moving ever around him, and with him, held in being and harmony by his power, and adorned by his love. But in spiritual direction a similar scene appears—that of Christianity advancing and calling to her vast circle certain worlds of charity, and brotherhood, and purity, and hope, and beauty. In this large estimate of the scene many of the variations of theologians, dead or still living, lose all their former significance, and the varied ways of salvation meet in one path; on such a height all vain janglings cease, and we see one God, one Mediator, one human race, one worship; we hear one prayer, one hymn, and read one sublime Creed: “Fear God, and keep His Commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.”

What has helped to undermine the old abstract theology has been the new estimate made of earth. In the schools of the past mundane affairs were treated with contempt; and for a thousand years, if a mind of any power appeared, it must not attach itself to any political, or social, or scientific end in human being; it must rise above this vain sensual world, and must cast itself into the great



CEAN of speculation, and thus find greatness.

The result was an over-production of dogmas and theories, and an over-supply of theologians, and equally a decline in all mechanical and scientific values, and there resulted an earth which had an Analysis of the Trinity, but no Free Public Schools; which had an Eternal Procession of the Holy Spirit, but had no liberties; that had "the decrees from all Eternity," but had no agriculture; that had discussion of free-will and fate, but no good ships nor good ploughs. The unveiling

of the greatness of this world, an unveiling which began in the recent centuries, drew the mind toward something near and beautiful, and to this degree theological production began to diminish, and the demand for earthly things began to increase. The old channel of water began to fall as new channels were cut. The abstract theologian began to fade, to make room for statesman and senator, and even for a farmer and mechanic and philanthropist. All the richness of the old soil went to the growth of religious thinkers. These are the product of all the fields. There was no rotation of crops. Not only were the students and scholars all theologians, but so were all the Kings and Queens—Henry VIII., Louis XIV., Bloody Mary, and Elizabeth, and Catherine de Medici. How surely and deservedly did these sink into their bloody graves, when our world began to assume its many-sided claim to love, and care, and thought! New harvests began to be sown that drew away their share of earth's richness of mould, and dew, and sunshine, and it then appeared that, in comparison with this new harvest, mankind had been active in the cultivation of weeds.

Our age is witnessing a decay of theology, but we will hope no



**D**ECADENCE of Christianity or of religion  
Christian theology was compounded in the  
day when no question was too great for  
the common mind to raise an answer, and  
in a day when the usefulness of a doctrine had  
nothing to do with its title to a place in the  
Creed. Hence into the Christian systems came a  
whole long procession of questions and answers, very  
few of which had any application to human welfare,  
and many of which cast more light upon the egotism  
of man than upon the providence of God. Paul's

fear that many would turn aside to vain jangling was not groundless in all the Middle Ages. "A pure heart and charity and unfeigned faith" did not go far toward composing the Gospel of the subsequent times. If a man had no more religion than purity and charity and faith in Christ, his prospect of escaping the Inquisition was not good. Such a Creed was too thin a toilet for the rigours of the Old Catholic or Protestant winter. The purity of a man's life, his benevolence and virtue and piety, weighed nothing, if the man could not answer the theological questions of his superiors in office. And, indeed, nothing is more true than that the wrath of the theologians always fell upon the noblest men and women of those days of blood; and no fact is clearer than that there have been theological ages when the life of a brazen criminal was surer than that of a thinking, prayerful saint; to transgress the laws of the State was safer than to doubt an article in the Creed.

It was an error of the past generation, as well as prevalent with too many of the old style of the present, that it supposed all earthly things to be opposed to things heavenly; whereas all terrestrial things are Divine, except our sins. Earthly things are Divine, more

Behold is the king  
of the Jews that is  
born. for we have  
seen his star in the



**G**OD-LIKE often than the celestial things of the old books ; for an earth covered with children born to be educated and to be industrious and free is more sublime in morals than is an earth covered with men and women to be for ever lost. Dante was compelled to make heaven's floor like the pictured walls of Forenceo, and could not omit the foliage of Chiagsi and song of birds. Thus all the earth except its sins has been used in the construction and decoration of the blessed land to come.

Since Shakespeare lived, it has been reserved for only the last three centuries to see the dignity of man's career on this globe, and to this period has fallen the joyful task of overthrowing the theology which loved abstractions more than it loved the homes of arts and sciences, and education and the liberties of man. All these facts and qualities are as heavenly as are the chaunts of the Saints.

If the Great Architect of the Universe has made such a temple as Immortality, it is not probable that He has failed in the vestibule of the mighty structure ; it must be that our few years here in this our planet are the place where the beauty *begins*, and should reflect much of the splendour of the hereafter.

The fondness for intellectual abstractions has declined. Hazy thought is unpopular. An obscure theology is doomed, and the same fate is assigned to obscure metaphysics and obscure art. Obscure reasoners are discarded ; obscure speakers, once supposed to be learned, are now looked upon as dull of penetration. Look at it as we may, from the side of material or spiritual things or from theology, our earth has become a sunlit globe, and the beautiful Aurora is seen chasing to their dens the servants of night. The



all the roads there-  
of from two pees  
old and under. ac-  
cording. Sc. 1811 11.



LD theologies are in retreat; they are shadows which the sunbeams have trans- fixed.

The Creator may have made His Suns out of the scattered dust of Stars; and as the common magnet will repel or not discern particles not of its own metal, but will faithfully confess and embrace all her own glittering children, so the coming Christianity will reach out its hand to many forms of progress and happiness because they are the scattered dust of herself.

Amid the general banishment of old-way truths and beliefs, it should be very plainly seen that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto *him*. Neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. The kingdoms of music, of art, of literature, of philanthropy, and of science are open to all, but there was one thing closed against every man merely as man—the Kingdom of God. If the things of God were set before the animal part of man, there would be no response. So also, if the things of the Spirit of God were set before the intellectual part, he cannot know, because they are spiritually discernible only. But when the spiritual nature is drawn from its dormant attitude into life by the breath of the Holy Ghost, he immediately entered into a knowledge far beyond that of the greatest scientists of the world. Man is magnificently equipped for the discovery of the secrets of Nature of which he is a part, but he could know nothing of the Spirit of God. No knowledge of either world is possible to the man who does not belong to that world. The spirit of the man is the candle of God.



## NATIONAL SHORTCOMINGS.

The temple came to  
Christ, saying If  
thou be the Son of  
God, command that



**I**T is one of the purposes of this volume to ask the vital question, whether, in rejecting all regard to the Signs in the Heavens as possible warnings of approaching Pestilential Visitations, we should not see in our national shortcomings evidence of just deservings in the sight of Him Who, though all-loving, holds the attribute of Justice higher than all.

Man, in the pride of his ignorance, may treat planetary augury as the outcome of superstitious imagination; but is it thus easy to dispose of great national sins existent in the face of blessings showered in an outpour so bounteous as to impress conviction that the Great Ruler of the World has bestowed them in order to test their effect? It is no aim of the writer to exaggerate shortcomings; but is it not our habit to exalt ourselves as, of all others, the Christian nation of the world? It is a proven fact that *eighty per cent. of our population of from forty to fifty millions of souls never enter a place of public worship.* How many ever acknowledge God's Greatness and Power, ever utter a prayer to Him, or implore His mercy and forgiveness? Have we not the sin of the Demon Drink, the great cause of crime and hindrance to godliness, in the land? Blessed it is to realize a glimmering improvement coming through education to moderate this curse.

There is, however, a new sin making alarming progress, and demoralizing to an extent few know of, a canker-worm in the vitals of the nation's male youth of every class, no matter whether highest or lowest richest or poorest, spread broadcast everywhere! If a raid be made upon it in some third-class club, it establishes itself elsewhere; its latest phase,



**B**EING tobacco shops, of which there are many hundreds in London, in a large proportion of which the raging passion for betting on horses may, it is said, be indulged.

We would not willingly speak uncharitably of any class or man, but it is impossible to pass over in mild terms the miseries and demoralization brought upon the whole nation by the great canker-worm vice of horse-racing, and its outcome of betting on the speed-results of noble animals degradedly used for the lowest and meanest form of lustful gambling. How many thousands of human souls' perishings are at the door of those who provide material for extension of this daily growing national hideous vice! It is seen to abound in every class, from the highest and richest to the shoeblack and omnibus cad, and even to boys of tender age, whose lust of gain, developed through this vice, revels in fraud and deception to aid their associate and neighbour's despoilment.

It is a patent fact that the great majority of noble titled families who of late years have come to grief have been brought to their sorrow through this monster evil "the turf." It alone is accountable for the dire misery by which noble women and children are stripped of the abundance of which they should be rightful heritors, and thrown into poverty; and yet we see good men, given to deeds of charity, irreproachable in their lives, and incapable of any such mean act as lightening another's purse for personal advantage, aiding and promoting the vice, and feeding the canker-worm most threatening the nation's morality and possibly their own families' ultimate annihilation. We desire no ill to such; on the contrary, we pray their hearts may realize the consequences of the evil and its effect on.

The birth  
of blessed Mary  
the virgin.



**T**HEIR own individual families. However great their riches or honourable and noble their title, yet the very next generation may produce the one black sheep infected of the mania by whom the family's vast wealth may be scattered to the winds. One by one the noble families of the country are being blotted out, their estates broken up, their families reduced to poverty, through some heritor given to betting. There seems no security against the pestilence. Even in the best-ordered and least-likely families there is no immunity:

the greater the wealth, the greater seems the certainty of some misguided heir becoming vitiated, and bringing the race to ruin and worse. Go and look at the average general body of bookmakers and their ilk rushing to racecourses, and you shall behold a low type of humanity, faces of deepest cunning, whose purposes cannot be mistaken.

Again, there is the Divorce Court, inviting to sin, as a means of greater sinning. Who can see the limit? Away with the name of Christian to all who forget God, and fail to love their neighbour as themselves! The lust of gain, all-dominant in our day, will stand as nothing before Him to avert the pestilence. Prayerfully must He Who directs the planets and dominates over all be entreated—not by slighting their influence, evidenced since the world began.

It is admitted that the wealth of London since Latimer trumpeted at Paul's Cross has multiplied *many thousand-fold*. It is an unquestionable truth that, when in the flesh he spake, for each one pound of worldly wealth existing in and around London there now abounds *many thousands*—aye! *many thousands* against each *one* pound note of that day. True, alas! it is also, the Poor, the Abject and Homeless,



THE Widows, the Fatherless, have also sadly multiplied fully to this colossal increase of Mammon.

It is hard for the poor to realize in their lot a *purposed trial* of patience and endurance, in order to secure to them joys in the *Great Hereafter*. True beyond cavil is it that *the Great Jehovah* has, in these *our* days, laid at Dives' gate masses of thousands of those *dearest to His heart*, for *He ever loved the poor*, for whom *His agonies were endured*, as *His tests* of the example so simply set before the world

in the touching Gospel narrative describing the fate of *Dives* and *Lazarus*.

Many since Latimer have occupied St. Paul's pulpit, generally well-endowed lovers of dogma, preaching with faces turned towards London West End, where for a short season only of each year the nobles and rich ones dwell. What have many of these in common with the poor who in rear of its altar, as elsewhere, are crammed away in retired lanes and dark damp alleys, where poverty in its most dismal form lies prostrate in rags and tears?

Poor Poverty! how agonizing must thy hunger be where others swell in so great a superfluity! Oh, when the indifferent hand casts a crust into thy lap, how hot and bitter must the tears be wherewith thou moisteneth it! Art thou wrong in allying thyself to Vice and Crime? May we not see in outlawed criminals more heart-humanity than in those cold blameless citizens of virtue in whose white hearts the power of evil may be squelched, *but also the power of good?*

A great fortune is a great vanity, and *riches in wrong hands nothing but danger, trouble, and temptation*—like a garment that is too long, not so useful to one, but it is troublesome to two, to him that bears



**T**HE one part on his shoulders, and to him that bears the other part in his hand. Poverty is the sister of a good mind, the parent of sober counsels, and the nurse of all virtue. It was observed by the *Greek* tragedians, and from them by Arianus, that all tragedies are of kings and princes or rich or ambitious personages, but you never see a poor man have a part unless it be in a chorus, or to fill up the scenes, or to dance or be derided. This is especially true in the great accidents of the world ; for a great estate hath great crosses, and

a mean fortune hath but small ones. There is nothing to be accounted for in the state of poverty but *the fear of wanting necessaries*. The Saviour Christ not only made express promises that we shall have sufficient for this life, but took great pains and used many arguments to create confidence in us. *The Son of God has told us what the whole story of our life should be.* "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment ? Behold the fowls of the air : for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father careth for them."

It is hard doctrine, but none the less true, that *no man is rich save he that is poor*. When God hath satisfied those *needs which He made*, whatsoever is beyond is *thirst* and a *disease*, and unless it be sent back in charity and alms can serve no good purpose, but rather vanity, vice, and the destruction of the soul. The dross of the world can only *increase the appetite for more*, make the possessor poorer and poorer, full of *artificial needs*, but *never satisfy the need it makes*, for *no worldly wealth can satisfy the covetous desire of wealth*. If a man



**B**E thirsty, drink may sometimes cool him ; if he be hungry, food satisfy him ; or if cold, and he have a cloak, it shall warm him, but you encumber him if you give him six or eight cloaks. Nature rests when she hath her portion, but anything that exceeds is a trouble and a burden. Riches are worse than useless and unprofitable—they are our *direst hindrance* ; for beyond our needs and conveniences *Nature knows no use of riches*. They would be excellent things if the richest men were the wisest and best, but the experience of the

world's record throughout all its ages of time *proclaims the contrary*. The gain of money is but the getting clothes that are needless. Covetousness pretends to heap much together for fear of want, but really making the *suffering actual* which was before but future, contingent, and possible. It increases the appetite ; it has never been known to content it. *It swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes*.

Rich men enjoy only so much as suffices for the few and limited means of a man. Variety of dainty fare ministers but to sin and sicknesses. The poor man feasts oftener than the rich, every little enlargement being a feast to the poor ; but *he that feasts every day feasts no day*. The poor man may get enough to fill his belly, and the rich *not enough to fill their eye*. The ambitious labours of men to get great estates are but the selling of a fountain to buy a fever, a *parting with content to buy necessity*. Covetousness is *the love of wealth for itself*, not for its use. It is idolatry in the worst sense, and the root of all evil. It teaches us to be cruel and crafty, beaver-like in our industry, full of care, and *undoes those who specially belong to God's protection*—helpless, craftless, and innocent people—and after

Arise, and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou



**W**ORLDLY is of no good to itself, for it *dares not spend the heap of treasures which it snatched.* He who gives to the poor holds what God bestows as a pledge of eternal mercies.

While others *grumble* and are *envious* in looking on great men's estates, he *trembles* to think on their accounts and bankers' pass-books, and studies more how to give a *good one* of his little than how to make it more. He kens how plentiful provisions enhance the reckoning, and that God's bounty sets all His gifts on the file. The worst servant *confessed*, though he *employed* not his talent. Worldly rich men, like sumpter horses, travel all day under the burden of treasure, at night lie down in a foul stable with galled backs, and in the grave with distressed consciences. The man who dispenses to the sick and poor, the fatherless and widow, feels lighter for his journey when unloaded of his luggage. It is but a *movable* that is removed. A little money serves the *traveller* that hath but a little way to go. For him a very little sufficeth, and much is troublesome. He is a *stranger* not only to his residence but to himself, and is rather where he is not than where he is. This is but his pilgrimage, his abode only for a night. He expects bad usage; a troublesome, uneasy, uncomfortable passage; sicknesses, losses, affronts, disgraces, tempestuous weather, rough companions, that will turn him out of his way, jostle, bespatter, throw dirt upon him. He will not be solicitous for better accommodations; he knows that all will be amended when he comes to his journey's end. *The country where he is going contents him with the meanest entertainment on the road. Multitudes shall in the Great Day rejoice they had no more, while others shall wail at having had so much.*





**W**E worship a *God* willing to live and die in sorrow; His mother not rich enough to bring a lamb for an offering; a few barley loaves and fishes were sufficient provision for His train; Who was so undervalued, traduced, reproached, betrayed by His own servant, abandoned by all His disciples save one, who followed Him longest to renounce Him the more shamefully by a threefold abjuration; put to death by His countrymen; His tribute paid by a fish; His triumphs solemnized by another's ass's colt; born among beasts; lived, if not upon alms, among publicans; died among thieves; His birth without a cradle; His burial without a rag or grave of His own; and the price of His blood buys a burial-place for strangers. What lower degree of poverty than to take His beginning in a stable, to make His end on a dunghill, noisome and ignominious, through the carcases and offences of the executed, where He offered a sacrifice of sweet-smelling savour unto *God*, and purchased glory unto men?

Charity is the great channel through which God passes His mercy upon mankind. We shall receive absolution of our sins in proportion to our forgiving our brother. Certain it is that the Almighty Saviour cannot, will not, never did *reject* a charitable man in his greatest needs and in his most passionate prayers; for *God Himself is love*, and every degree of charity that dwells in us is the participation of the Divine nature. And when upon our death-bed a cloud hovers over our head, and we are enwrapped with sorrow and the weight of sickness, and perhaps may not feel the refreshing visitations of *God's* loving-kindness; when there may be many things to trouble us, and the Comforter may tarry,—then shall appear the injuries forgiven, the ills and affronts pardoned. And when weary

Heavens were opened unto him, and John saw the spirit of God. &c. Mat. III.



If lying on one side the dying man turns upon the other, and remembers the *alms* that by the grace of God have been done, he shall look up to God, and with *the eye of faith behold Him coming in the cloud* and pronouncing the sentence of Doomsday, according to *His mercies* and good lives and alms and charity.

These our days afford happy evidences that true faith in prayer still exists,—as in such institutions as the London City Mission, the Barnardo Homes for Children, the Müller Orphanages at Bristol, whose saintly founder for more than half a century was permitted to feed, clothe, and rear in the love of God an endless army of little ones dear to his Master, and this through sole reliance on the efficacy of prayer, and without any publicity of the names of those blessed in the provisioning of the flock; or in the instance of the late Charles Spurgeon, God's faithful labourer, founder of the Stockwell Orphanages, the Tabernacle Almshouses, and the Pastors' College, the outcome of gifts to one on whom it may be justly said the Seraphim had taken the living coal and laid it upon his lips. The sickness unto death of this untiring and undaunted worker of the Lord, whose printed and imploring exhortations to his fellow-men exceed the pennings of any writer either of present or past generations, is a joyful evidence that intolerance in religion is in these days slacker than formerly in its hold. The Queen on her throne of beneficence, as the Prince her lineal successor, with fervent heart and good example, honoured themselves through this faithful soldier of the Cross. The Archbishops Benson and Maclagan, and other Bishops, called with words of peace and comfort at his bedside at the moment when passing away from his herculean labours for the souls of men, to enter into

the joys of the Lord. While yet the Angel of Death hovered over the chamber, they were permitted to learn that the Lord's servant was in a trance, and *had seen the King*. Nothing can be more touching than a great statesman, himself in deepest bereavement and bodily sickness, conveying to the wife of the sufferer the "earnest assurance of my sympathy with you and to him, and of my cordial admiration not only of his splendid powers, but still more of his devoted and unflinching character," and the few blessed words vouchsafed from him on the pallet of death, that "*yours is a word of love such as those only write who have been into the King's Country, and have seen much of His face*. My heart's love to you." Nothing in the whole prolonged political career of this champion of men could have so moved his sensitive heart as this whisper-message from the flitting spirit. Himself possessed of much Divine knowledge, it must have been realized as a close union on the very threshold of the unending.

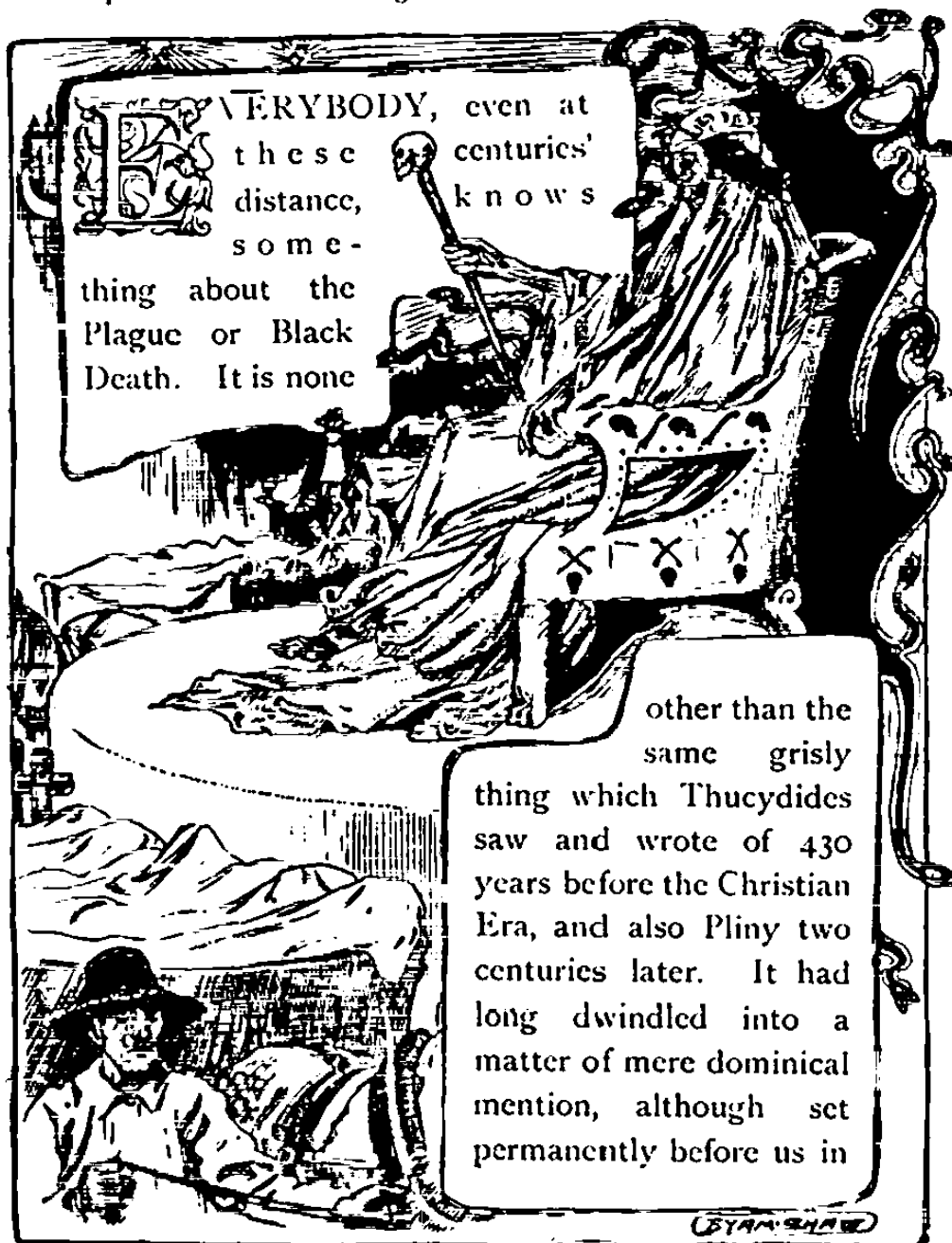
Amid the shadows of possibly approaching Plague let us remember how great is the refraining power of the Lord Jehovah—how merciful His promises, as narrated in Genesis xviii. It is none other than the Almighty Himself Who there declares unto Abraham, in reply to his inquiry as to the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, "I will not destroy if there be but ten righteous men in it."



## HISTORY AND PREVALENCE OF THE BLACK DEATH PLAGUE.

"Pray to the gods to intermit the Plague."—*Julius Caesar*, Act i., Scene 1.

"Thus pour the Stars down Plagues."—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v., Scene 2.



the Church Litany by the precedence which is accorded it over "pestilence and famine." Defoe's evidently truthful narrative of its fearful ravages in London continues to be favourite reading; so also Boccaccio, who described its Italian results; but the majority have little idea of its shuddering nature. Defoe was a worthy tradesman, a saddler, who lived with a maiden housekeeper on the north side of the present High Street, Whitechapel, the south side being then, as now, largely tenanted by butchers. He begins in his matter-of-fact style: "It was about the beginning of September, 1664, that I, amongst the rest of my neighbours, heard, in ordinary discourse, that the plague was returned again to Holland; for it had been very violent there, and particularly at Amsterdam and Rotterdam in the year 1663. . . . We had no such thing as printed newspapers in those days to spread rumours and reports of things, and to improve them by the invention of men, as I have lived to see practised since."

Be it remembered that this pestilence is coeval with humanity. Rufus of Ephesus, who lived in the time of Trajan, describes it in exactly the same terms as are applied to the Bubonic Plague of to-day. All down the centuries from the fifth it has continued to break out in almost every part of the world, while its occasions of occurrence during the last 300 years have been most appalling. Since the beginning of the seventeenth century Western Europe has had only three visitations—that of Malta in 1813, the Italian epidemic at Noja in 1815, and one in Majorca in 1820. About fifty years ago the medical world believed that the plague had fled for ever from Europe and Asia, frightened by the sanitary measures of modern civilization; but it was only taking a rest, and ten years later it broke out in Arabia, attacked North Africa in 1858-59, appeared in Persia and Hindustan in 1871, all over Arabia again

in 1873 and 1877, and in Astrakhan in 1878. It prevailed in Lahore, Lucknow, Meerut, and Allahabad in the sixties, killed over 3,000 in Bagdad in 1875, and caused much alarm in the Russian army during the Russo-Turkish War of 1878. Evidently the plague is an enemy which may yet attack any part of the world, and which would be almost sure to do so if a great war and its consequent famine were to come upon Europe.

The memory of our own experiences, although the last is more than two centuries old, makes people still shudder. The first real Bubonic Plague entered Weymouth in 1348, whence it passed over Dorset, Devon, and Somersetshire like a tornado. From Gloucester it travelled, by way of Oxford, to London, and attacked the metropolis so fiercely that the by no means timid legislators of that day had to suspend their sittings in January, and again in March, 1349—a year of terrible mortality all over England, Ireland, and Scotland. Whole villages were left desolate; women and children had to do the field work, for all the young adults were killed off; the clergy were attacked almost to a man, and some monastic chronicles say that not more than one-tenth part were left alive. They called the disease of that year the Black Death, because of the black pustules that broke out all over the body. The *Pestis secunda* appeared ten years after the first one had subsided; and while the first plague chiefly killed the poor, this one directed its attack against the nobility. It was also so fatal to children that it got the name of *Pestis puerorum*. So destructive was this epidemic that on one manor near Oxford only two tenants were left alive. The third plague came in 1368-69. A fourth attacked the northern parts of Britain in 1379; and the fifth, a very bad one, overspread the kingdom in 1390-91. London had a bad visitation in 1405-7, over 30,000 dying in a short time.

The Black Death heralded its advent by terrestrial convulsions of



"And boding screech-owls make the concert full!"

*2nd Henry VI., Act iii., Scene 2.*

the most extraordinary and terrifying character. The Chinese records corresponding to that epoch relate that lofty mountains sank far into the body of the earth, and their places were occupied by lakes of great depth, the waters of which swelled till they had covered immense districts, washed down thousands of houses, and drowned an immense number of people. During these inundations whole

cities disappeared, gaping chasms opened in the earth, and at the same time terrific rains fell, so that it seemed as though all Nature was dissolving. In the province of Khanysi alone more than 400,000 persons were overwhelmed. When the rains had subsided, flights of locusts made their appearance, and passed over immense districts, which they divested of every trace of vegetation. The combined effects of these causes produced a widespread famine of intense severity, and upon the heels of this came the pestilence. How many deaths resulted from the disease alone could not be told; but the total number of deaths from the causes enumerated, between the

years 1333 and 1347, is stated by Chinese historians to have exceeded 13,000,000.

At nearly the same period Europe was the scene of many remarkable occurrences. An eruption of Mount Etna heralded a succession of natural catastrophes—heavy thunderstorms in winter, great floods, caused less by the rains than by the bursting forth of springs in places where water would never have been looked for, such as the sides and heights of mountains, whence it poured down in such abundance as to inundate the plains at their feet. Nor were these phenomena confined to any particular country; all alike suffered from inundations and droughts, and from the inversion of the usual order of the seasons. The failure of the crops was almost universal; hence resulted famine, which was experienced with special severity in Italy, where four months' continuous rain had destroyed the seed in the ground.

It started on its fearful career in London about the end of November or beginning of December, 1664, when two foreigners died in Long Acre, and it was reported of the plague. Soon there occurred a suspicious increase of deaths in St. Giles's and St. Andrew's, Holborn; various causes were stated, but, in truth, only to conceal the fact of the plague. That concealment could not be long continued, and the alarm soon became general. During the first two or three months there was more than one lull in the threatening visitation, and people yet untouched flattered themselves that the epidemic would subside without having committed much ravage. But that hopeful feeling was destined to be shattered as the spring months of 1665 went on, and before the middle of the year the panic was universal. The Court removed to Oxford; the aristocracy fled to their country seats. The rich and those of fairly good means also made their exodus from the metropolis. The poor



and people of limited means and many in business could not or concluded not to abandon their homes, and among them Defoe, seemingly ordained of God to be the narrator of this history. After a time, having laid in a stock of provisions, he shut himself up in his house with his trustful housekeeper, sallying out from time to time, traversing the deserted streets of the heretofore thronged and busy city, and so learning what he saw and what he was told by friends and others, thus rendering him a truthful witness for transmitting to posterity the horrors of the woeful time.

What he saw and what he heard were sights and sounds and stories most melancholy indeed. Whole streets of houses were shut up, the owners or tenants fled, or, in a multitude of instances, all dead. Hundreds of other houses still tenanted were marked as infected by the ominous red cross on the doors, and were guarded by watchmen whose duty it was to prevent ingress or egress. From these houses were heard the most dreadful cries of the sufferers or their terror-stricken friends and connections. Frequently windows would be thrown up, and unhappy creatures, appearing, would make the neighbourhood ring with their frantic cries. Grass grew in what had been some of the busiest thoroughfares, the pedestrians obliged to be abroad walking in the middle of the road, to keep as far from the houses as possible. Of course the night was more terrible than the day, with the rumbling of the death-carts, the dolorous ringing of a bell by the carter, accompanied by the dismal cry, "Bring out your dead!" The dead bodies, heaped upon each other, were finally shot into huge pits dug in various parts of the city and the outer wards.

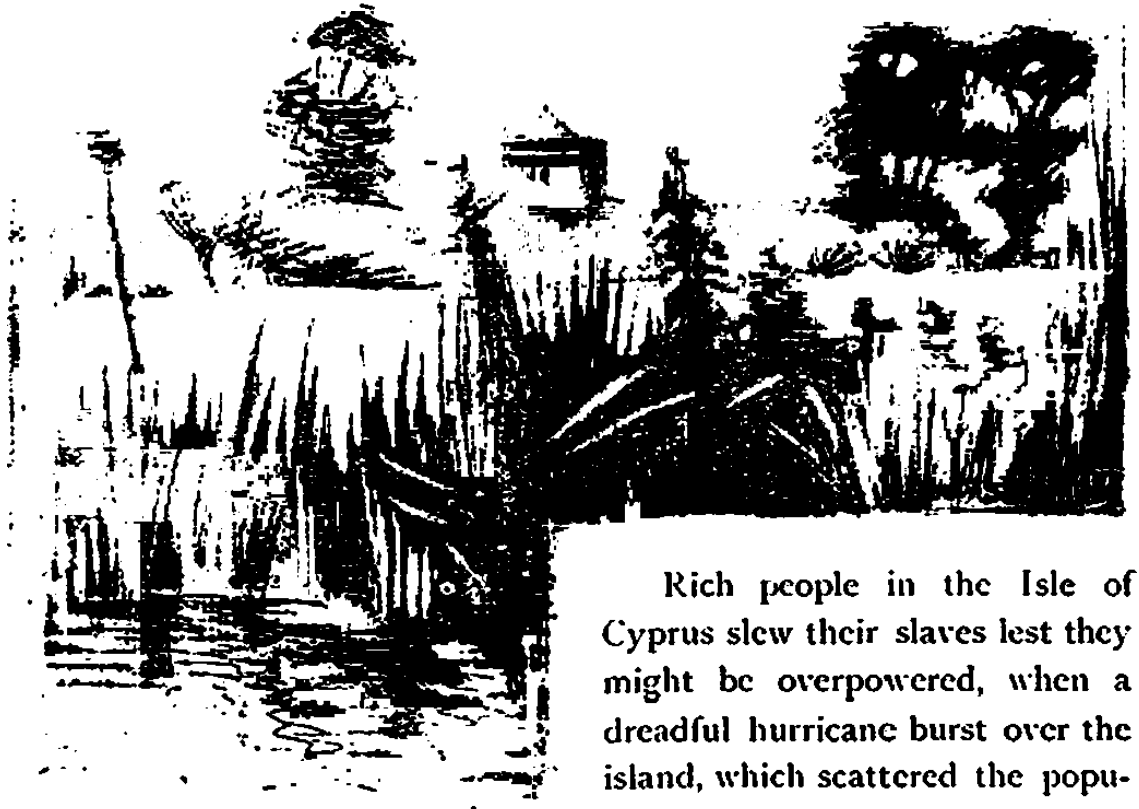
Not unnaturally the people in their terror were the prey of ignorant and unscrupulous quacks and scoundrels, who professed by the sale of charms and amulets to safeguard their dupes from the plague. Probably many of these impostors shared the doom of their

victims. To add to the general terror, religious fanatics went rushing about the streets howling out "God's judgments." "One in particular, like Jonah in Nineveh, cried in the streets, 'Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!' I will not be positive whether he said 'yet forty days' or 'yet a few days.' Another ran about almost naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, 'Woe to Jerusalem!' a



Early Shadowing of Pestilence in Cattle.

little before the destruction of that city. So this poor naked creature cried, 'Oh the great and the dreadful God!' and said no more, but repeated these words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror; a swift pace; and nobody could ever find him to stop or rest or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoken to him, but he would not enter into speech with me or any one, but held on his dismal cries continually." These statements are confirmed by those of sober history.



Malarial Silence.

Rich people in the Isle of Cyprus slew their slaves lest they might be overpowered, when a dreadful hurricane burst over the island, which scattered the population, and at the same time such a pestiferous smell burst forth in places that those overtaken by it were suffocated. Directly after-

wards followed an earthquake, which shook the island so violently that it seemed as though it were about to crumble it to pieces. Earthquakes of great severity were experienced in many other places, and there were few cities in Italy which did not suffer severely from this cause. In some places whole villages were swallowed up—no less than thirty in Carinthia alone—on January 25, 1348. These earthquakes generally left clefts in the earth of great depth, which served as escape-valves for the noxious gases which accumulated in the interior; and these were so numerous that the

quantity of gas given off must have had a sensible effect on the atmosphere.

This disease-terror, coming from the East, first showed itself in Cyprus, Marseilles, and other ports of the Mediterranean. In the beginning of 1348 it spread to Avignon, and travelled from place to place till it finally enveloped the whole of Europe. In the first instance its progress was slow ; and it was not until August, 1348, that it made its appearance in England, and it did not reach London till two months later. Its advance might be likened to that of an army of invisible spirits. Descending upon the earth in China, it there commenced its work of slaughter. Journeying thence, it traversed the wilds of Tartary, travelling more slowly, and sometimes altogether turned aside from its course when it was impeded by lofty mountains. Thence it made its way through India and Africa, and eventually to Europe. Wherever it passed, its course was marked by the bodies of innumerable victims. Even the caravans journeying in the seemingly boundless desert did not escape. Another striking fact in connection with the progress of this epidemic is that in several instances it turned abruptly away, or passed over certain towns and villages, without smiting a single inhabitant. On the other hand, countries lying completely out of the course it was following did not escape its ravages. The most trivial thing appeared sufficient to convey it from one place to another. Thus it was supposed to have been introduced into Norway by a ship laden with merchandise, which anchored in the port of Bergen. Thence it spread throughout the whole kingdom, and so through the northern parts of Europe, destroying more than two-thirds of the entire population ; and this proportion, large as it is, was still less than the mortality in Poland, where, according to a native historian, three-fourths of the population were carried off by it. As to Russia there

is no reliable information. Indeed, the whole of the statements with respect to the mortality caused by this and other epidemics are without that guarantee for correctness which most countries possess in these days. But even making allowances for exaggeration, there can be no doubt that this pestilence was the most universal and fatal which has visited the earth since its creation. During its height at Cairo it is said that from 10,000 to 15,000 persons died daily. India was almost depopulated. In Tartary, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Armenia, as well as in other parts of the East, the dead lay scattered on the ground, with none to bury them. The total number of persons who perished in the East, not including China, according to a report made to Pope Clement, was 24,000,000. In London, out of the comparatively small population it possessed in those days, 100,000 died; and Stow relates that he read on a stone cross in the burial-ground whereon the Charterhouse now stands that 50,000 persons were buried there who had died of the pestilence in 1349—a mortality which was equalled, if not exceeded, in other cities in England. In some of the cities on the Continent the whole population was swept away.

According to a work published by Dr. Hecker in 1833, the Black Death, which during the fourteenth century visited Europe, was an Oriental plague, marked by inflammatory boils and tumours of the glands, and accompanied by black spots indicative of putrid decomposition. The disease was fearfully contagious.

Dr. Hecker calculated Europe to contain a population of 100,000,000, and he set down the loss of lives at 25,000,000. It was reported to Pope Clement that in Asia, exclusive of China, 23,000,000 of people had perished. "India was nearly depopulated. Tartary was covered with dead bodies." We cannot guess at the precise loss in Africa, but it is known that Cairo lost daily, when the plague was

at its height, 15,000 persons. Annalists say that England retained but a tenth part of its population after the cessation of the mortality. This is next to incredible, yet we learn that a single burial-ground of London received 50,000 corpses. Norwich lost 51,000 people; Venice, 100,000; Florence, 60,000; Siena, 70,000; Paris, 50,000; and Avignon, 60,000. In Germany 124,000 Franciscan friars died, and in Italy 30,000 Minorites. Two queens perished in France, two princes in Sweden, and Alphonso XI. of Spain was one of the victims.



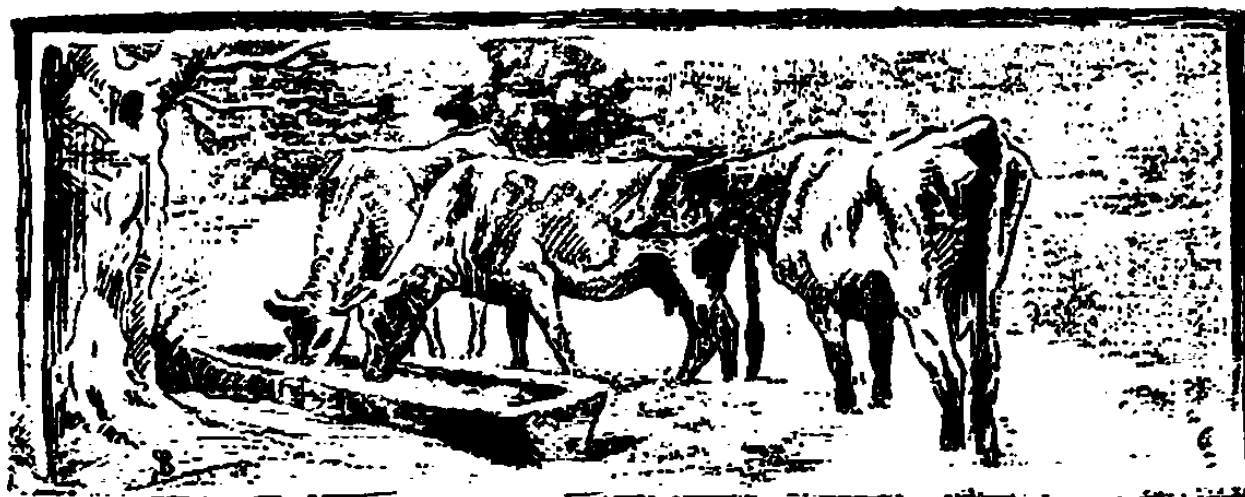
Wood-gathering.

The churchyards were soon filled everywhere, and at Avignon the Pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone for the reception of the dead. From 1347 to 1350 Europe remained more or less under this frightful scourge, Russia only being afflicted at a later date. Occasional relapses took place down till 1383, but were not attended with much mortality.

In regard to present outbreak and prevalence of the disease, it has appeared at divers points on the European trade-route. In Alexandria, the eastern emporium for the whole Mediterranean sea-board, it has fastened on the poorer inhabitants with a grip which

refuses to be shaken off. Beyond the eastern limits of the inland sea it prevails in the Russian provinces, and has crept round its western extremity, up the Portuguese coast, where it has established itself. The nations of Europe are declaring themselves in a state of siege against the common enemy. The plague wave which has passed over the East has now reached the West, and the public voice of Europe holds India responsible for the calamity. From Mauritius the Governor telegraphs its appearance in a virulent form. In Poona the plague is increasing and taking a stronger hold on the European community; in Calcutta the death-rate is rising; in the Mysore plague area the disease shows no sign of relaxation; at Bangalore an exodus of the inhabitants has occurred; throughout India generally the hot weather, while sensibly diminishing the plague mortality, has not afforded the full measure of relief hoped for, and which the experience of previous summers had given ground to expect. It has made India its home, and is running a slow, determined course of its own, in spite of the efforts of the Government and the resources of science. Those efforts are without parallel in the previous history of the disease, whether in Europe or Asia. In Bombay, the first scene of its outbreak, the mortality has been fearful, averaging 2,000 deaths for several successive weeks; every degree of severity in segregation and prevention has been tried, up to and beyond the point that even Asiatic patience could bear. In the great Bengal port the epidemic has been kept under control. If Calcutta and Bombay had been plague centres at the same time, the alarm in Europe might have led to something like an embargo on British-Indian commerce. Whether the comparative immunity of Calcutta is the direct result of the timely and comprehensive measures of sanitation forced upon the city by the late Lieutenant-Governor, it would be rash, in the present stage of hygienic science,

to assert. The experience thus gained shows that the advantages of drastic measures are more than counterbalanced by the panic, the dislocation of industry, and the disruption of families which they entail. Like cholera, it is little amenable to treatment in the individual patient, it is extremely difficult to expel from a place in which it has once established itself, and it is easily transmissible to other localities. But it loves dirt and it hates fresh air. Filth does not produce it; yet filth keeps alive the bacillus, while sunshine and



Cattle-thirst—Anticipatory Evidence of Plague.

oxygen kill it. The Bombay authorities fight the plague with this knowledge. In addition to all the cleansing resources of an ample water-supply and sanitary science, it is reconstructing the whole plan of the more crowded parts of the city at a cost of some 400,000,000 rupees.

Much new light regarding the Black Death is afforded by a recent work by Dr. Guido Biagi, on "The Private Life of the Renaissance Florentines," being an endeavour to reconstitute the famous city in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by diligent study of old manu-



scripts, domestic chronicles, private correspondence, and unpublished archives. Hitherto we have known only of its gorgeous magnificence, but now we read of its filth. The dusty streets were never scavenged save, it would seem, on the authority of Sacchetti's "novels," by pigs. The houses were swept once a week, the refuse on other days being tossed under the bed. This filthy condition was nothing new, and therefore the outbreak cannot be said to be consequent on the normal uncleanness. Thatched roofs were common, and were not the only cause of the frequent fires. There were often "official" fires, the city Signoria finding incendiarism a handy way of destroying the houses of citizens who had incurred its displeasure. The whole Signoria, by the way, slept in one room. As in the Government, so in the family, the patriarchal idea reigned supreme. There was a rigid system of *patria potestas*; the wife was a household drudge; the daughters were not even taught to read. "Put her to sew, and not to read," counselled Ser Pace da Certaldo; "it is not good that a woman should know how to read, unless you wish to make her a nun." More often than not a nun they did make her, for families of twenty or more, with numerous unacknowledged olive-branches, were common, and the convent was an economic convenience. The Florentine ladies were not exempt from the foibles of their sex. We are told "how some women had their dresses cut so low that the armpit could be seen. They then gave a jump, and made the collars come up to their ears. Their waists are all squeezed in, their arms are covered by their trains, and their throats enclosed with hoods. Then their heads are dressed high and reach to the roof; some curl their hair, some plaster it down, and some others powder it. It is enough to make a man sick." Yet the ladies might have retorted, and probably did, that the men were no better. They went cross-gartered, like Malvolio. They wore ruffs like water-pipes, and wristbands like tiles; so it befell

that Salvestro Brunelleschi, eating peas with a spoon, put them into his ruff instead of his mouth, and scalded himself. Sumptuary laws were passed over and over again. Amid the horrors of the time the outward magnificence was stupendous. At the marriage of a Rucellai to a daughter of the Medici there was continuous feasting for three days—500 sitting down at each meal, and consuming vast quantities of the choicest delicacies. Jousts and processions filled up the spare time. It was a brilliant open-air life, led by a crowd of grown-up children, light-hearted, babbling, curious about trifles.

The past history of the Black Death Plague has proved the disease to be of such an erratic character, both in regard to its nature and geographical travel, as to defy all efforts of explanation. It will leave a locality without any intelligible cause, and as suddenly return to it. Doubtless cleanliness and improved modern sanitation are our great safeguards; these, united to the experience gained by Indian physicians, should impart confidence, though, should the dread destroyer revisit us, it may be doubted whether our medical resources are in a condition to fight the enemy on ground of vantage.



Plague Desolation.

VALUE TO BE ATTACHED TO EASTERN PLAGUE  
PROGNOSTICATIONS—NATURE OF THE DISEASE,  
AND ITS REMEDIES.

“And he is oft the wisest man  
Who is not wise at all.”

WORDSWORTH, *Oak and the Broom.*



**N** considering the heed to be given to the prophecies of man regarding Pestilential Visitations to the Nations of the World, arising from electric currents and atmospheric phenomena, and before scouting such assumed forecasts as unworthy of consideration, we must remember that the laws of attraction and gravitation—those forces of Nature which have remained a secret to science—are as difficult to understand and explain as are the influences by which planets are presumed to hold sway over the dwellers within their limits. The

theory generally received regarding the effects of the luminaries on humanity is that an electric current is established between them and us. That other planets dominate ours is not disputed : the sun regulates our seasons, the moon sways the tides ; and if they influence the earth, it is hardly reasonable to say they shall not prevail over men, whose bodies are made of and will return to the earth! Without any association with what is known as Astrology in the sense used by wily men for selfish purposes to obtain improper influence over their dupes, this branch of science, if it may be so called, is the most ancient and, with the exception of Astronomy, the most exact. It was founded by the Chaldean sages on inductive reasoning, based on observations made and collected through centuries. The Calendar of the Ancients was written in the sky, its characters of silver seen against a background of blue. It was not a mere star moving through the heavens which led the Wise Men from the East to the stable at Bethlehem. And here it is but natural to inquire from what part of the East they had journeyed and whence they came. It can hardly be doubted but they were of the body then as now devoted to the observing of Nature, as developed through the heavens. The Birth of the Saviour of the World had been foretold to them, as also where they should find Him. Previous to the Christian Era the science of star influence was taught by tradition, as was philosophy, the master expounding to his disciples ; but a hundred years after Christ's coming a famous astronomer, astrologer, and geographer, Claudius Ptolemy, whom the Greeks surnamed "the Wise," collected the teachings on the subject and compiled his work, "The Tetrabillos, or Quadripartite, being Four Books on the Influence of the Stars." Sir Isaac Newton in his "Chronology" states that nearly 900 years before this period planetary study in this sense and with this object was in existence. The claim of exactness, which some other sciences

must forego, is founded on the fact that astronomical calculations, whose general accuracy is unimpeachable, form the basis of its workings.

An opinion prevails among the Easterns of the probable early reappearance of the so-called Star of Bethlehem. Astronomers would rejoice to behold that celebrated star again blazing in all its glory in the heavens. The readiness with which the suggestion is accepted that the star which suddenly made its appearance in the constellation of Cassiopeia in 1572, outshining even the most brilliant of the planets, was identical with the star which the Magi saw at the birth of the Saviour, indicates how strong the popular love of the marvellous is. The only evidence of identity is that in the years 945 and 1264 some brilliant stars suddenly made their appearance in the same quarter of the heavens in which the wonderful star of 1572 was seen. Assuming that these three stars were one and the same body, which for some unknown reason blazes out with surpassing brilliancy once in about 310 or 315 years, it is seen that it may fulfil the assurance of having appeared at the date of the Saviour's birth, and that it may appear again within a few years. But there does not appear any certainty that the star seen in 945 and 1264 was in the same place where the star of 1572 blazed out. The records of their appearance, as of all Eastern astronomical phenomena, are of the most meagre and unsatisfactory kind. Still it may be said that the evidence of the identity of these stars, upon which is based the opinion that we shall soon behold this celestial wonder again, is fully as strong as that adduced to prove the identity of many comets whose periodicity is assumed. If this remarkable star should reappear, it might throw a flood of light upon the constitution of some of the heavenly bodies, inasmuch as the astronomers, armed with modern instruments and skilled in modern methods of scientific research, would study it

in a very different manner from that in which it was studied in the time of Tycho Brahe, when it last shone in our skies.

The writer does not find any positive statement as to the expected reappearance of this star at or near the period assigned as



A Winter Scene in the Great Plague Year.

that which shall afflict Europe again with a Black Plague visitation, neither by any direct inquiry within his means or power to institute has he been able so much as to trace any statement from astrologers of acknowledged reputation admitting that Eastern astrologians

regard the Star of Bethlehem's reappearance simultaneously with the announced plague in 1900 as in their opinion a defined fact. It must, however, be remembered that the star which irradiated the heavens from the constellation of Cassiopeia in 1572 was not foretold, although its identity with the star seen by the Magi and heralding the Saviour's birth is beyond reasonable disputation.

The question as to the probability of any early reappearance of the Black Death or Plague amongst us is naturally an exciting one. It has often been noted that there has been no outbreak of the plague in England since the time of the Great Fire in London, and the tendency of many has been either to doubt the deadly nature of the disease or to ascribe the greater part of its effects to very bad sanitary and hygienic conditions. But the quiet restfulness of the yearly increasing opinion that civilized races like ourselves are largely plague-proof has been rudely shaken by the alarming outbreak of Bubonic Fever in the East, and the death of not only one but several patients on our very shores. This terrible disease is one which seems to baffle the cleverest doctors, and our leading scientists and bacteriologists speak very gravely concerning it. Dr. Virchow has said that "it is impossible to say what the power of man can do against it, lacking experience"; and Professor Leyden, that "we must not exaggerate the danger, though it must not be forgotten that the plague is highly contagious. In Europe England is the most exposed country." The writer is no scientist, neither is he a believer in astrology in the modern reading of the term, but he is a firm believer in certain atmospheric influences as productive of this and other disorders, and therefore sees true grounds to justify present uneasiness; and these in the admissions of our own astronomers. We learn from the recently published papers of the late Professor Adams, Lowndean Professor of Astronomy in Cambridge

University, whose researches on the movements of meteors have so deeply moved the astronomical world, that close on the period assigned by the Oriental astrologers for the Black Death revisiting Europe early in the twentieth century there will occur a marvellous display of meteors in the heavens, such as astonished the world in past ages, in which this dire pestilence proved most disastrous. The mind will connect this foreknowledge with the Eastern prediction, regarding which there would otherwise seem to be small reason to attach importance, seeing that it does not in any way



Pestilence Thirst.

enlighten as to concurrent planetary disarrangement, or movement of meteors, or indeed any occurrences in the courses of the heavenly bodies out of the ordinary way as realized by the firmament-wise.



Professor Adams' premonition of a marvellous display of meteors to occur about the same date as the Orient astrologers assign for a reappearance of the Plague or Black Death in the capitals of Europe is, to say the least of his forecast, more than remarkable.

The writings of most modern scientific theorizers of eminence afford distinct and positive evidence favouring the theory of electric currents and atmospheric influences as cause of the pestiferous condition at the root of these visitations. Separation and the avoidance of all contact with things touched by the infected were the only fixed medical rules; yet they were not carried into effect by public and general consent. In regard to the cause and real nature of the disease, it has never been questioned but that atmospheric derangement, beyond the then ken of science, operating upon frames reduced by physical privations and mental excitement, and afterwards extending by contagion to the healthy, was traceable as source and cause of these calamities in every instance of their dire occurrence; and it is to this concurrence of conviction, through all occasions of Black Death or Plague, that attention should now, at an assumed probable return of the evil, through prediction based on shallow foundation be directed. Season would seem to have had but little influence either in its development or arrest, beyond the fact that on several occasions of its severest occurrence it was preceded by the driest winter, spring, and summer that had previously been on record. Whether or not there should be any verification of the disease's return at the predicted early period, the being forewarned should cause careful consideration of the conditions under which our medical men would have to fight the foe, should it succeed in obtaining a footing on our shores. That such danger does exist is beyond doubt, bearing in mind that from our position we are the heart and centre, the very axis, of a mercantile connection, such as

the World presents no other parallel, with the Eastern World, the seat of the present visitation in India, and beyond into China and Japan, from which countries we are almost hourly receiving merchandise, more especially of raw material, from the very heart of existing outbreaks in its direst form. We should also remember that the seaports through which the Plague makes its entry are in every sense most inadequately protected.

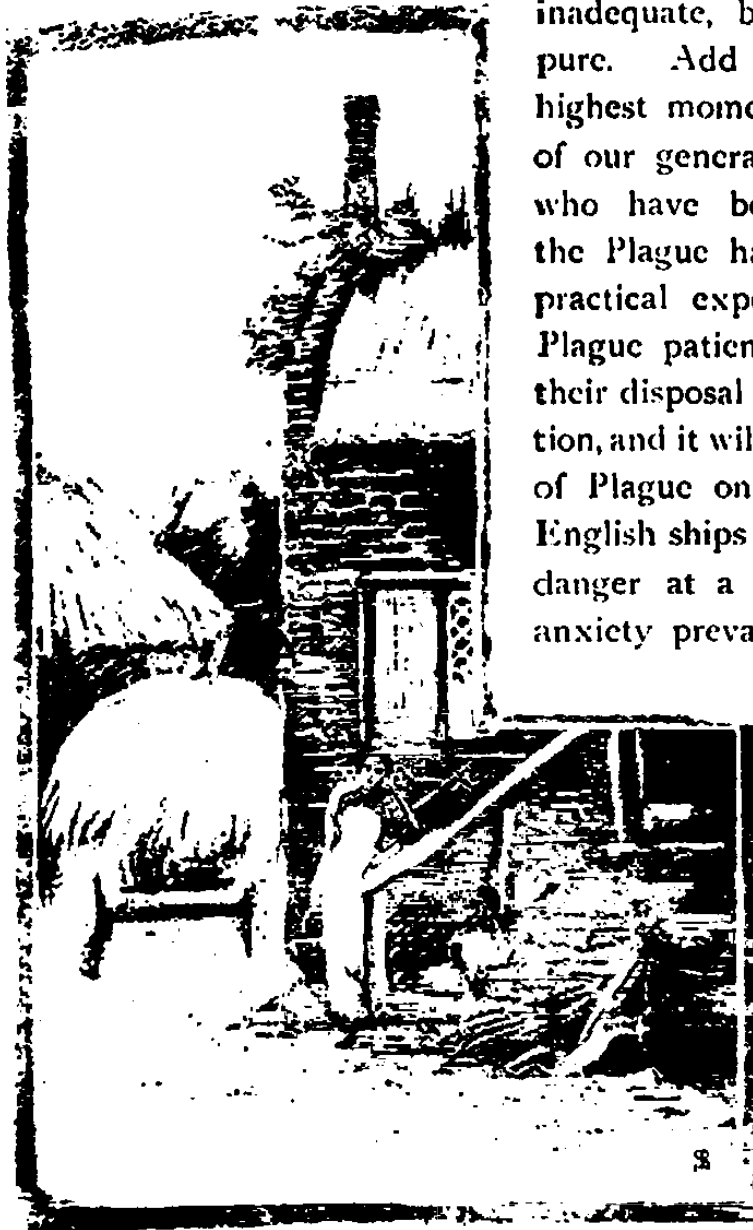
A worse feature of the present Black Death Plague, now raging



Plague Winter Scene.

in India, is its contagious character. Not only may a Plague-stricken person infect his neighbour directly, but the infection is readily carried in clothing or any other material a Plague-stricken person may have touched, and so reach persons who have never had any direct connection with a Plague district. In the case of Scarlet Fever and other similar diseases the patient is only a centre of danger during certain stages; but in the case of the present Black Death it appears that any one, unaware of his own infection, may transmit the disease to any companion with whom he may have been in

contact. Another highly important consideration is that the water-supply in many of our large towns, and even in more than one



Plague Time.

district around London, is not only inadequate, but not infrequently impure. Add to these the fact of highest moment, that no medical men of our generation, save army doctors who have been in countries where the Plague has raged, have had any practical experience of work among Plague patients, and seldom have at their disposal adequate means of isolation, and it will be felt that the outbreak of Plague on British territory and in English ships is a source of the gravest danger at a moment when so great anxiety prevails through the publication of an Eastern prediction heralding it as a visitant to European nations in general and ourselves in particular.

In all the hitherto visitations of Black Death Plague it has set medical art at defiance, baffling the ablest, and even now the leading bacterio-

logists, who are put forward as hopeful conquerors, regard it with gravest fears. The physicians of the periods in which it has raged most furiously did their duty nobly as regards personal exposure, and a very remarkable concensus of opinion as to the disease, origin, and cause pervades what they have bequeathed to the world in writing on the subject. These men were no astrologers of the Raphael type, but all held firmly a belief that the grand conjunction of the Three Superior Planets—Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars—in the sign of Aquarius, in March, 1345, was traceable as cause of the Pestilence! Modern physicians would rightly scoff at the pretended revelations of astrological necromancers; but on such an occasion as the present Augury of Black Death Revisit inquiring minds will ask whether medical science has kept pace with the marvellous advance in surgical knowledge and skill. Doubters will point to the medical pharmacopœia sanctioned by the authorities as the reverse of creditable to the age and less so to the disciples of the healing art. The hour is promising great things for medical science through the discoveries in Bacteriology and Microbism. The bacteriological treatment of the disease has been developed under the Indian Government in a manner such as no European State has ventured on. In the Presidency of Bengal alone over 100,000 inoculations for Cholera have been performed without a single case of mishap or injury to health. The high degree of protection given even by the preliminary inoculation, and the almost absolute protection secured by the complete second inoculation, form a brilliant achievement of Indian medical science, such as the British faculty, with its acknowledged earnestness, will do well to follow up. The great practical application of bacteriological methods to the prevention and cure of disease, such as the preparation and inoculation of antitoxic vaccines for Cholera, Diphtheria, Anthrax, and Rabies, is the great hope at this moment



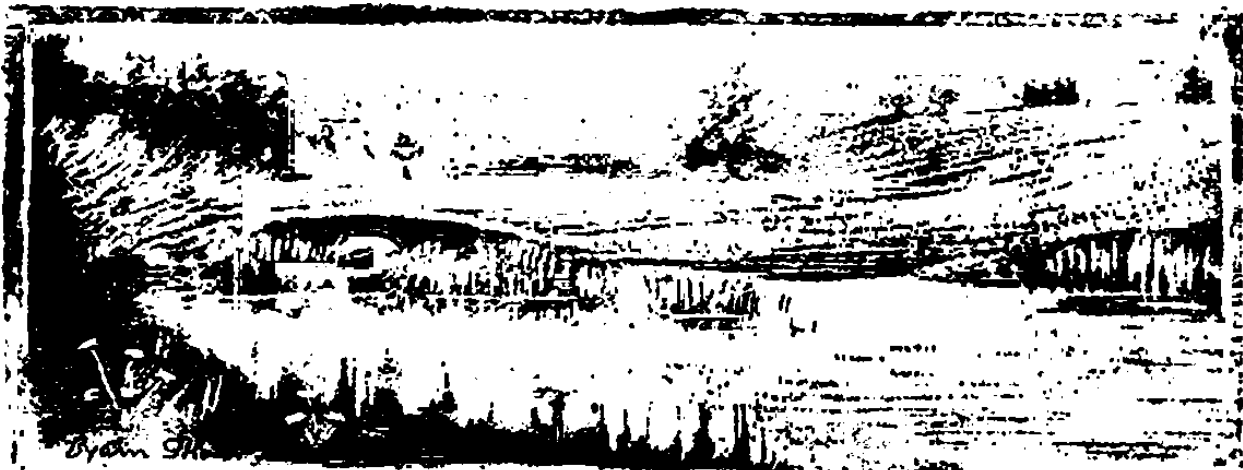
Early Stage of Suffering among Cattle.

of the Black Death approach. It should, under God's help, enable us to meet the enemy at the gate, and not give way to senseless panic.

The virus of the Plague is specific. It has existed from a long and known antiquity, and has come down in an unbroken succession; and we can no more discover how it arose than we can tell how the first man arose, or the first mollusc, or the first moss or lichen; its species is of the lowest vegetable organisms, and is well described by Dr. Crichton, the well-known anatomical demonstrator of Cambridge University, as "a Plague virus with vast diffusive power, enormous momentum, and centuries of endurance." One thing, as bearing on any revisitation, is the manner in which the epidemic will be dealt with, should it again make its appearance, and which should render it a very different disease from the Pestilence which reigned supreme in London. The researches of modern science and the practical experience of our fellow-subjects in India should not have been made in vain, nor should the teachings of Hygiene prove unavailing. Sanitary precautions of our generation should serve to

confine the outbreak within certain limits; and mysterious as the cause of the Plague may by the many still be considered, its predisposing conditions are very greatly better understood than they were when the dire enemy showed itself in England. It finds its victims in these days chiefly among the classes who live in dirt and who are badly fed. Statistics of every place in which it has appeared clearly prove this great fact, and that the well-to-do are greatly immune, while those who live in squalid parts of great cities are its readiest victims.

In allowing the improved condition in which the enemy would find us, it is equally true that internal conditions are in thousands of instances unspeakably most insanitary and dangerous. Our extended system of factory and warehouse employment forms another great source of danger, and provides unlimited opportunity for the spread of disease of Plague form from one quarter to another. The Plague-stricken of earlier centuries in England may have lived under less sanitary conditions; but they could hardly have been less careful of themselves than are our present-day factory people, of



Malarial Morning Aspect.

whom the uncleanliness of a large portion is a continual menace to Society. We read and hear a great deal of the risk to life and health in many employments, but it is quite as often that the work-people are to blame as the employers, the absence or neglect of supervision needed to enforce regular bathing, even where ample and private accommodation is provided, being incredible. It is generally admitted by the best authorities of the present time that a virus once synthesised acts with greater effect and ease when it alights on conditions having affinity to those which gave it birth. If this principle supplies the key to cases of sporadic outbursts of epidemic disease, then Sanitary Science must accomplish the removal of the causes which operate towards the generation of infectious virus—if it be so, then manifestly it is in the interests of human welfare, or it may as well never be taught. Cleanliness is becoming the evangel of our time. The only clear and intelligible position is that of teaching that epidemic diseases, if at all, are alone preventible by cleanliness. So long as the Laws of Health are totally disregarded, one or another of the epidemic forms of disease will keep knocking at the gate to remind us of our duty, and of the great needs of good conditions of living, and nutritious food, clothing, and abode, as prime necessities in securing healthiness both of body and of mind.

The medical expedition sent out to Bombay by the Imperial Academy of Sciences has reported medical facts of great value. One of the principal hospitals was set apart for Plague patients. Up to the time of its arrival there had practically been no thorough scientific examination of the Plague. England had sent no special commission to Bombay, and, owing to the scarcity of medical assistance, the English doctors engaged there were too much occupied for any close study of the disease. When, however, the expedition was established in the hospital, it came into possession of a wealth of

clinical and anatomical material, so that it was enabled to supply other investigators, such as the German and Russian Commissions. It was at the same time in a satisfactory position of complete independence, and could base its judgment upon the results of its own inquiries.

The material thus collected included full and exact descriptions of the progress of a vast number of cases, together with particulars of anatomical and bacteriological investigations. It states that the anatomical symptoms of the Plague are in general very characteristic,



Malarial Mid-day Aspect.

and present no marked resemblance to those typical of any known disease. In the great majority of cases the bacilli from which it originates enter the body through the skin, in a second and much smaller category through the lungs, and in a third through the tonsils. The investigations went to prove that this bacillus was unquestionably the sole cause of the Plague. It was not easy to ascertain the period of incubation, but there was reason to believe that it did not extend beyond from four to five days. In a number of animals inoculated with the virus changes were observed analogous



to those produced in the human body. The bacteriological knowledge acquired during the present visitation in India, combined with inoculative processes most promising and successful in result, should inspire great confidence, as safeguards against any of the terrible consequences of former visitations. The rat was the only animal in which spontaneous infection was noticed. Great numbers of these were found dead in the districts of Bombay where the Plague was exceptionally violent. The epidemic was propagated either directly from man to man, or from an animal such as the rat to man, or indirectly through infected articles of clothing, dust, etc. It is proved beyond question that rats are highly dangerous agents in conveying the disease from port to port and place to place. Any one acquainted with the habits of the animal knows that scarcely a ship or steamer, either of wood or iron, ploughs the seas free from these troublesome creatures. They dwell in thousands on board some craft, especially when the cargo consists of grain or anything eatable, and they are well known cunningly to enter or quit vessels when grain is being discharged or taken on board. The rat is a great danger to us, one seemingly well-nigh impossible to be guarded against.



High-ground Aspect in Malarial Season.

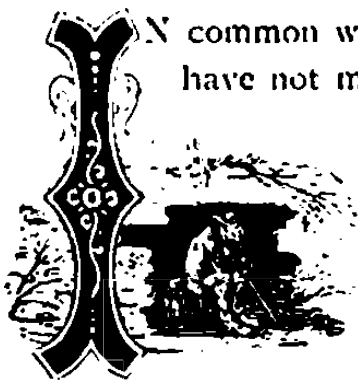


“The Bird of Night did sit, even at noon-day, upon the market-place, hooting and shrieking.” — *Julius Caesar*, i. 3.

“Out on ye, Owls! nothing but songs of death.” — *Richard III.*, iv. 4.

THE BIRD OF ALL OTHERS FAVOURED BY ASTROLOGERS.

### ASTROLOGY.



AS common with most affairs in which man has a hand, things have not moved smoothly with Astrologers or their Science. That observed facts did stubbornly refuse to fulfil the predictions of the Planets need hardly be told. Astrology may be defined as the science by which, from the earliest nations, mankind has attempted to assign to the material Heavens a moral influence over the Earth and its inhabitants. It may be divided into Natural Astrology,

which predicts the motions of heavenly bodies and eclipses of the sun and moon, and Judicial Astrology, which studies the influence of constellations on the destiny of men and empires.

Chaucer wrote a treatise on the Astrolabe. Milton constantly refers to planetary influences. In Shakespeare's *King Lear* Gloucester and Edmund represent respectively the old and the new faith.

The World's Greatest Poet was a believer in Astrology, so far as realizing certain influences of the Planets and Stars in portending Pestilence and other national visitations.

O malignant and ill-boding Stars! Now thou art come unto a feast of death.—*1st Henry VI.*, iv. 5.

We make guilty of our disasters the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars.—*King Lear*, i. 2.

It is the Stars, the Stars above us, govern our conditions.—*King Lear*, iv. 3.

There was a Star danced, and under that was I born.—*Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 1.

Thus pour the Stars down Plagues.—*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.

'Twere all one that I should love a bright particular Star.—*All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1.

You were born under a charitable Star . . . under Mars.—*All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1.

An we might have a good woman born but one every blazing Star.—*All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 3.

My legacy be sanctified by the luckiest Stars in Heaven.—*All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 3.

These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moon portend no good to us.—  
*King Lear*, i. 2.

For we that take purses go by the Moon and the Seven Stars.—  
*1st Henry IV.*, i. 2.

My mind misgives some consequence yet hanging in the Stars.—  
*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4.

And shake the yoke of inauspicious Stars from this world-wearied  
flesh.—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3.

A breath thou art,  
Servile to all the Skiey Influences,  
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict.—*Measure for Measure*, iii. 1.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; *then no Planets strike.*

*Hamlet*, i. 5.



Few will question the fact of the World having changed more between 1800 and 1900 than it had done in the previous five hundred years, and the consequences through the discoveries of Wireless Telegraphy may not be the least important, as directing attention to the influence of electric currents.

The thoughtful world sees that we have been precipitate in scouting all the views and theories of reasonably minded Astrologers, and there are clear indications of a reaction. One of the most talented of the weekly press, the *Spectator*, thus recently referred to modern attacks on old beliefs:—

“We owe a great deal to Science, but our obligations—or at least our feelings of gratitude—are not a little diminished by the aggressive fashion in which it attacks some of our cherished, if mistaken, beliefs. Were Science always prepared with a substitute for the superstitious lore which it destroys, we should have less cause for complaint; but, as a rule, it contents itself with merely stating, in a superior and altogether supercilious manner, that there is no scientific ground whatever for the knowledge upon which we have prided ourselves, that it must therefore be based upon the crassest ignorance, and that only ridiculous fools can continue to give it their belief. The ordinary person, conscious of his own comparative nescience, generally submits humbly enough, though it may be somewhat resentfully, to the dictates of professional knowledge; but it does sometimes occur to him that, after all, Science does not know everything, and that it has, before now, explained away one or two things which it has since seemed anxious to explain back again. People who suffer from the after-effects of old wounds, or from gout and other like complaints, frequently assert that a renewal of pain heralds a coming change in the weather; but the warning loses all its weight when the same symptom is produced by individual imprudence, by mental anxiety, or a reckless

indulgence in champagne. Undoubtedly even the average man is affected to some degree by an impending atmospheric change; but in view of all the precautions taken by generation after generation against the Inclemency of the Sky, it is not reasonable to believe that we can be affected to the same degree as he was in his natural state. And that being the case, the belief that animals have a finer and more delicate sense—a sense which detects a change while it is yet extremely distant—is rational enough. Hardly any writer who has recorded his impressions of some great natural convulsion, cyclone, or earthquake, has not noted the fact that the feeling of *malaise* which preceded it seemed to affect the beast-creation not only more deeply but also much earlier than it affected human beings. If one could only read the signs aright, the Barometer of Nature might well prove of a more trustworthy character than any artifice of man's invention."

In the fifteenth century Stoeffler foretold a Universal Deluge, which should take place in 1524, in consequence of Three Planets being then in conjunction in a Watery Sign. All Europe was in consternation, and those who could find the means built boats in readiness. Voltaire mentions a doctor of Toulouse who made an ark for himself and his friends. Such a circumstance shows the hold which Astrology had upon men's minds, from which, had it been true, it never could have been forced; for though a *new* truth, even when capable of easy verification, is introduced with difficulty, it is altogether absurd to suppose that a science, the correctness of which was of every-day experience, should drop and become exploded, not for want of cultivators, but of believers.

All the followers of Mohammed are, and have been, Astrologers. The predestinarian doctrines of their system render the transition easy and natural; for, as we have seen, the science of Astrology is based upon the notion of the necessity of human actions. The

establishment of the Moors in Spain, and the Crusades, caused the introduction of the increased cultivation of the art among the descendants of the barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire—



An old house formerly in Whitefriars, in which resided a noted Astrologer, much resorted to by legal men. It afterwards became a Vintner's, and from it originated the old Cock Tavern.

probably the former, for we have no distinct traces either of Astronomy or Astrology among the northern nations. But the predestinarian principle assumed a modified form more consistent with the belief of the Catholic Church. It was said that the Stars only incline, but

cannot compel; which position, while it left the will free, was a most convenient explanation of any failure in the predictions. The Greek and Roman Christians of the earlier centuries had, in many instances, received the whole of Astrology; in others the modified belief above mentioned. Origen, though he recognized the Stars as rational beings, yet, in his "Philocalia," contends that the Stars neither incline nor compel, but only prophesy or point out what men will do, without exerting any influence.

The establishment of the Copernican System was the death of Astrology; and that upon an argument not one bit stronger against it than preceding systems for it. It, however, established the conviction that our Earth is one of the heavenly bodies. When it was found that the Earth was only one among other Planets, it soon came to be reckoned absurd by many that our little Globe should be of such consequence as to be the peculiar care of the Whole System. But why should the principle of Non-interference have been preferred to that of the Balance of Power? We have lost a charming opportunity of discovering what goes on in other Planets.

Simultaneous with the birth of this volume comes abundant evidence as to the prevalence of more reasonable views on the subject of Astrology. An Astrological Society has been formed, with a legion of members, comprising many of the leading minds of the time, and the foundation of an Astrological College is promised. The science is venerable enough and of more than sufficient interest to entitle it to revival. It is creditable to the founders of the new Society, that, whatever the antiquity of their creed, they have no idea of propagating it by ancient methods. On the contrary, they are establishing it on a modern creditable basis. So-called Stellar Almanacks have for many years been the sole interpreters of the art of Cagliostro Nostradamus and Lilly, and have brought the world



to regard Astrology as a vulgar superstition. Modern Astrology, as a serious study, will command far wider popularity than was obtainable under the old system.

At a recent meeting of members of the new Society it was claimed as a chief advantage that it "helped a man to know himself"—no small recommendation, surely. As a matter of fact, there is no subject in the catalogue of studies that can boast a longer history or a prouder record of domination over the minds of rulers and leaders of men. The new Society is entitled to assert that the most famous professors of Astrology were in their time the implicitly trusted advisers of the greatest emperors, kings, great nobles, and powerful ecclesiastics.

It may with much truth be applied to many of the so-called men of science that what they know not is not knowledge. We refer to the typical men of science, and not the greater minds who learn humility from the sight of that ocean from whose shore they pick up their pebbles. But they hold that Science, when applied to life, is producing an absolute revolution in the World and altering man's position in the Universe. These say, "Only let Science have a little more time to apply its discoveries, and the Earth will be a completely different place." This is the attitude of many of the natural philosophers of the present day. M. Bertollet, chief of the number, declares that Modern Science has within the present era produced such marked changes that "a new man is being created in a new earth." All the ordinary social and political phenomena to which we are accustomed, he implies, are of no account. They are mere walls of Jericho, ready to fall down before the blasts of the trumpet of Applied Science. Through the developments of Science man may make the intestines shine like a lamp, and photograph the brain thinking or the stomach digesting; but this will not make him a new man in

a new world. He may produce wildernesses of machinery, and pile process upon process, but the mind of man remains untouched and unchanged. It is not the perfecting of the arts of life that will make a new man in a new earth. The great changes in the World, the revolutions that really count, that shake the Globe, and do indeed leave a new man in a new earth, come only when the spirit is touched, not when this or that ingenious triumph is achieved over Matter. One word that is capable of touching the heart and moving the conscience of mankind is more potent, more prevailing, than the discovery of any trick, however strange and subtle, for harnessing



Astrology-stricken.

the lightning, or bringing bread from earth or stones. The Sermon on the Mount did not make new men and a new world by chemical process. Its discoveries were of a very different kind. "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the land." "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." "Judge not, that ye be not judged." These were the new-found truths that touched the heart and quickened the conscience, and will make in time an utterly new race of men in a new world.

At Rome the people were so infatuated with this art, that the

Astrologers—or, as they were then called, the Mathematicians—maintained their ground in spite of all the edicts of the Emperors to expel them from the city. Tiberius (A.D. 4) founded his hopes of the Empire to which he aspired on the predictions of Thrasyllus, who had been with him during his abode at Rhodes. However, he would not repose any confidence in his art till he had put him to a trial in which several had miscarried and fallen victims. Accordingly, one of his freedmen conducted the Astrologer through steep and difficult paths to a sentry-box fixed on the top of a house, erected on a steep rock close to the sea. If Tiberius suspected fraud or falsity in the predictions of those who practised the art, they were thrown into the sea that beat against the rock on which this house of trial stood. Thrasyllus was conducted to this place, and had the good-fortune to please Tiberius, by promising him the Empire, and by the ingenious turn he gave to everything he said. Tiberius asked him whether he could draw his own horoscope, and whether, by comparing the time of his birth with the present state of the Heavens, he could tell what he was to dread or hope for at that instant. The Astrologer, without doubt apprised of the fate of his predecessors, looked at the Stars and shuddered; the more he considered them the more he trembled; and at length exclaimed that he was threatened with great and imminent danger. Tiberius, convinced of his skill by this experiment, embraced him, and admitted him into the number of his confidential friends.

It may be stated as a fact that we are in great ignorance of Chinese scientific literature, or of any books or publications through which they would be presumed to make known the prognostications as to the many visitations of Plagues in past ages, the which so generally turned out correct in result. The study of the Firmament in all its boundless infinity has ever been uppermost with their men

of greatest genius and learning, who have been, and are now, the most revered, and on whom the highest honours are bestowed. Their prophecies have generally come to us without announcement of comet advent or planetary disturbances, leaving the Western World somewhat helpless as to any heed attaching to their prognostications. We do know that their greatest astronomers regard Space as infinite, difficult as it is for the human mind to grasp the existence of a limit to Space, even in its most abstract form.

Atmospheric Influence has ever been a favourite study with the learned Chinese, who, for ages prior to the modern development of Electric Power with us, held the doctrine of Planetary Influence communicable by electric or other such fluid. They now see us talking through wires, and this without any visible medium, with friends in the most remote parts of the World pretty much as if personally together in one and the same room. The Chinese astronomer—or, as we still term him, astrologer—may well say of his knowledge of Planetary Influence, that it is one and the same thing as our European Science of Electricity. Whether the Chinese have the Spectroscope does not seem known, but there should be little doubt on the subject, indifferent as they are to our estimate of his knowledge. More has been done in the last fifty years than in all the rest of the World's history towards the piercing of the veil which shuts off from our eyes the mysteries of far-off realms. Chinese *savants* have, from its first erection, had access to the great Lick telescope, probably have applied the purposes it unfolds fully as much or more than we have done, and with a result of increasing their inherent belief in much closer planetary union and influence than other peoples of our World have yet brought themselves to believe.





“A breath thou art,  
Servile to all the Skiey Influences,  
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict.”

*Measure for Measure*, Act iii., Scene 1.

AN ASTROLOGER'S CHURCH.

## TEACHINGS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

**M**ODERN Science has shown us that even material substances may be independent of space relations. A word flashed through an electric wire passes in less than a second round our Earth, thus acting independently of space relations. A word spoken through the telephone is heard

instantaneously across seas and continents. Among the triumphs of this wonderful Victorian Era achievements is that of Wireless Telegraphy, convincing as it is that nothing can be called ultimate. Material agents are thus seen to act independently of the laws of matter as popularly understood. Leibnitz, one of the greatest minds the World has ever seen, a great theologian as well as a philosopher, was deeply impressed with the conviction that the Planets exercised an influence on our World and its inhabitants far exceeding any pretensions of the most thoughtful minds. It is very difficult to rid ourselves of the tyranny of the senses. We speak of touch, and yet, as a matter of fact, no two objects ever touch. A polished bar of steel consists of a crowd of atoms, not one of which touches another, and which recede from or approach one another under the influence of the weather. The suddenly rapid advance in the science of Wireless Telegraphy cannot fail to prove convincing to even the most sceptical that our little star of Heaven's firmament, insignificant as it is among the hundreds of thousands of the constellated orbs dotting the mighty Universe, is in close union with other Planets, and exists under their atmospheric influence; hence the Plague and other visitations, such as Influenza, reach us. The writer is a firm believer in Astrology carried thus far at least; hence this imperfect volume in adducing truths. If the atmosphere can penetrate such apparently solid substances, surely they can offer no obstacle to astrologically ascribed influence.

It is sometimes supposed by ignorant persons that a truly scientific mind cannot, unless with great reserves, accept the revealed religion of Christ. Without going back to great scientific men of former ages, like Roger Bacon, or Francis Bacon, or Isaac Newton—all thorough believers—it is sufficient to mention that, from the time of Newton, and before that, the University of Cambridge has enjoyed

the reputation of being the most distinguished seat of Mathematical Science in the World, and its teachers have been at once the most daring and the most exact. There were five professors of various branches of Mathematics within recent years, all of whom, with one possible exception, would be recognized everywhere as holding the foremost places in their respective departments. Only one of them, alas! now survives, Sir G. Stokes, as well known upon the platforms of Church Congresses as upon that of the British Association. Of those who are gone, one was a clergyman, who prided himself more, if such a word may be allowed, upon his edition of the Epistle to the Romans than upon his astronomical accomplishments. The rest were laymen, but no less devout and earnest believers. There was Clerk Maxwell, who first laid bare the nature of the molecules of which the Universe is composed, and affirmed that they bore the stamp of "manufactured articles." There was Adams, who forestalled Leverrier in the stupendous discovery of Neptune, the outermost Planet of our System, and who was never absent from any meeting at Cambridge for the extension of Christ's Kingdom or the maintenance of the Church. And in some ways the greatest and the best of all was Arthur Cayley; every one knew him to be the first pure mathematician of this century, and therefore of all centuries. The exquisite modesty, the fascinating beauty, that marked him were not wholly the gifts of a fortunate nature—they were the results of a life altogether devoted to God in Christ. Canon Mason truly said, "It was often my privilege to minister to Professor Cayley the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Saviour, and I never did so without having impressed upon me, in a way that scarcely anything else has impressed it, the reality of the Unseen Presence. There was nothing demonstrative about his manner of receiving; but it was impossible not to see that that strong and subtle mind was all

irradiated and entranced by adoring communion with Him to Whom he had long consecrated every moment of his being."

We poor, unlearned, and oftentimes timid Christians should take courage from the example of so great a man as Clerk Maxwell, whose faith in an Almighty Ruler of the Universe, as in the Blessed Saviour, Christ the Redeemer, waxed stronger and stronger with his own expansion of scientific knowledge. He realized that two questions, What is Ether? and what are its proportions and conditions? are the most important subjects for mastering the secrets of the Universe, and that within them are untold revelations of order, beauty, and power, as fruitful in their practical applications as Steam and Electricity. How would those of the great minds who have passed away have read the revelation dawned through Wireless Telegraphy? Such of them as remain with us to witness this greatest of all miracles, even as yet only in its incipient stage, realize our practical union with other worlds in the matter of atmospheric influence. Such men, with their otherworldly gaze and their want of practicality in human affairs, we are apt to pity; but they may rather pity us in



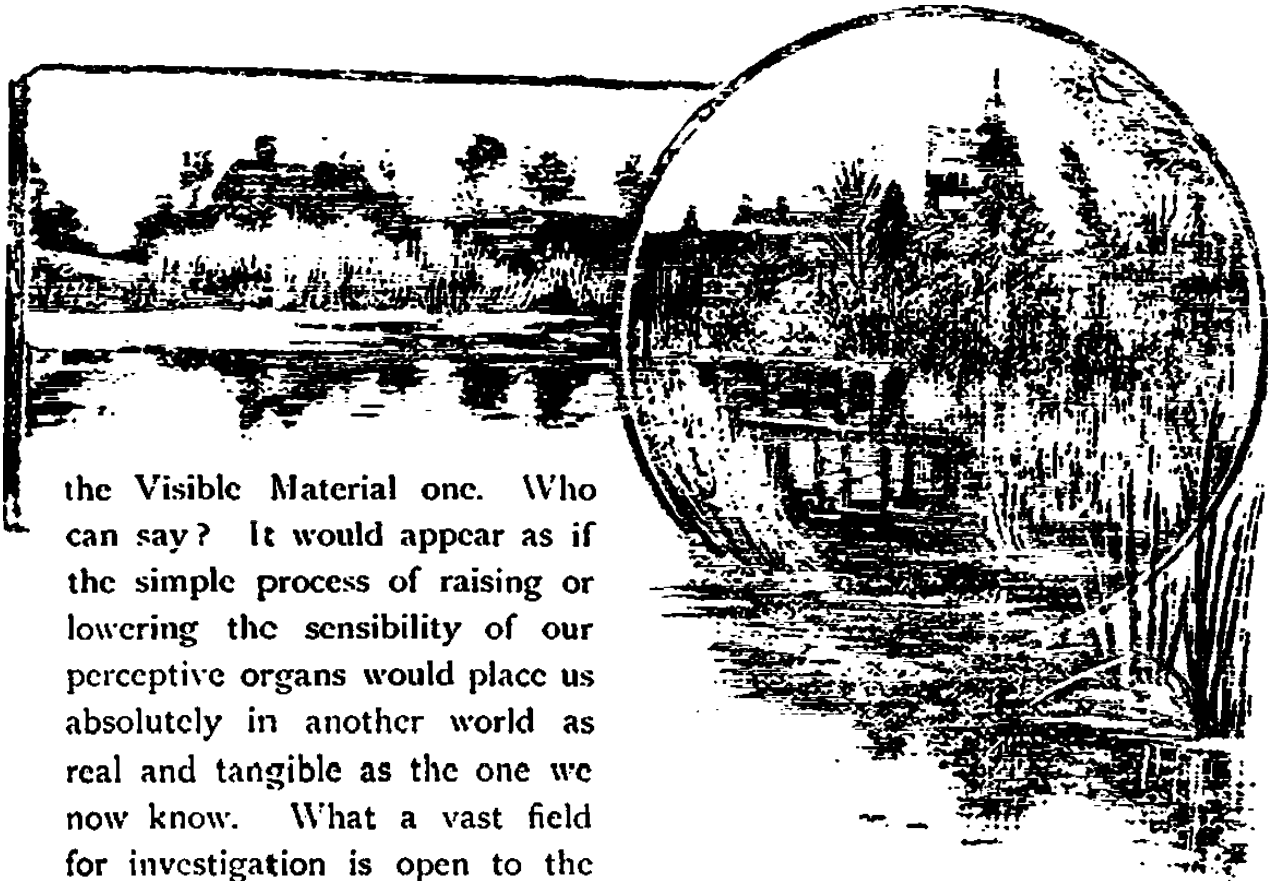
"Good-night, my good Owl."  
*Lord's Labour's Lost.* Act iv.. Scene 1.



our petty squabbles and races for small worldly advantages. They already see in a mirror darkly visions of the whole Universe ordered by a simple, constant law, of the most exquisite simplicity, yet working out by interactions the untold variety of forces and life on the Earth as well as in all the Stars and Planets.

Faraday practically proved the existence of an Electric Ether, and Clerk Maxwell showed that it has certain elastic properties, and that the phenomena of Electricity can be explained by certain strains and stresses in it. Next Clerk Maxwell set himself to reconcile the Light-bearing Ether with the Electric Ether, and produced his wonderful Electro-magnetic Theory of Light.

Few realize the vasty depths and space of the Invisible Universe surrounding our tiny Planet, the only ones of which we have the least knowledge. What appears to be an immeasurable void to our present organs of perception probably teems with life in an infinite variety of forms. What to us is the blackness of darkness may contain colours more glorious than mortal has yet seen; and the silence of midnight may give forth sounds deeper, grander, and purer than material ears have ever compassed. Shakespeare's "music of the spheres" may be nearer the truth than the majority suspect. How much of the vast Universe around us are our perceptions fitted to respond to? Do our ears convey to the brain all the vibrations that fall upon the sensitive tympanum; or the eye telegraph to its perceptive organ every vibration that strikes the retina? The billions of vibrations between what constitutes Sound and Light are not perceived by us, for the simple reason that we lack the organs necessary to convey their impressions to the brain. Who can say what is thus hidden from our material perceptions—the Universe teeming with life, with scenery and sounds, utterly beyond our ken? Possibly the extent of the, to us, Invisible Universe, is greater by far than that of



the Visible Material one. Who can say? It would appear as if the simple process of raising or lowering the sensibility of our perceptive organs would place us absolutely in another world as real and tangible as the one we now know. What a vast field for investigation is open to the searcher after knowledge and truth! Where is the mortal who dare write "finality" to Knowledge, and that would fain repair the already rent veil between this World and the next, in the vain hope of chaining mankind once again to outworn dogmas and dying creeds?

Approach of Plague.

Well is it said that the nineteenth century has proved itself a New Epoch in the History of Mankind—the epoch of the great cities, the end of the old order of country life. At its beginning the majority of the people lived in the country-side. All the chief cities of the World with more than 100,000 inhabitants could be counted on a man's fingers. The people dwelt in little towns and villages,

and were engaged either directly or indirectly in agriculture, or in occupations subservient thereto. They travelled rarely and dwelt close to their work, for the reason that swift means of transit had not arrived. The inventions of railways, the telegraph, steamships, and complex machinery changed everything beyond all hope of return. The vast shops, the varied pleasures, the countless conveniences of large towns rose suddenly, and no sooner were they brought into existence than they competed with the homely resources of the rural centres by an overwhelming attraction. In Great Britain, throughout Europe, in America, in India and China, everywhere, the same revolution developed itself. It is not yet seen what this revolution portends in England, where to assist in providing for its rapidly increasing multitudes has become a necessity. We are all swarming into barracks; we all scorn the use of a spade, or to look after the hens, and see they lay their eggs with propriety.

The poor moth that ends its life in the lamp flame is presumed to know nothing of the Mystery of Life. We human beings know very little more. The Power that is for ever evolving good unto better, and better unto best, knoweth what it may be not well that we should know—for a time at all events. The great Starscape spread out before us in the Heavens seems to be an illimitable gulf of space fixed between us and the millions of other worlds. Who, in the face of Wireless Telegraphy, will deny to himself the belief that electric currents have their influences, good or bad as they may be?—for the health of the inhabitants of our own tiny Earth may become better known through future disclosures. We are very important in our own eyes; but what of the dreary planet Uranus, sixty times as large as our insignificant World?—yet the Sun to it is but a speck or star; and though around it revolve many moons, they have no light to reflect. Farther away still revolves the Last

Planet of our System, sunk so deep into space, that although it is rushing round the Sun at the rate of 22,000 miles an hour, yet it takes a hundred and fifty of our years to complete the circuit. Neptune is 3,000,000,000 miles away from us. Such staggering figures should afford subject for thought ; and we ask ourselves what sort of people live there in the Vasty Darkness, and what can be their extraordinary mode of life—for even Neptune is influenced by the Sun, and belongs to our Solar System. Yonder Milky Way, which seems like a luminous mist, is composed of millions on millions of Stars. Light travels at the rate of 180,000 miles a second, but even at this bewildering rate of flight it would take us ten years to reach some of the nearest Fixed Stars! And all around and beyond this Universe is a Belt of Darkness ; then other universes on *ad infinitum*.

Astrology is the oldest of all superstitions of ancient nations, and was universally held as a truthful science among the Egyptians, Hindus, Chinese, Etruscans, and the Chaldeans. The motions and influences of the heavenly bodies ranked as its basis. The apparent chances of human hope resided in the Heavens, and its decrees might be read there, the motion of the heavenly bodies being Predictable. The Astrology of the Egyptians was founded on Solar Theories. They connected each point of the Sun's course with a stage of human existence. To them its rising, culmination, and natural descent figured the progress of man's life in youth, maturity, and age. The Chaldeans included in their system the other Planets also. They considered the Stars and Planets not as mechanical powers ruling men's destinies, but as the Revelations of the Supreme Being. Each Planet was a Visible Deity.



## ATMOSPHERIC INFLUENCE.

"The fated sky Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull."

*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i., Scene 1.

"Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't."

*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii., Scene 7.



**W**E call phenomena Periodical which appear to take place at regular intervals of time, in contradistinction to those which seem to happen at uncertain times. We might, however, find, if we possessed a more extensive knowledge of Nature, that every natural phenomenon had its particular period, and that there was a constant revolution of these periods. The round of the Seasons is a striking example: the revival of Nature in Spring, her maturation in Summer, the fall of the leaf and the general decay of Autumn, and the Winter's gloomy picture of suspended life, are monuments of periodicity. Time alone is not the cause of the phenomena of the Seasons, but something which takes place at particular times. The place of our Globe with respect to the Sun, the grand mover of the Seasons, naturally produces other secondary agents in

the atmosphere, wherein resides the periodic power exerted over the surface of the Earth. Of late years it has been established that Electricity is the chief of these agents, and that the vernal rising of the sap and the growth of plants are affected by electrical causes. Seasons in which there is much thunder and lightning are the most productive of vegetable life, and above all it is ascertained that the equilibrium of atmospherical electricity is most disturbed in seasons of epidemical pestilence. The remote periods of electrical vicissitude, as the great remote causes of aerial changes, are questions that want a philosophical solution.

Pestilential disorders of almost every variety visit those districts that are subject to them in tremendous numbers at once, and generally with a determined trace of concentive symptoms, over which medicines have but little control, but which commence, prevail, and eventually subside with certain changes of weather, or the return of particular seasons. In elucidating the morbific influence of the east wind, it may be observed that, on first blowing, it is often loaded with vapour, which it seems to take up by producing an extraordinary exhalation from the waters and the marshes over which it blows; that vapours, in themselves unwholesome, may produce the vehicle of electric effects on the body is also probable. Another proof favouring the theory of a movable medium of electricity in the east wind is that, on nights which at first appear the clearest, when the wind is in that quarter, it is difficult to make a good astronomical observation, as the Star seems to dance about in the field of the telescope, as if some vibratory motion were in the air, such as might be produced by electricity acting on an imperfect conductor.

But we must confine this term, within our present limited views, to periods which revolve sufficiently often in the term of human life

to enable us to measure and compare the intervals between the occurrence of phenomena. Even in this sense it can be proved that the influence of the atmosphere on the health or illness of man is in many cases periodical. Prior to any more minute discussion of this question, it may be observed that Different States of the Atmosphere, exercising their peculiar influence, may have Longer or Shorter Periods; and the diseases caused at these periods may follow so rapidly on each other, and at such different intervals, arising from the divers terms of the periods, that we may overlook the regularity of their occurrence. As proof of this nothing can be more convincing than the periodical attacks of Influenza, now and during ages past common throughout the world, and which in its obstinate defiance of medical efforts continues its ravages with increasing rigour and among every class, so as to merit for this disease a Plague name. It suddenly makes its appearance without the least warning, save the wind springing up in the direction recognized as more or less prejudicial to health, according to the geographical position of a locality. Fever prevalence, so far as general experience goes, does not seem so specially marked, though even in regard to fevers the ablest medical authorities are of opinion that the wind settling in special quarters is found to bring in its train certain complaints rarely prevalent save under the recognized malarial propagator. What is this but proof of atmospheric influence? The different states, too, of the human body, by varying in some cases, or altogether resisting in others, the influence of the Periodical Epidemic, may mislead us with respect to its existence and specific character.

That there is a diurnal influence may be learned from the observance of many vegetable phenomena: it may perhaps be the same cause which acts on the animal machine, and both analogy and experiment reasonably refer it to electricity. Flowers

in general open by exposure to the Sun; but others open and shut at particular hours of the day, even if the Sun remain unclouded—as the Yellow Star of Jerusalem (*Tragopogon pratensis*) and the Purple Goat's-beard (*Tragopogon porrifolius*), which open their blossoms with the rising Sun, but close them at noon. Other plants, particularly those of the class Syngenesia, open and shut at stated hours: the Cat's-ear (*Hypochueris radicata*), and many other composite flowers of this sort, close at about three in the afternoon. Some plants are under the influence of particular sorts of weather, of the approach of which they become indicators, as the Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*); it is for this reason called the Poor Man's Weather-glass. This and some other plants have their periods interrupted by the particular condition of the atmosphere. Even when the Sun is shining at their usual time of opening, some plants shut their flowers if rain be at hand; hence they become prognostics of weather.

If a division of the lunar month be made into four weeks, in the middle of each of which one of the four changes of the Moon shall take place, then it will be found that what we call the Lunar Periods of Irritability will occur in those weeks in which the New and Full Moons fall, and not in those of the Quadratures. And what shows, as much as anything else, that Electricity is the medium through which this influence is exerted on our Planet by its Satellite, is that Earthquakes, Volcanic Eruptions, Meteors, Waterspouts, Gales of Wind, Violent Storms, and other known effects of the Electric Fluid, have been proved by extensive inquiries to have usually happened at those periods near to the Conjunction or to the Opposition of the Moon.

The rustic sacrifices which the country nymphs of antiquity used to make to the young Crescent Moon—to which Horace alludes in



Ode 23 of Lib. iii.—in order to avert pestilential winds, had probably a reference to the lunar influences already described.

It is an undoubted fact that atmospheric changes have an influence on the state of human health. Such belief is founded on reason; for since a number of persons of various ages, of dissimilar constitutions and habits of life, and at different places, often become the subjects of disorder at the same time, so is it rational to attribute their malady to some general cause which then prevails. And the occurrence of disorder in particular kinds of weather, or at stated seasons of the year, suggests to many the opinion that such cause resides in the air. The Scriptures frequently remind us of God resorting to the use of certain pestilential winds as His instruments for bringing punishment on rebellious man.

But it is not the heat, the cold, the dampness, or the drought of the air which is chiefly concerned in causing disorders, nor any sudden change from one to another of these states, but some peculiarity in its impregnations and in its *electric state*. The pain felt in limbs which have been formerly broken previous to a change of weather, and the disturbed state of the stomachs of many persons before and during a thunderstorm, are sufficient to warrant such conjecture.

Hippocrates held that all diseases came from the air. It is the doctrine, too, of the Indian, Arabian, and Turkish physicians in countries more obnoxious than Great Britain to horrible diseases, and is nothing more than a revival of ancient wisdom.

Atmospherical changes take place; plants grow, bloom, seed, and fade away. Different parts of the cerebral organization of animals become active; and the instincts to pair, to build nests, to nurse the progeny, and to migrate are roused into action. But the weather of the Seasons varies in different years, and with it the times of other phenomena. These varieties of the Seasons may have periods, though

too distant asunder to be noticed by man. Everything we deem unseasonable or casual, such as Cold Summers, Wet Springs, or Warm Winters, may happen again and again at periods wide apart in the lapse of ages. The word Season in our language is distinguished from Weather, to denote the Periodical from the Casual changes of the air. But all changes would probably appear periodical, could we contemplate them through ages past and to come. To every animal a certain space of existence in the World is allotted ; but in numerous individuals this time is shortened by casualties. So it is with all Nature. All appears to us regularity disturbed by casualty. But all might appear undisturbed regularity to a being capable of com-



An Old Marble, illustrating the Resurrection, formerly in the Temple Church.

*Sketched by Bertha Poynall.*

prehending the whole moving in harmony. This periodicity of Nature, falling within the limits of human observation, warrants a conclusion that the causes of many pestilences and diseases are atmospherical, or, in other words, dependent upon those external

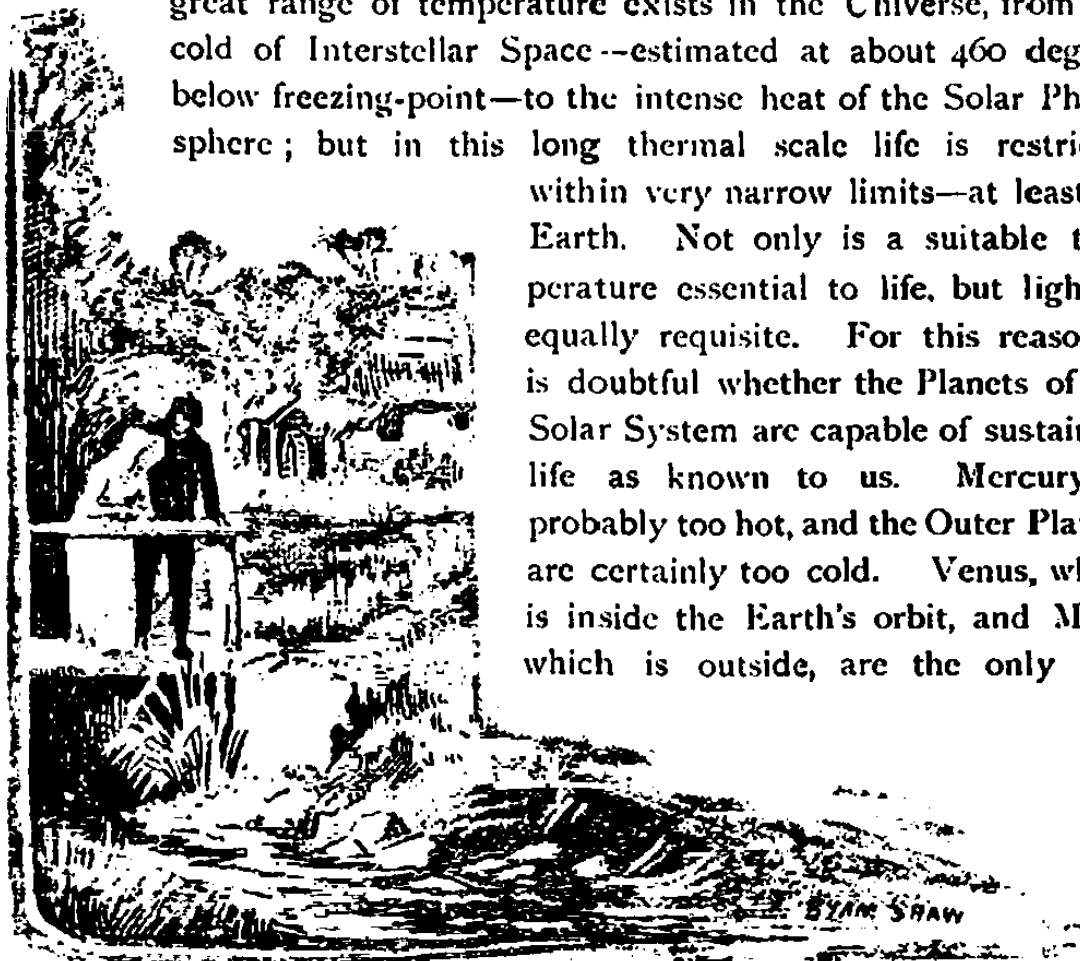
influences which produce various other natural phenomena in the Universe. Writers of the hour are unjust to many great minds of the past in classifying them with Empirical Astrologers, with no other ground for the charge than their having presumed to associate certain mundane occurrences with remarkable and as sudden and unexpected movements of the heavenly bodies, foreign to the course laid down by man's finite foreknowledge and erring judgment and will. The injustice is greater in our generation: the very same appearances and movements of the heavenly orbs have been proved to result in disaster to the beings inhabiting our World. The fear of being thus branded as Astrological Casters of Horoscopes has stood in the way of these minds giving us the benefit of their observations and conclusions as to the effect of what we regard as erratic deviations of a few of the countless millions of Heaven's bright lamps, thus throwing back rather than advancing an inquiry of so universal desirability and magnitude. However respectable Francis Moore, Physician, may have been regarded in the long years before and after death as almanack-maker and profit-yielder to the wise and honourable Society of Stationers, yet it will not readily be forgotten how suddenly that august body severed the connection, and shunned him for the identical causes that entailed discredit on his astrological divinations.



## LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Let me speak to the yet unknown world  
How these things came about."—*Hamlet*, Act v., Scene 2.

**T**HERE is a general conviction growing up among the most eminent astronomers of our own and other nations, that if, as is assumed, the hundred millions of Stars which the telescope reveals are luminous, incandescent bodies, similar in chemical composition to our own Sun, then they also form centres of Planetary Systems similar to that of the Solar System. A great range of temperature exists in the Universe, from the cold of Interstellar Space—estimated at about 460 degrees below freezing-point—to the intense heat of the Solar Photosphere; but in this long thermal scale life is restricted within very narrow limits—at least on Earth. Not only is a suitable temperature essential to life, but light is equally requisite. For this reason it is doubtful whether the Planets of the Solar System are capable of sustaining life as known to us. Mercury is probably too hot, and the Outer Planets are certainly too cold. Venus, which is inside the Earth's orbit, and Mars, which is outside, are the only two



which seem to approach nearest to the required conditions. In both there are atmospheres somewhat similar to our own, and in Mars land and water probably exist on its surface. Venus is of course much hotter and Mars much colder than the Earth, but possibly the Polar Regions of the first and the Equatorial Regions of the second may afford abodes for some forms of animal and vegetable life. Of the total number of Stars visible in our largest telescopes, it is assumed that there may be ten millions with a spectrum of the solar type. A large proportion are probably about the same dimensions as the Sun, with at least one Planet moving around each at a suitable distance to receive light and heat essential to life. If only one in ten meet these conditions, we should thus have a million worlds fitted for the support of animal life.

There are those who confidently assume that the planets are inhabited, and that the fetters of terrestrial analogy do not interfere with reasonable doubts on the theory. Life is possible under conditions totally dissimilar from anything with which we are acquainted on Earth. Terrestrial organic forms are due to the local causes of our Planet. Our flesh is composed of carbon, azote, hydrogen, and oxygen, combined with water and some other elements. The flesh of animals is not chemically different from ours, and the same elements, in varying quantities, make up every living thing. Life all comes from air and water, and will return to them. All terrestrial organic matter is only combined in various proportions with other elements. But we have no right to forbid Nature to act otherwise in worlds where carbon does not exist. Could not a world where silica would replace carbon and silicic acid carbonic acid be inhabited by beings of an organism altogether different from those existing on the Earth—different not only in form but in substance? And why should we stop at Terrestrial Chemistry, since even the most simple elements are merely compounds

of primitive atoms? The differences existing among the Planets in regard to location, volume, mass, density, temperature, atmosphere, and physical and chemical constitution, so far from being considered as an obstacle to the manifestations of life, should rather be regarded as a new field open to the infinite fecundity of the Universal Mother—Nature. By means of Paleontology we can easily go back to the origin of beings. We know for certain that the bird has developed from the reptile by means of organic evolution, and that earthly humanity represents the summits of an immense genealogical tree, the roots of which plunge into the very rudiments of the most elementary primitive organisms.



Reasoning from what has taken place, there is nothing to prevent a still higher development before the vital cycle of the Earth is complete. In the unknown worlds that glitter in space there may be humanities incomparably further on the road to perfection than we are; it may be that the planets all are, or have been, or will be inhabited, and that an infinite diversity reigns in the fields of the Heavens as in the gardens of the Earth. Compared to the life prevailing in some of the celestial bodies, our Earth, with all its political, religious, and social history, is only a minute speck, only a poor ant-hill, only the flutter in a ray of sunlight of a gnat that lives but a day.

The various religious bodies have been the slowest to accept the Darwinian theory of Evolution, and even now it is no rarity to hear it denounced as of the Evil One. When, however, such men as Archbishops Benson and Temple of Canterbury, and Thomson and

Maclagan of York, and all the other higher intellects of the Church, think alike on the mighty change evoked, the falling into line of the narrow minds comes eventually as a matter of course. Those of us who were born of the generation prior to that of Darwin can appreciate the gibes and sneers with which his theories were received, and the almost howl of execration from certain pulpits against any expressing opinions favouring the new light. To endorse its views was to be labelled of the black sheep tribe. It may now be said that the great scientific fact of the latter half of the nineteenth century is the establishment of the doctrine of Evolution upon a scientific basis. Huxley, though not fully on a level with the great originator of "The Origin of Species," or of Herbert Spencer, who occupies a remarkable position on the border-land between Science and Philosophy, yet did more than any other to stimulate public interest in the subject and to bring into line all the younger scientific thinkers of the day, to inspire them with his ardour, with his beliefs, and with his convictions. Huxley was the great scientific educator of his generation.

It is no aim of the writer to disturb the fact that Revealed Religion contains no doctrine relative to the presumed habitation of Planets and Stars, and until within the last three centuries no Christian thinker regarded such a doctrine as in the least degree necessary in order to complete our view of the attributes of the Creator. In the present day there exists a pretty general assumption that these heavenly bodies are inhabited. In support of this view we have the fact that a series of changes, multiplied, long continued, and previously unfortold, have continued in our own terrestrial body. The researches of Geology give us indubitable proof. All have been a progress to the Human Period.



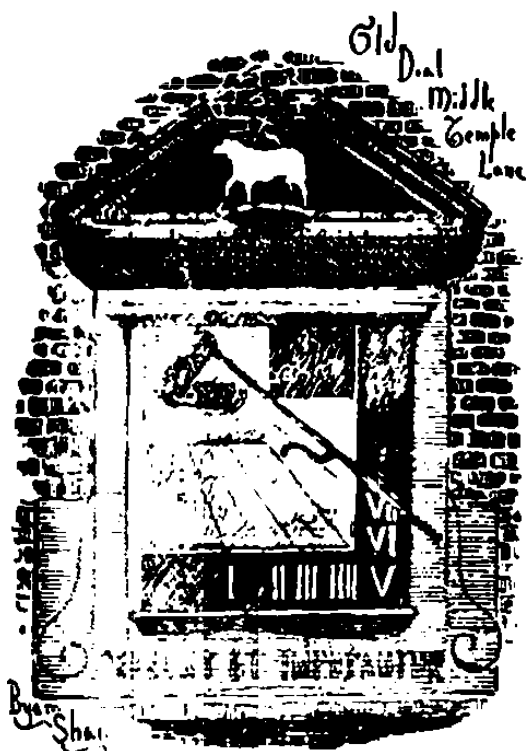
## ANCIENT METERS OF TIME.

"Groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock."

*As You Like It, Act iii., Scene 2.*

"I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself."—*Taming of the Shrew, Act iii., Scene 1.*



MEANS of measuring Time was an imperative necessity with the olden Astrologers.

The Sun-dial Period, the nearest approach made by the Romans for ascertaining the hour, was by observing when the Sun appeared between the rostrum where orators harangued and the spot called the Station of the Greeks.

But as these Ancient Sun-dials were even, in the most improved state, of use only in the daytime, and not even then when the sky was overcast, the Romans were frequently at a loss to know the hour of the

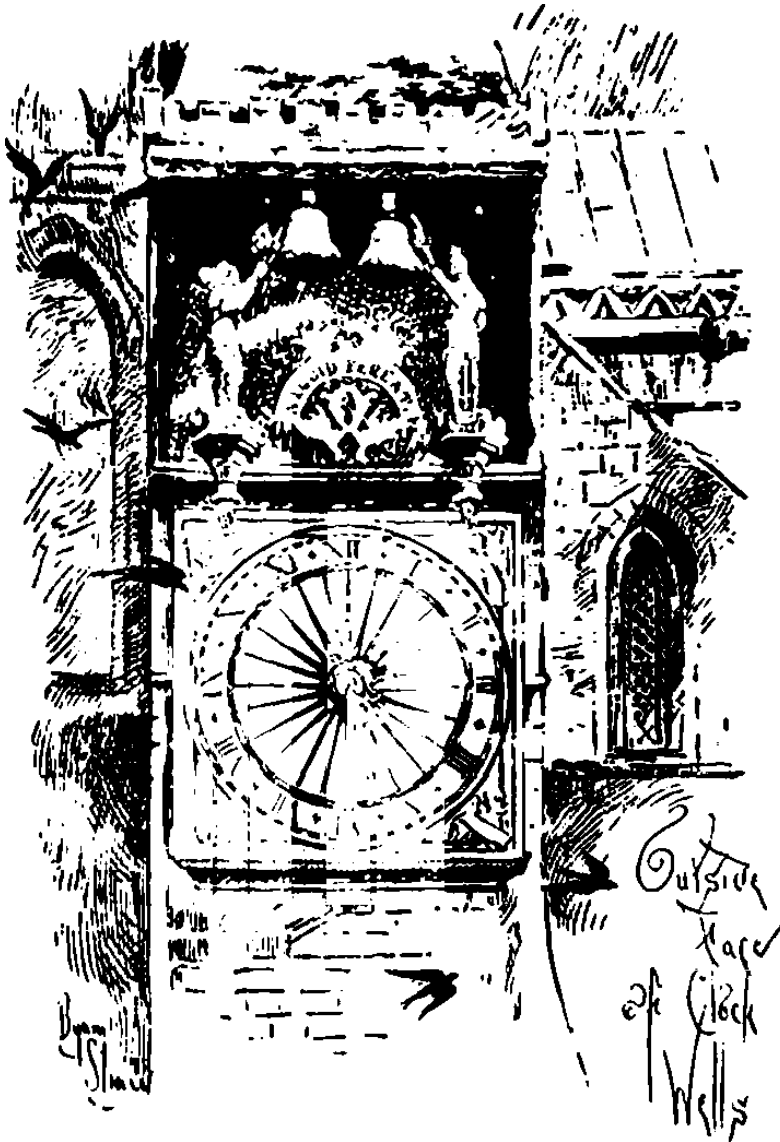
day, and were totally incapable of deciding that of the night.

In the year of Rome 595, being 157 years before the Birth of the Saviour of the World, Scipio Nasica introduced from Alexandria an instrument called

### THE CLEPSYDRA, OR WATER-CLOCK,

which, by acting in all weathers, and at night as well as day, was of the utmost utility and importance. The Clepsydra of Scipio



*The Clepsydra, or Water-clock.*

Nasica is thus described by Panciroli: "They took," says he, "a vessel made of glass, in the bottom of which was a narrow hole done about with gold, lest the water should wear it away; on the other part of the vessel was drawn a sight-line having the twelve hours set upon it, after which they filled the vessel with water, which issued drop by drop out of the little hole; in the water was a cork with a pin stuck in it, and the point of that pin turned to the first hour when the glass was full, and to the other hours in proportion to the gradual

decrease of the water. This, by a Greek derivation, was called a Clepsydra, and with us an Hour-glass." But the Romans afterwards made many alterations, and reversed its original method of showing the time, making the water which escaped into the lower receptacle the *horologe* instead of the top glass, thus computing by

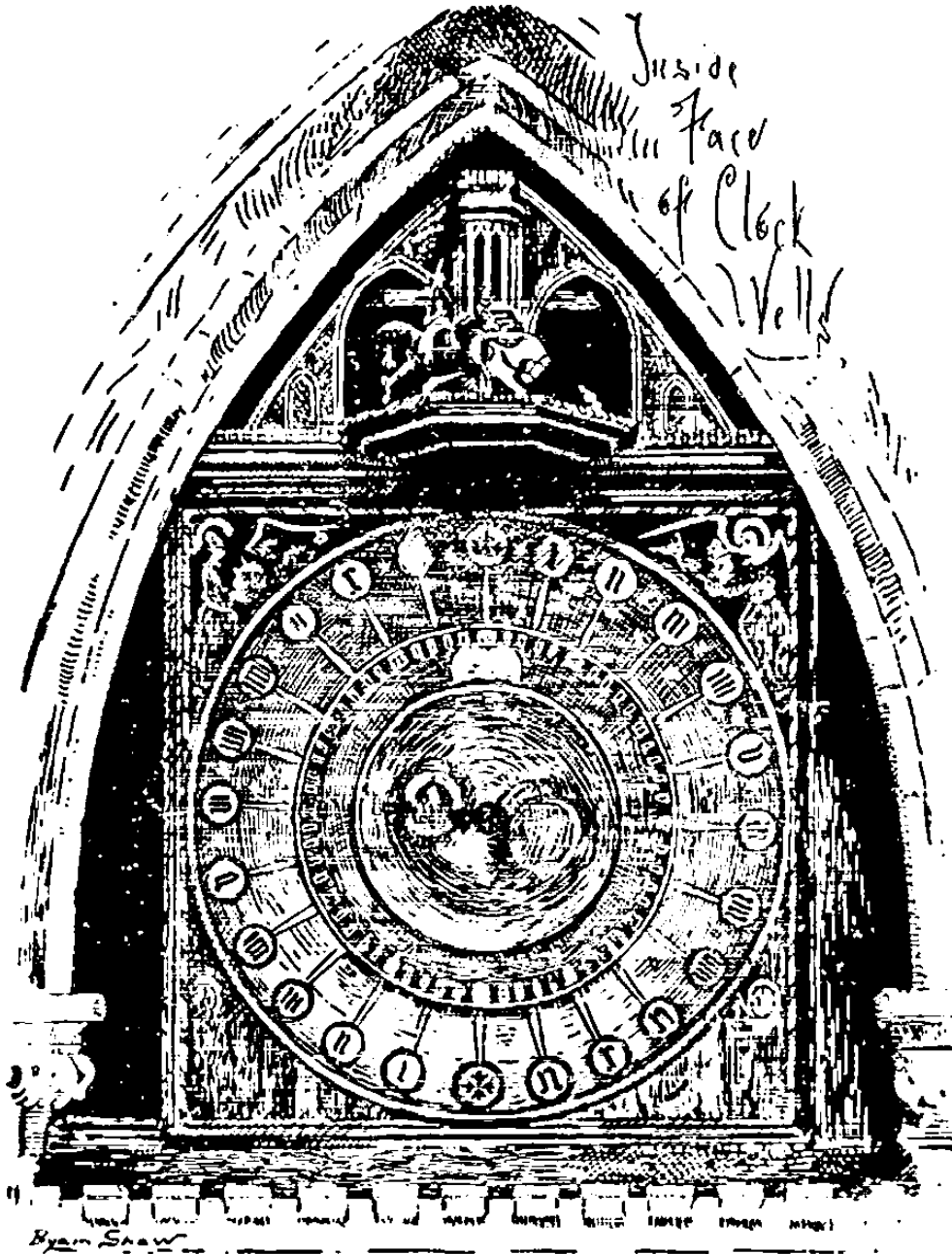
increase instead of diminution, and these were soon brought into general use.

Julius Cæsar brought Sun-dials and Clepsydras to Britain, and they are stated to have been used in this country during several ages, and until Alfred the Great, about the year 886, invented a new method of measuring time, followed for general purposes by the burning of wax candles, *three* inches of which lasted an hour. These were committed to the custody of the clerk of the chapel, who placed them in mock lanterns, invented also by King Alfred, to protect the flame from the wind, and who regularly communicated to the Sovereign how the hours passed away. No sluggard was he, for whether asleep or awake the chaplain had to shout the hour to the royal ear.

The idea of the *Sana* Hour-glass was taken from the Clepsydra, and England's gallant tars have in times of battle usually announced how many glasses they had engaged with the enemy instead of how many hours.

No more interesting clock exists than one known as Father Lightfoot's clock, the case of which is in Wells Cathedral, having in olden days been conveyed thither from Glastonbury Abbey, the working machinery by





some strange means having been transferred to Kensington Museum. The Very Reverend Jex-Blake, Dean of Wells, formerly Head of

Cheltenham and Rugby Schools, has kindly furnished the writer with drawings of this wondrous old relic, the undoubted grandfather of all English clocks. It is to be hoped that case and former internals may by some chance again become united and restored to pristine use and beauty.

This remarkable *ars horologica* is of complicated design and most ingenious execution, bearing on its face the changes of the Moon and other astronomical particulars represented in quaint manner. It was constructed by a holy monk of Glastonbury, one Peter Lightfoot, whose name in the long back years of 1325 was that of a celebrity transmitted seemingly to an unworthy posterity, so unworthy as to divide the ideal from his clock's corporeal presence. Near the porch on one of the buttresses of the north transept of Wells Cathedral now rests the case, or rather what may be called the clock-face, of this earliest English *Horologe*. There have not been wanting men who would rob the good recluse of Glastonbury of his honours. Even Royalty, through Henry III. in 1268, granted what was called "a protection" to some Dutchmen as Orlogiers, and one Richard Wallingford, of St. Albans (all honour to him!), in the reign of Richard II., between the years 1377 and 1399, made a clock for the Abbey of that place, which through the fog of distance became a rival with its older brother marker of time. Happily for Old "Zummerzet," dates speak for themselves. Peter Lightfoot's more than handiwork bears date 1325; Richard Wallingford's achievement at St. Albans was about 1380, some sixty-five years after. It is evident that the clock in Italy mentioned by Dante, and that fixed in the Clock-house, near Westminster, in 1288, were of earlier date than Lightfoot's. The writer is of opinion that the holy monk of Glastonbury was the designer and executant of all four, the clock constructed for the Cathedral of Glastonbury in 1292 being well

authenticated. Father Lightfoot is far more likely to have been the designer than the St. Albans Richard Wallingford, as there is said to have been great resemblance between the clocks; and each being designed for a Great Abbey of the time, it is but right to award the whole as products of the old Monk Lightfoot's genius. Astrologers of all schools journeyed to Glastonbury from time to time in order to pay their respects to Father Lightfoot's clock, which was looked upon as one of the World's greatest wonders. Its mechanism then occupied the case. The purpose of their visits does not seem to have been made known; but Dr. Dee, Avise Evans, Simon Forman, and other Astrologers pretended to hold superstitious notions about the clock, which then had not been disembowelled. Probably the long journey to the Abbey and its monks imparted stronger hold on the purse-strings of astrological clients. Certain it is that Dee and Forman made visits to the Glastonbury clock at Her Majesty's cost.



Old Buildings at Wells Cathedral.

In ancient Rome, on the first day of every month, was proclaimed the occurrence of the Kalendæ, or Calends, from the Greek verb *Καλέω*, I call, or proclaim. At Pompeii has been found an ancient calendar cut upon a square block of marble, upon each of three sides of which are registers, in perpendicular columns, each headed by the sign of the Zodiac. The information given is astronomical, agricultural, and religious.

Of interest second only to the ancient Pompeian marble block calendar is the wooden tally of our fathers, known as

#### THE CLOG ALMANACK.

“Here comes the almanack of my true date.”

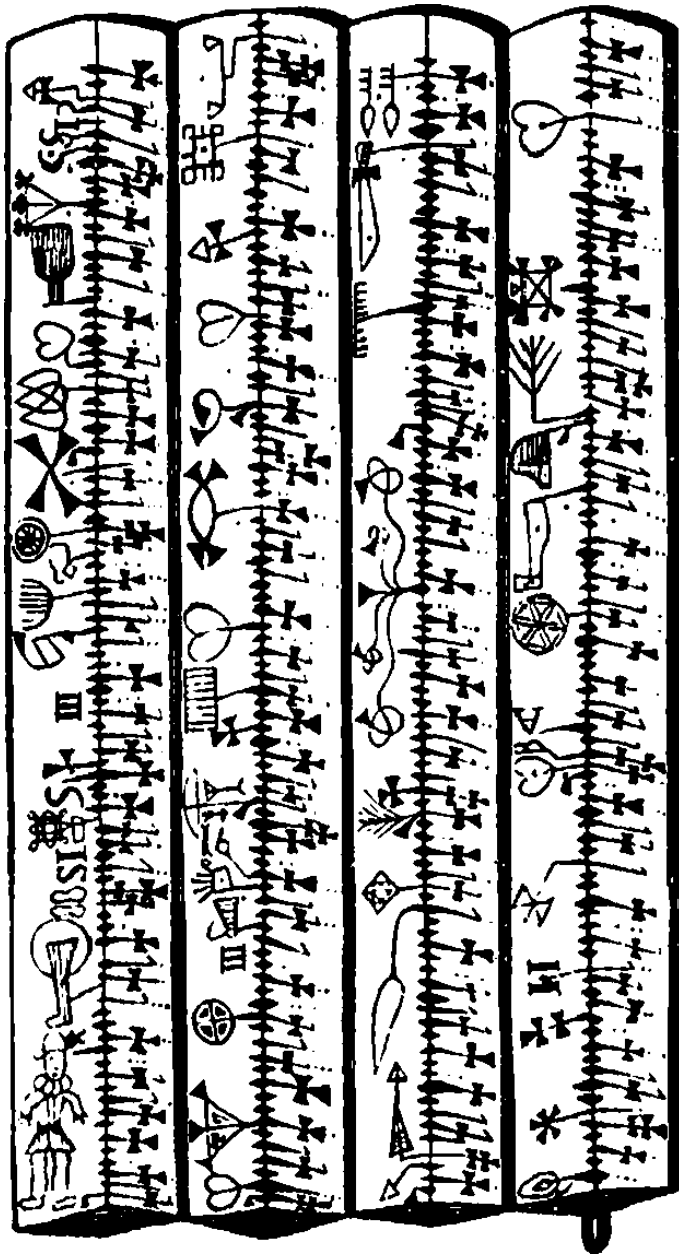
*Comedy of Errors, Act i., Scene 2.*

“A calendar! Look in the almanack, find out moonshine.”

*A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii., Scene 1.*

Dr. Robert Plot, in his “Natural History of Staffordshire,” published in 1686, gives an account of the Clog Almanack, which was unquestionably brought into England by our Danish invaders. It bore the same relation to a printed almanack which the Exchequer tallies bear to a set of account-books. The entire series of days constituting the year is represented by notches running along the angles of the block, each side and angle representing three months. The first day of a month was marked by a notch having a patulous stroke turned up from it, and each Sunday was distinguished by a notch somewhat broader than usual. The feasts were denoted by symbols in hieroglyphics. Thus against St. Valentine's Day was a true lover's knot, against St. David's a harp, for Christmas Day a horn, the ancient vessel from which the Danes drank healths. The marks for

the greater feasts observed in the Church have a large point set in the middles of them, etc. A rake on St. Barnabas' Day (11th June) denoted hay harvest. St. John having been beheaded with a sword, his



day (24th June) is graced with it. St. Lawrence had his gridiron on August 10th; St. Catherine her wheel, August 25th; and St. Andrew his peculiar cross on the last day of November. The 23rd November, St. Clement's Day, is marked with a pot, in reference to the custom of going about that night begging drink to make merry with. For the Purification and all Feasts of the Virgin there is a heart, showing how Mary, upon the shepherds' relation of their vision, kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. The marks for the Greater Feasts have a large point in the middle of them, and another over against the preceding day, if vigils or fasts were observed before them.



Looking  
towards  
Old Windsor  
from  
Albert Bridge

DR. GILBERT, PHYSICIAN TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DISCOVERIES IN MAGNETISM.

"The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast sea."—*Timon of Athens*, Act iv., Scene 3.

**M**ARVELLOUS as have been of late years the developments in Magnetism and Electrical Science, we must bear in mind that the way was paved up to the temple centuries since. A very important window was opened in MDCXXVIII. Dr. Gilbert of Colchester demonstrated that the Earth acts upon a movable needle, as does a lump of lodestone or a bar magnet held anywhere in its neighbourhood. To illustrate Gilbert's discovery, a simple mode of experimenting is the supporting the needle by flotation, in order to give it mobility, in conformity with the earliest known European account of the Mariner's Compass, that of Guiot, of Provence, which describes the needle as being floated on a straw in a basin of water. If a sewing-needle be hung by a fine thread tied round its middle, it will have freedom of motion enough to let any one verify for himself that two needles, similarly magnetized by



the use of a little toy magnet, act upon one another, with the repulsion between ends which were similarly dealt with. When one end of the needle turns in virtue of its magnetism towards the Earth's Northern regions, its magnetic quality is, therefore, dissimilar to that of the Earth's Northern regions and similar to that of the Earth's Southern regions; therefore, the end of the needle which, when there is freedom to turn, turns towards the Northern regions of the Earth, has magnetism of the same name as that of the Earth's *Southern* regions, and the end of the needle which is repelled from the North has the same kind of Polarity as that of the Earth's *Northern* regions. Thus Her Majesty Elizabeth's physician proved that that end of the needle which points *from* the North has truly *Northern Polarity*, and the other end which points *towards* the North has truly *Southern Polarity*.

The frontispiece to Gilbert's book on next page is most curious, and worthy of close examination. The Terella is a little globe of lodestone which he made to illustrate his idea that the Earth is a great globular magnet. Gilbert's word *virtue* is to many more expressive than the word *force*. The meaning of the little bars bordering the Terella in Lochman's frontispiece is explained in the book, where he describes a very fine iron wire, "of the length of a grain of barley," placed upon a Terella and standing erect from the surface at either two points, which he calls poles, but taking oblique positions at other points, and lying flat at any point of a circle midway between the two poles. The smallness of the magnetic indicator here allows the magnetic force to show its effect with comparatively little disturbance from gravity.

Gilbert justly complained that all writers and instrument-makers and sailors, up to his time, had erroneously estimated as the North pole of the lodestone or steel the point of it that is drawn to the North, and the South pole the point that is drawn to the South.

It is a remarkable fact that the Chinese, within a few years of Gilbert's death, translated and reprinted his work, attaching much importance to his discoveries. The Science of Magnetism, as that of Electricity, had deeply interested that ancient people. Their Astrologers have always asserted these to be the groundwork upon which stand all their prognostications.

Much confusion and much of the difficulty even now felt by practical men in understand-

ing the elements of Magnetism have arisen through British instrument-makers having up to the present time persisted in this evil usage, notwithstanding Gilbert's strong remonstrance against it far more than 200 years ago. He rightly contended that when a needle or a bar of steel has letters N. and S. marked on its ends to show its magnetism, N. ought to show true North Magnetism and S. true South.

Gilbert gave his discovery of Terrestrial Magnetism to the world in a Latin 4to volume printed in London in the year MVVI. A second edition appeared at Stettin, 28 years later, edited by Lochman, and



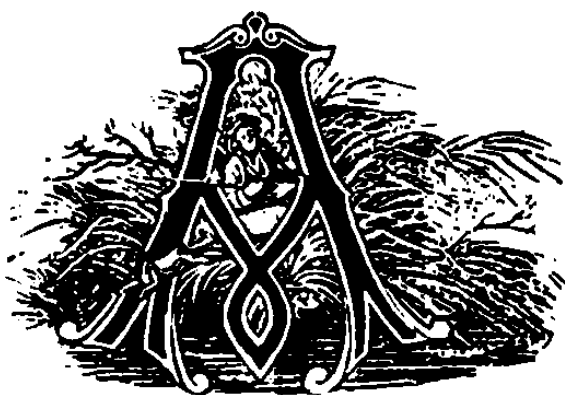
embellished with a very curious title-page in the form of a monument, ornamented with commemorative illustrations of Gilbert's theory and experiments, and an odd indication of the *earliest* European Mariner's Compass, a Floated Lodestone, but floating in a bowl on the sea and left behind by the ship sailing away from it. It is given in fac-simile on p. 113.

Simultaneously with the Chinese production of a translation of Gilbert's work, another treatise on Magnetism appeared at Peking, so keenly were they on the alert for knowledge of any science the bent of their minds. Magnetism and Electricity were then in utter infancy compared with present time, and yet it was the Electric Current that chiefly engrossed the minds of their most learned men. Black Death Plagues were all traced to atmospheric causes; and if in those back centuries such conclusions were arrived at, how now should increased zeal extend inquiries into the diseases of nations and of the whole human race—instead of which Science is mute, as if it were not her province. Medical Science, as it exists in the present day, with all the splendours which surround it, with all the perfection of which it boasts, cannot be said to have penetrated into the sanctuary of Cosmical and Microcosmical Science.



## MODERN THEORY OF METEORITES BEING THE SECRET OF THE COSMOS.

"You ever-burning Lights above,  
You Elements that clip us round about."—*Othello*, Act iii., Scene 3.



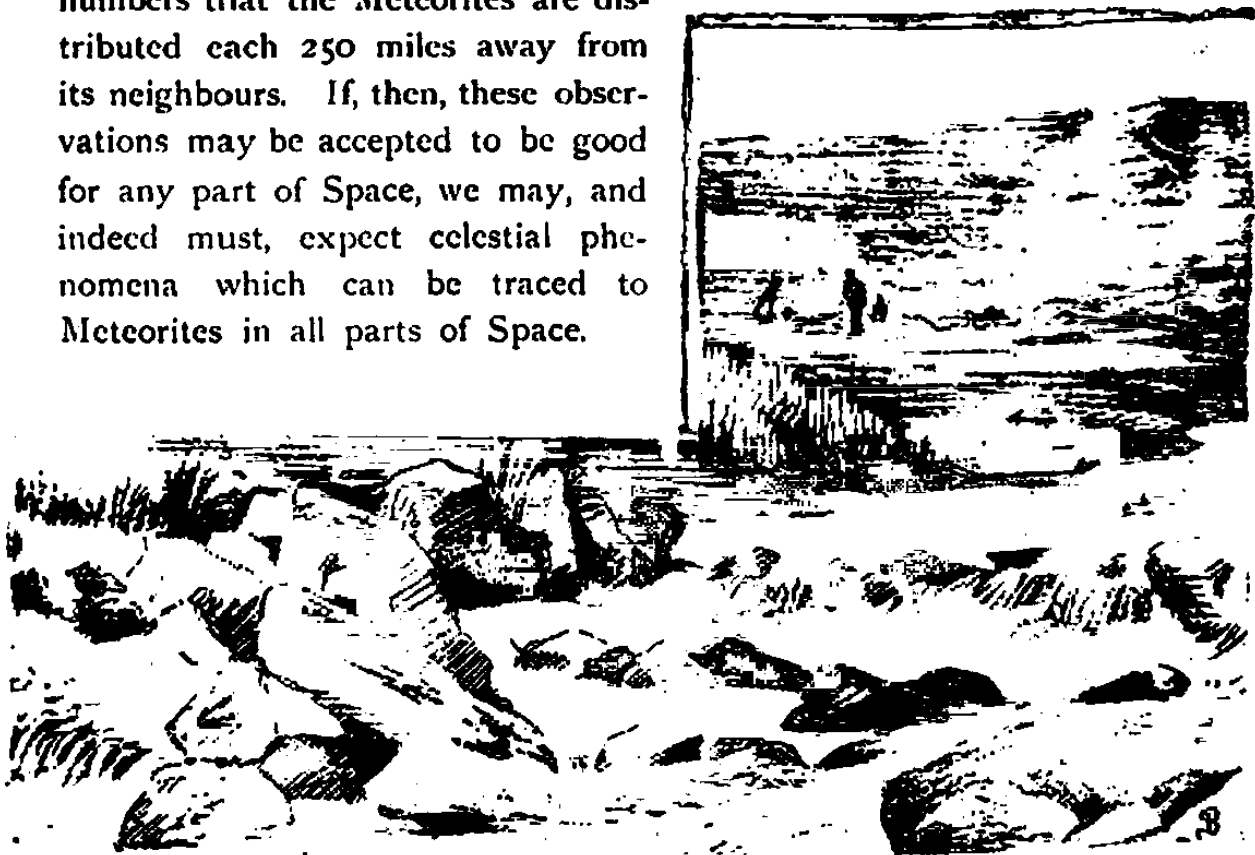
ASTRONOMICAL forecasts, by which the Eastern observers were guided in their conclusions as to atmospheric changes, in their convictions more than probable to bring in their train influences fatal to human health, were much more difficult and uncertain of

occurrence in olden days, or even since Herschel's time, than they are now. Such eminent authorities as Lockyer and Ball lead the mind into new channels—especially is this the case in regard to the Spectrum of Meteorites, under which modest designation Lockyer includes a series of demonstrations which go far to revolutionize the conception hitherto held by astronomers and physicists regarding the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies.

According to Lockyer, the Meteorite holds the secret of the Cosmos, and this on general grounds he shows to be a very reasonable conclusion. Lockyer's conclusions are not based on merely general grounds. They are the mature result of an arduous and sustained series of investigations, supported by a vast mass of cumulative and converging evidence which amounts in many respects to actual demonstration. The starting-point is the Meteorite; the goal is the orderly evolution and cycle of the Universe.

Startling as this statement may appear, the point of departure has been well chosen. A meteoric stone is the solid residue of a Meteorite which, having entered the Earth's atmosphere, is arrested in its flight by collision with the Earth's surface. A meteoric stone, therefore, is the only material link between this Planet and the outer regions of Cosmical Space. All the visible heavenly bodies send us their light, it is true; but this light is now universally held to be transmitted to us, not by the transfer of material particles of any kind, but by the vibrations of a medium not itself transferred from place to place. Analysis of the light will tell us a great deal about the constitution of the heavenly body which emits it, and if this were not the case the meteoric stone itself would be of little use to us; but no analysis of the light enables us to handle the substance of a distant luminous body. A meteoric stone, on the other hand, is a solid ponderable body which we can handle, examine, and analyze, and it comes to us direct from the Cosmos. What is more, Cosmical Space is filled with Meteorites of all sizes flying about with immense velocities in all directions. This is now an accepted fact of Cosmical Science. Observations of Falling Stars have been used to determine roughly the average number of Meteorites which fall on the Earth each twenty-four hours; and having this datum to determine the average distance apart between the Meteorites in those parts of Space which are traversed by the Earth as a member of the Solar System, Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, from observations made during seventeen years, found that the mean hourly number of luminous Meteors visible on a clear moonless night by one observer was fourteen, taking the time of observation from midnight to 1 a.m. It is estimated that not less than 20 millions of luminous Meteors fall upon our Planet daily, each of which in a dark clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a Shooting Star. This number, however, by

no means represents the total number of minute Meteorites that enter our atmosphere, because many entirely invisible to the naked eye are often seen in telescopes. It has been suggested that the number of Meteorites, if these were included, would be increased at least twenty-fold; this would give us 400 millions of Meteorites falling on the Earth's surface daily. If we consider, however, only those visible to the naked eye, and if we assume that the absolute velocity of the Meteors in Space is equal to that of Comets moving in parabolic orbits, Professor H. A. Newton has shown that the average number of Meteorites in the space that the Earth traverses is about 30,000, each in volume equal to the Earth. This gives us a result in round numbers that the Meteorites are distributed each 250 miles away from its neighbours. If, then, these observations may be accepted to be good for any part of Space, we may, and indeed must, expect celestial phenomena which can be traced to Meteorites in all parts of Space.



In spite of the difficulties which attend the observations necessary to determine the velocity of Meteors entering our atmosphere, many observations have been made, from which it may be gathered that the velocity is rarely under ten miles a second, or over forty or fifty. It is known that the velocities of some Meteor-swarms are very different from those of others. Professor Newton, our highest authority on this subject, is prepared to consider that the average velocity may be taken to be thirty miles a second. It would appear from these investigations that "the existing distinction between Stars, Comets, and Nebulæ rests on no physical basis." It is a legitimate and necessary, though not an experimentally demonstrable, extension of the meteoritic hypothesis to conclude that Stars of the Sirian type represent a transcendental stage of the process of meteoritic condensation due to that continuous and ever-increasing operation of gravity which has been traced by means of the spectro-scope through the successive stages of Nebulæ, Comets, New Stars, Stars with Bright Lines, and generally all the so-called Stars of Class III. *a*. The spectro-scope, of course, can tell us nothing of these bodies, but their existence is attested by the perturbations in the proper motions of certain Luminous Stars such as Sirius, by the phenomena of Variable Stars such as Algol, and by the analogy of the Planets of the Solar System, which, according to the hypothesis, have probably been successively separated from the Sun at successive stages of its meteoritic condensation. When the Solar System was in the nebular condition and consisted of a sparse swarm of Meteorites, its extension in Space must have been at least as wide as the orbit of the farthest Planet.

Such is the whole hypothesis in outline. It is the elucidation of the Infinitely Great by the study of the Infinitely Little. The infinitesimal luminous vibrations of the minutest particles of matter

excited by the feeblest forces which are capable of producing luminous phenomena of any kind are found, when patiently scrutinized, to reveal the secret of the Universe, to explain its past history, and to furnish a forecast of its future. We postulate only two known phenomena—namely, the Existence of Meteorites in Space, and the Cumulative Force of Gravity. Starting from these, in orderly sequence the origin of celestial species is explained. Taking temperature as the criterion, we can arrange on the two arms of an ascending and descending curve the several orders of heavenly bodies. At the foot of the ascending curve come the individual Meteorites, above them come Nebulæ, Comets, and Stars in successive stages of meteoritic condensation. The apex of the curve is occupied by Stars of the Sirian Group, in which the heat evolved by the condensation due to gravity has reached its *maximum*. The gradual process of cooling is represented on the descending arm by Stars of the Solar Group and those of Class III. *b*, and at last we again reach a temperature which, like that of the individual Meteorites in space, is capable of producing luminous phenomena. Is this the end? We cannot say so with any confidence. If collisions occur, as we know they do, and must, between individual Meteorites, we have no right to say that collisions cannot occur between the larger bodies formed by the condensation of Meteorites. "New Stars," says Lockyer, "whether seen in connection with Nebulæ or not, are produced by the clash of Meteor-swarms." Thus we know that individual Meteorites collide, and that Meteor-swarms also clash with one another. May it not be that Suns and Stars themselves are also liable to collisions? In that case the curve above described would be closed by the junction of the descending with the ascending arm, the cycle of the Universe would be complete, and we might say of the Cosmos as the geologist Hutton said of the Earth, that it exhibited no traces of a beginning



and no evidence of an end. This, however, is pure speculation. It is the transcendental extension of the hypothesis to a region wholly outside the range of observation and experience. "In recorded time," says Lockyer, "there has been no such thing as a 'World on fire,' or the collision of masses of matter as large as the Earth, to say nothing of masses of matter as large as the Sun; but the known distribution of Meteorites throughout Space indicates that such collisions may form an integral part of the economy of Nature."

Here, then, we have the characteristic which gives to Meteorites their importance in the economy of the Cosmos and in experimental investigation of that economy. Their first characteristic is their occasional accessibility in the form of meteoric stones to our examination; the second is their universality in the regions of Cosmical Space. Meteorites, in fact, are the most universally distributed bodies in the Cosmos. Is it not reasonable to suppose that they play an important, a critical, even a dominant part in the economy of the Cosmos? And if so, may we not hope to throw much light on the nature and laws of that economy by studying the physical constitution of meteoric stones and their behaviour in the laboratory in such conditions as may approximately reproduce the conditions in which they are known to exist in Interstellar Space?

Let us consider what is known about Meteorites and their relations to any of the heavenly bodies independently of Lockyer's investigations, and therefore independently of all conclusions based on those investigations. In the first place, we have the experience of our own System that Meteors are apt to collect in swarms. The fact that Comets are due to swarms of Meteors was first established by Schiaparelli in 1866, when he demonstrated that the orbit of the August Meteors was identical with that of the bright Comet of 1866.

Sporadic Meteors are visible in greater or smaller numbers on any bright night from any part of the Earth's surface. But on two occasions in every year, one in August and one in November, there generally occurs an unusually brilliant display of Meteors, and the Meteors visible on those occasions have been observed to radiate from two points in the Heavens—in August from a point in the constellation of Perseus, and in November from a point in the constellation of Leo. These two specific flights of Meteors are accordingly called respectively the Perseid and the Leonid Meteors. Now, the observed facts respecting these specific displays of the Perseids and Leonids can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that the Meteors in question form part of a continuous closed ring of Meteors revolving in an elliptical orbit round the Sun, that the Earth's orbit intersects each of these rings, and that the Earth itself passes through the point of intersection in the case of the Perseids in August and in the case of the Leonids in November. Thus, when it is stated that the path of a Comet observed in 1866 was shown by Schiaparelli to be identical with the orbit of the Perseids, the inference is irresistible, and has long been accepted by astronomers, that a Comet is a swarm of Meteorites rendered incandescent by the incessant collisions of the individual Meteorites in the swarm. We pass thus by a natural, it may almost be said by an unobserved, transition from the individual and separate Meteorites, so distant from each other as only to produce occasional and isolated collisions, to an agglomerated swarm of Meteorites now brought into such close proximity as to suffer incessant collisions, and thereby become incandescent. This is Schiaparelli's demonstration of a Comet. But the genesis assigned by him to Comets is now assigned *mutatis mutandis* by Lockyer, directly or indirectly, to all self-luminous heavenly bodies.

These are Lockyer's results, indicating the point from which they



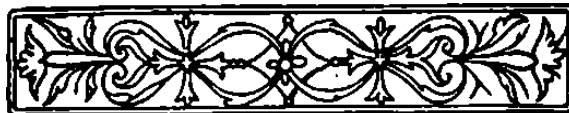
Distant Eton, the Alma-mater of many Eminent Astronomers.

start and the basis of accepted facts on which they rest. We have a *vera causa* in the demonstrated existence of Meteorites in Space, and an observed result in the development of cometary phenomena within the orbit of a known swarm of Meteors. Further proof must now be advanced in support of the successive stages of the generalization, whereby the several classes of heavenly bodies recognized by astronomers are shown to be swarms of Meteorites in a series of continuous and correlated phases of development.

Maimonides, the learned Jewish Rabbi, called the Lamp of Israel, says that among

wise men there is no controversy about the Stars; all agree that they have great influence on the generation and corruption of sublunary bodies. Every herb, according to them, has its particular Star, whence it derives its virtue, which virtue extends even to the body of man, and to the principal actions of human life. Their effects are chiefly confined to the body, ministering to its health.

This same Maimonides was strong in belief that Plague visitations had invariably been preceded by ominous Celestial manifestations, such as Comets or changes in Planet movement. More than this, that every epidemic, however apparently mysterious in its origin and capricious in its course, proceeds from definite and discoverable causes, and is capable of being subjected to discoverable laws. Brilliant as is the progress of meteorology in America, the vast area of observation from the Seychelles to the Himalayas of India has yielded up secrets of still greater importance. The conditions regulating the monsoon, on which depends plenty or want for 300,000,000 of human beings, subjects of our Empress of India, its rate of progress across thousands of miles, and the probable volume of moisture which it will bring, are worked out daily with accuracy. So also the inoculations against Cholera in Bengal and other provinces are being carried on with regard to Indian ferments and the parasitic growths destructive to vegetable life. Chief of all, so far as Plague is concerned, is the systematic investigation and curative treatment on bacteriological methods of certain groups of well-defined epidemics. Much will thus be accomplished in the way of remedial power, though atmospheric influence will continue, as ever, to hold its productive sway.





Inviting to view the Comet.

## COMETS.

“Comets, importing change of times and states.”—*1st Henry VI.*, Act i., Scene 1.

“It is a rolling World, indeed, my lord.

And I believe 'twill never stand upright.”—*Richard III.*, Act iii., Scene 2.



OMETTS take very different forms and present many different characteristics, according as they are near to or distant from the Sun. “When the Meteors,” says Lockyer, “are strongly heated in a glow-tube, the whole tube, when the electric current is passing, gives us the spectrum of carbon. When a Meteor-swarm approaches the Sun, the whole region of Space occupied by the Meteorites, estimated by Professor Newton in the case of Biela's Comet to be 30 miles apart, gives us the same spectrum—namely, that of carbon; and, further, it is given by, at all events, part of the tail, which in the Comet of 1680 was calculated to be

60,000,000 miles in length. The illumination must therefore be electrical, and possibly connected with the electric repulsion of vapours away from the Sun; hence it is not dependent wholly upon collisions." In order, therefore, to determine the characteristic spectrum of a Comet, we must observe it at such a distance from the Sun as to eliminate the effects attributable to the Sun's action. If the luminous phenomena of Comets away from the Sun are due to the collisions of Meteorites alone, the spectra of Comets in such conditions should reproduce the spectra of Meteorites volatilized at low temperatures. Now, the Great Comet of 1882 was closely observed by spectroscopists, and its spectrum was accurately recorded both at perihelion and during its passage away from the Sun. At perihelion its spectrum exhibited many of the lines obtained from sodium, iron, and manganese at the temperature of the Bunsen burner. As the Comet got farther from perihelion, the lines gradually died out until only a very few were left. Thus the Comet behaved as the hypothesis required it to behave. Furthermore, we have almost an *experimentum crucis* in the spectra of the Comets of 1886-87 observed and recorded by Mr. Huggins. When seen away from the Sun, the spectra of these Comets contained only the line of magnesium at 500. Now, this line was found to survive longest in the spectrum of Nova Cygni, a temporary Star, the history of whose spectrum indicates that it was probably due to the collision of two swarms of Meteorites. The same line is found in the spectra of Nebulæ, and its behaviour in the laboratory shows that the lowest temperatures consistent with luminosity are sufficient to produce it whenever magnesium is present, as it always is in Meteorites. Thus the appearance of this line in the laboratory spectrum of magnesium, produced under the assumed conditions in the Nebulæ, in Nova Cygni, and in the Comets of 1866-67, is something like a crucial test of the truth of the meteoric hypothesis.

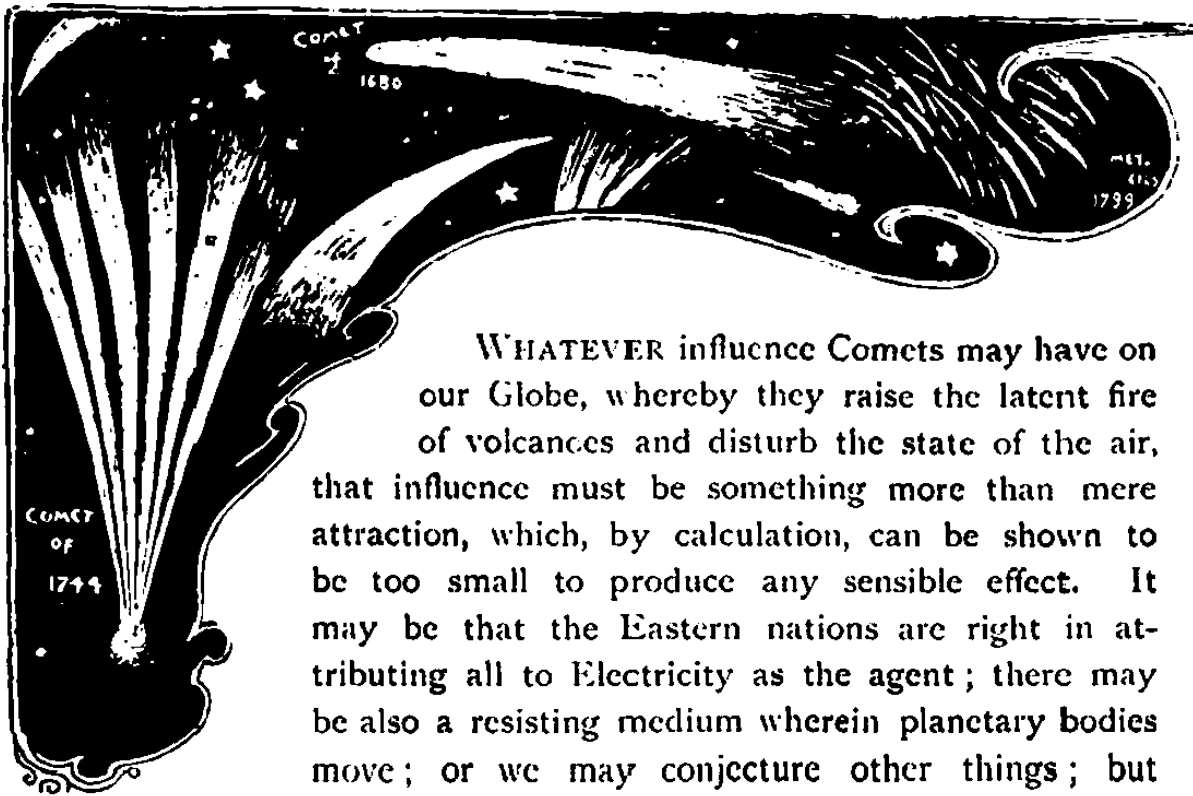
Within recent years great advance has been made in Solar Physics, due to the employment of the spectroscope in observations. During an Eclipse of the Sun in 1842 the existence of immense irruptions of incandescent gases was first conclusively established, and twenty-six years later Lockyer and Janssen simultaneously found that these gaseous prominences could be observed with the spectroscope, not only during an Eclipse, but even when the Sun was full. It was long known that incandescent hydrogen gives a spectrum of four bright lines, but Huggins a few years since found in the spectra of Stars with a white light ten more brilliant lines in the ultra-violet and invisible part of the spectrum. Laboratory experiments proved these lines also to belong to hydrogen, and subsequently Professor Balmer found out the analogy existing between the fourteen hydrogen lines and the upper harmonics of a sound; that the exact number of vibrations which produce each of these increase in the same succession as the number of vibrations in the sound harmonics, the growth of the numbers being capable of expression by a simple formula analogous to those used for sound.



## CONSEQUENCES RECORDED IN HISTORY AS FOLLOWING GREAT COMETS.

“The burning torch in yonder turret stands.  
Now shine it like a Comet of revenge.”—*1st Henry VI.*, Act iii., Scene 2.

“By being seldom seen I could not stir,  
But like a Comet I was wondered at.”—*1st Henry IV.*, Act iii., Scene 2.



WHATEVER influence Comets may have on our Globe, whereby they raise the latent fire of volcances and disturb the state of the air, that influence must be something more than mere attraction, which, by calculation, can be shown to be too small to produce any sensible effect. It may be that the Eastern nations are right in attributing all to Electricity as the agent; there may be also a resisting medium wherein planetary bodies move; or we may conjecture other things; but after all the mode of causation is merely conjectural,

and we must be contented to enumerate effects.

At the time of the General Deluge, when Noah's Ark floated on the waters that had covered the Earth, a Comet is mentioned on the authority of Eckstorm and Ricciolus. The Flood might be the result





of natural causes, as we find great floods have usually happened in times of large Comets. The second Comet on record appeared, as they assert, before the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah, in B.C. 1897. The third was observed in Egypt before the scarcity in the time of Isaac; and the fourth, which is described as being like a fiery wheel, and therefore must

have been a large Buzzy Comet, was seen in Arabia just before the famine recorded in the story of Joseph and his brethren, B.C. 1707. It may have been remarked also that if the Great Comet of A.D. 1680, which may be called the Newtonian, has always returned to its periods, computation would prove it to have approached its perihelion during the deluge in the time of Ogyges, which laid Attica waste for 200 years, in B.C. 1764, and which is said to have disturbed the orbit of Venus. In all these cases it will readily be noted that great moral changes in the fate of men and nations have in the bygone ages attended the natural commotions apparently produced by the agency of the Comets. The same may be said of the Comet of about the year B.C. 1515, which brought the succession of Plagues by which Pharaoh was afflicted during the captivity of Israel, when the Pyramids of Egypt are supposed to have been built, but which Plagues led to a moral event of importance—the liberation of the tribes led by Moses. And then another natural phenomenon occurred which ought not to escape notice, namely, the retreat of the Red Sea, whereby the Israelites were enabled to pass over to the desert; but the said recession of the sea being of limited duration, the host of the tyrant was drowned in attempting to pursue them.

By calculation the great Newtonian Comet must have returned again in B.C. 1194, when the moral evil of the Trojan War began ; which was followed by the violent Eruption of *Ætna*, and by Earthquakes and Pestilence. About this time one of the Seven Stars ceased to be visible, which led to the fable that *Electra* had left her sister *Pleiades* and gone to the Pole ; and which explains *Ovid's* description of this group in his *Fasti-Septem que dici sex tamen esse solent*. The third return of this Great Comet, in B.C. 619, would make it the Blazing Star of the Sibyl. In B.C. 44 it seems to have again approached our System, and to have been the memorable *Julium sidus* that foreboded the death of *Cæsar* in the Ides of March ; whence *Virgil* in *Geor. Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum*. There were two other Comets at this time—hence the same poet says, “*Nec diræ toties arsere cometæ*” ; and the great political events agitated at that time, as well as others related, justify *Lucan's* description, “*Crinemque timendi Sideris et terris mutantem regna cometen*.” During this Comet visit the Sun was much obscured. The same Comet appeared again in A.D. 531, according to *Justinian*, when the conspiracy was disclosed at *Constantinople*, the *Benedictine Order* was founded, and the *Plague of Ethiopia* happened. The Sun was again pale. In A.D. 1106 it came again during *Lent*, and was described as of immense size ; it was followed by violent tempests and floods, and by the *Plague* in *Jerusalem* and elsewhere. In A.D. 1680 its famous appearance is perpetuated by the observations of *Newton*, and the theories to which it led him. This Comet was now, as before, preceded and followed by





several others, and was attended by general Pestilence.

If we return to the year B.C. 525, a Comet of great size was observed in China, in Antares, followed by the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses. In B.C. 480 a Comet, shaped like a horn, was noticed during the retreat of Xerxes. In 461 a Comet—about the time of the emancipation of Syracuse—was accompanied with the fall of a Meteorite, then called a Stone, fallen from the Sun, by a similar mistake to that whereby we now call such substances Lunar Stones. In B.C. 431 a Comet preceded the Plague of Athens and the Peloponnesian War; one in B.C. 400 foreboded the Pestilence and severe winter at Rome and the establishment of the Athenian Republic. In B.C. 373 a Comet of great length brought the severe cold winter; it was named Aristeum. In B.C. 358 a Comet came, at first in shape like a mane, but afterwards like a lance, followed by the war for the Temple of Delphi. In B.C. 341 a Comet was followed by horrible wind near Corinth and the defeat of the Carthaginians. In B.C. 204 a Comet is recorded, like a great blazing torch, foreboding the siege of Utica and the defeat of Hannibal at Zama. In B.C. 183 a horrible Comet is said to have blazed eighty days before Hannibal died. In B.C. 168 was seen the great Comet, called Hircus, recorded by Seneca; an eclipse of the Moon, foretold by Gallus; and the defeat of Perseus at Pydna. Soon afterwards, in B.C. 146, a Comet preceded the capture of Carthage by Scipio; and in B.C. 136 another blazed at the death of Hostilius Manlius; and soon after came the huge Comet of B.C. 130, when Antiochus, King of Syria, was killed. In B.C. 120 one Comet; next year two

Comets appeared ; great eruption of *Ætna*. In B.C. 99 appeared the Comet called the *Fax ardens* of the Tarquins ; Lusitania conquered by Dolabella. In B.C. 90 a Comet, followed by the Mithridatic War. In B.C. 87 a Comet observed in China, foreboding the taking of Athens by Sylla. In B.C. 70, after the capture of Jerusalem, and before pestilence. We have already mentioned the Comet and prodigies of the year B.C. 44. In B.C. 32 a Comet foreboded the battle of Actium. In B.C. 30 a Comet preceded the earthquake in Judæa and the Plague of Jerusalem. In B.C. 13 appeared a Comet before the death of Agrippa.

The last Comet to be recorded is the memorable Star of Bethlehem, appointed to announce the birthplace of our Lord, on the occasion of which the Sibyl is reported to have made the memorable response to Augustus, "*Hic puer te major est, hunc adora.*" It is remarkable that while all ancient writers have represented other Comets as scourges and signs of evil, no writer has assigned to it any of the usual accompaniments of its class ; on the contrary, it is and has been universally spoken of as the one and only Comet recorded as "the messenger of glad tidings and great joy."

*Pestilential Comets.*—The philosophers of antiquity almost universally believed the approach of Comets towards the Sun to bring Pestilence on the surface of the Earth, by rousing volcanic fire, and by disturbing the atmosphere. If they had confined their observations to facts which illustrate this opinion they would perhaps have rendered a service to Science ; but, unfortunately, they too hastily attributed moral evils, such as civil commotions and wars, to similar causes ; and the fanciful





systems of Astrology being at the same time introduced in all their absurd refinements, the knowledge which the philosophers had treasured up respecting the physical influence exerted on our Globe by Comets, as well as by the lunar and planetary attractions, became merged in a series of absurd fables, and were at length converted into a system of imposture. Kepler fell into a very similar error in believing and asserting that the

overthrow of kingdoms and other moral evils were actually foreboded by Comets; while others, of a more religious turn of mind, actually considered these flaming torches of Urania as signs of scourges which were about to be inflicted on the human race; and they even asserted that the figure of Comets for this reason resembled a rod.

Why certain Stars and Constellations got the reputation of being either fortunate or unlucky is explained in the fact that they derived their character from the weather of those seasons of the year in which, from revolution and orbit of the Globe, they rose and set. Hence we read of the stormy Orion, the rainy Hyades; hence the *Oleniæ signum pluviale Capellæ*; and hence we learn why the mariner, conducting his bark along a lee shore, dreaded the *Sævus Arcturi cadentis Impetus aut orientis Hædi*. Indeed, the greatest part of the ancient mythology relates to the power of the atmosphere, though some of the gods and goddesses got transformed to the starry heavens, as Jupiter, who was ever a personification of various atmospheric effects, considered in relation to their causes, as Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Ammon, and so on. Venus was the procreative power; Mars, a figurative representation of the natural wars of

antagonistic or interfering powers, and the mutual destruction of living beings. Flora, Pomona, Ceres, Cybele, Febris, and others speak for themselves : they are the powers of Nature, masked in the figurative language of the East, and mistaken by posterity for living beings possessing conscious personal identity.

From a similar confusion of ideas many birds, whose flight or particular voices betoken the coming of fair weather, of tempest, or of pestilence, were in time regarded as lucky or unlucky, and hence arose the systematic impositions of augury.

The very commonest words in our language refer to Astrology and Augury. An inconsiderate action was until very recently an unstarconsulted doing, and an inauspicious circumstance an unbird-foreseen event. This popular superstition, which is incorporated in all language, has descended to modern Europe through our fables about lot, and luck, and omens, and sorcery. A tendency has been implanted in the human mind to believe in great unseen powers, to rely on future unknown good, and to pay some tribute of worship to the inferred cause, as a natural foundation for the Theological Virtues ; and so powerfully did this feeling mix itself with the perception of phenomena, that it is only where an exclusive faith absorbed natural credulity, and confined it to its proper object, that unprejudiced philosophy was left free to exercise reason on those subjects to which alone reason appertains. In the great changes which have succeeded the chances are we may run into the other extreme.

It would be a great mistake to confine belief in Comet and





Planetary influence on our Earth's atmosphere, in regard to producing Pestilence, to astronomers of remote periods. Halley, one of England's comparatively modern astronomers, was a firm believer; neither did he of whom St. Leonards of Shore-ditch must ever continue deservedly proud as having given him birth, and who while yet in boyhood

budded into the most honoured pupil of grand old St. Paul's School, limit Comets' possible consequences to mere pestilential influence on our Planet. So great was his marvellous youth and early development in mathematical and astronomical studies, that at seventeen years of age he published a treatise on the Motion of Planets round their Orbits, and which, at his then mere boy period, at once advanced him to highest rank amongst astronomers.

Without saying that Halley was an astrologer in the world's acceptance of the term—for no greater insult could be dealt on his illustrious name—it is a fact that he and his mightier contemporary, Newton, whose wondrous "Principia" would not have existed but for Halley, believed in planetary influences. He first recognized the tremendous import of the work, and he laboured unceasingly in urging upon his fellow men of Science the extreme value and vastness of the discoveries the "Principia" unfolded. With all his earnestness he could not persuade the Royal Society to undertake its publication; Halley himself did it, and at his own private purse cost.

Newton's explanations of planetary movement developed in Halley the laying down the pathways of twenty of these bodies which had appeared between the years 1337 and 1698, three of which he

concluded to be one and the same body appearing at intervals of seventy-five or seventy-six years. Halley ascertained that the Comet in 1456 was identical with that of 1531. Another had been observed in 1380, and another seventy-five years earlier than the Comet of 1305. Until this discovery all was haphazard as to these visitors to the Solar System. Halley, however,



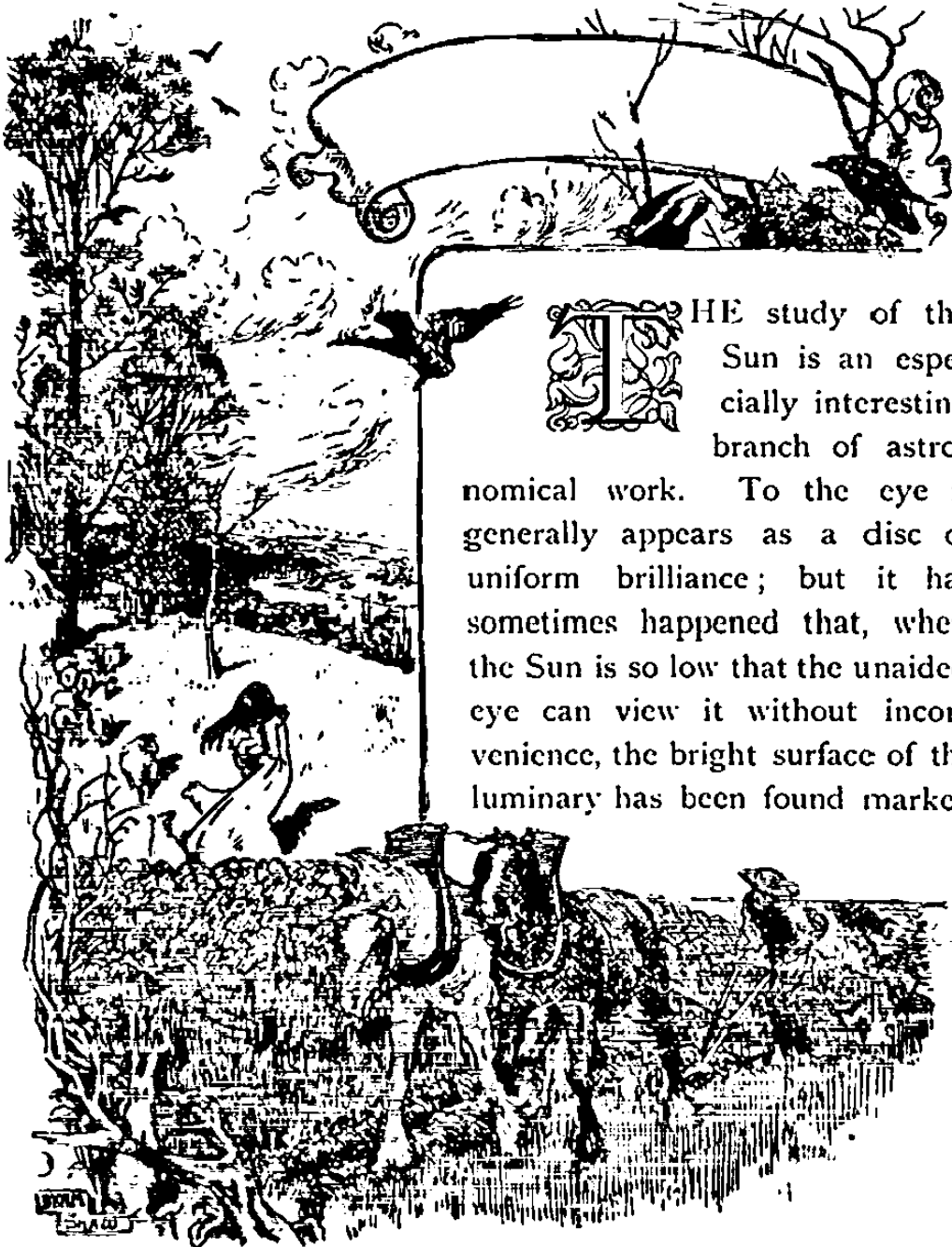
regarded Comets as obedient vassals of the Solar System, achieving their journey round that luminary in a period of seventy-five or seventy-six years. His theory has been abundantly proved by the return after his death of the same Comet precisely as he had foretold. It reappeared on Christmas Day, 1758, and passed through its nearest point to the Sun on March 13th, 1759. Again it manifested itself in 1835, and, according with his wonderful foretelling, shall again appear about 1910.





## SUN-SPOTS.

"The Sun for sorrow will not show his head."—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v., Scene 3.



**T**HE study of the Sun is an especially interesting branch of astronomical work. To the eye it generally appears as a disc of uniform brilliance; but it has sometimes happened that, when the Sun is so low that the unaided eye can view it without inconvenience, the bright surface of the luminary has been found marked

by certain dark spots. It does not, indeed, often happen that these spots are sufficiently large and conspicuous as to be visible without optical aid. It is not long ago that these changes were found to be periodical. So also a coincidence was noticed between the variations of magnetic phenomena on the Earth and the amount of spotted area on the Sun, while later again it was found that the reaction of the Sun on the Earth is not limited to magnetic effects. A connection has also been traced between the Spots on the Sun and the Cyclones in the Indian Sea, the *maximum* number of Cyclones depending on the *maximum* number of Sun-spots, and the most eminent astronomers prove beyond all disputation that Spectrum Analysis gives us practically the power of speaking chemically with the Sun.

The first feature about the Sun-spots that attracts attention is the distinction between what is called the Umbra and the Penumbra. The central part of the spot, which is termed the Umbra, appears to be quite black, in contrast with the brilliant surface of the rest of the Sun. Around this is the Penumbra or grey portion. Under favourable conditions of the atmosphere and with a sufficiently powerful telescope the texture, so to speak, of the solar surface can be seen. In a famous drawing by Nasmyth the surface of the Sun seemed like a multitude of minute objects, which he described as resembling willow leaves. It should, however, be remarked that, small though these solar willow leaves may have seemed, they were nevertheless objects of colossal dimensions, each of them being at least two thousand miles long.

We are led to regard a Sun-spot as an opening in the glowing solar clouds, and that such is indeed its real character is best seen whenever it happens that the spot comes on the margin of the Sun's disc. Observations of this kind are comparatively rare; but when they do happen, it is then evident that the Sun-spot is a little notch

in the brilliant margin ; and thus it is conclusively proved that the dark part of the Sun's spot must be below the level of the general luminous exterior.

The first lesson which the study of the Sun-spots teaches us is that of the Rotation of the Great Orb. For the observer will notice that, as he views the spot from day to day, it appears to move gradually across the brilliant surface from one limb of the Sun to the other. He observes that this occurs not merely in one spot or in two, but that it is a motion partaken of by every spot. In general it requires about twelve or thirteen days for the object to travel completely across the luminous surface, and then it disappears from view ; this is merely because it moves round that side of the Sun turned away from us, and accordingly, after an interval of twelve or thirteen days more, the same object reappears at the same point where its existence was first noticed. These facts are only to be explained by the supposition that the entire Sun revolves on its axis once every twenty-five days, and that in doing so it bears with it the entire luminous atmosphere, spots and all.

Comparing photographs of the spectrum of the Sun with the spectra of various chemical substances, it is possible to identify many constituents of the Sun and trace the chemical changes taking place in it. The course of the spot-cycles, and the relation observed between the spots and the chemical changes in the Sun, must ever prove of high interest. Other effects of solar variations have been noticed on our Earth. In the West Indies the hurricanes varied with an eleven years' period, and in India the barometric prophecy nearly corresponded with the Sun-spot period, lagging slightly behind it.

For two or three years the spots are both larger and more numerous than on the average. Then they diminish, until in about five or six years from the maximum they have reached a minimum ;

then the number of spots begins to increase, and in another five or six years the maximum is once more attained. We have now an opportunity of investigating solar phenomena, which ought not to be neglected by those who desire to learn something of the wonders of our great luminary.

It is quite certain that the presence of abundant Sun-spots does correspond in some remarkable manner with certain terrestrial phenomena. Suppose that we take a mariner's compass of an especially delicate construction; suppose that we hang the magnetic needle with such careful precautions that its slightest movement shall be perceptible; suppose we carefully screen it from all external interference; suppose we put it, not indeed in the cabin of a ship, which rolls about at the mercy of winds and waves, but in the basement of a specially constructed building, from which all iron is absent, because that metal interferes with the action of the Earth on the magnet; suppose that we further provide microscopes by which we are enabled to study with minute attention the slightest movement of the needle; or suppose that, with still greater refinement, we arrange a photographic apparatus by which the needle shall be made to record with faultless accuracy its exact position at each moment of time,—then we shall be able to learn something of the connection between Sun-spots and Terrestrial Affairs. We are accustomed to speak of the compass as pointing to the North, but it is not to be understood from this that the direction indicated by the magnetic needle undergoes no changes. The fact is that it is in incessant movement. It is true that these movements are generally so small that they do not in the least interfere with the practical utility of the compass. In fact, such changes would not be at all perceptible on an ordinary ship's compass; they would require the refinement of apparatus and observation indicated. But there is no doubt that incessant fluctuations of the needle

are in progress by day and by night, and sometimes it will happen that what is known as a magnetic storm will take place. On such an occasion the needle is thrown into a state of oscillation, which may be described as violent in comparison with the movements which it has on more normal occasions.

It has been shown by a careful study of upwards of a hundred magnetic storms that there is an almost invariable connection between them and some disturbance of the Sun's surface. It is not at present easy to say what the precise character of that connection may be, but it is absolutely certain that, whenever the Sun is in a highly disturbed state, as shown by the Sun-spots and other solar features, then there is a distinct disturbance in the magnetic state of the Earth. Other similar phenomena can also be cited. Auroras are most usual when the magnetism of the Earth is in unusual excitement, and Auroras are seen in unusual splendour, and frequently at a time when the Sun is in a state of agitation.

Looking at all these unquestionable evidences of effect on our own Planet of any derangements in what we in our presumed wisdom, though in fact utter ignorance, know of the constitution of the marvellous heavenly orbs, in comparison to which our tiny World is but as a grain of sand : who shall question the influence exercised when nearing, when shadowing, or when, in union with others, our very existence may be threatened by too close proximity? It is the fashion of the hour to deny it, and to scoff the veteran who clings to former, now discarded, superstitions. None need hold them timidly, seeing that so large an army of the World's greatest have clung so resolutely to them. Who can reflect on the opinions of Shakespeare, gathered cursorily into these pages, and doubt him of whom Carlyle has written : "*There is a sacredness in the fact of such an one being sent into this Earth—an eye to us all—a Blessed Heaven-sent Bringer of Light!*"

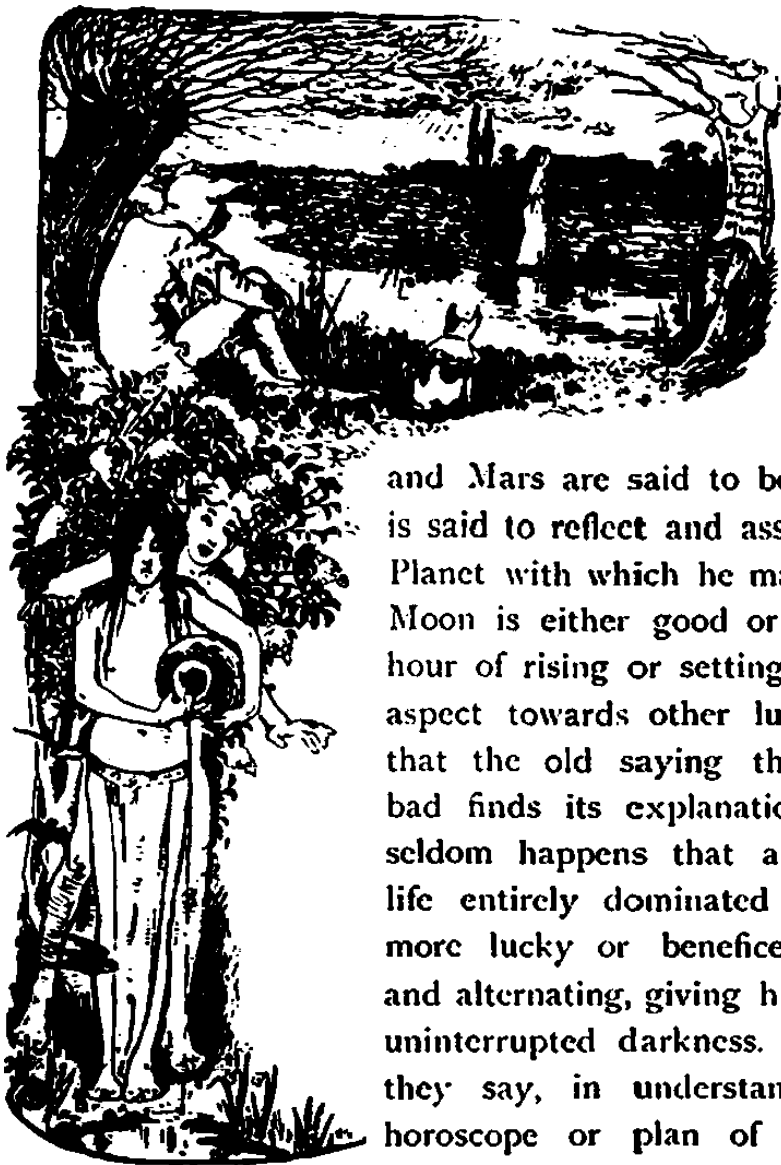
There are men of more than ordinary ability and observation of the World's movements who see danger to health, if not probable fulfilment of Plague Prophecy, through our development of electric appliances and usages—such, for instance, as lighting our homes, dragging us about by means of electric power applied to our now enormously extended system of railways and tramways, doing for us, in fact, everything other agencies have hitherto done. These realize that the Victorian Era has been more than fertile in wondrous changes, religious, political, social, intellectual, industrial; but through all these one general influence has everywhere made itself felt—the continuity and solidarity of all finite things. There is no more impressive illustration of the tendency than the rapidity with which the general doctrine of Evolution has gained acceptance, prevailing more by its inherent fitness to show how “all Creation” *is won not at once* than by arguments which suggested rather than established it. We have gained a truer estimate than our fathers were able to form of the variety, of the vastness, of the complexity of Creation as made known to us under the conditions of Time and Space. The assumption that God was the Creator and King of all men and of all things was made in the first page of the Old Testament, and underlay the whole of the chequered record. This involved a supreme unity in things which made all other partial unities possible. The Incarnation justified the loftiest ideas which we could shape of the destiny of finite things. It supplied unfailing inspiration for all personal and social effort. It offered to us two fundamental thoughts unimagined before—the thought of the inherent value of each man as man, and the thought of the social destination of all men. These thoughts, these truths, presented in the life of the Son of Man in Time and beyond Time, and sealed by the gift of the Holy Spirit, were a new creation of humanity. Such master-thoughts of human fellowship were given to men, and

left to work through the unfolding of the ages. They were not realized at first; they are not fully realized now.

The writer had arrived at man's estate ere an inch of electric wire had been poled along our streets or to the one few miles of railway then existent. Its earliest usage was between Paddington and West Drayton, and its first service was to secure the arrest of a murderer. It rapidly made progress, until in 1851 the first submarine wire was unrolled between the English and French coasts, and by 1862 there were 15,000 miles of wire in the United Kingdom. In 1872 the Government secured the telegraphs, and the number of messages under a shilling rate rose in one year from 6,000,000 to 20,000,000. In 1858 came the thrill of the slender tie connecting the two continents and stretching under 2,000 miles of water two miles deep, and since then the World's oceans and its universal kingdoms and countries have been tied and bound together in this universality of electric wire. If liable to pestilence without these aids to closer communication, our attractiveness, and therefore liability, to any ill effects consequent thereon must be manifest.



ASTROLOGY, OR PLANETARY INFLUENCE,  
SHORTLY STATED.



**B**ELIEVERS  
in Planetary  
Influence  
consider  
each as good and  
evil in their kind—  
Jupiter, the Sun, and  
Venus being benefi-  
cent, while Saturn

and Mars are said to be malignant. Mercury is said to reflect and assume the nature of the Planet with which he may be placed, while the Moon is either good or bad, according to the hour of rising or setting, and her position and aspect towards other luminaries. They argue that the old saying that no man is wholly bad finds its explanation in Astrology, for it seldom happens that any one is throughout life entirely dominated by evil Planets, the more lucky or beneficent Stars intercepting and alternating, giving his character relief from uninterrupted darkness. The great difficulty, they say, in understanding and judging a horoscope or plan of the Heavens, at the moment of birth, arises from the facts that—



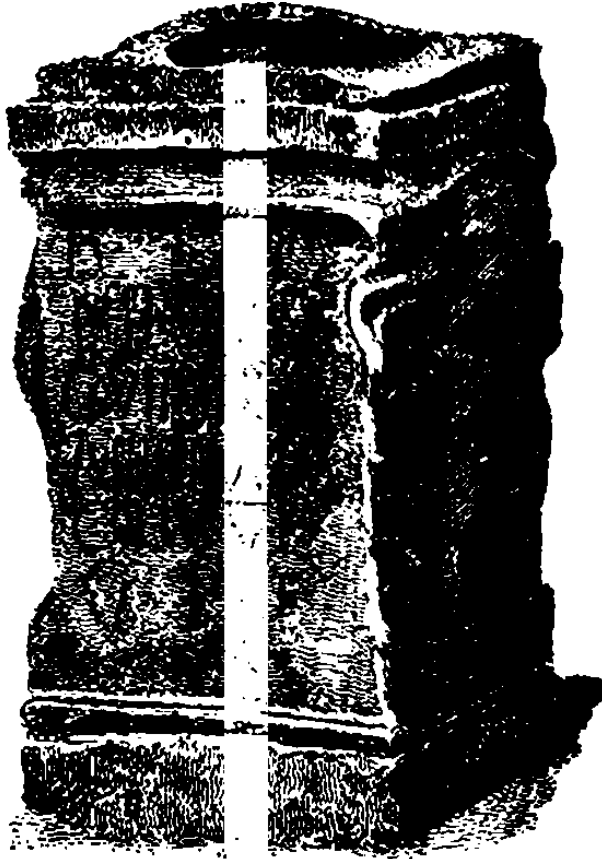
(1) much depends on the aspects, or number of degrees, by which Planets are parted from each other; (2) that those which astrologers style Bad Planets when in the same houses—or spaces into which the Heaven is divided—with those designated Good Planets have their influence mitigated, whilst the beneficent luminaries have their good effects lessened; (3) that the house in which the Stars are found, and the Fixed Stars or signs of the Zodiac ruling that house, must be considered; for these signs are in their nature fiery, watery, or airy, like the elements of which man's body is composed, and corresponding with the choleric, melancholic, phlegmatic, or sanguine temperaments. So that the Moon, for example, when well situated and free from evil aspects, should give idealism, imagination, poetry, and the favour of honourable women; whilst when badly placed and affected by ill aspects, she gives drunkenness, debauchery, or madness.

This Planet, the nearest to our Earth, is, they say, found to have a powerful influence on human life, ruling the mind, and through the mind the passions. If she rises at his birth, a man will, according to Astrological Theory, desire novelty, and delight in travel; if in good aspect to Mercury, he will have wit, ingenuity, brilliancy; if in good aspect with Venus, he will be successful in love and in art; if in good aspect with Mars, he will gain reputation in worldly occupation. It must not be inferred that the writer is in accord with these ideas.

The Moon's course through the twelve houses is rapid, she taking but twenty-seven days and a few hours to make a round which Saturn requires nearly thirty years to accomplish. Those who wonder why children born on a certain date and hour in various places bear so little resemblance to each other in their features, forms, and fates should take into consideration the movements of Planets from house to house, the differences in latitude and longi-

tude, and changes of the Zodiac—the degree of right ascension altering every four minutes, each point rising and setting once every twenty-four hours, occasioned by the Earth turning on its axis once every day. Two children born within the same degree of latitude, and about the same minute, will, being apart, resemble each other in appearance and character, allowances being made for heredity; but as to fate, their social positions must be taken into consideration. For example, the man born at the same time in London as George III. became master of the establishment in which he served on the day the King came to the throne; whilst their periods of insanity occurred on like dates. Twins born within a few minutes of each other are similar in all ways, but an hour or half-an-hour's difference in the time of their birth may alter their resemblance and cause disparity in their respective fates.

The fascination exercised by some individuals, perhaps without great beauty, intelligence, or merit, over those with whom they come in contact, is accounted for by the position of a single Planet. So also many of us have been prepared to dislike and despise certain individuals of whom we have heard or read, but on coming into personal contact we have grown not only to tolerate but to like them. This of course is magnetism consciously or unconsciously exerted by the person who effected the change; but that magnetism is due to planetary influence, and is given by Venus when placed in an exalted position and unaffected by the malign luminaries. Her dominion is then powerful; but it will be felt in degree, as we say, those who find the fascination greatest being people born with Mars in the same degree of longitude as that which Venus holds in the horoscope of the fascinator. Venus is asserted as being the star which influences players, painters, dancers, musicians, and those whose occupation lies in amusing their fellows.



Roman Altar on Top of which the Clepsydra rested.

The position of the Planets at birth, their proximity to, of distance from each other, are represented as accounting for the fact that the lives of some men are monotonously dull, whilst those of others are eventful. If during their slow course the luminaries assume no important aspects, no great incident for good or evil happens, and a calm, unchequered life, they say, ensues.

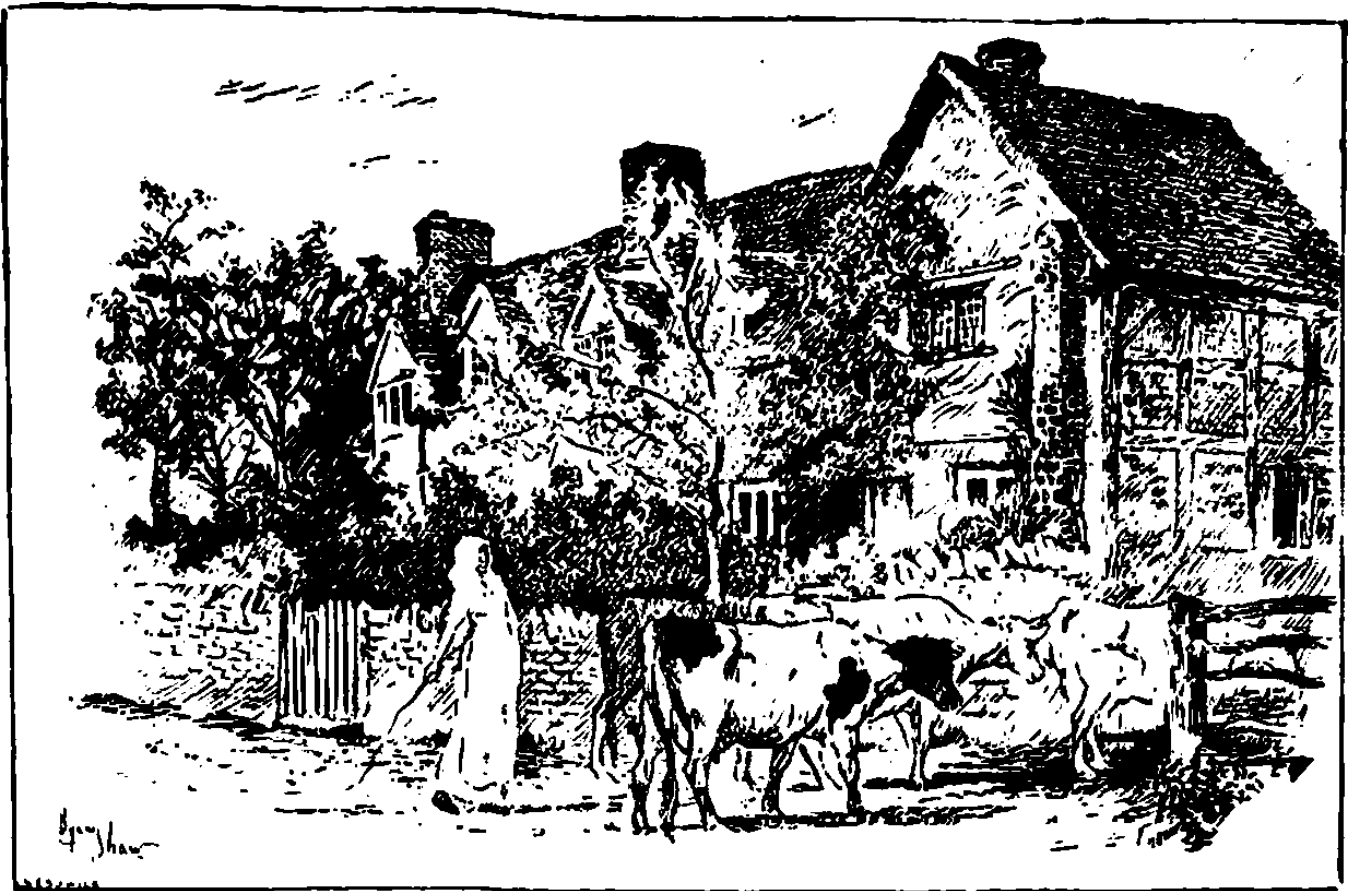
The writer would have it clearly understood that these attendant accidents on birth, and other influences affecting life, are here given only as views held by so-called astrologers, and in fairness mentioned, but for which he is in no way as matter of credibility accountable. An aspect, according to Kepler, is an angle formed on the Earth by the luminous beams of the Planets of Strength to stir up the virtue of sublunary things. Often these aspects are said to bring about great changes.

Astrologers, in their minute definitions of creed, have borne themselves much after the manner of the phrenologists, who by mapping out the human head into patches, and attributing to each the ruling for good or ill proportionate with the development in the individual, brought their theories into disrepute.

It is in no way strange that Warnings of Pestilence should come to us from the Eastern World. For the beginnings of astronomical, as well as of several of the other sciences, we must seek in Eastern lands, where the atmospheric conditions favourable to their cultivation and development are largely found. Ancient Chaldea, the plains of Shinar, Egypt, and Arabia, have specially furnished many of the earliest and most devoted students of the heavenly bodies. The triumphs of those early astronomers, and the vast extent and importance of their labours, are seen in the wonderful accuracy with which they were able, with the comparatively rude instruments at their command, to calculate eclipses of the solar and lunar orbs. But apart from the study given to the Sun and larger Planets by the nations of antiquity, they gave great attention to the numbering, giving names to, and drawing lessons from the various Star-groups which adorn the Heavens.

Li Hung Chang, when in England, remarked on our ridicule of Astrology as proof to him of our ignorance; he further observed, "You have mastered the element to a marvellous extent, such as should convince you of the truth of our Astrological Science." Some remarkable feats were shown him, as on the occasion of Lord Kelvin's jubilee, when a cable of congratulation was sent round the World and came back in seven minutes. What would have been the thoughts of the astute Oriental, had he known of the since ability of Wireless Telegraphy to talk through the air without any visible medium?





Birthplace and home of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother, at Wilmcote, Warwickshire, near which resided a celebrated Astrologer. Bacon and Raleigh are traditioned as having accompanied Shakespeare on a visit here, on occasion of one of his frequent return visits from London to Stratford. In the Plague it is traditioned that its inmates were all found dead.

## I. HISTORICAL NOTICES OF REMARKABLE EPIDEMICS, SCOURGES OF MANKIND, SHOWING THEIR ATMOSPHERIC ORIGIN.

"Nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects."—*King Lear*, Act i., Scene 2.

**W**HEN we consider the devastating nature of that class of disorders subject of our inquiry, and the terrible effect with which they have at times visited almost every country, and in every age of the world, it is impossible not to see that they must have had a large share in the work of

depopulating the many once flourishing cities and states which have now gone to decay and are well-nigh forgotten. The natural connection between Pestilence and those Moral Causes which have contributed to overthrow in succession the most powerful ancient empires has already been shown; the historical researches that have been made, and the facts collected, prove beyond all disputing that the influence of Epidemia, as a depopulating agent, has not been duly appreciated by those who have written on the fluctuations of human prosperity and civilization. The philosophic historian, contemplating these eventful changes, who views cities brightening into eminence and again waning and coming to nothing, like changeable stars glittering in the telescope of Time, must be struck with the necessity of inferring the operation of some very powerful causes, in order to account for vicissitudes so remarkable. Well may he exclaim—Where now is the magnificence of Persepolis, the sevenfold strength of Ecbatana, the grandeur, power, and science of the mighty Babylon by whose waters the most powerful of nations wept in captivity? Where are now the temples, the aqueducts, and the busy population of Palmyra, the opulence of Thapsacus and of Anathoth, the fleet of the Phrygians, and the commerce of Tyre and Sidon? And where is Nineveh, whose name is the only remains of her greatness, and over whose site the plaintive Muse may tread in mournful silence to sing her dirge?

Is the stream of vitality necessarily a fluctuating torrent, whose tides ascend now on the lofty billows of prosperity, now subside in the shallows of poverty, or are lost in the whirlpool of revolution? Is there any irresistible law by which the light of Science—which first dawned on the Nile and created Thebes the prototype of cities—which descended westward to Cairo, to Memphis, to Gaza, to Jerusalem, and to Athens—which made Rome the mistress of nations,

and at length transferred her seat to London and to Paris—should necessarily wend a meteor course, and leave desolation in her train? For if this be the destiny of greatness—if Fortune thus lead Pallas by the hand—by an inevitable law places now the most civilized may become barbarous and ruined ; and since the Goddess of Liberty has crossed the Atlantic, and established her empire in a land of



Singing for Bread.

designated freedom, favourable to presumedly rising talents, she may concentrate her powers of civilization on America! To the philosopher thus speculating on the undulations of prosperity, we might point out, in the mysterious and eventful visits of Epidemia, one of the principal evils that have depopulated states. For we shall find that, in addition to the destruction of the sword, Famine and Pestilence have had a large share in bringing once flourishing

cities and powerful kingdoms below their natural level in the scale of nations, from which they cannot easily emerge.

In order not to be accused of overrating this cause, it becomes necessary to relate a few cases from history, observing beforehand that there exists no intention to attribute to epidemics all the momentous fluctuations of civil and commercial prosperity of which history affords such striking pictures, but to insist on the fact that as Epidemia constitutes the most important sources of morbid excitement, and attacks those whose constitutions the sufferings of warfare, want, famine, and casualty have weakened and rendered irritable, so it must be regarded as one of the principal adjutant causes of the fluctuation of human excellence which have helped to destroy civilization in particular places. The northern Africans, who once taught learning to the world, are now a comparatively enfeebled race; and countries once the seat of the arts of life present nothing but the monumental lesson of a huge ruined exterior and a debased population dwelling almost in huts among the mouldering fragments of the skill and greatness of their ancestors. Though we know little of these general causes—the moral causes are insufficient to account for the change, without taking into account the powerful co-operation of the physical—and as Atmospheric Pestilence, including Epidemia, Epizootic, and Famine, has ever been the great scourge of mankind, so to it we must ascribe, in a great measure, those important vicissitudes in the lot of mortality of which history presents to us so many melancholy spectacles.

The Orient Astrologer must not be looked upon as ignorant of European advanced knowledge in electro-creative power and its practical application. It may seem strange that, until yesterday, he declined to meddle with the new power by availing himself of its usage; yet, bearing in mind the boundless superstition as to evil spirits holding



uncontrolled sway, and wielded by his evil genii, it is little more than natural he should avoid meddling with a power which he regards as the foundation and sole cause of the pestilences that from time to time have desolated the whole Eastern world. Excess of electricity, or its reverse, in the atmosphere he looks upon as a cause of great trouble, and the deviation of certain Planets from their ordinary course he regards as *fatal to human life*, and inevitably productive of an atmospheric condition conducive to Plague. This conclusion, arrived at in the light pervading the Eastern mind, is, after all, not more singular than should in reason and

fairness be extended to its condition.

It should be borne in mind that the Oriental, and more especially the Chinese, astrological student is no casual reader; the whole strength of his mind is given to the special pursuit most in accordance with his mind's desire, and which to him is absorbing to a degree unknown to us. Oriental prognostications as to unexpected heavenly bodies appearing, even if we reject his conclusion of Plague Revisitation, are remarkable, as following similar occurrences in the past.



Maternal Solicitude in Plague Time.



Farm Surroundings during Epidemic Prevalence.

## 2. HISTORICAL CATALOGUE OF EPIDEMICS.

“This sickness doth infect The very life blood of our enterprise.”—

*1st Henry IV., Act iv., Scene 1.*

**I**N this limited sketch we refrain from enumerating all the slighter Epidemics and the Disorders of particular seasons that are recorded, referring only to such general and important Pestilences as have made the most deadly havoc among mankind. Among the ancient writings of the Jews, which are perhaps the earliest we are acquainted with, we find Pestilence mentioned as the greatest human evil, and represented as the occasional scourge of mankind. It is particularly noticed in the fifth chapter of Exodus, nor has there been any age since in which instances of Epidemics of the more terrible kind have not been recorded. What is remarkable is, that Pestilence is usually connected with Famine, and it is probable that this is partly owing to their both being caused by the same pestilential constitution of the air, as well as by the fact that Famine aids, as all past history proves, the devastating effects of Epidemia.

Another remarkable fact ought also to be particularly noticed,

namely, that the Plagues of Flies and Periods of Darkness in the air mostly preceded or followed that which consisted of morbid symptoms in men and animals; this circumstance, of which we have many examples, is particularly worthy of notice in relation to what has been advanced on the subject.

The Æmerods, mentioned by Samuel, were a sort of Plague, and seem to have been, even in those days, considered quite different from the Endemical Pestilence which belonged to certain districts in Egypt, with which, however, it appears the Jewish writers sometimes confounded the occasional visitations of the two Epidemic Plagues with which they were afflicted at uncertain periods, and which they imagined came from Egypt. Murrain among cattle, too, is mentioned frequently in the Bible.

Homer, in his "Iliad," sings of Pestilence in a very remarkable passage, wherein he describes it as the arrows of Apollo, first fixing on mules and dogs, and then on men:—

*“Οὐρήας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώκετο καὶ κύνας ἀργούς  
Ἄντάρ ἔπειτ’ αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἔχευεν κῆς ἀφειῖς.”*

The learned commentator on this passage, in the edition of Homer printed at the office of the Caldorian Society, quotes Hippocrates and other learned authors, to prove that dogs and other animals that have finer noses than men sooner catch the flying stimuli of Pestilence.

In the fifth book Homer ascribes Plagues to hot south winds, when of long continuance—a fact also asserted by Hippocrates and others. But Pope, in translating another passage in Book 19, relating to Pestilence, has made Homer ascribe it to Comets, which is not in the original Greek:—

*“Like the red star from his flaming hair  
Shakes down disease, and pestilence, and war.”*

Pope has evidently taken this poetic licence with Homer, with Milton's lines in his head, in "Paradise Lost":—

"And like the comet burns  
In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war."

Homer, in the 22nd Book of the "Iliad," at the 30th verse, introduces, in a description of Achilles, an allusion to the pestilential influence of the star called Orion's Dog:—

"Φαίνονται πολλοῖσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμαλγῶ  
\*Ὀν δὲ κύων Ὀρίωνος ἐπικλήσιον καλίουσι  
λαμπρότατος μὲν ὄδ' ἐστὶ, κακὸν δὲ τε σῆμα τέτυκται,  
καὶ τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν."

In another place Homer alludes to the long period of Pestilence which began during the siege of Troy, and which was followed by a tremendous eruption of Mount Ætna.

Virgil describes the effects of the eruption of Ætna when Æneus is voyaging, by sea, from Troy to Sicily. The glowing description of this eruption of Ætna ends thus:—

"Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem  
Turbine fumantem picea et candente favilla,  
Attollitque globos flammarum et sidera lambit."

The Pestilence from Troy at length reached Sicily, and Dionysius Halicarnassensis has described, in his first book, its destructive influence on the early Pelasgi, who first settled in that island.

But many years before this event the island of Ægina had been depopulated by an Epidemic, which, if we only credit the account given of it by Ovid, in "Met.," vii. 540, was a remarkable exemplification of the Atmospheric Cause of Pestilence. It began with a long-continued south wind, an air full of dark vapours and electric phenomena ;

a great abundance of serpents followed, and a disease which destroyed birds, dogs, and other domestic animals, and lastly human beings by thousands. The author has described the symptoms very accurately, as following upon a certain state of the air.

The Plague, he says, first began with birds and cattle, and then attacked man. This has often been the case.

Plutarch, in his Life of Romulus, somewhere tells us that seventeen years after the foundation of Rome a Dreadful Pestilence suddenly seized on the people, and death was so rapid that sometimes there was only a few hours' sickness. The malignity of this Epidemic extended to cattle, birds, and even to trees and plants, and eventually ended in famine.

Zonaras called this Pestilence of Rome *Sterilitas Agrorum et Secundum*, from the same conjunction of diseases of animal and vegetable life. This is surely not the worst. It should, however, be observed that Rome was at that time small and thinly peopled; luxury had made but little way then; and the constitutional predisponents to disease being few, the greater must have been the force of the atmospherical excitant. A more extensive though less violent Pestilence destroyed parts of Italy in the reign of Numa Pompilius, anno Romæ 46. The body Salii, or dancers with the brazen target, was constituted at this time.<sup>1</sup>

Another Plague thinned Rome in the time of Tullus Hostilius, 110th year of the city. About a hundred and fifty years afterwards an Epidemic nearly depopulated the city of Velitræ, when the Volci actually applied to the Romans for people to stock their territory again after the havoc that had been made of them.<sup>2</sup>

The Plague of Rome of the year anno U.C. 281, described by

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch's Life of Numa.

<sup>2</sup> "Maratori," vol. i. 5.

Dionysius Halicarnassensis, came on quite suddenly, was very limited, and as suddenly disappeared, like the Plague of Athens, described by Thucydides. Some modern Plagues have been equally rapid in their course.

There are some circumstances concerning the Plague which followed the battle of Salamis worth noticing. A Comet and a violent Eruption of *Ætna* preceded it; and it led to an inquiry, indeed, as to what was the general belief,

whether Comets rouse the fire of volcanoes, and also bring violent heats and Pestilence in their train. The Pestilence alluded to carried off most of the remaining army of Xerxes after that battle.

Greece has at all times been less subject to Epidemics than Italy, owing, as it would seem, to her more dry air and rocky soil affording an atmosphere less capable of becoming the vehicle of sudden electrical effects, and a surface from which unhealthy miasmata were less capable of being exhaled; nevertheless, when Pestilence has visited Greece, it has been often very violent. Rome has been remarkable for its numerous Epidemics, and it was in one of them that St. Aloysius perished in the flower of his youth, in the year of our Lord 1581, early in the morning of the 21st of June. The Roman Campagna



A Wise Owl.

still continues to be the seat of frequent terrible Influenzas and Fevers, particularly towards the close of summer.

The famous Lake Avernus, in Campania, was so unhealthy in its vapours that even birds avoided its banks; and the ancients, from its Pestilence, feigned it to be the way to hell. It was the state of the air in Rome, so ill adapted for carrying off odours, that gave rise to the cloacæ or great sewers, and to the worship of the goddess Cloacina. The Pestilence in anno U.C. 290 killed the Consuls Servilius and Albus, and produced the most dreadful ravages among the people; and two years afterwards the Earthquake happened which cut off Locris from the Gulf of Corinth. For a long period after this Rome was scourged by such frequent Epidemics that she was called by Livy "*urbs assiduis exhausta funeribus.*" To enumerate all these Plagues is unnecessary for the purposes of this volume. Some of the pestilential seasons returned successively for years together, but at other times there remained one continued source of depopulation for an equally protracted period.

On an examination of authentic histories and other sources of information regarding these Epidemics, it is clearly evident that excessive heat, long drought, unseasonable rains, earthquakes, meteors, volcanic eruptions, and other effects, ascribable to the various actions of electricity, generally preceded or attended them. A similar remark may be made on the desolating Plague which happened at Athens in the second year of the Peloponnesian War; its symptoms have been described by Thucydides.

During the continuance of this dreadful Plague Hippocrates was at Thasus, an island off Macedonia, and he relates that the pestilential constitution of the air was of vast extent and duration. He speaks of the four epidemic years as those of peculiar unhealthiness. But the origin of the specific excitant of Pestilence is nowhere more clearly

shown in ancient history than in the accounts which Plutarch, Livy, and Zosimus have left of the Plague of Rome, U.C. 353. The winter had been monstrously severe, the Tiber was frozen, and a heavy snow clogged up the roads. A sudden accession of electricity and heat on the melting of the ice, and a hot succeeding summer, produced an Epidemic of prodigious virulence, which carried off the people by wholesale. The Sibylline Oracles were consulted on this occasion, and towards the close of the pestilential season the festival of the Lectisterina was instituted to appease the power of Heaven.<sup>1</sup> The Plague soon extended to Carthage, and several of the circumjacent states suffered in a lesser degree, from being as it were under the outskirts of the Pestilence.

The same historian relates that a tremendous Plague broke out at the siege of Syracuse, by Marcellus, in U.C. 541, and he observes that the hot state of the air caused it in the first instance, but that it afterwards became infectious. There was an eruption of *Ætna* this year; and Rome also suffered from an Epidemic. In the 41st Book Livy describes a terrific Pestilence having occurred at Rome in 577, in which the vultures would not touch the dead carcasses, but fled from the precincts of Rome. The seventh day was critical in this Plague. In 580 the Pontine Marshes were devastated by a Plague of Locusts, which in the following year desolated Apulia. In 609 a Comet is recorded to have been seen at Rome, and in 610 a desperate Plague again assailed that city.

In the 12th Book is a most vivid description of a Pestilence that began among cattle, anno U.C. 576, which soon extended to men.

<sup>1</sup> Livy, v. 13, and sequel. The Lectisternium, which ceremony became annual on the Ides of November, consisted in laying the statues of Neptune, Apollo, Latona, Hercules, and Mercury on beds, and serving them with eatables, as if feeding the sick with luxuries. Another ceremony, on the Ides of September, was that of driving a nail into the walls of the Temple of Jupiter.



Febris now seemed to trample everything before her, even bulls, dogs, and all sorts of domestic animals; the highways were strewed with dead carcasses, so offensive that the vultures left them untouched to decay, and Libertina, being overdone with her unwonted labours and unequal to her office, the air, itself in a state of Pestilence already, was still further loaded with the stench of disorganizing



mortality. Numerous birds left the suburbs of Rome during this Plague, as they had formerly done those of Athens. This desertion of places infested with the more violent forms of Pestilence, which is a fact well known in Natural History, is worthy of particular notice, as it shows that the whole air is infected, and disproves the silly notion that Pestilence owes its spread to contagion. To which we may add that the vaporized atmosphere prevalent during the time of the Plagues often, by its peculiar refracting properties,

produces those crowns of light, parhelia, and luminous arches described by historians as signs of destruction. The bow seen across the Temple of Saturn in the time of the above Plague was probably something of this sort. Thirty or forty similar instances are on record of Plagues that have happened in Italy, in Egypt, and in Asia Minor, which have been accompanied by extraordinary lights in the sky, and which have ravaged the Earth and inhabitants to such a degree as to leave no doubt in the mind of any reasonable man that they must have been powerful agents in the work of desolation and ruin to which allusion has been already made.

The swarms of flies, and at other times of locusts, during Pestilence, is a fact of importance, when viewed with reference to the observations already made on this subject. The darkness so often mentioned is another fact calculated likewise to show the atmospheric origin of Epidemics. We omit mention of numerous Plagues recorded by Livy, Justin, and Pliny, and pass to the consideration of a curious fact respecting the death of Julius Cæsar, in B.C. 44. A pestilential period was then beginning to prevail, and it was preceded by a set of natural events such as have been shown to have so frequently been the forerunner of disease, but which superstition, aided by an accidental coincidence, represented as signs of the death of Cæsar, as Virgil says, when "*Sol etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam, cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,*" or as Ovid more aptly has it, "*Phœbi quoque tristis imago Lurida sollicitis probabat lumina terris.*"<sup>1</sup> At the same time we are told, "*Nec diræ toties arsere comete.*"

The Comet of this period is said to have been the same, according to calculation, as that which appeared in B.C. 1767, when it would correspond to the deluge in the time of Ogyges, which inundated Africa, and when the Planet Venus is said, on the authority of Varro and

<sup>1</sup> Virg., "Georg." i. 466, and Ovid, "Met.," xv. 786.

Pausanias, to have changed her figure, her colour, and her orbit, as if violently disturbed by this Comet. It is said to have appeared again in B.C. 1194, when Electra left her sister Pleiades in the Zodiac, and flew to the Pole. According to writers, its third period corresponded to B.C. 619, where it is recorded as the Blazing Star of the Sibyl, and it appeared again, always accompanied by terrible Electric Com-motions and by Pestilence, in A.D. 531, 1106, and 1680, when it was seen by Sir Isaac Newton. We will here remark generally, for the details of the historical facts examined would be too long for insertion, that the following has expressedly been the order of phenomena during the last seventeen centuries. A Comet has appeared, Northern Lights, Meteors, and other Atmospheric Com-motions have accompanied it; an unhealthy period of general occurrence, but prevailing most in particular regions, has followed, planned in a sort of regular order by the successive occurrence of Influenzas and other slighter Epidemics, the Fevers of various kinds, and lastly Plague<sup>1</sup>; the circumference of whose central malignity has been marked by lesser forms of disorder, which latter have also followed as consecutive symptoms on the gradual subsidence of the Pestilence as a healthy season returned. Animals too have suffered, and also plants, during the Epidemic period. Several authors have written historical notices of this and other effects of Comets,<sup>2</sup> all confirming the opinion that as a general rule they may be ascribed to the interventional agency of Electricity.

The Paleness of the Sun, recorded so often as a sign of Pestilence, must be an effect of vapour—the Python of Pestilence overcome by

<sup>1</sup> Webster's "Hist. Epidem.," i. 89, and sequel.

<sup>2</sup> The record of effect of Comets generally causes their known approach to be subjects of anxiety; but, as already stated, the prognostication of the return of the Black Death makes no mention whatever of any Comet, or any change in the general movement of any or either of the Planets.

Delius Apollo—and a product perhaps of that sort of miasmata through which the morbid electrical effects might take effect.

A curious paper on the Change of Colour of the Planets and Stars, by a writer named Barker, exists in "Phil. Trans.," but on examination of the promiscuous use made by the ancients of names for colour, his data, founded on their descriptions, were inconclusive.

Still, the remarkable Paleness of the Sun, and its Blue, Yellow, Red, and even Green colour at times, occasioned by the refractive powers of intervening vapour, are well-known effects. These unusual varieties also have often appeared to accompany Pestilence, in which case we must take them, on the supposition of a general disturbance in the air produced by Planets, to be secondary effects in the catenation of causes. And it is this secondary effect, namely, the Pestiferous Malaria, which marks out, on the surface of the Earth, the tracts to be more violently attacked by Pestilence coming from the Atmosphere. Rome, from its situation, has continued to be very much exposed to it, and some of the devoted pilgrims to the Eternal City, as well as the most renowned Saints of the Church, have fallen victims to the scourge of Fever which has prevailed there. Poor St. Aloysius, whose constitution was weakened and worn by his penances and mental labours, fell a victim to an epidemical season of this sort, in the year 1591, and expired at his prayers in the night between the 20th and 21st of June.

Glancing hastily over the history of Pestilence prior to the Saviour's birth, we find in the vast data that about thirty years B.C. Jerusalem was devastated by a Pestilence which, according to Dion Cassius, followed a Comet. At the same time occurred an overflowing of the Tiber and an Epidemic at Rome, which followed the hard winter and unusual misplacement of phenomena, to which Horace's well-known Ode, beginning "*Jam satis terris nivi,*" etc., alludes. The

poet, well aware of Solar and Lunar influence over these events, in Ode 21 to Apollo, soon after, describes the benign influence of the Sun, in a beautiful play of metaphors. And B.C. 25 Palestine was again deluged by a Plague, which was preceded by the slighter forms of Epidemia; which fact helps us to prove the progressiveness in the intensity of the atmospherical poison, and to confute the absurd notion of the origin of Pestilence by contagion.

Soon after the reign of Augustus a Pestilence swept the fertile countries of Asia Minor, and during its prevalence an Earthquake completed the work. A Comet is mentioned at the same time as the cause, whose tail is said with one fell swoop to have hurled down a dozen fine cities at once. It is to this catastrophe that Tacitus alludes in An. ii. 47. Whether the Comet had a real connection with the Earthquake remains to be proved, or rather inferred, in proportion as we may establish from historical records the doctrine alluded to.

In the year 40 the Great Eruption of *Ætna* occurred, which frightened Caligula from Sicily. A Famine followed, with Pestilence, extending from Italy almost to India, and it desolated Babylon and other great cities. Soon after a Comet was discovered. How the dearth came to be foretold by Argabus we cannot pretend to say, but so it is recorded.<sup>1</sup> But we are now getting to a period when historical records are more numerous, and when from the increasing number of observations on Comets and Meteoric Phenomena, with whose occurrence recorded diseases may be collated, we are enabled to abridge the form of detail, by presenting the reader with a more compendious view, in chronological order, of the Astronomical Phenomena, from which the Electric Weatherbane may possibly take its remote origin;—of the evident Atmospheric Phenomena which accompanied it—and

<sup>1</sup> Sueton. in Calig.

of the nature and range of the Epidemic. By this curious table it



Going to Church, Plague Time.

will appear that there is a repeated coincidence between these three sets of phenomena of so marked a nature as to leave very little of doubt on the mind that they must have some sort of natural though

indefinable connection. In fact, there are many questions left so unsettled and involved in such obscurity, that till they are better known and resolved it is more than presumptuous to say what connections exist between remote Celestial Bodies, or what is the manner of their influence through the medium of their Atmospheres. Much less, therefore, can it be determined what particular phenomena they may produce on the organized beings that inhabit their surfaces and hold their lives on an atmospherical tenure. Just to convince the philosopher of the difficulties we are surrounded by, let us ask what is the connection between Light, Heat, and Electricity, or between all of them and Life? What becomes of the irradiating light of the innumerable Stars that compose the Solar and Sidereal Systems of which all *penetrable Space seems full? Does their light ever return again to an available focus?* What is Attraction and Polarity? What is the use of Comets in the Celestial Economy? Can they be collectors and transmutants of the Electric Fluid, or of Light once expended by Radiation? Can any of them move in Parabolas or Hyperbolas, and become vehicles of influence between Systems immensely remote? All these questions, lying as it were in the confines of the Physical and Metaphysical Philosophy, are only stated here, jumbled together as they may be, in order to let the inquirer see the difficulties he would have to encounter in making out any Hypothesis, and of the consequent arrogance there would be in denying the truth of any; while those who know the *right method of philosophizing* will spend their attention in heaping up useful observations, and applying to them the powerful engines of Comparison and Analogy.

But for certain far-off Pacific Islands a few years since, mankind would have forgotten the ravages of Leprosy, one of the most horrible maladies with which the human race has ever been afflicted, and

which is entirely unknown as a native endemic disease in any country of Europe; but in the Middle Ages (that is, from the tenth till the close of the sixteenth century) it ravaged both England and the Continent with merciless rigour, leaving probably no town unvisited, and scarcely any village without its deadly mark. Kings enacted laws with the object of arresting its progress, Popes issued Bulls respecting the rights and privileges of all those who had the misfortune to be afflicted by it, an order of knighthood was instituted so that the leprous might receive due care and protection, and, lastly, hospitals arose in all directions for the reception of divers of its victims.

For a long period it was believed that Leprosy was introduced into England by the Crusaders. But such an opinion was entirely erroneous, since there is abundance of evidence to prove that the disease existed in this country centuries before a single pilgrim left our shores for the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. In the earliest code of British laws now extant—namely, that of Hoel Dha, a famous king of Cambria (the present Wales), who died about the year A.D. 950—we find a canon enacting in plain and unmistakable terms, that any married woman whose husband was afflicted with Leprosy was entitled not only to separation, but also to the restitution of her goods. After this date there exist no records relative to the prevalence of Leprosy in England until the date of the Norman Conquest; but that it was known to our Anglo-Saxons we have proof positive in the vocabulary of that language attributed to Ælfric, wherein the word “Licorowera” (*Leprosus*) frequently occurs. At a very early period in the history of the Christian Church a special order of knighthood was instituted, having for its object the care and supervision of all those afflicted with Leprosy of every nationality; and as its headquarters had originally been located in



the vicinity of Jerusalem, the order was generally designated Knights of St. Lazarus, or of St. Lazarus and St. Mary of Jerusalem. The primary duty of these knights was the care of the leprous, the reception of lepers into their order, and the superintendence of the inmates of the various lazar-houses. Until Pope Innocent IV. ruled to the contrary, they were always under the necessity of electing a leper as the Grand Master of their order. It was during the troublous times of King Stephen that a company of the Knights of St. Lazarus first found their way into this country; and according to Nichols, the learned historian of Leicestershire, they contrived by means of a general collection throughout the kingdom, and by the assistance of Sir Roger de Mowbray, to rear an establishment at Burton Lazars, near Hinckley in that county, where by degrees they acquired enormous wealth and possessions. The Norman-English laws enacted that a leper had neither power to sue in any court nor to inherit property. During his lifetime he was permitted to enjoy the usufruct of any property in his possession at the time he was "found guilty," so to speak, of Leprosy, but all rights of disposition over it he lost. Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy shows clearly, in the erudite preface he contributed to the Close Rolls of the Record Commission, that Leprosy was regarded by the highest legal authorities in England as constituting an impediment to descent. Consequently all grants made by persons after they fell sick of the disease were rendered null and void, as is seen from the following citation from the Close Rolls: "A<sup>o</sup> 6<sup>o</sup> Johan. 1204. The king, &c., to the Sheriff of Somerset greeting. We command you to give to Geoffry de St. Martin seizin of the lands which belonged to William of Newmarch in your balliwick. For we have committed to him the custody thereof, so that he answer for them to us at our exchequer; and if he (William of Newmarch) have given away any of his lands

after he fell sick of the palsy, cause the same to be restored to his barony. Witness, &c."

As to the nature of English Leprosy in the Middle Ages, there is every reason to believe that the disease was identical with the Greek Elephantiasis. The first medical work written in English of value was the "Compendium Medicina:" of Gilbert, who is generally supposed to have flourished about 1270. In one of the chapters of this remarkable work, entitled "De Lepra," there is a very detailed account of Mediæval Leprosy, which has been admitted to be the clearest exposition of the Elephantiasis of the Greeks. John of Gaddesden, who filled the professional chair of medicine in Merton College, Oxford, and who acted in the capacity of Court physician to Edward II., devotes a lengthy section of his famous treatise entitled "Rosa Anglica" to Leprosy, from which it is clear that the disease, as understood by him, was none other than a variety of the Greek Elephantiasis.

In the following more modern catalogue we first mark the Date; then the Conspicuous Celestial Phenomena; then the Atmospherical; and, lastly, the Description of Epidemic which prevailed; whereby the reader may see, not only the fallacy of the opinion held by certain modern writers respecting Contagion, but also the possibility that the Origin of Pestilence, which is already proved to be Atmospherical, may also be dependent, as a remote cause, on some connection between the Matter or Atmospheres of different Celestial bodies, of which connection we have as yet a very limited notion.





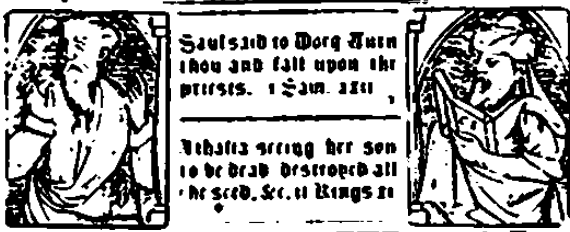
## THE EPIDEMICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

“And nothing can we call our own but death  
And that small model of the barren earth.”—*Richard II.*, Act iii., Scene 2.

“Like this token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure.”—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii., Scene 10.



THE most remarkable example of what has been advanced is afforded by a great Pestilence of the fourteenth century, which desolated Asia, Europe, and Africa, and of which the people yet preserve the remembrance in gloomy traditions. It was an Oriental Plague, marked by inflammatory boils and tumours of the glands, such as break out in no other febrile disease. On account of these inflammatory boils, and from the black spots, indicatory of a putrid decomposition, which appeared upon the skin, it was called in Germany and in the northern kingdoms of Europe *The Black Death*, and in Italy, *La Mortalita Grande*, *The Great Mortality*.

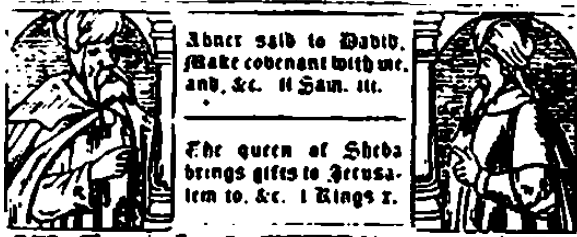


**B** OCCACIO, who was an eye-witness of its incredible fatality in Florence, the seat of the Revival of Science, gives a more lively description of the

attack of the disease than his non-medical contemporaries.

There exists in England a general distrust of Defoe's narrative of the Plague, as being exaggerated. The writer believes him accurate, but in deference adopts Boccacio's statement.

It commenced here, not, as in the East, with bleeding at the nose, a sure sign of inevitable death; but there took place at the beginning, both in men and women, tumours varying in circumference up to the size of an apple or an egg, and called by the people pest-boils (*gavoccioli*): black or blue spots came out on various parts of the body, either single and large, or small and thickly studded. These spots proved equally fatal with the pest-boils, which had been from the first regarded as a sure sign of death. No power of medicine brought relief—almost all died within the first three days, some sooner, some later, after the appearance of these signs, and for the most part entirely without fever or other symptoms. The Plague spread itself with the greater fury as it communicated from the sick to the healthy, like fire among dry and oily fuel, and even contact with the clothes and other articles which had been used by the infected seemed to induce the disease. As it advanced, not only men but animals fell sick and shortly expired, if they had touched things belonging to the diseased or dead. Thus Boccacio himself saw two hogs on the rags of a person who had died of Plague, after staggering about for a short time, fall down dead, as if they had taken poison. In other places multitudes of dogs, cats, fowls, and



Abner said to David,  
Make covenant with me,  
and, &c. II Sam. iii.

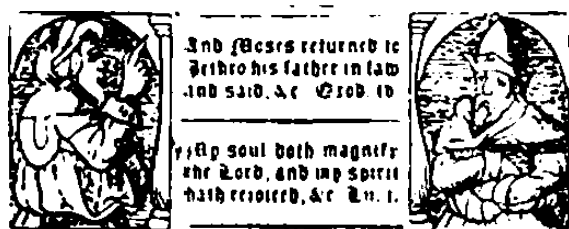
The queen of Sheba  
brings gifts to Jerusa-  
lem to, &c. I Kings x.



OTHER animals fell victims to the contagion; and it is to be presumed that other epizootes among animals likewise took place, although

the ignorant writers of the fourteenth century are silent on this point.

In England the malady appeared, as at Avignon, with spitting of blood, and with the same fatality, so that the sick who were afflicted either with this symptom or with vomiting of blood died in some cases immediately, in others within twelve hours, or at the latest in two days. The inflammatory boils, invariable in their appearing in every case, were recognized at once as prognosticating a fatal issue, and those were past all hope of recovery in whom they arose in numbers all over the body. It was not till towards the close of the Plague that they ventured to open, by incision, these hard and dry boils, when matter flowed from them in small quantity, and thus by compelling nature to a critical suppuration many patients were saved. Every spot which the sick had touched, their breath, their clothes, spread the contagion; and, as in all other places, the attendants and friends who were either blind to their danger or heroically despised it fell a sacrifice to their sympathy. Even the eyes of the patient were considered as sources of contagion, which had the power of acting at a distance, whether on account of their unwonted lustre, or the distortion which they always suffer in Plague; or whether in conformity with an ancient notion, according to which the sight was considered as the bearer of a demoniacal enchantment. Flight from infected cities seldom availed the fearful, for the germ of the disease adhered to them, and they fell sick, remote from assistance, in the solitude of their country houses.



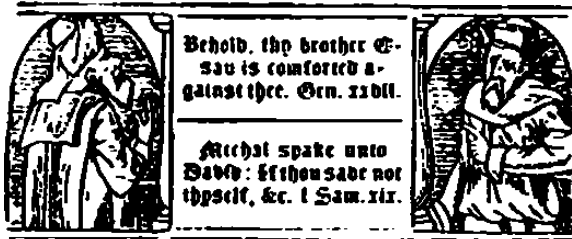
And Moses returned to  
Bethro his father in law  
and said, &c. Exod. 18

My soul both magnify  
the Lord, and my spirit  
hath rejoiced, &c. L. 11. 1.

**T**HUS did the Plague spread over England with unexampled rapidity, after it had first broken out in the county of Dorset, whence it advanced

through the counties of Devon and Somerset to Bristol, and thence reached Gloucester, Oxford, and London. Perhaps few places escaped, probably not any; for the annals of contemporaries report that throughout the land only a tenth part of the inhabitants remained alive.

The series of these great events began in the year 1333, fifteen years before the Plague broke out in Europe. They first appeared in China. Here a parching drought, accompanied by famine, commenced in the tract of country watered by the rivers Kiang and Hoai. This was followed by such violent torrents of rain, in and about Kingsai, at that time the capital of the Empire, that, according to tradition, more than 400,000 people perished in the floods. Finally the mountain Tsincheou fell in, and vast clefts were formed in the earth. In the succeeding year (1334), passing over fabulous traditions, the neighbourhood of Canton was visited by inundations; whilst at Tche, after an unexampled drought, a Plague arose, which is said to have carried off about 5,000,000 of people. A few months afterward an earthquake followed, at and near Kingsai; and subsequent to the falling in of the mountains of Ki-ming-chan, a lake was formed of more than a hundred leagues in circumference, where, again, thousands found their grave. In Houkouang and Ho-nan a drought prevailed for five months; and innumerable swarms of locusts destroyed the vegetation; while famine and pestilence, as usual, followed in their train. Connected accounts of the condition

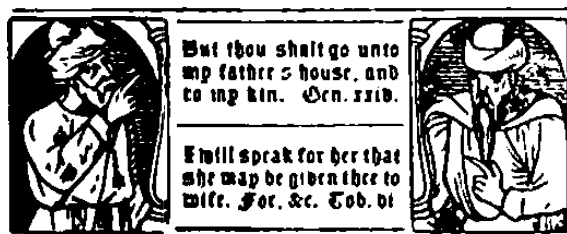


Europe before this great catastrophe are not to be expected from the writers of the fourteenth century. It is remarkable, however, that simul-

taneously with a drought and renewed floods in China, in 1336, many uncommon atmospheric phenomena, and in the winter frequent thunderstorms, were observed in the north of France; and so early as the eventful year of 1333 an eruption of *Ætna* took place. According to the Chinese annals, about 4,000,000 of people perished by famine in the neighbourhood of Kiang in 1337; and deluges, swarms of locusts, and an earthquake which lasted six days caused incredible devastation.

This disease was a consequence of violent commotions in the Earth's organism—if any disease of cosmical origin can be so considered. One spring set a thousand others in motion for the annihilation of living beings, transient or permanent, of mediate or immediate effect. The most powerful of all was contagion; for in the most distant countries, which had scarcely yet heard the echo of the first concussion, the people fell a sacrifice to organic poison—the untimely offspring of vital energies thrown into violent commotion.

We have no certain measure by which to estimate the ravages of the Black Plague, if numerical statements were wanted, as in modern times. Let us go back for a moment to the fourteenth century. The people were yet but little civilized. The Church had indeed subdued them; but they all suffered from the ill consequences of their original rudeness. The dominion of the law was not yet confirmed. Sovereigns had everywhere to combat powerful enemies to internal tranquillity and security. The cities were fortresses for



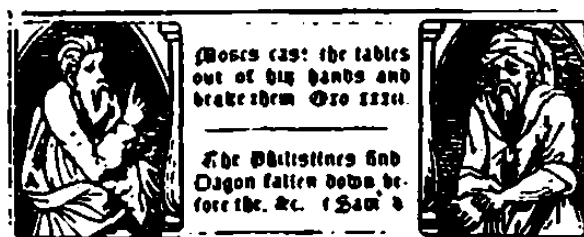
**T**HEIR own defence. Marauders encamped on the roads. The husbandman was a feudal slave, without possessions of his own. Rudeness was

general; humanity as yet unknown to the people. Witches and heretics were burned alive. Gentle rulers were contemned as weak;—wild passions, severity, and cruelty everywhere predominated. Human life was little regarded. Governments concerned not themselves about the numbers of their subjects, for whose welfare it was incumbent on them to provide.

Merchants whose earnings and possessions were unbounded, coldly and willingly renounced their earthly goods. They carried their treasures to monasteries and churches, and laid them at the foot of the altar; gold had lost its charms for the monks, for it brought them death. They shut their gates; yet still it was cast to them over the convent walls. People would brook no impediment to the last pious work to which they were driven by despair. When the Plague ceased, men thought they were still wandering among the dead, so appalling was the livid aspect of the survivors, in consequence of the anxiety they had undergone, and the unavoidable infection of the air. Many other cities probably presented a similar appearance; and it is ascertained that a great number of the small country town and villages, which have been estimated, and not too highly, at 200,000, were bereft of all their inhabitants.

We have more exact accounts of England: most of the great cities suffered incredible losses—above all, Yarmouth, in which 7,052 died—Bristol, Oxford, Norwich, Leicester, York, and London, where, in one burial-ground alone, there were interred upwards of 50,000 corpses

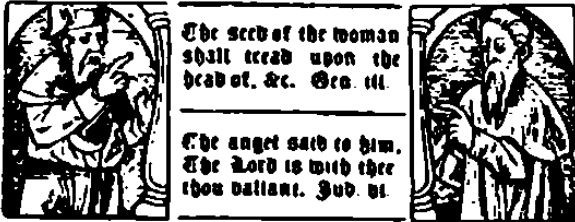




**A**RRANGED in layers,  
in large pits. It is said  
that, in the whole  
country, scarcely a  
tenth part remained alive; but  
this estimate is evidently too

high. Smaller losses were sufficient to cause those convulsions whose consequences were felt for some centuries in a false impulse given to civil life, and whose indirect influence, unknown to the English, has perhaps extended even to modern times.

Morals were deteriorated everywhere, and the service of God was in a great measure laid aside; for in many places the churches were deserted, being bereft of their priests. The instruction of the people was impeded; covetousness became general; and when tranquillity was restored, the great increase of lawyers was astonishing, to whom the endless disputes regarding inheritances offered a rich harvest. The want of priests, too, throughout the country operated very detrimentally upon the people—the lower classes being most exposed to the ravages of the Plague, whilst the houses of the nobility were, in proportion, much more spared—and it was no compensation that whole bands of ignorant laymen, who had lost their wives during the Pestilence, crowded into the monastic orders, that they might participate in the respectability of the priesthood, and in the rich heritages which fell into the Church from all quarters. The sittings of Parliament, of the King's Bench, and of most of the other courts were suspended as long as the malady raged. The laws of peace availed not during the dominion of death. Pope Clement took advantage of this state of disorder to adjust the bloody quarrel between Edward III. and Philip VI.; yet he only succeeded during the period that the Plague commanded peace. Philip's death (1350)

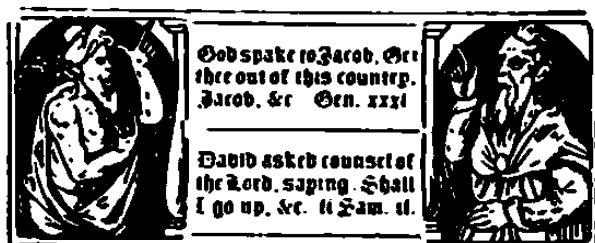


**A**NNULLED all treaties; and it is related that Edward, with other troops

indeed, but with the same leaders and knights, again took

the field. Ireland was much less heavily visited than England. The disease seems to have scarcely reached the mountainous districts of that kingdom; and Scotland, too, would perhaps have remained free, had not the Scots availed themselves of the discomfiture of the English to make an irruption into their country for the purpose of journeying to the north and to the south. For more than half a year new parties arrived weekly; and, on each arrival, adults and children left their families to accompany them; till at length their sanctity was questioned, and the doors of houses and churches were closed against them. At Spire two hundred boys, of twelve years of age and under, constituted themselves into a Brotherhood of the Cross, in imitation of the children, who, about a hundred years before, had united, at the instigation of some fanatic monks, for the purpose of recovering the Holy Sepulchre. All the inhabitants of this town were carried away by the illusion; they conducted the strangers to their houses with songs of thanksgiving to regale them for the night. The women embroidered banners for them, and all were anxious to augment their pomp; and at every succeeding pilgrimage their influence and reputation increased.

In 1260 the Flagellants appeared in Italy as *Devoti*. "When the land was polluted by vices and crimes, an unexampled spirit of remorse suddenly seized the minds of the Italians. The fear of Christ fell upon all: noble and ignoble, old and young, and even children of five years of age, marched through the streets with no

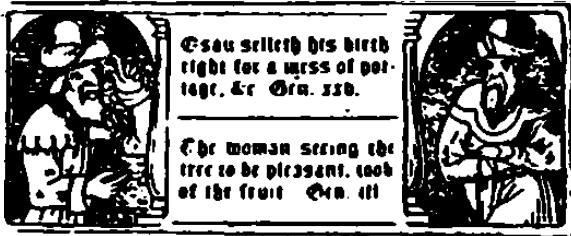


**O**VERING but a scarf  
round the waist.  
They each carried a  
scourge of leathern  
thongs, which they applied to  
their limbs, amid sighs and

tears, with such violence that the blood flowed from the wounds. Not only during the day, but even by night, and in the severest winter, they traversed the cities with burning torches and banners, in thousands and tens of thousands, headed by their priests, and prostrated themselves before the altars. They proceeded in the same manner in the villages; and the woods and mountains resounded with the voices of those whose cries were raised to God. The melancholy chaunt of the penitent alone was heard. Enemies were reconciled, men and women vied with each other in splendid works of charity, as if they dreaded that Divine Omnipotence would pronounce on them the doom of annihilation."

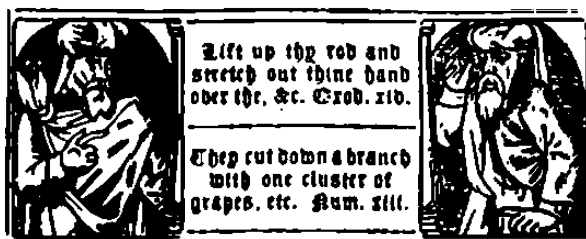
The pilgrimage of the Flagellants extended throughout all the provinces of Southern Germany, as far as Saxony, Bohemia, and Poland, and even farther; but at length the priests resisted this dangerous fanaticism, without being able to extirpate the illusion, which was advantageous to the hierarchy as long as it submitted to its sway.

The manner and proceedings of the Flagellants of the 13th and 14th centuries exactly resemble each other. But if, during the Black Plague, simple credulity came to their aid, which seized, as a consolation, the grossest delusions of religious enthusiasm, yet it is evident that the leaders must have been intimately united, and have exercised the power of a secret association. Besides, the rude band was generally under the control of men of learning, some of whom, at



**N**EAST, certainly had other objects in view, independent of those which ostensibly appeared. Whoever was desirous of joining the brotherhood was

bound to remain in it thirty-four days, and to have fourpence per day at his own disposal, so that he might not be burthensome to any one; if married, he was obliged to have the sanction of his wife, and give the assurance that he was reconciled to all men. The Brothers of the Cross were not permitted to seek for free quarters, or even to enter a house without having been invited; they were forbidden to converse with females; and if they transgressed these rules, or acted without discretion, they were obliged to confess to the Superior, who sentenced them to several lashes of the scourge, by way of penance. Ecclesiastics had not, as such, any pre-eminence among them; according to their original law, which, however, was often transgressed, they could not become Masters, or take part in the *Secret Councils*. Penance was performed twice every day; in the morning and evening they went abroad in pairs, singing psalms, amid the ringing of the bells; and when they arrived at the place of flagellation, they stripped the upper part of their bodies and put off their shoes, keeping on only a linen dress, reaching from the waist to the ankles. They then lay down in a large circle, in different positions, according to the nature of their crime,—the adulterer with his face to the ground; the perjurer on one side, holding up three of his fingers, etc.,—and were then castigated, some more and some less, by the Master, who ordered them to rise, in the words of a prescribed form. Upon this, they scourged themselves, amid the singing of psalms and loud supplications for the averting of the Plague, with

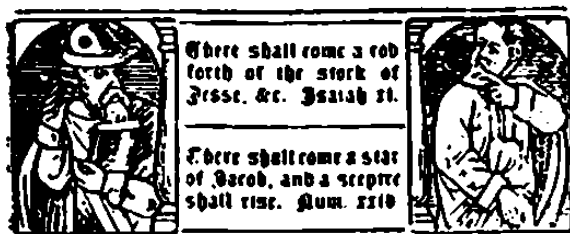


**CONF**ENEFLECTIONS

and other ceremonies, of which contemporary writers give various accounts; and at the same time constantly boasted of their

penance, that the blood of their wounds was mingled with that of the Saviour. One of them, in conclusion, stood up to read a letter, which it was pretended an angel had brought from heaven, to St. Peter's Church, at Jerusalem, stating that Christ, Who was sore displeased at the sins of man, had granted, at the intercession of the Holy Virgin and of the angels, that all who should wander about for thirty-four days and scourge themselves should be partakers of the Divine Grace. This scene caused as great a commotion among the believers as the finding of the Holy Spear once did at Antioch; and if any among the clergy inquired who had sealed the letter, he was boldly answered, The Same Who had sealed the Gospel!

All this had so powerful an effect, that the Church was in considerable danger; for the Flagellants gained more credit than the priests, from whom they so entirely withdrew themselves that they even absolved each other. Besides, they everywhere took possession of the churches, and their new songs, which went from mouth to mouth, operated strongly on the minds of the people. Great enthusiasm and originally pious feelings are clearly distinguishable in these hymns, and especially in the chief psalm of the Cross-bearers, which is still extant, and which was sung all over Germany, in different dialects, and is probably of a more ancient date. Degeneracy, however, soon crept in; crimes were everywhere committed; and there was no energetic man capable of directing the individual excitement to purer objects, even had an effectual resistance to the

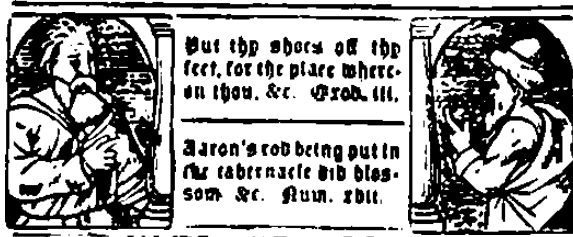


**W**OTTERING Church  
 been at that early  
 period seasonable, and  
 had it been possible  
 to restrain the fanaticism.

A lively image of the Black Plague, and of the moral evil which followed in its train, will vividly represent itself to him who is acquainted with nature and the constitution of society. Almost the only credible accounts of the manner of living and of the ruin which occurred in private life during this Pestilence are Boccaccio's from Italy; these enable us to form a just estimate of the general state of families in Europe, taking into consideration what is peculiar in the manners of each country.

"When the evil had become universal" (speaking of Florence), "the hearts of all the inhabitants were closed to feelings of humanity. They fled from the sick and all that belonged to them, hoping by these means to save themselves. Others shut themselves up in their houses with their wives, their children, and households, living on the most costly food, but carefully avoiding all excess. None were allowed access to them; no intelligence of death or sickness was permitted to reach their ears, and they spent their time in singing and music and other pastimes. Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all descriptions, the indulgence of every gratification, and an indifference to what was passing around them as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered day and night from one tavern to another, and feasted without moderation or bounds. In this way they endeavoured to avoid all contact with the sick, and abandoned their houses and property to chance, like men whose death-knell had already tolled.

"Amid this general lamentation and woe, the influence and authority



**F** every law, human and divine, vanished. Most of those who were in office had been carried off by the Plague, or lay sick, or had lost so many

members of their families that they were unable to attend to their duties; so that thenceforth every one acted as he thought proper. Others, in their mode of living, chose a middle course. They ate and drank what they pleased, and walked abroad, carrying odoriferous flowers, herbs, or spices, which they smelt from time to time, in order to invigorate the brain, and to avert the baneful influence of the air, infected by the sick and by the innumerable corpses of those who had died of the Plague. Others carried their precautions still further, and thought the surest way to escape death was by flight. They therefore left the city, women as well as men abandoning their dwellings and their relations, and retiring into the country. But of these, also, many were carried off, most of them alone and deserted by all the world, themselves having previously set the example. Thus it was that one citizen fled from another—a neighbour from his neighbours, a relation from his relations—and in the end, so completely had terror extinguished every kindlier feeling, that the brother forsook the brother, the sister the sister, the wife her husband, and, at last, even the parent his own offspring, and abandoned them, unvisited and unsoothed, to their fate. Those, therefore, that stood in need of assistance fell a prey to greedy attendants, who, for an exorbitant recompense, merely handed the sick their food and medicine, remained with them in their last moments, and then not unfrequently became themselves victims to their avarice, and lived not to enjoy their extorted gain. Propriety and decorum were



**E**XTINGUISHED among the helpless sick. Females of rank seemed to forget their natural bashfulness, and committed the care of their persons indiscriminately to men and women of the lowest order. No longer were women, relatives or friends, found in the houses of mourning, to share the grief of the survivors—no longer was the corpse accompanied to the grave by neighbours and a numerous train of priests carrying wax tapers and singing psalms, nor was it borne along by other citizens of equal rank. Many breathed their last without a friend to soothe their dying-pillow ; and few indeed were they who departed amid the lamentations and tears of their friends and kindred. Instead of sorrow and mourning there often appeared indifference and mirth—this being considered, especially by the females, as conducive to health. Seldom was the body followed by even ten or twelve attendants ; and instead of the usual bearers and sextons, mercenaries of the lowest of the populace undertook the office for the sake of gain ; and accompanied by only a few priests, and often without a single taper, it was borne to the very nearest church, and lowered into the first grave that was not already too full to receive it. Among the middle classes, and especially among the poor, the misery was still greater. Poverty or negligence induced most of these to remain in their dwellings or in the immediate neighbourhood, and thus they fell by thousands ; and many ended their lives in the streets by day and by night. The stench of putrefying corpses was often the first indication to their neighbours that more deaths had occurred. The survivors, to preserve themselves from infection, generally had the bodies taken out of the houses and laid before the doors, where the early morn found them in heaps, exposed to





**H**IS affrighted gaze of the passing stranger. It was no longer possible to have a bier for every corpse—three or four were generally laid together—husband and wife, father and mother, with two or three children, were frequently borne to the grave on the same bier; and it often happened that two priests would accompany a coffin, bearing the cross before it, and be joined on the way by several other funerals; so that, instead of one, there would be five or six bodies for interment.”

Thus far Boccacio. On the conduct of the priests another contemporary observes: “In large and small towns they had withdrawn themselves through fear, leaving the performance of ecclesiastical duties to the few who were found courageous and faithful enough to undertake them.” But we ought not on that account to throw more blame on them than on others; for we find proofs of the same timidity and heartlessness in every class. During the prevalence of the Black Plague, the charitable orders conducted themselves admirably, and did as much good as can be done by individual bodies in times of great misery and destruction, when compassion, courage, and nobler feelings are found but in the few, while cowardice, selfishness, and ill-will, with the baser passions in their train, assert the supremacy.

As already stated, the majority of the terrible Plague devastations of the periods referred to, as those of earlier ages, were foretold by Eastern astrologers, and there is nothing evidencing the predictors as charlatans, or other than what we now term astronomers. They were no dealers in horoscopes. In reflecting on what we are now told may befall us near on the year 2000, let us be just to the Orient, from whom the dread prognostication emanates. They have ever been persistent in declaring that electric disturbances are, through



**P**LANETARY derangement, the foundation and sole cause of these dire visitations. At the moment of making the dread announcement of a repetition of calamities early in the twentieth century, they point to the now completion of the marvellous doings at Niagara's mighty cataract, which is to set at work a motor-power surpassing human understanding. Is there not much of reason in their surprise at Western

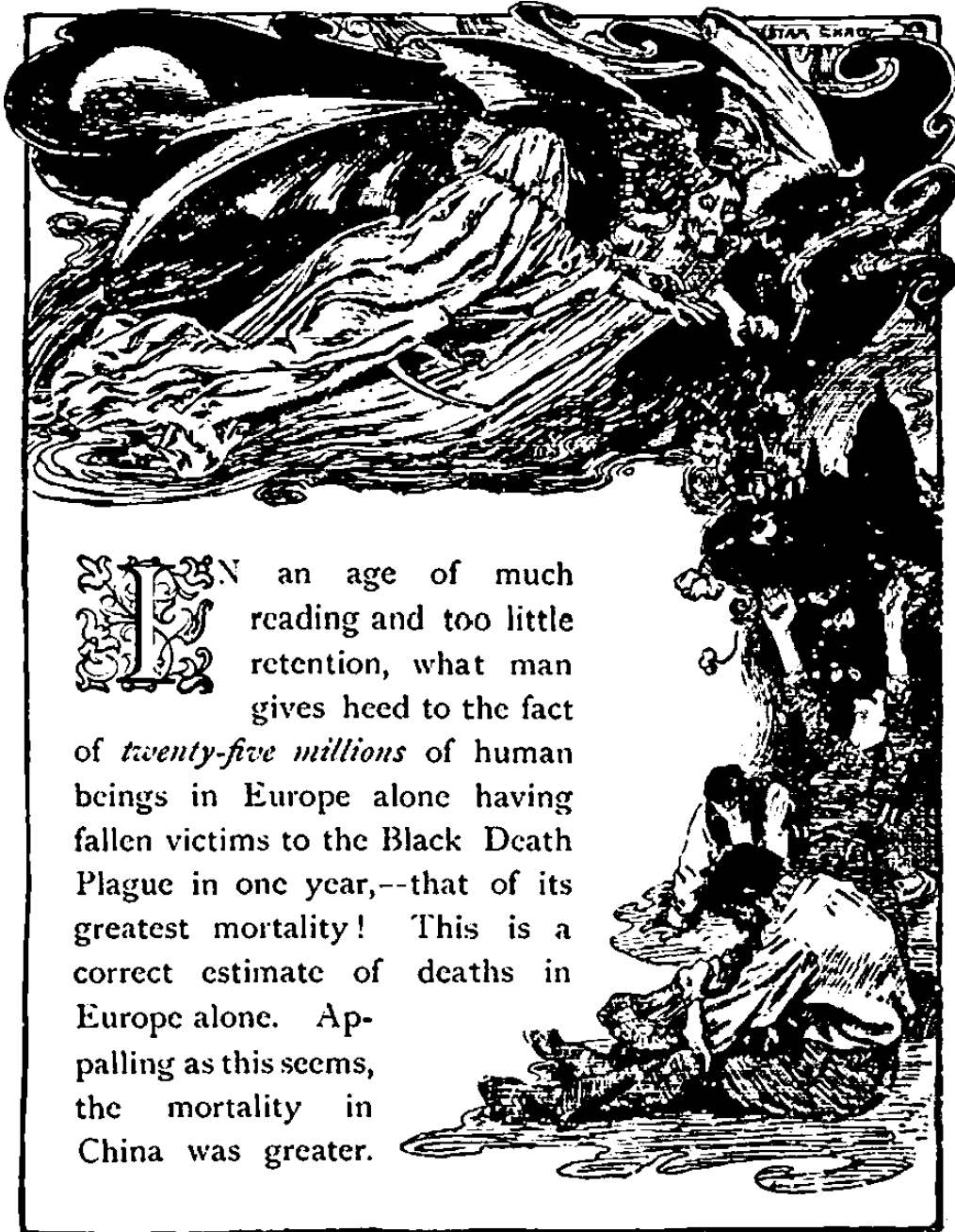
incredulity as to the Heavens foretelling to their gifted astrologers Pestilences the outcome of planetary and stellar derangements, this in face of our knowledge of the vastness of the power now being practically turned to human purposes? The engineer, they truly say, has made available Niagara's headfall of 200 feet as a machine, of horse-power beyond man's conception. The unvarying constancy of flow; the volume and depth of the plunge over the escapement; the access to a catchment-basin of 240,000 square miles; a descent of 326 feet; and a total head of water equivalent to *seven million horse-power*, more than double the total steam and water power employed in the manufacturing industries of the American Continent;—when applying this power to electric creation, its baneful agency on the Earth's Planet when deviating from its usual course cannot be disregarded.



## PESTILENCES SINCE THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

“ Suddenly a grievous sickness took him, That makes him gasp and stare.”

*2nd Henry VI., Act iii., Scene 2.*



**I**N an age of much reading and too little retention, what man gives heed to the fact of *twenty-five millions* of human beings in Europe alone having fallen victims to the Black Death Plague in one year,—that of its greatest mortality! This is a correct estimate of deaths in Europe alone. Appalling as this seems, the mortality in China was greater.

During one of these many fearful visitations of Heaven, as we will hope to bring us to God, from thirty to forty, some say fifty, thousand of our fellow-creatures were buried in plague-pits within the precincts of Charterhouse alone—hurried out of life, and no man to provide them with shroud or coffin. Here were the larger number of plague-pits. Let us hope that, in the erection of warehouses on their sites, these will be properly dealt with, so as to guard against an outbreak arising from disturbance of the dead.

The ever-memorable Plague of 1664-65, though the last, was not the worst of the many Plagues which visited London. Twelve at least great Pestilences fell upon the city between the years 1094 and 1625—in the last year 35,000 are said to have died. A Plague happened every forty years, so that there never was a time when the Plague was not in the minds of men.

The year 1347 brought with it perhaps the most dreadful. It began in Dorsetshire, and spread over the whole of the south country, reaching London last. After a while the churchyards were not large enough to hold the dead, and they were forced to open pits wherever possible outside the walls. The Bishop of London bought a piece of ground north of Bartholomew's called *No Man's Ground*, which he enclosed and consecrated,



MORTALIVM NOBILITAS  
 Removere nouissima & in eternum non  
 peccabo

An heraldic representation of mortality. viz. a tattered shield surmounted with a Death's-head.

[The 30 illustrations which follow are reproduced from rare impressions of Holbein's Dance of Death.]

building thereon a "fair chapel." This place was called "The Pardon Churchyard." It stood beyond the north wall of the present Charterhouse. Two years later, the Plague still continuing, Sir Walter Manny bought a plot of thirteen acres close to this churchyard, and built a chapel upon it—it stood somewhere in the middle of the present Charterhouse Square—and gave it for an additional churchyard. More than 50,000 persons were buried here in one year, according to Stow. The Old Pardon Churchyard afterwards became the burial-place of suicides and executed criminals. An admirable and reliable



Quia audisti vocem vxoris tue, & comediti de ligno, ac quo preciperam tibi ne comederes.

Adam and Eve in Paradise. Eve—seduced by the serpent, who is depicted with a human face—appears to have just tasted of the forbidden fruit, which she holds up to Adam, and prevails on him to gather another apple from the tree.

writer, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, has traced the progress of the Plague. Twenty-two years later, when it is said that upwards of a hundred thousand persons were buried in the new churchyard, Sir Walter Manny, then grown old and near his end, bought ten acres more, which he gave to the ground, and established here a House of Carthusians, called the *Salutation*. All honour to this noble community! For over two hundred years this blessed House of the *Salutation* continued.

Unhappily, there remains no record of the occurrences connected with the *Salutation* House during that long period. There is no history of the many godly ones who lived their dreary, lone-

some lives within its walls. The monks obeyed the Rule, and died and were forgotten since the day when they assumed the hood. History proves how the end of the Carthusians came in blood and torture. The founder, Sir Walter Manny, lived to see only the commencement of his grand work. He died the year after his house was established, and was buried in the chapel, he and his wife Margaret, and many other gallant knights and gracious ladies, who thus acknowledged, when they chose to be laid among the dust and ashes of the poor folk who had died of the Plague, and those who had died by the gibbet, their brotherhood with the poorest and the humblest and the most unfortunate. How few of the youth of England, educated as "Charterhouse boys," dwell in thought on its early days!

In London in the 13th century it was difficult to mark a street without its monastery, its convent garden, its college of priests, its canons regular, its friars, its pardoners, its sextons, and its serving brothers, and this without counting its hundred and twenty parish churches, each with its priests, its chantries, its fraternities, and its churchyard. The Church was everywhere; it played not only an important part in the daily life, but the most important part. Not even the most rigid Puritan



Et misit eum Dominus deus de paradiso voluptatis, ut operaretur terram de qua sumptus est Gen. 3

Adam and Eve, driven by the Angel from Paradise, are preceded by Death, who is playing on a violin, and rejoicing at this introduction to his dance.

demanded of the world so much of its daily life, and so great a share of its revenues, as the Church of the Middle Ages. There were already whispered and murmured questions, but the day of revolt was still two hundred years ahead. Meantime, the Church reigned and ruled, and no man dared yet to disobey.

In dwelling on these days of past religious fervour, it comes vividly to be realized that the most conspicuous feature of Plantagenet London was her great religious houses. There were in existence the Cathedral of St. Paul, with its canons and priests, its army of singing men, clerks, boys, and servants—itsself a vast religious house; the Priory of St. Bartholomew; the House of St. Mary Overies; the



*Maledictus Terra in opere tuo in laboribus comeditur  
carnem dabitur tibi hunc donec trahatur in terra*

Adam tilling the earth, assisted by Death. In the background is Eve suckling her first-born son, and holding at the same time a distaff.

Hospital of St. Katherine; the Priory of the Holy Trinity. After three hundred years, when we look again upon the map of London, and mark in colour the sites of monastery, nunnery, church, college, and churchyard, it seems as if a good fourth part of the city area was swallowed up in ecclesiastical houses. Not so much was actually covered by the buildings of the Church, but at least a fourth of the city, counting the gardens and the courts and chapels, belonged to the religious houses. The enormous wealth of the Mediæval Church, its power and its authority, are beyond estimate. Mighty also was that revolution which could shake off and shatter

into fragments a power so tremendous. If the country all round London was parcelled out among the religious houses, so, all over the land, manors here and estates there belonged to the monks. But though their property was enormous, their power was far beyond that conferred by any amount of property; for they held the keys of heaven and kept open the gates of hell.

What a contrast with the saddest feature of our present generation, *ninety per cent.* of whom are said never to enter God's house of prayer and praise! It does not seem too much to estimate the ecclesiastical establishments of London as including a fourth part of the whole population of the city. The London monasteries lay for the most part either just within or just without the city wall. The reason is obvious. They were founded when the city was already populous, and were therefore built upon the places where houses were less numerous and ground was of less value.

The first house at which we stop is the Priory of Crutched Friars, or rather Crossed Friars. They wore a cross of red cloth upon their backs, and carried an iron cross in their hands. The Order of the Red Cross was founded by one Conrad of Bologna, in the year 1169. Some of the friars found their way to London in the middle of the



*Moratur Sacerdos magnus linc 20  
Ed Episcopatum eius accipiat alter. Fol 108*

An Emperor kneels before the Pope, who is about to place a crown upon his head. A Death behind leans with one hand upon the Pope's chair, with the other upon a crutch. The ceremony is attended by cardinals and bishops; one of the former is ludicrously personated by another Death.



next century, and humbly begged of the pious folk a house to live in. This monastery stood behind Seething Lane, opposite St. Olave's Church. The site afterwards became that of the Navy Home, and is still marked by the old stone pillars of the entrance and the open court within. It is now a receiving-house for a railway.

A little farther beyond, on the other side of Aldgate, stood a far more important monastery, that of the Holy Trinity. There is not a vestige left of the ancient buildings by St. James's Square. This noble house was founded by Matilda, wife of Henry I., in 1109, for



Dispute domini huius monasterii cum la. &  
 quibusdam. fol. 34. In monasterio.  
 de ubi erat curia glorie huius. fol. 22.

The Emperor, seated on his throne, is administering justice between a rich and a poor man. He holds in his hand the Curtana, or sword of mercy. Death is behind him, and appears to be plucking off his crown.

regular canons of the Order of St. Augustine. The priory, enriched by many later benefactors, became the wealthiest and most splendid in the city. Its prior, by virtue of his office, and because the old Knighten Guild had given their property to the priory, was alderman of Portsoken Ward. The monastery was exempted from ecclesiastical jurisdiction other than the Pope's; its church was great and magnificent, full of stately monuments, carved marbles, and rich shrines; the house was hospitable, and nobly charitable to the poor.

The beautiful old Church of St. Helen, occasionally visited by Shakespeare, filled with monuments—curious and quaint, was formerly

the church of the Priory of St. Helen. This nunnery was founded by William Basing, Dean of St. Paul's, in the reign of Richard I. The church, as it now stands, consists of the old parish church and the nuns' church, formerly separated by a partition wall.

Close on the hallowed purlieus of Great St. Bartholomew, amid mean houses and shops of the lower class, standing across the road, is St. John's Gate. This is the gate, and it is nearly all that is left, of the great Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. It was founded in the year 1100, and therefore belongs to Norman London. Its founder was *Jordan Briset*, a baron of the realm, and *Muriel* his wife. They had

already founded a priory for nuns close by Clerkenwell. The great Priory Church, one of the most splendid in London, was not dedicated until 1185, and then by no less a person than Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, then in England in quest of aid and money for another. In its foundation the brethren took the vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty. They were to have a right to nothing but bread and water and clothes. They begged their food; on Wednesdays and Fridays they fasted; a breach of their first vow was punished by public flogging and penance; no women were to do any offices at all for them; they were to be silent, never to go about alone; they



*Gradientes in superbis patet DEVS  
humilitate Deo +*

The Empress, decked with all the pomp of majesty, and attended by her maids of honour, is overtaken by Death, who, in the character of a shrivelled old woman, points to a grave, and seems to say, "To this must you all come."

were to be the servants of the sick and poor; they were valiantly to defend the Cross. "Receive," says the ritual of admission, "the yoke of the Lord; it is easy and light, and thou shalt find rest for thy soul. We promise thee nothing but bread and water, a simple habit of little worth. We give thee, thy parents, and relations a share in the good works performed by our Order and by our brethren, both now and hereafter, throughout the whole world. We place, O brother, this cross upon thy breast, that thou mayest love it with all thy heart; and may thy right hand ever fight in its defence! Should



*Miserrae opulente largite & audite Voopm nos,  
14th. Post dno de Anbium de vos conburlomant,  
Era 70.*

The Queen is walking out from her palace, accompanied by two of her ladies and her jester. Death, having previously despoiled the motley personage of his habiliments, and grotesquely decorated himself therewith, is forcibly dragging away the Queen. The fool attempts ineffectually to protect her, whilst the female attendants join in the lamentations of their mistress.

it happen that, in fighting against the enemies of the faith, thou shouldest desert the standard of the Cross, and take to flight, thou wilt be stripped of the holy sign, according to the statutes and customs of the Order, as having broken its vows, and thou wilt be cut off from our body."

This poor, valiant, and ascetic society became in 200 years enormously rich and luxurious. By its pride and its tyranny it incurred the deadly hatred of the common people, as is shown by their behaviour during the insurrection of Wat Tyler and John Bull. These Essex rebels destroyed a manor belonging to the Knights Hospitallers, and another manor at Highbury. Then they burned

and pillaged Lambeth and the Savoy, and destroyed St. John's Priory, beheaded the Grand Prior, and destroyed the church and the whole of the buildings. The church soon rose again, and the monastic buildings were replaced with more than the ancient splendour, and the luxury of the knights was in no way diminished.

On the north side of the priory, and adjacent to it, lay the twin foundation of *Briset*, the Priory of Black Nuns.

The Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem was situated at first outside Bishopsgate, close to St. Botolph's Church. This ancient foundation was endowed by one Simon Fitz Mary, sheriff, in the year 1247. This was one of the lesser houses, though it survived the rest, and became the great and splendid foundation which still exists.

A little farther north, and on the opposite side of Bishopsgate Street, stood the great house of St. Mary Spital—*Domus Dei et Beate Virginis*—founded in the year 1197 by Walter Brune and Rosia his wife.

On the south side of the Thames, besides St. Mary Overies, there were two great houses, St. Thomas's Hospital and Bermondsey Abbey, both outside the city.

Passing through the broad highway of Whitechapel and Mile End,



*Ue qui iustificatis Impium pro muneribus  
a Iudicium Iusti auferitis ab eo. In. 5.*

He is disposing of his indulgence to a rich offender, who brings with him a chest of money. Death snatches off the Cardinal's hat.

we get to the Church of St. Mary, or Bow Church, formerly the church of a nunnery founded at Stratford le Bow by William the Conqueror, augmented by Stephen, enriched by Henry II. and Richard I.; and it lasted till the Dissolution.

Neglect not the north side of Broad Street, for here stood the splendid house of Austin Friars—that is, the Friars Eremites of the Order of St. Augustine. The house was founded by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, in the year 1253. It rapidly became one of the wealthiest houses in the city; its church, very splendid, was filled with monuments. Part of it stands to this day, and

is now used by the Dutch residents in London. The quiet courts, and the square at the back of the church, retain something of the former monastic arrangement, and of the old tranquillity. The square is certainly one of the courts of the monastery, but whether the refectory or the library or the abbot's house stood there is uncertain.

The next great house, following the wall westward, was that of St. Martin's le Grand. It was a house of Augustine Canons, and formed a precinct with its own liberty. William of Wykeham was its most famous dean. In the sanctuary Miles Forest, one of the murderers of the two Princes in.



*Præterea videtur morbo. Et quiesce-  
re hinc in præteritum potentiam, Epoch. 7*

He is seen just coming out of his palace, accompanied with his retinue. A poor beggar with her child craving charity with him is rejected, whilst Death is supposed invisibly to lay his hands upon him.

the Tower, died, "rolled away piecemeal." The liberty survived long after the Dissolution.

And now we are brought to the adjoining St. Martin's, where was the great foundation of the Grey Friars. These were Franciscans, and were the preachers of the poor. The first Franciscans, like the Buddhist priests, lived upon alms; they had no money, no endowments, no books, no learning, no great houses. Those who came to England—it was in 1224—nine in number, of whom one was a priest, were penniless.

On their first arrival they hired a piece of ground on Cornhill, and built upon it rude cells, of wattle and daub, with their own hands. The Franciscans stayed a very short time on Cornhill. In the year 1225 one John Ewin bought and presented to them a piece of ground north of Newgate Street, whither they removed. Their austerity, their poverty, their earnestness, their eloquence, drew all hearts towards them. And, as always happens, their very popularity proved their ruin. Kings and queens, great lords and ladies, strove and vied with each other to show their love and admiration for the men who had given up all that the world can offer for the sake of Christ, and for pity of their brothers and sisters. They showed this love in the manner common with the world. They forced upon the friars a portion of their wealth; they made them receive and enjoy



*Percussam Pastorem, & dispergen-*  
*tur oves gregis. Mat. 26. Mar. 14.*

Death leading off the principal Shepherd; the rest, terrified, betake themselves to flight, and the flocks are dispersed.

the very things they had renounced. It is a wonderful record. First, the citizens began. One Lord Mayor built a new choir for their church, with a splendour worthy of the order and of the city; another built the nave to equal the choir; a third built the dormitories—no more wattle and daub for the dear friars. Other citizens built chapter-house, vestry-house, infirmary, and refectory. † Their library was given by Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. Then came the turn of the great people. Queen Margaret thought the choir of the church should be more splendid, and added to it or rebuilt it. Queen Isabella and Queen Philippa thought that the nave should be still more splendid, and with the help of the Earl and Countess of



Quoniam cum interierit non surget  
 iterum ornatus, nequa cum eo descondet  
 gloria eius. Ps. 49.

Death, in the character of a ragged and oppressed peasant, has despoiled the nobleman of his paraphernalia, and is dashing his shield or coat of arms to pieces.

Richmond, the Earl of Gloucester and his sisters, Lord Lisle and others, built a new nave, three hundred feet long, eighty-nine feet broad, and sixty-four feet high. Here were buried, as in ground far more sacred than that of St. Paul's, or any acre of ordinary consecration, Margaret, wife of Edward II.; Joan of the Tower, Queen of Scots, daughter of Edward II.; Isabel, daughter of Edward III.; Beatrice, daughter of Henry III.; and an extraordinary number of persons great and honourable in their day. What became of their monuments, and of the church itself, belongs to Tudor London.

The venerable and good Grey Friars now appears, by our entering on the right hand of a narrow lane leading north from Newgate Street: here stands Christ Church, on part of the site of the old Church of the Grey Friars. It is an ugly pile, built by Wren twenty years after the Great Fire. At the Dissolution Henry VIII. made their church into a parish church, assigning to it the two parishes of St. Nicholas Shambles and St. Ewin, together with the ground occupied by the monastery. The church within is as ugly as it is without. One shudders to think of the change from the great monastic church. On the other side is an open space, a churchyard, now disused. The old church covered both this open space and the area of the modern church. Behind it stood the cloisters, the burial-ground, and the monastic buildings of the house, covering a great extent of ground. Those who go through the gate find themselves in a large quadrangle, asphalted. This is now part of the boys' playground; their feet run every day over the old tombs and graves of the Grey Friars burial-ground; the soil, though not accounted so sacred as that within the church itself, was considered greatly superior to that of any common churchyard. Most of the dead were buried in the habit of the Grey Friars, as if to cheat Peter into a



*Ipse morietur, quia non habuit vitam  
plenam & in multitudinem stultitum  
describitur.*

Death, with the Abbot's Mitre on his head, and his Crosier on his shoulder, has seized him by the cloak, whilst the other endeavours to disengage himself, and appears to be throwing his Breviary at his assailant.



belief in their sanctity. On the south of the quadrangle two or three arches may be observed. These are the only fragments remaining of the cloisters.

A view of Christ's Hospital after the Great Fire of 1666 shows the old courts of the abbey. The church formerly extended over the whole front of the picture. The buildings now seen are wholly modern. The cloistered square was the churchyard; the hall stood across the north side of the first court; beyond were the courts appropriated to the service of the monks; the cells, libraries, etc., were round the great court, and the small courts on the right.



*Leuis magis moritur quam vivit*  
L. 10. 6

Death, fantastically dressed in a sort of mantle, with feathers on his head, exultingly seizes the Abbess by the wimple and leads her away from the convent, whilst a nun in the background is piteously bewailing the fate of her mistress.

The poor Franciscan house is gone, and the good friars too are gone. Let us not think, however, that their work is gone. On the contrary, all that was good in it remains. That is the quality and test of good work; it is imperishable. If you ask what is this work, and where it may be found, look about you. In the prosperity of the city, in the energy, the industry, the courage, the soberness of the people, in whatever virtues they possess, the Franciscans have their share—the Grey Friars, who went straight at the people, the rough, common ignorant people, and saved them from the destruction of those virtues which built up this realm of Britain. The old

ideas change ; what is to-day faith becomes to-morrow superstition ; but the new order grows naturally out of the old. It was a part of the training necessary for the people that they should pass under the training of the friars.

Ye who regard earnest preaching, bear in memory that in the south-west corner of the wall were lodged the Dominicans or Black Friars. These, the Preaching Friars, came to England two years before their rivals the Franciscans. Their first settlement was in Chancery Lane. After a residence there of fifty years, they removed farther on into the town, which was, so to speak, made for them ; that is, the city wall, which for-

merly ran straight from Ludgate to the river, was pulled down, and rebuilt farther west, along the bank of the Fleet. Within the piece of ground thus added, the Black Friars settled down ; and because the ground had not formerly belonged to the City, it now became a precinct of its own, enclosed by its own wall, with its four gates, not amenable to the City, and pretending to a right of sanctuary. Edward I. and his queen Eleanor were great benefactors to the Dominicans. Of the church and its stately buildings, of the proud order, not a trace remains. In the Guildhall Museum may be seen a drawing of some ruined vaults belonging to the abbey, which were



*Sedentes in tenebris & in Umbra  
Mortis Visctos in mendicitate 175. 106*

This poor Mendicant is endeavouring to escape with his wallet and money-box from the clutches of Death, who has seized him by the cowl, and drags him away with great violence.

discovered on enlarging the premises of the *Times* office some years ago. The Dominicans, in spite of their wealth and power, never succeeded in winning the affections of the people to the same extent as the Franciscans. They were learned; they insisted strongly on doctrine; but they were harder of heart than the Grey Friars. It was the Dominicans who encouraged the planting of the Inquisition. All these houses were within the walls—hallowed ground it is indeed all around.

Without the walls there were *others* as rich and as splendid. South



Est via que videtur homini iusta: novit  
ma autem eius deducens hominem ad mortem

A young lady who has precipitately taken the veil seems to have admitted her lover into her apartment. She is kneeling before an altar, and hesitates whether to persist in her devotions, or listen to the amorous ditties of the youth, who, seated on a bed, accompanies them on a lute.

of Fleet Street, between Bridewell Palace and the Temple, was the house of the *Carmelites*, called the *White Friars*. These also were an order of mendicants. The *Fratres Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Carmelo* sprang from the hermits who settled in numbers on the slopes of Mount Carmel. They were formed into an order by Almeric, Bishop of Antioch, and were first introduced into Europe about the year 1216, by Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem. They got their house in London from Edward I.; but their chief benefactor was Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. They too had their sanctuary, afterwards called *Alsatia*. This privilege was not abolished till the year 1697.

Beyond the *Carmelites* were the

*Templars*, but the suppression of the order removed them from the scene in the year 1310.

The priories of *St. Bartholomew* and of *St. John* belong to Norman London. On the north of Bartholomew's, however, stood the house of the *Carthusians*. The Carthusian Order was a branch of the *Benedictine Rule*, to which the *Clermaacs* and *Cistercians* also belonged.

The house of the Salutation of the Mother of God—which was its full title—was founded in the year 1371 by Sir Walter Manny. Those who know their Froissart know that gallant knight well, and can testify to his achievements:

how he entreated King Edward for the citizens of Calais; how he rescued the Countess of Montfort, besieged in the Castle of Hemiere, and for his reward was kissed, he and his companions not once, but two or three times, by that brave lady;—these and many other things can be told of this gallant knight. Not the least of his feats was the foundation of this house of religion.

After the monasteries came the Hospitals: *St. Bartholomew*, *Elsing Spital*, *St. Giles*, *Cripplegate*, *St. Mary Spital*, *St. Mary of Bethlehem*, *St. Thomas*, *Southwark*, and the *Lazar-house of Southwark*.

These hospitals were all religious foundations, governed by some order. Religion and blessed charity ruled all. All learning, all



*Ve qui dicitur bonus & bonum malum  
ponendo in ore & iurem & iurem habens in ore  
in amarum in dulce & dulce in amarum 52 8*

This represents an Hypocritical Preacher. Death behind, with a stole round his neck, is lying in wait for him, and holds in his hands a jawbone.

science, all the arts, all the professions, were in the hands of the Church. It is very easy to congratulate ourselves on the removal of those so-called chains. Yet they were certainly a necessary part of human development. Order, love of law, respect for human life, education in the power of self-government, such natural advance as prepared the way—all these things had to be taught. Out of all this discipline emerged the Londoner of Queen Bess, eager for adventure and for enterprise.

Little attention was given to prognostications coming from the East foretelling the Pestilence which overran our Islands in the year



*Medice cura te ipsum.*

Death is introducing an aged patient, whose water he carries in an urnal, and exhibits to the physician, whom he is supposed to address: "Physician, heal thyself; thy patient is already consigned to me."

1832, although very distinct and clear at the time. It was announced fully two years beforehand that Electric Currents fatal to health would dominate Britain during that year. Who of this generation living at the time does not remember the dire reality? The gutters of the streets of London and other large towns were flowing with a thick liquid mixture of water and chloride of lime; blinds were drawn down in nearly all the houses; men, women, and children stood in groups in the middle of the streets, as if they thought there was safety in the heavy, warm, summer air. They spoke in low tones and pointed ominously to houses where

the Plague in that very day had made itself felt, perhaps only an hour or so before. Truly, the Pestilence stalked abroad in the noonday as well as at night. Funeral processions, in cases in which anything of the kind was attempted, were shorn of all the ordinary externals. No black coaches, nor nodding horse-plumes, rarely a hearse of the usual style; in a general way, any sort of a vehicle was availed of to hurry the now dreaded corpse away from the home in which life had suddenly been resigned; oftentimes men with pipes in their mouths carried at quick step the corpse on a hastily improvised sort of hand-bier. Heavy oak coffins with the

regulation white metal adornments were rare; and as to a lead coffin, it was unknown. The great difficulty was to get manual help to bring the dead from upper rooms in which life had quitted them, the narrow staircases of the poor rendering the duty not only most difficult, but, in many cases, impossible of accomplishment, but for the merciful aid of poor neighbours, who, as is generally and mercifully the case with the poorest of our people, willingly came forward to render the needed aid in hours of direst sorrow. Every one knew that such offices were undertaken at imminent risk of life; but, to their honour be it recorded, refusals to incur the peril proved the



*Quoniam fortis et magnus custodit altum lunam, et si autem fortis et superbus videret eam, videret eam armamentis, in quibus confidebat.*

This Hero, after vanquishing his enemies and escaping the perils of war, meets at length with a foe he resists in vain. At a distance another Death appears, beating a drum and leading on his followers to battle.

exceptions. Rarely was time afforded for the execution of a coffin breastplate to designate the name and age of the occupant, and it would have been no easy matter to find tradesmen willing to affix such emblem, which in so dread day of mourning was looked upon as symbolical of heraldry. The poor screwed down the coffin lids of their own dead, and in cases of the rich and well-to-do the undertaking official usually arrived in a state evidencing frequent beforehand libations, freely resorted to by the majority of those who are driven

to undertake the last offices to their fellow-creatures in times of so sad emergency.

Whatever our modern time ideas may be as to occasional over-indulgence in eating and drinking, they did not at time of Epidemics and Pestilence neglect the opposite observance. Fasting and abstinence of various kinds were deemed of the highest importance. Our ancestors employed these salutary penances with a degree of effect not commonly acknowledged in these later days.

On the very verge of the old site of the venerable and good Grey Friars' Monastery, close on Christ's Hospital territories, at the top of Newgate Street, fronting on St. Martin's le Grand, there has recently been erected a massive



*Callidus vult magis, et ab uno patet uno  
non periculis, et aliter est damno, &c.*

The rich client is seen putting a bribe into the hands of this dishonest lawyer, to which Death also contributes, but reminds him that his glass is run out. To this admission he seems to pay little regard, being occupied in counting his money. Behind stands the poor suitor, wringing his hands and lamenting that his poverty disables him from coping with his powerful adversary.

pile for Post Office higher officialdom. Over this highly important and most successfully administered department of the public service presides Henry of Norfolk, the Duke Premier of England, of historic renown, great as his ancient lineage, far eclipsing any rivalry, one of unbounded loyalty. One of its titles, "Clerk Marshal," dates back into the almost forgotten centuries, reminding us that all along the line it has yielded worthy representatives of unsurpassed gallantry and greatness. The present Postmaster-General is a devotee of thorough earnest duty, and sets a good example in all respects to the multitudinous classes serving under him seeking only practical methods united to able execution. His Grace is of true charity, unostentatiously dispensing a large income with sound discretion.



*Memento & te sola Mors separabit.*

The happy couple, whom the Church has just united, are admonished by the beat of Death's drum that they will undergo a speedy separation.

A.D.

15 The earliest Christian Era. A Comet observed at Rome. Pestilence in Asia, with earthquake of tremendous violence the following year.

53 Comet. Earthquakes frequent; mock suns; famine at Rome.

62 Comet, and Plague; 'it was during the approach of the above Comet to its perihelion that St. Paul was shipwrecked on the Isle of Malta.

67 Comet. Destructive tempest in Campania. In the reign of Nero



a Pestilence arose at Rome, which carried off 30,000 persons in a short time. If we credit Tacitus, the houses were full of dead bodies. Earthquakes at the same time at Hierapolis and in Laodicea. Six hundred sheep killed in Italy by vapour from an earthquake. The remark made by the Roman historian, that there was no particular state of air or heat during *this* Pestilence, shows that, by making an exception of this case, he confirms the conformity of others to the rule that remarkable weather attends it in general.

Comet with very long tail, in June, just before Vespasian died.

A.D.  
79



*Ducunt in bonis dies suos, & in puncto ad inferna detocudunt.*

The lady in her dressing-room with her maid, who is bringing her a splendid robe, with a chain necklace of gold. Upon a chest is a looking-glass and other toilet necessities. Death, behind, ornaments the girl with a necklace of bones.

It was followed by long drought and heat, slighter epidemics, and in the November following by a tremendous eruption of Vesuvius; which was followed, again, by an earthquake that swallowed up Herculaneum and Pompeii. A Pestilence followed in Rome in the year 80; and in the same year was a terrible inundation in England, in which much cattle perished. One of the most important things to be remarked in this period is the order of the phenomena, so often repeated since, but which will mark out the origin and nature of Pestilence. The Comet came first; then the drought, with the epidemics; then the volcanic commotions, and the progressive malignity of a Pestilence ending

in the destruction of 10,000 citizens of Rome in one day.

A.D. 137 Comet, followed by Plague. Thames nearly dry.

?169 A Comet, which was seen during the period of general Pestilence in Europe, Africa, and Asia, which began in A.D. 167 and ended in 180. Gangrene of the feet was a usual symptom in this Pestilence. A peculiarity known in the earliest visitations had ceased, but after a long interval revived . . . At the period alluded to . . . Antioch lost 100,000 persons by a fearful earthquake.

211 Comet. The Plague in London; flood of the Trent.

335 A prodigiously large Comet is recorded, and was considered as a forerunner of the death of Constantine. Soon after its appearance Syria and Cilicia were desolated with Pestilence, and the Tweed overflowed.

383 Comet observed. Plague of Rome, and in Syria. This Comet was evidently the Blazing Star mentioned by Nicephorus, which was of a singular figure, and was visible thirty days. Soon after this followed the filthy and horrible plague of locusts at Gaza and Ascalon.

400 A Comet, recorded of huge size and horrible aspect, followed by an earthquake near Constantinople and the Plague. The Euxine was frozen for twenty days the following winter. There were also severe earthquakes.



*Qua congregat thesaurum lingua mercator, variis & excoere citi & impingetur ad laqueos Mortis. Prov. 22*

After having escaped the perils of the sea with his bales of merchandise, this too secure adventurer, whilst contemplating his riches, is surprised by his unwelcome visitor.



Venite ad me omnes qui laboratis &  
onerati estis

Accompanied by his faithful dog, and heavily laden with goods, the poor man is arrested by Death, who eases him of his burden. In vain he points to the place of his destination; he is forcibly compelled to change his route. Another Death leads off this dance with a jig upon the trump marine.

paleness will hereafter be found recorded in 1783, the year of the Great Meteor, which happened on St. Helen's Day. This paleness was occasioned by the prevalence of vapour all over Europe during the eruption of Mount Hecla.

Comet. A terrible Pestilence, in which Pope Pelagius died, followed. 590 This was characterized by affections of the brain, that caused the patient to see dreadful phantoms. The Plague was sudden and universal. A long period of near half a century followed, in which various epidemics of different degrees of malignity infested almost

A Comet of a most unusual appearance is described by Nicephorus, like a cone of fire; but what the phenomenon really was is not yet cleared up; it lasted four months, during which time there were many luminous meteors, and earthquakes in foreign countries. Pestilence and famine prevailed together for many months afterwards in most parts of Europe.

A. D.  
407

Comet, of great splendour, supposed to be the one whose period is 575 years, and which appeared 44 B.C. Plague in Wales. Sun very pale for a long time; and it is very remarkable that the approach of the same Comet, A. N. B. C. 1767, is recorded as having been attended with the same sort of paleness in the Sun. A similar

531

590

every part of Europe, accompanied at times by extraordinary visitations of locusts and other insects. It is asserted by Echard that St. Gregory instituted a procession at Rome at this time in consequence of the Plague, and that during its solemn progress upwards of eighty of the persons composing it fell down dead in the streets.

A.D. 715 Comet, of great splendour, whose periods give it to the following years: 30, 372, 715, 1058, 1401, 1743, and so on. Soon after this Comet in 715 epidemics began to prevail; and as the malignity of the bane increased, it at length produced the destructive Plague of the year 717, in which 300,000 persons died at Constantinople.

771 Although no Comet is recorded, this being an exception to the rule, the Plague raged in Europe, and 34,000 died of it at Chichester. The authority for this date is bad.

1097 Comet in October, followed by earthquake of Syracuse, and next year by the celebrated inundation in Kent, which formed Goodwin Sands.

1230 Comet, from this time to 1233. Devastating Pestilence broke out in Italy, Denmark, and France at once. There was a famine in England, and 20,000 persons are recorded to have been starved!

1252 The Plague broke out in London at Michaelmas, and overspread England through the winter; there



*Stultus hac nocte repetens animam suam & quæ parali curius aruit.*

Death has penetrated into the stronghold of the miser, and, seated on a stool, collects into a large dish the money which he had been counting, whilst the miser, in an agony of terror and despair, is holding up his hands and vainly imploring mercy.



*Corruat in curru suo, clm 2.*

The carriage is overturned and a horse thrown down. Death is carrying off a wheel which he has just torn away, whilst another is staving a cask of wine. The terrified waggoner is uttering lamentations at the unlooked-for misfortunes.

was a murrain of sheep next year, and a curious disease became epidemic in the tongues of horses. In the Ouse there is recorded a flood just before Ascension Day; the whole year was very unhealthy, and earthquakes abounded in Sicily and in Germany. In China there was what is called in the East a plague of insects. . . . In London so great was the mortality that 50,000 bodies were buried in a week; Norwich lost nearly as many; Venice, 100,000; in Lubeck 90,000, and in Florence 90,000. Spain is said to have lost 20,000,000.

Plague continued; Denmark scourged by the *Sorte Diod* or Black Death, a peculiar pestilence. The clergy suffered much at this time. Prodigious epizootic, and universal death among fishes, which had blotches on them. The Pestilence was general, except in Brabant and in the country about Milan.

Comet, per. pass. 26th November. Pestilence still general, with a

was a murrain of sheep next year, and a curious disease became epidemic in the tongues of horses.

A pestilential epidemic, being alarming for its extent and duration; it attacked almost every country of Europe, Asia, and Africa, under various forms of Plague, etc.; by 1350 it had overrun Germany and the North: it was accompanied by earthquakes and volcanoes, and by the Comet of 1351, hereafter to be recorded.

Comet recorded "of frightful aspect," in the reign of Edward III. A.D. 1345

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Comet, per. pass. 26th November. Pestilence still general, with a

long hot drought. In England a strange epidemic madness is recorded, which was at its height in 1353, and soon after broke out the terrible Plague by which Florence lost, in 1358, 100,000 citizens. Boccaccio, in his animated *Descrizione della Peste di Firenze*, rightly ascribes this Pestilence to the state of the air. Petrarch says that few escaped it. Women in child-bed were particularly singled out, and in the country there succeeded a murrain of beasts. Though no Comet is recorded this precise year, yet well-worked-out calculations of the probability establish the fact that there occurred one within our system at this time.

A.D. 1373 Insanity visited the people as an epidemic; no one could call this contagious! and yet it spread as disorders do which are vulgarly called infectious . . . and it may be remarked that this disease prevailed while the volcanic eruptions of the next year were gathering.

1406 Comet. The Plague in London alone destroyed 30,000 people.

1472 Comet, whose per. pass. was Feb. 28. Two other Comets are recorded this year, but probably one of them might be the same observed before, but returning from the Sun; the following year heat and drought; great rivers dried up. Earthquakes, plagues, and volcanoes. The Plague of Paris, in 1477, destroyed 40,000 persons, and Italy was overcome by locusts.



*Quid prodest homini si viderit Quam Magnam lucram autem scire non potest detestari tam patientem.*

Three persons at a Gaming Table are interrupted in their sport by Death and the Devil.

First appeared the celebrated epidemic called the Sweating <sup>A.D.</sup> 1483  
Sickness, or *Sudor Anglicus*, which carried off great numbers from time to time. This disorder attacked those who fed well and were in high health. About the same time the Plague changed its character, according to authors, and it is said to have resumed its former character a century afterwards. Scotchmen escaped the Sweating Sickness, from their more prudent way of feeding; it recurred, says Webster, in 1506, 1528, 1551.

Comet passed its perihelion on St. Bartholomew's Day, O.S.; it 1531  
was preceded the foregoing year by Spotted Fever all over Europe at once, and followed by Plague. *Ætna* on fire again.

A horrible and loathsome Pestilence in Saxony, and afterwards 1548  
in London and other places. Great rains and locusts in Italy.

Comet. Scarcity of corn in England. In 1563 the Plague was in 1560  
London and most parts of Europe with terrible mortality. Castaglio died of it at Basle. Earthquakes prevailed, and one in England is recorded in September.

A miserable epidemic overspread Europe of an intermittent kind, 1566  
the fit beginning at 3 o'clock p.m. with shivering, and ending in fever, with horrible boils, ulcers, and spots.

Comet. Spotted Fever universal, and turned into Plague. 1569

A New Star (probably a Comet) recorded, brighter than Jupiter, 1572  
which appeared in *Cassiopeia*; it was stationary for sixteen months, and then vanished. Epilepsy in France. The Plague now for many years appeared sporadically in Europe. In 1575 beetles and flies numerous.

Comet appeared in October; p. pass. Nov. 28; was visible two 1580  
months. A pestilential period seemed to arise this year, which in succession devastated the principal cities of Europe, from Rome to Turkey, Russia and London. Medicines and bleeding were wholly unavailing. Prosper Alpinus relates that in one year 500,000 died in

Grand Cairo alone. It was very virulent also in France and in Egypt. The same year the Marshes in Essex were devastated by an unusual abundance of mice.

A.D.  
1583 Earthquake in England; the Plague in London and elsewhere.

1612 Comets. Storms at sea laid 2,000 dead carcasses on the English coast, and 1,200 on the Dutch shore. Plague in Constantinople destroyed 200,000 persons the year before. In summer Europe was covered by grasshoppers. In 1613 the cats were transported to Scutari, under a false idea that they were the cause of the Plague, being themselves distempered.

1625 Comet, and eruptions of Hecla and one in Palma. Plague in London, pestilential period general, and in the course of a few years the loss of life was immense. In 1630 the Plague was at Cambridge. In 1632 Vesuvius lost 200 feet of altitude by burning. Earthquake of Naples.

1638 Earthquake in Calabria destroyed 30,000 lives; also extensive earthquake in America in June; tremendous storms of wind in autumn and a season of general ill-health. In 1639 swarms of small flies on the sea near the coast. The Plague still in London, and so continued more or less till 1648.



*Spiritus meus tremulabitur: hoc mecum brevis est  
hinc a Deo mihi Expectat Epitaphium. 1617.*

This is an emblem of man's second infancy. The helpless creature bowed down with age is listening with delight to the music of a dulcimer with which Death beguiles him and leads him to the grave.



Comet. Earthquake in America. Plague in London, and in <sup>A.D.</sup> 1647 America the Influenza was general and very fatal.

Comet, per. pass. on St. Marcellus' Day, supposed to be the Comet 1661 of October 19, 1532. The *Cynanche trachealis*, in America, attended the approach of this Comet as a fatal epidemic, and next year an earthquake. A fatal disease of sheep and cattle broke out in England; and it is observed by Sydenham, that at this time, 1661, disease began to assume a new and fatal malignity that increased progressively till the Great Plague of 1665, hereafter to be recorded, and which attended the remarkable Comet of that year.

Comet, p. pass. April 14. This was the year of the memorable 1665 epidemic called the Great Plague of London. The previous winter had been severe and unhealthy, and various epidemics had prevailed all over Europe, when in June the Plague appeared in London. The folly of believing that this Plague was imported was soon exposed, as it was found to have broken out in many parts of Europe at once during the two preceding years. This Plague threatened, after a temporary suspension, to return with its former violence in 1666, but it was apparently soon put a stop to by the Fire of London of September 2nd of that year, which might act two ways: firstly, on the *exciting cause*, by purifying the air; and, secondly, on the *predisponent*, by its local effects on the city, almost desolated and in ruins. . . . As to the Plague, it is remarkable for being the worst, as well as the last, that has visited London. Earthquakes prevailed next year in America, and the Plague and a dysentery in England.

Comet, with prodigious coma? A dry summer, and malignant 1668 atmosphere in America, with the zodiacal light, accompanied by bilious fever. In 1670 mock suns in Hungary, and tempests. A disease prevailed in Westphalia among cats, which had an eruption about the head, and died lethargic. In Norway malignant measles.

A.D.  
1685 Comet, with long tail, perhaps the largest ever recorded, appeared in Autumn, whose period is 575 years. We have recorded it, therefore, before in our catalogue, and it is supposed to be the Comet of the reign of Justinian. This remarkable Comet was observed by Sir Isaac Newton, and its elliptical orbit determined by him as well as by Euler. Severe winter, and hot dry summer followed. Meteor in Germany.

1689 Comet, p. pass. on the Feast of the Presentation B.V.M. Spotted fever, small-pox, and others; then followed murrain of sheep; in 1692 earthquake of Port Royal, and blight of corn. Earthquake in September felt in England, Germany, France, and Switzerland. Fevers raged all this time.

1693 Comet? The famous earthquake of Sicily felt at Naples, occurred January 16th, and it was preceded by the strange fire from the ground which receded as one approached it. Volcanic eruptions general. In October an influenza began among horses, and then attacked men as usual. In 1695 apoplexy became quite epidemic in Italy.

1707 Comet, Nov. 30. Vesuvius burning. Early in the next year began the Influenza, a sort of catarrh, to prevail all over Europe, which was followed by a period of Plague and of ill-health. The



*Melior est Mors quam Vita. Eccl. 30.*

This old woman, of tedious pace, is more occupied with a rosary composed of bones than with the music of Death, who precedes her, playing on the dulcimer.

winter of 1708-9 was very severe. It was observed that those who used a full diet suffered also from pleurisy. Persons excluded in religious retirement escaped the disease, and so did prisoners and all others kept from the air abroad. Dantzic and its vicinity lost 25,000 by Plague. Copenhagen nearly as many. In 1708 an immense quantity of spiders appeared, which were accounted a presage of the Plague: on the 11th of August a strange mist, and in October a blue fiery Meteor. In 1710 Stockholm lost 30,000 by Pestilence. In the same year the Dunkirk rant, a sort of catarrh, prevailed in Flanders, and the spotted fever at Norwich.

Comet, p.p. on St. Geneviève's Day, January 3. A hot summer <sup>A.D.</sup> 1718 followed this Comet as usual, and Pestilence prevailed. In March, 1719, a splendid Meteor traversed the heavens, and Halley calculated its diameter to be above a mile and a half!—it was many miles high. The Plague destroyed 80,000 in Aleppo.

Comet, p.p. June 14. It was preceded by putrid fever as an 1729 epidemic in Europe, and followed by a universal influenza in almost every known country. Malignant pleurisies, and at last Plague, followed in Cyprus. Vesuvius was burning.

Comet, p.p. January 19. The perihelion of this Comet happened 1737 in the midst of a most pestiferous period: malignant anginas and other lesser forms of disease began, and the yellow fever in America and the Plague in Europe finished the catastrophe: almost every variety of morbid phenomena is recorded as following this period.

Comet, p.p. June 6, which was followed next winter by the long 1739 frost, which lasted till March, 1740; and what is remarkable, in the other hemisphere a similar winter prevailed the following year. The whole period was very unhealthy. The hooping-cough, spotted fever, and small-pox raged in succession till the end of 1741. Ireland lost 80,000 persons by famine and dysentery.



foxes in America. About this time, according to Sinclair, began the disease among potatoes in Scotland, which for many years infested them. In America anginas and catarrhs prevailed.

Comet, p.p. November 15. We are now come to a year remarkable in modern history for its atmospheric phenomena. On St. Agatha's Day, February 5th, in Sicily, a thick fog is recorded, overspreading the whole island; a tremendous earthquake followed, burying above 30,000 in the ruins in Messina and Calabria, during which flames seemed to issue even from the sea. Four days afterwards a fog, having the smell of burnt leaves, spread over New England, the ground there being under snow. A famine in the Carnatic followed. On the night of March 29th a splendid Lumen Boreale in America. In England it appeared January 13th, and in February the marshes of the Lea were under water for ten days. There was much mistiness, which began to overspread Europe in June. During the eruption of Hecla, and previous to it, Ireland was covered with blue vapour, and the springs dried up. On May 31st a large Meteor was seen in Virginia. On St. Helen's Day, Monday, August 18th, in England was observed the great and memorable Meteor which crossed Europe from N.N.W. to S.S.E., blazing and leaving coruscations in its train. It was seen about half-past eight by Mr. B. M. Forster, at Walthamstow, who was so amazed at its magnitude that he jumped out of a window to observe it better from the garden, and he describes its course as attended with noise. The same year, in October, tremendous gales and high tides occurred. In some parts great rains fell, and in others earthquakes were felt.

A.D.  
1783





Studying Astrology in Chambers.

LAWYER ASTROLOGERS OF "THE TEMPLE" AND  
"INNS OF COURT," AS AMONG THE WHOLE  
LEGAL FRATERNITY.

"And he is oft the wisest man  
Who is not wise at all."—WORDSWORTH'S *Oak and the Broom*.

**T**HE lawyer quarters in and about Lincoln's Inn, the Temple, and the various Inns and Serjeantries have since the days of Shakespeare and Bacon always homed men given to Astrology,—dating back to the time of their great luminary, Chancellor Francis Bacon, of Verulam, a somewhat dubious keeper of Elizabeth's conscience, the sagacious lawyer, who through questionable habit of pocketing gold as the reward of favourable judgments from

the highest legal throne, and who, for running away from his brother lawyers and leaving them to do battle alone with the Plague, had to make himself scarce at Her Majesty's Palaces, being no longer permitted to join as formerly his devoted friends Essex and Leicester in baskings for Royal favour, and the enjoyment of Her Majesty's galliard posturings. Nonsuch, distant some few miles from the Queen's greater Palace of Richmond, was a perfect museum of art treasures, many the gifts of distinguished personages and favourites, from whom the maiden sovereign had a happy knack of exacting votive offerings. At Nonsuch the world's greatest dramatist laid in abundant knowledge of foreign modes and scenes. Especially has he bequeathed to the world evidence of ransack of its library, understood to be the best collection then extant in England.

On the Middlesex side, close on the Thames water-edge of St. Margaret's, in view of his sovereign's Palace, stood Bacon's home and gardens, where dwelt in retirement and dishonour the greatest of England's lawyer scholars, one whose vast attainments have never since been surpassed. His nearest neighbour was Walter Ralcih. The estate is said to have been a gift to him from Essex (more probably from the Queen), and here he enjoyed fellowship with the most wondrous spirit of that age of mental giants, whose dramas now, after close on four centuries, absorb the thought and study of most capable brains. Here Bacon, amid groves of his own creation and Nature studies, sought oblivion of past errors. From these bygone times downwards men learned in the law have habitually favoured and set up sun-dials. Bacon had several remarkable ones, after the fashion of his brethren in the purlieus of their "Inns of Court." Wisdom takes note of the flight of time as a natural obstacle to lawyer "quirks and quibbles," and yet these monitors have helped but little in quenching human thirst for legal harass.

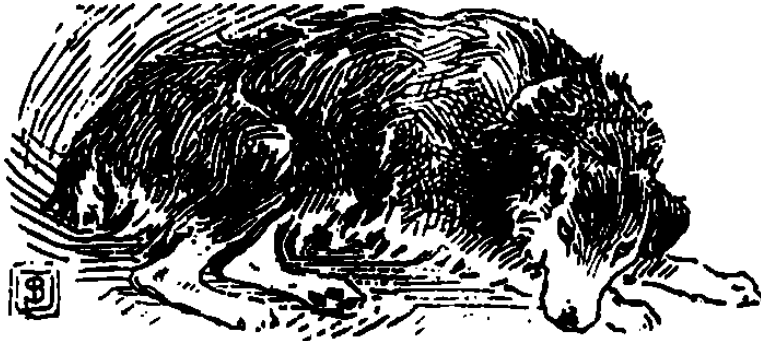
Among these astrologer lawyers mid-day was the one recognized time for laying in store of fuel for the day's bodily sustenance, as demonstrated in "Lorna Doone." "For according to all I can find in a long life and a varied one, twelve o'clock is the real time for a man to have his dinner. Then the Sun is at his noon, calling halt to look around, and then the plants and leaves are turning each



with a little leisure time before the work of the afternoon: then is the balance of east and west, and then the right and left side of a man, according to astrological rule, are in due proportion, and contribute fairly with harmonious fluids." And the health of this mode of life, and its reclaiming virtue, are well set forth in ancient rhyme,—

"Sunrise, breakfast, sunhigh, dinner,  
Sundown, sup, makes a saint of a sinner."





A deceased Judge's favourite dog, which usually accompanied him on Circuit.

Be it understood that chamber noons were no multitudinous assemblages, neither did the strength-yielding mollusc form the main staple of the repast. Everything was served on hot pewters, the potatoes always boiled

in their "jackets." They were right cozy gatherings of genial spirits, rarely exceeding three or four in number, each taking active part by seeing that everything was "done to a turn," all study of Coke upon Littleton being diverted "thereunto," as was the phrase. "Natives" then, as now, were but the preliminary appetizers. There were also spatchcocks, *i.e.* "young cock-a-doodles done on the grid," followed by five-inch squares of such steaks gushing of juices, passing then under name of "pinbone," but which have never been approached in these days of restaurant degeneracy. Verily the bovine animal has ceased to yield these specialities. There were also kidneys: even the sheep laid themselves out to become a special product, to be cooked after Inns of Court fashion, abhorrent of French kickshaw; for was not Nelson at the time preparing to disrobe the Corsican usurper, who had dared to threaten a descent on our little sea-girt isle?

Every denizen of the Temple and Inns deemed it a solemn duty to cultivate muscular power through having a pair of *lignum-vitæ* clubs, homed in holy companionship underneath his bed. Champagne was unknown as an "harmonious fluid." Honest port and sound burgundy held rule as the staple, a pewter pot of malt being deemed no excessive digester of the introductory overture to a mid-day dinner.

The spatchcock or steak held as handmaid any "unheeled" contents of the pewter, the port "stand by" never being "nosed" until pewter emptiness reigned. An elderly lady who presided as housekeeper over some half-dozen sets of chambers prepared and cooked the potatoes, jacket-clothed. She cleared the decks after every supper, and performed other needed functions.

There was no rioting or excess, good cheer and hearty fellowship always prevailing without undue prolongation of ceremonies. Tobacco was rarely resorted to at the mid-day meal; chambers were not redolent of the stale article; men had their work to do, and did it without aid of short pipes or the more to be deprecated cigarette.

Despite the ill example of Lord Bacon, there have ever been, and as we trust ever will be, found noble hearts among each of its branches—men who do honour to their craft by yielding honest labour and diligent thought in advocating their clients' cause, willing and foremost to help on the friendless and weak-kneed, and who seek only God's honour and the extension of justice. The greater part made time for work of charity and mercy. In the thickest of the Black Death, when all appeared helpless and hopeless,



A noted Barrister's dog—"Faithful unto Death."

these good lawyers never ceased in their efforts to aid the suffering living, and render hurried offices to those who in despair had passed away. No better example can be named of an honest lawyer than that afforded by the late Edwin Field, a solicitor of Lincoln's Inn—and kind friend of the writer—whose statue in the new Law Courts confers high honour on the building boasting the possession of the lineaments of so guileless a man, of the most perfect rectitude. Death came to this noble man in an endeavour to save the life of his clerk, when swimming together in the Thames.

The lust of gold is not altogether unknown even around the Law Courts. There are birds there existent who will not hesitate to pocket wearied and worn suitors' coin, not always for rendering "true and laudable service," who have failed sometimes through too eager clutching of coin to study their brief until brought forth from the bag in Court. This class has never been over-anxious for the holy things lying at the bottom of the well. Its mark is the bull's-eye of this age of lust of gold—a yellow imprint of a dragon. Amid the dire miseries falling to man through law, blessed is the knowledge that, amid endless legions of lawyers, to set men by the ears with the usual result of ruin to both sides, there are ever cropping up instances of generous forfeiture of sums-total of reams of bills of costs that have brought death to the door of many, and worse than death to the remainder. So also there are whole-souled advocates, such as the late Sir Francis Lockwood, notedly kind-hearted and thorough in literary attainments as in law, and who, had he lived, would no doubt have graced the most exalted rank attainable in his profession.

To his great honour it may be named that Lord Chancellor Halsbury was ever one of the most conscientious leaders of the English Bar. He never pocketed a fee or refresher without doing

full duty in the case by timely presence in Court. Lord Halsbury will pass down memorable in history as having ever striven to yield his fellow-subjects cheap transfer of land, and for the creation of a Public Official Trustee to guard infants and others from wrong-doers — admirable efforts.

Many a gentle spirit has wandered in these seemingly peaceful law precincts hoping against hope, borne down under the



A young barrister, then resident in the Temple, an enthusiast in Astrology, rehearsing a lecture on his favourite theory, to which he was more prone than to study of the law.



Roman Altar on which Clepsydras were placed.

conviction that fortune too often comes only to the lucky and favoured. Not a few of these have in their loneliness become humble observers of Nature through shadowy youthful remembrance of Gilbert White, whose "Selborne" leads them to take heed of the chirpy sparrows' daily life in their midst, to share luncheon with love-teaching pigeons, and who are exuberant of delight in the knowledge that a stray thrush or homeless black-bird is occasionally beguiled into a casual sojourning in the smoke-bedizened shrubs, struggling with much hopeful

success of vitality and even of thrift in these dingy squares and time-honoured legal quarters prior to a return to the "real country," there to be flooded with "music" hallowed of Milton. "Grand days" to these accord little more than a sense of tolerated presence, and the being permitted to partake of legal feasting, yielding but scant flow of soul. Should the eye of such an one in his happy diversion to the path of Nature for calm, never-failing pleasure fall on these pages, may their perusal speak of sympathy where least expected!

## LORD RAYLEIGH'S DISCOVERIES IN ATMOSPHERE CONSTITUENTS.

"That had number'd in the World  
The Sun to course two hundred compasses."—*Othello*, Act iii., Scene 4.



**N**EVER in this present century has there been so brilliant a meeting of the Royal Society as that which assembled under the presidency of Lord Kelvin, on January 31st, 1895, the more memorable as the largest in attendance ever known.

The occasion was worthy of it. All, or nearly all, scientific London was present to listen to the demonstration of the fact that the atmosphere contains a gas that for 120 years had evaded every species of investigation. The distinguished audience heard the evidence, and with unanimous voice gave its verdict that not only a new gas but a new element had been discovered.

Until Lord Rayleigh's discovery everybody who knew anything of these matters was perfectly assured that the air we breathe is a mixture mainly of oxygen and nitrogen, with a very small proportion of carbonic acid and a little watery vapour. Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay have proved the

existence of another constituent, an entirely new one, hitherto overlooked, the declaration of which was at first received with widespread incredulity. It has been proved by pressures, by exhaustions, by electricity, by sound, by heat, by cold. It has been liquefied, almost



frozen solid; and yet until now this gas has slipped through what were hitherto deemed by the ablest chemists of all nations the most exhaustive experiments unobserved! The incredible has proved true, and the seemingly impossible has been demonstrated. Who shall say what may not be in the womb of early discovery?

Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay's discovery is clearly of the highest importance, as directing attention to atmospheric qualities and influence, and may cause a great change of thought on this question, which involves the whole subject of planetary influence on our own Globe. It is vastly too important long to remain relegated to what is generally termed "Astrology."

Virgil, a profound student of Nature, observes:—

"Hic quondam morbo cœli miseranda coorta est  
 Tempestas, totoque Auctumni incanduit æstu,  
 Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne favarum,  
 Conripuitque lacus; infecit pabula tabo."

Which implies that atmospheric pestilential influence is exerted on animals as well as man; and, indeed, this has generally been the case; there are epizootics as well as epidemics, and in periods of Pestilence both occur together.

Virgil further aptly alludes to the influence of the epidemic

constitution of the air on animals, and thus concludes by observing their freedom from those predisponent causes which occur in the human subject :—

"Atqui non Massica Bacchi  
Munera, non illis epulæ nocuere re-  
postæ,  
Frondebis et victu pascentur simplicis  
herbæ,  
Pecula sunt fontes liquidi atque exercita  
cursu  
Flumina, nec somnos abruptit cura  
salubres."



Atmospheric air, the daily support of all animal life, is capable, under different circumstances, of holding in solution various invisible as well as visible volatile effluvia ; evaporated water and other gases, unhealthy miasmata from marshes, odours, and many things, float and mix in the air ; calorific rays also, as well as light, penetrate it, and are again reflected into it from the Earth's surface. The compiler has no pretension to any or the least scientific knowledge ; his bent of mind is not in that direction ; his strong convictions are based on the unquestionable fact that during many ages, in fact down through all eras of record, every great Pestilence has been attended by a Comet or some remarkable deviation in planetary motion, either heralded beforehand or suddenly manifested simultaneously with the occurring Plague. Neither does he venture any comment beyond production of the facts related through authenticated records of Black Death and other such occurrences, leaving it to readers to form their own conclusions as to whether it be Astrology to entertain convictions that the heavenly bodies have more to do





in these events than the ruling thought of the age has hitherto admitted. Neither Newton nor any of the other greatest astronomers and philosophers ever questioned it, inasmuch as the study of atmosphere composition, and its influence and effect on the human body, had not then formed part of their study, or had not been removed from the so-

regarded theories of empiric astrologers. Virgil and the other great minds of earlier ages are shown to have been in advance of them.

It will be seen, therefore, that there remains a great question to discuss, which has long engaged the attention of the learned, and which relates to the remote origin of *unhealthy conditions* of the air.

#### THE INFLUENZA CLEARLY AN INSTANCE BEARING ON THE THEORY OF ATMOSPHERIC INFLUENCE.

How true it is that many things become plainer through the discipline of disappointment! Natural presumption has oftentimes been followed by decadence, and especially has Pestilence stalked abroad when blessings have been so bounteously showered as to need a manifestation of their vanity and emptiness. Influenza (*i.e.* owing to the influence of the Stars) is the name given by the Italians to an epidemic catarrh, which has spread more extensively



than any other epidemic. It is remarkable how little variety there has been in its symptoms, and the records of cases which occurred in 1510 nearly as possible resemble those which have been observed during the latest visitation. It again occurred as an epidemic in 1557, and spread not only over Europe, but also over the whole of the Northern Hemisphere. Beginning in Asia, it extended westward over the European Continent, and reached to America, where it terminated. Numerous outbreaks have since occurred at widely different intervals. Its progress is not checked by either oceans or rivers, and it lays hold of the mariner in his ocean traversings seemingly with as much violence as it does the dwellers on land. We all know how frequently and with how great force it has visited London, drawing men's minds to past Plague visitations; indeed, in some features it proves worse than the Plague, inasmuch as the sufferer never knows when next or how often its attack may be repeated. In September, 1729, with its then population less than one-third its present numbers, it carried off *one thousand persons weekly*, and so recently as 1847 the mortality resulting from it was nearly as terrible. Medical Science tells us "its causes are still obscure," though no reflecting man should doubt that its outbreaks, as its increase and diminution, arise, continue, and for the moment fade out with atmospheric changes. In every feature it is a confirmation of the line of thought giving occasion for this volume. It is remarkable that it always travels from east to west, and its visitations have occurred most generally in the spring and autumn.

Surely our modern Plague of Influenza affords scope for ablest thought. But Medical Science as it exists in our day, with all the splendour which surrounds it, with all the perfection of which it boasts, has not yet penetrated into the sanctuary of Cosmical

and Microcosmical Science. It will be found that, if we extend inquiries into the diseases of nations and of the whole human race, Science is blank, as if it were not our province to take cognizance of them.

Hence the doctrines of epidemics remain unfruitful. To the weighty opinions of Hippocrates, to the doctrines of Fracastoro, which contain the experience of the much-tried Middle Ages, and lastly to the observations of Sydenham, only trifling and isolated facts have been added. Dreadful as was the Black Death Pestilence, and in a few countries more so than in England, our modern historians only slightly allude to its visitation. Hume deems a single paragraph sufficient to devote to its notice, and Henry and Rapin are equally brief.



Most of our early ideas associated the Earth and all the Planets and Stars as rolling their seemingly endless round through Empty Space and Absolute Vacancy, and the general view of Gravitation was that matter attracted matter at any distance, with a force proportional to the square of the distance. The inconceivable marvellous rapidity with which light is transmitted led to the knowledge that light existed in the interval between the source of light and the receiving body or person; hence the conviction that *actions can take*

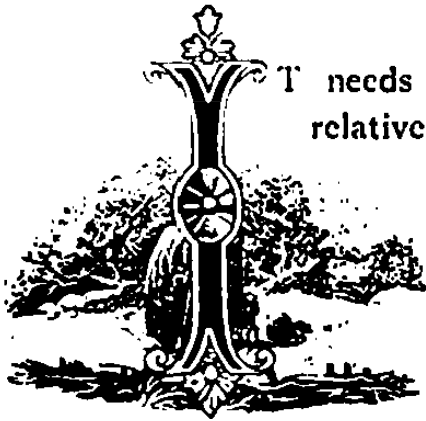
*place at a distance through nothing.* Then came the assurance that the view of Universal Space occupied by nothing was untrue, proved by certain phenomena of light. Crucial experiments clearly demonstrated that light could only be propagated through a medium termed Ether, the properties and conditions of which and the constitution of ordinary matter are the most important subjects for our mastery of the secrets of the Universe and the untold revelations of order, beauty, and power, as fruitful in their practical applications as steam and electricity. Great men, such as Lord Kelvin, are devoting their minds to a solution of these: they see in a mirror, darkly as yet, visions of the whole Universe ordered by a simple, constant law of the most exquisite simplicity, yet working out by interactions the untold variety of forces of life on the Earth as well as in all the Stars and Planets. The electricians also are at work with their modern theories of electricity. We have never given the Chinese credit for the discovering that electrical actions are always going on in some medium *between* electrified bodies. It was under this knowledge and conviction they founded their astrological beliefs, and we should not treat these derisively.

It is the lot of the present generation to have lived with the greatest of all modern scientists and to witness the unanimity of sincere honour done him on attaining his jubilee, so also the striking feature of the perfect modesty and humility of Lord Kelvin's acknowledgment of the congratulations showered upon him. There was much of sublimity in his confession as well as in his conception of what success would have meant, when he regards his scientific career of constant and fertile discovery, as has attracted the admiration and almost the veneration of all the world, as nothing better in his own eyes than failure in disguise. And yet this scientist, the greatest since Sir Isaac Newton, has given amazing discoveries, such as arc

leading the way to a solution of the difficulties in electric atmosphere studies. It is well said of him that there is scarcely a field of Science which he has not explored, and few in which he has not been a discoverer—this with a nobility and attractiveness of character as remarkable as his intellectual achievements. From early youth his latent genius advanced by leaps and bounds into the very arcana of the exactest of all the sciences. Lord Kelvin has given us the theory of the speed of electric signalling through submarine cables, and has rendered the most effective assistance to the establishment of electric telegraphs to the most distant parts of our Planet. He has investigated all the causes of the disturbance of the mariner's compass, and shown how to allow for them. He has effected the most signal improvements in the art of deep-sea sounding. He has shown how to predict the rise and fall of the tide in any given place, which surely is bringing us nearer to determine as to atmospheric influence of other Planets on our own. He has altogether revolutionized the instruments for electrical measurements, and made the modern electroscopes and electrometers what they are. He has discovered balances for weighing electric currents, and for measuring electric power and energy. He has elaborated the mathematical theory of electricity, and he directed his colleague, the late Professor Clerk Maxwell, to the right method of pursuing his own electrical studies.



## THE MYSTERIOUS SEPTENARY CYCLE.



**T** needs a boldly positive man to assert that the relative great significance ascribed to number Seven is not real, but founded on ancient misconceptions. The occurrence of the Septenary in Nature is by no means limited to Astronomy, though we find it there in the lunar month of four times seven days, which is supposed to have so strong an influence on sublunary affairs. It is at the root of the theories of sight and sound, in the seven rays of the prismatic spectrum, and the seven notes of the musical scale. The learned Hay, in his researches into the laws of harmonious colouring and form, goes still further in saying that "number seven is distinguished in the laws regulating the harmonious perception of *forms*, colours, and sounds, and probably of *taste* also, if we could analyze our sensations of this kind with mathematical accuracy" (*Medical Review*, July 24th, 1844). In Natural History and Pathology the "seven" plays an important, though to many an unsuspected, part. Many authorities have held that the birth, growth, maturity, vital function, change, disease, decay and death of insects, reptiles, fishes, birds, mammals, and even man, are more or less controlled by a law of completion in *weeks*, or *seven* days. Dr. Laycock, writing in the *Lancet* on "The Periodicity of Vital Phenomena," after giving many

illustrations from Natural History, says: "The facts I have briefly glanced at are general facts, and cannot happen day after day in so many millions of animals of every kind, from the larva or ovum of a minute insect up to man at definite periods, from a mere chance or coincidence. . . . I think it impossible to come to any less general conclusion than this—that in animals changes occur every three and a half, seven, fourteen, twenty-one, or twenty-eight days, or at some definite number of weeks or septenary cycles."

In the seventh month the human offspring becomes viable, after birth the seventh hour decides whether the child will live, in seven days the cord falls off, in twice seven days the eyes follow a light, in thrice seven days it turns the head, in seven months gets teeth, in twice seven months sits firmly, in thrice seven months begins to talk, in four times seven months walks strongly; after seven years teeth of the second set appear, after twice seven years the generative power is developed, after twenty-one years the hair of manhood is complete, at thirty-five is the greatest strength, at forty-nine is the greatest discretion, and seventy is the natural end of life.

Pathology bears remarkable testimony. Dr. Laycock asserts that "whatever type the fever may exhibit, there will be a paroxysm on the seventh day . . . the fourteenth will be remarkable as a day of amendment . . ." either cure or death taking place. "If the fourth paroxysm be severe, and the fifth less so, the disease will end at the seventh paroxysm, and . . . change for the better . . . will be seen on the fourteenth day."

One of the most remarkable statements is that given on a physiological and pathological fact by Dr. Stratton in the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, January, 1843, and which asserts that "the human pulse is more frequent in the morning than in the evening for six days out of seven, and that on the seventh day it is slower."

Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine," vol. ii., p. 623, says:—

"Thus Materialistic Science, Medicine the most materialistic of all, applies our occult laws to diseases, studies Natural History with its help, recognizes its presence as a fact in Nature. . . . The mysterious Septenary Cycle is proven to be a Law in Nature: it is found controlling the evolution and involution (or death), in the realms of Entomology, Ichthyology, and Ornithology, as in the kingdom of the Animal, Mammalia, and Man; why cannot it be present and acting in the Kosmos in general, in its natural (though occult) divisions of Time, Races, and *Mental Development*?"



Observe further curiosities of the number seven:—The body has seven obvious parts: head, chest, abdomen, two legs, and two arms. There are seven internal organs: stomach, liver, heart, lungs, spleen, and two kidneys. The head has seven openings: two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, and a mouth. There are seven things seen: body, interval, magnitude, colour, motion, permanency. There are seven inflections of the voice. The hand makes seven motions: up, down, right, left, before, behind, circular. In religions the number seven holds a prominent place. Here are a few examples out of hundreds or thousands. Hebrew:—Seven days of Creation, seven years of repentance, seven weeks of years, and then the Jubilee, seven branches



to the holy candlestick, seven dips in Jordan to cure leprosy, and so on. Christianity:—Seven Churches of Asia, seven angels with trumpets, seven candlesticks of the holy places, seven seals, seven trumpets, seven kings, seven thousands slain, seven vials of wrath. There are seven essential events in the life of Christ, as related in the Apostles' Creed—*viz.* Conception, Birth, Crucifixion, Descent into Hell, Resurrection, Ascension, Second Coming; seven wounds—hands and feet by nails, side by spear, head by thorns, and back by stripes; and many other instances.



# ASTROLOGIE

OF HER MOST SACRED AND  
ILLUSTRIOUS MAJESTIE

## QUEENE ELIZABETH

OF ARMADA RENOWNE

TOGETHER WITH HER MAJESTIE'S OWN

### SONG OF DEATHE

### THE SHEPHEARD'S KALENDAR

AND OTHER ROYAL STUDIES

**I**T would be difficult for the most fastidious to find anything objectionable in the so-styled "Astrologie of Her Most Sacred and Illustrious Majestie Queene Elizabeth" in its main features.

The Paternoster—the Creed—the Book of Jesus—the definition of Faith, Hope, Charitie, of Prudence, of Attemperance, of Justice, and of Force, are all in accord with the present doctrine and holding of the Church. Even the "Picture of the phisnomy of man's body," showing in "what parts the VII. Planets have domination in man," is endorsed by most of those who feel their bodily aches and pains aggravated or the reverse at certain seasons. "The names of the bones in a man's body, and the number of them," are in strict accord with present anatomical teaching, while the "Song of Death to all Christian People" commends itself with force hallowed through the Armada Queen's known liking and usage. It comes down to us that Elizabeth knew it by heart, and was in the habit of reciting it to her courtiers; more than this, Dr. Dee stated that Her Majesty was its real author. "The Master Shepheard's Kalendar" applies now as then with equal truth in every respect to all weather observers. The poetical description of "How every month praiseth itself of some good property" carries the reader back to the days when Chaucer sang so sweetly, and had a home close alongside the maiden Queen's Palace on the verge of Thames bank at Richmond, and the reminder that "no courtier was he" comes uppermost with the realization.

Taken as a whole, "Her Majestie Elizabeth's Book of Astrologie," now for the first time reproduced in this volume, and which until now remained unknown among Dr. Dee's secret papers, may be regarded as of accord with present-day views on the subject, certainly far more sensible and admissible than absurd Palmistry now so popular with the credulous.

FRONTISPIECE  
OF  
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ASTROLOGICAL STUDIES,  
*"Prepared by Her Sacred Majesty's very devoted Subject and Astrologer, Dr. John Dee,"*  
*now first produced from the Originals, together with Dr. Dee's Journals and Papers.*  
THE SCIENCE OF ASTROLOGY.



## The Paternoster.

In the story here before sheweth the simple people how this holy praier the Patet noster should be said to God the father, and to God the son, and God the holy Ghost; and to none other. The which praier containeth and taketh all that be rightfully asked of God, and our Lord Jesus Christ made it there, to the inter that we should have more hope and devotion, and he made it on a time when he taught his Apostles, speally to make orison.

And then the disciples said, Lord and Master learn us to pray, and then our Lord opened his holy mouth and said to his Apostles: when ye will make any prayers, after this manner as here followeth shall you being, saying thus:



{From an old drawing.

## OF THE CREED.



Saint Peter put the first article, and said, I beleeve in God the Father almightie, creator of heaven and earth.

Saint Andrew put the second, and said, I beleeve in Jesus Christ his onely son our Lord.

Saint James the great put to the third, saying, I beleeve that he was conceived of the holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.

Saint John put to the fourth, saying, I beleeve that he suffered passion under Ponce Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried.

Saint Thomas put to the fift, saying, I beleeve that he descended into hell, and the third day arose from death to life.

Saint James the lesse put to the sixt, saying, I beleeve that he ascended into heavē, and sitteth on the right hand of God the father omnipotent.



The Last Supper.

Saint Philip put to the seventh, saying, I beleeve that after he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

S. Bartholomew put to the eight, saying, I beleeve in the holy Ghost.

S. Matthew put to the ninth, saying, I beleeve in the holy Church Catholike.

S. Simon put to the tenth, saying, I beleeve in the communion of saints and remission of sinnes.

Saint Jude put to the eleventh, saying, I beleeve the resurrection of the flesh.

Saint Matthias put to the twelfth, saying, I beleeve the life eternall. Amen.

Here followeth the Creed as it ought to be said :—

I beleeve in God the father almighty creator of heaven & earth, and in Jesus Christ his only son our Lord. That was conceived by the holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. Sufferd passion under Ponce Pilate, crucified, dead and buried. Descended into hel, and the third day arose from death. Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the father omnipotent. And after shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I beleeve in the holy Ghost. The holy Church Catholike. The communion of saints. Remission of sins: Resurrection of the flesh, and life eternall. Amen.

This Creed was made & composed by the xii Apostles of our Lord, of the which every Apostle hath put to his Article as is here above showed in the Creed as much of one part as of the other, & our faith Catholike is contained in the said xii Articles, that is the begining of our health, without which none may be saved, ne do nothing that is agreable to God; and faith ought to be at the heart by knowledge of God. In the mouth by confession, and prayings to him in worke by exercising of his commandements and



good works, and the which showeth them that so doth to have true faith and life, that is to say to save thē. And how will that faith in heart be good in the mouth, also neverthelesse the best is that which lyeth in good works one doth, and is the same faith that lyeth in the heart and mouth, for there is but one faith & one God, and this same Creed ought to be had and known of every man and womā having age competent & understanding of reason, and ought for to say it both in the morning & in the evening every day devoutly, for it is of right great devotion. Therefore a good Christian man as soon as he riseth from his bed, and is arrayed and clothed, kneeleth beside his bed or other where, and first blesseth him with the sign of the cross, and then saith Credo in deum, or I believe in God the Father Almighty, as is above said. Then after, the Pater Noster to God, and to our Lady the Ave Maria, and afterward recommends him to his good Angel, in making praier to him saying, My Good Angell, I require thee to keep and govern me. In like wise when he goeth to rest at night. And so at the least, twice in the day, at the morrow and in the evening.

#### THE BOOK OF JESUS.

**B**ELIEVE in God the father Almighty, maker of heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Sonne our Lord, which was conceived of the holy Ghost, and suffered passion under Ponce Pilate, crucified, dead, and buried, went into hell, the third rose from death, Ascended into heaven and siteth on the right hand of God the Father. And after shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the holy Ghost, the holy Catholick Church, the communion of Saints, and the remission of sinnes. The rising of the flesh. The life everlasting. Amen.





## OF FAITH.

**F**AITH is a vertue by the true knowledge of visible things having his thought elevate in holy studying for to come to the beleef of things that we see not, and these been the branches, Religion, Cleannes, Obedience, Chastity, Continençe, Virginitie, and Affection. Religion is by the which been exercised and done the devine services to God and unto his saints with great reverence and great diligēce, the which services bee done

ceremonially and sweetly. Cleannes or virginity is integrate, well, and purely kept, as well in body as in soul, for the regard that a man hath of the love or fear of God. Obedience is a voluntary and free abnegation and renouncing of his own wil by pitiful devotion. Chastity is cleanlines and the honest habitude of all the body by ardent heat and feriosity of vices so do mage and holden subjects. Continence is by the which impetuosity of carnall desires been refrained and withholden, by a moderation of counsell taken of himself or other. Affection is effusion of pittifull love to his neighbour, comming of a rejoycing conceived of good faith in them that they love. Liberality is a vertue by the which the liberall courage is not kept by any manner of covetise, for doing plenteous largition of his goods without excesse, but moderatly to them that have need.

## OF HOPE.

**H** OPE is a mooving of courage abiding stedfastly to take and have the things that a man appetiteth and desireth, of the which the branches been Contemplation, Joy, Honesty, Confession, Patience, Compunction, and Longanimity. Contemplation is the death and destruction of carnall affections, by an interior rejoycing of thought, elevat to comprise high things. Joy is iocundity spirituall comming of the contempment of the things present and worldly. Honesty is a shame by the which a man yeeldeth himself humble toward every man, of the which cometh a laudable profit; with faire custom and honesty. Confession is by the which the secret sicknesse of soul is relevate, and shewed unto the confessor to the praying of God, with hope to have mercy. Patience is evill and inseparable sufferance of adversary and contrary things, for hope of eternall glory that we desire to have. Compunction

is a dolour of great value, sighing for fear of the compunction devine, or for love of the paiment that we abide. Longanimity is insatigable will to accomplish the holy and just desires that a man hath in his thought.

### OF CHARITIE.

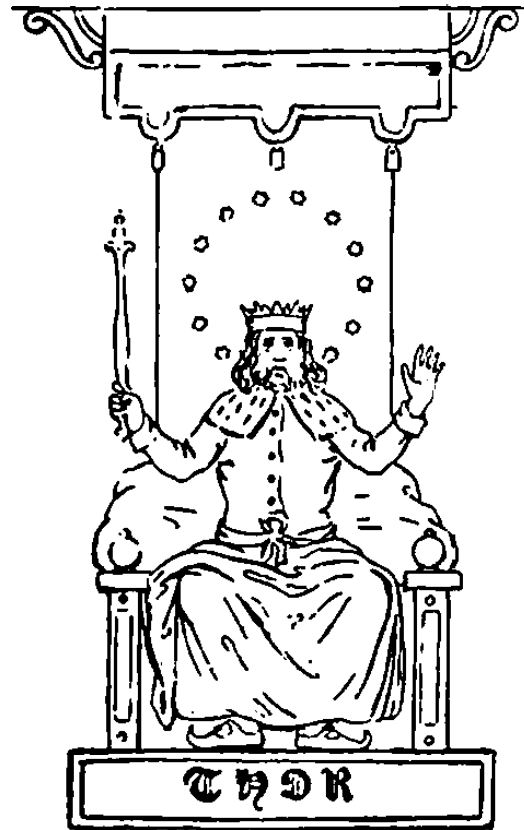


**C**HARITY is  
a right  
highvertue  
above all

other, and is an ardent desire well ordained to love God and his neighbor, and these be the branches, Grace, Peace, Pity, Sweetnes, Mercy, Indulgence, Compassion, Benignity, and Concord. Grace is by the which is shewed an effectual service of benevolence amongst friends, from one friend to another. Peace is

tranquillity and rest wel ordained of the courages of them that be concurring unto God. Pittie is affection and desire to succour and help each one, and commeth of sweetnes and grace of benign thought and courage that one hath. Sweetnesse is by the which tranquillity and rest of courage of him that is sweet and honest by none im-

probity, ne by any point of dishonesty. Mercie is a pitifull vertue and equall dignation to all, with inclination of compatient courage in them that sustain affliction. Indulgence is remission of the evill doing of other by the consideration of himself, he hath offended divers, to have remission of God for the offences he hath done. Compassion is a vertue the which ingendereth an affection or codolent courage for the dolour and affliction that he seeth in his neighbour. Benignity is an ardent regard of courage and diligence from one friend to another, with a replenishing dulsure and sweetnes of good manners that one hath. Concord is a vertue that commeth of covenance of courages concorded and alied in right undefiled, in such sort as they abide united and conjoynd stedfastly without duplicity or unstableness of thought or courage.



## OF PRUDENCE.



**P**RUDENCE is deligence keeping of himself with discreet providence, to know and discern, which is good, and which is bad, and the branches are these: Fear of God, counsell, memory, Intelligence, Providence, and Deliberation. Fear of God is a deligent keeping, which wakeneth on a man by faith and good manners of the divine commandements. Counsell is a subtile regard of thoughts, that the causes of such things a man would doe, or that a man hath in government, be well examined and brought about. Memory is a representation imaginative by regard of the thought of things preterities and passed that a man hath seen and done, or heard recounted and told. Intelligence is for to dispose by vivacity reasonably or evidently the state of the time present, or of the things that been now. Providence is that by which a man gathereth in him the advancement of things to come by prudent subtilitie and regard of things passed. Deliberation is a consideration replenished maturity and esperance to foresee the beginning of such things as one hath delivered and purposed to do or make.

## OF ATTEMPERANCE.



**A**TTEMPERANCE is a steadfast and a discreet domanitation of reason, against the impiteous movings of the courage in things illicit and unlawfull, and these be his branches, Discretion, Morality, Taciturnity, Fasting, Sobernesse, Affliction, and dispraising of the world. Descretion is a reason provided and assured and moderate of the humane movings, to judge and discern the cause of all things. Morality is to be temperate and ruled justly and sweetly by the manners of them with whom they be conversant, keeping always the vertue of nature. Taciturnity is to attemper himself of inutile and dishonest words, of the which vertue commeth a fruitfull rest unto him that so himself moderateth. Fasting is a vertue of discreet abstinence the which a man keepeth, ordained to make and keep the sanctified things interiors. Sobernesse is a verture

pure, and immaculate attemperance of the one part and of the other of a man, of the body and soul. Affliction of body is it, by the which the seeds of the wanton and wilfull thoughts, by discreet chastisings be oppressed.

Dispraising of the world is amorous love that a man or a woman hath to the spiritual things coming, and having no regard to the caducke things and transitories of this world.



## OF JUSTICE.



**J**USTICE is a vertue whereby grace of community is upholden, and the dignity of every person is observed, and their owne yeilded, and the branches be these, Law, Straightnes, Equity, Corection, Observance, Judgement, and vertue.

Law is by the which all lawfull things be commanded to be done, and to defend all things which ought not to be done. Straightnes is by the which juridicke vengeance is prohibited, and

straightly is exercised justice to the transgressors that have offended. Equity is a right worthy retribution of merite to the ballance of Justice, right wisely and justly thought. Corection is for to inhibit and defend by the bridle of reason all errors, if any bee accustomed for to doe any evill.

Observance of Swearing is a Justice to constrain any noisible transgression of Law or Customes promulged to the People. Judge-

ment is by the which after the merits or demerits of any persons heard, is that he have torment or suffer death for his evill doing, or guerdon, and reward for his benefits. Verity is that by the which any sayings or doings be recited or shewed by approvable reason, without to adjust, diminish, or to make it any otherwise than it is.

## OF FORCE.

**F**ORCE is for to have a sure and stedfast courage among the adversities of labors and perils that may happen to come, or into the which a person may fall. And the branches be these, Magnificence, Confidence, Tolerance, Rest, Stableness, Perseverance, and reason. Magnificence is a joyous clearnes of courage, administring things laudable and magnificentall, that is to say, high or great. Confidence is to arrest and hold strongly his thought and his courage, by immovcable constance among such things as be adverse and contrarie. Tollerance is quotidianly or or daily suffering and bearing the strange improbities and molests, that is to say, persecutions, oprobries, and injuries that other folk doe. Rest is a vertue by the which a sickerness is given unto the thought of contentment of the unstableness of transitory things and worldly vanities. Stableness is to have the thought or courage stedfast and sure without casting on divers things by any varying or changing of time or places. Perseverance is a vertue that establisheth and confirmeth the courage by a perfection of vertue that is in a man, and be perfect by force of longanimitie. Reason is a vertue by the which a man commandeth to do such things as be concealed and delivered for to come to the end, which a man knoweth to be good and utile to be done and had.

Here endeth the flower of vertues, and how they be named and signified in the tree figured.

THE REGIMENT FOR PRIME TIME, MARCH, APRILL  
AND MAY.



**I**N Prime time, shepheards keep themselves meetly well clothed, not over cold, nor over hot, as with linsie wolsie, Doublets of Fustian, and gownes of a meetly length, furred most commonly with wool from lambs. In this time is good letting bloud, to avoid the evill humours that were gathered in the winter time. If sickness doe happen in prime time, it is not of his nature, but proceedith of the humours gathered in the winter passed. Prime time is a temperat time to take medicines for them that be corporate and full of thick humours to purge them. In this time they ought to eat light meats, which de refresh, as Chickens, Kids with veriuyce, Borage, Beets, yolks of egges, egges in moon shine, Roches,

Perches, Pickerels, and all skaled fish. Drink temperate wine, Beer, or Ale, so that they be not too strong, ne oversweet: for in this time all sweet things ought not to be used: and a man ought to sleep long in the morning, and not on the day. The shepheards have a generall rule or custome for all seasons, that availeth much against all infirmities and sicknesses, that is, not to leese his appetite for eating, and never to eat without hunger. Also say they, that all manner of flesh and fish is better rosted than soden, and if they be sodden, to broil them on a Gridyron, on the coales, and they been the more wholesome.



THE REGIMENT FOR THE TIME OF SUMMER, JUNE,  
JULY AND AUGUST.

**T**HE shepheards in summer time been clothed with light gowns and single, their shirts and sheets thay by in be linnen, for of all cloath it is the coldest, they have doublets of silk, or Say, or of Canvas, manerly made, and they eat light meats, as Chickens with veriuyce, young Hares, Rabbets, Lettise, Purselain, Melons, Gowrds, Cucumbers, Peares, Plumbs, and

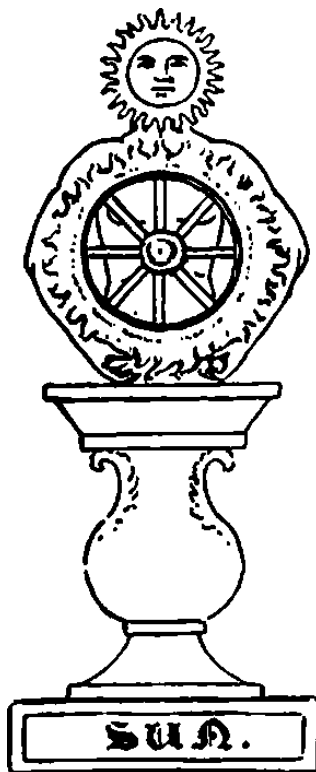
such fish as are aforenamed. And also they eat of meats that do refresh. Also they eat little and often; they break their fast or dine in the morning before the sun arise, and goe to supper ere it discend, and they eat often of the above said meats and sower for to give the man appetite. They eat but little salt meats, and refrain them from scratching, they drink oft fresh water when they be thirsty, save only at dinner and supper time, and then they do drink green Wine, single Beer, or small Ale. Also they keep them from over great travell, or over forcing themselves, for in this time is nothing grievouser than chafing. In this season they eschue the company of women, and they bathe them oft in cold water to asswage the heat of their bodies enforced by labours. Alway they have with them sugar-candy or other sugar, whereof they take little and often, and each day in the morning they do force them by coughing and spitting to void flegmes, and void them above and below the best that they can, and wash their hands with fresh water, their mouth and visage.

THE REGIMENT OF HARVEST, SEPTEMBER,  
OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER.

**I**N harvest the shepheards been clothed as in Prime time, save their clothes are a little warmer. In this season they use diligence to purge and clense themselves, bleeding also to temper the humours of their bodyes: For it is the contagiousest season of the year, in the which perillous infirmities happen, and therefore they eat good and wholesome food, as Capons, Hens, young Pigeons that begin to fly, and drink good wines, and other good drinks, without making excesse. In this season they refrain eating of fruits, for it is a dangerous season for

agues: and they say, that he had never ague that never eat fruit. In this season they drink no water, and they put no part of them in cold water, but their hands and face. They keep their hands from cold in the night and morning, and sleep not in the noon time, and refrain over great travell, and indure not too much hunger, ne thirst, but eat in due season, and not when their maves be full.

THE REGIMENT OF WINTER, DECEMBER, JANUARY  
AND FEBRUARY.



**T**HE shepheards in winter are clothed in thick gowns of rough cloth hie shorne well furred with foxe. For it is the warmest furring that is, and Cats, Conies, Lambs, and diverse other thick fures that be good and wholesome. In the winter shepheards do eat beef, Pork, Brawn of Harts, Hinds, and all kind of venison, Partridges, Fesants, Hares, fowles of the river and other meats that they love best: for that is the season of the year that nature suffereth greatest plenty of vittle for the naturall heat that is drawn with in the body. In this season also they drink oft strong wines, after their coplexion, bastard or Dsey. Twice or thrice in the week they use good spices in their meats: For this is the wholsomest season of all the yeer in the which chanceth no sickness, but by great excesse and outrages done to nature, or by [evill government. Shepheards say also that Prime time is hot and] moist, of the nature of ayr, complexion



of the sanguine, and that in the same season nature rejoyceth, and the pores open, and the bloud spreads through the veins more than another time. Summer is hot and dry of the nature of fire, of complexion of choleric, when one ought to keep him from all things that procure heat, all excesse, and hot meats. Harvest is cold and dry of the nature of earth and complexion of melancholy, in the which time one ought to keep him from doing excesse more thā at other times. But winter is cold and moist, of the nature of water, and complexion of flegmatick, then ought a man to keep him warm and meanly to live in health. Here is to be noted, that a man is made of the four Elements, of which one hath domination always above the other, and that man on whom the fire ruleth is said to be choleric, that is to say, hot and dry. He on whom the ayr hath rule, is said to be sanguine: that is to say hot and moist. He on whom the water hath governance, is said to be cold and moist, that is to say flegmatic. And he on whom the earth raigneth, is said to be melancholy, that is to say, cold and dry. Of which complexions more shall be spoken in the beginning of physnomy.



# The Shepheard's Calendar.

How every month praiseth itself of some good property.

## January.

I make me to be called Ianuere,  
In my time is great storms of coldness,  
For unto me no month of the year  
May compare, if I advance me doubtlesse,  
For in my time was (as clarks do expresse)  
Circumcised the Lord Omnipotent,  
And adored by kings of the Orient.

## February.

I am February the most hardy,  
In my season the pure mother Virginal  
Offered her sonne in the Temple truly,  
Making to God a present speciall  
Of Iesus Christ the King of Kings all,  
Between the arms of the Bishop Simeon;  
To whom pray we to have his remission.

## March.

March am I, called in noblenesse flourishing,  
Which among months am of great Nobless,  
For in my time all the fruits do bud and spring,  
To the service of man in great largesse,  
And Lent is in me the time of holiness,  
That every man ought to have repentance  
Of his sins done by long continuance.

## April.

Among all months I am justly April,  
Fresh and wholesome unto each creature,





And in my time the dulcet drops distill,  
 Called Christall, as poets put in Scripture,  
 Causing all stones the longer to endure,  
 In my time was the resurrection  
 Of God and man, by divine election.

May.

Of all the mouths of the year I am king,  
 Flourishing in beauty excellently,  
 For in my time in verture is all thing,  
 Field and meads spread most beauteously,  
 And birds sing with right sweet harmony,  
 Rejoicing lovers, with hot love all indured  
 With fragrant flowers all about renued.



June.

Who of my seasons taketh right good heed,  
 Ought not at all my name adnud,  
 For in my time, for all the commons weed,  
 From sheep is shorn all the flesh and wool,  
 And had in merchandise by great ships full,  
 Over the sea ; wherefore we ought to pray  
 Unto our Lord, and thank Him night and day.



July.

If that my time were praised all aright,  
 Among all months I am one of the chief,  
 For I enripe through my great force and might,  
 Fruits of the earth to man and beast's relief,  
 Feeding horses, kine, muttons, and strong beef,  
 With other properties that I could tell ;  
 But I must passe, I may no longer dwell.

August.

I am named the hot month of August,  
For redolent heat of Phoebus brightnesse,  
In my time each man ought for to have lust  
To labour in harvest, with great businesse,  
To reap and sheef, eschuing idlenesse,  
And rise early with great diligence,  
Thanking our Lord of His great providence.

September.

Who can my name perfectly remember,  
With the commodities of my season,  
Ought of right to call me September,  
Plenteous of goods by all manner of reason,  
As wheat, rie, oats, beans, fitches, and peason,  
Of which fruit every man ought to have in store,  
To live directly, and thank the Lord therefore.

October.

Among the other October I hight,  
Friend unto Vintners naturally,  
And in my time Bacchus is ready dight,  
All manner of wine to presse and clarify,  
Of which is sacred, as we see daily,  
The blessed body Christ in sign of flesh & blood,  
Which is our hope, reflection and food.

November.

I, November, will not abide behind,  
To shew my kindly worthinesse and ure,  
For in my time the blasts of the wind



Kbateth leaves, and sheddeth their verdure.  
 Wherefore every prudent creature  
 Dought for to live right as they should dy,  
 For all things in me taketh end naturally.

December.

December every man doth me call,  
 In whose time the mother inviolate  
 Delivered was in an old Oxen Stall  
 Of Jesus Christ, God's own Son incarnate,  
 Wherefore I think me the most fortunate  
 Of all the other, to whom pray we then  
 That we may come unto his blisse, Amen.



Thus endeth the praise of the xii months, with the beginnings and endings of the four quarters.

THE BEGINNINGS AND ENDS OF THE FOUR SEASONS  
OF THE YEAR.

**T**HE first Prime time that thus doth begin,  
 From mid February unto mid May ;  
 And from mid May Summer is entred in,  
 To mid August ; and then is Harvest day ;  
 And from that time winter entreth alway  
 On Saint Clement's day, who so taketh heed,  
 And mid February it faileth indeed.



## THE KALENDAR BY THE MASTER SHEPHEARD.

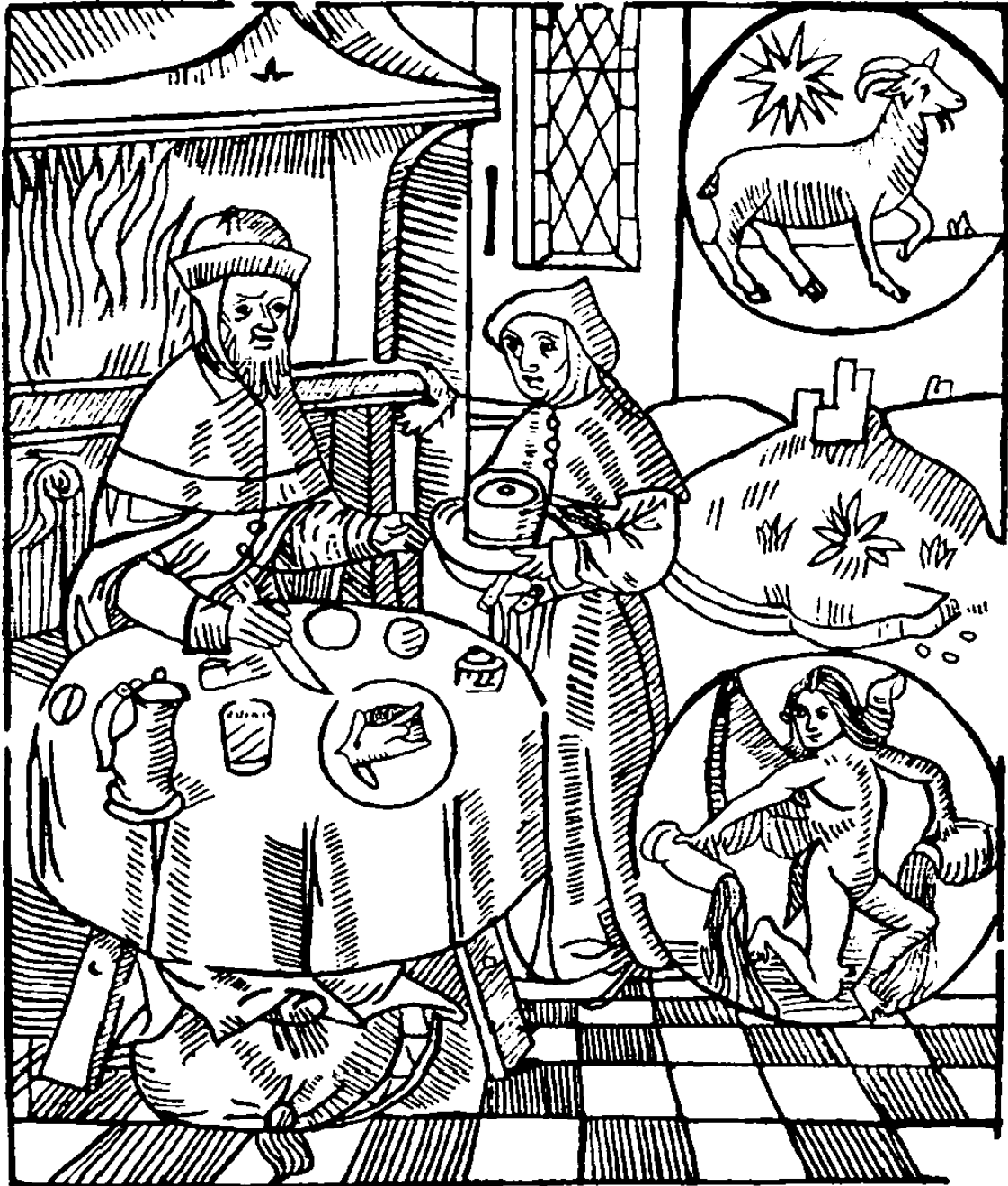
**I**T is to be understood that there be in the year four quarters, that are called *Ver*, *Æstas*, *Autumnus*, and *Hycms*. These be the four seasons of the year, as Prime-time is the spring of the year, as February, March, and April, these three months.

Then commeth Summer, as May, June, and July: and these three months every hearb, grain, and tree is in his kind, and in his most strength and fairnesse, even at the highest.

Then commeth Autumne, as August, September, and October; then all these fruits make ripe, and be gathered and housed.

Then commeth November, December, and January, and these three months be the Winter, the time of little profit. We Shepheards say that the age of man is lxxii. years, and that we liken but to one whole year, for evermore we take six years to every month, as January, or February and so forth; for as the year changeth by the twelve months, unto twelve sundry manners, so doth a man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six year if so be that he live to lxxii., for three times six maketh eighteen, and six times six maketh xxxvi. And then is man at the best, and also at the highest, and twelve times six maketh lxxii., and that is the age of man.

Thus must ye reckon for every month six year, or else it may be understood by the four quarters and the seasons of the year: So man is divided into four parts, as to youth, strength, wisdom, and age:



Astrology of January.

He to be xviii., yeer yong, xviii., yeer strong, xviii., yeer in wisdome, and the fourth xviii., yeer to go to the full age of lxxii.

*And now to shew how man changeth xii. times, as the xii. months do.*

Take the first six yeer of January, the which is for no vertue nor strength, in that season nothing on earth groweth. So man after he is born, till he be six year of age, is without wit, strength, or cunning, and may do nothing that profiteth.

Then cometh February, and then the days begin to wax in length, and the Sunne more hotter, then the fields begin to make green: So the other six yeers till he come to twelve, the child beginneth to grow bigger, and serve, and learn such as is taught him.

Then commeth March, in the which the laborer soweth the earth, and planteth trees, and edifieth houses: the child in these six yeers maketh big to learn doctrin and science, and to be fair and honest, for then he is xviii. years of age.

Then commeth April, that the earth and the trees are covered in green and flowers, and in every part goods increase abundantly: then commeth the child to gather the sweet flowers of hardinesse, but then beware that the cold winds and storms of vices beat not down the flowers of good manners, that he should bring man to honor, for then he is xxiii. yeer old.

Then commeth May, that is both fair and pleasant, for then birds sing in wods and forrests night and day, the Sunne shineth hot: and as then is man most joyfull and pleasant and of livelier strength, and seeketh plaies, sports, and lusty pastime, for then he is full xxx. years





Astrology of February.



### AS TO THE ZODIAKE.

**T**HE Zodiake, according to the ancients, was the Heaven which exactly corresponded with the Earth. It was the Zodiake which protected the Earth, and, according to ancient Assyrian and Egyptian nations, taught the Earth its duties, pointed





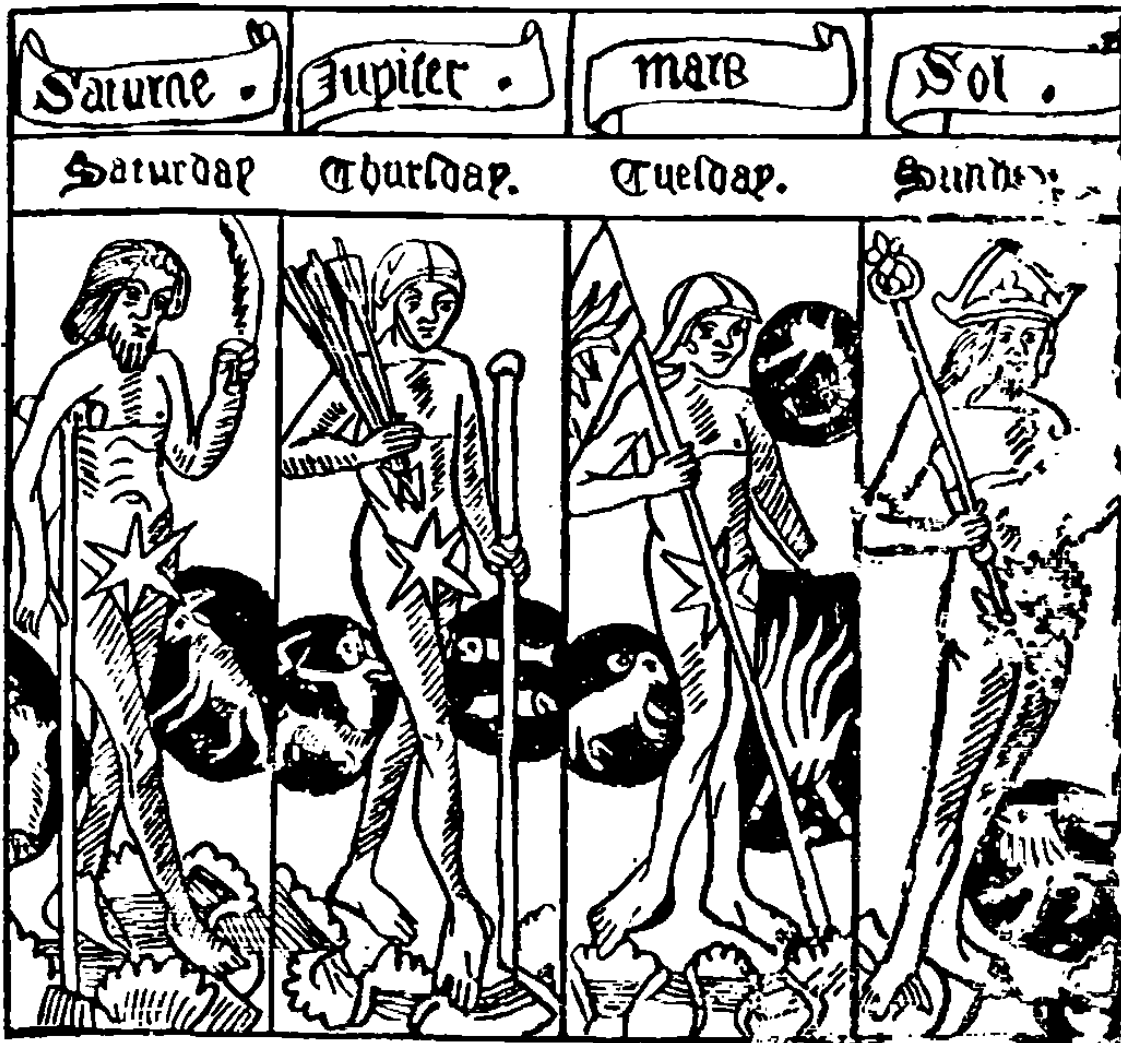
out days and seasons and the proper work for each day and season, and is divided in xii. parts by the xii. signes; so man is divided to xii. parts and holdeth the signes, every part of his signe as this figure sheweth. The signes be these, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces: of the which three be of the nature of the fire, that is Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, and three of the nature of the aire, Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius. And three of the nature of water, Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces. And three of the nature of earth, Taurus, Virgo, and Capricornus. The first, that is Aries, governeth the head and face of man, Taurus the neck and throat hole, Gemini the shoulders, the arms and hands, Cancer the breast, sides, milke, and lights, Leo the stomacke, the heart, and the backe, Virgo the belly and the entrailles, Libra the navill, the groines, and the parts under the branches, Scorpio the privy parts, the genitales, the bladder, and the fundament, Sagittarius the thighes only, Capricornus the knees only also, Aquarius the legs, and from the knees to the heels and ankles, and Pisces hath the feet in his dominion.

A man ought not to make incision ne touch with iron the member governed of any signe the day that the moone is in it, for fear of the great effusion of blood that might happen, ne in likewise also when the Sun is in it, for the danger and perill that might ensue.





Astrology of March.



### HOW THE PLANETS REIGN IN EVERY HOUR.

**H**E that will meet how shepherds know which planet reigneth every hour of the day and night, which planet is good, and which is bad, ought to know the planet of the day and seek therefore. The first temporall hour of the Sun rising, that day is for the said planet. The second hour is for the planet ensuing, and the third for the other, as they are here figured by order, and it behoveth to go from Sol to Venus, Mercury and



Astrology of April.

Luna, then come again to Saturn, unto 12, that is the hour before the Sunnes going down; and incontinent after the Sun is down, beginneth the first hour of the night that is for the XIII planet, and



the 2 hour of the night for the 14, and so unto 12 hours for the night, that is, the next hour before the Sun rising and come directly falling upon the 24 planet, that is next before that of the day following. And thus the day hath 12 hours, and the night 12 also,



Astrology of May.

the which be temporall hours, different to the hours of the iclocks, the which be artificials. Shepheards say, that Saturn and Mars be evill planets, Jupiter and Venus good, Sol and Luna half good, and half evill. The party toward a good planet is good, and the party toward the evill planet is naught. Mercury conjoynd with a good planet is good and with an evill planet he is naught, and



they understand this as to the influences good or evill, that been of the said planets there following.

The hours of the planets been different to them of clocks, for the hours of clocks been equall at all times each of IX minutes, but they of the planets when the days and the nights be equall that the sun is in one of the Equinoct, they be equall, but as soon as the days lengthen or shorten so do the naturall houres.





Astrology of June.

HERE BEGINNETH OF SATURNE, THE HIGHEST OF  
THE SEVEN PLANETS.

**S**ATURNE is the highest planet of all the seven, he is mighty of himself, he giveth all the great colds and waters, yet he is dry and cold of nature, and he comes into Cancer, and his chiefe signes be Aquary and Capricorn, and he so compasseth all the other planets: for Saturne is



next under the first mobile, that is, under the sky, which mobile moveth marvellously, for some some shepherds say that hee causeth by his moving all other planets to move, and moveth the mobile above.

Saturne is so high that the shepherds cannot wel measure it; for so high reason hath power and no further, and therefore it is more



Astrology of July.

then 30 years ere he may run his course. When he reigneth there is much theft used and little charity, much lying, and much lawing one against another, and great prisonment, much debate, and great swearing. And much plenty of corn and hogs, great travell on the earth, and old folk shall be very sickly, many diseases shall reigne among the people, especially in the chiefe hours of Saturne, therefore this planet is likened to age, as hard, hungry, suspitious, and covetous, that seldome is content with any thing, for Saturne is enemy to all things that grow and beare life of nature, for the cold and stormy bitterness of his time.

#### OF HIS PROPERTIES.

He that is born under Saturne shal be false, and ful of debate, and full of law, he shal be cunning in currying of leather, and a great eater of bread and flesh, hee shall have a stinking breath, and he shall be heavy, thoughtfull, and malicious, a robber, a fighter, and full of covetous, and yet he shall keep counsell wel, and be wise in councelling, and he shall love to sin wilfully, he shall be a great speaker of tales, justs, and Chronicles, he shall have little eyes, black hair, great lips, broad shouldred, and shall look downward. He shall not love Sermons, ne go to the Church, and beware of his hands, and behold the ratel, and above his cares the planet raignes.

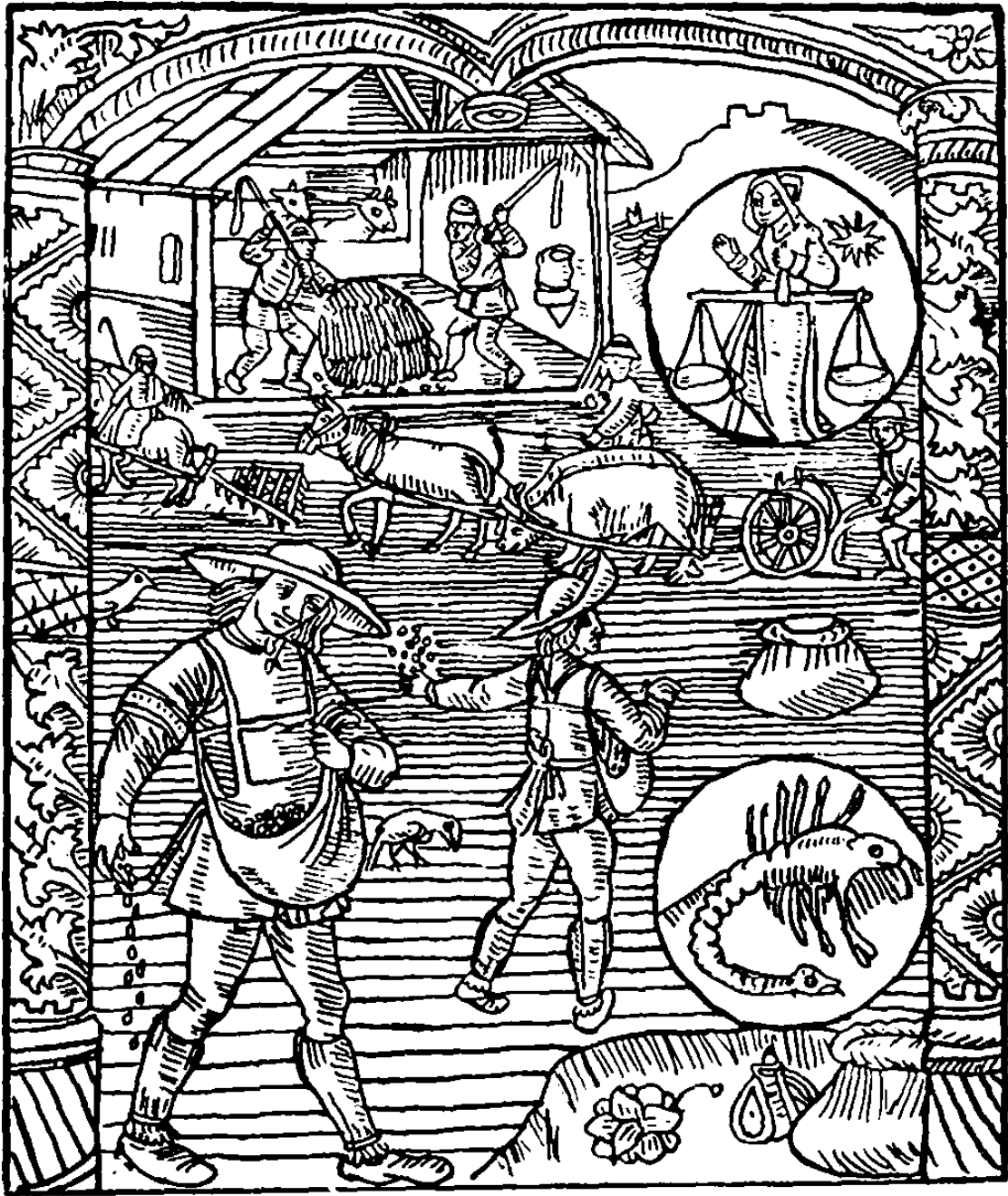
The children of Saturne shall be great janglers and chiders, black and lean in the face, thin bearded, evil languaged, they shal be full of Law and vengeance, and will never forgive tel they be revenged of their quarrell, and like as the Planet Saturne is cold, and a great causer of frosts and Snowes, semblably, and he that is born under him shal be cold in charity, and not misericordious, but vengable,



Astrology of August.

and will never be entreated. Also they shal be great cursers, and beare malice long in their minds, and not forget it, they looke to be obeyed and to have great reverence, and commonly will praise themselves, and talk to himself, and laugh at their own conceit ; and all evils shall grow in them, and above all colours he shal love black best. The planet of Saturne governs of man the ratle, and above the eares as is aforesaid. This planet is cause of hasty death, because he is cold and dry of nature, and therefore is likened to melancholly. And the said Saturne reigneth in Aquary, Capricorn and Kancer, but specially in Aquary and Kapricorne.





Astrology of September

## OF JUPITER.



**N**EXT after the planet of cold Saturne is the noble planet of Jupiter, which Jupiter is very pure and clear of nature, and not very hot, but he is all vertuous: And there is fixed in Jupiter two noble signes of love, the one is Pisces, and the other is Sagittar,

signs of none evil, nor unhappiness. This planet may be none evil, he is best of all the other seven, he keepeth the liver of man, and maintaineth it joyously, and ever more this planet doth good, and within twelve years or thereabout he passeth all the twelve signes.

## OF HIS PROPERTIES.

The man that is born under him shall love cleanlinesse of body, and will not use to speak of ribaldry and harlotry, he shall ever love religion, and vertuous living, he shall be personable of body, he shall perfect in all manner of measures both large and song, he shall be white in visage mingled with a little rednesse, large browes, he shalbe a faire speaker, and say well behind a person, he shall love green colour and grey, he shalbe happy in merchandise, and shall have plenty of gold and silver, and he shall love to sing and to be honestly merry; and of man he governeth the stomack and armes.





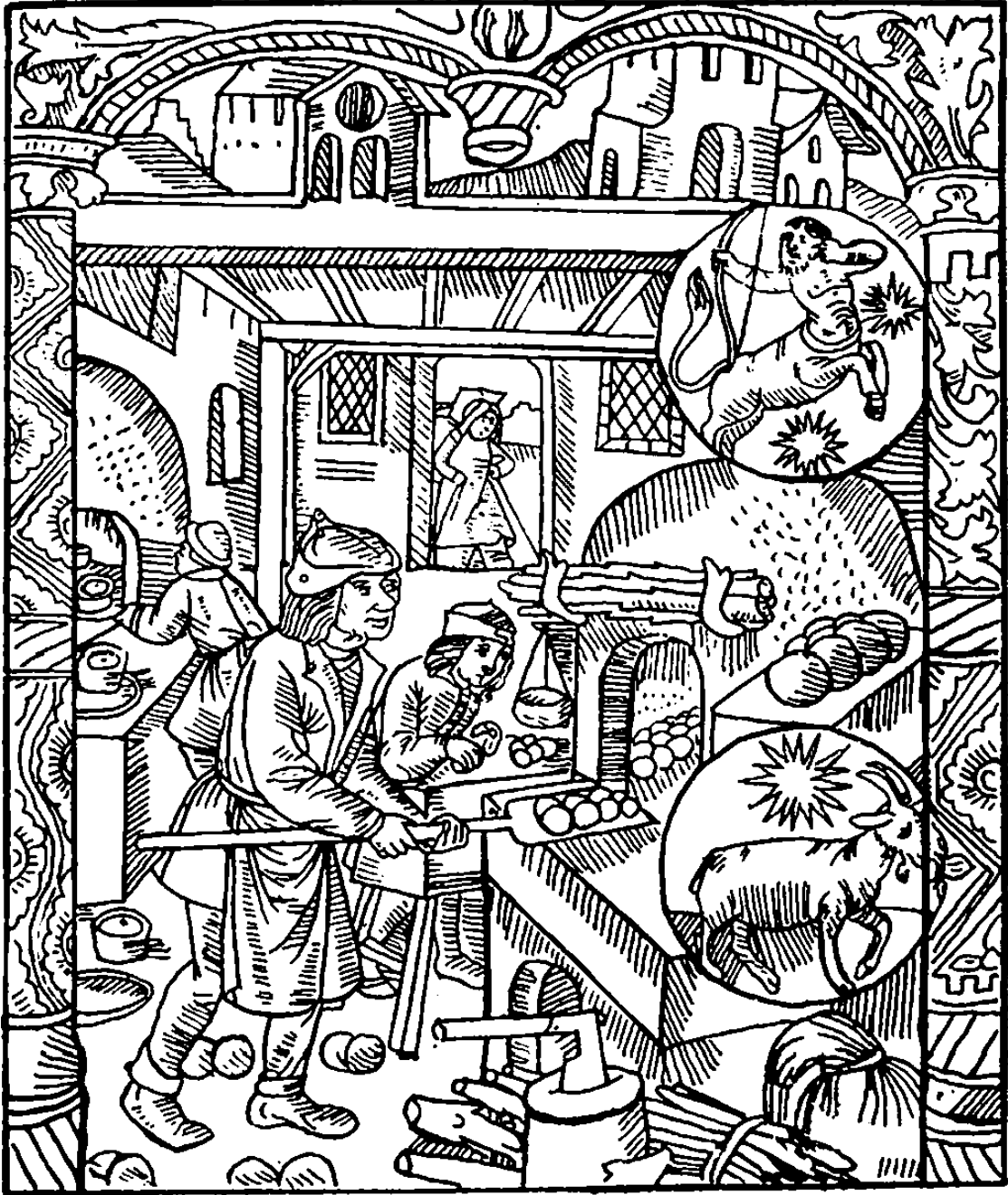
Astrology of October.

## OF MARS.

**T**HE planet of Mars is called the God of battle and of war, and he is the third planet, for he reigneth next under the gentle planet of Jupiter. This planet Mars is the most of all other, for he is hot and dry, and stirreth a man to be very wilfull and hasty at once, and to unhappiness, one of his Signes is Aries, and the other is Scorpio, and most he is in these two signes. He causeth all wars and battells, this planet stirreth men to bear weapons, as murtherers, daggers, swords, hilts or bowes, or some other weapon of death, and would ever heare of fighting. Therefore let every man beware of the days of Mars, and in his chiefe houres that no man fight, for without doubt if God help him not, he shall be maimed or slaine. Also the hours of Mars is perillous meeting with theeves for dread of slaying of true men. And Mars mounteth into the crabbe, and goeth into the twelve signes in two yeer, and thus runneth his course.

## OF HIS PROPERTIES.

He that is born under Mars, in all unhappiness is expert, he shall be a nourisher of great beasts, he is full of malice, and ever doing wrong, under Mars is born all theeves and robbers that keepeth high ways, and hurteth true men, and night walkers, quarell pickers, mockers, and scoffers, and these men of Mars cause war, murther, and battle, they will gladly be Smiths or workers of Iron, light fingers, and lyars, and great swearers of oathes in vengeable wise, and a great surmiser and crafty, he is red and angry, with black hair and little eies, he shall be a great walker, and a maker of swords and knives, and a shedder of mans blood, a letcher, a speaker of ribaldry, red bearded and round visage, and good to be a barber, and letter of blood, and to draw teeth, and is perillous of his hands, and he will be rich of other mans goods. And of the body of man Mars keepeth the gall and the reines.



Astrology of November.

## VENUS.

**N**EXT after the Sun reigneth the gentle planet Venus, and it is a planet feminine, and shee is lady over all lovers: this planet is moist and cold of nature, and her two signes is Taurus and Libra, and in them she hath all her joy and pleasance; she causeth joy, and especially among yong folks, for graatly she reigneth on them, and on all men that be jealous, and on women also, for jealousie is but love inordinate, as when a man or woman loveth more fervently than they should, for such would never be from the sight of their lovers: for if they be, they soon suspect them, and fear to be beguiled. There is no man that loveth a woman by carnail affection, but it is by the influence of Venus, and few men escape out of her danger. This planet Venus runneth in twelve months over the twelve signes.

### OF HER PROPERTIES.

What man or woman that is born under Venus shall be a gay lover, pleasant, delitious, and most commonly they have black eies, and little browes, red lips and cheeks, with a smiling cheer; they shall love the voice of trumpets, clarions, with other minstralsie: they shall be pleasant singers, with sweet voice, full of wanton toyes, plaies, and scoffings: they shall greatly delight in dancing, in gambols, in leaping and springing, and will use playing at the chesse, and at the cards and tables, and desire oft to commune and love, and covet of sweet meats and drinks.

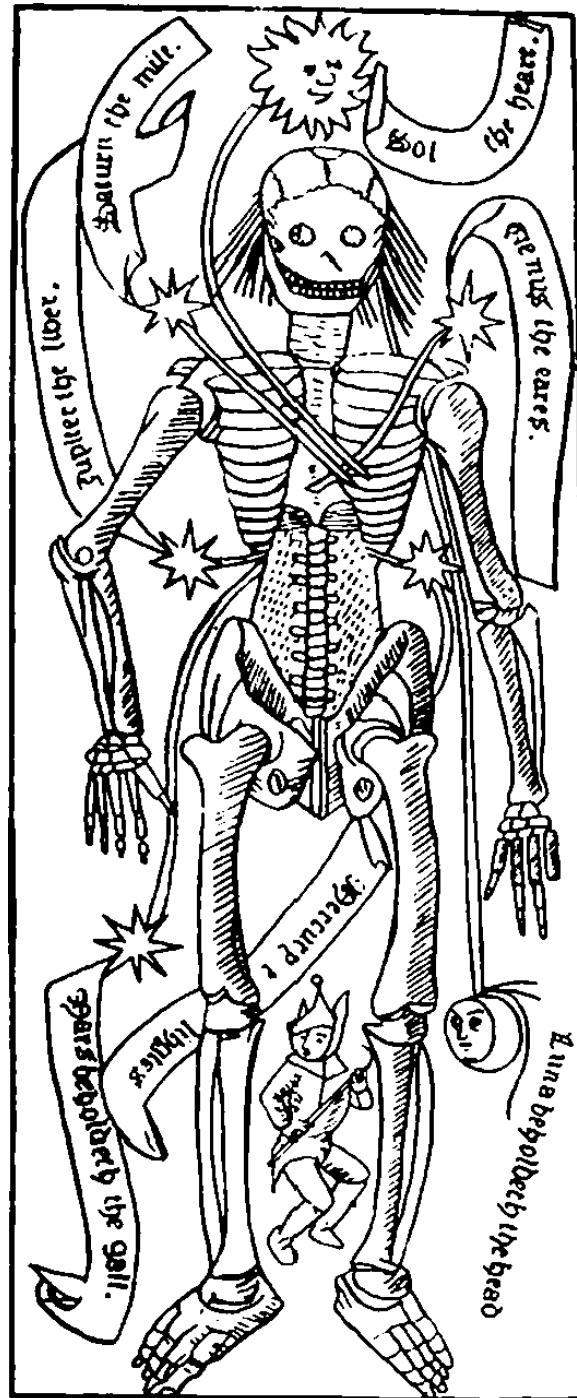


Astrology of December.

A PICTURE OF THE PHISNOMY OF MAN'S BODY, AND SHEWETH IN WHAT PARTS THE VII. PLANETS HAVE DOMINATION IN MAN.

We may know the bones and the parts of well within as head, necke, armes, hands, breast, back, thighs, knees, of the feet. shall be named hereafter, and the figure

By this understand the body, over the planets have mination to from touching to make in- in the veines in the time planet of the conjoyned planet malevo- having regard planet that ber and let his



by this figure joynts of all the body, as without: of the shoulders, besides haunches, legges, and Which bones and numbred it is called Anatomy.

figure one may parts of man's which the might and do- keep them any yron, ne ciseon of bloud that proceed while that the said party is with any other lent, without of some good might incum- evil course.

THE NAMES OF THE BONES IN A MAN'S BODY, AND  
THE NUMBER OF THEM, WHICH IS IN ALL  
TWO HUNDRED EIGHT AND FORTY.

**F**IRST on the summit of the head is a bone that covereth the brain, the which sheppheards call the Capitall bone. In the skull be two bones, which be called parietales, that holdeth the brain close and stedfast. More lower in the brain is a bone called the crown of the head, and on the one side and on the other be two holes, within the which is the pallis or roof bone. In the part behind the head be four like bones, to the which the chine of the neck holdeth. The bones of the nose be two. The bones of the chafts be xi. And of the nether jaw be two. Above the opposite of the brain there is one behind named collaterall.

The bones of the teeth be xxx. eight before, four above, and four underneath, sharp and trenching for to cut the morsels, and there are four sharp, two above and two underneath, and be called conines, for they resemble conies teeth. After these be 16, that be as they were hammers or grinding teeth, for they chaw and grind the meat the which is eaten, and there is on every side four above and four underneath, and then the four teeth of sapience on each side of the chafts one above and one underneath.

In the chine from the head downwards be xxx. bones, called knots or joynts. In the breast afore seven bones, and on every side xii. ribs.

By the neck between the head and the shoulders be two bones, named the sheares. After be the two shoulder blades.

From the shoulders to each elbow in each arme is a bone called the adintor.

From the elbow to the hand on each arm be two bones that be called cannes. In each hand be vii. bones, above the palm be four bones, which be called the comb of the hand. The bones in the fingers in each hand be xv. in every finger three. At the end of the ridge be the huckle bones, whereto be fastened the two bones of the thighs. In each knee is a bone, called the knee plate. From the knee to the foot in each legge be two bones, called cannes or marrow bones. In each foot is a bone, called the ancle or pinne of the foot: behind that ancle is the heel bone in each foot, the which is the lowest part of a man, and above each foot is a bone called the hollow bone. In the plant of each foot be iiiii. bones, then be the combes of the feet, in each of which be v. bones. The bones in the toes in each foot be the number of xiiii. Two bones be tofore the belly, for to hold it steadfast with the two branches. Two bones be in the head behind the eares, called oculars. We reckon not the tender bones of the end of the shoulders, nor the sides, nor divers little gristles and spelders of bones, for they be comprehended in the number abovesaid.





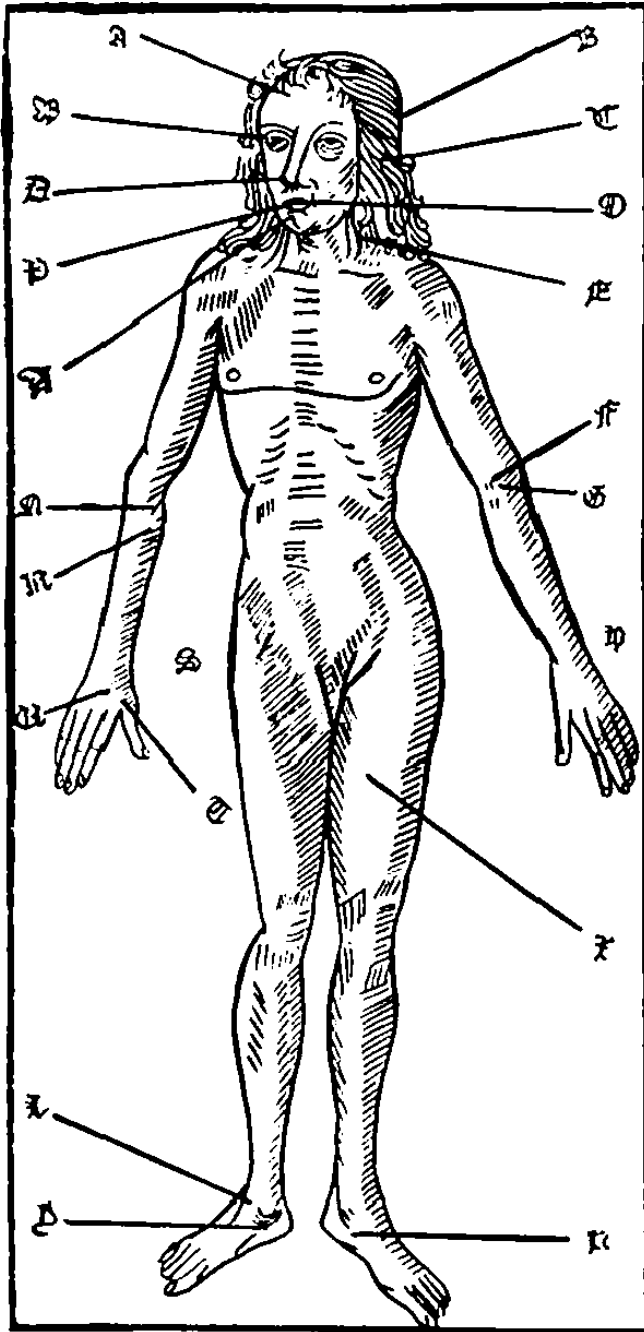
## The Song of Death to all Christian People.

Thou my picture be not to your pleasance,  
And if ye think that it be dreadable  
Take in worth, for surely in substance  
The sight may to you be profitable,  
There is no way also more doubttable.  
Therefore learn, know yourself and see,  
Look how I am and thus shall you be.  
And take heed of thyself in adventure read I,  
For Adam's apple we must all die.  
Alas Worldly people behold my manner,  
Sometime I lived with beauteous visage,  
Mine eie be gone, I have two holes here.  
I am meat for wormes in this passage :  
Take heed of wealth while ye have the usage,  
For as I am thou shalt come to dust,  
Holed as a thimble what shall the advance,  
Nought but good deeds, thou maist me trust.  
All with my likenesse ye must dance.  
The time that I was in this world living,  
I was honored of low and hie,  
But I kept not my conscience clean from sinning,  
Therefore now I doe it dear aby.  
To what availeth covetise, pryde and envy,  
They be the brands that doe breu in hell.  
Trust not to your friends when ye be dead, read I,  
Nor your executors, for few doe well :  
But doe for thy self ere ever thou die ;

And remember while thou art living,  
That God blessed all things without nay,  
Except sin as accordeth writing.  
The devil cannot claim the but by sin I say,  
Amend therefore betime and go right way.  
I would that I might have but an houre or two,  
To doe penance in, or halfe a day,  
But while I lived I did none doe,  
But now my debts I doe truly pay.  
Thou man I doe give better counsell to thee,  
If that thou wilt doe after it,  
Then ever any was shewed to me.  
Thou art half warned think on thy pit,  
And choose of two ways which thou wilt flie,  
To joy or pain, one of the two,  
In weal or woe for ever to sit,  
Now at thine owne choice thou maist go,  
For God hath given thee free will,  
Now choose thee whether thou wilt do good or ill.



## MAN'S VEINES AND TIMES FOR BLOOD LETTING.



**W**E may understand by this figure the number of the veines, and the places of a man's body where they be, and how they ought to be let blood, and no where else, so that it be a naturall day for blood letting, that the moon be not new, ne at the full, ne in the quarter, and that it be in any sign before named good for bleeding, but if that such sign were that it domineth the member of the which blood should be letten, for then it ought not for to be touched, ne also that it be sign of the sun.

A. The vein in the midst of the forehead would be letten blood for the ache and pain of the head, and for fevers, lethargy, and for the megrim.

B. Above the two eares behind is two veines the

which be let blood for to give cleer understanding, and the vertue



of light hearing, and for thick breath, and for doubt of meselry.

C. In the temples been two veines called the Arteries, for that they pant, the which been letten bloud for to diminish and take away the great repletion and abundance of bloud that is in the brain, that might noy the head and the eies, and it is good against the gout, megrim, and divers other accidents that may come to the head.

D. Under the tongue be two veines that been letten bloud for a sickness named the Sequamy, and against the swelling and apostumes of the throat. and against the Squireancy, by the which a man might die sudainly, for default of such bleeding.

E. In the neck be two veines called Originales, for that they have the course and abundance of all the bloud that governeth the body of man, and principally the head, but they ought notto let bloud without the counsel of the surgion, and this bleeding availeth much to the sickness of Leprosie, when it cometh principally of blood.

F. The vein of the heart taken in the arm, profiteth to take away humours or ill bloud that might hurt the chamber of the heart, or the

appurtenance, and it is good for them that spit bloud, that be short winded, by the which a man may die sudainly by default of such bleeding.

G. The vein of the liver taken in the arm, taketh and diminisheth the great heat of the body of man, and holdeth the body in health, and this bleeding is profitable against the yellow arcs and apostumes of the liver, and against the plurisie, whereby a man may die by default of such bleeding.

H. Between the master finger and the leach, to let bloud, helpeth the dolours that commeth in the stomack and sides, as botches, apostumes, and divers other accidents that may comein those places by great abundance of bloud and humours.

I. In the sides between the womb and the branch be two veins, of the which that of the right side is let bloud for the Dropsie, and that of the left side for every sickness that commeth about the milt, and they should bleed after persons be fat or lean, take good heed at four fingers nie the incision, also they not to make such bleeding without counsell of the surgion.

K. In every foot be three veins, of the which three veines, one is under the ancle of the foot named Sophan, the which is let bloud for to diminish and put out divers humours, as botches and apostumes that commeth about the groynes, and it profiteth much to women for to cause their menstruosity to descend and to fire the emeroydes, that commeth in the secret places, and such other like.

L. Between the wrest of the foot and the great toe is a vein, the which is letten bloud for divers sicknesses and inconveniences, as the pestilence, that taketh a person suddenly by the great superabundance of humours, and this bleeding must be made within a naturall day, that is to wit, within xxiii. howres after that the sickness is taken of the patient, and before the fever come on him, and this bleeding ought to be done after the corpulence of the patient.

M. In the angles of the eyes be two veins, the which be let blood for the rednes of the eyes, or matter that runeth continually, and for divers other sicknesses that may happen and come by over great abundance of humours and blood.

N. In the veine of the end of the nose is made a bleeding, the which is good for a red pimpled face, as be red drops, pustules, smal scabs, and other infections of the heart, that may come therein by the great replexion and abundance of blood and humours, and it availeth against pimpled noses, and other semblable sickness.

O. In the mouth in the gummes be four veines, that is to wit, two above and two beneath, the which be let blood for the chasing and canker in the mouth, and for the toothach.

P. Between the lip and the chinne is a vein that is letten blood to give amendment to them that have an evill breath.

Q. In each arme be four veines, of the which the vein of the head is the highest, the second next is from the heart, the third is of the liver, and the fourth is from the milt, otherwise called the low liver vaine.

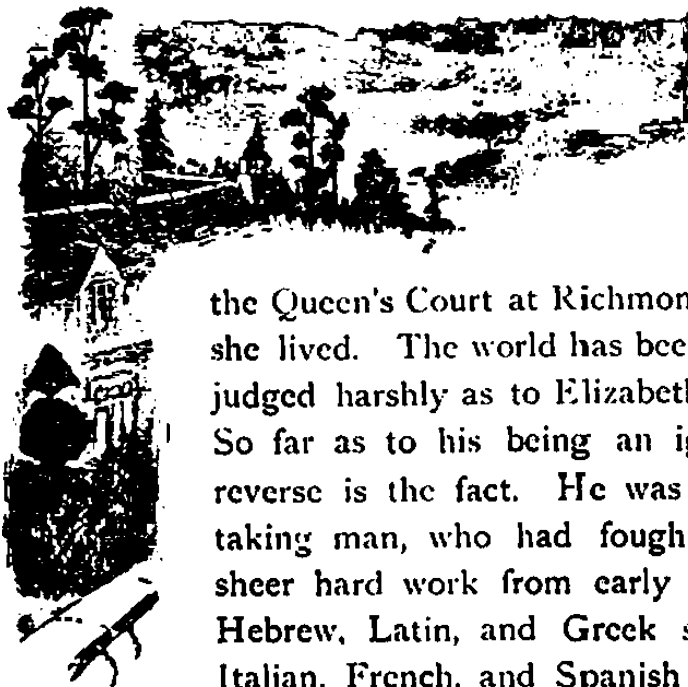
R. The vein in the head taken in the arme, ought to bleed for to take away the great replexion and abundance of blood that may annoy the head, the eyes, and the brain, availeth and greatly for transmutable heats, and swelling of the throat, and to them that hath swollen faces and red, and to divers other sicknesses that may fall by too great abundance of blood.

S. The vein of the milt, otherwise called the low vein, should bleed against all feaver tertians, and quartaines, and it ought to be made a large and less deep wound then in any other vein, for fear of wind that it may gather, and for more inconvenience, for fear of a sinew that is under it, which is called the Lezard.

T. In each hand be three veines, whercof that above the thumbe



## OUTLINE OF ASTROLOGER DEE'S LIFE.



THE life of this extraordinary person teems with interesting particulars, which serve to exemplify the manners and customs observed by the Queen's Court at Richmond, and of the times in which she lived. The world has been under great error, and has judged harshly as to Elizabeth herself and her astrologer. So far as to his being an ignorant charlatan, the very reverse is the fact. He was a learned, laborious, painstaking man, who had fought his way educationally by sheer hard work from early youth; had become a good Hebrew, Latin, and Greek scholar; was versed in the Italian, French, and Spanish languages; and was known as one of the ablest scholars of the day. Possessing these attainments united to courtly manners, it is the more extraordinary he should have afforded ground of descending to the profession of necromancy and conjuring. Her Majesty had made him Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, and had bestowed upon him other Church benefices. He was in the enjoyment of a large



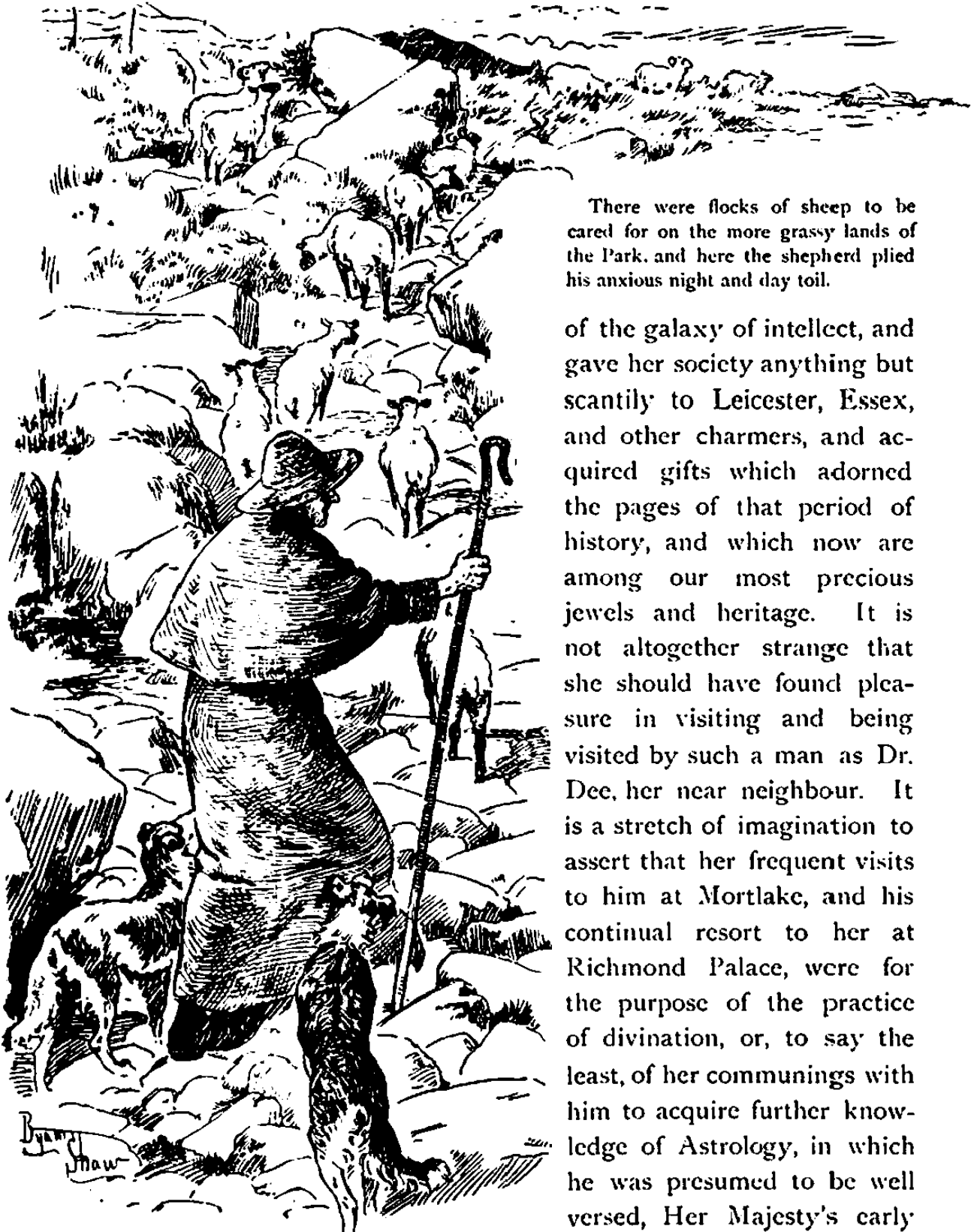


income ; yet, being recklessly extravagant, he was ever impecunious, although he could hardly have needed alleged converse with supernatural powers as a means of subsistence. The Queen's astrologer, so called, was a gentleman mixing among the highest of the Court circle, of attractive personality, in gifts, as is admitted, equal with the best of the time, and of captivating conversational powers.



Rough Sketch of Dee's House at Mortlake, from the Upcot Collection.

Queen Elizabeth herself was among the most learned women of her day, having been educated more as a man, and without much cultivation of the gentler arts, the usual attributes of her sex, and yet with critical eye to the form divine, developed personally, as she in vanity believed, so also in the graceful dance and skilled musical performance, in both of which accomplishments she excelled. She enjoyed the society of Shakespeare, Bacon, Raleigh, and others



There were flocks of sheep to be cared for on the more grassy lands of the Park, and here the shepherd plied his anxious night and day toil.

of the galaxy of intellect, and gave her society anything but scantily to Leicester, Essex, and other charmers, and acquired gifts which adorned the pages of that period of history, and which now are among our most precious jewels and heritage. It is not altogether strange that she should have found pleasure in visiting and being visited by such a man as Dr. Dee, her near neighbour. It is a stretch of imagination to assert that her frequent visits to him at Mortlake, and his continual resort to her at Richmond Palace, were for the purpose of the practice of divination, or, to say the least, of her communings with him to acquire further knowledge of Astrology, in which he was presumed to be well versed, Her Majesty's early



Mortlake Church in Elizabeth's time.

predilection for "the science" being well known. The Queen herself was certainly a good classical scholar. Dr. Dee was more than this. Being versed in other than the dead languages, he was able to give effect to his teachings in a degree such as none but a man of his attainments could have secured. He enjoyed great privileges both at Richmond Palace and Nonsuch, the latter especially, where he would remain several days at a time with the Queen and Leicester, aiding Her Majesty's astrological studies, employing any leisure in revelling in the extensive library of that regal retreat.

Dr. Dee was the son of Rowland Dee, Gentleman "Sewer" to King Henry VIII., and grandson of Bedo Dee, standard-bearer to Lord de Ferrars at the battle of Tournay. If any credit is to be given to his pedigree in the

British Museum, drawn up by himself, he was descended in a direct line from Tudor the Great. His father was imprisoned in the Tower in the year 1553; his mother, Johanna Dee, lived at Mortlake as early as the year 1568. The greater part of the following account is taken from the MS. narrative of his life, which he read to the commissioners at his house at Mortlake.

John Dee was born in London in the year 1527. At the age of fifteen he went to the University of Cambridge, where he applied himself to his studies with such diligence that he allowed only four

hours for sleep, and two for his meals and recreation. In 1547 he went abroad to meet mathematicians, and on his return the ensuing year was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and made under-reader of the Greek language. He was, we are told, much given to introduce the subject of planetary influence on our Earth in lectures. None, however, of these lectures are known to exist, but are represented as advocating the theory of our World's more effective union with the Planets as agents in transmitting Pestilence. He boldly asserted that the grand conjunction of the three superior Planets, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in March, 1345, was the primary cause of the Pestilence of that time. Reference is made to a paper written by him demonstrating that the Black Death had been invariably attended by planetary orbit variations, which accounted for the pestilential conditions of the atmosphere. This paper of the Elizabethan philosopher does not appear to exist. He went to the Continent again, and, although only twenty-three years of age, gave several public lectures at Paris upon Astronomy and the Elements of Euclid to crowded audiences, and was visited by persons of the highest rank, who were anxious to become his pupils. Dee was therefore eminent as a scholar of fame outside this country. In 1553 King Edward VI. took him under his patronage, allowed him a pension, and gave him the rectories of Upton-upon-Severn, in Worcestershire, and Long Leadenham, in Lincolnshire. About this time he was offered a handsome salary



for reading lectures upon Natural Philosophy at Oxford. In Queen Mary's reign he was out of favour, and, being suspected of treasonable designs, was committed to the custody of Bishop Bonner, but escaped better than his fellow-prisoner Green, who suffered at the stake. It is thus seen that Elizabeth was entirely following the rule of her predecessors in taking him closely under her wing. Queen Elizabeth, upon her accession to the throne, immediately took Dee under her patronage, and, among other marks of her favour, appointed him, though a layman, to the Deanery of Gloucester—of which preferment, however, he never got possession.

In 1581 he began his incantations in concert with one Edward Kelly. Albert Laski, a Polish nobleman of high rank, and no doubt large fortune, or he would not have answered their purpose, was admitted into a kind of partnership with them. They pretended to carry on their conversation with spirits by means of a show-stone, which Dee affirmed was given to him by an angel. Kelly was the seer, who, when they had finished their invocations, was to report what spirits he saw, and what they said; whilst Dee, who sat at a table, noted all in a book. A folio volume of these notes was published by Casaubon; and many more, containing the most unintelligible jargon, remain in MS. in the British Museum. The consecrated cakes of wax used in these ceremonies, marked with hieroglyphics and mathematical figures, are also in the Museum. The show-stone, which is a round piece of volcanic glass finely polished, was in the collection of the late Earl of Oxford at Strawberry Hill. This farce was carried on for some time, till at length, the whole party having involved themselves in debt, they were obliged suddenly to quit England. They left Mortlake Sept. 21, 1583; the mob, who had been prejudiced against Dee as a magician, immediately upon his departure broke into his house, and destroyed a great part of his furniture and books.

Meanwhile, Dee and his friends hastened to Poland, where they flattered themselves that they should meet with great encouragement through the interest of Laski; but were grievously disappointed in their expectations, and reduced to great distress. They then bent their course to Germany, but the Emperor banished them his dominions. At length, in the year 1589, the Queen ordered Dee, who was then in Bohemia, to return to England. On his arrival he waited upon Her Majesty at Richmond, and was very graciously received: she assured him that he might rely on her protection in the prosecution of his studies. Having been in England three years without reaping any advantage from the promise which had been made to him, he was induced to present a petition to the Queen, praying that she would appoint commissioners to inquire into the losses and injuries which he had sustained, the services he had done Her Majesty, and the various disappointments which he had encountered. In consequence of this application Sir Thomas Gorge, Knt., and Mr. Secretary Wolley were actually appointed commissioners to hear his grievances, and sat as such at his house at Mortlake, Nov. 22, 1592, to whom, sitting in his library, he related his case at large.

Among the many promises of preferment which had been made him to so little effect, he particularly specified Dr. Aubrey's benefices in the diocese of St. David's, and the mastership of St. Cross. He concludes with desiring speedy relief, and gives his reasons for preferring the mastership of St. Cross to any other appointment, it being a retired situation, well adapted for his studies, with a good house annexed, whereas his present situation at Mortlake was too public, and his house too small to entertain the foreign literati who resorted to him. Upon the report of the commissioners, "the Queen willed the Lady Howard to write some words of comfort to his wife, and sent some friendly tokens besides"; she commanded Sir Thomas Gorge to take

him 100 marks, and said "that St. Cross he should have," and that the incumbent, Dr. Bennet, might be removed to some bishopric; and assigned him a pension of 200*l.* per annum out of the bishopric of Oxford till it should become vacant. All these promises, like the former, came to nothing; the next year, indeed, he was presented to the Chancellorship of St. Paul's, but this was by no means adequate to his expectations; and he continued to memorialize Her Majesty, till at length he procured the Wardenship of Manchester in 1595. Here he continued for seven years, leading a very unquiet life, and continually engaged in disputes with the Fellows. He returned to Mortlake in 1604. King James at first patronized, but was afterwards prejudiced against him and his studies; upon which Dee presented a petition to His Majesty, and another in verse to the House of Commons, praying that he might be brought to trial, having been accused of calling up evil spirits. During his several periods of residing at Mortlake, representations were made as to an intolerable nuisance of a number of jay-birds kept by the doctor. These rapacious creatures ate up all his neighbours' peas, strawberries, and fruit. The Queen shielded her "wisdom" man, and the jays ruled and marauded with impunity.

Dr. Dee died at Mortlake in the year 1608, having been so poor in the latter part of his life as to be obliged to sell his library piecemeal for subsistence. He was buried in the chancel of Mortlake Church, where a marble slab is shown as belonging to his tomb. The house where Dr. Dee lived, by a survey of Mortlake taken in 1617, is called an ancient house. It was most probably built in the reign of Henry VII.

It is the opinion of some writers that Dee was employed by Queen Elizabeth as a spy, and some have gone so far as to suppose that all the notes of his pretended conversations with spirits were, in fact,

political intelligence, couched in cyphers. As they contain a kind of jargon meaning nothing itself, they might undoubtedly be used occasionally for such purposes. Dee himself avers in his narrative that he was taken into the Queen's service on her accession to the throne, when she promised that where her brother had given him a crown she would give him a noble. The instances of Her Majesty's attention to him were striking and numerous, and certainly prove either that she was indebted to him for real or that he duped her into magnifying the importance of imaginary services. When he was sick, the Queen ordered her own physicians to attend him, "sent him divers rarities to eat, and the honourable Lady Sidney to attend on him, and comfort him with divers speeches from Her Majesty, pithy and gracious."



MORTLAKÉ, as stated, was frequently honoured by Her Majesty visiting her favoured astrologist at his home there. One day she came on horseback, the occasion being to condole with him when in sorrow, "and exhorted him to take his mother's death patiently." Another time, as he describes it himself, "she came from

Richmond in her coach, the higher way of Mortlake field; and when she came right against the church she turned down," says he, "towards



my house, and when she was against my garden in the field Her Majesty staid there a good while, and then came into the street at the great gate of the field, where Her Majesty espied me at my door making reverent and dutiful obeyances to her; and with her hand



A mixed medley of Shakespeare and Dr. Dee's Astrology.

Her Majesty beckoned me to come unto her, and I came to her coach side. Her Majesty then very speedily pulled off her glove, and gave me her hand to kiss; and, to be short, Her Majesty willed me to resort oftener to her Court, and by some of her Privy Chamber to give her to weete when I am there."

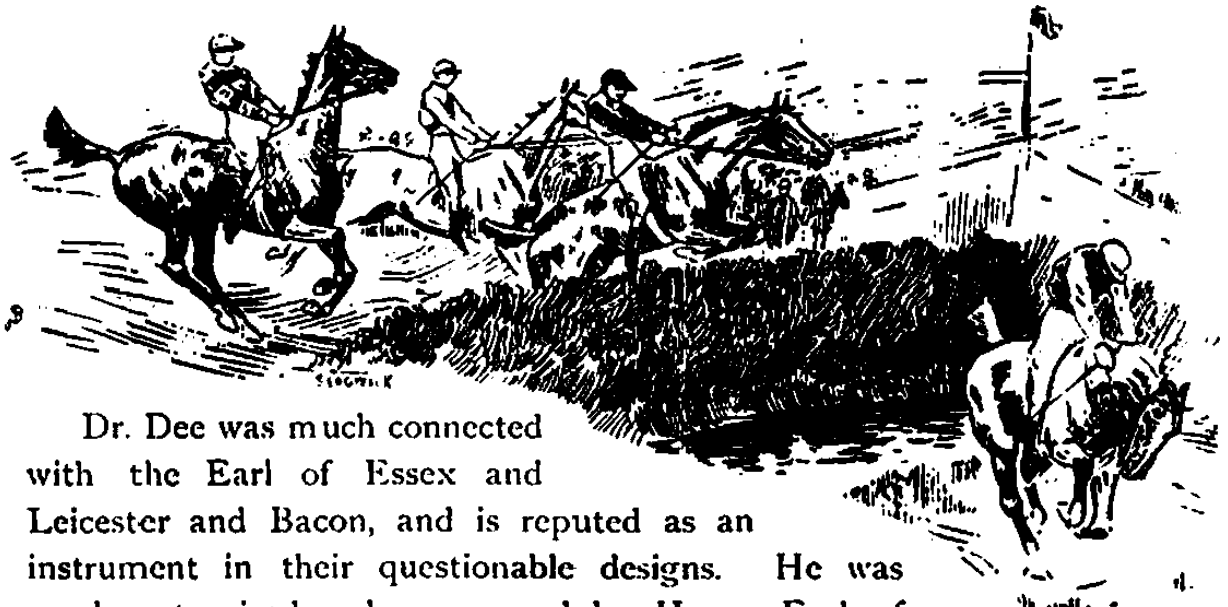
Dee was undoubtedly a man of great research and singular learning, as is evident by his various writings, both printed and manuscript, on almost every science. He wrote upon the reformation of the Gregorian Calendar, on the mode of propagating the Gospel on the other side of the Atlantic, on geography, navigation, natural philosophy—particularly optics, mathematics, metaphysics, astronomy, astrology, and the occult sciences.

He also wrote an account of his voyage to St. Helena, and a treatise on the Queen's right to certain foreign countries; and projected a scheme for the preservation of ancient manuscripts by establishing a general repository.

Whether with all his learning he was the dupe of an enthusiastic imagination, or whether he availed himself of his knowledge to dupe others, in an age when all ranks were given to credulity, perhaps admits of question. As a proof of the superstition and credulity of the age, Dee was employed to determine, according to the opinion of the ancient astrologers, what day would be the most fortunate for Queen Elizabeth's coronation.

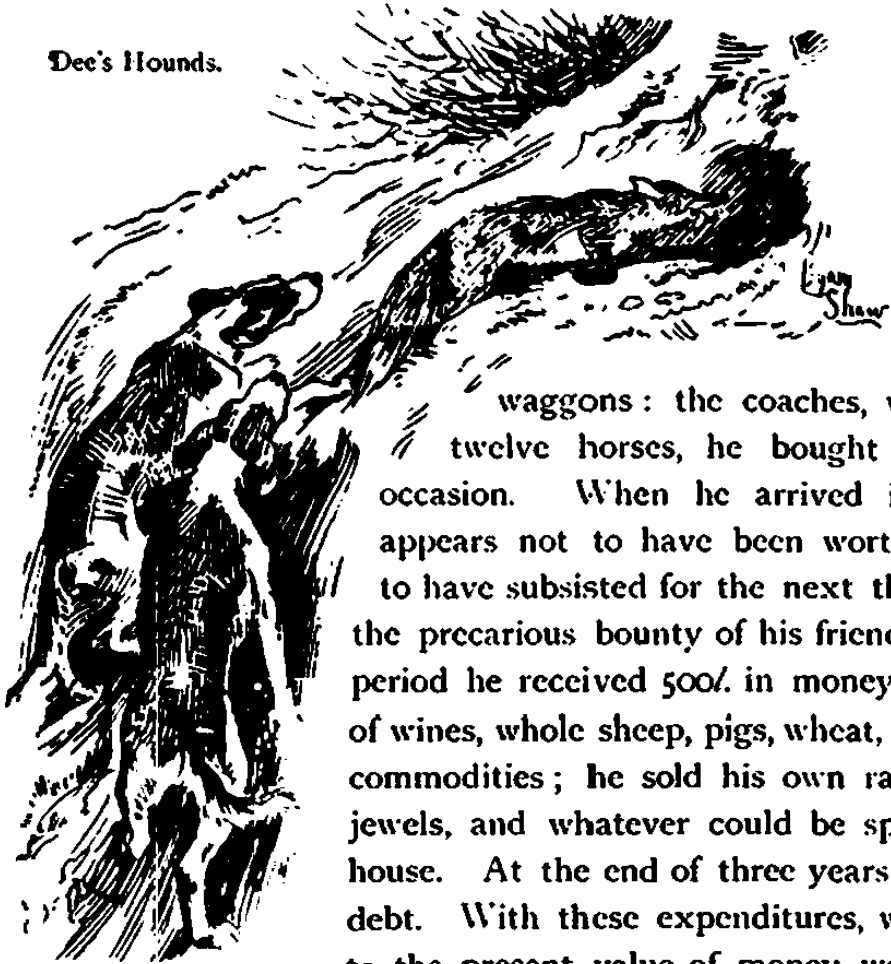
Some time afterwards he was sent for by the Lords of the Council to counteract the ill-effects which it was apprehended would befall the Queen from a waxen image of Her Majesty, stuck full of pins, which was picked up in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This, we are told, he performed "in a godly and artificial manner," in the presence of the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Secretary Wilson.





Dr. Dee was much connected with the Earl of Essex and Leicester and Bacon, and is reputed as an instrument in their questionable designs. He was much patronized and encouraged by Henry, Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Henry Sidney, and other great men belonging to the Court. He was much given to sport, and it is traditioned he started pell-mell steeplechases in the neighbourhood, and which Palace courtiers patronized too fully for Her Majesty's approval, as she is said to have "put them down"; he also kept hounds at Mortlake, the Court of the Queen joining at the meets. Such was his reputation abroad, that he was offered great salaries by foreign princes, if he would settle in their courts. The Emperor of Russia, in particular, sent him a rich present, with an offer of conveying him and all his family to Moscow, and promising to settle an annuity of 2,000*l.* per annum upon him, and to grant him the rank of a Privy Councillor. These offers, it must be observed, were made before his last unsuccessful journey to the Continent. Notwithstanding the Queen's patronage, and the various and rich presents which he was in the constant habit of receiving, his unbounded extravagance kept him always poor. His journey from Bohemia, 1589, which cost him near 800*l.*, will afford

Dee's Hounds.



some idea of his ostentation. He was attended by a guard of horse, and travelled with three coaches, beside baggage-

waggon: the coaches, with harness for twelve horses, he bought new upon the occasion. When he arrived in England, he appears not to have been worth a penny, and to have subsisted for the next three years upon the precarious bounty of his friends. During this period he received 500*l.* in money, besides vessels of wines, whole sheep, pigs, wheat, sugar, and other commodities; he sold his own rarities, his wife's jewels, and whatever could be spared out of his house. At the end of three years he was 333*l.* in debt. With these expenditures, which, according to the present value of money, we must estimate

at more than 1,000*l.* per annum, he tells us that, with observance of great parsimony, he preserved himself and his family from hunger, starvation, and nakedness.

Dr. Dee carried on his pretended conversations with spirits till just before his death, at which time he seems to have applied his pretended art to the discovery of hidden treasure and stolen goods—to so low estate had he descended—as the means of procuring present subsistence from those who were silly enough to employ him.

The Mortlake necromancer possessed wondrously useful treasure in

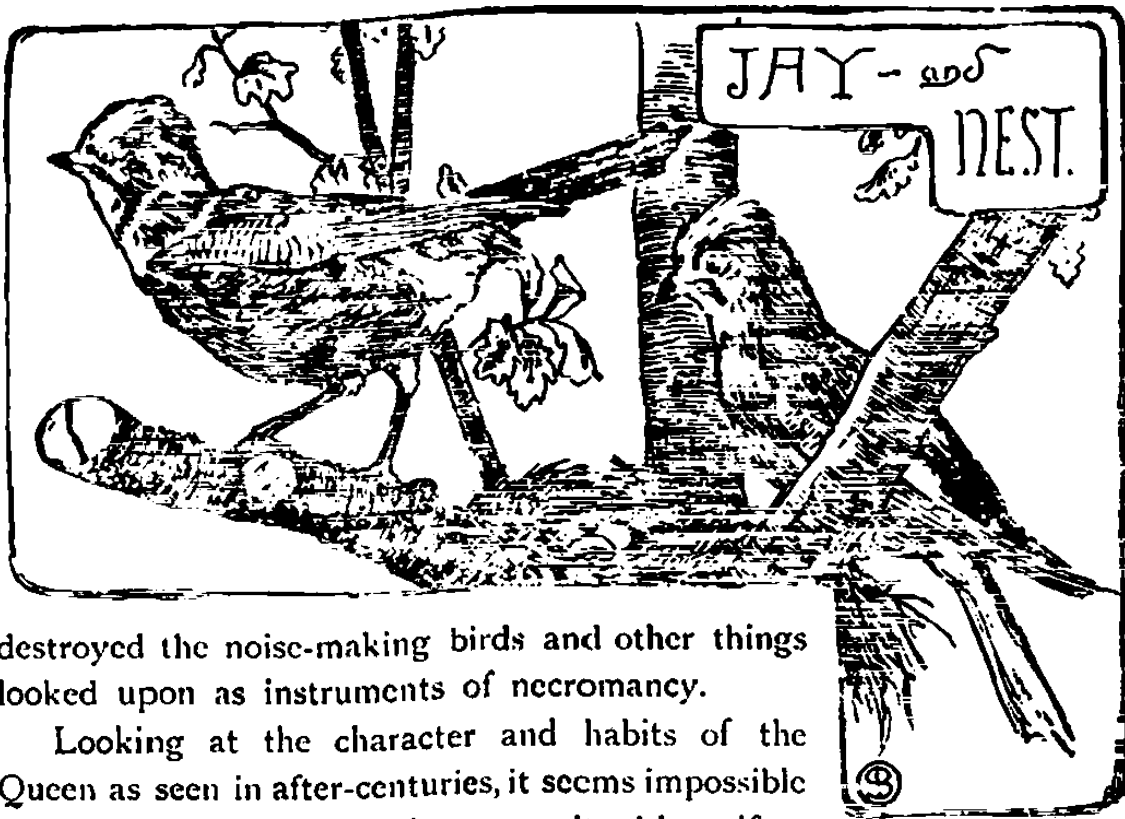
three birds of omen, an owl, a jay, and a raven, each fourfold natural size of these birds, and which had been created for him on the Continent. These birds were clad in natural feathers of the species of which they were representatives, their internals being the seat of marvellous



Screech Owl.

mechanism, which, when wound up, rendered the birds capable of giving forth intolerable screeching, hooting, yelling, and croaking in a form based on the non-musical voices of the respective birds, with sonorousness painfully exaggerated in strength, and which rendered them a nuisance to the neighbourhood of his Mortlake residence. The machinery for these creatures was specially invented by a skilled Dutch horologist, a German musical instrument-maker specially

gifted in brazen horn noises undertaking the screaming power, a Frenchman being responsible for the fearful glaring of the several birds' eyes. It goes for the saying that the cost of the creatures was very great, but Dee stuck at nothing in way of money expenditure to secure a purpose. Whether the birds were a source of attraction to Her Majesty Elizabeth is unknown, no mention of them being made in the astrologer's diary. It would appear their existence in Mortlake was tolerated only so long as he continued in Royal favour. When the day of reverse befell him, the mob broke into his house, and



destroyed the noise-making birds and other things looked upon as instruments of necromancy.

Looking at the character and habits of the Queen as seen in after-centuries, it seems impossible to believe that she could have permitted herself to be identified with Dec so far as to have been a believer in his pretentiousness. Moreover, it would appear that it was not until things went against his money-making capability that he resorted to grossly nefarious practices. There exists no doubt as to his having at one period of his career had great influence over the Queen, and the wily charlatan made the most of her visits to his den at Mortlake, as the diary entry October 10th, 1580, given on page 321, sufficiently shows.

We must also remember, in fairness to this sovereign of profound astuteness, that she was not the only regal friend of the Mortlake astrologer. His gift of languages made him at home with all, and their purses contributed liberally to his insatiable rapacity.

\*. For further notes as to Dr. Dec's connection with Mortlake the reader is referred to page 403 et seq.

DR. DEE'S DIARY.

1577.

*Jan. 16th.*—The Erle of Leicester, Mr. Phillip Sydney, Mr. Dyer, &c., came to my howse.

*Jan. 22nd.*—The Erle of Bedford cam to my howse.

*Nov. 3rd.*—William Rogers of Mortlak, about 7 of the clok in the morning, cut his own throte.

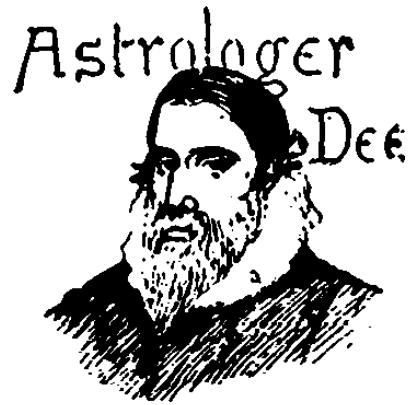
*Nov. 22nd.*—I rod to Windsor to the Q. Majestie.

*Nov. 15th.*—I spake with the Quene *hora quinta*.

*Nov. 28th.*—I spake with the Quene *hora quinta*. . . . I declared to the Quene her title to Greenland, Estetiland and Friseland.

1578.

*Sept. 1st.*—I cam from Cheyham, Sept. 6th. Elen Lyne, my mayden, departed from this life immediately after the myd-day past, when she had lyne sik a month lacking one day.



Sept. 12th, Jane Gaele cam to my servyce, and she must have four nobles by the yere, 26s. 8d. Sept. 25th, Her Majesty cam to Richemond from Grenwich. Sept. 26th, the first rayn that came for many a day; all pasture about us was withered: rayn afternone like April showres. Oct. 8th, the Quene's Majestic had conference with me at Richemond, *inter 9 et 11*. Oct. 16th, Dr. Bayly conferred of the Quene her disease. Oct. 22nd, Jane Fromonds went to the court at Richemond. Oct. 25th, a fit from 9 afternone to 1 after mydnight. Oct. 28th, the Erle of Lccester and Sir Francys Walsingham, secretary, determined my going over for the Quene's Majestic. Nov. 4th, I was directed to my voyage by the Erle of Lecester and Mr. Secretary Walsingham *hora nona*. Nov. 7th, I cam to Gravesende. Nov. 9th, I went from Lee to sea. Nov. 14th, I cam to Hamburgh *hora tertia*. Dec. 11th, to Franckfurt-uppon-Oder. Dec. 15th, newes of Turnifer's comming, *hora octava mane*, by a speciall mesenger.

1579.

*June 15th.*—My mother surrendered Mortlak howses and land, and had state geven in *plena curia ad terminam vite*, and to me also the reversion delivered *per virgam*, and to my wife Jane by me, and after to my heirs and assignes for ever, to understand, Mr. Bullok and Mr. Taylor, surveyor, at Wimbledon, under the tree by the church.

*Oct. 31st.*—Payed xxx. fyne for me and Jane my wife to the Lord of Wimbleton (the Quene), by goodman Burton of Putney, for the surrender taken of my mother of all



she hath in Mortlak to Jane and me and than to my heyres and assynes, &c.

1580.

*June 7th.*—Mr. Skydmor and his wife lay at my howse and Mr. Skydmor's dowghter, and the Quene's dwarf Mrs. Tomasin.

*Sept. 6th.*—The Quene's Majestie cam to Richemond. *Sept. 10th,* Sir Humfry Gilbert graunted me my request to him, made by letter, for the royaltyes of discovery all to the North above the parellell of the 50 degree of latitude, in the presence of Stoner, Sir John Gilbert, his servant or reteiner; and thereuppon toke me by the hand with faithful promises in his lodging of John Cooke's howse in Wichcross strete, where we dyned onely us three together, being Satterday. . . . *Sept. 17th,* the Quene's Majestie cam from Rychemond in her coach, the higher way of Mortlak felde, and whan she cam right against the church she turned down toward my howse; and when she was against my garden in the felde she stode there a good while, and than came ynto the street at the great gate of the felde, where she espyed me at my door making obeysains to her Majestie; she beckend her hand for me; I cam to her coach side, she very speedily pulled off her glove and gave me her hand to kiss; and to be short, asked me to resort to her court, and to give her to wete when I cam ther; hor.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  *a meridie.*

*Oct. 3rd.*—On Munday, at 11 of the klok before none, I delivered my two rolls of the Qucen's Majesties title unto herself

in the garden at Richemond, who appointed after dynner to heare funder of the matter. Therefore betwene one and two afternone, I was sent for into her highnes' Pryvy Chamber, where the Lord Threasorer allso was, who, having the matter slightly then in consultation, did seme to dowlt much that I had or could make the argument probable for her highnes' title so as I pretended. Whereuppon I was to declare to his honor more playnely, and at his leyser, what I had sayd and could say therin, which I did on Tuesday and Wensday following, at his chamber, where he used me very honorably on his behalf. . . .

*Oct. 10th.*—The Quene's Majestie, to my great cumfort (*hora quinta*), cam with her trayn from the court, and at my dore graciously calling me to her, on horsbak, exhorted me briefly to take my mother's death patiently, and withall told me that the Lord Threasorer had gretly commended my doings for her title, which he had to examyn, which title in two rolls he had brought home two howrs before; she remembred allso how at my wive's death it was her fortune likewise to call uppon me. At 4 of the klok in the morning my mother Jane Dee dyed at Mortlak; she made a godly ende; God be prayسد therefore! She was 77 yere old. Dec. 1st . . . the Quene lying at Richmond. Dec. 6th, the Quene removed from Richmond.

1582.

*Nov. 24th.*—Saterday night I dremed that I was deade, and afterward my bowels wer taken out I walked and talked with diverse, and among other with the Lord Thresorer who

was com to my howse to burn my bokes when I was dead, and thought he loked sourly on me.

1583.

*Feb. 11th.*—The Quene lying at Richemond went to Mr. Secretary Walsingham to dynner; she coming by my dore graciously called me to her, and so I went by her horse side as far as where Mr. Hudson dwelt.

*Mar. 18th.*—Mr. North, from Roland, after he had byn with the Quene he cam to me. I receyved salutation from Alaski, Palatine in Poland; salutation by Mr. North who came before to the Quene, and next to me was his message, hor. 12.

*Apr. 18th.*—The Quene went from Richemond toward Greenwich, and at her going on horsbak, being new up, she called for me by Mr. Rawly his putting her in mynde, and she sayd “quod defertur non aufertur,” and gave me her right hand to kisse.

*May 30th.*—I becam acquaynted with Albertus Laski at 7½ at night, in the Erle of Lecester his chamber in the court at Greenwich.

*July 30th.*—The Quene removed on Tuesday, from Greenwich to Sion by water; coming by my dore. . . . July 31st, the Quene's gift of 40 angells sent by the Erle of Lecester his secretarie Mr. Lloyd, through the Erle his speche to the Quene. Mr. Rawlegh his letter unto me of hir Majestic's good disposition unto me.

1589.

*Oct. 31st.*—Letters sent to Stade for Gerwein Greven for her Majestic, Mr. Yong, and Mr. Dyer.

*Dec. 19th.*—At Richemond with the Quene's Majestic.

1590.

*July 14th.*—Mr. Gawayn Smyth spake frendely for me to the Quene, and she disclosed her favor toward me.

*Nov. 20th.*—Her Majestic cam to Richemond. *Nov. 27th,* the Quene's Majestic, being at Richemont, graciously sent for me. I cam to her at three quarters of the clok afternone, and she sayd she wold send me something to kepe Christmas with. *Dec. 1st,* Her Majestic commanded Mr. John Herbert, Master of Requests, to write to the Commissioners on my behalf. *Dec. 2nd,* order taken by the Commissioners for my howse and goods. Her Majestic told Mr. Candish that she wold send me an hundred angels to kepe my Christmas withall. *Dec. 4th,* the Quene's Majestic called for me at my dore, *circa 3½ a meridie,* as she passed by, and I met her at Estshene gate, where she graciously, putting down her mask, did say with mery chere, "I thank thee, Dee; there was never promisse made but it was broken or kept." I understode her Majestic to mean of the hundred angels she promised to have sent me this day, as she yesternight told Mr. Richard Candish. *Dec. 6th . . . A meridic circa 3<sup>a</sup> recipi a Regini Domina 50<sup>l</sup>.* *Dec. 14th,* the Quene's Majestic called for me at my dore as she rod by to take ayre, and I met her at Estshene gate. *Dec.*

16th, Mr. Candish receyved from the Quene's Majestic warrant by word of mowth to assure me to do what I wold in philosophic and alchimie, and none shold chek, controll, or molest me; and she sayd that she wold ere long send me 50*l.* more to make up the hundred pound.

1591.

*Mar. 2nd.*—Borrowed 20*l.* uppon plate, and payd this day 19*l.* in Mortlak.

*Dec. 20th.*—A jentle answer of the Lord Threasorer that the Quene wold have me have something at this promotion of bishops at hand.

1592.

*Mar. 6th.*—The Quene granted my sute to Dr. Awbrey.

*Nov. 9th.*—Her Majestic's grant of my supplication for commissioners to come to me. The Lord Warwik obteyned it. Nov. 22nd, the commissioners from Her Majestic, Mr. Secretary Wolley and Sir Thomas George, cam to Mortlak to my howse. . . . Dec. 1st, a little after none the very vertuous Cowntess of Warwik sent me word very speedily by hir gentleman Mr. Jones from the cowrt at Hampton Cowrt that this day Her Majestic had granted to send me spedily an hundred marks, and that Sir Thomas George had very honorably dealt for me in the cause. Dec. 2nd, Sir George Thomas browght me a hundred marks from her Majestic.

1593.

*Feb. 15th.*—Her Majestic graciously accepted of my few lynes of thankfulness delivered unto her by the Countess of Warwick, *hora secunda a meridie*, at Hampton Court, two or three dayes before the remove to Somerset Howse.

1594.

*April 1st.*—Capitayn Hendor made acquayntance with me, and shewed me a part of his pollicy against the Spanishe King his intended mischief agaynst her Majestic and this realme. May 3rd, betewne 6 and 7 after none the Quene sent for me to her in the privy garden at Grenwich, when I delivered in writing the heavenly admonition, and Her Majestic tok it thankfully. Onely the Lady Warwyk and Sir Robert Cecill his Lady wer in the garden with Her Majestic. May 18th, Her Majestic sent me agayn the copy of the letter of G. K. with thanks by the Lady Warwick. May 21st, Sir John Wolley moved my sute to Her Majestic. She graunted after a sort, but referred all to the Lord of Canterbury. May 25th, Dr. Awbrey moved my sute to Her Majestic, and answered as before. May 29th, with the Archbishop before the Quene cam to her house. June 3rd, I, my wife, and seven children, before the Quene at Thisellworth. My wife kissed her hand. I exhibited my request for the Archbishop to com to my cottage. June 6th, supped with the Lord Archbishop. Invited him to my cottage.

*June 29th.*—After I had hard the Archbishop his answers and discourses, and that after he had byn the last Sunday at Tybald's with the Quene and Lord Threasorer, I take

myself confounded for all suing or hoping for anything that was. And so adiew to the court and courting tyll God direct me otherwise!

*Dec. 7th.*—Jane my wife delivered her supplication to the Quene's Majestie, as she passed out of the privy garden at Somerset Howse to go to diner to the Savoy to Syr Thomas Henedge. The Lord Admirall toke it of the Quene. Her Majestie toke the bill agayn and kept [it] uppon her cushen; and on the 8th day, by the chief motion of the Lord Admirall, and somewhat of the Lord Buckhurst, the Quene's wish was to the Lord Archbishop presently that I shold have Dr. Day his place in Powles.

1595.

*Jan. 3rd.*—The Wardenship of Manchester spoken of by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Feb. 5th, my bill of Manchester offered to the Quene afore dynner by Sir John Wolly to signe, but she deferred it.

*Apl. 18th.*—My bill for Manchester Wardenship signed by the Quene, Mr. Herbert offring it her.

*July 31st.*—The Cowntess of Warwik did this evening thank her Majestie in my name, and for me, for her gift of the Wardenship of Manchester. She toke it graciously; and was sorry that it was so far from hens, but that some better thing neer hand shall be fownd for me; and, if opportunitie of tyme wold serve, her Majestie wold speak with me herself. I had a bill made by Mr. Wood, one of the clerks of the signet, for the first frutes given me by her Majestie.

*Oct. 9th.*—I dynded with Syr Walter Rawlegh at Durham Howse.



From an old sketch in Dee's MS.

DEE'S JOURNAL clearly reveals the fact of Astrology holding sway in the strong mind of Elizabeth—and who should wonder at such being the case, seeing that all the men on whom she rested and relied were more or less disciples of “the science”? Be it remembered they were none of them ordinary persons; generally they were men of great intellectual

power; minds such as the generations since intervening may be said hardly to have surpassed. Surely it is mean and ungallantly severe on a woman reproachfully to visit this her great weakness with the blame attaching not only to herself, but also to the presumably wise counsellors who even in this our present day of presumed intellectual advancement are not destitute of followers.

All history of the period evidences Elizabeth's personal vanity to have been excessive, and is entirely confirmed through her connection with Dee, and the influence he is believed to have exercised over her. One powerful influence was the so far beguiling her inclining to belief in his holding the secret jointly with the notorious Dutch chemist Lannoy, who, with Dee, flattered Her Majesty with promises of youth and



personal beauty from their discovery of the Elixir of Life, and also the prospect of unbounded wealth, through a power of reducing to practical purposes a secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold. Seeing the Queen's great need of money for national purposes, a mild judgment should be passed on her weakness. The only proof advanced as to actual belief in Dee's assurances is in her allowing the practice. After years of false but not fruitless trickery, he professed to have arrived at the point of projection, through having cut a piece of metal out of a warming-pan, and heating it by the fire and pouring on it a portion of his Elixir, converted it into pure silver. He is said to have sent the warming-pan with the piece of silver to the Queen, that she might see with her own eyes the miracle, and be convinced that they were the veritable parts that had been severed from each other. It is thought that Dee had discovered the secret of plating by the electro process. His confederate instrument, Lannoy, was committed to the Tower for abusing the Queen's Majesty, Dee himself getting off "scot free," as is noted in Cecil's Diary, "on promising to make the Elixir." The two had so far imposed on the Queen's Government, by their promises to convert any metal into gold, as to get themselves installed into a laboratory and snug quarters at Somerset House; while to the Queen's unbounded vanity a more flattering delusion had been held forth, even the draught of perpetual life and youth. It is inconceivable that a woman of her strong intellect allowed herself to be persuaded that it was in the power of a foreign empiric to confer the boon of immortality upon her. How difficult it is to realize that so great a woman could be duped into reliance on so-called "occult science," and become an earnest supporter of men practising the forbidden arts of divination in their most absurd forms, and even to the transmutation of metals.

The Mortlake astrologer Dee was not selfish: he spent his money

right royally in entertaining courtiers residing in his neighbourhood, and, being an enthusiastic student of Chaucer's poetry, at his own cost put up or renewed the great maypole, 150 feet high, in the Strand, the successor to which, alluded to by Pope, was taken down in 1717, purchased by Sir Isaac Newton, and transported to Wanstead, and there enlisted into the service of Science as a support to Hugon's



great telescope. Dee kept up on May Day the Celtic custom of Beltein, by kindling a great bonfire on the top of Richmond Hill, and was at great cost in observing the festival in a style suited to the goodly company who flocked over to Mortlake on these occasions.

"And forth goeth al the court, both moste and leste,  
To feche the floures fresh, and braunche and blome."

"Eke eche at other threw the floures bright,  
The primrose, the violete, and the gold."

Would that this most illustrious ruler had given more heed to Chaucer, who dwelt for years close at hand in Asgill purlieu, near to her palace, and who bequeathed so Good Counsel to the world!

"Fly from the press<sup>1</sup> and dwell with sothfastness;<sup>2</sup> Suffice unto thy good<sup>3</sup> though it be small; For hoard hath hate, and climbing fickleness, Press<sup>4</sup> hath envy, and weal is blent<sup>5</sup> o'er all; Savour<sup>6</sup> no more than thee behoven shall; Rede<sup>7</sup> well thyself, that other folk can't rede, And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.<sup>8</sup> Great rest standeth in little business; Beware also to spurn against a nalle;<sup>9</sup>



*Geoffrey Chaucer.*

Strive not as doth a crocke<sup>10</sup> with a wall; Deemeth<sup>11</sup> thyself that deemest other's deed, And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede. That<sup>12</sup> thee is sent receive in buxomness;<sup>13</sup> The wrestling of this world asketh a fall; Here is no home, here is but wilderness; Forth pilgrim, forth O beast out of thy stall; Look up on high, and thank thy God of all; Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost<sup>14</sup> thee lead, And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede."

<sup>1</sup> Press—crowd. <sup>2</sup> Sothfastness—truth. <sup>3</sup> Suffice unto thy good—be satisfied with thy wealth. <sup>4</sup> Press—striving. <sup>5</sup> Weal is blent—prosperity has ceased. <sup>6</sup> Savour—taste. <sup>7</sup> Rede—counsel. <sup>8</sup> No drede—without doubt. <sup>9</sup> Nalle—nail. <sup>10</sup> Crocke—earthen pitcher. <sup>11</sup> Deemeth—judge. <sup>12</sup> That,—that (which). <sup>13</sup> Buxomness—civility, obedience. <sup>14</sup> Ghost—spirit.



## THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

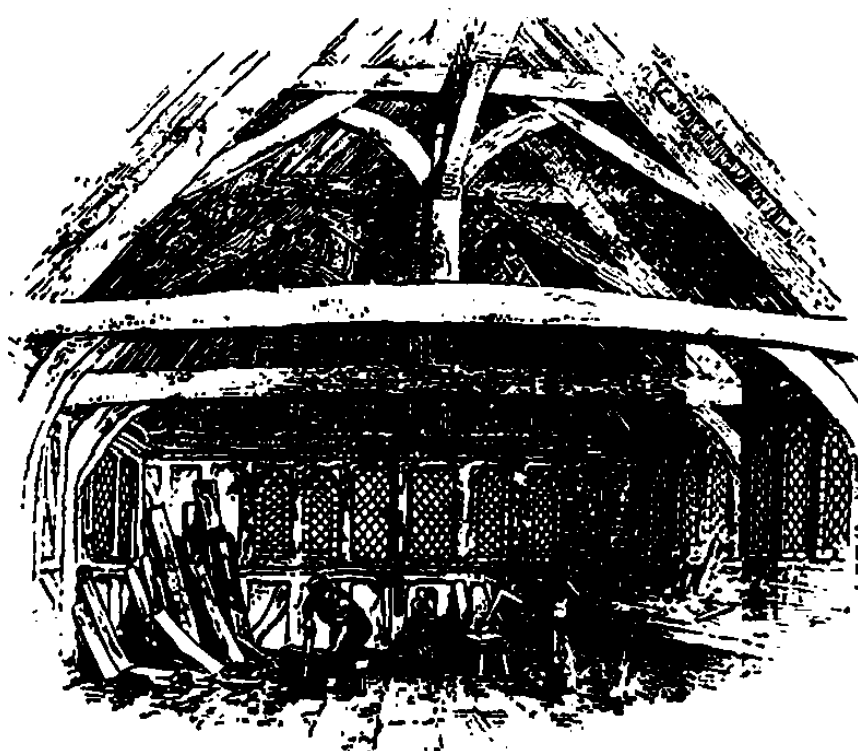
"I do love My country's  
good with a respect  
more tender, More  
holy and profound."  
—*Coriolanus*, Act iii.,  
Scene 3.

HEN giving con-  
sideration to the  
character of the  
sovereign under  
whose length-  
ened rule Eng-

land emerged into so much  
greatness of almost every  
kind, we must bear in mind  
the wondrous different re-  
sources under which all was  
accomplished. Not the least  
amazing was the then sparse  
population of five millions  
of people against  
our now nearly fifty  
millions, with ex-  
treme difficulties in  
raising funds; for  
Her Majesty was



her own Chancellor of the Exchequer, and had to exercise her utmost ingenuity in the getting money as she best could out of the few rich who had it in possession. Some parted with it gracefully at her winning modes ; others, when forced, charged her with avarice: this fails to be established, unless the accusation has better foundation than the



accumulation of old dresses hoarded in her wardrobe through lack of money to buy new. Doubtless she knew how to squeeze the rich, and, better than all, to love the poor.

The history of her reign, when neither corrupted by flattery nor tortured by invidious glosses, is surely the most able and, from the splendour of some leading qualities, the most glorious of our English monarchs. She was discreet, frugal, prudent, and sagacious, intent

on the pursuit of her great ends, the establishment of religion, and the security and honour of her people; prudent in the choice of the best means to effect them, the employment of able servants, and the management of the public revenue; dexterous at improving all advantages which her own wisdom or the circumstances of the times gave her; fearless and intrepid in the execution of great designs, yet careful to unite the deepest foresight with her magnanimity. If she seemed avaricious, let it be considered that the nicest frugality was but necessary in her situation; if imperious, that a female government needed to be made respectable by a show of authority; and if at any time oppressive, that the English Constitution, as it then stood, as well as her own nature, had a good deal of that bias.

Let it ever be remembered that she may be said to have had almost the very forming as well as ruling of what was deemed the wisest, the bravest, the most virtuous people of the age, and, above all, that she advanced the glory of the English name and that of her own dignity to a height which has no parallel, save in our own Victorian Era, in the annals of our nation.

The external dangers themselves, the genius of her time, the state of religious parties, the very factions of her Court, each directly, or by slight application of her policy, administered to her greatness. Such was the condition of the times, that it forced her to assume the resemblance of some popular virtues; and so singular her fortunes, that her very vices came as useful to her reputation as were her virtues. She was vigilant in her counsels, careful in the choice of her servants, courteous and condescending to her subjects; these were united to extreme tenderness and zeal for the honour of the nation. This was a bright side of her character, and it shone the brighter from the constant and imminent dangers to which she was exposed. She is accused of being choleric, imperious, jealous, and avaricious,

as well as tyrannical. Yet some of these vices sharpened and refined her policy; others operating chiefly towards her courtiers and dependants, strengthened her authority, and rooted her more firmly in the hearts of her people. The mingled splendour of these qualities so far dazzled the eyes as to condone a tyranny and oppression. By the concurrence of accidental causes she became the most revered of any in the long roll of Britain's princes.

She loved power, evidenced by her declaration to Sir James Melville of her resolution of virginity. "I know the truth of that, madam," said he; "you need not tell it me. Your Majesty thinks, if you were married, you would be but Queen of *England*, and now you are both king and queen. *I know your spirit cannot endure a commander.*" The Queen's Highness, we are told, "did not seem displeased with the imputation." Nobody knew better than Elizabeth how to support the decorum of her rank. She presided in that high orb with the becoming dignity of a great queen. In all emergencies of danger she showed a firmness, and on all occasions of ceremony a magnificence, that commanded respect and admiration.



Vainly in history shall we search for a more thorough Englishwoman. Her heart was set upon her country; no high-born cavalier, though he were ever so handsome and brave, could win her favour until he had done some-

thing to add to the fame of Old England. None can define the actual limit into which her great mind was permitted to wander. Common charity, therefore, should bear in mind that our spiritual and our material worlds are bound together by countless remote affinities; and the links which thus subsist between them often afford us the safest guidance in our attempts to penetrate their mutual mysteries.

It has been the fate of too many princes to be governed by a prevailing party. Elizabeth, like her descendant Victoria, was superior to such attempts. She had no by-ends to pursue. She frankly threw herself on her people. Secure in their affection, she could defeat at pleasure the intrigues of this or that aspiring faction.





## THE ILL-STARRED KOH-I-NOOR.

"You mend the jewel by the wearing it."

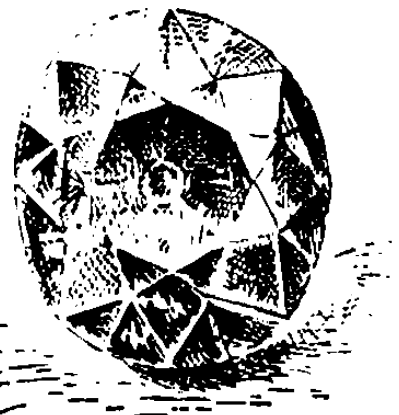
*Timon of Athens, Act i., Scene 1.*



UPERSTITION is a term freely applied to matters in themselves unexplainable—such, for instance, as a conviction that "ill-luck" attaches to the possession of the wondrous Koh-i-noor diamond and certain remarkable opals. Yet mankind holds resolutely to the conviction, even though its reasonableness is without any of the bases attaching

to what may be called Modern Astrology.

The "Koh-i-noor," or "Mountain of Light," is the largest and most celebrated diamond in the world, and has been stigmatized through many generations of Easterns as the "Accursed Stone," that has brought, and in their conviction is in the future doomed to bring, misfortune and destruction upon all its possessors. Be it remembered this belief in the misfortune or good attending precious stones is no new credence, for it prevailed in England in the time of Elizabeth as in the days of James I.; Shakespeare tells us of it,



The Koh-i-noor, drawn exact to size.

though it is pretendedly ridiculed in these modern days, despite the fact that England's Sovereign is known to be by no means free from portents of evil in its holding, and was in no way enamoured of Lord Dalhousie's presentation, Her Majesty being well aware that the story of its ill-luck was in no way imaginative, and that ill-fortune has actually always followed the owner of the wondrous gem, evidencing as it does how actual fact co-operates with superstitious theory. Over three centuries have rolled by since the priceless gem was first discovered in the mines of Golconda, and through all this period it stands out before the world as a curse to each individual possessor. It is an historic fact that frightful acts of fiendish brutality occurred on the finding of the stone, which brought its first heavy curse—a curse which, according to the natives of India of all classes and creeds, has adhered to it and its possessors. They have one and all in their turns been dispossessed of their territories or suffered violent deaths.

Aurengzebe, the second royal possessor of the Koh-i-noor, was at the time of first holding it in the very zenith of his power; but immediately on getting this ill-omened stone, troubles rained in upon him until his death in 1707. The third royal possessor was Shah Alum, who died in 1712, five years after his succession. The next King of Delhi, the fourth holder, was Jehander Shah, who was deposed and strangled at the end of one year of the evil treasure, 1713. Ferok Shah, the next in succession, and its fifth owner, met the same fate in 1719, and it is more than dismally remarkable that in the course of this same year two other occupants of the throne (sixth and seventh possessors of the Koh-i-noor) met their deaths in like terrible manner.

In twelve years from the death of Aurengzebe, the first possessor, five Princes of his line, who had each in his turn ascended the throne,

possessed this "Mountain of Light." The next King of Delhi, and eighth holder, was the Emperor Mahmoud Shah, under whose reign the great Empire of Aurengzebe almost fell to pieces. He succeeded in 1719, twelve years after the death of Aurengzebe, being the son of Akter, son of Shah Alum, the son and immediate successor of Aurengzebe; and it was in 1739 the final blow was given to his authority, his ill-fortune having culminated in the capture of Delhi by the celebrated Nadir Shah, who in that year invaded India, and, after defeating the army of Shah Mahmoud, entered as conqueror into the capital. This Nadir Shah, its ninth possessor, was no more fortunate with it than previous owners had been, for shortly after his return to Persia he was assassinated by Ahmed Abdalee, leaving no heir to his kingdom, the assassin carrying off the Koh-i-noor.

The dynasty founded by this Ahmed Abdalee met the same fate that attended the dynasties of all the possessors of this wonderful stone. His son Timour, after a short and inglorious reign, left his throne to his eldest son, Humayoon, twelfth holder of the Koh-i-noor, who fell into the hands of his next brother, Zemaun Shah, by whom he was cruelly blinded, and rendered incapable of reigning. A like fate fell this same Zemaun Shah, its thirteenth possessor; he in turn fell into the hands of another brother, Mahmoud, who also put out his eyes and succeeded him, but who in his turn was soon conquered by another brother, Shah Shoola, who was its fifteenth and last Mahomedan possessor. Our fatal expedition to Cabul resulted in his end. Runjeet Sing acquired the stone from him, and thus became the sixteenth holder.

By a remarkable coincidence the same ill-fates that had invariably followed it pursued its existence in this great family. Runjeet Sing at his death bequeathed this Koh-i-noor, then valued at a million sterling, to the priests of Jugganath, but it was holden in the Lahore treasury. Runjeet was succeeded in 1839 by his son, Kurruck Sing,

who was poisoned in the following year. His son, the next holder, was killed by the fall of an archway. A reputed son of Runjeet Shere succeeded, but he was assassinated at the close of 1843. Widespread anarchy then prevailed, culminating in the two successive wars with England, 1846 and 1848-49, ending in the final annexation of the Punjaub, and the handing over to us of the bad-luck gem, carried off by the East India Company. On the breaking up of the Company, directly on the acquisition of the "accursed" ill-starred gem, Lord Dalhousie, the then Viceroy, laid it at Her Majesty's feet on July 3rd, 1850.

How truly may it be said of the Queen's years that the common sorrows of our mortal existence come sharply into view, for her lot has been darkened by more than the common yield of domestic private sorrows. Husband, a son, a daughter, a grandson of most clinging, affectionate nature, have all been taken from her, and in her old age she finds herself surrounded by counsellors whom she knew as children. She has lived to see two daughters widowed. Her life, at once shadowed and famous and marked throughout by consistent strength of family affection, has been lived in the sight of a great nation, whose sympathy has sustained her in her griefs, as it has followed her in her joys.

The writer is impressed with deep conviction that the hour has not arrived even for an attempt to build, however humbly, on the granite foundation so worthily laid by Sir Theodore Martin in his noble monumental work "The Life of the Prince Consort." Unique in character, as unapproachable in sound views on the delicate questions needed to be dealt with, who dares meddle with the since intervening period? The materials placed by Her Majesty at the disposal of her gifted, trusty, and most deservedly honoured servant have been used with wondrous discrimination and becoming reverence. The mellowing of time is required ere any further rearing of the Victorian fabric shall be given to the world.

Our beloved Sovereign's long reign has been chequered by many sorrows, the latest the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, spoken of by Her Majesty as "the light of the house," not the least bitter of them all. But she has known how to bear them with a Royal dignity and Christian fortitude which have contributed not a little to the admiration and devotion with which she is regarded by her subjects. Her first great trouble was the death of the Prince Consort, followed by the passing away of her fervently loved mother, to whom she had ever been a truly dutiful and affectionate daughter. The fearful blow in her fond husband's early death had brought into strong relief that strength of character and those great powers of self-control which until this visitation had not been fully recognized. This, the overwhelming grief of her life, was one before which all others paled. But in the death of the Princess Alice the Queen lost a link which connected her more particularly with the memory of the Prince Consort. Then came the calling away in so early manhood of the Duke of Albany, and the son-in-law of whom she was so justly proud, the brave and gallant and heroic Frederick, Emperor of Germany, husband of England's Princess Royal, well described by his physician, Sir Morel Mackenzie, as "the noblest specimen of humanity." Then came the discharge of Death's arrow in no less a personage than the heir-apparent, Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, than whom a more amiable and loving being never existed. Then followed the calling away of the gallant Prince Henry of Battenberg through the pestilence that walks in darkness—more trouble to a true soldier such as he than steel or ball can strike—one who, had he been spared, would have proved a distinguished ornament to his country. All these have to be added to the gaps which have been made amongst Her Majesty's relations, and the summoning to their rest of so many devoted servants and attached personal friends.



Richmond Old Bridge, from the foot of Asgill Road.

### RICHMOND AND ITS OLD PALACE SURROUNDINGS.

"No finer landscape than Richmond Hill unfolds can be seen in the whole world. The whole neighbourhood, too, abounds in charms."

*A celebrated German traveller's description of a century ago.*

**T**HE Armada Queen having for so long a period of her reign resided at Richmond, the deepest interest naturally centres in a neighbourhood possessing natural beauties so attractive to the celebrities of the Elizabethan time. Here the illustrious sovereign, surrounded by the greatest minds that



51  
Deer Park

adorn any page of English history, passed the middle and last epoch of her life. Doubly is the locality endeared through the happy girlhood of the Duchess of York, as Princess May, having been spent at White Lodge. It is felt that no excuse is needed for dwelling extendedly on surroundings so romantically, as in reality, associated with persons and periods dear to every English heart.

It is a goodly array of kings and queens, statesmen and poets, that have trodden the streets of Richmond town, and passed beneath the shade of Richmond trees. The Richmond Green of nowadays is sadly shorn of its dimensions. In the old times there were forty acres at least of it—ample room for the Richmond youths to play at trap-ball, and even for tilts and tourneys on high State occasions. The Palace reached from the Green down to the river. Roughly speaking, Asgill Road traces out its eastern boundary.

In a side road near the top of Asgill Road, fronting close on the Green, stood the old theatre of which Edmund Kean was for some years lessee, and in which Helen Faucit made timid essay of her afterwards unrivalled realization of Shakespeare's female characters. The Palace stood by the river, much as Hampton Court does to-day. Like the monarchs it sheltered, the Palace had its vicissitudes. It was destroyed by Richard II., most inconsequently, because his wife, Queen Anne of Bohemia, died there. It was rebuilt by the Henrys V. and VI. In 1501 again it was burned down, and Henry VII. was at the charge of restoring it. Important embassies



Scene in Richmond Park.



too, more numerous than can here be mentioned, were received within its walls. The Commissioners from Calais met Edward III. here. Hither came the Embassy from France to Elizabeth concerning her marriage, that was never to be, with the Duke of Anjou. Hither also came the Ambassadors from Henry IV. of France to Elizabeth. Indeed Elizabeth, more than any other, seems bound up with the Palace and with Richmond. The old shop in the main street always recalls the maids of honour of Elizabeth, and of none other queen. The place was her prison first, and her home afterwards, and Dr. Dee, her astrologer, foretold that whenever there should fall upon Richmond any times of difficulty, of trial, or of emergency, Queen Elizabeth would return, and walk its streets again.

Richmond has its memories of death as well as of life. Upon its death-roll figure the names of Edward III., Richard II.'s Queen, Henry VII., and Elizabeth. All of these passed away here; and within its Palace walls the last of them signed the death-warrant of Mary Queen of Scots, and received the Commissioners who came to plead, in vain, for the remission of the death-penalty.

In Elizabeth's time, as appears from Dr. Dee's Journal, all the gardens around Richmond and Mortlake had "abundance of Lunaria," or as we now know it by its abiding name of "Honesty." Chaucer tells us that it was one of the plants used in incantations:—

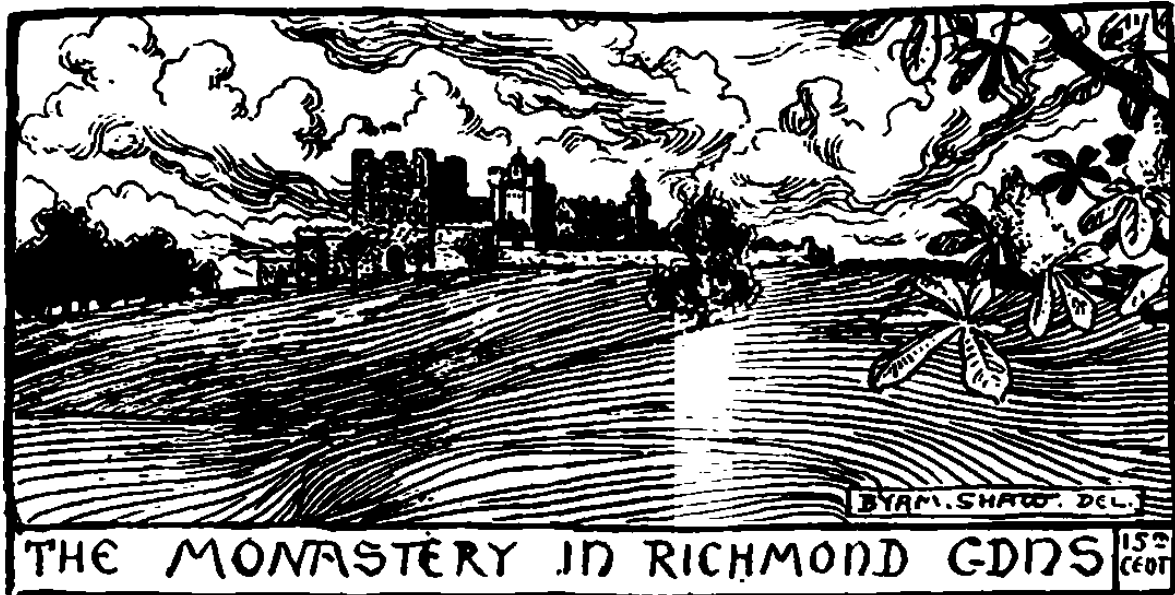
"And herbes coude I tell eke many one,  
As egremaine, valerian, and *lunarie*,  
And other suiche."

Drayton, in his "Nymphid," says:—

"Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,  
With nine drops of the midnight dew  
From *Lunary* distilling."



Though yet a favourite for the beauty of its corollas, clinging to its



old haunts, it was chiefly then in repute as “a charming, enchanting, and bewitching herb,” and is found almost as a wild flower of the district. Its name of Honesty was bestowed from the transparent nature of the silique, which discovers the seed-vessels that contain seed from such as are barren or have shed their fruit. Old Gerarde declared of it, “Mine Honesty shall be my dower.”

No wonder that England's sovereign, in her romantic days with Leicester in the plaisance at Thames' foot, often wore a spray of it in her bosom. It would seem that the flowers most then cultivated were of usage appliance more than now; and especially did the higher order of female minds realize how sweet and pleasant to the senses is the living harmony of bird and insect voices mingling with the whispers of summer air and the breathings of summer flowers. Shall that girdle of autumn flowers, chiefly of yellow hues, and the hedge which each year produced them, ever be forgotten?—the golden-rod, ragwort, hawkweed, and St. John's wort, with here and there the light blue



Asgill House.

succory, floxglove, and poppy. Did not the bramble in the time of blackberries present a picture of life in all its stages? In the compass of a bush we look at once upon the poet's Seven Ages.

What a charm pervades the old Asgill road leading down from the Green to the river, with its tortuous ins and outs, and the quaint courtyard and outbuildings and stables, which, with the exception of the venerable gateway abutting on Richmond Green, comprise all that is left of

the Old Palace. In its meridian all around the Royal residence was exquisitely beautiful, and needs not to be imagined; for has not Abbot Neoham, of Gloucester, happily bequeathed to us what gardens were in the reigns of Henry II., Richard I., and John? Speaking of the ideal garden, he writes: "Here the garden should be adorned with roses and lilies, the turnsole, violets, and mandrake; there you should have parsley, cort, fennel, southernwood, coriander, sage, savory, hyssop, mint, rue, dittany, smallage, pellitory, lettuces, garden cress, and peonies." In early deeds of conveyance the rose was frequently reserved as a quit-rent, its place being afterwards taken by the unpicturesque peppercorn. Coming to the fourteenth century, we have a description by King James I. of Scotland of the garden of Windsor Castle, where he was imprisoned, as a place full of trees, with hawthorn walks and arbours:—

"And myddis every herbore might be sene  
The sharp, green, sweete jenever."

Lawns with groups of trees, and mounds having steps up them, seem to be among the characteristic features of the gardens of this



date. Asgill House, the residence of Bracebridge Hilditch, stands on the most classic site of Thames bank. Tradition has it that here dwelt Chaucer when acting Clerk of the Palace Works. Richmond honours herself in having unanimously elected Mr. Hilditch as its Chief Magis-

trate, one of so high culture, a devotee at Chaucer's shrine.

In Elizabeth's time the craft of gardening had become scientific and to some extent artificial, yet with a delightful artificiality which did not outrage Nature. We may be sure that under the planning and improving of the father of English poesy, and Bacon, whose essay on planting was written on the opposite front of the river at St. Margaret's, and Leicester, his mistress's idol, and Raleigh, the Palace gardens at Richmond were worthy of her for whom they seem to have been created. The charm of our old-world gardens Diderot expresses admirably by saying that they "seem to be the sanctuary of a sweet and placid pleasure."

How beautiful, how true to Nature, were the old borders of the formal garden, with their constant succession of blooming roots! Vainly we now look for the grand old Brompton stocks, columbines, and the dear China rose, always ready with blooms to gladden the daily posy — for odd snug corners where year after year you may gather violets from the same patch and roses from the same bush! Even the names of the old flowers are sweet music, and remind one of Ophelia and Perdita, and of a hundred poets dead



*Richmond Palace*

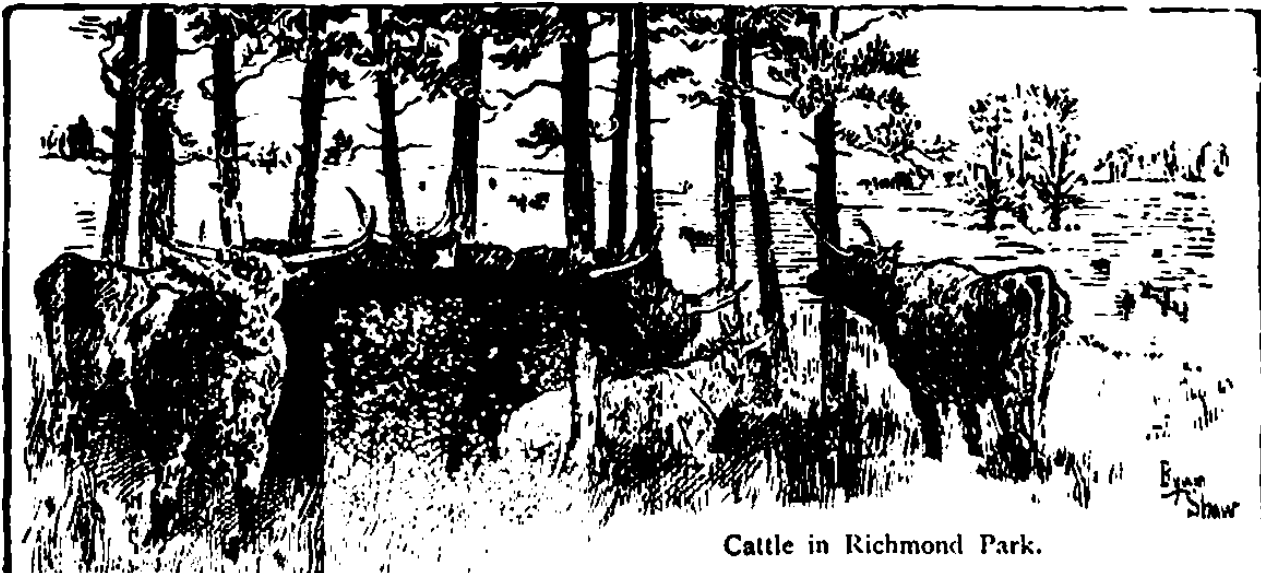
and gone, and especially of certain exquisite lines of  
Spenser :—

“Bring hither the pinke and purple cullumbine  
With gilly-flowers ;  
Bring sweet carnations and sops in wine,  
Worne of paramours.  
Strew me the ground with daffodown-dillies,  
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies ;  
The pretty panuce  
And the chevisanuce,  
Small match with the faire flower-de-luce.”

These were the flowers which were found in the old garden. When the old order changed, ancient gardens were, alas! generally made “fashionable.” The old holly hedges, such as Evelyn loved ; the broad, straight path along which friends or lovers could walk side by side ; the smooth, unbroken expanses of turf, so restful to the eye ; the sun-dial with its quaint motto ; the covered walk, with living roof of vine leaves, pear blossoms, roses, and honeysuckle ; the grey stone

moss-covered basins into which the dolphins hissed clear streams of water,—all these were thrust aside, and remain only in a few places whose owners had too little money or too much taste to change them in accordance with the new fashion.

One of the most regrettable of the new-fangled doctrines of the innovators was the substitution in flower gardens of numerous evergreens in place of fruit-trees. It is true that evergreens have the



Cattle in Richmond Park.

advantage which their name indicates, but they cannot compare for a moment in beauty with an apple-tree in bloom, with a medlar or cherry, with a pear-tree full of blossom, or a mulberry. Fortunate indeed are those in whose gardens grow a few ancient trees—a horse-chestnut with its dome of flowers, a cedar with its unchanging green, or a beech with its shivering mass of dull copper leaves. Our forefathers felt and realized this. In recent times no professional landscape gardener has shown and taught so perfectly what a true garden should be as the late Edward Milner, a loved friend of the



Rough Sketch from the Arnot Collection. An old cottage, *temp.* Elizabeth, traditioned as occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh at St. Margaret's.

writer. He was a man of refined taste and retiring habits, of absolute truthfulness, and of ability as unique in his calling as were other of his qualities.

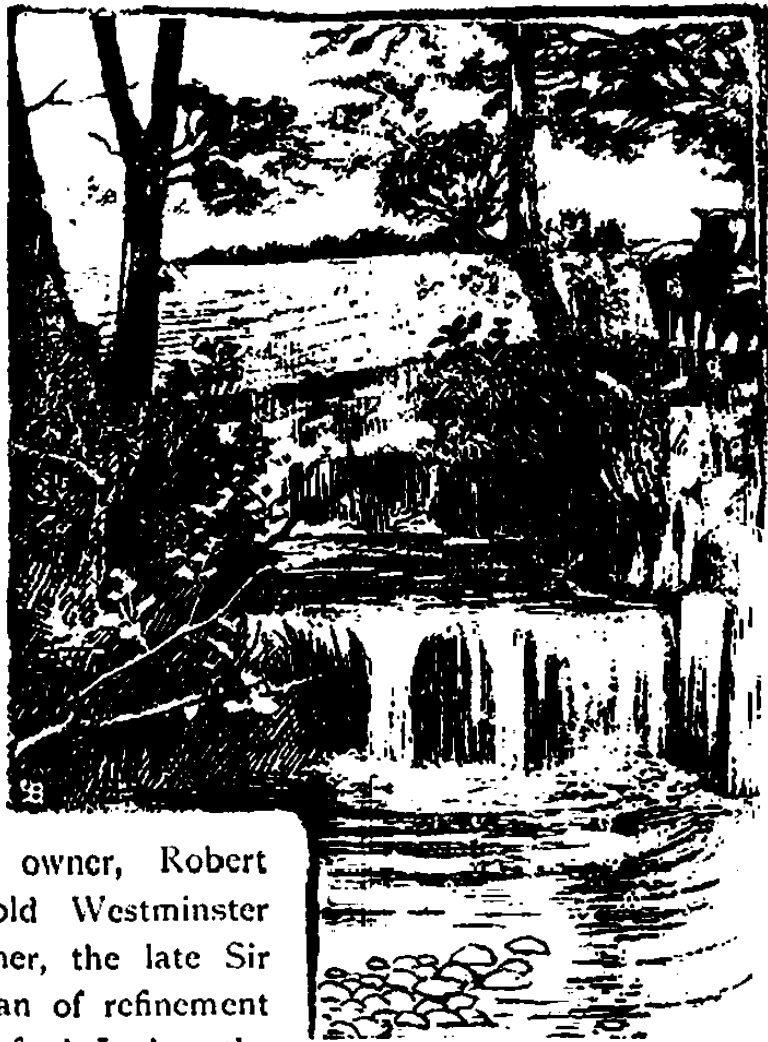
If you have a garden in which, besides trees and flowers, you have put part of yourself—a garden in which your own individuality has

had play, be it ever so small and unassuming—it will be to you as an intimate friend, exempt from the little cares which harass even the most fortunate of human beings. You may go there when sick of the “sensual world,” to recover the serenity which, in these days of heated strife, is so often broken in upon and so hard to regain.

The ancient ferry at the foot of Asgill Road, opposite to Lord Bacon's home on the Middlesex side, is an endeared link with the past, having during long ages seen its boats gliding slowly by; and if tradition has truth, it was used in Elizabeth's time as means of communication between the Queen and her favourites on the opposite shore. The terrace steps to accommodate the dainty feet of Her

Majesty have long since disappeared. Here Bacon and Leicester daily floated to and from the Palace, oftentimes probably with Shakespeare and Raleigh as companions, as well as a cloud of others of the great ones of the time, not forgetting Frances of Howard, who tried for the Queen's conscience-keeper's influence to get her husband's pardon, and by this ferry received welcome supply from her daily—"sent broth of a morning and at meals from her own trencher," besides gracious messages that "neither her lord's life nor fortune should be touched." These and tender billets to Leicester and Raleigh risked the stream in Charon's charge.

The site of Bacon's home is close to the river-edge, on the Middlesex side: its owner, Robert Reeves Storke, an old Westminster scholar, like his brother, the late Sir Henry Storke, is a man of refinement and many gifts. Whitford Lodge, the residence of Henry Pownall, abutting



An old Cascade formerly existing in the Old Deer Park.



on the avenue, occupies the site of an old house and gardens of Sir Walter Raleigh, in which he lived when in attendance on the Queen. The Pownalls are among the oldest leading gentry families of Middlesex, the representation of which in Parliament was several times contested by the family.

Reflecting on the past, and thinking on Bacon's bitter sorrows through lust of gold, which happily led him to find solace in tree-



planting on the estate Elizabeth gave him; looking down from the Lock and Weir Bridge at their fine descendants in Ranelagh Drive, one realizes what wonderful creations trees are, that they are the longest lived of all the things that exist on earth, silent witnesses of past events, as they are observant survivors of passing generations. Patriarchs of patriarchs some of them, who die at last not so much because their constitutions fail, as because they have exhausted the soil essential to their mighty requisitions. Trees stand while

men and generations pass, thus rendering themselves ever-abiding symbols.

Bacon's estate, which was a gift from the Earl of Essex (an instance of generosity in time of need unusual with the world),



View from Terrace Gardens, Richmond.

extended from the bridge along the river-side towards Isleworth, overlooking the site of the great monastic houses King Hal had put to the rout. The house, long since vanished, overlooked the river and Palace and Old Deer Park. It stood, oddly enough, partly in the parish of Twickenham, partly in that of Isleworth. The river-front of his estate included all from Richmond Old Bridge to



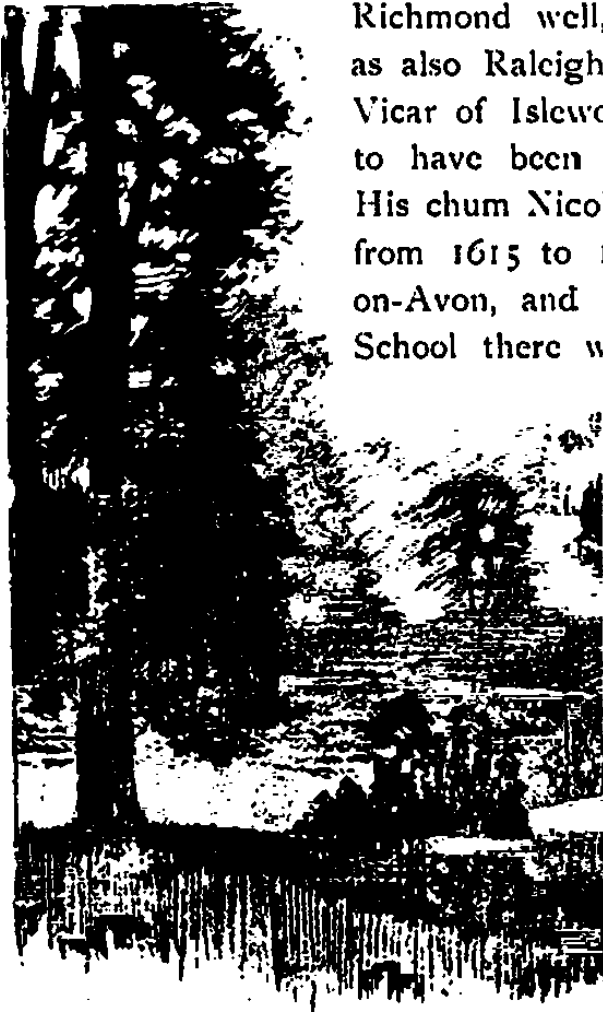
the boundary of the Kilmorey property, with the Royal Naval School and grounds, and the land at the rear, formerly owned by the Conservative Land Association. Hither, from the arid town, came Bacon, England's most profound philosopher, in the year 1592, when the Plague drove him out of Gray's Inn. It was here, under the shade of the noble trees—oaks, cedars, and elms, venerable giants indeed, some of which, old even in Bacon's day, may still be seen standing in the grounds of St. Margaret's Lodge and of Ranelagh Drive on the river-front at St. Margaret's,—it was here that Bacon wrote his immortal Essays, and held converse with Spenser, with Raleigh, with Shakespeare, and that sweetest of all humanity the gallant Sir Philip Sidney. Of the thousands who, from the new foot-bridge, have looked down on the exquisite sward with the towering elms rising out of it, and their huge boles resting on its

bosom on this hallowed spot, how few ever realize the fact that many of these noble trees were probably in infancy planted by the hand of the great philosopher Bacon, and that on this very spot his most reflective years were passed. It is a melancholy retrospect, that he, the most illustrious of English philosophers, should pass down as unable to resist the temptation of the lust of gold.

There can be no doubt that Shakespeare knew Richmond well, and here often visited Bacon, as also Raleigh and Surrey. Thomas Browne, Vicar of Isleworth from 1605 to 1615, appears to have been one of Bacon's closest friends. His chum Nicolas Byfield, who was at Isleworth from 1615 to 1622, was a native of Stratford-on-Avon, and was educated at the Grammar School there with Shakespeare. There is also

evidence that Shakespeare used to quarter with a family named Bardolph, living in a street leading from Richmond Green. A Bardolph monument may be seen in Richmond Parish Church, and plenty of Bardolph graves in its churchyard. Neither history nor tradition records whether any particular one of these dead and gone Bardolphs sat for the portrait of Nym's and Pistol's friend.

The Thames Valley beneath Richmond is noted as possessing



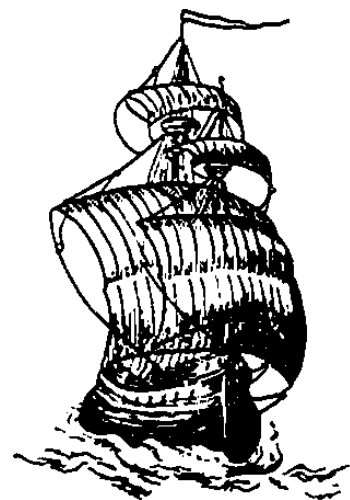
Another View from Terrace Gardens.



numerous varieties of willow-trees, — so also of the abele, or white poplar; the Lombardy, or spiry poplar; and the aspen, or trembling poplar. This last named always proved attractive to our young May

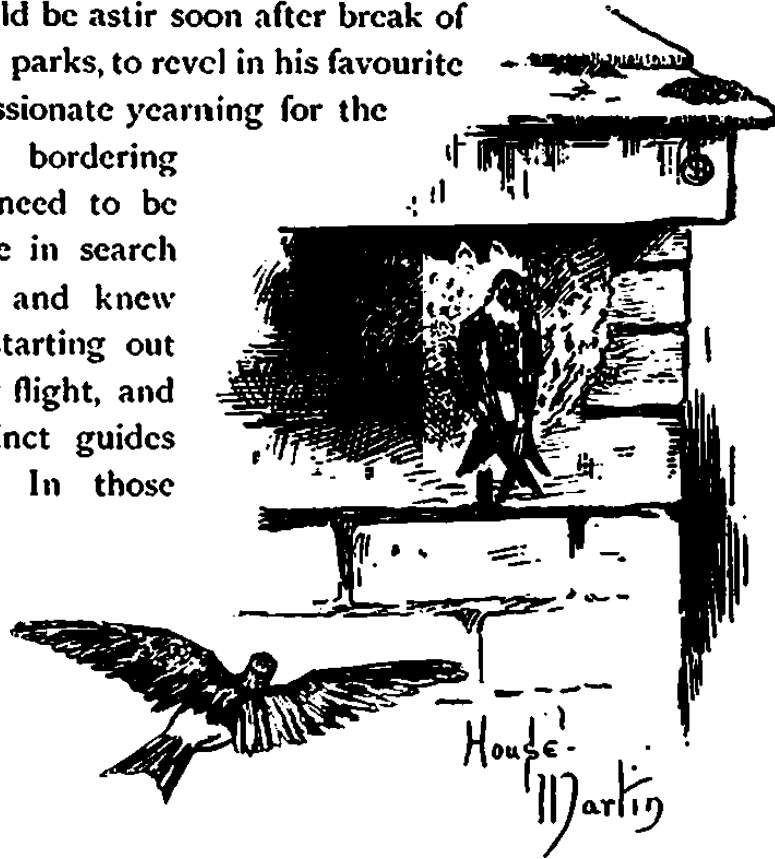
Queen. The footstalks of the leaves of the aspen are very thin and flexible, so that the least current in the atmosphere puts the leaves in rapid and general motion, when not a breath of wind is stirring. The legend is that the Cross on which the Saviour suffered His last agonies was made of this trembling poplar, and that its leaves have trembled ever since in horror at the use to which it was applied. Wits have turned the tree to another account, by alléging that persons who are always speaking what they should not have their tongues made of or infected by the leaves of the aspen, so that they will not and cannot be still.

Raleigh, who was frequently honoured by Royal command to Richmond Palace, evidences by letters his being an authority on all creatures,

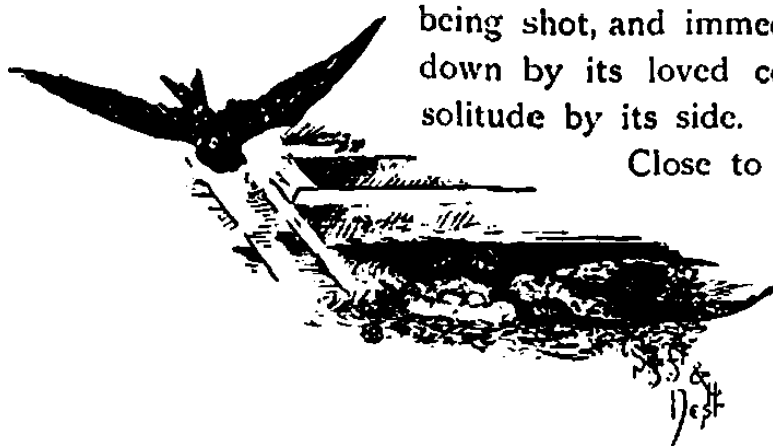


Craft in which Raleigh crossed the ocean to the New World.

and on State visits would be astir soon after break of day in the near-at-hand parks, to revel in his favourite studies. He had a passionate yearning for the parks and woodlands bordering around. He did not need to be told that birds migrate in search of food and warmth, and knew the mystery of their starting out at night for their long flight, and that an unerring instinct guides the varied families. In those days, as now, the most interesting of the summer immigrants was the swallow. Elegant of form, graceful in his aerial movements, and one of the most useful birds in



ridding the air of troublesome insects, he is the harbinger of spring, and can only exist round the dwellings of man. What pleasure it gives as a first sight is caught of him skimming the pool or bosom of a river in which he occasionally dips to refresh himself! He could tell Her Majesty how its greater length of pinion and forked tail, for accurate steering, explained its arrival several days in advance of the martin. It was then the fashion for would-be sportsmen to practise their murderous art in shooting swallows on the wing, reckless as to whether the callow brood in the chimney or beneath the eaves would perish with hunger. To the Queen, it is said, we are indebted for the staying of this cruelty, through Essex having told her of a swallow



being shot, and immediately its mate settling down by its loved companion in mournful solitude by its side.

Close to the Palace, between it and Isleworth, in the reed and willow beds at autumn-time countless numbers assembled then as now in early evening, pre-

vious to their departure for warmer climates. At earliest break of day the weird warning note of the fogleman of the phalanx, giving the word of command as they rise from their osier quarters of a few hours' occupancy, may be heard as they ascend up on high, and steer their course for the desired foreign home. Not only do the swallows, martins, and swifts return to this same locality, but they choose exactly the same spot for their nests. Dr. Jenner proved this by cutting off two toes from each of a dozen swifts, several of which were identified in consecutive years.

A curious fact in connection with many of our spring immigrants is their preference for lone travel, the males reaching their quarters several days before the females. Whether they share the feelings of certain male members of the human race, and, objecting to travel with females, slip off first, or whether their superior strength and courage induces them to push on and leave the members of a weaker and more dawdling sex to follow at their leisure, we cannot say. It is one of the many unsolved mysteries of bird life. But certainly the males of many species do come first, and seem to live very restless, unsettled, anxious lives until their future mates arrive—the grasshopper warbler, for instance, which is one of the last of our

spring immigrants to arrive, not reaching our south-country thickets before the last week in April. During the first few days after its arrival, while awaiting the coming of its mate, the bird shows itself with comparative

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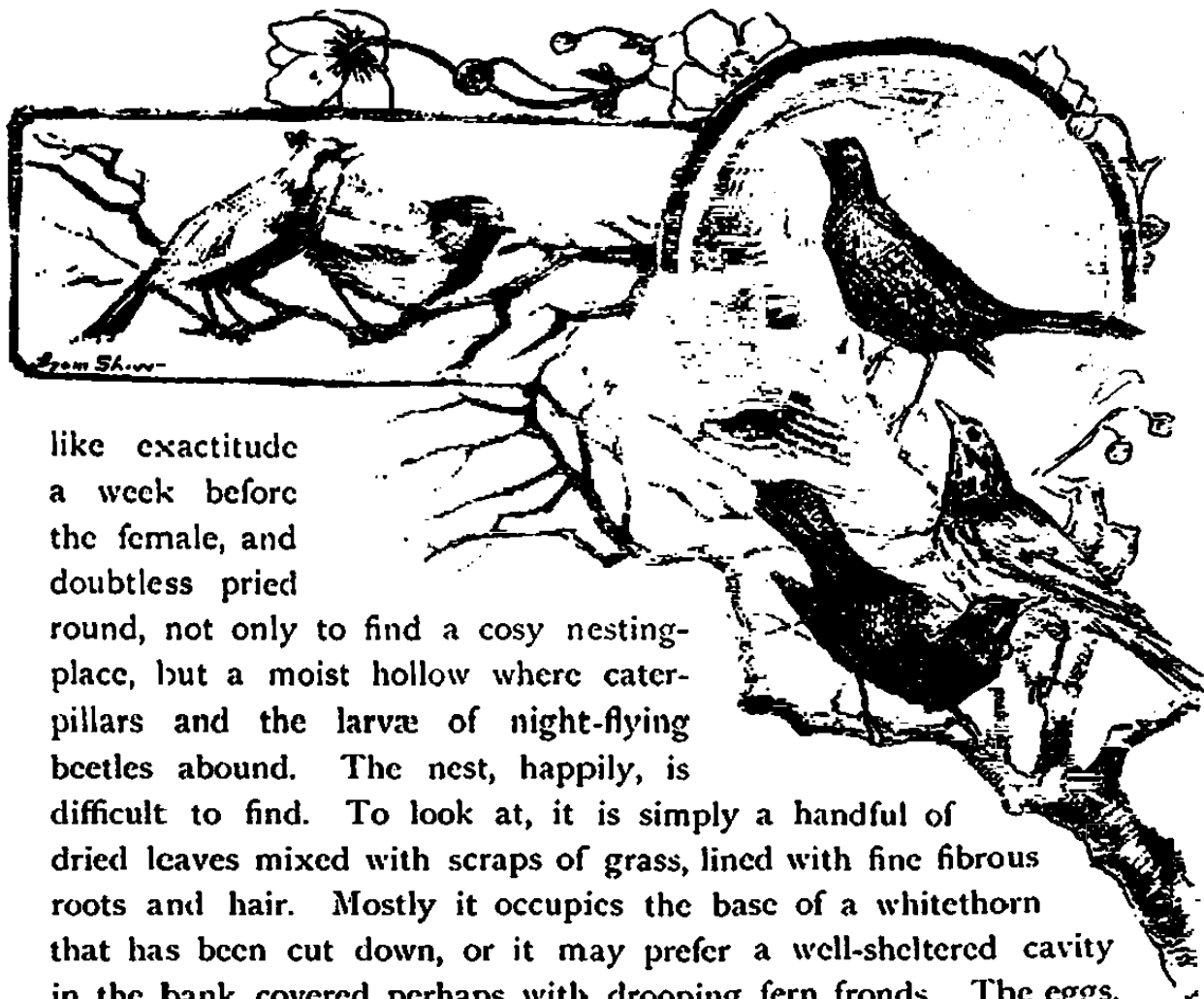
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boldness ; and, instead of stalking with its usual mouse-like secrecy among the thickest vegetation, may occasionally be seen trilling forth its curious song from the bare bough of some low tree, as though too restless to take its usual precautions for concealment.

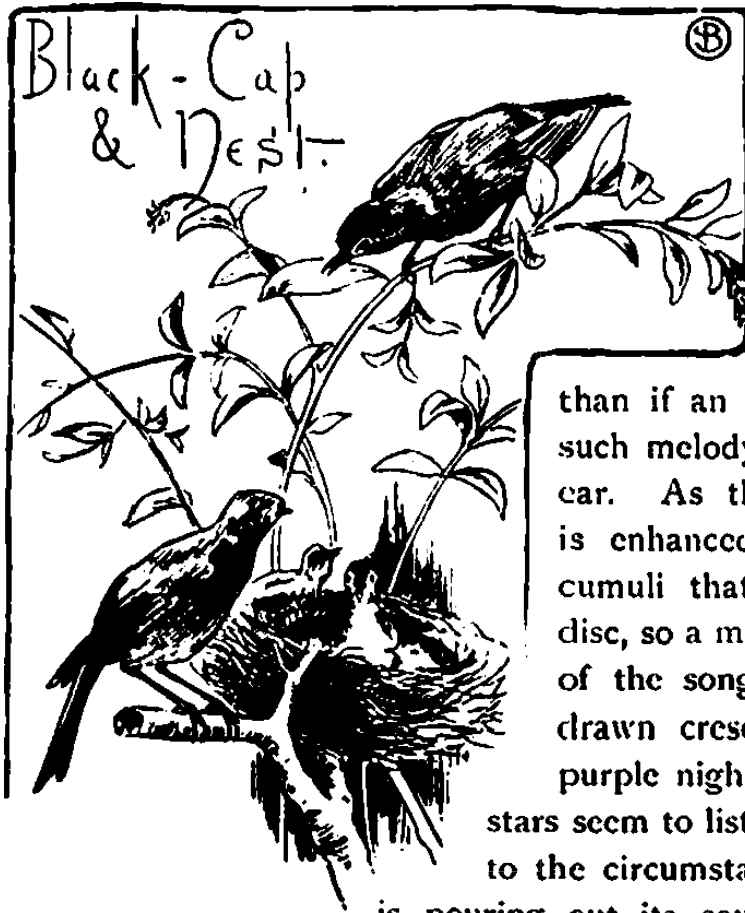


There is nought of fashion's changes in the habits of the nightingale. In the inner gardens of hidden private residences around the site of the Queen's Palace, of which scarcely a vestige remains, there yet exist secret haunts in which the same rôle is minutely observed as when Elizabeth and Essex studied them together. The male bird, then as now, arrived with





like exactitude a week before the female, and doubtless pried round, not only to find a cosy nesting-place, but a moist hollow where caterpillars and the larvæ of night-flying beetles abound. The nest, happily, is difficult to find. To look at, it is simply a handful of dried leaves mixed with scraps of grass, lined with fine fibrous roots and hair. Mostly it occupies the base of a whitethorn that has been cut down, or it may prefer a well-sheltered cavity in the bank, covered perhaps with drooping fern fronds. The eggs, which are rounder than those of the chaffinch, are mostly four in number, of an olive colour, splashed with deep brown. When the young are hatched, the male ceases to sing, and all that is heard thereafter is a toad-like croak of warning. A mistaken notion prevails as to the song of the nightingale being heard only at night, whereas during all May and for a few days in June he sings for most of the day as well as the night. During the cares of paternity he is silent, except the warning croak. Doubtless, the song excels that of all



other British birds in its volume, quality, and purity of expression. It is a sequence of sweet snatches of an average duration of twenty seconds, more enjoyable, perhaps,

than if an uninterrupted torrent of such melody were poured upon the ear. As the beauty of moonlight is enhanced by the silver-braided cumuli that float across its broad disc, so a most striking characteristic of the song is that delicious, long-drawn crescendo which pierces the purple night, and to which even the

stars seem to listen. It owes not a little to the circumstance, that while the bird

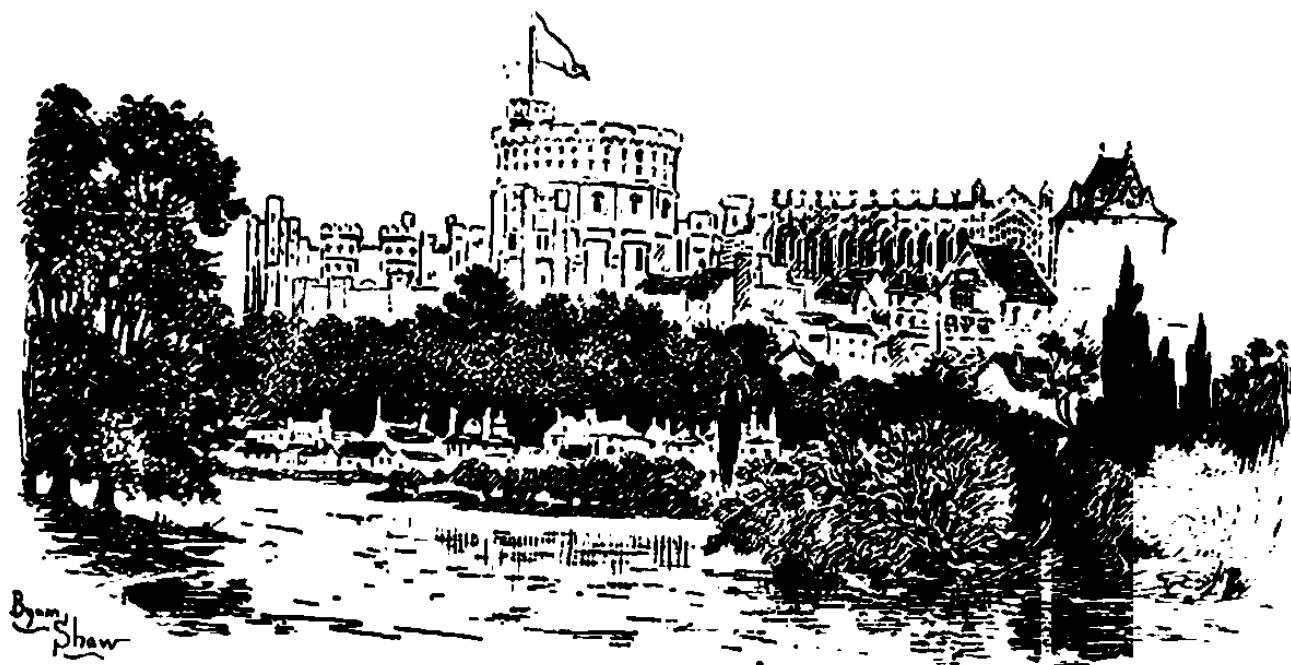
is pouring out its soul in the early summer night from the thick covert of a fragrant thorn, the lark is nestling in the short sweet meadow grass, the merle and mavis, blackcap, goldfinch, and linnet are silent, with head beneath the wing, calmly resting until morn shall break.

About the end of the first week in April, we begin to listen eagerly for the first notes of the sweet, joyous song of the blackcap. Many naturalists have said pleasant things about this charming bird; none have described his song so aptly as Charles Kingsley in his delightful "Charm of Birds":—

"Sweet he is," he says, "and various, rich, and strong beyond all

English warblers save the nightingale; but his speciality is his force, his rush, his overflow, not so much of love as of happiness. The spirit carries him away. He riots up and down his gamut till he cannot stop himself; his notes tumble over each other; he chuckles, laughs, shrieks with delight; throws back his head, droops his tail, sets up his back, and sings with every fibre of his body; and yet he never forgets his good manners. He is never coarse, never harsh for a single note; always graceful, always sweet, he keeps perfect delicacy in his most utter carelessness." Was there ever a more perfect word picture of bird character?





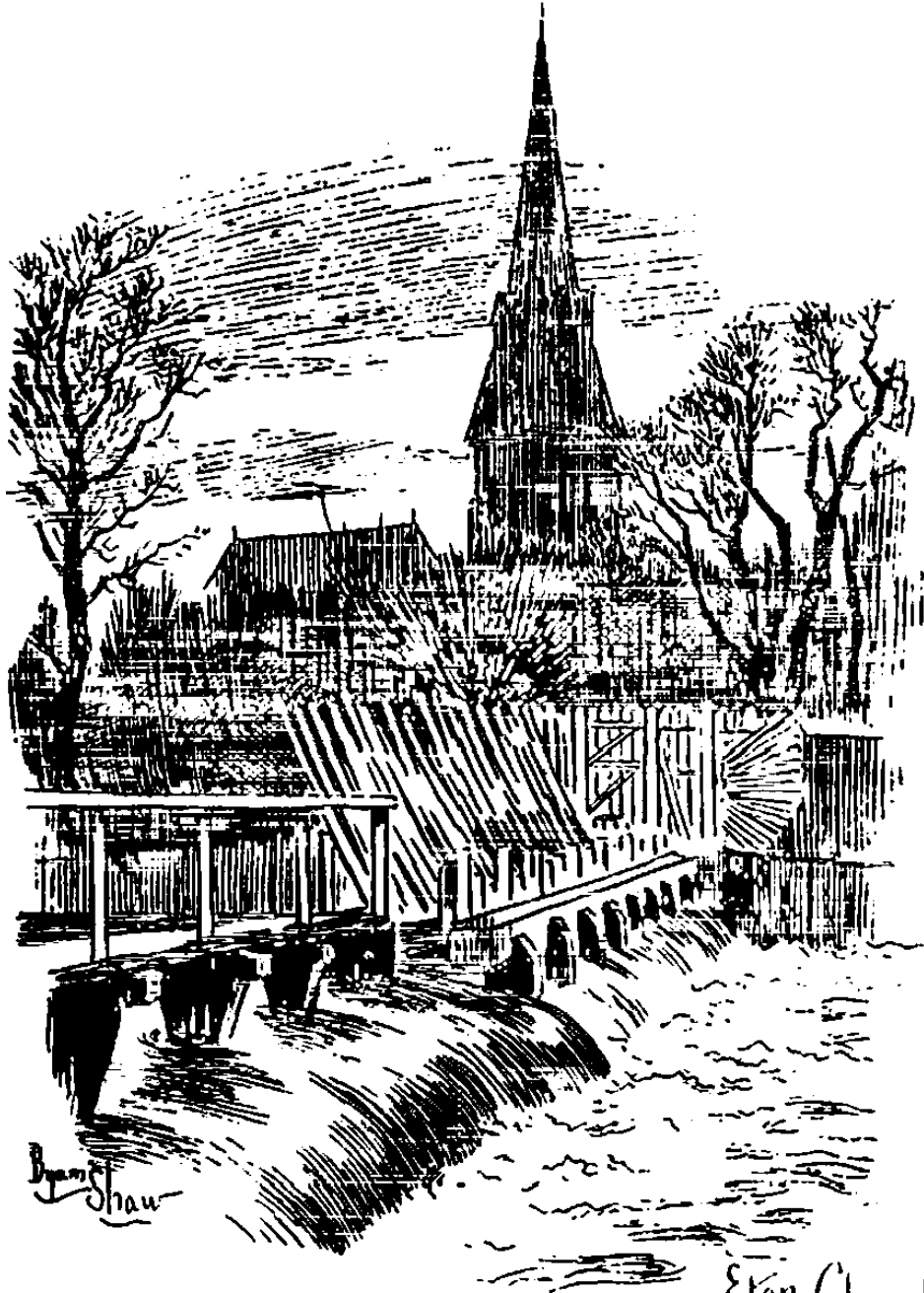
Looking out from the terraced heights of Richmond towards the north-west, the eye is regaled with a distant view of the embattled towers of Windsor Castle, the regal home of Britain's monarch, Empress of India, than whom no king nor queen of the long roll of Britain's sovereigns has more commanded and deserved the whole civilized world's admiration and love, and lacking not the enthusiasm of fervent loyalty to proclaim her the most striking, the noblest figure in the whole English-speaking world. The fondest lover can only say to his bride, "You are the only one in the world for me." The Queen is in truth and in deed the only sovereign of the people whose heart and soul has rehabilitated the Monarchy. Bound up in this venerable Castle of Windsor, every British heart thoroughly realizes that the ceaseless toiling daughters of the Queen, their august mother—whose deep human sympathies future history will record as rivalling only her own unexampled regnant powers, and who holds so unique a position



A Jackdaw's Nest built in a Turret of Windsor Castle.

before the whole world—  
 are the justly envied of all  
 earthly monarchs: these and  
 the manly British Prince,  
 Her Majesty's lineal suc-  
 cessor to the throne so  
 hallowed by her prolonged  
 occupancy, and his wife, so  
 fondly loved of the whole  
 nation, in common with the  
 other Princesses of our Royal  
 House, who one and all  
 devote their lives unsparingly  
 to works of goodness, and  
 are ever foremost among the  
 pleaders for mercy and  
 kindness to every creature  
 holding God's Gift of Life.  
 Largely are the well-planned  
 hours of these Royal women  
 devoted to the gaining over  
 the rich to the support of  
 every kind of hospital for  
 infants and suffering human-  
 ity. As women their aim is  
 to be higher than princesses.

Where, save in Britain's regal  
 home, could be found a Beatrice evidencing more tender solicitude  
 and devotion to the mother who through long years of deep sorrow  
 never for one hour shrank from daily heavy State labours, nor in



*Eton Church*

most crushing hours delegated her functions? Here we see a true exemplification of "the Queen's daughter, all glorious in jewels and



gold, emblems of her preciousness above rubies." History will transmit it; poets will relate the unexampled story to the future daughters of the world.

Our Princess Royal, the illustrious widowed Empress Frederick of Germany, renowned for learn-

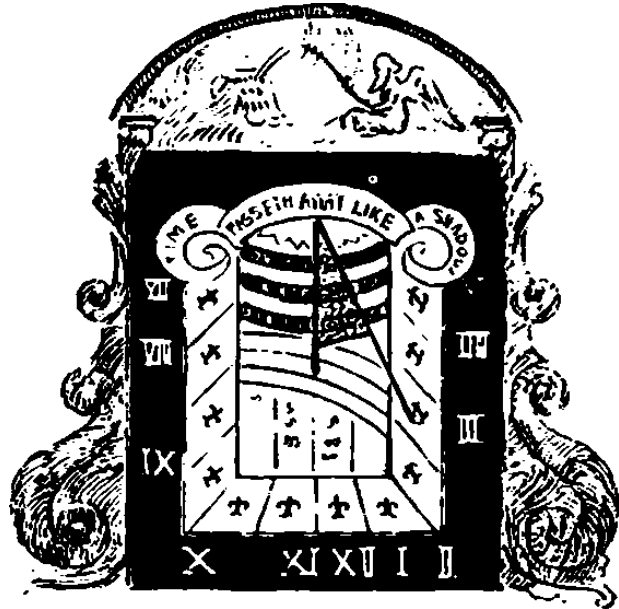
ing as for goodness, will ever remain England's daughter. The Princess Christian, whose labours of charity are recognized by the whole nation, as is the valour of her gallant son, Christian Victor, ever foremost in fight wherever his country has to meet a foe, so also the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, are each incessantly occupied in work of female rescue. In work to support the best, oftentimes the neediest institutions, the presence of Britain's highest is given wherever helpful. In making homes for the paler than pale little ones, "always ailing," born of a full quiver, crammed into tiny rooms, and only by efforts of God's willing almsgivers occasionally provided with a meal, as a means of yielding presence at the Board School, these Samaritan Princesses are ever foremost. So sad is the condition of thousands of "God's little ones," that in some of the poorest districts 35 per cent. have stayed away from the schools through being too weak from hunger to venture out from what they call home.



The memory of England's Princess Alice centres with redoubled interest on her fair daughter, who has bestowed her heart and hand on the young Emperor of Russia, whose throne yields boundless scope for the exercise of those blessed attributes bestowed on her of God in such abundance. Envied, indeed, is Russia and its ruler in such an acquisition of goodness and loveliness. May she and her husband, a worthy heir to his father's title, the Apostle of Peace, be long spared to fulfil a mission of blessedness!

Richmond and its close suburbs St. Margaret's and Isleworth have not been bare

of notabilities since the days of Elizabethan zenith, when an unrivalled galaxy dwelt around the Court of the Maiden Queen—the period when the name greatest in the world's literature shed a halo, and by personal presence conferred associations eclipsing all records of kings and potentates. Although there is the usual absence of letters or other documents tracing his daily life in the neighbourhood, yet the records clearly prove that he here in person took frequent part in his own dramas before his sovereign. He had no time to waste on the



OLD SUN-DIAL ON ISLEWORTH CHURCH,  
Placed there by Vicar Byfield, formerly of Stratford-on-Avon, a friend of Shakespeare, who often visited him.

*Sketched by Bertha Pownall.*

" Day is the time for toil,—  
Night balm the weary breast ;  
Stars have their vigils—seas awhile  
Will sink to peaceful rest ;—  
But round and round the shadow creeps  
Of that which slumbers not—nor sleeps !"



ordinary gossiping of life's short hours, neither had he inclination for angry strife or polemical discussion. Outside his wondrous work, all we do know is the fact that he passed an industrious boyhood, a middle period conferring inexhaustible literary treasures, ending in a quiet resting-place in a hallowed spot, close to running streams, the delight of his too short life on earth.



Stratford-on-Avon Church, the resting-place of Shakespeare, and from which he often journeyed to Richmond.

Since the day of Shakespeare's frequent sojourns at Isleworth Rectory—occupied by a dear friend and schoolmate, Bilifield—Sir Joseph Banks, the companion of Cook, lived here. On its site Mr. A. Pears has raised a mansion. Isleworth mourns the loss of Marcus Beck, a son reflecting honour unsurpassed of any. Beck came of a good old stock ; his early student career was brilliant in the extreme.

A pioneer in bringing the gospel of antiseptis from the north, and related to Sir Joseph Lister, with whom, 'during a period spent in devoted study, he resided in Glasgow, none realized the blessed revelation more fully and practically than he,' neither had Lister any pupil of whom he was so deservedly proud. He graduated at the University of London with the Scholarship of Medicine, close upon it winning the Gold Medal against formidable competitors. He was

contributor of many highly estimated papers to medical and surgical periodicals, all testifying to his great ability and devotion to his profession, and he edited the last two editions of "The Science and Art of Surgery" of his venerated teacher, Professor Erichsen, most skilfully bringing the book up to the level of the



recent advances in surgery, while leaving undimmed the personal impress of the author. Marcus Beck—who had been associated with Erichsen throughout the whole of his career, and had been physician's assistant to William Jenner—was the heart and soul of University College Hospital, holding its Professor's Chair of Surgery; a member of the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Examiner in Surgery in the Universities of London and Durham: a truly great man, such as a generation only produces. It has been well said of him, "He knew his art, but not his trade"; nor would he stoop to what he despised. He never set the acquisition of money before him as an object; he treated it with bitter scorn and hatred. His personality was grand, as was his whole character and genius. Beck's constancy is shown in his thirty years' devotion to a more than loved friend, Dr. Vivian Poore, a man of like generous and noble impulse and purpose as himself. The more than gifted genius, creative of "Lorna Doone," yet pursues his deft skill in horticulture and pomology in his wondrous and extensive gardens at Teddington, close at hand. The Poet Laureate poured out his griefs of "In Memoriam" at Twickenham; Ruskin gave birth to wisdom's utterings, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and his teacher Hudson made the neighbourhood their home. Manville Fenn, an admirable and skilled writer, has long resided here. Mrs. Maxwell (known best as Miss Braddon) plied a powerful pen on Richmond's heights.



Richmond's Queen of the May  
Happy Home  
White Lodge

"Fair be all thy hopes  
And prosperous be thy life."  
1st Henry VI., ii. 5.





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GUNN & STUART

102 SLOANE STREET  
LONDON & RICHMOND SURREY

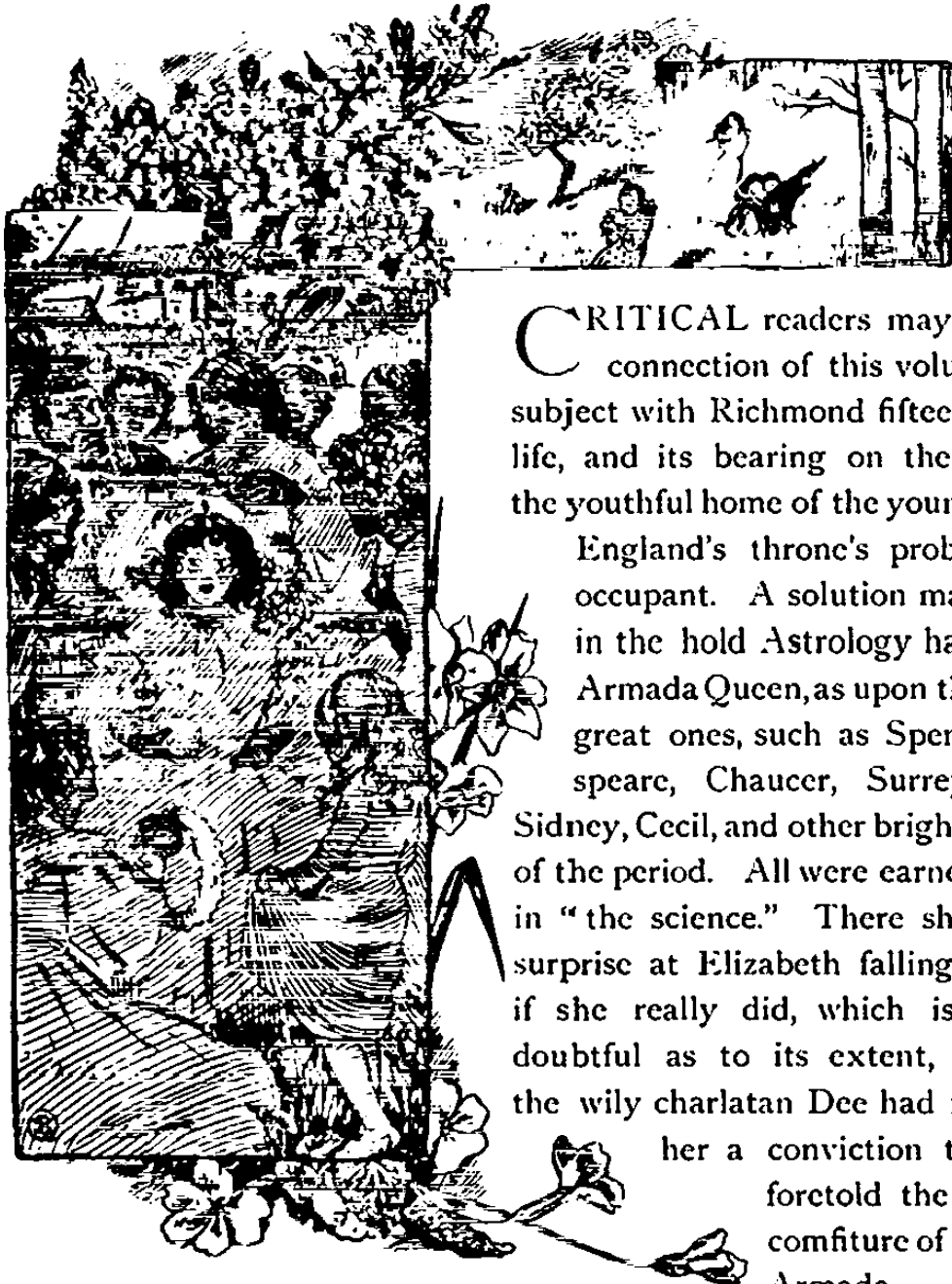
RICHMOND'S QUEEN  
OF THE MAY

SEDGWICK ST. S. LACAFRIARS RD.

## RICHMOND'S MAY QUEEN.

"Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair."

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv., Scene 3.



CRITICAL readers may inquire the connection of this volume's stated subject with Richmond fifteenth-century life, and its bearing on the locality as the youthful home of the young mother of England's throne's probable future occupant. A solution may be traced in the hold Astrology had upon the Armada Queen, as upon the galaxy of great ones, such as Spenser, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Surrey, Raleigh, Sidney, Cecil, and other bright luminaries of the period. All were earnest believers in "the science." There should be no surprise at Elizabeth falling a victim—if she really did, which is somewhat doubtful as to its extent, seeing that the wily charlatan Dee had forced upon her a conviction that he had foretold the utter discomfiture of the Spanish Armada.



England's Hope.

So also it should be deemed part of our subject to dwell on the girl life of the more than amiable Princess so judiciously trained by a fond mother at the White Lodge. As loyal subjects we gratefully rejoice in our Richmond's Queen of the May having become the happy mother of offspring in the direct line to the House of these Realms. Memory harks back to the earliest pages of Britain's history, and finds there were great ones among the nursing mothers of its primitive rulers. Martia, surnamed Proba the Just, was the widow of Gutiline, King of the Britons, and was left protectress of the realm during the minority of her son. Perceiving much in the conduct of her subjects which needed reformation, she devised sundry wholesome laws, which the Britons, after her death, named the Martian Statutes. Alfred caused the laws of this excellently learned Princess, whom all commended for her sweetness

of disposition and learning, to be established in the realm. These laws, embracing trial by jury and the just descent of property, were afterwards collated and still further improved by Edward the Confessor, and were as pertinaciously demanded from the successors of William the Conqueror by Anglo-Norman as by Anglo-Saxon subjects.

Nothing marks so well the generation's distinct forward step as its advanced natural history study. Since the days of Chaucer and

Shakespeare there has been no period during which so great an array of word-painters has existed, bestowing their jewels of descriptiveness, as during the last half-century, and more especially at the present time. A Ruskin has tuned the strings of thought to a far higher pitch than before known, providing Nature students with endless scenery delights, the which, but for this consummate master of descriptive art, may have remained dull canvases. The Selborne Society, through its admirable publication *Nature's Notes*, is a most important feature



in the natural history of Britain. The closing of the Gilbert White century was a fitting period for the work's inauguration, and it is matter of national interest that this admirable society has developed a band of Nature subject writers whose existence and power of observation were before unknown, and who are destined to exercise commanding and desirable influence.

Contemplative persons see with sorrow the country more and more deserted every day. It had commenced in Gilbert White's day; and



in an appeal by his brother for more general devotedness to natural history, he refers to it as the one sure hold on men to find rest and happiness on the soil. White, at commencement of the century, wrote the memorable words: "There is no such rational employment as the study of Nature, and none that should be so popular: it attaches men to the land, it counteracts vicious allurements, and is of highest national importance." Mr. Boulger and his army of coadjutors in *Nature's Notes* are national benefactors: they are many in number—to particularize would be invidious.

There are few localities in England where the sun sets in more



The  
Old Deer  
Park  
from the  
River

gorgeous splendour than around Richmond. Kew and Richmond Bridge and the heights above afford favoured sites of observation. What glory in autumnal evenings following on days beginning in a soft and vapoury mistiness, finishing in sunsets of surprising richness and beauty, when the mist is lifted up from the earth and turned into a canopy of gorgeousness, purple, rosy, and golden, disclosing the splendid landscape, with its varied and mellow woodland tints, and its deep emerald pasturelands, every blade and leaf covered with a thousand little

drops, pure as crystal, glittering and sparkling in the sunbeams like the dew of a summer morn!

What shade like that afforded by beech-trees, the *sub tegmine fagi* of Virgil! Where are there any more beautiful than along the bank of the Thames on either side of Richmond Bridge above or below?—in spring-time the shining green leaves of the beech just bursting from their golden sheaths, contrasting with the silvery bark, shedding a cool green light around, and casting a thousand dancing

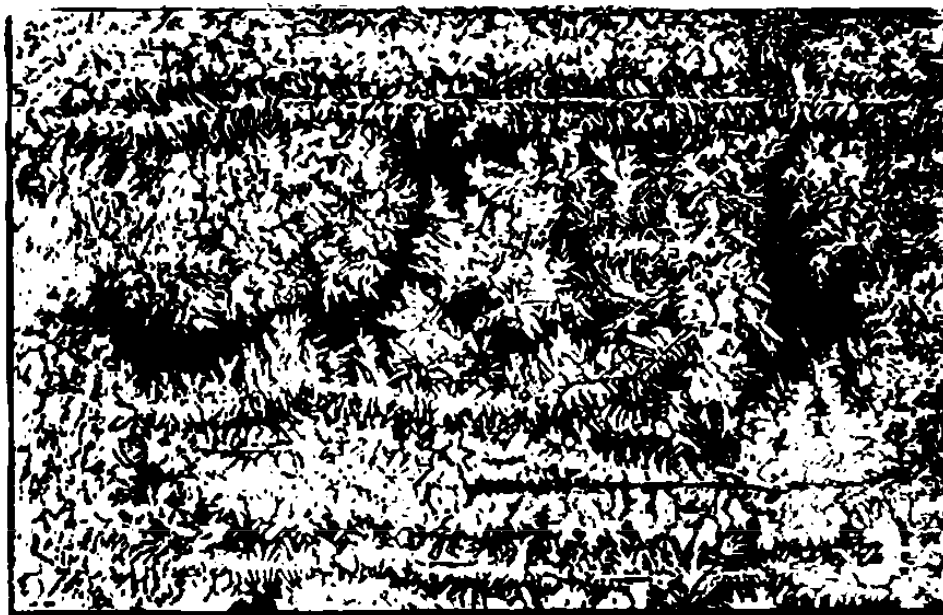


shadows on the pathway, alternating with the unsurpassable chestnuts, in their gorgeous bloom array disputing precedence, and holding vantage through greater height and breadth. Where is there any other such walk?

Nowhere are to be found greater charms of spring than in these noble parks of Richmond, delights enhanced by historical associations with the cruelly short life of Lady Jane Grey and that extraordinary woman Queen Elizabeth, so fond of interweaving romance in her practical round of stern duties and realities. The lilac, apple blossom, wallflowers, and honeysuckle yielded, we may be assured, the same sweetness to this Royal maiden and her sovereign as to the simplest and least educated of the succeeding generations; nor were the sheets of May blossom, the most abundant of all its tribe, less beautiful to their more gifted minds. The broken stem of the brown bracken, so



abundant in these parks and all through Wimbledon, raises now as then its fawn-coloured crosiers, declarative of life out of death ; while on the bank beside the short sweet grass is starred with potentilla and sun violets, where presently the heather and wild thyme will bloom. Side by side with the masses of may blooms, a perfect white sheet, there then as now were beeches just putting forth dainty leaves, and their brown scales, the mittens of the tiny hands, like the lime's little heaps of rosy scales, were thrown aside and swept to and fro by gentle airs. Apples and pears displayed their great



Frost painting on window at White Lodge.

cones and pyramids of fragrant blossoms ; and here and there was the chestnut, studied of Salvator Rosa, who disposed it in all its forms as the exigencies of his composition needed. Clothed in all the richness of its heavy green velvet drapery, embroidered over with

its millions of silver flowers covering it from top to toe, what can be more lovely?

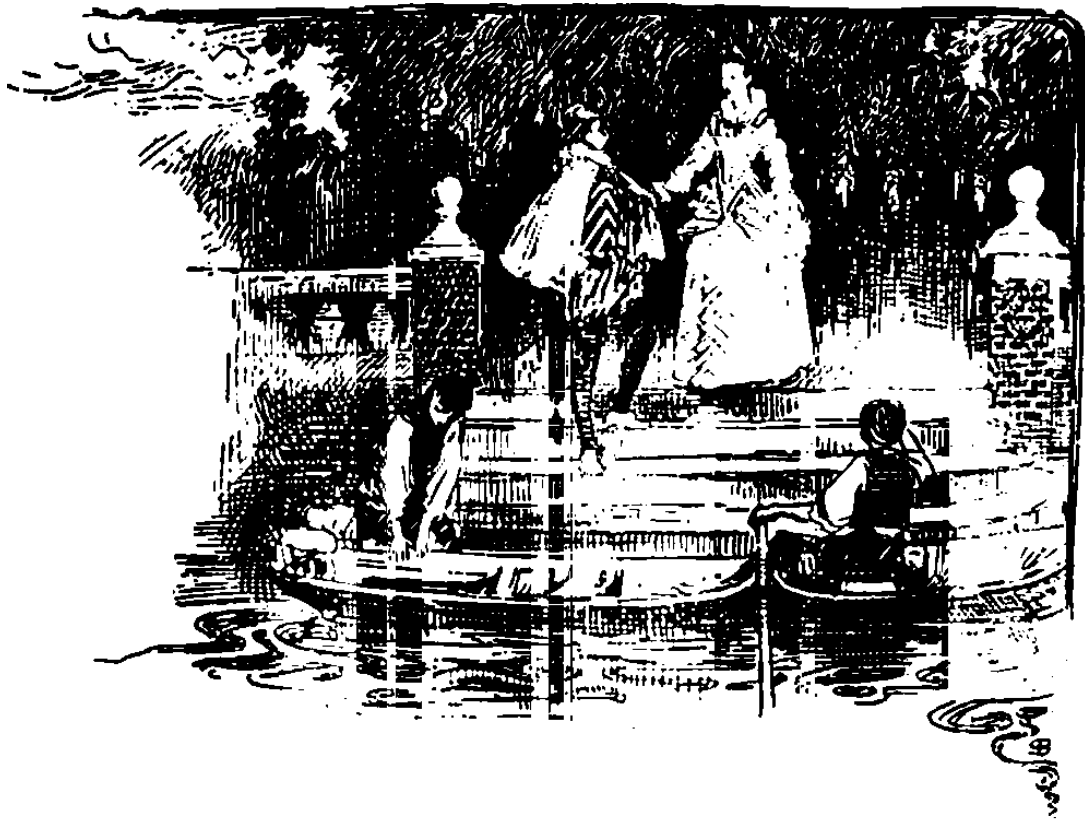
As a young girl our May Queen was constantly bringing to her special nooks at home roots of all kinds; but time soon taught her that nothing is so difficult to tame as wild flowers, and wisely so, for they generally lose much of their characteristic beauty by any change of soil or situation.



The murmur of bees in the season of lime-tree flowering was ever a pleasant sound to her, the pleasantest of busy sounds, that which comes associated with all that is good and beautiful—industry and forecast, and sunshine and flowers. Days and nights of storm and wildness yielded timid delight, when venerable kings of the forest bent and bowed to the tempest, when the rich earthy flavour of the pasture-land proclaimed its fertility through the thirsty soil drinking in the invigorating moisture. How she would rejoice in the oak and elm grand fight with the storm-king; these seem to hiss with joy on the advent of the storm-cloud, and under their sheltering arms to take the covering and defenceless cattle, proof against every foe but the quick forked flash of the lightning, that kills, in the twinkling of an eye, both the shelterer and the sheltered.

St. Margaret's is truly hallowed ground as Bacon's home, for here it was that fearless Bishop Ruddle crossed on the Lenten morn of 1596 to preach in godly zeal before Her Majesty, and remind her that it "was time she should think of her mortal state and the uncertainty

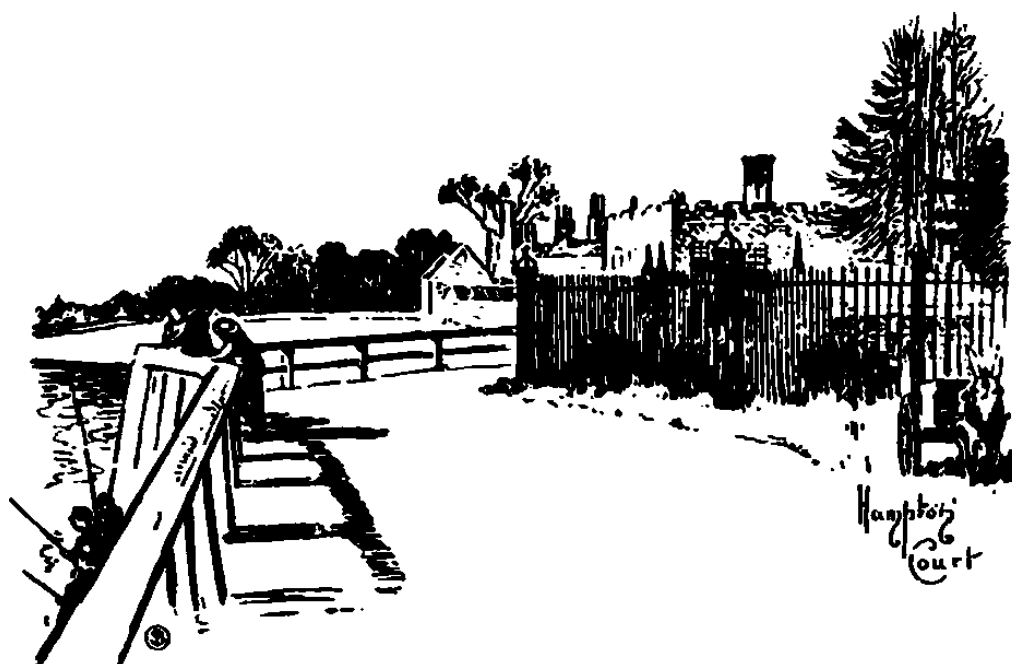
of life, she being sixty-three years of age." His memorable text was from the 90th Psalm, "Lord, teach us," etc. His exhortation from Ecclesiastes xii, "When the grinders shall be few in number," etc., and other reminders of the infirmities of age, drew from Her Majesty no displeasure beyond the remark that "he might have kept the



arithmetic to himself, and that she thanked God that neither her legs for dancing, her voice for singing, nor the fingering instruments of music had weakened"; adding with bitter sarcasm, "I see that greatest clerks are not always the wisest men."

What more pleasurable reverie can be indulged in by mortal man than to rest awhile on this Surrey side of old Thames bank, a spot

so saturated with romance, and conjure up remembrance of past ages—the men of mighty intellects slowly paddling to and fro, female confidantes and relied-on pages, bearers of tender billets, as Royal commands imperatively worded, the jealous rivals striving with each other for influence with her of no very pliant will? Where can the student of history or reveller in human weakness find so delightful a walk as



from here onwards to the Kew Gardens' entrance?—Sion House, the home during many generations of the historic Northumberlands, where Charles I.'s children were retained captive by the Cromwellians, facing the beholder on this beauteous stretch of the river. Blessings on the Richmond Corporation, the most beneficent of all public bodies, for having indulged the limbs of the weary with frequent commodious seat-rests under beauteous shade, the *sub tegmine fagi* of Virgil :—

“ Sic tenui musam meditaris avena.”



Where else exist nobler beech and chestnut trees? Ruysdael, who crossed the Channel to England, is known to have seen them, and here studied the green-hued pellucid water, the tidal over-

flow of the river extending for two miles of the lovely pathway alongside the Old Deer Park, now so well protected by the golfers, who hold these broad acres for their high jinks. Whoever moved the august corporate body to endow this Chaucer "plaisaunce" with these humanity rests for weariness and sun shelter, whether a common councillor or more dignified alderman, he knew his Virgil well—the

"recubans sub tegmine fagi  
Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena"—

and is deserving of gratitude from all pilgrim wanderers, revellers here in the region specially sacred to Elizabethan lore.



While wrapt in enjoyment of these river scenes of perfectitude, with eye and thought carried back to the past, the intermediate seems hardly to have existed. The



thought of Shakespeare and Bacon communing together in the grounds of the now Ranelagh Drive, fronting the Thames at St. Margaret's, becomes a reality, endeared through the noble living trees, some probably planted by the philosopher at the very time when writing his great essay. It is when such recollections dominate we cling only to the proved old: the past and distant inspire nothing but the beautiful.

Oh, what sad moments in the lives of these historic beings memory conjures up when in restful occupancy of a seat mercifully vouchsafed by the pious Corporation of Richmond, placed amid delightful umbrage of glorious chestnuts and beeches! All the actors have in the long-ago centuries passed away to their rest, leaving memories fresh and green and ever lovable to the history student,—Shakespeare and Bacon, the wisest of all humanities; the former as guest of his schoolmate Bilfield, vicar of Isleworth, close at hand; Bacon being ever present both in sight and mind by reason of the noble trees in rear of Ranelagh Drive. It was on this very spot Bacon wrote his *Essay on Planting*. The constant meetings between





*Ed. Spenser*

the martyr King Charles on; the bank all along saturates memory with sadness.

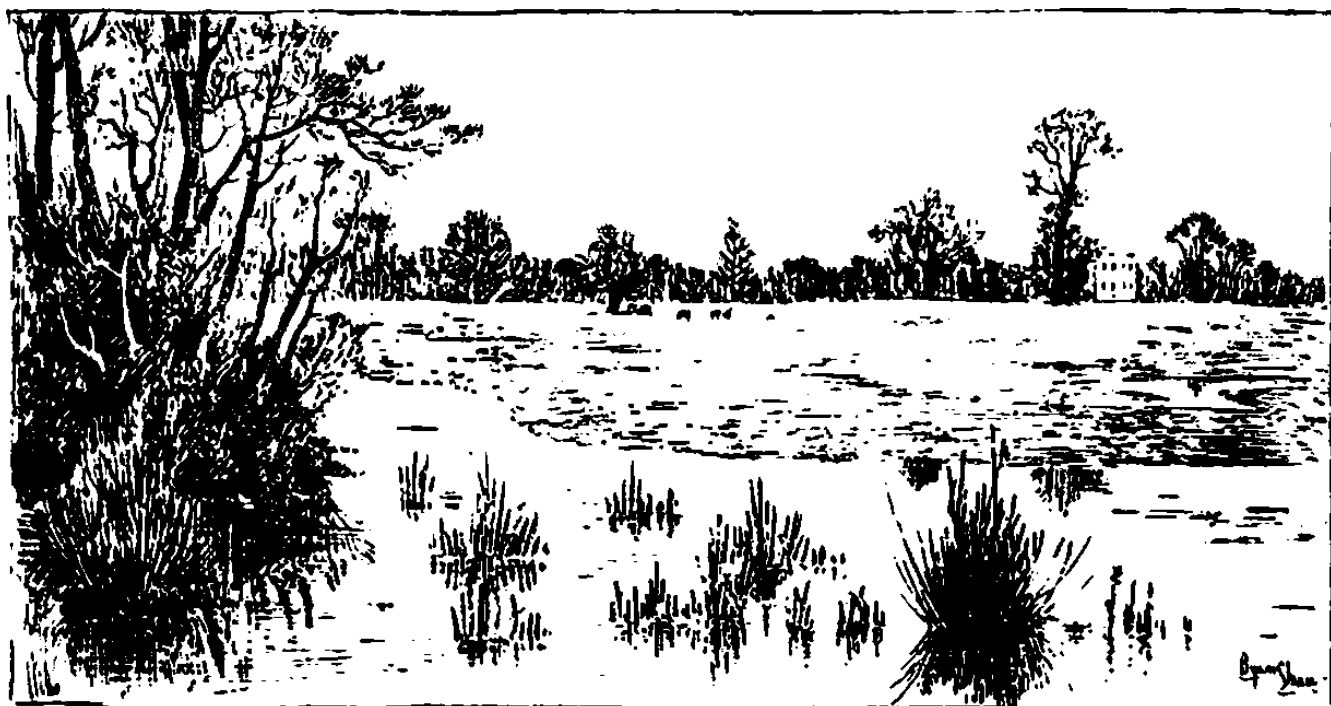
Sion House, close at hand, a continuous home of the Northumberland Dukes, has always been celebrated for its gardens, which then as now yielded abundant treasures. Spenser got from these his wondrous inspiration:—

“No daintie flowre or herbe that growes  
on grownd,  
No arborett with painted blossoms drest  
And smelling sweete, but there it might  
be fownd  
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete  
smels al arownd.”

Crowded with historic associations of saddest character is this spot on the river-bank. Here Anne of Cleves sought solace in her hours of banishment, from the adjoining palace to which her Blue-beard spouse had consigned her, under the shadowy pretence of “her health requiring change of air.” It was here, while walking in solitude, she learnt of the arrival of the commissioner’s deputies from “the archbishops, bishops, and clergy,” the instruments of Royal atrocity who did its bidding in declaring her marriage “null and void,” and had journeyed hither to announce the unrighteous divorce ratification—Cranmer, of the “unworthy hand,” who had bestowed the nuptial benediction, being one of its foremost promoters.

Here, too, from the prison barge, stepped ashore, on May 15th,

1554, Elizabeth herself, a released prisoner from the Tower; and landed with her little band of faithful female adherents, ruthlessly refused further attendance on her person; and when pressed by her enemies to declare her convictions as to the real presence of the



In the Old Deer Park, near the New Lock and Weir Bridge.

Saviour in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, replied in the ever-memorable extempore lines:—

“Christ was the Word that spake it;  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what His Word did make it,  
That I believe and take it.”

These river-side walks are closely identified with the fascinating history of Lady Jane Grey, whose accomplishments and fate must ever render her an especial object of interest. By this river of romance,

as a maiden of barely sixteen years, she would continually stroll with her unfortunate lover, Lord Guilford Dudley ; and at Sion House was projected the sad union which resulted in her execution, with that of her husband and the Duke, his father, whose ambition had brought about their ruin.

The graceful and airy story of Cupid and Psyche in Apuleius, in its tenderly profound human significance, as in the "Iliad" of Homer, the great vernal poem, the truest expression of the spring-time of



the race, and the boyhood of man, in all its faith, simple wonder, and unconscious strength, had special charms for the learned maidens Elizabeth and her rival in learning, Jane Grey, at a period when young fair ones of fifteen summers drank deeply of sound learning and knowledge. Much unlike the superficial lather of modern female education—the outcome of wretched fiction, now all-dominant—the high-born maidens were conversant with many languages, and found pleasure in the homely but telling human significance of Homer's celestial swineherd entertaining Ulysses, or the solitary watchman in Æschylus' "Agamemnon," crouched like a night dog on the roof of

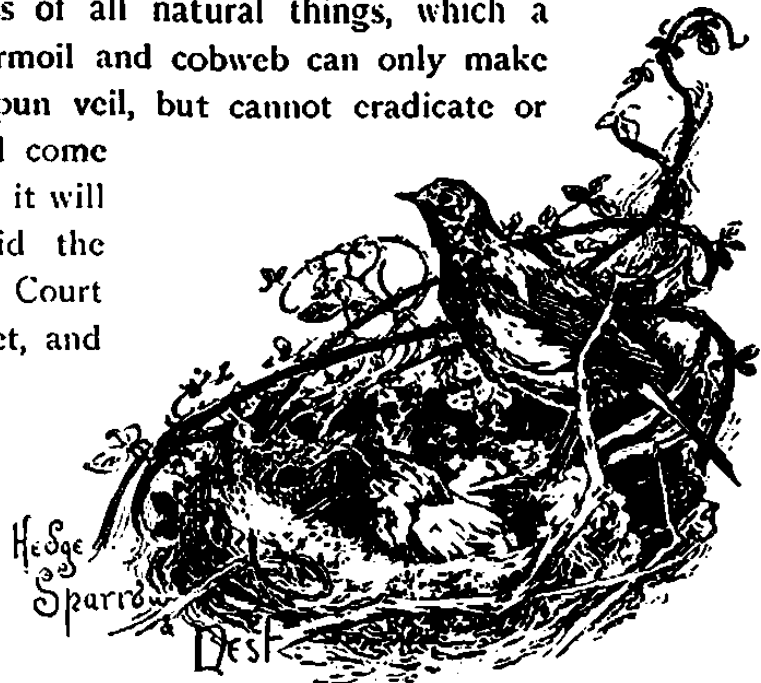
the Atridae, waiting for the signal fires announcing the fall of sacred Ilium. The staple of the intellectual feasts of the Elizabethan period, when contrasted with modern so-called "refinement," may seem to have consisted largely of "strong meats," but they were not spiced with ill-wrapped-up and abominably prurient daily relations of the Divorce Courts.

Few localities are more suggestive of spring-time being upon us than are Richmond's parks and their adjacent Gardens of Kew, unrivalled in the whole world, although the engrossing business habits of our generation are woefully destructive of all poetic principle. Within hearing of the Bank of England it is the rule with many business men to be ashamed of an afternoon lounge in Richmond's parks. Is it needful to apologize for our love of Nature? We adore Her Majesty's effigy on gold coins, and of that affection we are none of us ashamed; but where is the man whose life is glued to the desk-stool who will confess without a blush to a sympathy with the missel-thrush or skylark—to a love of



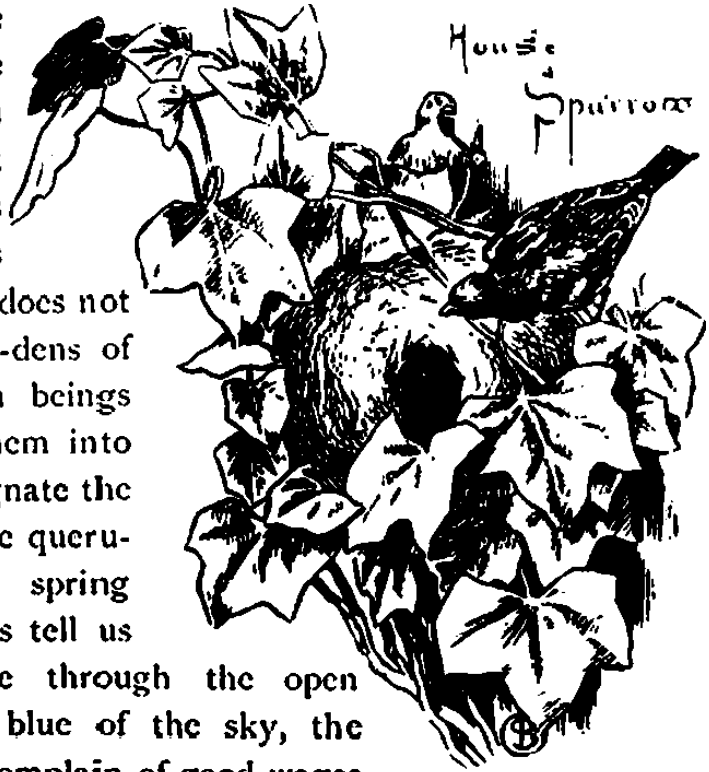
spring noons, summer mornings, or autumn sunsets? But there is a contagion to which healthful-minded Britons are liable: the spring fever and its symptoms defy the treatment of any physician but Nature. There is a sudden burst of sunshine which disturbs even the most sedentary habits; and with the trees bursting into leaf, the birds rushing into song, the snakes awakened from their wintry sleep, and gliding away through last year's dead grass towards the summer solstice, we cannot rest any longer on our stools. We must feel the healing breath of spring on our faces—we must dive into far-off depths of greenery; we yearn for green fields and hedges; we think of our friend Lorna Doone's garden of fruit-trees so near at hand; or if on the verge of London fogs and dismality, we are seized with desire to throw away the pen, and with joy and gladness lay hold of the spade.

There is ever a religious principle in man, one in sentiment and feeling with the holiness of all natural things, which a city life with all its turmoil and cobweb can only make dim, as with a thick-spun veil, but cannot eradicate or dishearten. For it will come back upon us unbidden, it will woo us unsought, amid the throng and din of Capel Court and Throgmorton Street, and the other haunts of money-changers and market-places. The very glimpse of a lark's turf, such as enraptured the eloquent Erskine, shall recall it, and it



will whisper to us in the voice of falling waters. The sun that shines into prison and palace alike, without favouritism, and as heedless of the calendar of crimes as of any catalogue of virtues, does not at spring-time visit the day-dens of any Cræsus, where human beings breathe, without stirring them into rebellion. We would designate the feelings engendered by these querulous interrogations as the spring fever, or, as many employers tell us when their workmen gaze through the open windows into the distant blue of the sky, the laziness of mechanics who complain of good wages and are meditating some dreadful attack upon capital. But the employers are also seized with the fever. Their blood, too, tingles as the sun ascends. The profits of the business are theirs, and their whole family and nursemaids are picking primroses in the real country.

With what delight do we witness the growing of the days, that they are more than a "cock's-stride" longer! It is an expressive phrase intended to express the lengthening of the days in a small but perceptible degree, though applying long measure inches and feet to time. But the observant country-lover knows what he says and borrows his ideas from the expression. At the winter solstice he observes where the shadow of the upper lintel of his door falls at noon, and makes a mark. At New Year's Day, the sun being higher when





at the meridian, he finds it has come nearer the door by four or five inches, which for rhyme sake he calls a "cock's-stride," and so by that he expresses the sensible increase of the day. Spring in the British Isles creeps so slowly out of winter, and so quietly into spring, that the season of cold does not present the contrast between it and warmth and pleasure so markedly as in more northern countries. But there are seasons very contrary, in which the early burstings forth were false steps, doomed to sad punishment for too premature development.

In the pursuit of Nature's studies there will be found no dreary roads nor weary hours to afflict or embitter our lives. In Creation there is no blank page: the cultivated field, the barren moor, the overshadowing forest, the naked heath, everything on which the eye can alight overflows with instruction. So also it is with the succession of events. Nature knows no vacant day; her operations are unceasing; and though they vary with times and seasons, as with places, their variableness is an additional charm, an enticement to their study, which is ever new. The uncultivated mind is the only blank, and man is the one and only idler in Creation. Everything around us in the world speaks as powerfully of the existence and attributes of the Creator as if endowed with the tongues of angels. A sad feature of our day is that fiction and romance hold a sway so great that they threaten to crowd out all else, and the

young folks of the higher and middle classes in the main read little unless strongly spiced with the highly imaginative and sensational.



There is, however, a rank and file begotten of the Board School, and like class educational means, hourly forcing its way to the front, who will ere long be numerically legion, and who will successfully compete for supremacy with the youths of families reared to look upon the higher and more remunerative walks as their own specially privileged hunting-grounds. The most densely populated districts of England, rather than the houses of the high, wealthy, or even middle class, now form the bulk of our naturalists. The spinners, the weavers, the tailors, the shoemakers, aye, the very coal-miners who hew out our fuel, these, seeking healthful recreation, will snatch

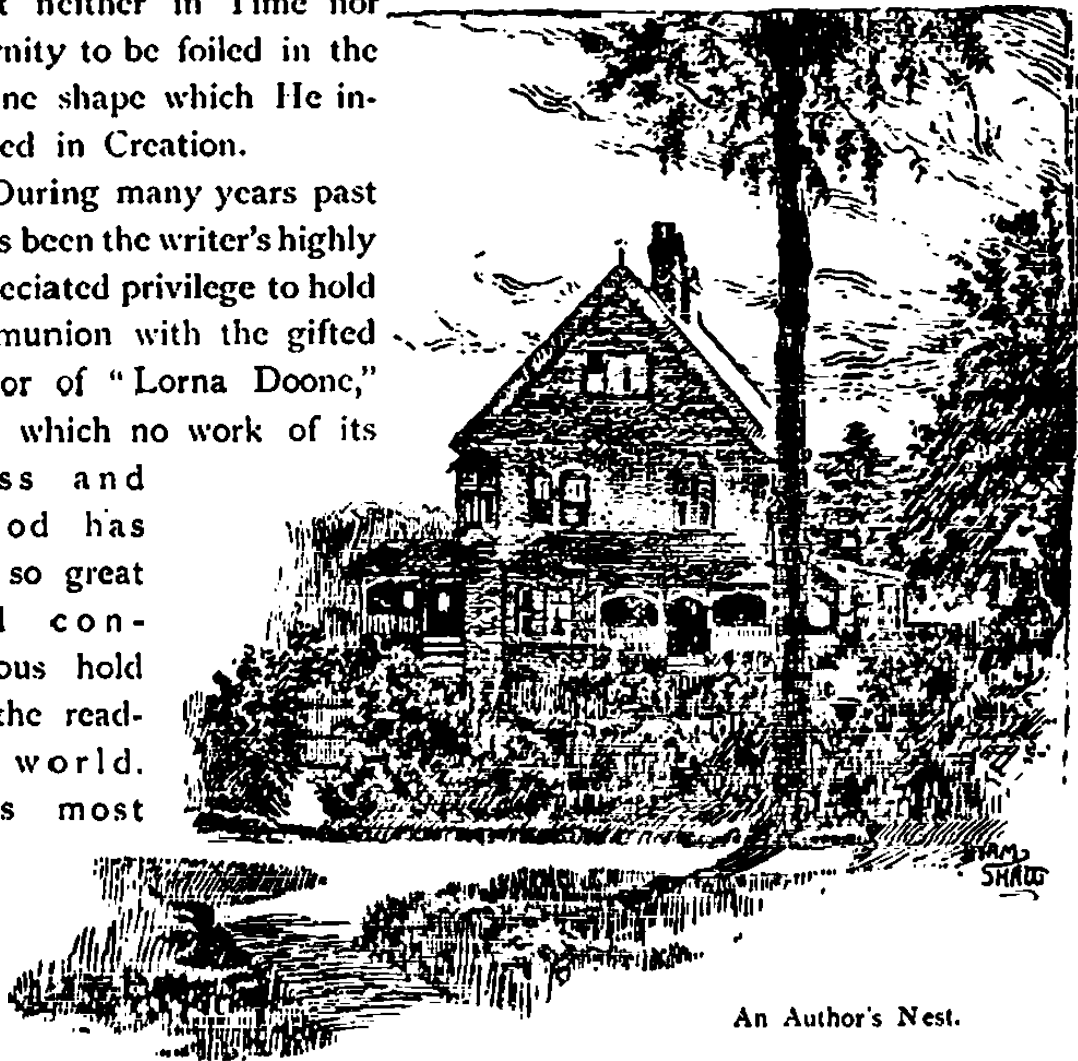
leisure from good earning hours, and hie away to pleasant meadows to search out and know the wild flowers. Ere long they will be studying the ant as pupils of Sir John Lubbock. The more we walk in the paths of the Banker Philosopher, the more we shall realize the words of England's Prince of Literature: "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will,"—words simple though profound in thought, yet in beauty of language equal to the depth of their philosophy. There is an utter exclusion of chance in these remarkable words, no mention of happening, no shaping our own ends, and of all things





but particularly of human life, no grotesque blundering. Shakspeare of all men confidently felt the words of St. Augustine : " Lord, when I look upon my own life, it seems Thou hast led me so tenderly and carefully. Thou hast led the world, and art leading. I am amazed that Thou hast had time to attend to such as me." Here is summed up the truth that the Creator gives us many chances in our lives ; it is neither all fate nor all free-will. God reserves to Himself the right neither in Time nor Eternity to be foiled in the Divine shape which He intended in Creation.

During many years past it has been the writer's highly appreciated privilege to hold communion with the gifted author of "Lorna Doone," than which no work of its class and period has had so great and continuous hold on the reading world. This most



An Author's Nest.

excellent Christian gentleman is, as his writings abundantly testify, a close observant naturalist,—and few so eminent in his walk, yet none more modest. The writer desires to acknowledge the personal gratification and honour conferred in being permitted to dedicate these pages to him, the more so as many of the thoughts recorded have been the outcome of earnest conversation with one whose translation of Virgil's *Georgics* places him in the foremost rank of classical writers. Remembrance harks back to an occasion of seeking him on a spring morning among his lovely gardens, unsurpassable in perfection of fruit-tree cultivation and training; every branch and shoot displacement, and all the grafting and budding of thousands of trees, being the work of his own hands. After much wandering among endless labyrinths of pear, apple, and peach trees, our friend was discovered down a well, into which he had descended in order to provide and humanely protect the safe nidification of a female thrush, which had resorted some ten feet down for a safe retirement. There in the depths was he perilously occupied in fixing props between the brick interstices, hoping thereby to yield her safety and comfort. If there be any instance of one loving birds, and yet enduring much through their predativeness, it exists in the author of "*Lorna Doone*." Yet one would not dare to hint, even obscurely, that the shooting a few of his thousands of bird companions might be advantageous.

Varied and beautiful are the aspects of Nature at all seasons in and around fair Richmond; and highly favoured indeed are they who dwell on the Thames bank near where she of the Armada, as other sovereigns before her, dwelt. The Middlesex front of the river, designated Ranelagh Drive, stands unrivalled as to situation, and in historic associations it is unique. In Elizabethan times the walk through the park to Mortlake, crossing by the ferry from St. Margaret's

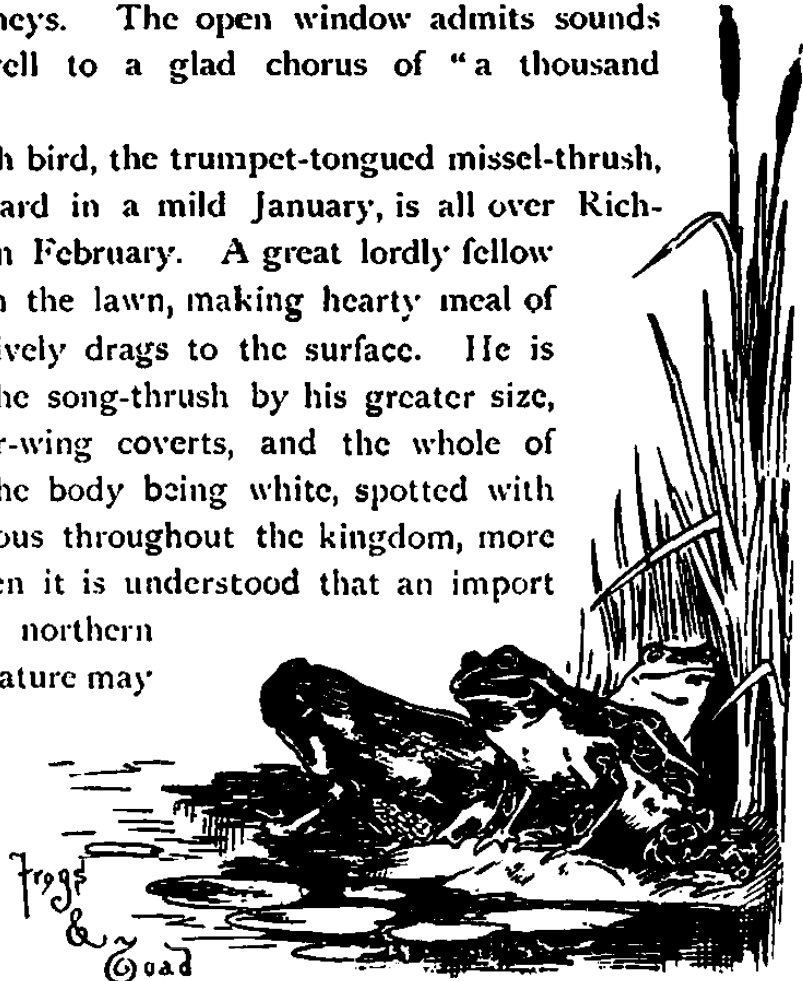


to the foot of Asgill Road, was particularly attractive during winter; for, with masses of ice heaped up by high tides, an Arctic aspect was presented on every side. At the close of such a season the needle of one's nature dips towards the country, greeting everything as it wakes out of sleep, and drinking goblet after goblet of young sunshine. Then do we note the sun's track-brook of the field underneath the thin ice, of which drops form and fall, big round silvery eyes that grow bigger and brighter with

astonishment that we should laugh at them as they vanish. The wind attacks the piles of dead leaves where they have lain so long, and scatters them in a trice, so that every spot may get sunned and aired. Soft new curtains begin to be hung up in the wide range of Nature's park windows, and a new covering of emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven to spread over her floors. Had Spring, with her embroidered and fragrant clothing of turquoise and gold, never looked on the rich verdure of the flower-laden hedgerows, nor listened to the songs of birds, how difficult it would be to believe that the wealth and sweetness and music of the near-at-hand awakening would be with us again! But "while the earth remaineth seedtime

and harvest shall not cease." It may be pictured in its richly emblazoned garniture of early summer dress. The withered fringe of old Thames bank is all aglow again with winking mary-bud brighter than burnished gold, great tufts of foamy meadow-sweet, myosotis bluer than the cloudless sky above it, purple loosestrife and fragrant mint. The air is full of the scent of blossoming limes, which throw sharply defined shadows on the pale road. It is then at early morn that we hear the twitter of the martins, building new or repairing old homes, or the more elegant swallows, whose nests are in the disused chimneys. The open window admits sounds which gradually swell to a glad chorus of "a thousand mingled notes."

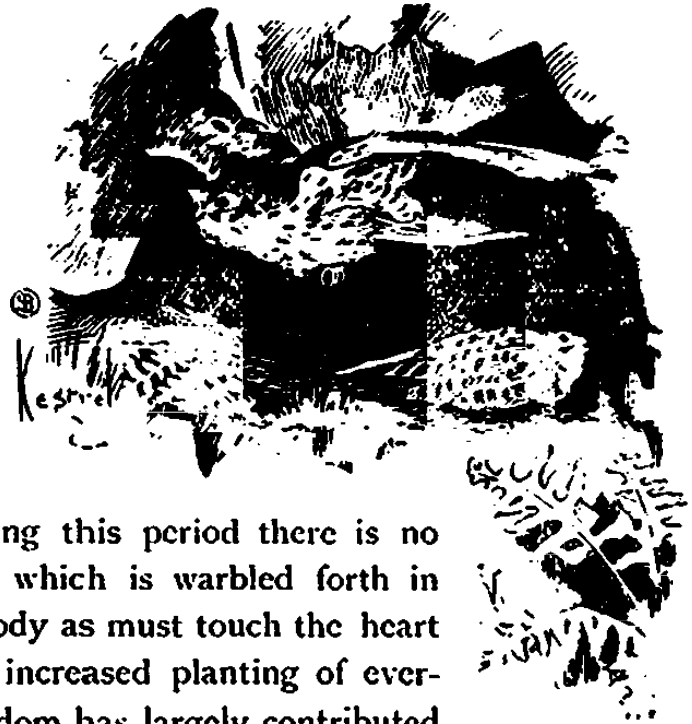
The largest British bird, the trumpet-tongued missel-thrush, though generally heard in a mild January, is all over Richmond's parks early in February. A great lordly fellow he is as he struts on the lawn, making hearty meal of the worms he intuitively drags to the surface. He is distinguished from the song-thrush by his greater size, and by white under-wing coverts, and the whole of the under part of the body being white, spotted with black. It is numerous throughout the kingdom, more so in the winter, when it is understood that an import comes from more northern countries. While Nature may be said to be still asleep, and there is but little change from the nakedness of trees and hedge-rows, yet in wear-



ness of the long tarrying the throstle, in firm conviction of the universal awakening, ceaselessly proclaims the coming. Late in February he makes his marriage vows; early in March he and his partner may be seen in preparation for nest-building, and by the end of the month the

nursery is completed. During this period there is no cessation of the love-song, which is warbled forth in sweetest cadences, such melody as must touch the heart of his affianced one. The increased planting of evergreens all through the kingdom has largely contributed to the joys and numbers of the thrush. It is amid the dark foliage of these that the heavenly call and delightful love-song is most continuously heard. And how good he is to the huge multitudes in and around London! Nowhere is the glorious bird more at home; the poorest are familiar with the clear liquid strain of its voice. At all hours of food-seeking he could be seen on the White Lodge grass-plots, his wings somewhat drooping, with head askance, hopping about and around the green tablecloth, whither he had been summoned at the wondrous imitative call of England's fair daughter, Richmond's Queen of the May. Proud of his beautifully full mottled breast, and anon turning his back on the White Lodge Royal company, in fullest confidence that none of them would harm him, he listened with rapt attention to the notes of the Royal rival his tribe know so well.

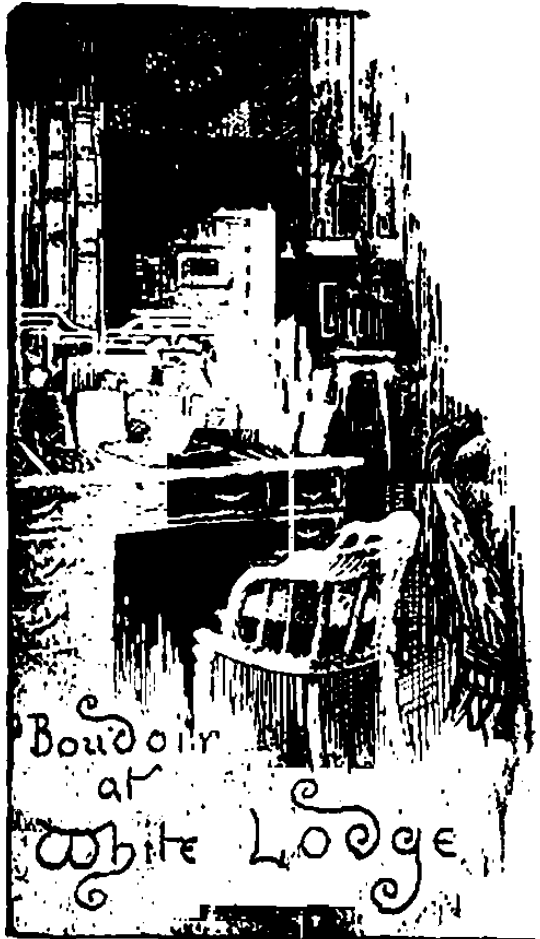
Notwithstanding the permissive and seeming close familiarity of





The Missel-Thrush.

disposition, the thrush loves seclusion, and immediately the morning meal is over he retires to his leafy haunts to chant forth anew his love-lay. In the West of England it is known as holm-thrush or holm-screech, derived from its fondness for the berries of the holly. It is essentially a tree-loving bird. Its song is variously described; by one eminent naturalist it is called "plaintive," by another "harsh and untuneful"; while Wood speaks correctly of it as "full of cheerful promise, amounting to confidence—a song of hopeful praise, thanking God for preservation during the chills of winter, and exulting in the return of genial weather." What though it be not so flute-like as the blackbird's song, nor so varied as that of the thrush; it is a loud, hearty pouring forth of a trumpet call, which serves to stimulate its silent kinsfolk to tune up their instruments of praise. While thus employed, he is generally perched on the top of a tree, where he remains for hours together



The May Queen's Boudoir.

out-whistling the wind. Although not given to cities, he may be heard and seen trumpeting on the Middlesex side of Richmond Bridge for an hour at a stretch in the first week of February.

A gentle maiden of Royal lineage, of loving qualities, was reared from early childhood in these parks, loved alike of rich and poor, and may be classed as one with these musicians, by Nature endowed in very marked degree with a power of imitating birds' voices; so natural is the gift as to render her among the feathered race almost one of any of England's tribe of birds. They would all answer her imitative calls, poured out with wondrous exactitude of notes in her wanderings in the parks, and especially such creatures as the starling would respond with a familiarity border-

ing on impudence. Some days her wanderings would extend for miles around—giving vent to her power of bird-calls, which, by unceasing practice, had grown into a habit, and had become so sonorous in execution and finish as to bring the birds forth with alacrity to take their parts in these bird-awakenings—her devoted father ever at her side. One realized with the poet Longfellow that “when she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.”



HE missel-thrush's pouring forth is not continuous, but broken into passages, and by this peculiarity it is easily distinguished from the tone of the thrush or the blackbird, even when mellowed by distance into something that resembles them. Richmond's Queen of the May has the gift of its notes imitation, deceiving the wariest of its kind. The bird is very masterful, and will drive away all other birds from its feeding localities. The male bird ceases its song during nest-construction and the incubation of the eggs, and is rarely heard again until the young can care for themselves, unless any mishap befall mother or eggs. In the former case another mate is quickly selected; an accident to the eggs results in a second laying and resumption of song. Generally two broods are produced in the year, and there is great family amity between them. The bird is also known as the storm-cock—not that it delights in storms more than in fine weather, but that Nature has taught it to pour forth its melody at a time of the year when the bleak winds of winter roar through the leafless trees. It feeds on berries of every kind; grain and seeds are equally favoured, while caterpillars, beetles, insects of all kinds, worms, and snails are alike appreciated; in fact, all is fish that comes to the missel-thrush's net. Fruit is no more amiss than anything else, as a gooseberry-bush laden of monsters or a fondly hoped-for strawberry-bed will be cleared by a few of these birds with wondrous rapidity. It is carnivorous of its kind, and by no means shy in carrying off other birds and quickly disposing of them, when the snow stands deep on the ground.

The missel-thrush's song is among the very earliest of the year, and is heard in the greenery of laurels in mid-winter even, ere day discloses itself to man. When the snow is thick on the ground, and

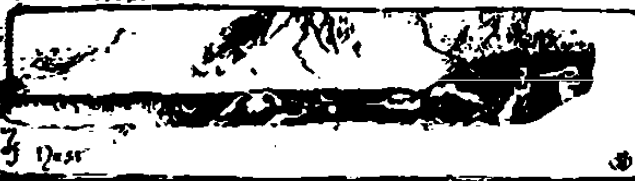


the earth is frost-bound, we hear his loud, wild strain, and it is a known fact that the shout is more declamatory just before a burst of rough weather than at any other time, and for this he is called "storm-cock." The bird is the largest of all our songsters, and is of a very fighting character, but wild and wary, and as a rule avoids the habitations of man, except during the time of incubation, when it inclines to fellowship, and rests in close familiarity. At such times it remains largely in orchards, where the mistletoe is in greatest profusion; and before the pairing season, there the bird is found almost in gregarious numbers; but when each has made choice of its mate, they become, as it were, domesticated. A singular characteristic of the missel-thrush is that in the spring, when most other birds are exerting their utmost powers to while away the tedious time of hatching out by singing to them in their sweetest strains, he generally ceases his trumpet call, nor does he raise his cry of joy again during the late spring or summer; in fact, he is silent until the rough winter weather calls him forth to give life to the otherwise solemn quiet of the woods and shrubberies.



The lovely kingfisher is by no means a rarity in certain quiet water haunts on the river-bank at St. Margaret's and Isleworth. In the Conservative Land Reserve there are usually reared one or more families each season, if allowed to rest in quietude; but the prize for capture is so inducing that this poor bird

has but small chance against its numerous pursuers.

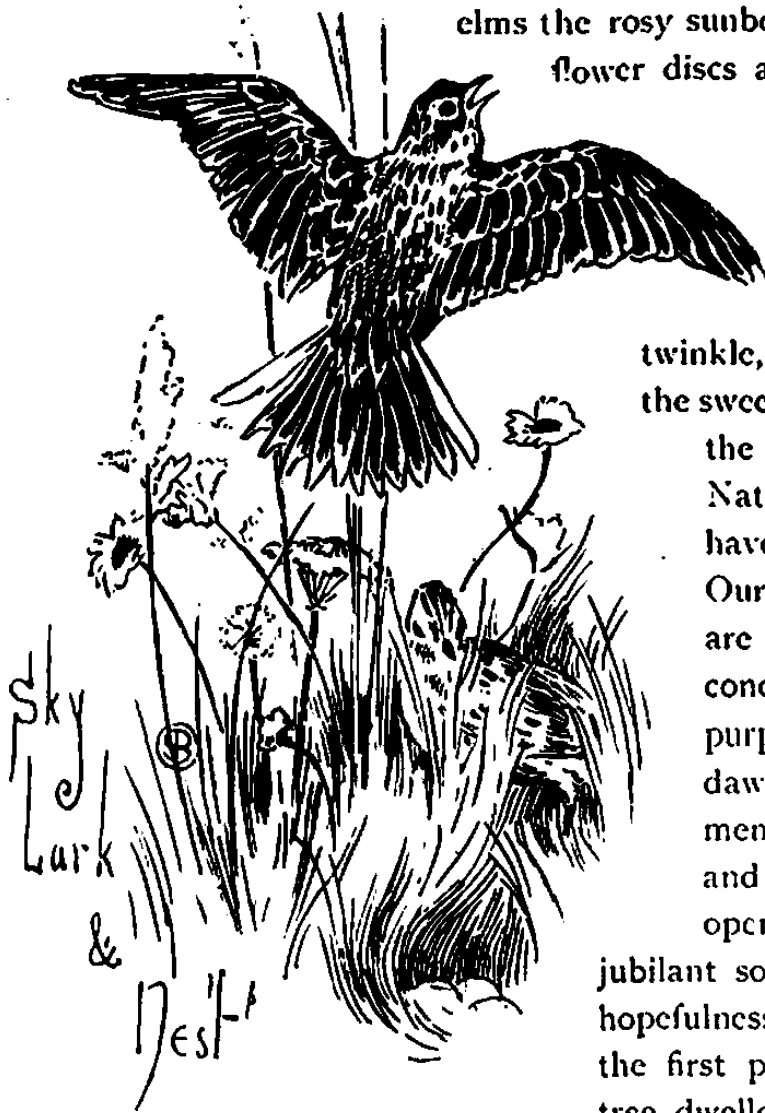




In sunny hours, even in bleak February, the mellow song of the blackbird is heard, and the blithe skylark showers down "a rain of melody" as he springs up from the fallow field, and the wood-pigeons coo from the distant pines. The robin's song grows stronger and more full of joy. The wren wakes up, and, pouring forth a shrill little hymn of gratitude for dangers safely past, is joined by the gay chaffinch and the modest hedge-sparrow, each yielding its greeting at early dawn of day. The clear fluting of the merle, the sweet notes of the thrush, the curious chatter of the excited starling, may also be heard, and in the momentary pauses the song with which Shelley was lost in an ecstasy of delight:—

"Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was,  
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

At early morn the fragrance of the hawthorn fills the air, while the odour of meadow-sweet wells up from the river inlets. By the



elms the rosy sunbeams catch the dallying flower discs as they flicker down like patens of gold. As soon as the welcome sunshine is seen, and the brook and water-course murmur and twinkle, and the bee is rifling the sweets of the opening crocus,

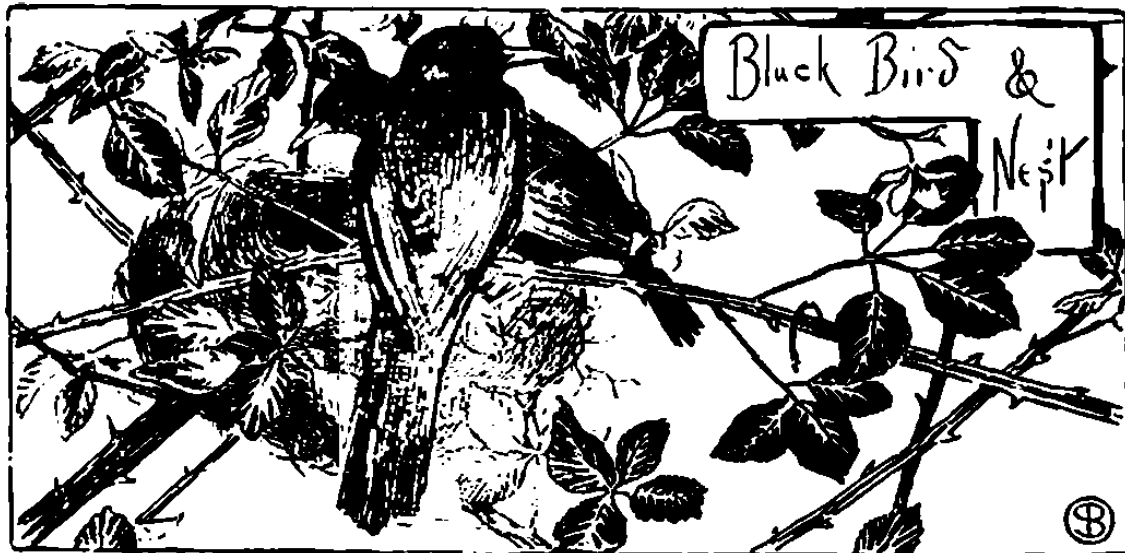
the bird chorus for which Nature's earlier instruments have been tuning begins. Our own sweet native singers are the first to open the concert. As soon as the purple-barred saffron sky dawns in the east they commence, and gather volume and strength with every opening day. Of these, for jubilant song, restless energy, and hopefulness, the skylark commands the first place. No hedgerow or tree dweller is he; day and night

he has the green earth for his resting-place, the blue heavens for his canopy. The breezy common, fragrant with wild thyme, the short sweet herbage of the park, the lush grasses of the sorrel-streaked meadows, the serried drills of the springing corn—these afford him the cool sweet shelter in which he delights. From the eastern horizon, scattering the dewdrops from his brown wing,

with white-margined tail outspread, and ever-widening curve, he mounts aloft.

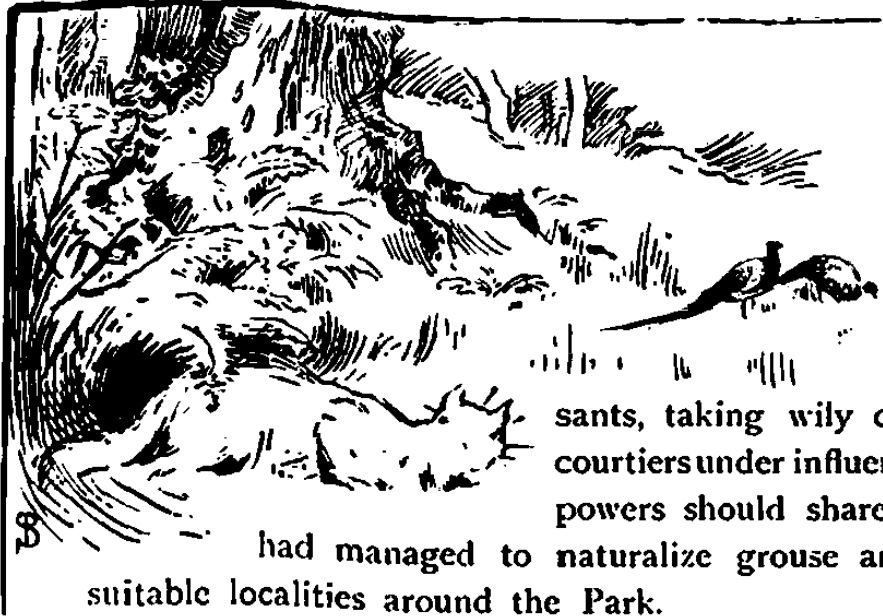


Mortlake, now become a continuation of Richmond, in Bacon's time was, as described in Dec's Life, the headquarters of the astrologers. Dr. Dec was their head and chief, doubtless finding it profitable to be close at hand to his Royal patron. There was also Simon Forman,



then dwelling in Mortlake, of whom it is of interest to note that he records going up to town by boat with Dec, landing at the Custom-House Stairs for the Globe Theatre, and witnessing at different times *Macbeth*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline*, acted there. How pleasant is even this scrappy association with the actual performance of Shakespeare's plays, which by this man once attending a performance has immortalized the conjurer—performances in which their author probably took an actual stage part.

Mortlake abuts on Richmond Park, in which, through the Queen's



§ had managed to naturalize grouse and pheasants in suitable localities around the Park.

influence, Dec was permitted to enjoy certain privileges unmolested. His hounds hunted through it, he shot its pheasants,

taking wily care that certain courtiers under influence of his magical powers should share his sport. He

Here in their quaint home at Mortlake the astute astrologers Dec and Forman would in winter-time avail themselves of the voice of the robin in time of other bird silence for purposes of their art. Tradition has it that numerous robins resorted to the astrological headquarters—clearly an error, inasmuch as the jealous nature of the bird is such as not to permit any rival near its throne. Dr. Dec used this bird in all his winter prediction studies, and showed the Queen that it was he who advanced first and alone to give the earliest greetings of the New Year, with notes clear and brilliant as his eyes, bold and abrupt as his resolute hoppings and determined stand. He it was who said that the bird might be called the Winter Nightingale but for the fact that he never sings after the blue twilight. From a comfortable snuggerly that banished the outer cold, the robin's voice and deeds were worthy the astrologers' observation, as, perched on a tree, among naked shoots, he sent forth his sweet tones upon the wintry stillness. Leicester, too, tied and bound to the Royal petticoat by a leading-cord, seemingly silken, though of iron strength, would

point out to his sovereign how in a few short weeks the fickleness of human nature would yield more favour to the grander notes of the thrush and blackbird, and later would be taken with the full-choired blackcap, until the first proclaiming note should announce the arrival of the nightingale.

Our knowledge of bird song has hitherto been based on ignorance, since we libel the friend who, with so little timidity, comes to our very doorstep to utter his cheering message. It has ever to the robin's disparagement been said that his *rôle* of music is confined to *two* notes; and then, with greater falsity of libel, these two are represented as so nearly alike as to be hardly distinguishable. True it is that there is but one voice, and this one and the same is detectable, however numerous and strong the choir; the variety, however, of the strains of that unique organ seems to border on the infinite. Listen attentively, and you will find no harping on one note, especially if the moment for a review of the sweet home bird's gamut powers be made in the early season of love-making, on an occasion of two male birds pitting themselves against each other for favour, and desiring to win over a female modestly concealed in an



adjoining bush, a coy observant of the gallant tourney. There has beforehand been deadly onset of spur and bill, but no yielding on either side: each male aspirant, victorious in his own sight, has withdrawn from the shock of battle with bloody evidence of the



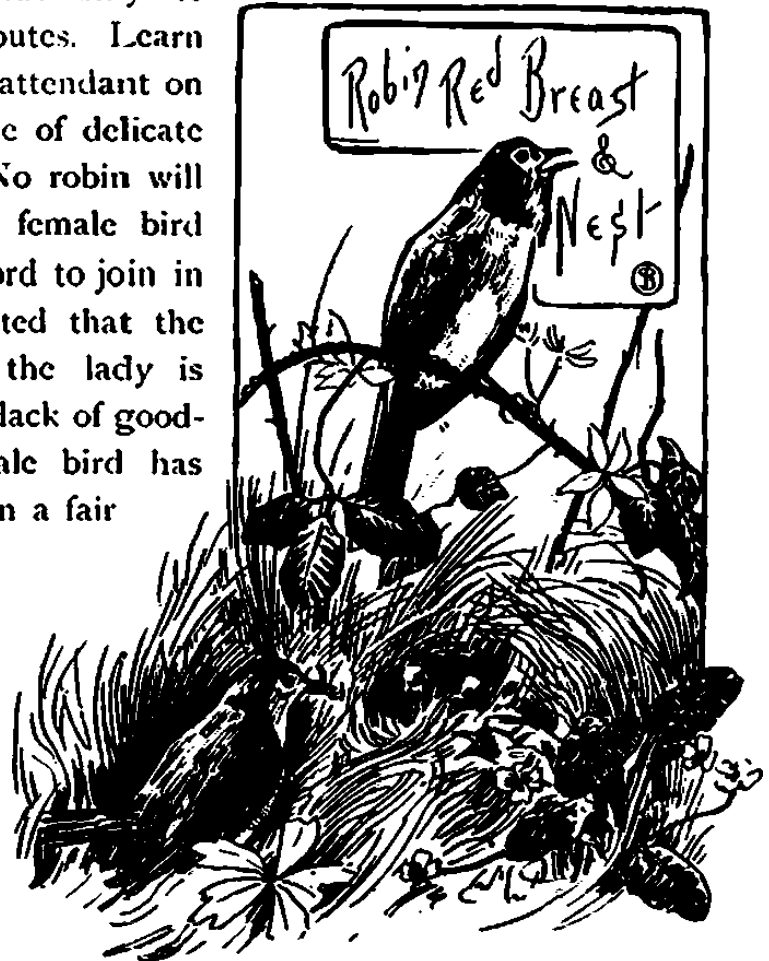
With Astrologer Dee's Hounds.

struggle, and apparently with mutually agreed resolve that the *affaire de cour* shall be submitted to an arbitrament more suited to the cause.

Dr. Dee was an observant naturalist as well as a diviner (it was through these studies he first gained the Royal ear), and has left a record evidencing a strange character mixture of cunning and

simplicity, among other matters detailing that he had assured his Royal visitor that the robin varies its song proportionately to the length of acquaintance. If only a recent comer, its first utterances are weak and disjointed ; but a friendship cemented by provision of food prolongs and strengthens the symphony, until from ordinary twittering the bird breaks into full cadence of rich sounds, well delivered, and joyously vivacious. If you are wishful of his intimate acquaintance and frequent visits, these must be sought in gentle tone of voice, for he cannot endure roughness of manner or speech. He is a true gentleman, and condescends only to human folk of his own attributes. Learn also that this ever-faithful attendant on our homes sets an example of delicate attention to his spouse. No robin will eat in company with the female bird until she gives him the word to join in and participate. It is stated that the male bird refuses until the lady is satisfied ; but instances of lack of good-breeding, in which the male bird has taken to himself more than a fair share, have been noted.

One marked feature which of itself should specially commend the bird to us is its wonderful care of its young. Its notes when near the nest are unmistakable, resembling the cluck of an old





barn-door hen with only one chick ; and its parental solicitude during the first flights of the young birds is most remarkable. Sometimes the anxiety verges on misery and wretchedness, known in Devon and Dorsetshire as "weeping";—any naturalist in South Devon knows what "robin weeping" expresses, and it has been very truthfully described as a long, low, oft-repeated, and most pathetic note. Perhaps there is no bird more acute of hearing, the softest utterance at a hundred yards' distance being distinctly heard by this our little home companion, who seems endowed with a variety of language approximating to man's gift of speech. His winter wanderings, restricted to the surroundings of our homes, afford us examples of sympathetic bird companionship during the period when Nature seems to be at rest, waiting for the time of revival into all its wonted activity and splendour. Who does not claim the robin as his dearest feathered friend? In winter-time he is ever by our side, cheering us in the darkest hours.

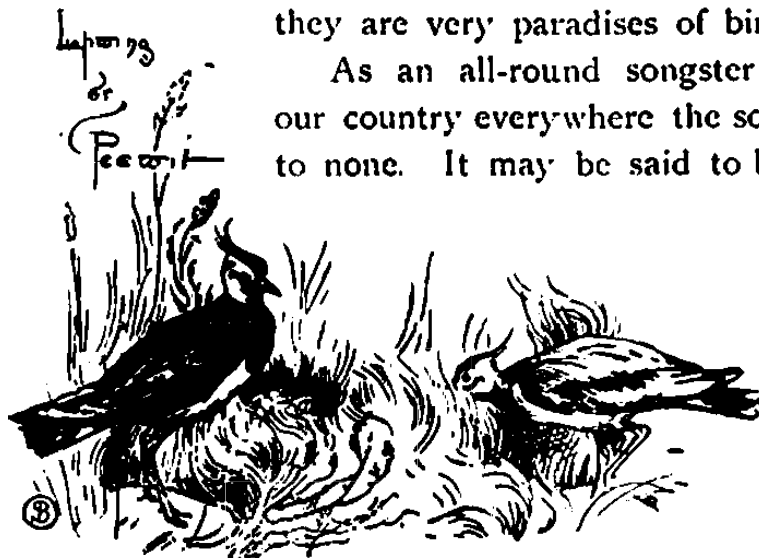
After its winter companionship with man, the redbreast retires to the woods and thickets, where with its mate it prepares for the accommodation of its future family. During summer it is rarely to be seen. The nest is placed near the ground, by the roots of trees, in the most concealed spot, and sometimes in old buildings, and is constructed of moss and dried leaves, intermixed with hair, and lined with feathers. For more effectual concealment it is covered over with leaves, only a narrow winding entrance being left under the heap: nothing can be more dexterously cunning. During the time of incubation the male sits near, and makes the woods resound with his warble ; he keenly chases all the birds of his own species, driving them from his own little settlement, and there is no instance known of two pairs of these birds homing at the same time near each other. The young redbreast, when full feathered, may be taken for a

different bird, being sprinkled all over with rust-coloured spots on a light ground, and no red colour being seen before September.

The robin's goodness and assiduity in beguiling his love by his powers of song during the period of hatching out her young are evidently referred to in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii., Scene 1, when Valentine asks Speed, "How know you that I am in love?" and the reply—so evident of the poet's knowledge of the bird—is that he had learnt "to relish a love song like a robin redbreast." Elizabeth and her favourite failed not to realize the application.

Among the numerous writers on this favourite home bird of England the palm should be awarded to Lady Wantage, who has vividly described its endearing habits and ways in the Nature-loving style peculiarly her own, and thoroughly earned for herself the title of "the redbreast Audubon." As a naturalist of the gentler sex Lady Wantage stands supreme.

The world-renowned Gardens of Kew are close at hand. Like the parks, all abound with thrushes, blackcaps, and nightingales; they are very paradises of birds!



As an all-round songster deeply identified with our country everywhere the song-thrush stands second to none. It may be said to be heard in every month

of the year, but February, correctly speaking, is its time for entering the lists. Britain would not be Britain despoiled of her thrush and black-bird, and the man

must be destitute of everything in shape of musical ear who does not cling to the notes of both as the boast of his home. Whenever the glorious song of this bird looms out, one instinctively pauses to seek the seat of the pouring forth of such glorious sounds. There he is, calmly seated aloft, with swelling throat serenading his wife close at hand. Not for a moment only are these sounds of delight to be heard, but they are continued at short intervals into well-nigh midnight, and resumed again ere the day breaks, so that it would be no exaggeration to say that the dear bird has continued his clear and liquid notes from earlier than dawn until evening has come, when he must sing his evening hymn, and remind his

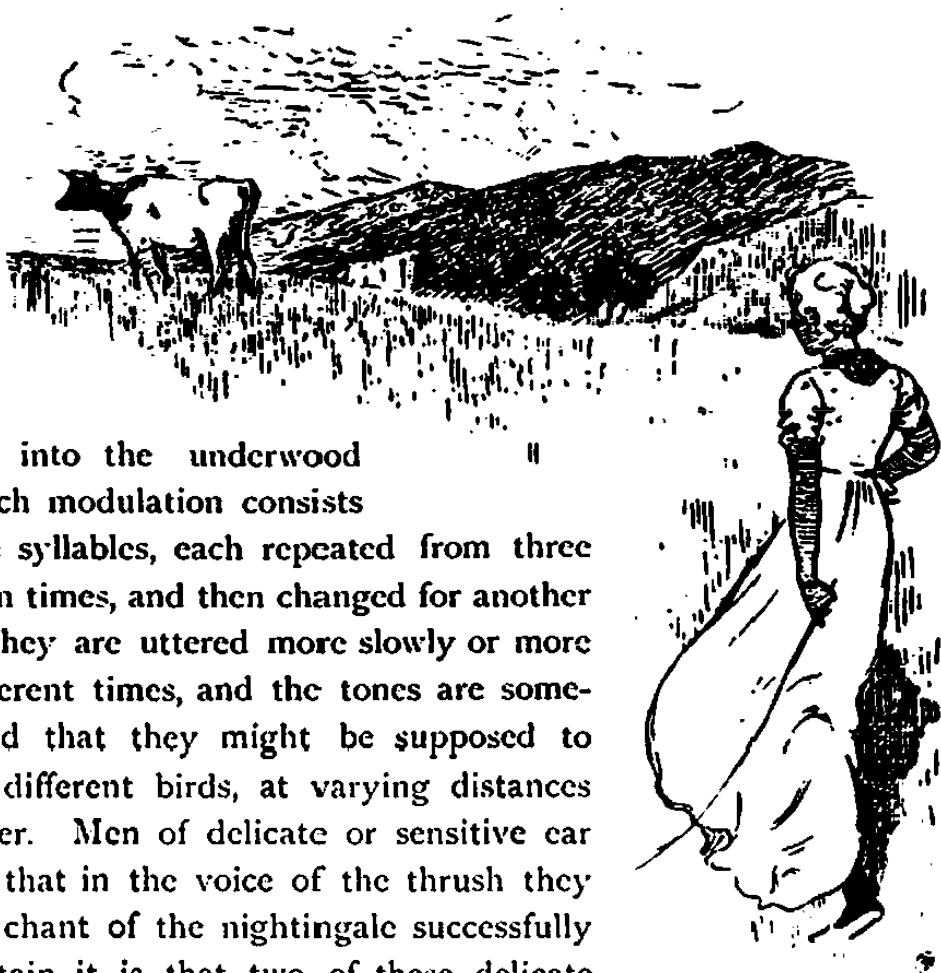


audience of their own orisons due to the great Creator. Morris has well said, "Uninterruptedly he warbles the mellifluous and harmonious sounds, which now rise in strength, and now fall in measured cadences, filling your ear with the ravishing melody, and now die away, so

soft and low, that they are scarcely audible. If you alarm him, you break the charm; he will suddenly cease, and silently drop into the underwood

beneath." Each modulation consists of four or five syllables, each repeated from three or four to seven times, and then changed for another movement. They are uttered more slowly or more rapidly at different times, and the tones are sometimes so varied that they might be supposed to proceed from different birds, at varying distances from the listener. Men of delicate or sensitive ear have affirmed that in the voice of the thrush they had heard the chant of the nightingale successfully imitated. Certain it is that two of these delicate music-makers will at a distance often answer to each other in strophe and antistrophe, the one beginning when the other ceases, and several may often be heard singing together in concert at one and the same time.

More inspiring and scarcely less melodious than the nightingale, we must bear in mind that it sings through the woods a month before the great minstrel has arrived, and retains its brilliancy for a further month after the autumn voice of that noblest of songsters has lost much of its enchantment. However near it may be, it is ever grateful to the ears; and heard at whatever distance, its only fault is



that it is not nearer. It possesses, too, the charm of harmonizing with all other delightful natural sounds. One of our closest observers and charming writers on bird life, Charles Dixon, says: "We have not a bird in Britain possessing a more varied melody than the song-thrush. His notes may be said to be almost endless in variety, each note seemingly uttered at the caprice of the bird, without any perceptible approach to order. I have often, when listening to his charming song, noted down as many of these variations as I could detect, and the result has surprised me. On one occasion I reckoned the variations as the bird was warbling from the summit of a stately ash, and obtained ten variations in one of the snatches of his song." The writer more than confirms Dixon in his frequent endeavours to reckon its sudden breaks and intermingling of notes, and always gave up the trial by reason of the musician's rapidity and perfectitude of each individual note, gliding one into the other, and yet leaving on the ear a completeness to every note, entirely free of monotony through its ever-changefulness. The thrush is the earliest bird in announcing the dawn of day. Before human eye detects the curtain lift, and before any visible change from darkness to light, a heavenly voice, in fullest melody, announces the approaching change, and in a few moments the heraldic declaration of the bird is slowly but unerringly manifest in the eastern sky. Oh, how blessed is that early morning proclamation to the wearied ones on beds of sickness, who in pain have during the hours of night been longing for day, hopeful of it yielding, if only by its variedness bringing, calm!

Without anything to denote to the exhausted watcher that the desired change is at hand, before the first streak of dawn can be detected by human eye to glimmer in the eastern horizon, the piercing power of the thrush sees the signs unkennded of mortals, and utters first a low whispering sound, seemingly of hesitation, but which

in a few moments gains strength and merges into clearly defined notes, the preparative tuning up of the musician, who is now satisfied that day is dawning, and prepares for its thanksgiving for the almighty glory. Wait but a little while, and the occasional sonorous saluting swells into a lovely song, continuous until the world around is filled with its glories. After these hymns of praise comes breakfast-time; but there is no hurriedness for the repast—the beads are counted and recounted, every conceivable note expressing as it were an exhaustion of gratitude, ere any sign is made of descent from the tree-top to partake of the morning meal. With seeming religious silence it appears on the ground, first taking a general survey of what has been provided; then with appreciative sense of thankfulness it sets to first on the worms, which, unseen by man, come to the surface in such numbers as to yield a hearty meal, completed with a dessert of insects, which also seem ready at hand in satisfaction of its long-abiding morning prayer.

So far as the writer's observation goes, the thrush rarely feeds more frequently than twice a day—early morning and evening. After breakfast he remains an hour or more in meditation, with





an occasional outburst ; but in the early spring he sings almost without intermission throughout the day, though later on, after the solstice, especially if the weather be hot, its song is principally confined to the morning and evening. It seems to acknowledge no defined period of day, and is one of the earliest as well as one of the latest of Britain's choir, commencing before daylight, and not desisting until the shades of night close in. In very dry weather, when worms fail to respond to its invitations to the surface, the bird shows great aptitude in searching out slugs and snails, the latter of which it will carry to and accumulate in large quantities at

the base of a hard-wood tree, if no large stones be at hand, in order to crack the shell—an operation performed with much skill by forcibly knocking it against the stone or tree-stump so as to get at the contents. This nut-cracking may be heard going on by different birds near each other, as though its normal, rather solitary habit gave way to the society of its kind at meal-times.



Converse with Nature in the wide parks from childhood early taught our Queen of the May that in February the birds pair, that the earth grows green and flowery in April and May and June, that August and September and October have their fruit harvest and crops, and that in November and December Nature settles herself to repose.

Larks, being affectionate creatures, had won her heart, in the knowledge that, when one of a pair is killed or wounded, the survivor will hover over it and flutter round, uttering notes of anguish that cannot be mistaken. Swallows show the same attachment to each other, and instances are known of one being shot when on the wing, when its companion fluttered down and quietly lay beside it, so overcome with grief as to allow itself to be taken up by the hand.

The most astonishing of intelligence in bird life comes of the





sparrow-hawk. It will lure the smaller birds to their destruction by skimming along the hedgerows at right angles, suddenly rising as it approaches them. In their eagerness to escape their pursuer the poor fugitives fly against the hedges, and thus become an easy prey to the hawk.

What would a birdless landscape be? No linked sweetness of the nightingale, no mellow fluting of the blackbird and thrush, no song of Shelley's skylark! The forest would be divested of its leaves by the ravages of caterpillars, the hedgerows too; the whitethorn no longer conceal the nightingale or her nest! Vain would be all search for the heath-bell, gemmed with dew; the tender primrose, the sparkling

coronet flung by Nature into the lap of early spring! Vainly should we seek the tender frill and leaves and fragile yellow blossoms of the winter aconite, or the refulgent crocus in its wild state, a very Field of the Cloth of Gold—now seen in many parts of England—more brilliant far than that on which Bluff Harry met Francis! (Wonderful is the effect of a gleam of sunshine over such an expanse of colour, as the glossy petals fall back to enjoy the welcome sunshine.) The hedgerows would be choked with rampant growth of noisome weeds, and the winged seeds of the thistle, no longer the food of the finch and linnet, float away over the fields. The insect world, unchecked by the police of Nature, have all their own way.



UNE and its following of summer months would yield excess of bloom for our May Queen's daily nosegays, of which, during this time of bounty, her refined taste would each day make many.

When autumn passed and winter verged, this fair daughter of the nation saw renewed beauties in the parks and hedgerows everywhere around the dear home in which she had been so judiciously nurtured by loving parents. The borders of the plantations at such seasons were richer in brilliant hues than at any other season, from the fiery crimson of leaf and berry on the wild hydrangea, the rosy pink of the spindle-tree, the scarlet of the wild hop, the rich purple black of the clustering sloes.

She would in eagerness gather bunches of spray and leaf and berry, of sapling oak and beech, of glossy texture and shades of crimson brown; the pale lemon yellow of the maple, and the withered leaves of the dogwood, which show on their under side a silvery grey. The waned year was full of charm to that young joyous life; her whistling was loud and of bird accuracy in accord with the varying months, and her fond father devoted in attendance on her wanderings as ever. The various phases even in the life of a leaf had her careful study,—teaching that when it becomes incapable of fulfilling its functions the passages are choked with matter; and there being no longer communication between its veins, it is thrown off. She knew that one of the first trees to change colour is the horse-chestnut (beneath its branches the ground is early strewn with its great orange leaves and prickly nuts), and that the maple and plane mostly but not always follow it quickly, yellow and blotched, the olive-toned stems of the latter being picturesque as they shed their flakes of bark and leave the pale patches beneath. Oh, how she would gloat over the golden birch displaying its bounteous fountain of drooping spray! The foliage of beeches is perhaps to her mind the most beautiful in its rich gamut of changeful hues. The sumach, too, is all aglow with crimson and gold. The elms and oaks are conspicuous in their brilliant colours, and the ash is of a lemon and tender green. She never omitted the virginian creeper, of fiery hues. Its brilliant festoons, as they droop down invitingly, are in the waned year at their best. Our young impressionable May Queen fully realized the Music of Rural Life—that it exists even in a monotone, be it the piping of a bullfinch, the “pink, pink” of the chaffinch, the cawing of the rook, the moist crake of the landrail, or the shrill trumpeting of the gnat. As she wandered unobserved across the Petersham meadows and by the river-side, the sighing of the wind in

the tree-tops to the click of the grasshopper and the crackle of bursting seed-pods in autumn sunshine would disclose an infinity of tones and cadences. The season of jubilant bird-song may have gone by. Brown Philomel and the black-cap wanderer are whispering to their young in the orange groves of Italy. Only the pigeon is heard in the woods; while the robin, whose song has already the further touch of plaintiveness, approaches man's home, and brings out Lady Wantage's inimitable gift of description.



The garden at time of sadly shortened days to her was as attractive as at any time. Great marrows gleamed among the still rampant leaves, and drooping clusters hung on the runners.

A happy girlhood spent in Nature studies in these parks could not fail to mould a naturally sweet disposition and develop the charms so specially distinguishing the loved one of Richmond. Old irregular hedgerows were always beautiful to her, especially in the spring-time, when the grass and mosses and flowering weeds mingle both with the bushes and creeping plants that overhang them. Here she would find the clinging white-veined ivy, crawling up the slopes in every direction; there the delicate wood-sorrels, the regular pink



stars of the crane-bill with its beautiful leaves, the bright foliage of the briar-rose, the bramble, and the woodbine, creeping round the foot of a pollard oak, the blackthorn with its lingering blossoms, the hawthorn with its swelling buds, the bushy maple, the long stems of the hazel, and between them a golden plume of the blossomed broom. On the meadowy

side of the bank sheep would be bleating, and every here and there a young lamb would thrust its pretty head between the trees.

The numerous copses are ever-varying in their delights, especially where only one-half the underwood was cut last year, and the other remains at its full growth—hazel, briar, woodbine, forming one impenetrable thicket, and almost uniting with the lower branches of the trees growing beside. Her feet are unable to penetrate the dense and thorny entanglement; but there is a walk by the side of the sloping bank and copse, carpeted with primroses, whose fresh and balmy odour impregnates the air. It is not the primroses only, but the natural mosaic of which they form a part—that network of ground ivy, with its lilac blossoms and the subdued tint of its purplish leaves, those rich mosses, those enamelled wild hyacinths, those spotted arums, and those wreaths of ivy, linking all together with chains of leaves more beautiful than blossoms, whose white veins seem swelling amidst the deep green or splendid brown. It was very pleasant to sit in

some soft-grassed spot, and listen to the unearthly sound of the wind creaking among the branches, and the wood-pigeons flitting from tree to tree, and mixing their deep notes of love with elemental music.

There are shady lanes on edges of the parks, almost wild districts, ever picturesque and romantic, but peculiarly brilliant and glowing when the luxuriant orange flowers of the furze are in height of bloom, stretching around like a sea of gold, and loading the air with their rich almond odour, giving splendour to the hitherto brown, barren, shaggy heath. Whether climbing up the bank and mixing with the thick plantation, or chequered with brown heath and green turf; or circling round the pool, or edging the dark morass inlaid with the silky tufts of the cotton-grass, or mixing by the roadsides with the shining and varied bark,—in every form or variety the furze is beauty itself. It is in the gorse the linnnet sings its low sweet song to cheer his brown mate, whose nest is safely hidden in its prickly and stubborn recesses.

Snug sheltered spots in almost any lane and woodland will in course of February yield its golden sprigs, *Ulex Europæus*. In some countries it is called "fuzz," and is one of the most glorious of Britain's floral products, giving a sight of its unique loveliness during every month of the year, and always held its own in our young Princess's wild



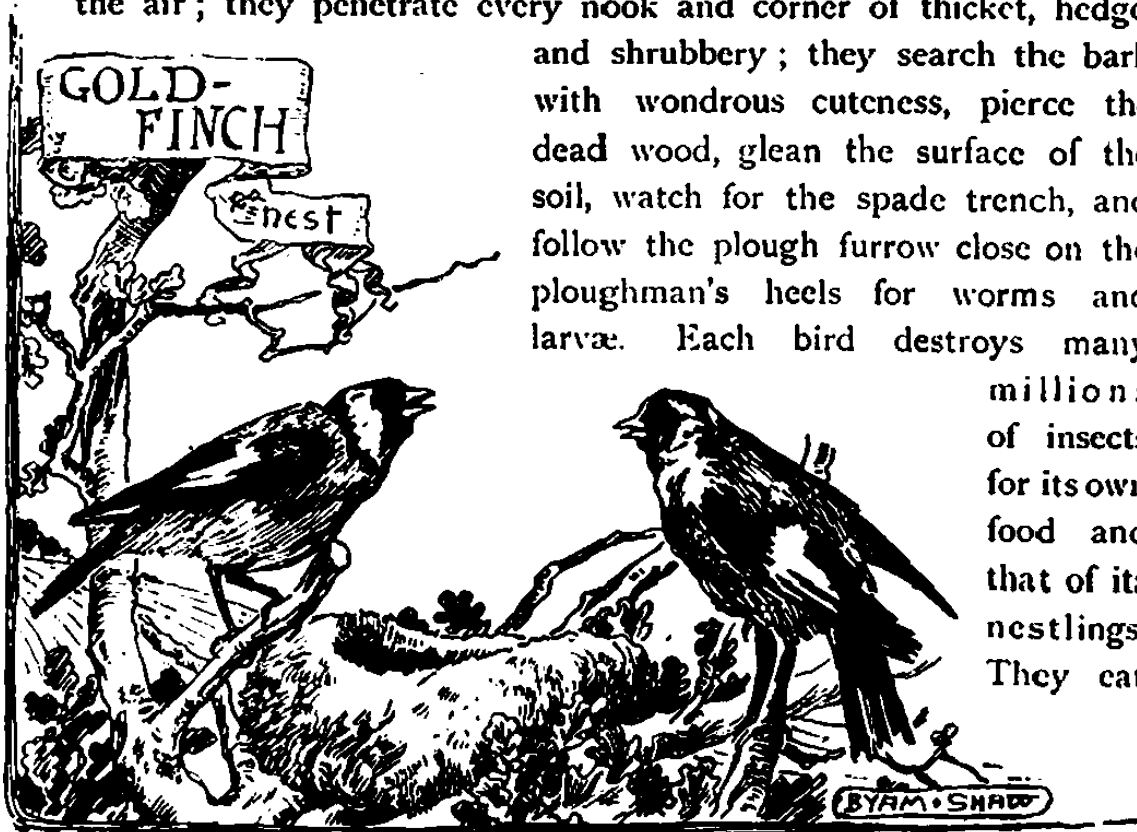
bouquets. Its bright yellow clusters are often glazed with the hoar-frost, and—daring a touch from any intruding finger to detach a sprig for one's season bouquet—marks with a remnant of beauty the else unblooming neighbourhood.

“It is bristled with thorns, I confess,  
But so is the much-flattered Rose ;  
Is the Sweetbriar lauded the less  
Because among prickles it grows?”

Who would wish it one thorn less, even though its piercing arrows draw blood from finger-tips!

Roaming in the parks and fields adjacent would impress that there are no such earnest entomologists as birds. They depasture the air ; they penetrate every nook and corner of thicket, hedge,

and shrubbery ; they search the bark with wondrous cuteness, pierce the dead wood, glean the surface of the soil, watch for the spade trench, and follow the plough furrow close on the ploughman's heels for worms and larvæ. Each bird destroys many millions of insects for its own food and that of its nestlings. They eat



what they like, wipe their beaks on a tree bough, return thanks in a song, and wing away to a quiet nook to doze or meditate, snug from the merciless hawk that spheres about far up in the ether. The worst that can be said of them is their relish for variety. They do love currants, cherries, and strawberries; and if a clearance of a special row of marrowfat peas is desired, commend me to a pair of jays for rapid and thorough doing of the work. And it is a dishonest and mean spirit that grudges the poor birds their tithe. It is yielded the parson for his ghostly instruction. Why should any man drive the birds from his garden in fruit-time? They have a joint ownership; it is theirs as mine. We have lived to see that the age has not become emptied of sentiment, nor has it outgrown emblems and symbols. It flings aside only empty emblems, and treats lightly coats-of-arms, probably through the tax-collector having an eye on the bearers; but it courts the rose and lily more than did the poetic Orient, and loves each autumn leaf and blade of grass that stands as an emblem of Nature. The great annual religious festivals grow in interest as the years pass, and every home is full of mementoes of field and land and sea. The laurel, the pine, the holly, the oak, the ivy, the mistletoe, the stork, the swallow, are gathered together to remind the soul of Nature or of friendship, of the return of spring or of autumn's sober and regretful days. The age is not so cold or uncanny as is by some said.

Within twenty-four hours either side of the 16th of April Richmond's Queen of the May would know with certainty that the male nightingale was wearily resting in the bush sacred through many seasons as its home, although a great distance from her chamber window. After a brief rest, enough of strength would be vouchsafed to recognize the soft lurings of the Princess's whistle; the first responses



*Richmond's May Queen.*

would be barely articulate, for the poor bird was too wearied after its long voyage to utter more than a feeble token of recognition, though it failed not in exciting throbs of the tender heart of its White Lodge welcomer. This evidence of physical weakness, in often needing several days' rest ere equal to full tuning up, clearly indicates the having travelled a longer distance than generally assigned. Rarely does it sing much before the 25th, and in unfavourable seasons, when the

female is delayed, will often remain silent until our Richmond Queen's Name Day, May 1st, thus specially honouring its Park protector.

From unquestionable authority in several cases as to the weariness of nightingales after alighting from migratory flight, seven hours of perfect stillness have been known ere dear Philomel realizes being in the old home.





FEW localities can be named in which the nightingale is more at home than round about Richmond, its parks, and Kew Gardens; these have ever been its favourite resorts. Experience, however, proves the error of naming Nightingale's Valley, leading from the Hill downward towards Buccleuch. We have never heard the bird there, although farther on towards Petersham it is thoroughly at home, and may be said to hold possession of numerous bushes outlining Petersham meadows. The wrongly bestowed name would correctly apply to the surroundings of Sidmouth Wood. In no place in

England does the bird more abound; at morn, noon, and night of its period of fullest song it is sure here to be heard, each musician vying with his nearest neighbour. Its strains may be recognized, even by the most listless observer, whilst hundreds of other birds are singing; nor is it possible to mistake them when they have been once heard, for they are loud, rich, mellow, silvery, and clear, full of sprightliness and vivacity, with exception of occasionally three or four lengthened notes, beginning very *piano*, and gradually rising to *crescendo* and *forte*, and of peculiarly sad, plaintive character. Did we not know that each had its allotted resting bush, one would say this near Thames Valley spot is of all others its arrival port, from which after distribution takes place.

There are special places on the edge of Wimbledon Common where also nightingales abound, spots where there is thick under-

growth of brambles and hazels, with a casual holly, loved retreats for the dear bird, from which in former years the constant crack of the rifle failed to banish it. Here they still make their homes, singing all day and all night, and as old Walton says, "Breathe such sweet musick out of their little instrumental throats, that it might make mankind to think that miracles had not ceased."

At eventide it is quiet until all other birds are silent; then it



quietly preludes with an overture of a few moments; and when the moon is seen for long hours, it continues the whole night, and we have never known it cease until several hours after the sun has risen. It joys in hearing its call imitated; and if the whistler courting acquaintance gives an approach to true notes, as those of our May Queen, who is supreme, it will, on a moonshine night, respond, and glide into its rhapsodies; the very causes presumable as disturbers of a shy bird act to set it going and develop its powers. It has never been heard farther north than York, nor is it known in North Wales,

while Somersetshire is the limit of its western range. No explanation of this has yet been afforded, although it would seem to be strangely arbitrary, as some of the counties it avoids are remarkable for balminess of climate: its favourite food, and the thick tangled underwood and rank vegetation which it loves, are at least as plentiful in these parts as in the counties to which it resorts; nor can it be the coldness of the climate in the northern counties that prevents its visiting these, as it is common in much more northern latitudes in other countries. The writer's tale of life is drawn out enough to have accompanied with the great naturalist Audubon in his American home during 1849, and he accepts this highest observant authority's dictum that "Philomel's voice is peerless."

Our May Queen's love of Nature compares with Tennyson's walk with a dear friend on a dark, wild night. Knowing





the dangers of the place, and the poet's near-sightedness, his friend feared for his safety; however, he trudged on through the thick grass with his stick. Presently he dropped on hands and knees; and when asked what was the matter, he answered, "Violets, man — violets! Get you down

and have a smell; it will make thee sleep the better."

"Put them in my breast—we will gather more in spring—in *heaven*," murmured the fluttering parting breath.

How interesting in early summer to watch the swallows' marvellous flight, wheeling and gliding as they twist and turn in zigzag fashion, or flitting over the village pond, dipping in its placid water, and leaving dimpling circles on the surface of the pool, marking the course of their erratic gyrations; anon hovering above you for a second or two like miniature hawks, uttering all the while their soft twittering notes, whisking over the hedge into the green embowered lane, decked with flowing sprays of the woodbine and the rose! All the swallow tribe abound in the Thames Valley, from Moulsey down to Kew: their habits may be carefully learned. The swift, the house-martin, the sand-martin, all are here in early arrival, and remain until sky-grey thinness causes them to leave and seek warmth and food elsewhere. In swallow times a stroll along any of the more

rural districts of the Thames, especially at mowing time, has charms—through delightfully cool and refreshing shade, and the gentle airs that whisper along these wooded paths, where no mowing-machines are availed of to bring down the heavy swards of grass. One may, in such spots, yet see the white-shirted mowers busy with the scythe, hear every now and then the sound of the whetstone on the blade, and the measured swish through the knee-deep grasses; while just beyond lies the broad silver ribbon in devious folds along the valley. Keeping close to the bank, and walking along the margin of the stream, silently and smoothly glides the flower-margined Thames; with tufts of loosestrife, rosy, purple, and yellow, foamy meadow-sweet, mallow, water forget-me-not, foxglove, and the geranium, the last named not common but exceedingly beautiful—the thud of oars, the gently flowing stream, and the shimmer and whisperings of overhanging leaves, the perfume wafted through the screen of pink thorns calling for a pause to look about and inhale the grateful fragrance.

Oh, how these tramps at swallow times were enjoyed by the thoughtful happy girl of the White Lodge, whose loving father was ever her attendant and keen as herself in observations of Nature! How excited was her sympathetic nature in picking up birds killed by the telegraph



wires, so destructive to all migratory birds, as to the whole feathered tribe! Wires with strong batteries exist all along the French coast; and as the poor swallows arrive, tired and worn-out, they alight on them to rest; a powerful shock is their cruel welcome, causing death to hundreds.

The writer witnessing the simple, unostentatious home-leaving of the fair bride, as, accompanied by her loving father on the eve of her



union, she passed through White Lodge gates, could but contrast St. James's Palace surroundings with the rural charms and youthful associations the sweet maiden was resigning. There is pleasure in the conviction that the remembrances of her Richmond home will be hers through life, as we fondly hope may be the frequent opportunities of revisiting the scenes of so great happiness.

See the swallows at times ascend above the tall elms, carelessly

describing large, ever-varying circles round the tree-tops, then descending like a rocket with great velocity, a long, headlong dive, down, down—their plumage flashing in the sun—as though they were going to dash themselves to pieces on the ground; then with a sudden turn of the wings darting off at a tangent, skimming away above the grasses in the flower-bespangled meadow, till their infinite turnings and twistings are lost to view in the distance. Ere break of morn in spring, while waiting for confirmation of daylight, the swallows' sweet ditty, with its gurgling notes, will often cheer from the cottage eaves: the birds keeping up the musical rhythm in a soft subdued tone, with slight interruption, for a long while, now and then a low sweet prelude, gradually raising their song into a charming symphony,—frequently, too, in the dark, when everything else is hushed, the songsters seemingly waiting for the first grey streaks of dawn; but when the sun arises in all its splendour, they get more restless, and their notes are louder, just before they dash forth to commence their labours for the day.

Ham Common, the meadows of Petersham, and others of the people's free ownings in Richmond's beauteous neighbourhood, have, in the past, had to fight manfully for their rights, and would long since have been annexed and swallowed up by avaricious land-grabbers but for their sturdy foes. Happily discomfiture has attended all such attempts in recent times, though one can look on many a field and many an aristocratic house site that in no very back date must have been filched from the commonwealth. The tendency of these utilitarian times is forcibly impressed by a back glance at an imagined appearance of London's rural neighbourhoods in Elizabeth's time, and may well occasion an unpleasant concern among the lovers of our English rural scenery. What changes came in the wake of the steam-engine, steam-plough, or under the smoke shadows of the factory chimney, and what



"improvements" may these yet suggest and induce! One sees, in any direction of travel, these changes going on silently. Little unique fields, defined by lines and shapes unknown to geometry, are, in many parts of the country, fast going out of the rural landscape. And when they are gone, they will be missed more than the amateurs of agricultural artistry imagine. What has been said of the peasantry may be said with almost equal application of these picturesque bits of land, which—

"Once destroyed, never can be supplied."

There is much reason to fear that the hedges and trees will, in the end, meet with a worse fate still. Practical farmers look upon them with an evil eye,—an eye sharp and severe with pecuniary speculation; that looks at an oak or elm with no artist reverence; that darts a hard, dry, timber-estimating glance at the trunks and branches; that looks at the circumference of its cold shadow on the earth beneath, not at the grand contour and glorious leafage of its boughs above, and



who, on passing a noble, large, out-branching oak, standing in the boundary of two fields, passes a remark that the detriment of its shadow could not have been less than a certain number of shillings per annum for half a century past. The three great distinctive graces of an English landscape are the hawthorn hedges, the

hedgerow trees, and the everlasting and unapproachable greenness of the grass fields they surround and embellish. These make the peculiar charm of our rural scenery to travellers from abroad: the salient lineaments of Motherland's face, which the memories of myriads she has sent to people countries



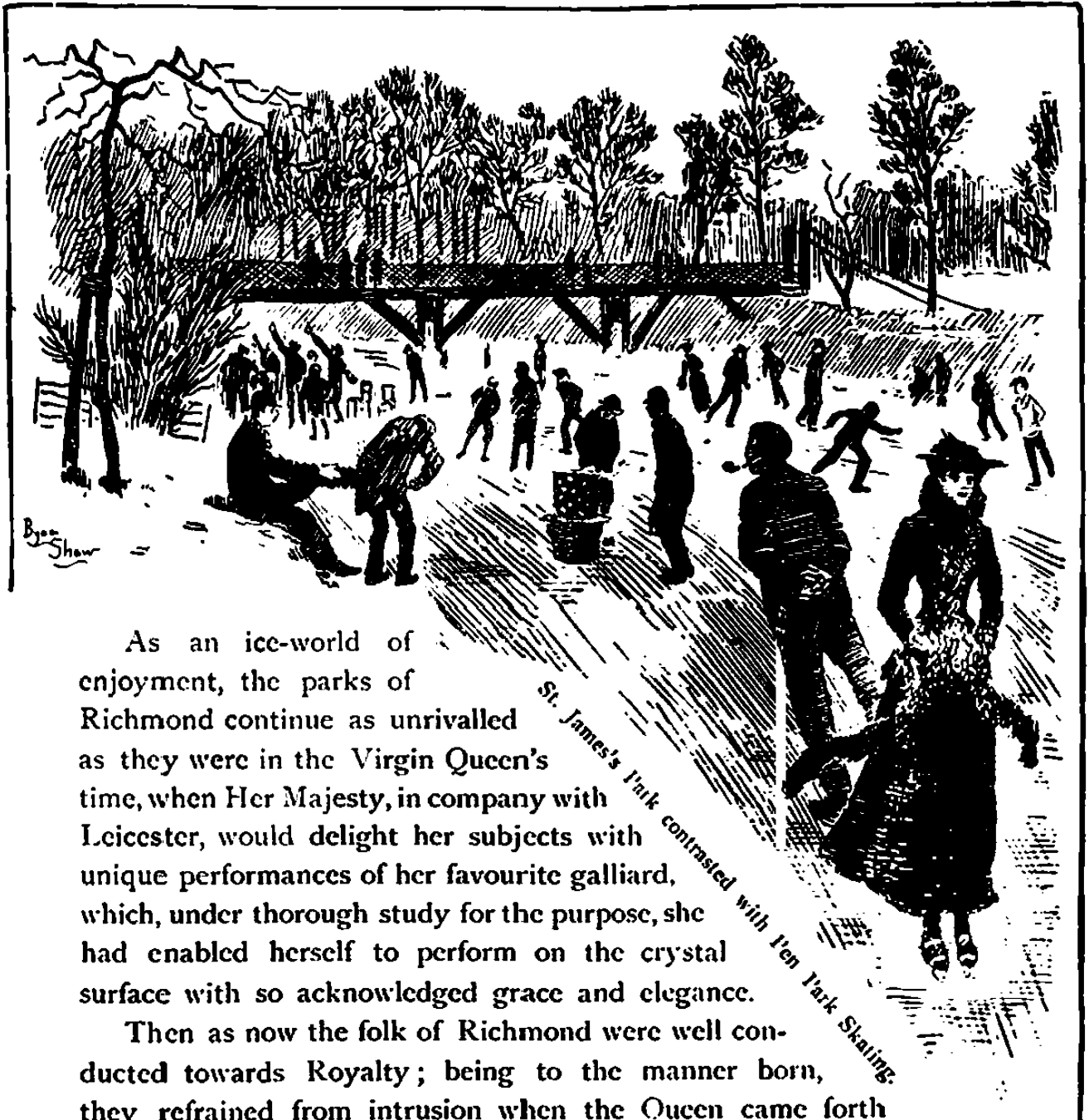
beyond the seas cling to with such fondness—memories that are transmitted from generation to generation, which no political revolutions nor severances can affect, and which are handed down in the unwritten legends of family life, and in the warp and woof of the literature of the new peoples springing from our loins. Will new utilitarians and unsparing science of the early future shear away these beautiful tresses, and leave the brow and temples of the matured land they grace, bare and brown under the bald and burning sun of political economy? We trust not!

Late in the season the sensitive nasturtium ceases to yield a bloom; its elegant leafage, richer for autumn dews, still scrambles over the gardener's cottage fence or twines around the porch. Lingered roses—crimson, cherry red, yellow, and spotless white—are perhaps more fragrant and beautiful and more cherished than in the heart of summer. Dahlias of every colour; the lovely herbaceous anemone, its showy petals surrounding a corona of golden stamens; the host



of perennial sunflowers and deep orange rudbeckia, the great aster family (Michaelmas daisies), stocks and campanulas, pentstemons, heliotrope, and mignonette, — all these and many more held back from death some blooms for the Royal maiden. She never lacked in lustrous gaze on the sombre yews and cedars, and the gloomy vistas beyond; nor did she fail to pause over the tombstones of the year, as if there were no resurrection to come. As the year death approached she relied on her Christmas roses, of which there was a goodly stock hidden away in a quiet corner of White Lodge garden. A childhood and youth so spent among all that is beautiful in Nature, with great depth of mind, well-

balanced judgment, gifted with an understanding of marked clearness in perception, withal of a loving and sympathetic character, carefully guided with silken cord by a fond and most judicious mother—this fair daughter of Richmond became eminently fitted to fill the exalted station which under God's providence may be her lot.



As an ice-world of enjoyment, the parks of Richmond continue as unrivalled as they were in the Virgin Queen's time, when Her Majesty, in company with Leicester, would delight her subjects with unique performances of her favourite galliard, which, under thorough study for the purpose, she had enabled herself to perform on the crystal surface with so acknowledged grace and elegance.

Then as now the folk of Richmond were well conducted towards Royalty; being to the manner born, they refrained from intrusion when the Queen came forth to her ice-galliard. So now may Richmond's Queen of the May,

attended by her Royal relatives, enter the great ice-pond in surety of freedom from mobbery. In the grand Pen Pond of Richmond there is skating for everybody; especially are the boys in wondrous force. Did anybody in the universe ever see such wonderful imaginations as boys possess? Here is a troop of them upon a patch of ice situate by the roadside *en route* for the great ice-fields,



about as big, though not so warm and comfortable, as a frying-pan, and as long as its handle, indulging their native-born fondness for sliding. Well, to these fanciful fellows, with their large eyes, it looms up a real lake, and a dozen of them who have sacrificed their all



for the possession of skates of one sort or another have donned their odd machines to enjoy it. Some are shod with an odd one, some with two of most varied family, and all are firing away pell-mell in every possible direction. There are two under full steam; they collide—they hook together—down they go. These are embryo engineers practising for future colli-

sions. Where the line of travel is limited to the dimensions of a chess-board, of course accidents must be expected, and they cannot very well come singly; and so it happens with our boy skaters.

Besides these are the far more numerous class of poor boys destitute of skates, who rejoice with exuberant spirit in the more



The Queen of the May and her brother skating.

primitive "slide." It is probable these have more real enjoyment than the metal-mounted. They go at it with unquenchable zeal, and when sliding are as closely packed as herrings in a barrel. Their cheery shouts, as they change from the slide to renew the fun over and over again, are such as only English boys can raise.



Our Artist working in the Cold.

A winter ramble in Richmond's parks and Kew Gardens reminds that, like folk with remains of beauty, they have much left of what belonged to them in brighter seasons. It will be seen that the winter sky fails not in yielding glorious sunsets, the hills their blue remote, the fields their chasing lights and shadows, the woods their bareness veiled by distance.

Richmond's fair one was once induced by Royal relatives to visit

St. James's Park, as finer field for indulging in skating; her loyalty to Pen Park waters, on which from childhood she had disported, soon brought her back, with assurance of the great inferiority of London's pond.

The earnest young naturalist, Richmond's Queen of the May, even in wintry months made early sallies in pursuit of the few flowers of the forest that ventured their display. But she never returned to her joyous home, the White Lodge, without



proofs of her intense love of Nature; indeed, these winter nose-gay wild-flower results were valued as the rarest and loveliest, possessing the recommendation of being procurable by none



but intensely earnest hands. Her posy, even on a January bitter morning, would contain a buttercup, searched out from a spot sheltered and favoured of the sun ere the god had attained its meridian, and which shortly before reaching it gracefully and coyly turns its face.



Christmas Rose.

A January buttercup is always far more brilliant and delicate-looking than later on, when in masses covering the meadows. It seems to feel that it has peered out before its time, its stalks are longer, and the flower quickly succumbs to a cold wind. Then there were rare days yielding a violet cuddled in a southern corner, betraying its whereabouts by delicious and most refined of all odours. Rarely would pass a day, unless deep snow held sway, when her old friend the dandelion, of the naughty and undeserved bad name her maid had bestowed upon it, was unprocurable. She would remark on the shallowness of learned botanists, who say that it does not bloom until May, whereas she knew well where in Richmond Park



dells to hunt out roots impudently boasting blooms in all their golden glory in early January. Well did the joyous young Park rover know that it fails in untimely seasons to develop its white round seed-heads, in which at earliest dawn of youth she, like other girls, found her clocks, formed by the expansion of their down, evincing never-ending delight in telling the hour through puffing off the down, each break counting one. The creeping crowfoot, too, declared its value as of high estimate for winter wild bouquets. It and its protectors the buttercup and dandelion could generally be found in the long grass; and especially would the dainty fingers unearth them from under bramble-stalks and twigs of the red dogwood. The groundsel, too, was an ever stand-by, doubly dear as the delicacy above all others for her home pet birds. Botanically it told her that, like all of the Linnæan class to which it belongs, it consists of an assemblage of small flowerets, enclosed within its envelope receptacle. She knew that it was the grey aspect of its flower when arrayed with its down-invested seed that suggested its name, *senecio*, from the Latin *senex*, "an old man," whose hoary hairs it may be thought to represent. Then would be found in her Nature's winter bouquet the white dead-nettle (well known to all, and properly called Peeping Nanny), and a little later on the red dead-nettle: no heed would either get when other flowers abound. These, with winter aconite, bear's-foot, and chickweed, with lovely blooms of helibore, Christmas roses and sprigs of *Daphne mezereum*, and the peerless laurestinus, culled from the shrubberies as she entered her home, composed her winter outdoor nosegays. Never during the long life we pray may be hers will any be fraught with lesser delight. Who can wonder at the Christmas rose being the idol flower of England's winter? In an ordinary garden, and in almost any aspect, it yields a great profusion of flowers, rose-like, at about Christmas, and continuing into March. In mid-January as

many as forty flower-stalks may oft be counted springing out of one root. The leaves of the plant are highly ornamental throughout the year, of a deep green colour, and finely divided. It is a poisonous plant, yet containing an energetic medicinal principle. It is this flower the ancient Gauls strewed over their floors, as hallowing their homes from the presence and power of evil spirits. So also it is the plant from which the presumed miracle of Joseph of Arimathea's staff originated. The saint stuck his staff into the ground at Glastonbury Abbey, where the legend assumes it to have taken root, and ever since to have bloomed at Christmas-time. Happily, we need not travel so far to enjoy the sight, as the humblest garden in almost any part of England may possess the lovely flower as its chief winter charm. Who shall apply derogatory terms to the winter season, which presents the naturalist with so beautiful an emblem, coming as it were to keep the heart from withering amidst the despondency spoken of by some as the outcome of the New Year handmaid? If winter could show no other pledge, surely the Christmas rose should suffice for the hardest heart. Its charming white chalices develop themselves undaunted by the severest frost, and continue to bloom amidst overwhelming wreaths of snow, conscious of no rival.

In their varied dells and in the trunks of trees in advanced age, the parks of Richmond afford study objects in mosses and lichens unsurpassed; none of these had escaped the eagle eye of the fair maiden in her rambles, pursued in winter with as great earnestness as at other seasons. Though the less



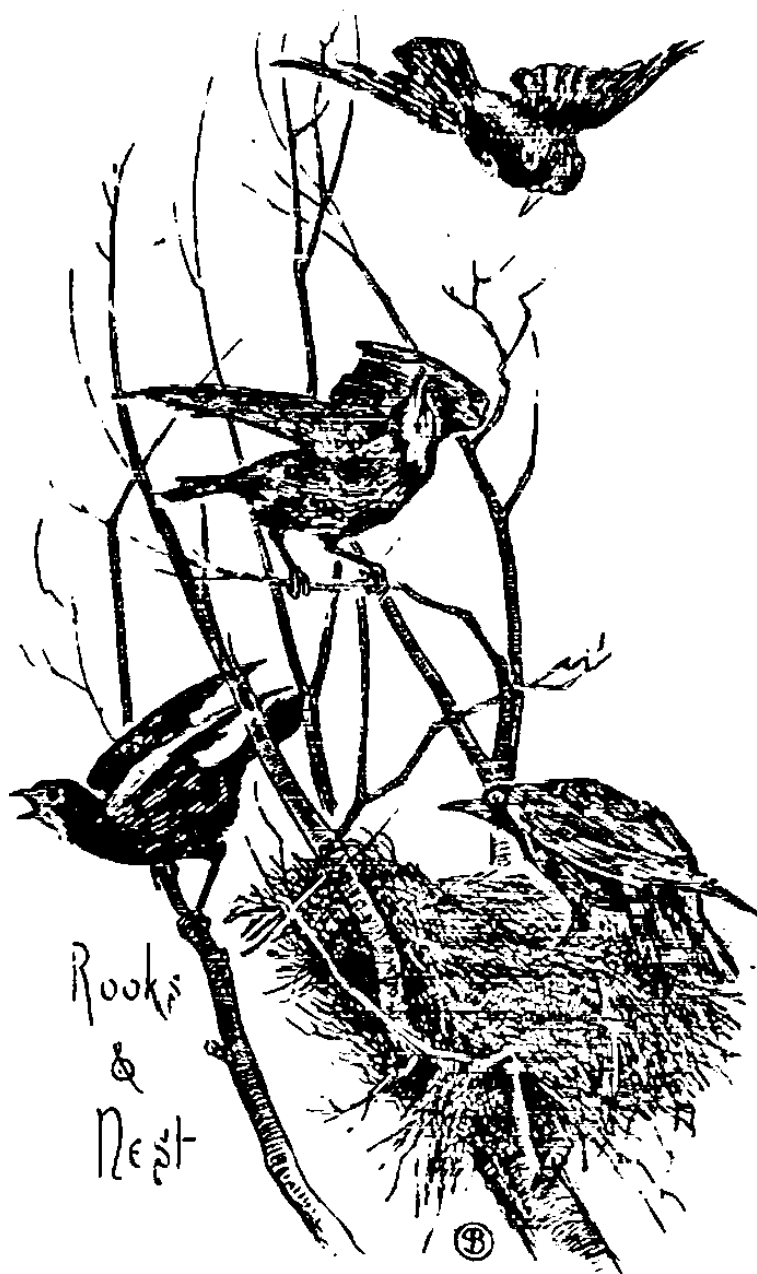


thoughtful see little to interest in these objects, they were to her all-absorbing. But perhaps the most beautiful of all is the "silver-cup" moss, the silvery cup of which is shaped like a nest and the spores inside look like eggs, such as a bird no larger than a gnat might

build to breed in. This moss is more generally found on decayed wood. How a Sir John Lubbock must revel in these minute marvels of Nature! The lynx-eyed naturalist can find little comparative pleasure in herding with those of his brethren of Lombard Street who may be entirely given over to money beaverism acquisitiveness. In their satisfying enjoyments of the wonders of the field at this time such naturalists ponder on the spider shooting out its web, and are driven out of their sordid thoughts, hard economies, penurious realities, and stingy self-conceits. The delight of such studies is as a bath to the soul, in which is washed away the grime of human contacts, the sweat and dust of life among selfish sordid men, making the thoughts more supple to climb among the ways where spiritual fruits do grow, introducing the soul to a fuller conviction of the Great Unseen, teaching it to esteem this visible as less real than things which no eye can see nor hands handle. Such discourse of the thoughts with the divinely beautiful, such an opening of the soul to things which are sweet-breathed, make one joyful at the time and thereafter. It tells us that the earth is the Lord's, and that God yet walks among leaves and trees, directing and caring for the minutest creature of His created power, and brought into life for purposes we wot not of.

Coming round the end of the Park, at no great distance a family of ancient lineage has made way for one of the many nowadays *nouveaux riches*; we are saluted by loud cawing and commotion among the rooks, who on the strength of the sun's warmth are in council on the usual all-important matter of nesting. Every year there is much discussion as to how many and which of the old nests shall be availed of for this year's nursery purposes—a subject to which even one day's few hours of sun proves a never-failing invocation. It is on these occasions of clamour in January they in council determine which birds

shall resort to the old and which are to take on them the labour of constructing the new houses of sticks sufficing for the number



of pairs contemplating matrimony. The jackdaws here abounding, of which there were numerous knight-errants, were not allowed to take part; these sat apart by themselves on lower branches, presumably that their ilk are occasionally denied gentle dalliance with any daughter of the rook family, however of the season amorously inclined. The jackdaws evidently had no part or parcel in the delicate forehand matters, subjects of discussion and decision at the council thus early in the year. May it not be that these wise rooks were in conclave as to the new occupant of the old residence?—which, like so many other good old homes of England, has of late years yielded to the great inevitable fall in estate rentals; or, alas! more frequently to the squandering habits of some thoughtless young heritor given to evil ways, the outcome of horse-racing vice, the modern dread, which have sundered him, as many others, from parental acres, and brought about a condition degradent to the lineage of which he has proved so unworthy a link. The sad aspect of the situation at the moment presented seems to dawn on the rookery, whose families for many generations have held possession of the tall elms, and cawed with so great solemnity when considering its effect on their own future. Let us hope that the successors to the old homestead may prove equal to their newly acquired responsibilities, bearing in mind how much of good and gentle bearing marked their predecessors, of whom it may be said the place shall know them no more. There is much of sadness in the change, but we will hope for good coming out of it; and that wealth, despite the descending with suddenness, may be dispensed thoughtfully.

In Bacon's time there was a large colony of rooks in Gray's Inn Gardens, and there is a superstition that, when the great philosopher fled from the Black Death and took up his quarters at St. Margaret's, the rooks followed his example. Be this as it may, the wise birds

have gradually decreased in Gray's Inn, until there are none left. Their vacating has been a sorrow to many eminent lawyers. The pertinacity with which these birds will stick to localities in busiest London is very remarkable. A family have until recently homed in a tree in Cheapside. The Cheapside colony have from time to time excited great interest. It would be deserted for several years; then again the tree would come into favour; then again it would remain untenanted for several years. After an interval of six years two pairs agreed to take possession in 1863. The remains of former tenants' nests had nearly disappeared; only a few straggling sticks remained; but renewal was speedily accomplished, each hatched out their young, and there existed a strong bond of union in the two families. Young and old took themselves off, and the race has forsaken the spot. The rook, like all his tribe, is a great digger and delver, no food being so enjoyable as that he has with bill-spade dug out of the earth. The non-indulgence of the instinct amid large cities is probable cause of the birds' desertion. Another pair built a nest on the crown which surmounts the vane of St. Olave's Church, and another between the wings of the dragon on Bow Church, and there has been a small colony for many years in Curzon Street, Mayfair.

There are few districts of England yielding more typically the old-fashioned roadside tavern, aspiring not to the dignity of an inn, as in roads round about Richmond's parks and the neighbourhoods of Wimbledon and villages around,—hostelries of either one or other kind one reads about in story-books, and sometimes see reproduced on the stage, illustrating a form of drama happily as yet free and undivorced from poetry and sentiment—a dear old roadside shelter for wanderers and vagabonds, such as the writer, with a widespread tree and a circular bench in front of it, and a table and benches in

the open, outside the hospitable door, ready for the passing waggoner. There will be found the usual red curtains to the front windows; and these look so well at night-time, when the candles and lamps are lighted, and the labourers are at their village gossip inside. If an excuse be needed for, perhaps, too frequent finding oneself ensconced in the public-room resort, in the fullest enjoyment of the calumet of peace, is it pure falsity to urge that our time is thus bestowed that we may get better acquainted with the peculiarities of village life? Is there not gain to the mind by stealing away from life's hardships

to more genial mental indulgence?

The deer, so prominent a feature in Richmond Park, and which add so greatly to its interest, with the millions wandering therein during the year's round, were to the May Queen living objects of affection. Nowhere are these creatures, associated with the dwellings of lordly races, to be seen in such variety or varied beauty as here. In some places you come upon them in herds, and at other points you find them in couples, peacefully cropping the greensward or busy barking branches of trees strewn for their repast



"Ora pro nobis."

or as often seen contending with each other in fight with skill and dexterity worthy of their owners. The fallow or spotted deer are by nature the gentlest; hundreds of them seemed intuitively known to our Queen of the May, and would bound to her for food, and as lovingly receive it from her hand. Nor had she any fear of the red-deer, who would wander around the boundary of her home, seemingly peering about for her presence, and often taking a bath for her delight in the little brook that runs into the northern pond, close at hand to White Ash Lodge. All were her friends at every season; none had fears on her approach.

At time of quitting the loved haunts of girlhood, there existed within compass of our May Queen's strolls a heronry, which interested her greatly. The bird, though wary and difficult of approach, is yet in many of its habits very stupid. This family was given to home-moving, generally selecting fir-trees; and for a while there was appearance of their forsaking the Park altogether, through ill-advised cutting down trees close on their boundary, the exposure being very naturally resented. The authorities exercised wise and timely interference. The heron territories were ordered to be no more besieged, a command yielding appreciated repose to the poor harassed birds, who, since the moment of their protection, show family increase and satisfaction. Richmond heronry is more interesting than ever before. Carrion-crows, of which there are numbers around Mortlake, attracted by offal of market-gardens, waged successful war on these herons, thus adding to their troubles.

Let none imagine that the proverbial Cockney naturalist is unfamiliar with the voice of Philomel; for he, the denizen of Whitechapel, of all others, knows best its every note, and this chiefly through Richmond and certain parts of easy Essex access. Nightingales, as is well known, yield their presence to but few of our English counties,



though we will yet hope for an extension of the area. During nightingale season the artisans of Cockneydom pour out by thousands to the loved bird's known early arrival haunts, and are familiar with the very bushes honoured year by year with seat of proclamation. Multitudes of strangers from distant parts, and even residents within radius of twenty miles, eagerly inquire where they may be sure to be gladdened with the voice of the charmer. As unfailing guidance the western entrance of the enclosure around Sidmouth Wood is a sure neighbourhood for the glorious bird first tuning up its voice on arrival, after long wearisome travel, preparatory, after strength gaining, to pouring forth its song in all its grandeur in full daytime and in cumulative contest. A little later on its unmistakable thrill is sure to be daily and nightly heard in the near-at-hand hedges and meadows leading to Petersham. They arrive early and continue long in these their plaisances, doubtless their happy possessions of long past, and which myriads of their offspring rightly claim as their birthplace and heritage. The weavers and cloud of ardent naturalists from Northern sections who annually visit nightingale territories, and who desire to spend their little hoard to best advantage, will appreciate this information as to where greatest gratification is sure.

We may be sure our May Queen frequently strayed into the close-at-hand purlieus of her maternal ancestor Elizabeth, every inch of which, though in condition scarcely realizable as the seat of so great historic associations in the past, possesses charms in the venerable trees surviving all other records. Looking across the river from the Old Palace site into St. Margaret's, one is confronted with the site of Bacon's home and that of Sir Walter Raleigh; here especially the great essayist is present in the presence of trees planted by his own hand in his hour of repentant sorrow. Round about St. Margaret's and Isleworth exist noble elms and cedars, as also venerable oaks,

that flourished long prior to our eminent philosopher's time, and one of which in its decrepitude may yet be seen in company with a fine copper beech and noble elms in the enclosure of Ranelagh Drive, fronting on the river. On these his name should be inscribed on tablets, and hung on their hearts. These elms are models of exquisite



An Ice Scene in Richmond Park.

symmetry and beauty. There are few trees comparable with the elm. The oak is venerable by association; none in Richmond royalties can boast of greater antiquity or association with men who graced the annals of the Elizabethan age, as of its galaxy of true greatness, than the oak trunk whose grim and ragged glory is best looked upon from the Middlesex end of the Richmond Lock and Weir Bridge. The elms in this enclosure shoot up channeled and corrugated, as if their

athletic muscles showed their proportions through the bark, like Hercules' limbs through his tunic. The elm in the state of these trees in the Ranelagh enclosure, though suggestive of strength and uprightness, holds its own in grandeur of graceful beauty. Time is the only architect of such structures. Truly blessed are they for whom Time has created such surroundings.

Skating, so prominent a feature of winter life at White Lodge, has already been familiarized. Our artist has placed the reader on the ground in delightful minuteness. Where is the spot on earth that ever knew ice equal for skating delights to Pen Pond? How bound up it is with the May Queen's winter outdoor joys with her brothers! How pleasant the retrospect of invigorating days, yielding ruddy cheeks and insatiable appetites!

The writer feels that he has wandered, perhaps intrusively and too long, in the seductive tracks of this gentle Royal maiden. Would that such knowledge, fresh from Nature's hand, and like study as occupied her early youth, may extend to the high-born and middle class, who in these days of listlessness, or its worse mental excitement, give their thought and fleet hours of a too short existence to wasteful reading of worse than questionable trashy literature! There never has been a time when such an inundation of books as would have shamed any past generation has prevailed, and which the taste of the country's youth brings hourly to birth. It is no exaggeration to say that nine-tenths of the favourite literature of the time had better never to have seen the light; its effect on the youth of the time cannot be for good.

It was no part of her nature so to waste her precious hours; and when she is permitted—as it is to be hoped may be frequent—to come back to these spots of youth-enjoyed happiness, it shall be to her as the reading of old letters, the meeting with old friends, a turning back of innumerable memories, and renewed sensations of pleasure or

sadness. The place where events of our little life have occurred becomes a memorial of the feelings which those events excited in us. The walk which for years of our more impressionable period had been trodden in hours of meditation cannot be monotonous, for it has been enriched with deepest sensation and regarded as a journal of gradual experiences, and these at every recurring season of the year.

How great the transformation from White Lodge to London's West End and its onerous duties. It cannot be other than sad to know the life of a London street,—its probable worse than poor; the degraded, unquiet faces of toiling women; ragged children; the feeble valetudinarian, clinging earnestly to life. Health has its near contrast; poverty is the shadow of wealth; and happiness and gaiety are mere golden spots upon toil and trouble, sunbeams that reach through the gloom of thick forests, and chequer the ground with unaccustomed light.

There was to our May Queen as much of life in autumn as of death, and as much of creation, of growth, as of passing away. She realized that every flower has left its house full of seeds, that no leaf has dropped until a bud was born to it, and that another year is hidden among the boughs; the spring beauties that seemingly died are only sleeping. What the heart has once owned and had it shall never lose. Every tree, every flower and root, are annual prophets sent to affirm the future and cheer the way. The year and all its multitude of growths walk in first before us, to encourage our faith of life by death, of decaying for the sake of better life. What can comfort the heart out of which dear ones have fled but the assurance of their speedy re-coming! They are not silent because they may not converse in presence with us here. Their feet still walk, though no footfall may be in the former home. Oh the everlasting surety of the future! How shallow were life without it, and how deep beyond all fathoming with it! The threads that broke in the loom here shall be taken up in the Blessed Hereafter!



FROM the outset the aim of this work has been to allay apprehension as to probable early evil days, to lull senseless alarm, and yet to place before readers correct warnings, acquired through much research, as to the Plagues and Pestilences, and their consequences and effects on mankind, embraced within

centuries long prior to the Blessed Saviour's coming into this our world, and running down in regular sequence until our own day, when millions of cohabitants of this our Planet are of conviction that a recurrence of Black Death Plague is near at hand.

On no page has there been any expressed belief in or the least desire or aim to revive the old "Science of Astrology," beyond giving due heed to the now generally admitted fact, that the Planet on which we live is more or less under domination of other heavenly bodies, in conjunction with which it serves its purpose as a unit of a mighty whole so wondrous and perfect as to surpass men's understanding. The constellations which surround the World, and are the poetry of Heaven, have ever been the sources of inspiration, as they

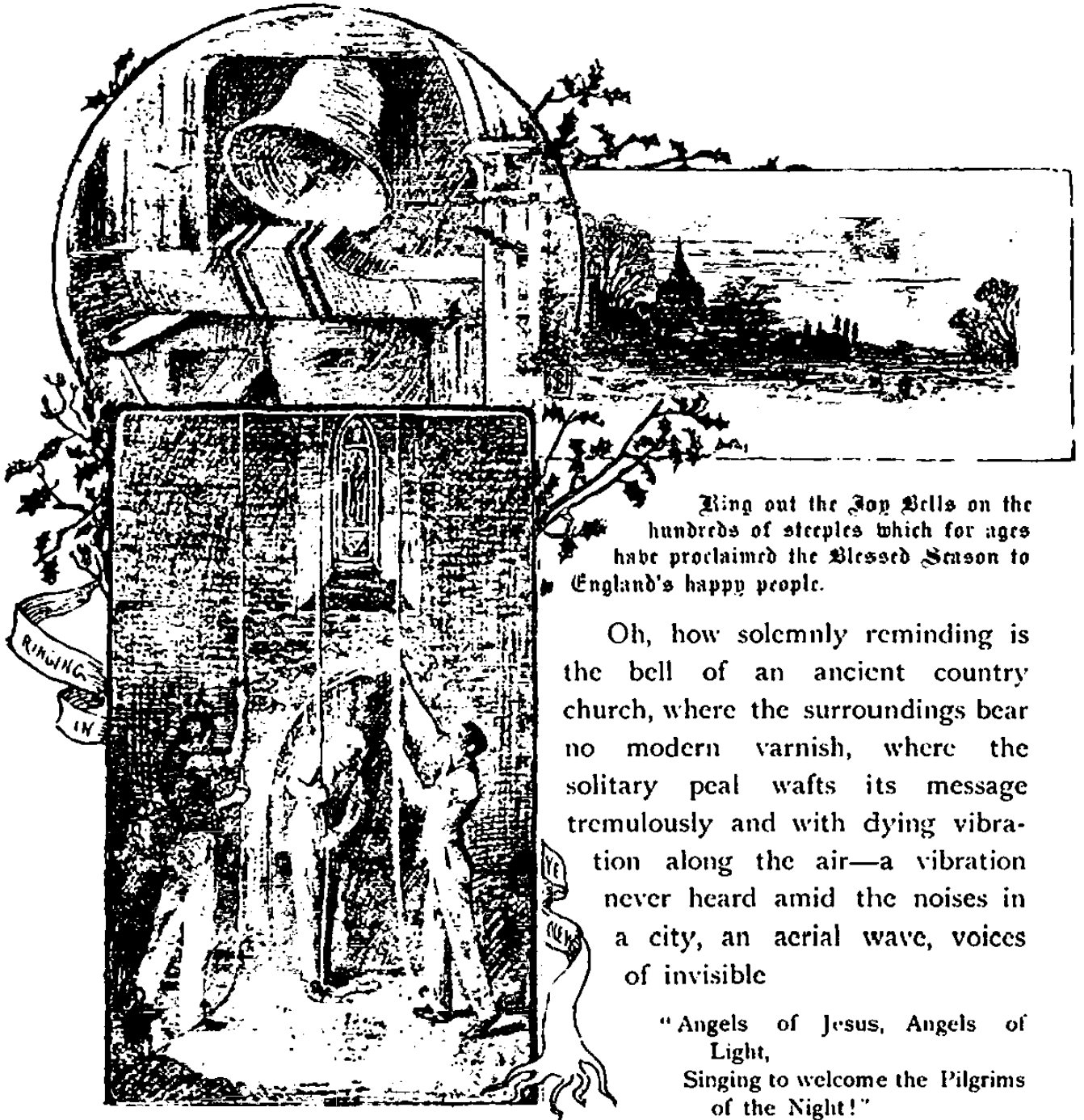
are still the lights by which that inspiration works. The Hand that fashioned the "two great lights," and appointed to them their courses, and gave them to be "for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years," pointed out to man how he might, by the observation of their revolutions, direct his course along the unbroken stream of Time, or count its waves as they flowed silently and ceaselessly away. As Time engulfs its countless ages, we should read its humbling lesson, that the thousand keels that sweep over the visible waters of our World leave on their face traces of their passage more legible and enduring than do the generations of men as they come and go on that viewless and trackless stream.

Refraining from any expression favouring the probability of an early return of the Black Death, it is, however, a duty to point out the many occurrences analogous to those distinct manifestations on every former visitation. The latest are the devastating Earthquakes in Asia Minor and Batavia, and the extraordinary Plague development in seemingly unconnected countries, where the most serious outbursts have shown themselves. The form of the disease is identical in every feature with that of the Two Thousand Years in which at intervals it has in so hideous manner and extent carried out ravages on mankind and other living creatures. Now as then the rat is one of the earliest victims, and is the instrument of extending the fatal destructiveness to humanity, with the same unaccountable immunity, as of yore, for dogs, said never to fall its victims. On past instances in England severe droughts, extending into several seasons, preceded its presence, and well is it remembered how war came to add to the miseries of those times. Although we have so far been mercifully kept free from terror as to any outbreak in this the nation's headquarters, yet in Hong Kong, one of our most important dependencies, the enemy's ravages have been of the most terrifying nature. Every hour

of each recurring day evidences the stealthy existence of the gruesome enemy being slowly but surely on the march, and steadily making known its presence by unmistakable foot-planting where in past years the fatal disease held unevasive grip. Another remarkable feature is that, on almost every former occasion, the like fickleness attended its career. To-day some leading Continental place reports the appearance, probably it hovers around us yet a little while, and then, with like suddenness as told its advent, no more is for a while heard of it. Mystery ever attends its pathway.

In the exercise of duty attention has been called to the seeming analogies helpful to features pointing to a Plague Revisitation as a punishment on past generations. In so doing there is deepest satisfaction in the conviction that, so far as the actual prophecy is concerned, none of the visible appearances of any Comet so general in every former Plague visitation have yet been seen. In every year of which record exists of Plague visitation, there was some great Comet or other manifestation in the Heavens. At the moment we are without any such indication.

We seldom begin to seek records for being specially happy until we realize some for being grave. The moment we commence to distrust our lightheartedness it evades us. The toy falls to pieces, and can be no more put together in its perfect form. They who have entered upon the paths of knowledge, or gone into the recesses of experience—like the men of yore who ventured to explore the cave of Trophonius—may, perhaps, find something higher and better than the lightheartedness they lose; but they smile nevermore as they smiled of old. The fine clear instrument of the spirit that we bring with us from Heaven is liable to injury from all that acts upon it in the World, and the string once broken can never be repaired to bring out the tones of former days.



Ring out the Joy Bells on the hundreds of steeples which for ages have proclaimed the Blessed Season to England's happy people.

Oh, how solemnly reminding is the bell of an ancient country church, where the surroundings bear no modern varnish, where the solitary peal wafts its message tremulously and with dying vibration along the air—a vibration never heard amid the noises in a city, an aerial wave, voices of invisible

"Angels of Jesus, Angels of Light,  
Singing to welcome the Pilgrims of the Night!"



communing with each other as they bear aloft the ransomed spirit. Were they long, weary, sorrowful years? Was it a corrugated wretch who clung ignobly to life? Was it a venerable sire, weary of waiting for the silver cord to be loosed? To such as the writer, who long ago reached the hill-top and is fast going down on the farther side, how long to look forward to, how short to look back upon! True it is that age and youth look upon life from the opposite ends of the telescope: it is extremely long; it is exceedingly short! The sound of the funeral bell from an old country church tower is an emblem of life, rolling away as in a moment, and gone. In spite of perverse education, we should feel joy as we lay down the weary body to its rest. As we enter God's acre, we should leave our burdens outside; and when we have laid our dear one's dust within its parent's bosom, we emerge into the world again as into a prison, with the blessed contrast of so much peace silently putting life to shame, and leaving grief as if to the bosom of a parent.

Thousands die in the city without leaving an apparent void, the empty space being speedily closed over. And yet the hearts that in life were grouped about the dead doubtless suffer alike in the country and the town. In both cases life closes over the grief as waters fill the void made when a bucketful is drawn out of the ocean! What a contrast between a country and city burial! To be borne through streets amid the thunder of a million wheels in a grim and heathenish hearse, everything designed to express but one unbroken sorrow, as if a Christian heart had lost that experience! It is a shame on religion that eighteen hundred years of Christianity yet leave Death only grim and dismal. There is sorrow, but there should be sorrow *ended* as well as begun; there is release, there is rest, there is victory, as well as bereavement.

It has been well queried, in reference to the wisdom and knowledge

of the World's Greatest Dramatist, not what he knew, but what is there even in this nowadays that the great Seer did *not* know. He was clearly a master of Astrology, although doubtless despising the unworthier and baseless sort. In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act ii., Scene 2, he clearly evidences full knowledge of the meteors about which we are nowadays so much concerned:—

“And certain stars shot madly from their spheres.”

The words are unmistakable reference to the Leonid Meteors of 1598. November is the month remarkable for meteoric displays, and which recur every thirty-third year, when the Earth meets the densest part of the stream of small planetary bodies known as the Leonid Meteors, which circle in an orbit round the Sun, causing these grand showers of shooting stars. We know that so far back as A.D. 902 these magnificent displays were seen and noted as occurring at intervals of about thirty-three years, or a multiple of that quantity. Probably they had prevailed during long prior ages. In November of the years 1799, 1833, and 1866 there were seen showers of shooting stars, whose magnificence, according to accounts of the time, it is difficult to realize. At Greenwich, on the night of November 13th, 1866, nearly nine thousand meteors were observed within a limited time of eight hours. Not only so, but in those years immediately preceding and following 1833 and 1866 there were meteoric displays, always occurring in November, but of less magnitude than those in the years mentioned.

It is easy to reason from these facts that a stream of myriads of small bodies moves in an elliptic ring, which stretches from the Sun to a point beyond the orbit of Uranus, each individual completing the circuit in thirty-three and a quarter years. The process is continuous through the whole of the ring. For the greater part of its length the

meteors are thinly scattered, but at one point there is a dense congregation. It happens that this elliptical orbit intersects the Earth's orbit at a point called the Node; so that every year when our Earth comes to this point, which it does in November, it meets the meteors happening to be there at the time, and these, as they rush through our atmosphere, incandesce by friction and become visible as shooting stars.

The closer the investigation, the clearer is it seen that the Heavens are the workmanship of the same Being Who made us and all things upon the Earth around us, and this gives us both scope and confidence in the acquiring of knowledge, which without this feeling we could never have obtained; and how much soever we may be in the habit of boasting of great men and great discoveries, this is the real source of all the improvements of modern times. There are many cases in which we cannot trace any visible connection between even subjects which exist at the same time and near to each other in Space; and when we consider the heavenly bodies, with the exception of the Sun and the Moon, we cannot primarily find any connection between one and another, or between all or any of them and the Earth. But the consideration or feeling that they are all works of the same Author is in itself an established connection, the necessary result of which is the application of that fundamental principle of all philosophy, that "*in like circumstances a like event will take place.*"

Our belief in this principle is, whether we think so or not, an inference from the feeling of the Being of God, and this is the principle which has carried us to all our useful knowledge of matter on the Earth, and of the far mightier masses which compose the Heavens. It has been the foundation of human action from the time of man's creation, though it was not till a comparatively recent period that men knew of its existence.

The most wondrous discoveries of this the greatest of all eras are the Evolution of Man and Wireless Telegraphy. In regard to the last named, being in infancy, one dare not venture more than its bare mention as, so far, in its most recent though probable effect, the most stupendous modern application of Science. It defies explanation to ordinary minds, though when considered combinatively with planetary union with our Globe, as credited by modern astrologers, it gives strength to presumed effects in communicating Pestilence. The learned Oriental scientist smiles at our prejudiced ideas as to his favourite Astrology, we on our part treating with derision his prognostications of evil coming from the Heavens, forgetting our recent conversion, and that within but a few years our leading propagators of wisdom and assumed knowledge annually issued astrological prophetic almanacks, professing to beforehand knowledge of the World's events.

It should be in no way strange that our ideas on these subjects are as yet feebly accepted, seeing there are many parallel cases. The human body has been nourished and kept in health by the circulation of the blood ever since man existed; yet this the most important of all the functions of the living body was unknown until revealed by Harvey so recently as 1628, and the professionally learned opposed the revelation with the same obstinacy as they have done the various steps in the discovery of the law of heavenly bodies and the most recent theory of Evolution. The more we study the Heavens and the Earth, the fuller we shall realize there is not a world, there is not an atom, without His keeping. In His sight change is stability, misery is enjoyment, and Death is Life, in so far as material Nature is concerned. And when we apply this analogy to that which is immortal, that which cannot be subjected to physical dissolution, we see that in Him and the keeping of His laws there exists all our happiness and should be all our desire.



*Quale solat silvis vernalis frigores Viscum  
Fronde vivere nova quod uva sua seminat arbor  
Et croceo fatus teretis circumdare truncos.*

There are happily among us men ready and willing to build at their own private cost Free Public Libraries, followers of Passmore Edwards, who has nobly expended over £100,000 in such gifts, and to whose munificence there seems no bounds. So also members of the London Stock Exchange have nobly responded to their country's urgency. Happy also is the knowledge that a Carnegie and a George Herring and others are at hand with benefits in bestowal of gifts of books for self-improvement of their less wealthy brethren.

In approaching the Year's End, youthful recollections dominate all others, and we will endeavour to merge the misery occasions of our forefathers in the more timely joys which should be uppermost as Christmas and New Year draw nigh. What joy in after-life ever approaches that of the schoolboy in his yearning for liberation early in December? The two words "Christmas Holidays" have a charm for him exceeding the whole dictionary of the English language. Our Richmond Queen of the May felt every pulsation of the heart of the

season—for had she not loved and loving brothers? now known as among the most gallant soldiers of Britain, ever eager for the fray with foreign domineerers. Alas! too true it is—the noble mother, who knew no happiness equal to helping others, has been removed to greater joys, and the father, her constant companion and sharer of her natural tastes, is borne down in sorrow through separation from her who during so many years shared his married life. The stage-



coach is nowhere more characteristically in evidence than on boundaries round Wimbledon and Richmond, and who knew better their hours of passing, or more frequently stood by the roadside to receive the driver's whip-handle salute, or the clear notes of the three-foot-long horn, triumphantly sounded by the guard, crowned with the proverbial white hat? Happy and memorable days of the generations who have passed away, and, as we will hope, may prove full of as great delight to the boys who shall come after!

In merging all sad thoughts of possible Plague in the happier ones which should be uppermost in every heart at Christmas and New Year Time, the writer hails the return of the Great Christian Anniversary, the time-honoured season of family gatherings, when the value and sanctity of home are impressed afresh on the hearts of its united members--when all the enjoyments and associations help even minds touched with the hardness and hurry of the World to revive with salutary power, if not in all their early strength and tenderness, the influence and affections of home, as to break forth in the words of the great St. Augustine :—

“ Rejoice, ye Righteous! this is the Birthday of the Justifier.  
 Rejoice, ye Weak and Sick! this is the Birthday of the Saviour.  
 Rejoice, ye Prisoners! this is the Birthday of the Redeemer.  
 Rejoice, ye Slaves! it is the Birthday of the Lord.  
 Rejoice, ye Freemen! it is the Birthday of the Liberator.  
 Rejoice, all ye Christians! it is the Birthday of Christ.”

These inspiring words, though uttered fourteen hundred years ago, are as fresh and applicable now as then, when there had so recently appeared on Earth a Prince Who at the same time was a Saviour, a Redeemer, a Deliverer, and the establishment of an empire whose conquests are not over the persons, but over the wills, the consciences, and affections of men. The success of Christianity is as yet only partial; it already has proved its claim to be the true life and sovereign hope of the World, not only in the purity of its principles, but in its practical results.

The Birthday of the Divine Founder of Christianity is largely set apart for heartfelt thanksgiving for ability and will to do our duty towards the families of those who have forfeited their lives, or, perhaps worse, have been maimed or belimbed for the remainder of suffering lives, through standing in our stead in mortal conflict with a resolute

foe, we stay-at-homes being permitted to rest in quiet ease and undisturbed enjoyment of our domestic hearths.

The national faggot of British money charity is, alas! too generally made up of the same oaken twigs on all occasions of its needed burning; the same hearts are more and more, as again and again, moved by the very exercise of loving giving. It is not generally the richest who prove the readiest, though there are noble exceptions to the rule. Let us pray that the millionaires who have acquired colossal piles from mine-holdings in the seat of war, and who, when the flow of blood shall have ceased, will secure to themselves rights, and more and more gold beyond computation, additional to their now heaps, will, for humanity's sake, and their individual hopes of blessedness in the Hereafter, bring proportionably of their vast gains to the Fund, its rightful owners. What a privilege is in their grasp! The heart of every true Briton must be stricken in the remembrance of the immortal William Penn Symons, and the heroic Commander Egerton, bravest of the brave, lying in the cold embrace of soldiers' graves, worthily coffined in the loved Union Jack of their country, under which they fought and fell so valiantly.

The flower of the nation's manliness has rushed, and will, if needed, seek with increasing impetuosity, to meet the wily, intrepid foe at the front. No matter at what cost of its best blood, if the sacrifice needs, it shall be yielded with the determined will of a people whose past annals verify that they know not defeat.

Britain's Colonial Sons, holding her forts in distant seas, evidence what is the verdict of every English-speaking community, and have flown spontaneously to the mother's breast in wild enthusiasm, rifle and bayonet in hand, to uphold the flag in its duty of protecting fellow-subjects denied all political and civil rights, and who, disfranchised and oppressed, are by their tyrants made to pay all the expenses



of the administration that enfetters them. At such a moment may all realize that tyrannical selfishness, unbridled sensuality, abuse of power, the lust of self-indulgence, the inordinate love of money for mere money's sake, its accumulation in huge masses to the detriment of the public weal, the neglect of duties incumbent on all classes, have, in the ages gone by, eaten out the virtues of nations more powerful and greater, by comparison of the circumstances of their periods, than ourselves.

Jealous of our power and greatness, the Continent of Europe continues to pour out its vials of envenomed bitterness, utterly void of the least semblance of truth, denunciatory of our every act. Vividly in contrast is the deep sympathy and intelligent comprehension of the American nation, doubly grateful as being clearly based upon deliberate and well-informed judgment. None but charitable estimate of these ravings of neighbours exists with our more sober race.

The Year End is a season when one is wont to liken the year to human life, and draw the analogies of each month to corresponding periods in man's development and experience. At other times we divide the world's life into periods, and declare that the world is revolving through a vast year of its own. Of one thing we should be certain—that during the whole round of a year none have lost what God has only hidden from our mortal sight. If the affections have been driven back into the heart, as the life of flowers to their roots, it is a time to be patient for yet a little while. We have not lost what God has only hidden. New flowers shall come forth; so also the leaf-covered bough of the seeming dead monarch of the forest shall gladden the heart of the abiding one. In its career, shaking of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no treasures. The one Hand that governs in April rules also in December. The voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers,

and they come forth. Surely it can be no fearful thing to lay awhile in the grave.

Thoughts such as these, arising from trials joined to innumerable blessings, summon the whole nation to fervent prayer on behalf of our beloved Sovereign, whose sympathetic heart ever beats responsively



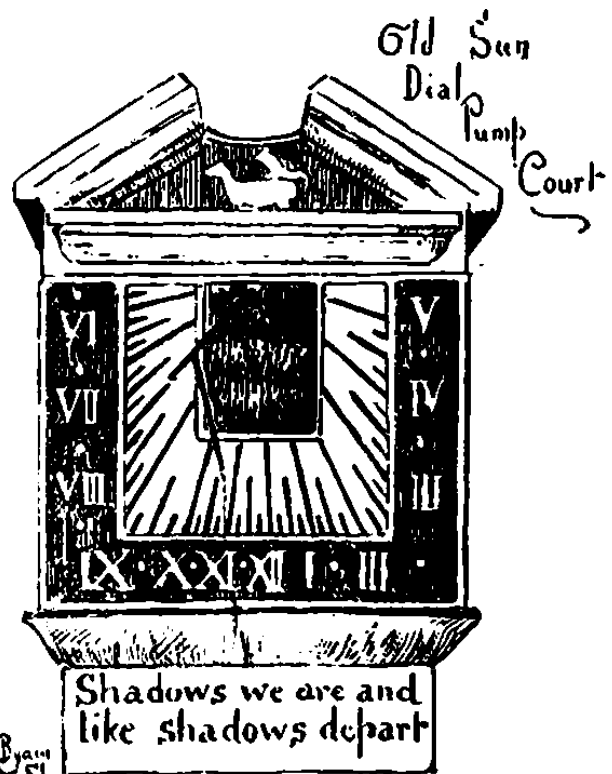
with the sorrowing, that the Almighty may vouchsafe to her the same firm reliance blessedly extended on the many occasions of her affliction.

May England's right appreciation of the visit of the Queen's Grandson, the Emperor of Germany, and the Empress, sharer of his throne—followed by the hoped-for arrival of the Czar, the recognized Apostle of Peace, together with the partner in his cares, daughter of our own Princess Alice, blessed as her saintly mother

in the holding of every good gift—be assurance to the world that Peace will not lightly be disturbed, and that our nearest neighbour, France, may learn the lesson she so profoundly needs.

In this our hour of resignation we abandon all dread of Plague Visitation, which gives way to becoming gratitude to the Giver of all Good, the Divine Ruler Who directs all, and Who now, as in the past, has lovingly gathered the living generations of families to the altar of New Year Greetings.

As a nation we are more given to sympathy with those who suffer through oppression and wrong than in exultation in victory and conquest. The spirit of our race has been more than maintained in this its latest manifestation of the intrepidity and triumph of British valour. Trafalgar's hero has been reproduced in the brave young Egerton of H.M.S. *Terrible*, who has left a name and fame, combined with highest professional skill, second only to that of his prototype and exemplar.



"Upon a Dial-stone  
Behold the shade of Time,  
For ever circling on and on,  
In silence more sublime  
Than if the thunders of the Spheres  
Pealed forth its march to mortal ears:"



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Westminster Abbey's eminent preacher and author says: "Major Walter's beautiful volume evinces the bestowal of a great amount of most loving care on the vindication of the great poet, and the scenes in which he passed the happy years of his youth and his later manhood. All who love the memory of Shakespeare are indebted to him for some of their deepest and most consoling thoughts must be grateful to the author of 'Shakespeare's True Life' for such earnest and thorough labour."

**Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.**

The Boanerges of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, thus wrote: "Major Walter has accomplished what no one else could have carried through. With a wealth of choice illustrations of every place where the great poet set his foot he has adorned a book which will henceforth be the standard work on Shakespeare's life. We are amazed at the prodigality with which the illustrations bejewel the volume. This work, to the archaeologist and the artist, is a museum of delights. We warmly welcome his splendid book. He has written well and most devoutly. Hitherto the loose world has

set up a claim to the imperial genius of the Bard of Avon; but here a man who loves his Bible and his God takes fair possession of him, and fights hard with all who would besmirch his character. It is graciously done, and we thank him for it. Our interest in his achievement is great; and if his work is really to be sold for a nominal guinea, or an actual sixteen shillings, it is cruelly cheap. If we were making a Christmas present to a literary friend, we should think it one of the best gifts we could give him. We care not for the playwright; but whatever form the productions of this master-mind might have assumed, they would have exercised a vast influence far beyond their immediate audiences. It is History and Biography of a most tempting order."

**From George du Maurier (illustrator of "Punch" and author of "Trilby").**

"The late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon never sermonised better or more truly than when he trumpeted this book as 'a museum of delights,' and as being 'cruelly cheap,' and, above all, as being history and biography of most tempting order. Walter's 'True Life of Shakespeare' needed to be written with all the fervour and eloquence marking its every page to have won over the great preacher of the Tabernacle to Shakespeare study. It is the best school prize of our time."

**Harrison Weir.**

"This is a most charming book, and effectually purges Shakespeare's biography from the unworthy and unfounded slanders hitherto associated with it. All honour to Major Walter. His book is like a romance, so tenderly and gracefully is the poet's life-story told; a book more to read, to refer to, to enjoy, than to write about; a good book; a kindly, well-written, thoughtful book, and well worthy of a place on every one's bookshelves."

# Shakespeare's True Life.

**The Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews (an eminent Shakespearean scholar).**

"To say that every Shakespearean must covet this work is expressing strictly within worth and reason, seeing that slight acquaintance seems to render possession of the book a necessity. Dr. Haig Brown, Headmaster of Charterhouse, seems to me rightly to estimate its worth, and in no degree to exceed its merit in commending so excellent a book as one of the most suitable products of the time as a gift to youth of either sex. It cannot fail to lead young people to become attentive students, being written in eloquently persuasive style."

**From the late J. S. Froude.**

"Walter's 'True Life of Shakespeare' is undoubtedly a valuable addition to Shakespeare Biography, apart from a brilliant describing power, rendering it an indispensable companion to all rangers of the Shakespeare country. It is much to be regretted that a book one cannot desist from reading should be blemished by its wide departure from usual biographical methods. This shortcoming, however, will not prevent its universal acceptance as throwing additional spells and charms upon the footprints of a life dearer than all others to the seeker after wondrous wisdom. How true it is that the best and only true memorial to Shakespeare is that described by Milton's poem: the living and ever-changing monument of human admiration expressed in the faces and forms of those absorbed in the reading of his works. Heads of schools act wisely in availing of it as a prize-book."

**Robert Louis Stevenson**

Thus bore testimony from Samoa: "I cannot express the delight experienced in a hasty reading of Major Walter's 'True Life of Shakespeare,' loaned me for a few hours by the captain of a ship calling off here. It is a gloriously fascinating book. No wonder Spurgeon went for it so strong. Nothing of our time comes up to it. Especially bold and convincing is its demolition of all besmirching of the world's great one. This alone earns the gratitude of the whole literary world. Its enthusiasm comes from the heart!"

**From Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.**

"This is a more than interesting contribution to the literature of the time, being of especial value as leading the present and future generations of youth to become students of the great master of human knowledge. It is irresistible in this feature, and should be in every free public library, as on the Shakespeare shelf of families."

**From the gifted author of "Lorna Doone."**

"I do not know a better book. It will attract many thousands of the present and future generations of youth, and make them students of 'him of all time.' It is in every way a charming biography; in fact, a national contribution for which we must all feel grateful."

**From George Augustus Sala, the distinguished journalist.**

"It should be a religious duty of somebody to see that a copy of this delightful book is presented wherever a wedding is going on. Never has there been such an issue from the press; every page of the five hundred has a fascination; and if any paterfamilias fears his family being too much given to fiction, he has in Walter's 'True Life of Shakespeare' the certain remedy. It should dwell wherever there are books. Its get-up, with many hundreds of true artistic illustrations, is as marvellous as is its low price of 21s. There is no such delightful gift or school prize-book."

**From General Sir George Hamley, K.C.B. (an eminent Shakespearean and author of the powerful contribution in Blackwood's Magazine, "Shakespeare's Funeral").**

"'Shakespeare's True Life,' by James Walter, is a work which in the future must stand very much in relation to Shakespeare as Boswell's Life does to another illustrious subject of biography. The opportunities of the two historians have been wonderfully different, but the absolute reality of the one man's work is not unworthily emulated by the other. Deep insight into character, and a loving, energetic pursuance of every clue to peculiarities and incidents of life, counterbalance on our author's part the advantages which Boswell had of enjoying communion with his idol as he lived. We agree with Major Walter that Shakespeare is not to be seen, as we see smaller men, through the medium of biographers or correspondence, and therefore the necessity for his work, which includes a wider purpose, but, so far as may be, has a wider intention: 'We are denied all but the most trivial details of a life which bequeathed to the world the mightiest intellectual achievements. We cannot look upon him (Shakespeare) through biographers or correspondence, or, indeed, any of the ordinary channels through which other lives are illustrated. Let us go, then, into the streets of Stratford-on-Avon, into the highways and byways dear to him, and the meadows, fields, and villages of his home; see the objects which must constantly have been before his eyes, and whose impress is reflected now vividly upon his works.' The intention here adumbrated is not, of course, the work of a biographer, but the mere intention of a pilgrim; and, as we have suggested, Major Walter has gone far beyond this. He has passed into the land most peculiarly associated with the name of Shakespeare; but it has not been to indulge in the mere sentimentalism of gazing upon hallowed scenes; he has taken with him the results of abundant research into all that former recorders have told of the inspired player of the great Elizabeth's reign, and amid the scenes which gave nurture to Shakespeare's youthful imagination has clothed the skeletons of imagination with a life-like semblance which we may well accept as the best realisation of a life with its surroundings which we are not likely ever to see again. To give a fair idea of what he has produced would be a labour of love, but an onerous and difficult one. As we have indicated, he leads us into Stratford—its highways and its byways—and there, with a full knowledge of Shakespeare's works, and of all that has been written about the man before, he weaves a most complete and perfect story of the poet's life, and the growth and effluence of that genius which has permeated, as the outcome of no other life before has done, the intellectual and moral constitution of the world. There is such a thing as idol-worship, and our author has erred, if he has erred at all, upon that side. But enticing as the work is, space forbids us entering more deeply into its scope. And yet we have only partially indicated its contents. Of its illustrations we have said nothing, but these are a luminous story in themselves. Scarcely ever before was work illustrated with so much judgment, profusion, and artistic ability combined. By the aid of a highly-gifted artist absolute facsimiles of everything which Major Walter could conceive to be interesting in relation to the letterpress of his work has been produced in a manner which renders the illustrations fully worthy of the work and of its subject."

**From the late Right Honourable General Sir Henry Ponsonby, G.C.B. (formerly Private Secretary to Her Majesty and Keeper of the Privy Purse).**

"This admirable volume appears to merit the reception and position it has gained among the highest. The Headmaster of Charterhouse in no degree over-estimates its value to youth. It is a favoured gift-book with Her Majesty."

# Shakespeare's True Life.

THE FOLLOWING ARE SELECTIONS FROM NOTICES OF THE LEADING PUBLIC PRESS,  
IN MOST INSTANCES GREATLY ABRIDGED:

## The Times.

"A more delightful volume to give to the innumerable admirers of rural England it would be difficult to imagine. To accompany the dramatist up to the metropolis, amid the taverns and theatres and bear-gardens of the Borough, and the churches as they stood, associated with Shakespeare before the Great Fire had burned out the contagion of the plague, is of deepest interest. The work has been the labour of a life, and we do it sad injustice in a short review. The author has struck a new mine of treasure in the traditions with regard to Shakespeare and his family. Anne Hathaway was, of course, her husband's senior by years, and in place of being a commonplace woman she was sympathetic and intellectual, and might have sat for the ideal of 'Sweet Anne Page.' Shakespeare was never a scapegrace, but a studious young man of orderly habits, with far more books at his disposal than has hitherto been admitted."

## The Standard.

"Major Walter's charming volume not only comes with the Christmas books, but is in itself the beau-ideal of what a Christmas book ought to be. If any one whose disposition inclines him to Yuletide benefactions, and whose convictions compel him—in the matter of gifts—to take thought for the bookshelf of the object of his regard is still hesitating, he will find an end of doubt when he lights upon this timely treasure. Only, if rightly advised, he will secure a duplicate for his own use and delight. It would be making too severe a demand on human nature to expect any one to forego absolutely in favour of another the possession of a thing so much to be desired. The unique merit of Major Walter's method is that he has gone with antiquarian zeal, and with that seeing eye that is denied to many a porer over manuscripts and decipherer of inscriptions, to the very world in which Shakespeare moved and worked. The scenes where he spent his youth and his prosperous prime remain, to this day, less changed by the defacing fingers of time and man than the homes of most of our English worthies. Major Walter fills out with faithful and delicate local colour the outline rudely traced by preceding biographers by the dim light of entries in registers and of half-faded signatures on documents unearthed from old monument chests. The wealth of topographical detail given in the volume constitutes its main charm. A good deal can be said in 500 large double-columned pages; and the writer has allowed himself a leisurely discursiveness of style which accords excellently with the Old World theme. The 'True Life' is the outcome of the loving labour of a lifetime. Every library should possess it. No pilgrim should visit the Shakespeare country without it. As a companion to the study of the poet's works it must ever be a charming necessity."

## Daily Telegraph.

"A sumptuous gift-book, written by an enthusiast, and illustrated with truly artistic splendour, is 'Shakespeare's True Life.' There can be no question that in this book the most scrupulous and loving care has been at work to collect every particle of evidence bearing either on the details of the poet's life or on those circumstances and conditions which influenced his career. The beauty of the River Avon, the innopitable Hall and Park at Charlecote—all the golden threads which are worked into the rich tapestry of Shakespeare's life are here illustrated by pen and pencil with royal profusion. One of the most interesting points in the book is the author's treatment of that mysterious ceremony which joined into some sort of recognised union Anne Hathaway and her youthful lover. Stoutly he defends Shakespeare's character in the matter of the deer-stealing, and resolutely he vindicates the happiness of the union between the mature maiden of twenty-seven and a boy of eighteen. All true Shakespeare lovers owe a debt of gratitude to Major Walter for his magnificent volume."

## Daily News.

"When it is remembered how many have been the books devoted to the life of our great national poet, it is no small thing to be able to boast of having produced the most beautiful volume that has yet come forth upon this fascinating theme. Major Walter's work must have been a labour of years; it has certainly been a labour of love. Witness the illustrations which brighten the text. Nothing that is, or was, or might be, or could even be imagined to be associated with Shakespeare and his sojourn here upon this 'bank and shoal of Time' has been judged alien to the objects of the artist's pencil."

## The Echo.

"Life is short, but the man who makes himself master of one thing is formidable. Such a lovely volume as this helps one more into touch with the Bard of Avon's works, and therewith one appreciates him the better than any other book we know of. Shakespeare's country is described in this delightful work with truthful and glowing language, which the many hundreds of illustrations portray with graphic fidelity. There are no dry bones here, no lengthy references to musty records. All is instinct with the beautiful life that environs and pervades the sacred precincts of rural English homes. There are red-tiled farmhouses with quaint dormers, clustered chimney-stacks, gardens of roses, lavender, and rosemary, and windows large enough to feel the morning sunshine, and afford snug corners for the martins beneath the eaves. One has only to turn over half the 500 pages of this more than charming volume, or pause for a moment over the centre drawings, to see how full Shakespeare's country is of picturesque old English life—life associated with the wanderings of the Bard of Avon, the man himself. Major Walter's book, with its graphic description and wealth of illustration, adds new interest and significance to Shakespeare's immortal works. The book is crowded with interesting matter graphically told, and is the handsomest guinea book we have seen."

## Saturday Review.

"To have composed one of the very handsomest books ever written about Shakespeare is something; nay, 'tis much. Every page of Major Walter's large volume is adorned with one or more sketches, very well drawn and very well produced, of Shakespearian localities, etc.; and these illustrations would of themselves make the book an almost indispensable addition to every Shakespearian library."

## Spectator.

"The author convinces us that in the poet purity and elevation of character went hand in hand with genius. His earliest relations with Anne Hathaway are shown to have been faultless, and that the couple were properly joined according to the rites of the Romish Church before they were married as Protestants. Of this there would now seem no doubt; proof of the assertion is afforded by the discovery of a chantry in the roof of the old Manor House at Shuttery. The ceremonial service therein submitted to satisfy the conscience of a manly Christian youth of unblemished character, and his envied bride realised it as in every way meeting her most delicate sensibilities as a most well-born English maiden."

## The Field.

"One cannot fail regarding Major Walter's work as a monument of untiring zeal raised to the memory of our great poet. It has indeed been a labour of love, and, as we glance from page to page and from picture to picture, we seem to have unfolded before us quite a panorama of the poet's life. Here was Shakespeare born, and here he died; here, in the archives of his native town, we find almost the only information about him which exists; here is the country where he rambled as a boy, and which he loved as a man; here people still come day by day on a pilgrimage to his home and haunts, showing, as Major Walter says, that hero-worship is not dead, and that even in these days the world pays homage to its great men."

# Shakespeare's True Life.

## Court Journal.

"As a gift-book nothing equals this charming volume. Whether as bridal or birthday souvenir it is unsurpassed, with the recommendation of never getting out of date, and therefore an ever-constant remembrance of the donor."

From the pen of Sir Edward Russell, an eminent Shakespearean, and proprietor and editor of the

## Liverpool Daily Post.

"A new book on Shakespeare which elicits highly commendatory letters from such authorities as Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson is a book that is bound to take a distinct and honourable place in the literature of the age. 'Shakespeare's True Life' is worthy of its subject, and a fitting offering to be laid on the shrine of the poet who was 'not of an age, but for all time.' The book itself is a work of art, with its perfect topography and wealth of illustration, in all cases marked by the truest artistic feeling, the exquisite vignettes that adorn every page in such prodigal profusion making it a possession to be coveted on that account alone."

## Liverpool Mercury.

"Major Walter has enriched our literature with a book which stands quite in a class by itself, solitary, like the subject of it, by reason of the over-mastering enthusiasm breathed in every line. The wealthy accumulations of half a century, in facts discovered, in criticism, and in thoughts, are here fused and shaped after a fashion which, if far from common, is none the less delightful. The author pours out his abundant knowledge in his own way, disarming unfavourable judgment completely by the contagious warmth of his enthusiasm. The result is a grand book of 500 pages. No railway reading, nor even a book to be held in the hand, but such a volume as Charles Lamb tells us he loved, a thing to be kindly nursed on the knee, while the reader lies in his easiest chair, and reads through a long winter's night in mental visions of the man to whom our literature owes most. Any one who knows Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, and has some genuine apprehension of his greatness, will be delighted, as he turns page after page, at the insight he gains into the manner of his life and every circumstance of his environment. The author is specially successful in adducing satisfactory evidence of a formal marriage with Anne Hathaway, and of that being preceded, a month earlier by a hand-fast betrothal in the chantry attached to the old Manor House of Shottery. We offer the author sincere congratulations on this fruit of his green old age."

## Birmingham Post.

"This is a very handsome volume of over 500 pages of creamy paper and clear double-column type; a veritable *livre de luxe*. On nearly every page there are one, two, and often three illustrations of rare interest and excellence. In Stratford alone he has preserved numberless nooks and corners of old Stratford familiar to the eyes of Shakespeare, which not one historian in a thousand ever sees or dreams of. All the local haunts familiar to Shakespeare in his boyhood, his youth, and his later years have been carefully sought for, copied, or sketched. In many cases reduced facsimiles of notable legal documents, registers, note-books, and even of Shakespeare's will, and some pages of the First Folio and of the quarto plays and poems, have been added to make the work complete. It is an *éloge*—all in praise of Shakespeare—and a valiant and powerful defence against every foe. It is a work of vast labour and wide research as to facts and dates, which omits no reference and avoids no doubtful point, follows the poet from his birth-place to his grave, and searches the registers for details of his family and friends. He is not dogmatic as to his discoveries, which must wait for discussion or confirmation, but he thinks it at least probable that there was a secret marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, and that it was celebrated in the chantry of Shottery Manor House. He gives us a view of the timber open roof, which still remains, and quotes various authorities in favour of the tradition that it was a chantry or oratory in the troublous times. The author has gathered many traditions from the members of Roman Catholic families round about Stratford, at Wootton Wawen, and elsewhere, even at and near Richmond. He tells the whole story of Shakespeare at and near Stratford in a flowing and picturesque narrative.

He is not a romantic idealist, but he looks out numerous forgotten facts, and boldly challenges many accepted verdicts, and criticises critics."

## Birmingham Gazette.

### "SHAKESPEARE'S TRUE LIFE.

"This is the title on the charmingly-illustrated title-page of the volume before us, both title and title-page affording an earnest of the good things within. Major Walter says, and his book contains full evidence of the fact, that he has made a long life-study of the materials for a biography of Shakespeare. His aim and object in the present work is, so far as may be, to present Shakespeare's true life by a pen-and-pencil portraiture of his familiar haunts and surroundings; and we are accordingly invited, as the best guide to and interpreter of his works, to go into the streets of Stratford-on-Avon, into the highways and byways dear to the poet, and in the meadows, fields, and villages of his home, to trace the outlines of his own description, and see the objects which must constantly have been before his eyes, and whose impress is reflected in his works. Major Walter modestly says that he 'aspires to nothing higher than to endeavour to present to the reader a mass of original and faithful illustrations of scenes and objects familiarly known to Shakespeare; to catch, while yet there is time, representations of what remains of his day—many of the old houses hallowed of associations, and quaintly picturesque cottages, now fast disappearing through time's decay—and to place these before the reader as a loving accompaniment to the study of the great author's writings.'

"The author's design is faithfully carried out, with a fulness of pictorial illustration which it would be difficult to supplement. The volume, which consists of just over 500 pages, is crammed with no fewer than 600 delightful and well-executed engravings, large and small, depicting on every page scenes and 'bits' and out-of-the-way corners of old Stratford and the surrounding Warwickshire villages, to say nothing of scores of other representations of places and things which in fact were or by tradition are rightly or wrongly associated with the poet. The author's pen has found a sympathetic pencil in the hands of Mr. Gerald F. Moira, to whose artistic powers many of the drawings bear high testimony. As an instance of the detailed pains which have been expended in the production of this ample and beautiful volume, which is excellently printed in double columns on thick creamy paper, we may mention that all the initial letters commencing chapters are from original drawings of gargoles on the roof of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, the poet's resting-place. Both author and artist must have spent a vast amount of time in, and loving toil upon, the scenes they present to us. One main purpose of the author, which he proclaims at the outset, has been 'to purge Shakespeare's biography from the unworthy and unfounded slanders hitherto associated with it.' Like him, 'who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it,' Major Walter will not entertain even a suspicion, but on the contrary valorously resents every suggestion as unworthy that is in any way derogatory to 'the immortal,' as he is fond of calling the poet."

## Birkenhead News.

"The editor of the *Standard* has rightly gauged this remarkable volume as the beau-ideal of what a Christmas book ought to be: 'If any one whose disposition inclines him to Yuletide benefactions, and whose convictions compel him—in the matter of gifts—to take thought for the bookshelf of the object of his regard, is still hesitating, he will find an end of doubt when he lights upon this timely treasure. Only, if rightly advised, he will secure a duplicate for his own use and delight.' It is giving expression to a truism to add that no reader of Shakespeare can do without it."

## Berrow's Worcester Journal.

"It rarely falls to the lot of a journalist to call attention to so valuable a contribution to our national biography as Major Walter's 'True Life of Shakespeare.' It is a book calculated by charm of style and illustration to raise a legion of disciples in its endeavour to exhaust the knowledge of him—its theme—and places the reader on this very hallowed ground, with all the delightful associations which surrounded the man so highly exalted of the world."

# Shakespeare's True Life.

## Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.

"This is a noble volume, the result of the labours of Major Walter in his endeavour to place before the literary world all the known facts relating to the life of England's greatest bard. Only a loving admirer of the great dramatist would have undertaken such a task; only an enthusiastic devotee could have accomplished it. Every source of information has been utilised, every authority has been consulted. Of this work it may be said that it forms a unique biography of Shakespeare, at once unequalled for its research and unsurpassed for its general excellence. This magnificent volume is embellished with about 500 drawings of the daintiest description and of uniform excellence. The majority are representations of scenery around Stratford, the beautiful Gothic churches, the Old English dwellings, and the many quaint 'bits' that are to be found in picturesque Warwickshire; besides the buildings associated with the dramatist's career in London. These lovely illustrations, drawn by Gerald F. Moira, add a wonderful charm to the book. They range from 'thumb-nail notes' to full-page plates. The cost of them can only be guessed; but that must have amounted to a small fortune. The book itself is got up in splendid style, and the printing and binding are beyond reproach. As a proof that the price of the work does not militate against its sale among earnest students of Shakespeare, we may mention that a cotton operative of Bolton thus inscribed an order for it: 'I must have this book, which I have read with the greatest delight, and desire a large-paper copy, as an addition to twelve hundred volumes, mostly on Shakespeare, all acquired from daily savings as a factory hand.'"

## Modern Society.

"A recent issue of the biography of the Duke of Clarence has given rise to the publication of many stories concerning the young Prince, and there is one which shows the effect made upon him by reading 'The True Life of Shakespeare,' by Major Walter. Incidents tending to heighten the early-stricken Prince in national estimation daily bring to unintended light his nobility and generosity of heart. Deep parental affection is all-absorbing from childhood. Who, then, can be surprised that the fond mother, England's adored Princess, should seek retirement in her grief? Many instances have since the issue of the volume been made known. His loving interest in literature was not the least remarkable, and was manifested through an accidental perusal at the home of a brother officer in York of the 'True Life of Shakespeare,' of which he said to his friend, 'I like this book and its simple style. I must go into Warwickshire and see Shakespeare's Anne's home, and the Chantry Room discovered by Major Walter, in which he convincingly shows him to have been secretly married, and, above all, the loved home of his dear mother. No wonder the book, a noble vindication of the world's greatest poet, is so universally popular.' One who during the last few years of his life knew him best states that without the least pretence the amiable Prince possessed an average knowledge of particular works, more especially of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and had profitably studied 'Henry V.' He spoke of Walter's 'True Life of Shakespeare' as having induced his perusal of the Henrys, but his acquaintance with the Life was made at his Grandmother's, who always had a copy lying on her table at Osborne and Windsor for her personal reading, it having been presented to Her Majesty by Sir Theodore Martin. The Queen had made, and now continues to make, gifts of copies among the Royal Family and others."

## Liverpool Daily Courier.

"As we cannot look upon Shakespeare through biographies, or correspondence, or any of the ordinary channels through which our lives are illustrated, let us go, then, into the streets of Stratford-on-Avon, into the highways and byways dear to him, and into the meadows, fields, and villages of his home, see the objects which must constantly have been before his eyes, and whose impress is reflected most vividly throughout his works. Such is the simple purpose of this domestic commentary upon Shakespeare's life and works, and its accomplishment is altogether delightful. Annotated editions of the poet's

plays are plentiful; literary sceptics have done their little worst to discredit the English Homer's from files; German, French, and American critics have contributed fresh lights to the elucidation of his universality; and now we have a reverent worshipper seeking in Shakespeare's home influences for the sources of his fancies, and, so to say, the primary colours of his pictures. It is here that our author discovers the motive forces which moulded the poet's mind. Without a scrap of biographical material, without so much as a letter to 'sweet' Anne Hathaway, the student of Shakespeare must seek to know him only through his plays and sonnets, which are his history and his monument. Knowing him only through these, we are impressed with the greatness of his genius, albeit no two students conceive exactly the same image of the man. No great harm in that, perhaps, for Major Walter well says that the least part of a great man is the material presence.

"All other means failing, let us see how Shakespeare lived at home, what were the influences of his youthhood, and how far these have their analogues in his writings. The author takes us to Stratford-on-Avon—that is, he brings the poet's home scenes before us—and bids us look about. That the reproduction may be vividly picturesque his gossiping text is illustrated with abundant views of every scene and object that can assist the reader's fancy—photographs printed by the heliotype process, with some sketches of interiors not otherwise renderable. The get-up of the volume is rich—almost voluptuous; an illuminated quarto for the drawing-room table, to be opened with delight and closed unwillingly. While the pictures serve as incitements to the text, the text is itself picturesque, beautiful, and pure. Major Walter's style is the sum of many qualities not expressible in a word. Perhaps it were the truest compliment to say that the tone of the text is worthy of its high subject. The photographs, softened by heliotype printing, are delicious. Indeed, the book is a mine of delightful rural pictures, dig where you may. Mr. Walter endeavours successfully to steep his readers' mind in the same Stratford influences which encircled the poet's boyhood—the influences of village simplicity, and of sweet, rich, quiet rural life. After an hour of his 'home and rural life' the breaking of the spell is a rude awakening from Arcadian repose to the harsh jangle of present-day realities. The book affords to the busy man of intellect an easeful recreation, to which he will often return, and for which many a subscriber who knows nothing of 'the Major' will thank him. Mary Arden's cottage is more than a Warwickshire hut—it comes to us as an integral part of the great Shakespeare romance. And so it is with the pretty cot where sweet Anne Hathaway was wooed and won; with Charlecote Park, where Sir Thomas Lucy 'had up' the scapegrace youth for deer-stalking, and by his mode of administering autocratic law secured an immortality as Justice Shallow in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'; and so it is also with Trinity Church, where the poet's tomb has become a shrine to intellectual pilgrims from every land; with Warwick Castle, photographed, fortunately, before the destructive fire; and with numberless picturesque bits of the poet's environment while a Warwickshire clod, a butcher's boy, feeling his way to the light. Our author traces the youth, by such slender evidence as is available, from his native village to the metropolis of Elizabeth, through his career as actor and dramatist, and back to his beloved Stratford as a gentleman with means to purchase an estate whereon he might enjoy the peaceful evening of an adventurous life. Shakespeare's 'Bible lore,' his 'knowledge of horticulture, flowers, insects, birds, and rural life,' his 'later years and death,' are some of the points of view which give novelty to this book; and it was a good thought to reprint, under the head of 'pilgrimages,' sketches of Shakespeare's home life from the graphic pens of Henry Ward Beecher, Washington Irving, Harriet Beecher-Stowe, Hugh Miller, William Howitt, and Elihu Burritt, all seeing the same relics, yet giving us views which have charming differences and different charms."

## Truth.

"It is highly important that such men as Canon Liddon, the late C. H. Spurgeon, the great preacher, and Archdeacon Farrar, so high authority upon literature, should each have so highly commended Walter's 'True Life of Shakespeare.' The work is well and profusely illustrated."



# Shakespeare's True Life.

## Stratford-on-Avon Herald.

A local journal of marked literary ability, and which of all others is best acquainted with the Shakespeare country, thus earnestly commends the work :

"So many books have been published on Shakespeare, his life, and his haunts, that one would think there was little left to be said that would interest Shakespearian scholars or those who have the happy privilege of living in Shakespeare's country. But there is such a charm, such a fascination, such a simple but truthful narration of important facts and circumstances in Major Walter's 'Shakespeare's True Life,' that we are disposed to give it precedence, for its fulness and general accuracy, to every other Life of Shakespeare, to every other book written about his country, the scenes of his labours, and his surroundings. This charming volume, in the hands of those who have a genuine love for the poet, is the best, the most interesting, painstaking, and careful biography of the great dramatist yet published. The illustrations, over 500 in number, are charmingly executed, and truthfully depict every building, every piece of scenery, every object with which the name of Shakespeare is associated. Major Walter does not follow in the old beaten track. He does not take up what has been so often taken up and made threadbare. He is a devoted admirer of the poet; he treats his subject with a tenderness which demonstrates that admiration, and there is a sympathetic ring in every line that he has penned respecting his life. Again, a most admirable feature is its glorious catholicity. One feels it as conveying the vital religion of Stratford's wondrous magician, who knew no sects or parties, neither any special inheritors in the great hereafter. The author has brought to light fresh facts, not upon trumpety evidence, as is too often the case, but upon what appears to be solid, indisputable reasoning. We all know the old Manor House at Shuttery, but we shall be more interested in it now that the writer has brought to our knowledge the fact that a consecrated room or chantry undoubtedly existed there, in which, he argues, the ceremony of marriage between Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, which preceded the marriage by special licence, took place. Halliwell-Phillips failed to trace this chantry, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that outwardly it presents no apparent evidence. If Major Walter's supposition be correct, Shakespeare's relations with Anne Hathaway were faultless, and the couple were properly joined according to the rites of the Romish Church. This is a discovery that must take hold of the whole literary mind, and stamp the 'True Life of Shakespeare' as an invaluable book. It would be difficult to imagine a more poetic chapter than is devoted to Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, which is lovingly romantic, without any divergence from truthful description of the locality. Every portion of the old homestead and its farm-buildings is given and described in language bordering on rapture. Every room in this more than cherished birthplace and home of the poet's mother at Wilmcote is among the mass of exquisite illustrations. Then, again, Major Walter has placed us in possession of more information respecting *Smutterfield* than any book we have yet read. He makes us fully acquainted with the ancient dwelling of John Shakespeare, the poet's father, which stood in a field adjoining that wherein grows the large walnut-tree on the left-hand side of the road skirting what is known as the Park. A capital illustration of the dwelling is given, which the author has succeeded in rescuing from oblivion."

## From a Review by an eminent Shakespearian writer.

"Another and most welcome contribution to the national library of Shakespearian lore lies before us. There never was a world-famed genius of whose life so little authentic was really known, yet about whom so much has been written, as the 'Swan of Avon.' The camera of the mind that could so faithfully photograph every phase of human nature and human passion could have been illuminated only by an intense 'spark of heavenly flame.' He who was 'not for an age but for all time' has exercised an influence for good upon the world which nothing but the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures has surpassed. Yet he has been described by hitherto writers as a preacher, a street wail, and finally a poor actor and playwright.

His memory has been more abused and more revered than that of any human being who ever wielded a style or quill

"While he has been set down by men whose intellects ruled their generation as a raving maniac, he has been worshipped as an almost godlike genius sent into the world with a mission really divine. Some great authorities have questioned his very existence, or disposed of his identity in connection with the grand works that bear his name; others have spent their whole lives in endeavouring to evolve the mystery of his life, and supplied from imagination, if not from fact, every minutest incident of a chequered career. We confess to having knelt, as many hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from the world's ends have done before us, at the shrine of this incomparable genius in Stratford-on-Avon, and acknowledged with reverential awe the power of the associations surrounding the simple tomb within the chancel of Holy Trinity. All who have had the privilege and the pleasure of paying their tribute of respect at the birth-place and burial-place of the world's poet, and the many Shakespearianists who have been denied the opportunity, owe lasting gratitude to the successful effort of Major Walter to present a true Life, so far as is possible, of the immortal bard

"In an imperial octavo volume of some 500 pages, superbly printed and sumptuously and appropriately clothed, Major Walter has here reproduced all the incidents and localities associated with Shakespeare's life at Stratford. The literary portion of the description has evidently been a long labour of love, to which the author has brought an intense admiration for the poet and a highly intellectual appreciation of the beauties of his works. The arrangement and treatment are simply unexceptionable; the literary merit is due to a graceful, genial style, never given to the exaggeration almost inseparable from the biographical peans composed by ordinary genius-worshippers. The writing flows as free and smoothly as the gentle willow-margined Avon itself, a deep current of tender sensibility and intellectual power underlying the calm surface, on which the reader is borne through the sacred localities of Shakespeare's rural life. The value of the work as a biography of the poet is enhanced by the care and judgment bestowed in the selection of the best materials, the only reliable authorities being compared, and wild imaginings and plausible apologies for facts equally eschewed. The author shows an intimate acquaintance with all the laboured works of the standard annotators, and his unpretentious effort to clear away the shadows surrounding the bard's career results in a life as reliable and readable as any in the Shakespearian library. Students and lovers of Shakespeare owe him a deep debt of gratitude."

## The Stratford Herald thus refers to New Editions :

"It is gratifying to learn, through multiplying editions of Walter's 'True Life of Shakespeare,' that the student world is aglow on its merits; its great success could not be a matter of uncertainty. Poland announces a translation, and there are already Indian editions. It needs no prophet to foretell its adoption as the Life to be prefixed to future library editions of the great poet's works.

"As a guide to the Shakespeare country—and we feel ourselves specially able to judge of it in this respect—there is nothing to be placed in comparison with it. We have no hesitation in saying that the pilgrim journeying hither without this book as his companion loses half the charm the pilgrimage should confer. Louis Stevenson has rightly called it a 'book of loveliness.' As resident in Stratford, it is to us a 'book of delights.' To the lover of 'the World's Great Lammer,' visiting the scenes in which his heart revelled, it imparts and enhances the pleasures of every footstep; and when the pilgrim in after-years summons up remembrances of the never-to-be-forgotten visit, the heart-inspired eloquence of the book, and its 500 illustrations—'cruelly cheap,' as the late Charles Spurgeon justly termed it—cannot fail to reflect back the scenes and memories of the thoughtful and joyous journey.

"We heartily join such men as Professor Ruskin, Canon Haig Brown, of Charterhouse; Canon Bell, Head of Marlborough; and the Bishop of St. Albans in their general commendation of the book as pre-eminently a school prize, and, as a gift-book, suited to all occasions and times."